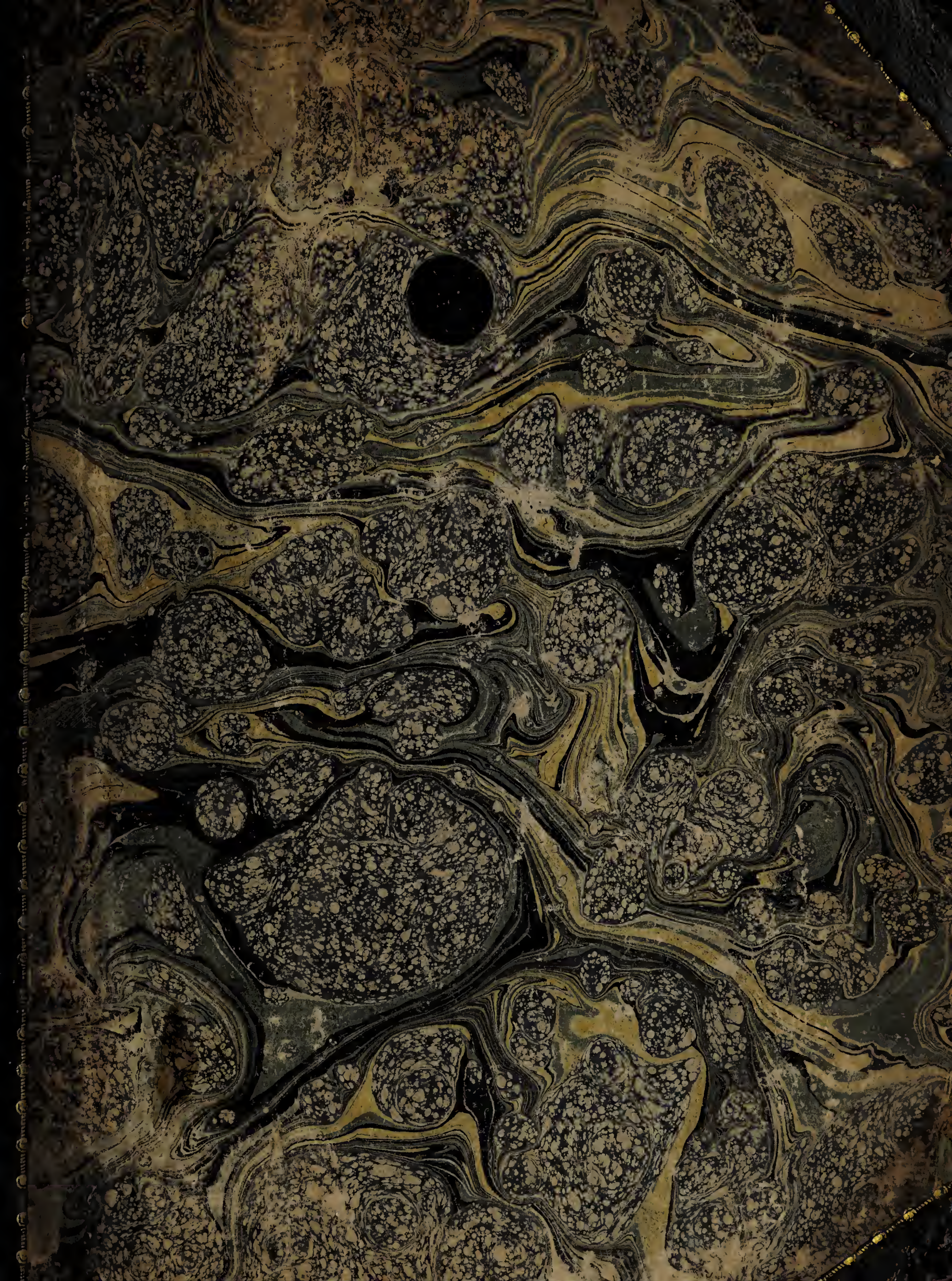
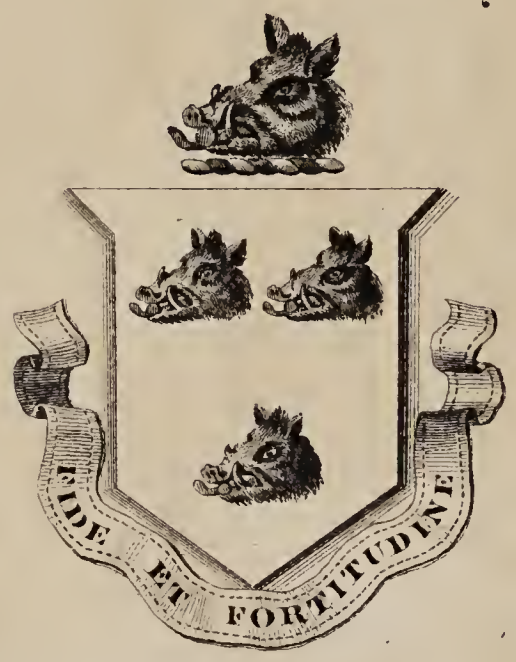




Roxburghe Copy.

Feign'd Friendſhip:

OR THE

MAD REFORMER.

As it was ACTED at the

THEATRE in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

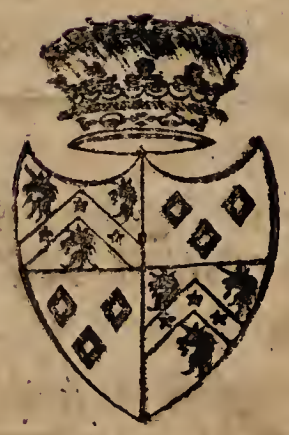
Satius eſt ſic otiari quam turpius occupari.

Anonymous

First Edition

LONDON,

Printed for *Daniel Brown*, at the Bible without *Temple-Bar*; *F. Coggan* in the *Inner-Temple-Lane*; *E. Rumballd* in *Ruſſel-*Street *Covent-Garden*, and *Rob. Gibſon at the* Crown in *Middle-Row in Holborn.*



To the Illuſtrious Prince

JAMES Duke, Marquiſs, and Earl of *Ormond*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Author of this Comedy having left it to my diſpoſal, I was glad of the opportunity to make a publick acknowledgment of thoſe favours, which your Grace's Bounty has confer'd upon me in the view of the World. All that know me, know that the little Stock of Reputation I have in the Town is intirely owing to the Honour your Lordſhip do's me, to own me for yours. There are few, but will envy me the Ambition of that word, yet to be in a condition to deſerve their envy, is a ſatisfaction ſo great, as cannot be conceal'd. To depend upon a perſon of your Grace's Merit and Figure, is advantageous in all reſpects; for as it adds to a Man's Character, it alſo effectually recommends him to the eſteem of all People whoſe Quality or Underſtanding makes their Favours deſirable. So that Intereſt as well as Gratitude obliges me to value my ſelf upon it. What I here preſent your Grace, was ſome time ſince given into my hands, and from that moment deſign'd for your Protection, but by the dilatory practices of ſome (whoſe deſign I am a Stranger to) has been kept till now from waiting upon your Lordſhip, for whoſe protection I always intended it. *I am not a ſufficient Judge of its worth, for tho Muſick and Poetry are generally counted Twins, my acquaintance is but with one of 'em. Nay, I muſt own to your Grace that I am ſo little a Poet as not to make bold with your Character. I have more Modeſty than to attempt, what I dare not hope to ſucceed in. Nor would I be ſo much wanting to my Duty as to draw your Grace to diſadvantage. The deſign of this Epiſtle is only to beg your Patronage for a Play, which may want it among ſo many Criticks as the Town ſwarms with, and to let all mankind know what juſt reaſon I have to be with all Zeal and Humility,*

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and humble Servant.

PROLOGUE.

OF old, in *England*'s Golden Age of Wit,
When Godlike *Ben*, and Lofty *Shakeſpear* Writ;
Hard was the Poets Task, and great their Toil,
Who ſtrove to Cultivate the Muſes Soil.
Our Poeſie not then expos'd to Scorn,
In perfect Strength, and in Due Time was Born.
Nine Months, at leaſt, the Teeming Parents went,
And labour'd hard, nor was their Time miſpent;
Who in each Manly Page, without Controal
Could gall the inmoſt Thoughts, and pierce the Guilty Soul.
Now if Concern in any Face appears,
'Tis at the Poet's Folly, not your Fears;
Nor does the Audience Bluſh thro' Conſcious Shame,
But at the Sawcy Author's Fulſom Flame.
Each Wretch, whoſe Drunken Days and Bawdy Nights
Have doom'd deſervedly to Starve or Write.
Complains he's Poor, and under that Pretence
Trumps up his Inbred Impudence for Senſe.
Once in a Month a Still-born Brat we ſee,
And the Crais'd Iſſue ſpeaks its Pedigreee;
For Births of Poetry like Births of Men
In their Diſeaſes ſhew their Parents Sin.
'Tis thus the Muſe becomes each Buffoon's Choice,
And *Pegaſus* a Hobby-horſe for Boys;
Whilſt Tavern Jeſts fill up each Smutty Line,
And Rakes belch out in Print the Fumes of Wine.
Then if you ſeem diſpleas'd at what they ſay,
They damn your Judgment, while you damn their Play.
But to your Cenſure, who as Judges ſit,
Our Author does with Modeſty ſubmit,
Nay is the firſt t' Arraign what he has Writ.

So

So far from Huffing, that he will not Plead,
And owns himſelf in the Law's ſtrictneſs, Dead.
Swears not the drolling of a Mungril Fool,
Not Iriſh-Engliſh farce is half ſo dull.
Not Witlings troubled with Romantick Whims
Can tire you more, who to enhance their Crimes,
And not content to Write, muſt act their Rhimes.
Yet when he ought in Juſtice to Deſpair,
He flies for aid and refuge to the Fair;
To you a due Reſpect his Muſe has paid,
And tho' ſhe's Dull, ſhe's ſtill a Modeſt Jade.

An

The EPILOGUE.

POets at beſt but Cooks, Dreſs out a Feaſt,
And to his Coſt invite each Welcom Gueſt.
Prologue and Epilogue like Grace to what you Eat,
Serve but to uſher in and out the Meat.
What ſhall we do then, for to feed a Glutton?
We muſt have ſomething more than Beef and Mutton.
Of late your Stomachs are ſo ſqueamiſh grown,
You are not pleas'd with Dainties of our own.
And 'tis meer folly now to think to win ye
Without *Balon* or Seignior *Clementine*.
Thus we (God knows) to furniſh out the Treat,
Pay more for Sawces than you do for Meat.
And further then, expects your Indignation,
And dares not think of ought but his Damnation.
He plainly owns that he to gain his Cauſe,
Wants as well Engliſh, as Outlandiſh Sawce.
Humour, to give an Edge to your Delight:
To ſmooth your Brows, and whet your Appetite,
Is what he durſt not, or he could not write.
Yet pray conſider e're you paſs his Doom,
Will it look well to Damn you know not whom?
He's Fool enough, yet wants the Poet's Face,
To own his Name, and Print himſelf an Aſs.
You ſee the Orphan Brat's laid at our Door,
And we in juſtice muſt protect the Poor.
We beg you uſe it not as good Church-warden
Would do a lump of Sin from Covent Garden.
Each Witling may adopt it for his own,
And then with them be ſure it will go down.
Nor is it in this Age ſo ſtrange a Blot,
To Father Children whom you ne're begot.

In

In ſhort if you muſt needs the Poet find,
Indulge his Fault, be generouſly kind.
Then Self-conceit, and Unreſiſtleſs Pride,
Will make him tell what modeſty would hide.
Poets, like Women, when they firſt begin,
Their Maiden Treaſure with a Bluſh reſign.
The Hopes alone of keeping it conceal'd,
Makes them act that, which ruines if reveal'd.
Till Itching Pride, the very worſt of Foes,
Breaks their Deſigns, their beſt Reſolves undoes,
And they their Weakneſs to the World diſcloſe.
Grown bold they brave their Crimes, nor to their coſt
Stop, till their Stock of Reputation's loſt.

To

The Characters.

M E N.

Mr. Truelove. *Mr.* Townley.	*Men of the Town, of Wit and Breeding, but somewhat wild in love with*	*L.* Gen. Sabina.
Mr. Richley.	*Pretended friend to the other two, secretly* Trueloves *Rival, and endeavours to supplant him.*	
Lord Frolicksome.	*A man of Wit, giv'n to mad pranks, reform'd by* Eugenia.	
No Wit.	*A shallow Fop of a good Estate makes* Squeezum *his Tutour, and is by him drawn into a marriage with* Overdone.	
Squeezum.	*A Sharper.*	

W O M E N.

L. Generous.	Trueloves *Mistress, a Widdow of Fortune and Merit.*
Sabina.	Trulove's *Sister.*
Eugenia.	*Lady* Gen. *Sister, to the Mad Reformer.*
Overdone.	*An Imperious Town Jilt.*

Footmen and other Attendants.

Scene the Park and Houses adjoining.

ACT I.

Scene the *Park*.

Enter Truelove *and* Townley.

Tru. MAY I believe my eyes, or is it illusion? I charge thee in the name of pleasure, speak: art thou the natural substance of *Jack Townley*, or some evil Spirit in his fleshly cloathing?

Town. The very He—true Flesh and Blood, but such another conjuring Speech would strip me of my mortality. What d'ye stare at? Where is the wonder?

Tru. To see you abroad at this unseasonable hour, when Hypocrites and Women walk bare-fac'd—May I presume to guess?

Town. Yes, and be mistaken—To deal fairly with you, I have business of concern, business that implies no less than———

Tru. Your own dear self—Business I know suits you as Religion do's a Statesman, 'tis always a cloak for something worse.

Town. Fy, fy, you talk wildly, I must reprove you; come, come, be wise, take up in time, and live sober as I do.

Tru. As you do! very good, that to me, who have known thee thus long a true Son of *Bacchus*, a notorious Friend of the Bottle, and consequently no Enemy to the Pettycoat.

Town. I own the Indictment; all this may have been, but times and resolutions are alter'd. You shall see me shortly—

Tru. What, in the name of Whimsy?

Town. A grave serious Lover. I am come already to Melancholy and Contemplation, and 'tis hop'd I may in time arrive at Rhime.

Tru. Then thou wilt be a publick nuisance to all companies. A Lover or a Poet separately are down-right Lunaticks, but where they meet 'tis frenzy upon frenzy, but hark'ee *Jack*, art thou really in earnest?

Town. Last night this reformation began, I retir'd soberly at nine, went to bed, spent the night in meditation, and am come hither this morning to play the fool very deliberately.

Tru. Prethee how! Certainly 'tis something entertaining, but be it what it will I am prepar'd to believe all after what I have already heard, which I no more thought than that a Lawyer would refuse a fee, or a Courtier keep his promise.

Town. The business is this, yesterday at the New-house, I talkt to a Vizard, who rally'd me so gently, and put me so handsomely out of conceit with my own Wit, that I shall have the better opinion of hers for it while I live — She would not let me see her face, but to my confusion assur'd me she was honest and a Fortune, and to give me a sample, shew'd me such a hand, *Harry*, such a hand that i'gad if she be all of a piece I am in for a silly out-of-fashion'd, honourable Lover.

Tru. Very good: Proceed.

Town. When the Play was done, I handed her to her Coach, where she told me if I thought it worth my while, I might this morning in this very place see all of her that is to be seen.

Tru. And so here your goodness took root.

Town. It did, but the pert little baggage ran so in my head, that I could not sleep for her.—Nay I had not the poor pleasure of a Dream. —I shall be reveng'd.

Tru. You come upon reprisal it seems, and hope to make as easie a conquest of her, as she has of you: I only wish that the end may be answerable to the beginning; she have Beauty enough to subdue, you weakness enough to yield, then shall I have the pleasure of turning your Passion into ridicule, as you have often done mine.

Town. Hey-day, what gawdy butterfly have we before us there? it moves this way.

Tru. Some country Elder Brother I suppose, drest up like a *Merry Andrew*, for the publick view of all his gaping relations.

Town. Oh! I know him now, 'tis a noted sharper, one *Squeezum*.

Tru. He that prest in upon us at the Blue-Posts t'other day?

Town. The same. The Rogue has Wit, which I believe he has put to the stretch for this gorgeous appearance.

Enter Squeezum.

Squ. Gentlemen, your very humble Servant; you are surpriz'd I see at this bravery of mine. Is then this sudden change from my tatters of ancient memory to modish accoutrements so wonderful?

Tru. A little startled at first I confess we might be, but upon recollection are well enough satisfi'd, that Fortune now a-days provides liberally for men of your Character, and takes care Knaves sha'n't fail, by being so kind to Fools as she is. While the Bank is in their hands, you can never want Cash.

Town. Why should they, it would be too much for a man to build his own fortunes, if he had no tools to work with. Levelling is no where to be found, nor are men more equal in Sense than in Fortune: Fools are like a Plantation, all you can make useful are your own.

Squ. It would indeed be hard, Sir, if we who bear all the scandal of cheating, should not share in its profits. 'Tis true the world begins to grow weary of us, but 'tis because we are not as great Masters in the Art as themselves.

Tru. How? will you own that? Such as you generally stickle for superiority more than an Alderman's Wife, at a City Christening.

Squ. O Lau, Sir, I always give place to my betters. I can't deny that they who gull the world with fair pretences of Religion and Honour, and hide all their vices in an hypocritical Oſtentation of Virtue, go far beyond us, who can't help being ſometimes caught in thoſe tricks which they can conceal.

Town. He ſays right, vice is never diſcountenanc'd, till it grows publick: Cheating is in it ſelf but a venial treſpaſs, but to be taken, to be ſeen, as Father *Aldo* ſays, is, before *George*, a point next the worſt.

Squ. Yet there are Chymiſts who can extract reputation ev'n out of that Scandal.

Tru. As how? I ſhould be glad to know how much Mercury performs the operation.

Squ. 'Tis done thus—If a Tradeſman be taken cheating, it is good husbandry, and prudent caring for his Family. If a Stateſman, the intention of ſerving his King and Country, however he was miſtaken in the means, brings him off. If a Levite tampering for Plurality, 'tis a great deſire he has to be ſaving Souls, and labouring much in his Vocation.

Tru. I ſtand corrected.

Squ. The Quack cheats for the publick-good; the Lawyer takes Money on both ſides, that he may ſerve both in order to a reconciliation. The Courtier won't refuſe a Bribe, becauſe it gives him opportunity to be grateful, nor keep the promiſe he made you for it, that he may not ſeem mercenary. Thus all Sharpers, but thoſe who are profeſſedly ſo, can retreat to the Jeſuites refuge, Second intention.

Town. Yet you muſt confeſs that your gains come eaſier than theirs: You enjoy the Treaſure without the trouble of digging for the Ore.

Squ. Quite contrary, we as well as other Projectors extract our Wealth from the Fire, and our hopes as well as their's often vaniſh into Smoak: When moſt I have nam'd are at no pains to be rich, nay ſome of 'em have their markets brought home to 'em.

Tru. (to *Town.*) A Pleaſant Fellow this. Well but Mr. *Squeezum*, how goes the world abroad? is there no news ſtiring in Town?

Squ. Faith, Sir, little. Reformation is the univerſal Topick talkt of in all places, and begun no where. We are Sheep at a Stand, and ſhould make ſhift to get over the Hedge, if our Leaders had the courage to make the leap firſt. 'Tis true publick Houſes are ſhut up on Sundays, ſo people get drunk at home. Honeſty and Money are very ſcarce, and you will find as little of either amongſt the Bankers as ever. Thieves and Whores give off their Trades, becauſe nothing is to be got by them, and Tradeſmen are grown ſuch Infidels, that the poor Beaus are forc'd to pay their Bills to get new Credit——

Tru. The diſcourſe is edifying——Look out, *Jack*, yonder comes the Enemy, put your ſelf upon the guard to prevent ſurprize.

Town. Ha! 'tis ſhe.

Tru. Then 'tis time we withdrew—I will but croſs the Mall, and call upon *Frank Richley* - by that time I gueſs your parley will be over, and we may find you here—Adieu—— be bold, the day is your own.

Squ. Gentlemen, g' Morrow. (*Exeunt* Squ. *and* Tr. *ſeverally.*

Sabina *crosses the Stage.*

Town. (*to her.*) Art thou then come at last, my dear Angel, I began to question your sincerity, and fear'd I should not meet with you.

Sab. Me Sir — I believe you are under a mistake, I dare swear you don't know; nay, that you never saw me ——

Town. But I hope I shall —— Fy, Madam, this is not fair to conceal your self after last night's promise ——

Sab. Goodlack, I warrant you are the same importunate Gentleman I met at the Play-house; and you are so vain now to think, that design, not chance, has thrown me upon you again.

Town. Whether design or chance, I am sure to meet you is a happiness, such a one too as I have waited for with impatience.

Sab. Well, to see how we ignorants that are bred up in the Country may be deceiv'd. I—have been always made believe that it was not possible you Men of the Town should leave your Beds before twelve.

Town. You may now be convinc'd of your errour: here am I attending your pleasure at the early hour when midnight Rakes stagger home, and old Lechers steal out of Brothels ——

Sab. Yes, I see you can rise upon Assignation, which you all answer as punctually as you do a challenge, with this difference only, that you are as much too hot in your Amours as too cool in your Duels.

Town. Right, Child, and good reason for it too —— In a Duel Life is the stake and the winner makes but a bad hand of it —— But in an Intrigue, if our expectations be baulk'd, the loss can't be great, half a dozen Oaths, a few Sighs or so—when, if we succeed, and the fair surrenders, the pleasures of the Victory over-pay the charges of the War—Yet methinks this is not much to our purpose—If you remember, Madam, there were certain conditions agreed on between us last night, and I don't doubt but you are so much a Woman of honour as to stand to 'em this morning.

Sab. I was terribly afraid he would not have thought 'em worth mentioning (*aside.*) Yes, Sir, I do own some such thing, but upon consideration think it more for your satisfaction and my own to break than keep 'em.

Town. Nay, no flinching — I am not to be put off with a flam: The agreement was—All of you that is to be seen, and I don't doubt but it will prove a charming sight.

Sab. 'Tis pity to undeceive you, you won't thank me for it—If your fancy has drawn a beautiful Image, how will you be startled to see the original come short of it ——

Town. I should be vext, that's certain (*aside.*) Pshaw, you must be handsome, I know it by instinct: now I see it through your Mask — You have—let me see, black rowling eyes, a pretty little mouth, ruby pouting lips, good natural red in your cheeks, and a tolerable clear Skin.

Sab. Then my age is ——

Town. Sixteen to a day.

Sab. What if I have none of all this, but am old, wrinkled, painted and toothless ——

Town. Wert

Town. Wert thou more deform'd than a *Scotch* hag, I would love thee for thy Wit——— therefore.

Sab. Prepare to see. (*unmasks.*)

Town. By Heav'n the loveliest Creature under the Sun, those very charms I describ'd ———

Sab. Well, Spark, what think you? You will advise me now, I suppose, to keep my mask on——ha, ha, ha, what dumb, Man?

Town. And must be so for ever if I never speak till I am able to express what sudden pleasure seizes all my Faculties—with what admiration I see all those beauties in your single face, which are scarce to be found in your whole Sex besides———

Sab. Heigh-day, this is worse than I thought for———I did not think to fright you quite out of your Wits.

Town. Ah! cruel Charmer, why should you ridicule those truths which Love, Almighty Love, extorted from my Soul——Yet you were kind in this a while to dally with my expectation, least a too sudden view had rais'd my transported spirits to that heighth of extasie, which is insupportable.

Sab. And thus you begin the attack, open your trenches with all your train of Artillery in view to fright the besieged into Capitulation—I receive your Raptures as they were meant for a tryal of skill, and truly I must own you dissemble pretty naturally.

Town. Can you then doubt my passion?—You are the dissembler now, or you wou'd confess that you believe I love you———

Sab. Since I can't help it then to save you the trouble of a rehearsal, and my self that of hearing it — I do consent to think you somewhat smitten as you are with all new faces—and in token of Soveraignty command —

Town. And shall be obey'd with all the ardour Love and Beauty can inspire in man ——

Sab. To tell me who the tallest of those Gentlemen was that left you just as I came up—Now for my Brother's Character ——

Town. His name is *Truelove*, Heir to a good Estate in *Norfolk*, his Person is as you see, agreeable, his Humour taking, his Wit poignant, and his Honour unblemish'd—He knows how to be gentile without Foppery, Sociable without Debauchery, and is ev'ry way a compleat Gentleman.

Sab. Truly, Sir, I am of your opinion, unless you, as most good Painters do, have giv'n him beauties he has not, instead of defects he has—— however, in recompence of this service, if you continue in this mind a few hours, you may hear farther from me — till when I leave you to the pleasures of Imagination.

Town. Till that dear minute comes

My wand'ring thoughts o'er all your Charms shall rove,
And gather all the pleasing sweets of Love. (Exit.

Enter Truelove *and* Richley.

Tru. There he goes in his full career.

Rich. Stop him not: he is hunting upon scent; we shall meet him next double—A happy couple, you that can give a loose to your appetite, and follow your pleasures in the full cry———

Tru. While

Tru. While thou, *Frank*, becauſe thy Friends can't be without thee in the day, art reſolved to prevent the Sun in riſing, and run thy courſe of buſineſs before he begins his——

Rich. 'Tis as you ſay, *Harry*, ſince you and ſome other honeſt fellows will make me purſue the pleaſing game of beauty, I am forc'd to deprive my ſelf of ſome hours ſleep, to give 'em to that galling load of Life, that grave trifle which old ſots call buſineſs, as if that noble creature Man were endowed with all thoſe gen'rous inclinations he enjoys only to plod on in one dull road—

Tru. To hate it more than I, you muſt turn Hermit, and fly all the laborious herd of mankind—But where have you dwelt theſe three days—that I could not get one ſight of you, tho' I ſearch'd as diligently as a rich Uſurer after a Prodigal young Heir, or an old bawd for a freſh Country girl.

Rich. Lighting by chance into Company with young Lord *Frolickſome*, we drank ſo long till he grew freakiſh, and then there was no ſtirring from him——

Tru. I have heard much of him and his humour—Your living in the ſame houſe gives you opportunity to know both——prithee oblige me with an account of 'em.

Rich. To give him his due—He has Honour, Wit, and Courage to recommend him to any Man's Friendſhip and Eſteem, were it not for ſome odd frolicks which make the Town talk more freely of him, than 'tis for his reputation they ſhould—He is now and then guilty of mad things, which becauſe done by one of his figure, ſeem the more extravagant.

Tru. 'Tis with Men of quality, as with good Paintings, one fault is eaſily ſeen amongſt many Virtues, and caſts a blemiſh on the whole piece.

Rich. 'Faith I am particularly oblig'd to his Lordſhip's favour; he was pleas'd to ſingle me out of the whole Company for his Friend, and has deſired me to attend him here, in order to greater Service——

Tru. He wants your experience to ſteer him thro' ſome difficulty.

Rich. But hark'e, Friend, how blows the wind at my Lady's, is it ſtill in the point of Matrimony.—Ha, boy, what likelihood of *to have and to hold*?——

Tru. Not a little, I aſſure you—ſhe is none of the preciſe ones who call a ſecond Marriage a Crime—She knows well enough what Nature and Education have done for her, and all the Town knows her old Lord left her worth 3000 *l.* a year.

Rich. What obſtacle then can put a ſtop to your happineſs—You, I take it, have more Wit than to ſlight the enjoyment of ſuch a Woman and ſuch a Fortune—And ſhe ſhould have more Youth about her than to forget how much time ſhe has loſt in an old Man's arms——

Tru. I have nothing to dread from her averſion or nicety—all my fears center in her old Uncle Sir *William Loveland*,—he is for Titles, and thinks that income will make her Her Grace, at leaſt.

Rich. That Uncle may be uſefull (*aſide.*) The old Banker, you mean, who thinks every man's vertues are ſeal'd up in his Bags, and never looks farther than the Writings of an Eſtate for his Character.

Tru. Damn him, a mere muck-worm, who has kept perpetual Lent theſe thirty years, under pretence of mortification, when indeed it was only to ſave two dinners in a Week. Would he were dead—

Rich. Dead!

Rich. Dead! he is immortal, and can live by the air—Death he ſlights in all ſhapes, ſince he has braved him in his worſt of famine—But what harm can he do you?

Tru. My Lady in hopes to get by him, ſeems politickly to leave all to his management—This Authority he uſes to declaim againſt Youth and Extravagance, not forgetting a Friend of yours—

Rich. Old men will talk, we ſhould take no more notice of them than of a curſt Cur, who, tho' he can't bite, will be ſtill ſhewing his Teeth.

Tru. Let him rail on—ſhe, I think, likes me ne'er a jot the worſe for his rough draught—therefore I am ſatisfyed———

Rich. 'Tis ſuch a ſatisfaction that were I ſo near enjoyment as you are——I ſhould curſe the lazy hours that retarded my bliſs, and think all the time between me and it one tedious Scene of night and horror——She has charms would give life to age and make impotence vigorous——A Face———

Tru. You are tranſported, but I impute your Raptures to kindneſs for me, and forgive 'em.

Rich. You hit the cauſe. I can't ſee the man I love ſo nigh being intirely happy without ſharing in his joy———'Tis now the hour I ſhould meet my Lord——take a turn or two, and I'll be with you if I can——

Tru. G' morrow. (*Exit.*

Rich. (*Solus.*) Love, what canſt thou not do? Friendſhip is to thee what honeſty is to intereſt, a mere Servant to be kept or turn'd off, as thou pleaſeſt—I know 'tis baſe to rob him of her—Yet, if I do not, I rob my ſelf of Reſt for ever—My paſſion is now grown to that height, that no difficulty can bar the diſcovery; nay, I had like to have told him what a Villain I am grown—Yet, ſince I am got thus far, on I muſt, for it is a ſure Maxim in Policy, to be a happy Rogue a man muſt be a great one—

Serv. (*to him*) Sir, my Lord *Frolickſome*?

Enter Lord Frolickſome.

Lord F. Your Servant, Mr. *Rickley*—I thought to have ſurpriz'd you at home, but underſtand now you are generally a very early ſtirrer.

Rich. True, my Lord, 'tis a cuſtom I always uſe: Buſineſs and Pleaſure are to me what Wife and Miſtreſs are to modiſh Husbands—

Lord F. One you endure out of neceſſity, becauſe you are linkt to it, the other you ſeek in hopes to find a real delight in it—

Rich. Ev'n ſo—and I manage 'em accordingly, taking care to weary my ſelf with one at home, that I may be more eager in purſuit of the other abroad.

Lord F. As good a Sportſman as you are, you love to ſtand upon the file ſometimes, I perceive by your baulking your Glaſs, and obſerving your hour as preciſely as a Hen-peck'd Cuckold, who dreads civil broils at home, when the Gallant has fail'd his Wife's Aſſignation.

Rich. Your Lordſhip was too hard upon us——i' my Conſcience I believe you thought we could out-drink the Quorum at a Quarter-Seſſions, or the toping Clergy at a Viſitation——elſe you would not have ply'd us ſo.

Lord F. That

Lord F. That was nothing, we took our half flask a Man ſtanding, after you were gone, and about morning bravely marcht our rounds in the Neighbourhood here— fell foul upon *Overdone*'s Lodgings, enter'd, and found *Squeezum* hugging the whore, while an awkard Country Booby call'd *No-wit* ſat ſnoring by in the two arm'd chair, and ſhe was lightning his pockets———

Rich. You have ſeen the Monſter then—I knew his old Sire, a good hearty ſubſtantial Clown he was who ſcraping together a little pelf, bred this Oaf at School, gave him a ſmattering of the learned Languages, and ſent him away packing to the Univerſity———

Lord F. Where no doubt he improv'd——

Rich. He pick'd up all the Debauchery of the place, broke his Father's heart, and jumpt into his Eſtate———He is now come to *London* for accompliſhments, and has accordingly provided himſelf with ſuch a Tutor as you ſaw — but pray, my Lord, who is this *Overdone*?

Lord F. A caſt Miſtreſs of mine—whom, finding too familiar with my Footman, I turn'd looſe to the World———She has been ſince kept by ſeveral—but her ſawcy pride ſoon made them weary of her, and her, I ſuppoſe, of getting her living that way— therefore ſhe intends to provide her ſelf with a Fool of her own and will eaſily compaſs it if *No-wit* be what you deſcribe him——for ſhe neither wants beauty to bait her trap, nor cunning to keep the prey———

Rich. Leaving them to one another may I be ſo happy as to know your commands?

Lord F. Why, 'Faith, I want your advice— the young Lady I ſpoke of t'other day begins to encroach upon my heart, and I am in doubt whether I ſhall expel her by dint of reſolution, or let her take quiet poſſeſſion———

Rich. Never reſiſt a good motion—I ſee nothing you can apprehend of ill Conſequence in the Intrigue if her birth be anſwerable to her perſon and humour.

Lord F. There's the miſchief on't—I have been at the pains of enquiry, and find her to be our near Neighbour, Siſter to the Lady *Generous*, her name *Eugenia*, her Fortune 6000—but am withal inform'd, that ſhe has often profeſt I ſhould be the laſt Man ſhe would admit for a Lover.

Rich. Therefore the firſt—I thought you had been better read in the Sex, than to be ignorant that 'tis a Stratagem us'd in Love as well as War, to give out they intend to ſit down before one Fort, and then bend their Arms againſt another———

Lord F. That I can't tell—but I'm ſure, if ſhe thinks me worth conq'ring ſhe will meet with no difficulty in the enterprize———One Summons, and I Surrender upon diſcretion.

Rich. Never doubt it—ſhe reſerves you for her own, or ſhe would never ſpeak ſo ſlightingly of you before Company———Women are like ſly Traders, who undervalue the Commodity they deſign to buy, before others, that they may have it the cheaper themſelves—

Lord F. You bid me hope then.

Rich. Ev'ry thing—To be aſſured of a mans own Courage is half way to a Victory—How will you proceed?

Lord F. Im-

Lord F. Improve the ſmall acquaintance I have with the Siſter, and make the Onſet in perſon—for I long to be deliver'd of this burthenſome ſecret, more tedious to a Man of my Complexion than a Maiden-head to a Girl of Sixteen—ſhall we dine together ———

Rich. If poſſible I will wait upon your Lordſhip, about one ———

Lord F. Adieu ——— (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Lady Generous *and* Eugenia *in diſguiſe.*

Eug. For a young Bully I huſt it out pretty well, eſpecially when I found what kidney my man was of—Theſe breeches allow ſo much liberty, that I ſhall be loath to part with 'em—but to my Lady, to you I dare own that failing, tho' to all the World beſide I pretend he is my averſion ——

Lady G. But what doſt thou mean by this habit?

Eug. Mean: To do ſuch things under a pretence of imitating his humour, as will make him aſham'd of it, and by letting him ſee how ridiculous the copy is, gueſs what the Original muſt be.

Enter Townley.

Who is this making towards us?

Lady G. Townley by my life, the very Spark *Sabina* was ſo taken with at the play laſt night ———— He is her Brother's Companion and Confident—ha! let me ſee—it ſhall be ſo—Siſter a word. (*Whiſper.*

Town. (*Walks round*) My Lady *Generous*! that cloſe whiſper bodes no good to *Truelove*'s amour ———

Lady G. Ha, ha, ha, Well—I proteſt, Sir *Francis*, you are a pleaſant, Gentleman and rally ſo agreeably! I ſhan't forget your deſcription of Mrs. *Wouldhavemore* a good while, ha, ha, ha ———

Town. Worſe and worſe—I am too good at gueſſing I ſee.

Eug. My only ſtudy is to pleaſe your Ladyſhip—

Town. Say you ſo Friend—g'ad then I muſt interrupt you—G' morrow to your Ladyſhip ——— You would not loſe the fine morning ———

Lady G. But did not expect ſo good Company as Mr. *Townley*.

Town. Small want of that I believe, Madam, while this Gentleman is with you ———

Lady G. Truly we have paſs'd an hour or two very divertingly——The Mall afforded us a large field of Satyr, and this Spark—I thank him, has manag'd his province much to my ſatisfaction—He comes up juſt to your pitch of Malice and Wit—I fancy your humours be very ſuitable—I muſt have you acquainted ———

Town. I am always ready to be a Servant to merit ———Sir, I ſhall be proud to know you better ——

Eug. You are courtly—My Language is as plain as my Meaning, I can only ſay I thank you—

Lady G. No matter for fine words—You will be nevertheleſs grateful to me for the want of 'em ———Since I find your other qualifications no way ſhort of my Uncle's Character ———

Town. 'Tis as I imagin'd—poor *Harry* is to be caſhier'd to make room for that ſmock-fac'd young rogue — I'll try her however—Mr. *Truelove* would have been glad my good luck had fall'n to his ſhare ——— but Fortune does not always favour the deſerving ——

 Lady G. Your

Lady G. Your Friendſhip ſpeaks this——You know conſtancy is a ſcandal to a man's Judgment—the Witty and gay make their court to Variety——She is your Miſtreſs—We only properties to ſerve your ends——we ſhall be in a humour to be ev'n with you——

Town. 'Tis not Wit but Affection which makes men ſuch Weather-cocks—particular follies ſhould not be charg'd upon the kind—You may as well ſay all Statesmen love bribes, and all Judges will be Knaves, becauſe ſome of the firſt have ſold their country—and not a few of the latter ſleep away juſtice—

Lady G. When his leiſure ſerves he knows where to find me—but I would not diſturb his more weighty concerns; ſo pray tell him-- (*Exeunt led by* Eugenia.

Town. (*Solus.*)—So kind already—Nay then I ſee what muſt follow—Now can ſhe no more reſiſt the temptation of that effeminate look, than I can forbear loving, tho' I know it's conſequences——

So the rich City Spark, while yet unwed,
Sees the horns flouriſh on his Neighbours head,
And laughs: Yet takes not warning by their fate:
Till his own fore-head tells him 'tis too late ——

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE *Overdone's* Lodging.

Enter Squeezum *and* Overdone.

Squeez. HE is your own never fear—Queſtion not my management———If you be not Madam *No-wit* before to morrow night, may I become the ſcorn of my fraternity—And be all my life condemn'd to haunt three-penny Ordinaries, and Cully young prentices———

Over. Nay, I think you love your own intereſt better than to deceive me——a thouſand pound is a great rate for a Fool—they are a plenteous cheap commodity—The Town ſwarms with them, they are as common in the Side-boxes, as Vizards in the Pit—Yet the Sum is yours, compleat it when you will—Remember that, and think how much it concerns you to bring him to the lure.

Squ. Here's my hand———'tis done already——You ſhall not only marry him, but———

Over. Leave the ordering of him to me—I ſhall deck his brows. If he does not carry his horns as high as any Stag in his own Park, then ſay I don't know the Town——I wiſh laſt nights Accident does not give him a qualm———

Squ. If

Squ. If it ſhould have a cure for him ——— He will be here immediately to receive ſome inſtructions from me ——— be you prepar'd within for his courtſhip— (*Exit* Over.) Stay, let me conſider ——— can I in honour conſent to ruin a young fellow thus? No—But will honour keep me from ſtarving? No again—therefore a Villain I muſt be—However, before ſhe becomes ſole Proprietor, 'tis fit I ſhould make the beſt of him—I muſt think ——— 'tis feiſible that, and may yield well, at leaſt ſecures her fear ——— (*Walks thoughtful.*

Enter No-wit.

No. How goes it Bully *Rock*—how now, alamort?—what contrivance is hatching in thy pericranium?—What noble Exploit, old *Charon*, haſt thy deſign'd for thy *Achilles?* ——— ſhall we roar it away, rantum tantum, helter skelter? hey-boy, Speak—

Squ. Sir.

No. Now by the Immortal Glory of my great fore-Fathers, leave this Sullenneſs or I will let thee know foul diſcontent dwells not in my preſence—Gadsbud, I am Heroical ———

Squ. Ah! well ſaid, ifaith, Squire—thoſe are reviving ſounds fit to diſpel melancholy, and inſpire courage—is not this better than, Yes forſooth, and No forſooth—

No. Periſh the Clowniſh phraſe, and they who uſe it—Breeding and honour be my province—

Squ. Good again—You come on finely—Now to Repetition—D' you remember what I told you of an Accompliſh'd Gentleman's behaviour.

No. That he is to do all things with Affection, and a deſign of being ſingular—to beat his Footmen that he may diſmiſs 'em for asking Wages ——— and run in debt where he never deſigns to pay, purely for the pleaſure of diſciplining his Duns in a morning—

Squ. To be the firſt that begins a quarrel, but the laſt to engage in it—To be ſeldom Witty or honeſt, always noiſie, and for the moſt part to be impertinent.

No. To dreſs, eat, drink, and Whore modiſhly—To do every thing in vogue, but fight—To damn good Poets, while he is repeating his own dull Lampoons—and act the Fool ſo naturally in the Pit, that the Audience ſhan't mind his pourtraict on the Stage—

Squ. Right—He ſhould beſides admire himſelf before his Miſtreſs—be always praiſing his Shape, Air, and Mein to her—Never come where there is a Looking-Glaſs without acting all his poſtures before it—or where there is not one, without complaining of the want of it—In ſhort, he ought to be particularly fond of what the ill-bred wiſer part of the World count ridiculous—

No. You promis'd me yeſterday to put me forward with the Women—Your Inſtructions on that point—

Squ. The thing is eaſie ——— If you have ill Nature enough, 'tis but railing at 'em to one another, taking ſpecial care to find fault with the celebrated beauties ——— To ſet up for diſcretion and ſecrecy, and be liberal to the Chamber maid.

No. Very well ———

Squ. Be uneaſie in Company ———'twill look like a man of Intrigue ——— Produce all your Letters, though they be your own Writing ——— Swear ev'ry ſcrawl came from a fine Woman, when 'tis an ill-ſpelt dun from ſome needy punk that wants ſubſiſtence.

No. Excellent.

Squ. But nothing will ſtand you in ſo much ſtead as impudence and importunity. I have known a great many Phyſicians get into practice by going to ſee Patients, whoſe only diſeaſe was their coming ſo often——— and a great many men ſought too by the Ladies, only becauſe they believ'd them in favour with others – Not but to be familiar without encouragement may be very ſerviceable———

No. Gads me, now you mention Familiarity, it puts me in mind of my Lord what's his name——— methinks he was ſomewhat too familiar with your Couſin laſt night—I did not like his talking to her after that free rate———

Squ. 'Sdeath, Sir—I hope you do not queſtion my Relation's honour—if I thought you entertain'd the leaſt ſuſpicion to her prejudice, by this light I would make your Carkaſs worms meat inſtantly.

No. O Lord, O Lord! her prejudice – Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd——— I have more reſpect for her and you than that comes to——You quite miſtake me, I only ſay, 'twas not very civil in him, and ſo would have told him, Gadsbud—If I durſt—I wonder you would bear it———

Squ. Do you think I will———If I had not known what a fright a naked Sword puts her into – by *Jove* this arm had laid him breathleſs at my feet —— And were it not for the robbing you of the Glory of ſerving your Miſtreſs, he ſhould pay dearly for the affront———But you ſhall challenge him———

No. Thank you for that heartily — You would have me hang'd out of the way for breaking the Law—but I ſhall take care of one—Challenge him! marry Heav'n forbid—The Law, Sir, the Law, remember the Law———

Squ. (*Taking him by the Ears.*) Your Cowardice, Sir, your Cowardice—remember that, Hangdog, do——— Thou impudent ſtinkard, dareſt thou mention the Law to me, who know, 'tis but a Cloak for thy fear—Now could I find in my heart to ſwinge thee damnably, if it were not for taking the revenge out of his hands—He ſhall know what you ſaid of him—

No. So that I ſhall be prick'd inevitably (*aſide.*) Nay but Sir, Tutor, Mr. *Squeezum*———

Squ. Damn you———

No. He is obdurate I ſee, and muſt be mollify'd—I will ev'n ſend him twenty or thirty yellow Boys to melt him———

Squ. (*as to himſelf.*) An ungrateful rogue too—One for whom I would have done ſo much—ſhe will never endure him if once ſhe hears he is a Coward — what can I do with him—

No. Poor man! how he conſiders for my good—Come, come, it ſhall never be ſaid, that we parted about ſuch a trifle as murther—therefore—

Squ. Has the Devil poſſeſt him – he won't fight ſure ——

No. As you are my Friend, I muſt deſire you to carry him this Glove, and ask his in exchange —

Squ. That indeed is the Country faſhion—ha! 'tis heavy—what have we here? a ſcore of Lewiſes by my life—this is rhetorick, I underſtand—ſince I ſee you dare do ſo much for her honour, ſhe ſhall thank you for it within—as for the Quarrel——— he was in drink when he gave the affront – we will ev'n let it fall———

No. 'Gad, and ſo we will—for to ſay truth, I had rather confide in my heels than my hands———

Squ. Al-

Squ. Allons — my brave Pupil —
No. My Learned Tutor — (*Ex. Embracing.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Eugenia *in her disguise, follow'd by Fidlers and Linkboys*—Richly *observing her.*

Rich. This is not another Pretender I hope —— if he be he is the maddest Lover that ever I saw—I'le stand off, and observe him a little.

Eug. He has follow'd me as I wish't—

Rich. What can he mean by a Serenade and Flambeaux at this time of day — I'le be so impertinent for once as to enquire, if it be but to be better acquainted with his humour—Pray, Sir, if a Stranger may be so bold, how long has this sort of gallantry been in fashion ? —

Eug. As long as I have thought fit to make it so — I am sorry you are so little acquainted with the Town as not to know I am an Original—My appearing in any thing makes it an authentick Fashion—I am always for something Extravagant and Novel, and would no more make Love than dress twice in the same way —

Rich. Your Genius to Vanity is particular—for i'gad I am sure it can't be imitation ———

Eug. To deal frankly with you, I can't tell you what it is—'tis both and neither — for as I would owe nothing of singularity to another—so I would not be outdone in any thing that is humorous, and will make a noise in the World.

Rich. In my opinion you have taken an effectual way to satisfie your self ——

Eug. Yes truly, the success has answer'd my design pretty well—but I am told Lord *Frollicksome* still attempts to go beyond me—which if he do's I'le be content to quit all claim to *Eugenia*'s heart, and engage my Honour she makes him happy, and that she is not much enclin'd to at this juncture ———

Rich. By your intimacy with the Lady's Secrets, you should have a great interest in her ——

Eug. Who I — O Gad by no means — I never made any address of this sort before — but that is not material—I have learnt that French trick of State to keep Pensioners in the Enemies Court, who inform me of the most secret transactions — from them I receiv'd this advice, with an additional assurance, that this person of mine, which as you see is no despicable one, is as dear to her as her own —

Rich. He is handsome and knows it (*aside*) So you are resolv'd to beat my Lord at his own weapon, and blow up all his devices by this Countermine—'tis an odd way—I wish it prove lucky—so, Sir, a good Morning to you—

Eug. Ha, ha, ha ! how easily the Fool was caught, he chopt so greedily at the hook, that I had scarce time to bait it—Now will he away to my Lord's with this Story, who will no doubt be sufficiently vext before he comes, at some other Tricks I have plaid him—If this attempt do's but prosper I shall have Monuments rear'd to me in after ages, and be immortaliz'd in tuneful Dity by the name of the *Mad Reformer* — but I should dismiss my attendants.

Enter

Enter Townley, *and* Truelove, *a Woman comes up to* Townley *and gives him a Note — in the mean time* Eugenia *pays the Musick.* ——

To. To me Child?

Wom. Yes, Sir, if your name be *Townley*, but I shall soon know whether you be the man I am sent to, by a peculiar Virtue he is master of—

To. Paying those of her Profession well, She means (*aside.*) Let these witness for me ——

Wom. Their Evidence is sufficient—I suppose you have your Directions there — *Ex.*

Tr. So, *Jack*, you have your Agents abroad ——

To. I don't know what this means—reads —

If you have any respect to your Safety and Honour, you won't fail to come immediately into the Park, and receive advice that concerns both from —— *Sylvia*, Who this *Sylvia* is I can't tell, but she is a Woman, and for ought I know a handsome Woman, which is a sufficient charm to conjure me whither she pleases. 'Tis a Citation, *Harry*, that calls me from you—Woman's business, and that you know must be minded —— *Exit.*

Tr. Seeing *Eugenia.* By Townley's description that should be the young Knight—who has poacht up the Game for which I have so long beat the Bush—I will ev'n accost him (*coming up*) My name is Truelove Sir—

Eug. It may be so, Sir,—but what is it to me, Sir,—shall I get any thing more by it than if it were Sr. *Solomon Single*, Sr. *Nicholas Cully*, or any other Fool's name you are pleas'd to pitch upon ——

Tr. Yes, I'le tell you what you are like to get, I shall perhaps take occasion to cut your Beauship's Wind-pipe for daring to pretend to my Mistress the Lady *Generous* ——

Eug. I cry you mercy indeed—You are the Lover it seems, upon whose ruines my happiness is to be built—Alas! Sir, I am sorry it should fall to your lot, for I vow 'tis great pity a handsome proper Gentleman should be baulk't so—But Destiny and the Stars decree our Fates, and we must submit to 'em —

Tr. 'Sdeath, d'you make sport of my misfortune?—thou art too much a Boy to give me that satisfaction my loss requires, or I should soon make you change your note, young *Ganymede*, I should ——

Eug. You were pleas'd to intimate something of a loss—Ill luck will make a man peevish—But pray, Sir, of what nature may this loss be—I would fain condole with you—

Tr. Don't provoke me too far, Minion, don't, lest I forget my self so much as to chastise thy Insolence—Let it suffice that she prefers you, and be gone now when Love and the thought of her checks my just Fury—

Eug. By what pow'r, if I may be so inquisitive, do you command thus? ——

Tr. My own—I wear my Warrant here — [*lays his hand upon his Sword.*

Eug. And is that all—Why I have just such another for my stay [*lays her hand on hers*] and for ought I know as good a hand to it—so that d'yee see, Sir.— if you have no other Authority, 'tis more than probable that I shall keep my ground still—

Tr. That's

Tru. That's ſoon try'd—'tis but producing both, and we may eaſily know which is to be obey'd—therefore, Sir, draw—

Eug. I have fool'd too long—if my invention do's not relieve me quickly I am undone, and ſhall be forc'd to diſcover my ſelf before my Plot is ripe — Oh I have bethought my ſelf— [*aſide.*

Tru. Come, Sir, you are tedious.

Eug. I have weighed the matter, and tho' I may perhaps incur my Lady's diſpleaſure by hazarding her reputation ſo publickly, I muſt not be brav'd [*loud*] I hope ſhe hears. [*aſide.*

Tru. He ſays true, this will incenſe her more, but I have waded out of my depth, and muſt thro'—Come, Sir, prepare, I hope you are prepar'd to die.

Eug. I have generoſity enough to make the ſame wiſh for you—have at you— [*Lady G. appears above.*

L. G. Hold, hold—Sir *Francis*, I am very ſorry you ſhould by this miſcarriage give me juſt reaſon to lay aſide thoſe thoughts I had entertain d in your favour—as for that Gentleman he has giv'n me ſufficient proof how real all his proteſtations have been—from you I take it extremely ill—

Eug. I doubt not but your Ladyſhip will acquit me of the guilt, when you know how ſmall my ſhare was in the Crime—

L. G. I wiſh your defence may be plauſible at leaſt, that I may have ſome colour to forgive you—You ſhall have your hearing within— *Exit Eug.*

Tru. I hope, Madam, you won't be partial—Give me but leave to clear my ſelf, and you will find this raſhneſs rather only an exceſs of Love than any thing elſe—

L. G. As it comes from you, Sir, I don't ſo much as think of it—therefore you need not trouble your ſelf for a ſet Apology—All your rhetorick will never make me more favourable in my Opinion of you than I am now—and what that is I leave you to judge——— [*Exit.*

Tru. Judge quoth—a— I judge I have made a fine hand of it, ruin'd my ſelf with my Miſtreſs, and giv'n my Rival juſt cauſe to triumph—Thus it is in all things; the fairer our hopes, the nearer ſtill the diſappointment—It is in Love as in all other Diſeaſes, a ſhort interval of ſtrength preceeds death— (*Exit.*

Re-enter Eugenia, *Lady* Generous.

Eug. I have not recover'd the fright yet.

L. G. Your Valour was hard put to it, that's the truth on't—I fanſie you would have been glad of your Petticoats again when he drew upon you—'Twas happy I chanc'd to be within hearing—

Eug. It ſav'd my Honour—I was at the end of my Valour, juſt ready to turn Recreant, and yield Arms and Miſtreſs to the Conqueror's diſcretion—Methinks you deal too hardly with a man whom you deſign for your Husband ———

L. G. That cannot be, Child—You can never uſe a man ſo ill while he is your Servant, as he will you when he is your Maſter—People may talk of our Privileges and Authority over the other Sex—but we all find ſooner or later, that our Mock-reign is but a ſhort prelude to their Tyranny———

Eug. Thank our ſelves——

L. G. Our ſelves! ——

Eug. Yes our ſelves—that is our Pride—If we gave them better uſage we might expect it in our turns—but 'tis a miſtake to think Lovers are like our Dogs, the fonder for beating——Man is a ſly Animal, that carries Peace in his Face, but if ever you fall into his Clutches you will be ſure to be paid your own with intereſt——

L. G. But then there's that Darling Pleaſure of our Souls, that Idol of Womankind, miſchief in it—Which——

Eug. Often falls heavieſt upon us, the Authors—too many Impoſitions from a Miſtreſs are as dangerous as from a Prince—'tis ten to one but they make the Subject Rebel, and then nothing e're reclaims them to their Obedience——

L. G. You think, it ſeems, that the ſtate of Love like all others, can admit of no Female Regency——'Twould pleaſe you to ſee all the Soveraignty in the Men's hands——

Eug. Don't miſtake me—I have as great an itch of Rule as any of my Sex—but I would have our Laws contriv'd ſo eaſie, that ſo Love ſhould be a happineſs, and the indifferent Railer look't upon as the moſt ridiculous of Mankind——

L. G. Very good—You will allow us, I hope, when the truſt is great, to try before we confide——

Eug. Provided your Trials neither carry too much ſuſpicion, nor be too often repeated——

L. G. Not ſuſpect them ſaid you?

Eug. Why not? —— A Generous Lover reſents a ſuſpicion from his Miſtreſs, as a Man of Honour do's from his Friend—it cancels all Obligations, and leaves us like Chymiſts to curſe our own Curioſity for making unneceſſary Experiments—And to try a Man too often looks more like Pride than Caution.

L. G. You are a notable Advocate I ſwear—'tis pity but the Men knew what a Friend you are to the Cauſe.

Eug. I would not willingly they ſhould—for look ye, Siſter, I am as errant an obſtinate Woman as you can be, and own no Law but Inclination—Yet whoever takes pains to ſtudy us, will find us meer Gipſies—We have our Cant as well as they to keep our ſelves from being underſtood by the World, and like them too, can lay it aſide among our ſelves, and talk plain Engliſh——

L. G. You ſhould be ſecur'd for the publick good—if you ſhould revolt, you may betray the Sex—You know all our ſtrengths——

Eug. Never fear me—but how will you deal with poor Mr. *Truelove*—I fancy it would be pleaſant enough to hear him now curſing his Stars, and ripping up all the Frailties of Womankind from Grannum *Eve*, of deceitful Memory, to your preſent ſelf.

L. G. Yes, yes—No doubt but he will rail furiouſly till his Paſſion is over—Lovers are like Froward Children, cry 'em ſelves to ſleep, or fall a Laughing in the ſame Breath—We ſhall have him here all Extaſie—I have an important diſcov'ry to make, that will pretty well recompence his diſquiet——

Eug.

Eug. What? you will ſighing, bluſhing, dying own your Love.

L. G. No ſuch matter—'tis ſomething of a quite different Complexion—'tis only to tell him that the Gentleman he brought t'other day to ſee his Bargain, is very willing to take it off his Hands, and has been chaffering with me about a Leaſe for Life of this Tenement.

Eug. Downright Treachery—I ſuppoſe he bids high.

L. G. Extraordinary Conditions—Abundance of Love, a ſwinging Jointure, and good comely Bedfellow, ſomewhat turn'd of thirty——

Eug. Which you had the Grace to refuſe?

L. G. Not abſoluely—fearing a flat Denial might exaſperate him to contrive his Friends Ruine; I faintly put him off with two or three trivial Objections, which he thinking eaſily anſwer'd was very well ſatisfy'd. But if my Invention does not fail me, he will have little reaſon to boaſt his ſucceſs——

Eug. If there be any thing that has Mirth or Miſchief in it going forward——I wou'd not loſe my ſhare to be a Saint in the Kalendar—therefore impart.

L. G. You ſhall know all within—But how to get *True-Love* hither without ſending for him?

Eug. Leave that to my management—I have a decoy for him—But I am impatient to know your Contrivance—Let us in and about it immediately—though I doubt not but we ſhall agree upon it, as readily as a packt Jury upon thier Verdict—— (*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to the* Park.

Enter Townley *with a Note in his Hand.*

Tow. Here have I walk'd till I have tir'd my Self and Patience—It would vex me moſt horribly if this ſhould be a Trick now—But why the Devil ſhould I ſuſpect it to be any thing elſe—What did I ſee in my Glaſs this Morning, that could flatter me into the Vanity of believing a Woman would ſend for me—Yet the unknown Fair promis'd me I ſhould hear from her—'tis her Writing then, and her Name is *Silvia*—Here comes a Damſel, but 'tis not ſhe——

To him Sabina *diſguis'd.*

Sab. Punctual I ſee he is—Now if he ſtands the Teſt, he is the Lover I wiſh'd him. [*aſide.*] You receiv'd that Note this Morning, I ſuppoſe, Sir——

Tow. And by your Queſtion, Madam, I gueſs you ſent it.

Sab. I muſt confeſs I did——You ſeem to me to be a Gentleman, and a Man of Senſe—therefore out of Reſpect I bear all ſuch, I would reſcue you from a Danger I hear you are running into——

Tow. Faith, Madam, I ſhall be oblig'd to you for the Favour, which will be the more grateful, becauſe it come unexpected, and from you——

Sab. Firſt then, I muſt deſire you to believe no particular Affection for your Self—no Hatred of any body elſe—nor any private Intereſt of my own, promoted this Diſcovery——

Tow. That is easily granted.

Sab. Then I may safely tell you that the Woman you Entertain'd last night at the Play, and this Morning here, has as little Reputation as Fortune, and subsists only upon that small stock of Beauty you saw—which is not so great but others may have more——

Tow. This destroys your Credit with me, Madam—I can't but think this is a Design—tho perhaps I can't fathom it.

Sab. I am sorry you misconstrue me, and know her no better—I dare affirm you are the only Man in Town that is not intimately acquainted with her—She knows, and is known to all the Taverns in *London*; and has been Jaunted so much up and down the Town, that the Hackney Coachmen know her as well as they do their Fare.

Tow. This sounds too like Malice to be true. [*Going.*]

Sab. This do's not take—but I have another Stratagem for him—Stay Sir, and take a Confession I should never make, did I not believe you have generosity to pitty, and secrecy to conceal a Woman's Failing——

Tow. You have me right—now if you please proceed——

Sab. Then I must own, however I strove to dissemble it, 'twas Love to you made me defame her—You may spare a Woman's Blushes, and esteem their freedom as the effect of no ordinary Passion—I saw your Person and lik'd it—Observ'd your Actions and found 'em noble—hence grew my esteem for you, which time has ripen'd into Affection.

Tow. This Banter I credit as little as t'other—Yet should I be so vain as to hearken to it—I love her too well to receive yours as I ought——

Sab. You have no reason to despise me—My Fortunes are every way your Equals—My Face, if the World flatters me not, no bad one, and my Reputation not sully'd by any Crime, but that of Loving a perverse obstinate Man—You will perhaps repent your Contempt when it is too late—and wish you had been wiser—Farewel, but remember that

Love turns to Hatred, when by Slight remov'd,
And we most Hate the Men, we most have lov'd.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Lord Frolickſome, Richley.

Lord F. TO outdo me, did he ſay?— Are my Extravagances then grown ſo publick as to countenance an Imitation——

Rich. So it ſeems.

Lord F. This will, no doubt, further my Deſigns upon *Eugenia* mightily, if once it comes to her Ears—— I had not need have other Men's follies laid to my charge, when I have ſo many of my own to anſwer for——

Rich. What is already done can't be helpt—— but you ought to prevent the progreſs of it: He will ſtop at nothing; 'tis the maddeſt young Rogue that ever I met with.

Lord F. Handſome?

Rich. To a miracle—— and by his Diſcourſe ſeems to want no Wit——

Lord F. 'Slife who can this be— No common Town-Rake ſure— they are too much tir'd with their Mid-night debauches to frollick at any other time— They are a ſort of Bats— never ſeen by day-light, and only come abroad in the dark to do miſchief.

Rich. Men that can as ſoon be valiant when they are ſober, as peaceable when drunk— and would no more baulk a Quarrel in their drink than their Glaſs——

Lord F. Hang 'em, he can be none of them—— but the Town rings of his Exploits, and my Fame ſuffers for 'em—— It muſt be remedy'd——

Rich. When d'you intend for *Eugenia*——

Lord F. I have ſent my Man to know if a Viſit this Afternoon wont be unſeaſonable— Oh, here he comes— Well, what Anſwer?

Servant. She'll expect your Lordſhip—— Here is a Paper, my Lord, which a young Gentleman forc'd upon me at the Door, with a ſtrict charge to deliver it.

Lord F. Let me ſee. (*reads*)

My Lord,

UPon ſight of this I adviſe you, as a friend, to quit your Pretenſions to all ſort of Humour, and to Madam Eugenia; *for I reſolve to be unrival'd in both: If you ſlight this Advice, I ſhall expect you to morrow Morning at Six, behind* Mountague-Houſe, *as your Enemy.*

Lord F. So then, 'tis like to come to ſomething—— Well, my young Squire, you ſhall be met with—— The Superiority in Madneſs I ſhan't diſpute with you— The Lady I muſt not loſe, but with the laſt drop of my Blood——

Rich. 'Twill ne're come to that, I warrant you—— You don't conſider he is a Beaux— Fighting is too rough an Exerciſe for his nice Conſtitution——

Lord F. However 'twill concern my Honour to go: But there's time enough to think of this—— Come, here's Proſperity to all mortal Lovers. [*drinks.*

Rich. With all my heart— Here, my Lord, to all kind Miſtreſſes— [*Noiſe within.*

Lord F. Who waits there— (*Enter Servant.*) What Noiſe is that?

Serv. Noiſe, my Lord? there's a whole Regiment without that talk of Injuries, Reparation, and I don't know what—— I fat old Beldam leads 'em up, whoſe Tongue never lies ſtill—She ſcolds, good Woman, till ſhe ſweats again, and ſwears ſhe will have Satisfaction——

Lord F. Of whom? For what——

Serv. Of your Lordſhip, for throwing her Fruit about the Market this Morning.

Lord F. You might have ſatisfy'd her, Raſcal— You know well enough that I have not been nigh a Market ſince I roſe——

Serv. I told her ſo, my Lord, but had like to have had my eyes ſcratcht out for it—— One of your Men, ſhe ſays, told her who you were, and ſhe won't be Anſwer'd ſo.

Rich. More of the young Hector's pranks, I ſuppoſe; 'faith I can neither gueſs at the Man, nor his meaning.

Old Woman breaking in. } Sirrah, Sirrah— not ſee him; why ſure a Cat may look upon a King, as the Proverb ſays——

Lord F. There's no ſtanding her—— I am not Tongue-proof—— Go, ſee 'em paid— then follow me to my Lady's— We may ſteal off this way, and diſcharge the Reckoning below—— [*Exit.*

Scene *Lady Gen---'s Houſe.*

Enter L. G. Eugen. Sab.

L. G. A Man of the Town, and ſo conſtant— to a Woman he does not know too? 'tis incredible.

Eug. Rather very probable— 'tis ten to one but what you miſcall Conſtancy, is only an obſtinate deſire of knowing her— Curioſity has often more ſhare in Paſſions than Love——

Sab. That I ſuſpect— I have one Plot more to try him, in which I much engage my Brother— If he reſiſts that as firmly as he did the other— Virginity Adieu— and Wedlock I embrace thee——

L. C. Does Mr. *Truelove* know you are in Town?

Sab. I believe not— Sure I ſhould have ſeen him before now if he had—

Eug. No matter— I am glad he does not, for Reaſons you ſhall be hereafter Acquainted with— [*To L. G.*] this will draw him hither very opportunely—When he comes I ſhall take care to diſabuſe him, and let kim know how you diſſemble.

L. G. As you pleaſe— You have my Conſent. [*Coldly.*

Eug. Loſe no time— but ſend for him immediately— My Siſter, and I have Buſineſs for him to manage, which may turn to his Advantage, and your Satisfaction—

Sab.

Sab. I'll dispatch a Messenger, and wait on you in a Minute. [*Exit.*

L. G. If I may disturb your serious Contemplation—Pray Madam, what Sage Contrivance lies brooding in your Matchiavilian Brain?

Eug. I was considering how to receive my Lord when he comes—whether with the stately Port of a Court Lady, the easie freedom of a City Wife, or the affected Toss of a Modish Cocquet.

L. G. Thou art a mad Girl—But how do your Plots succeed——

Eug. To my Wish—Not a Trick I have plaid him, but is by my means come to his knowledge.

L. G. Well, and what use can your Wisdom make of that?

Eug. If he makes any Advances to me, as I suppose that is the Intent of his Visits—then will I produce the black Catalogue of my own Faults, and bring him to Repentance for it——

L. G. 'Tis uuconscionable dealing to act Crimes in a Man's Name, and then Arraign him for them—I wish you be not the Sufferer at last——

Eug. Let what will come, I resolve to make the Venture—If I can but break him of his mad Humour, I defie Fortune and all her Malice to make me repent it hereafter——

Re-Enter Sabina *Repeating.*

No Passion now in my free Breast shall move,
None, but that soft and best of Passions Love,

Ha!

Eug. Nay, never blush for it, Love and Murther will out—'Tis in vain to think of concealing your Passion now—When once a Maid comes to Sigh in Rhime, *Cupid* bless her, and a good Husband take her——

Sab. Poetry in us then is as certain a sign of Love, as Poverty is of Wit in a good Poet——

L. G. And 'tis not possible that a Woman when alone, should have the Word in her Mouth, without harbouring the God in her Heart.

Eug. Spoken like *Sybils*—Women hide their Passions with the same care Men do their Villanies; and a voluntary Confession in secret do's as certainly betray Love in us, as a guilty Conscience in them—To the World I grant you, we may seem what we are not, but she that can disguise her Inclinations to her self is more than Woman.

L. G. No, no—Dissimulation is a true Vizard, which though worn constantly abroad, is always put off at home.

Sab. You know my Heart too well to be sham'd off with a Denial, else you should not want it—I wish you would be contented with your Knowledge, and pry no further.

L. G. If the Theme be ungrateful, we may shift it for another.

Sab. Agreed—My absence from the Town, has made me almost a Stranger to it—An account of it from you would be very welcom, if not necessary.

Eug. 'Tis not so much alter'd as you Imagine—Men of Sense are still scarce, and foolish Fops plentiful.

L. C. Vir-

L. G. Virtue is ſtill undervalu'd, while Vice is hug'd cloſe and made much of—Great Promiſes and little Performance go hand in hand at Court, and the City ſticks to the old Maxim of Cheating to poſterity.

Sab. Theſe are Truths ſomewhat to grave for us—I ſhould rather have expected a Diſcourſe of Faſhions, Diverſions and Galantry—Things that ſuit much better with a Woman's Capacity, as well as her Inclinations.

Eug. To ſpeak of Faſhions is endleſs—'twould poſe a good Arithmetician to count 'em. People may talk of New Faſhion, but a conſiderate Perſon, will rather believe there is no ſuch thing—'Tis like Time either paſt or future, for the preſent is gone ſo quickly, you can ſcarce ſay it has been.

Eug. Our Diverſions are all abus'd—The Stage! the very beſt of them is now become a ſhelter for every needy Witling, that has but Senſe enough to patch up a Farce for three Days—A meer Hoſpital, to which all that can't maintain their own Lame find it to be kept at the Publick Charge.

L. G. 'Tis grown ſo Scandalous, that a certain wiſe Reformer has pronounc'd it of worſe Conſequence to the Nation than the late *Revolution*, though he loſt his little All by it ———

Sab. I am ſorry to hear this—the reſt ſure will make amends—What ſay you to Gallantry———

Eug. Nothing was ever more pretended to, and leſs practic'd—'tis Foppery and Impertinence in the Men—Affection and Levity in the Women—Converſation is now kept up, not ſo much for the Advantages of it, as the Opportunity it gives to vent particular Follies—and will no more admit of ſound ſenſe than true Breeding.

Sab. How is the World Employ'd then?

L. G. Every one in their own Vanities.

Eug. Gaming is indeed the accompliſhment all aim at— To Cheat gentely is a mark of quick Wit—and to be skill'd in all the little Tricks of Play, a ſign of profound Judgment.

Sab. Who are the Men now in Vogue?

L. G. The greateſt Fools—either ſuch as are of our own growth—but have infinitely improv'd under the *French* Air—or your true Natural *Frenchmen*, and abundance whom you may know by the following Marks—Much foul Linnen, a ſhort Waſtcoat, red topt Shooes, much Impudence, and no *Engliſh*———

Eug. Nay, ſome are ſo fond of Poverty, that they doat upon the Caſhier'd Officers, and chuſe their Lovers, as the *Indians* do their Generals for the multitude of their Scars—As for particulars 'tis tedious to name 'em—The Box-keeper will give you a Liſt of their Names out of his Debt— Book when you pleaſe———

Sab. Bleſs me! You have ſaid enough to frighten a poor Country Gentlewoman from coming within ſight of *London*—If it be thus, we muſt ev'n be content with our Solitude, Viſit one another once a Quarter, take up with the Fag End of a Faſhion, and quietly ſuffer the awkard Paſſion of my Lady's overgrown Eldeſt Son.

L. G. No ſuch danger—There are thoſe Men to be found, who bateing a little wildneſs, are what you would wiſh 'em, Genteel, Generous and Witty—Our Beaux I muſt confeſs, are rather Puppets than Men—Things that have no Life in 'em, but as they are mov'd by others.

Eug.

Eug. Enough of them— their Character is as Nauſeous as their Company— Next to the trouble of converſing with them; I hate to hear them nam'd.

Enter Footm.

L. G. How now?

Foot. My Lord *Frolickſom*, and the Gent. who din'd here t'other day with Mr. *Truelove*, are below to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

L. G. Go ſhew 'em up— did you hear Siſter,—my New Lover too, this is unexpected, he has Surpriz'd me—Your Advice quickly how I ſhall uſe him——

Eug. Not Ill—it would break our meaſures if you ſhould—I wiſh he doe's not know me again.

Sab. I'le withdraw, and expect my Brother—— *Exit.*

Enter L. F. and Richley.

L. F. The near acquaintance I had with your Dead Lord, Madam, makes me bold to aſſure you, as I ſhare in your loſs, ſo I am ready to do all that lies in my power to make it eaſy.

L. G. Theſe generous offers ſurprize me, ſo that I can ſcarce thank you for 'em, yet my gratitude ſhall always ſpeak my acknowledgments—— [*L. F. goes to* Eug.

Rich. In ſpite of your coldneſs I am come once more to lay my ſelf at your Feet— and beg you would not let an unfortunate Man periſh for want of your pitty——

L. G. My nature abhors cruelty— I would not willingly be the cauſe of any Gentleman's Misfortune—Yet, Sir, when my Reputation and Faith are engag'd—

Rich. Your Reputation is ſafe, while I wear a Sword—And your Faith, Madam, as I take it obliges no longer than the man, 'tis giv'n to, values it as he ought.

L. G. I am not of your Opinion there—Yet a Slight from any Man would provoke me to forgo him— I would neither have my favours thought cheap—nor my choice unworthy—therefore ſhould I know my lover Guilty of the leaſt Action, that might call my virtue or prudence in queſtion, I would this moment diſcard him—

Rich. It will Work—— Mr. *Truelove* is my Friend— One whoſe welfare I prize beyond my own—Yet when he forgets his reſpect to you, I can forget my Friendſhip to him. Were it what concern'd me, I ſhould bury it in Silence— But to diſſemble with a Lady of your Quality, and at the ſame time he pretends all the Honour in the World, hazard his Health and Fame with a common proſtitute, is inſufferable— What I cannot bear.——

L. G. This may be a trick—I will encourage him, and dive into the Myſtery— If this were prov'd, I ſhould not be ungrateful.

Rich. Prov'd! Why Madam, I can give you occular demonſtration.

L. G. How?

Rich. If I do not, may I become the ſcorn of Mankind— a by-word to all honeſt Men— a common jeſt to Fools— or what is yet more intolerable, the object of your hate—But I deſire to be heard in private.

L. G. You ſhall—A buſineſs of vaſt concern, which this Gentleman has unexpectedly imparted to me, makes me leſs civil than I ought to be—but I hope Your Lordſhip will excuſe my rudeneſs, and diſpence with my abſence a Minute or two— Siſter pray entertain my Lord—— *Exit. L. F.*

L. F. and Eug. *come forward.*

L. *F.* Do but hear me.

Eug. I have heard you with a great deal of patience, not that I think your Heart and tongue hold any correſpondence at preſent.

L. *F.* Scan my Actions if you diſtruſt me, and ſee which of 'em points at Intereſt or Vanity— I lov'd your Perſon before I knew your Quality, without expecting more than a return of my paſſion— I do ſo ſtill— If you will try me— command, and ſee how readily I can quit all things to gain your favour.

Eug. All but your Humour— You are too much wedded to that to think of a Wife— Alaſs! Whenever I conſent to think of Marriage— The Man I chooſe ſhall be one that will lay aſide his own pleaſures to further mine— His Actions muſt wait upon my Will, and all his Diverſions center in Innocence— He muſt forget to be a Man of the Town— Bid adieu to his darling Bottle, ſhake off the boon Companion, and be a ſober diſcreet Husband.

L. F. All this I can do——

Eug. Think better on't, hang it, I am but a Woman, a Toy, a Triffle, not worth troubling your head, much leſs changing your manner of Life for— conſider, Sir, when once we are Marry'd I muſt have no rambling at Midnight, nor ſerenading in the Morning— I ſhan't care to hear my Neighbour's Windows rattle, nor my own Maids ſhriek.

L. F. She knows me to a tittle I perceive.

Eug. Weigh the loſs of all theſe dear delights, and then reſolve—

L. *F.* I weigh 'em as I ſhould, and acknowledge 'em to be the Folly and Madneſs— the childiſh feats of half-witted Fops and Fools— Actions which ev'ry Man in his Senſes is aſham'd of.

Eug. But then to be jeer'd by all your Acquaintance, your Reformation lookt upon as ridiculous— and your Company ſhun'd as infectious— 'tis intolerable.

L. *F.* All this does not ſtagger my Reſolutions— I ſhould perhaps pitty the Scoffer's folly without being concern'd at their Cenſure, any more than I ſhould be for a Madman's telling me I was out of my Wits.

Eug. That you at preſent intend all this I believe—— but there are a thouſand pleaſing Temptations to make you forget it— A Lover's Vows to his Miſtreſs like Sickmen's repentance laſt but till the Fit is over, and then as they were eaſily made they are ſoon broke.

L. *F.* But when performance ſucceeds the promiſe, a Miſtreſs will be unjuſt to ſcruple a Lover's ſincerity, or deny him his reward— ſuch proofs you ſhall have—

Eug. There you meet my Wiſhes, let me ſee them— and then——

L. *F.* Ay, Madam, what then

Eug. I will believe you— in the mean time you muſt promiſe me to draw your Sword upon no account whatever, tho' provokt beyond the ſufferance of a Man—

L. *F.* No account! Except but your own and my Honour, and I am all obedience.

Eug. That were to take away the merit of your ſervice— to abſtain from things which the wiſeſt part of Mankind eſteem brutal and ridiculous, is what may be expected from any Man that loves himſelf—But tamely to ſit down with an Affront when all Men's Eyes are upon you— When your patience muſt brand your Name with Cowardiſe,

Cowardice, and loſe you in the Worlds opinion, only becauſe I bid you, is the mark of an extream paſſion, and what I expect from you———

L. F. You think it fit then that I ſhould hear your Virtues traduc'd, and your Favours bely'd by a Sawcy braggard, without telling him he is a Raſcal, and taking ſatisfaction for the injury——

Eug. To chooſe— If I am detain'd, better let it reſt there, than make a Quarrel of it—You can't make my diſgrace more private, more open you may— therefore if you would have me think your profeſſions other than the mere effects of Gallantry, you muſt promiſe.

L. F. Since I can't help it— I ſwear by this White Hand, to perform the Conditions. [*Kiſſes it.*

Eug. I ſhall put you to it [*aſide*,] and I promiſe to reward that performance with my Hand and Heart———

Enter Lady Gen. *and* Richley.

L. G. To doubt your Sincerity now, would be rude—Your Honour is engag'd, and if you value that, or my repoſe, you won't fail———

Rich. I ſhant't— if my Invention don't fail me. [*aſide*,

L. G. His Relation has diſorder'd me ſtrangely, I would not have him ſee it tho' [*aſide*] I begin to think of Altering my reſolution— I would not willingly Sacrifice my modeſty to my Curioſity.

Rich. You need not— Modeſty like true Wit, is beſt ſeen in thoſe that make the leaſt ſhow of it———

Eug. You can allow then, that freedom and gaiety are not inconſiſtent with Virtue —that a Woman may give a looſe to her humour, without forfeiting her Reputation.

Rich. This and more—I can laugh at thoſe who miſcall Baſhfulneſs, Modeſty— and deſpiſe their formality, who ſhun the mention of thoſe things abroad, they are not aſham'd to Act at home———

L. G. Such are the Hypocrites of our Sex, who rail at all Mankind in publick, yet Love all in Private—Who make their Sanctity a Baw'd to their pleaſures, as cunning Lawyers rail againſt Bribery, to get Clients.

L. F. Or the better ſort of Quacks decline publick Operations for Chamber Practice.

Rich. Not forgeting the Grave Reformers among us, who would Monopolize Lewdneſs—and forbid others reading thoſe wicked Plays they have got by heart.

L. G. We will wave this Diſcourſe, if you pleaſe, and retire to a diſh of Tea, and the Cards for an hour or two.

Eug. Agreed——— [*Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to Overdon's *Lodgings.*

Squeezum, No-wit, Overdone, *at a Table.*

Squ. Here Couzen, the Squires good Health—he will make you an Admirable Husband.

Ov. I don't doubt the Gentleman's good Qualities———

No-wit

No-wit. You are pleaſed to jeer one now— *Enter Maid.*

Ov. Well what want you.

Maid. Madam the Broker is come———

Ov. Softly huſſy—Whiſper can't you—here this way [*riſes*] now what have you to ſay?

Maid. Nothing, but that he is come for your Furniture, he ſwears it ſhan't ſtand a day longer—you have had it long enough for nothing———

Ov. I muſt appeaſe him— You will pardon me for a Minute Gentlemen——— [*Exit. with the Maid.*

Squ. Here's a do with you indeed [*riſe both*] 'sdeath, was ever any Puppy ſo backward, when he had ſuch Encouragement too— Behave your ſelf as you ſhould, or by Heavens I'll break off the Match———

No. Nay, but prithee Dear Mr. *Squeezum*, have a little Patience.

Squ. Patience! you great Calf you—Zounds I have none left—you have quite worn out mine—Plague on you, take your own Courſes for me, and be Damn'd—

No. Pſhaw, pſhaw—you ſhan't be angry—here's my hand, I'll do what you would have me.

Squ. Go to her then, and get her conſent—I know ſhe Loves you—I won't tell you all I know neither———

No. Doe's ſhe ifackins— do's the Rogue love me—Nay, nay, you ſhall tell me— Not be free with your Friends? Come let's hear what ſhe ſays— do's ſhe like my perſon, ha? I gad has this Face taken, this Shape, this Leg, this Hair—have they— come confeſs———

Squ. You are but too happy, that is the truth on't— Firſt ſhe ſays you have a very pretty Wit.

No. That ſhows her judgment.

Squ. Then ſhe admires the Careleſs ſhake of your Head—the neat Carriage of your Body— the gentile Shamble in your Gate———

No. Right thus— [*Walks.*

Squ. Next—but here ſhe comes—now ſtrike up briskly to her—ſhe Loves the Lad that's brisk and Gay———

No. But hates the formal Wooer— ha! old Boy.

Enter Overdone.

Ov. The impertinence of a City-Viſitant would have detain'd me from you, Sir,--- but I thought ev'ry minute an age till ſhe was gone.

Squ. D'you hear that?

No. Ay, ay, ſhe is ſmitten that's certain--- but how could ſhe chooſe--- hum, hum,— [*Struts.*]

Squ. Tell your mind then— *Couz.* Mr. *Nowit* would confer with you about a Buſineſs of moment.

No. [*Getting behind him.*] I can't out with it if I were to be hang'd— Prithee ſpeak for me [*Gives him Money.*]

Squ. The fear of a Denial deters him from ſpeaking— He would be happy as ſoon as poſſible——— What if the Wedding were to morrow?

Ov. By

Ov. By no means—what would the Town ſay of me, if I ſhould be won ſo eaſily—

Squ. Say— you were a wiſe Woman— One that underſtand your own happyneſs better than to loſe ſo good an Offer, and ſo fine a Perſon, for a mere piece of formality.

No. [*Clapping him on the Shoulders.*] God-a' mercy old Rock, that was a home puſh.

Ov. But how am I ſure his Love is ſincere?

Squ. Sincere enough I warrant you for a Husband— Methinks you have but ſmall reaſon to queſtion it, ſince he is willing to give you the laſt proof of his ſincerity—

No. [*Coming from behind him.*] Nay, Gad, as your Couzen ſays, Madam, that ought to convince you— Matrimony is the greateſt hazard in Life's Lottery—— He that won't ſtick at that will ſtick at nothing.

Ov. 'Tis too Sudden——

No. Look ye— what I propoſe by this quick diſpatch is to prevent rumour—and finiſh the intreigue before any body can know I have begun it——

Squ. A very nice Stratagem.

Ov. Your perſwaſion and that perſon would excuſe a Woman's frailty—But

No. Why there it is again now—pſhaw hang but—Women oftner ſpoil than make their Fortunes, by being over Modeſtly Scrupulous—We Men of Eſtates take a refuſal as an affront, and ſeldom are at the pains to ask twice——Let Younger Brothers Drudge at conſtancy, who muſt live by it, we are above it——

Ov. The Fool has reaſon, 'tis beſt making ſure of him [*aſide,*] upon conſideration I reſolve to leave my ſelf to my Couzen's diſpoſal.

Squ. I make over my Right to Mr. *No-wit*——

No. Then there's a bargain made—I muſt provide a Parſon and ſome other neceſſaries—I will leave you two together— [*Exit.*

Squ. Fortune be prais'd ſucceſs attends us—He is yours as ſure as——

Ov. The Thouſand pound is yours— I am thinking how to manage Affairs when we are Married—In the firſt place I do Solemnly Vow and Swear never to leave *London*——

Squ. Nor any of its Vices—*Item*, to bring his Acres hither, and him to a Priſon—

Ov. Then will I keep my Gallant in Ordinary, beſides two or three hangers on in reſerve—Game without meaſure; run in Debt without meaſure. And after the Laudable Cuſtom of moſt Wives, domineer over my Husband without meaſure—Not to mention many other Neceſſary Priviledges as eſſential to a Woman's Prerogative, as Chocolate and cold Tea, are to her Health——

Squ. Come leave cheating, and put the glaſs about—alaſs he is departed——

Ov. He has a Brother or two in my Cloſet—We will retire thither for Conſolation—Let the World believe.

Howe're in publick our Nice Sex pretend,
That Drinking does their Modeſty offend,
All hold the Bottle a good private Friend.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE. I.

Enter Townley, Truelove.

Town. WILL when looking well can't move her, looking ill prevail——

Bear your Misfortunes like a Man, and ſcorn her Inconſtancy——If ſhe be falſe, 'tis well you miſt her——You cannot wiſh your Rival a worſe Plague, than ſuch a Wife— But to Whine and ſneak after this rate, as if there were no more Women in the World, is inſufferable——The only way to become matter of ridicule to her, and of Triumph to him.

Tr. No more of your grave Morals——They are to me like Water to a Man in a Fever, only ſerve to make my diſeaſe more violent— all you can ſay ſhall never make me forget ſhe is a baſe perjur'd Woman.

Town. A deceitful Flattering Hypocrite—One that has all the Pride, Malice and Affection of her Sex——The very Epitome of Falſhood and Diſſimulation.

To. Fickler than a Town Gilt.

Town. Fonder than a City Wife.

Tr. Lew'd as a Young Widow in her firſt Year.

Town. Ugly and impertinent as an old Maid in her Fiftieth——

Tr. Hold, hold——

Town. Nay, there is no ſtopping me when I am once ſet a going——the Larum will run 'till 'tis down——ſhe is more Tawdry and ill-bred than a Country Silly——More imperious and Prodigal than a *Termagant* Court Lady—And more Peeviſh than a Caſt Miſtreſs——

Tr. Will you never have done?

Town. Yes, yes preſently——She is——

Tr. Nay then [*going*]

Town. Stay, ſtay—I thought you might have been for an Inventory of your Miſtreſſes good Qualities—Prithee let me go on——I am brimful of Scandal, and if I don't find a vent for it here, ſhall run over where I ſhould not.

Tr. No—

Tr. No——Whatever my Rage made me Utter, ſhe is ſtill at my Heart——I wear her Image here, which is never to be effac'd but by Death.

Town. Is not that a very pretty Speech for a Youth of thy Inches——Never to be effaced but by Death! ha, ha, ha——Why ev'ry Clown Writes as much to his dear Margery—Thy Loving Friend till Death us do part, *Roger*—ha, ha, ha,—

Tr. You are an excellent Friend to make ſport with my Misfortunes, when you ſhould be ſtudying a remedy for 'em——Lay aſide your unſeaſonable Mirth, and tell me what I ſhall do——

Town. Do? the beſt thing you ever did in your Life would be to deſpiſe her, as much as ſhe do's you—Fortune and Women always doat upon thoſe that Slight their power.

Tr. No, No, I want Reſolution for this—I Love her to Madneſs—Without her there is no joy on Earth for me——

To. If you muſt have her then—don't ſtand to parley, but in ſpite of her young Champion's ſeeming Valour, and her own ſtudy'd Averſion—Sieze boldly on your bliſs, ſhe will like you the better for it——Force is never unpleaſing to that Sex, but when it makes an attempt without compaſſing it's end——

Tr. To thoſe who want ſuch a pretence to gratify their own inclinations, I grant it is not——ſhe was always held nicely Virtuous——

To. And may be ſtill—That is no obſtruction to you—If there can be a way found to ſecure both her pleaſure and reputation, and ſhe not appear as a party in the deſign, is not ſhe bound to thank you for it?

Tr. But that way.

To. Is ready chalkt out to your hand—You ſay ſhe has hitherto giv'n you all the Proofs of Sincerity, could be expected from a Woman of her Quality—That ſhe has in all other Actions betray'd nothing of this changeable humour—but manag'd all with that prudence, which is not Ordinary in Women of her Years——

Tr. This I acknowledge—her Words were always ſo juſt to her thoughts, and her behaviour ſo agreeable to both, that I began to hug my ſelf with the opinion of a Miracle—and thought I had met with a Woman deſtitute of her Sex's Frailties——

To. Very good—then may not this ſudden Alteration be a reach in female Policy—to try your Temper, and ſee how you ſtood affected.

Tr. Probable enough! but the Knight, the handſome Young Knight——

To. Is a Relation perhaps——or ſuppoſe him a Rival——nay, a favour'd Rival——

Tr. Favour'd?

To. I ſay ſuppoſe him ſuch—you have the more reaſon to beſtir your ſelf, and ſet all your Witts on Work to get rid of him——

Tr. I'll cut his Throat.

To. Not ſo haſty—it may be done at a much eaſier Rate than Murther——Go to her, and tell her, that in ſpite of her contempt, you are reſolv'd to Love her, Marry her, and Lye with her.

Tr. And be Laught at for a Madman——

To. If you have not Patience to hear me out, God b'wy.

Tr. I am

Tr. I am Silent——

To. Take a Parson along with you—Invite your Friends to the Wedding—— I will prepare a Consort of Musick to give you Joy—Do this, and she must of necessity commit Matrimony with you, or let the Town think she has done something worse—which I am sure won't suit her Temper——

Tr. 'Tis full of hazard, and may as well lose me as not—therefore you must give me leave to try other Methods, and leave this to the last pinch of Necessity—

To. As you please——Business calls me from you now— that done you may depend upon my assistance—— [*Exit.*

Tr. [*Solus*] What an Age of uncertainty do we live in—No Man's hopes are so well grounded as to defy a disappointment——No Friendship so firm as to be rely'd on.

Enter Richley.

Oh! *Frank*, such a Disaster——

Rich. Spare your Exclamation—I know your Disease, and have brought you a Remedy if you have but Courage to apply it— I heard of your Rupture with my Lady—and therefore took the opportunity of Visiting her, with my Lord *Frolicksome*, who is in Love with her Sister, to see if there were any way left me to serve you——

Tr. I am oblig'd to you, for your good Intentions—the success I fear——

Rich. Was answerable to my wishes—I was resolv'd to be assur'd whether she had forgot you or no—so made Love to her——She indeed seem'd to dislike my Passion—but still there was no mention of you—When I saw that would not take, I told her plainly you had quite laid aside all thoughts of her, and were in Love with another——

Tr. What did you mean by that?

Rich. Mean? by making her Jealous to discover ev'ry corner of her Soul, and find where the secret Spark lurk'd yet unextinguish'd——The Mine sprung, and she appear'd to be what I thought her, a Lover disguis'd in Anger—At first she started and Rav'd at your infidelity, till recovering her self, remembring I was by, she smooth'd her brow into a Calm Sigh'd, and said she could forget you too——

Tr. The end of all this?——

Rich. Was that she took it for a Trick, and as such began to Laugh at it, till I promis'd to give her proofs—She is how in the Park, fasten upon the first Woman you meet—you will know by her uneasiness how she resents it— If as a Woman loath to lose you, 'tis but making your Peace at the Price of a discovery, and save all yet.

Tr. Thou art my good Angel, and I could Worship thee for this Advice——

Rich. You have no time to lose in Words—about it instantly——

Tr. I fly to follow your Directions and be happy—— [*Exit.*

Rich. And be gull'd—This was a Masterpiece of Contrivance, to make my Rival a step to my own Happiness——But if he should clear himself, where is my project then—To prevent that he must be secur'd—here comes one shall do it—

Enter

Enter Squeezum.

So my trusty Agent art thou prepar'd—are the Men and Habits ready as I directed this Morning.

Squ. All Sir———

Rich. And you can clap a Man on the Shoulder in the King's Name with a good Grace———

Squ. Never fear—I have not fall'n so often into the hands of his Blood-hounds for nothing—I can do it with the true Smile of a Serjeant, Laugh in a Man's Face, and cut his Throat—Or like *Judas* betray with a Kiss——You have not told me who it is that is thus to be sham'd into Limbo———

Rich. You know Mr. *Truelove.*

Squ. Your intimate Friend!

Rich. That is not material, and might have been omitted——yet I am asham'd to think such a fellow should start at the name of Friendship, and I break thro' all its ties unconcern'd [*aside*] 'tis for my Interest to have him out of the way—I leave it to you to see him secur'd, and use him well.

Squ. Better than you imagine. [*aside*,

Rich. Take this as an earnest of your Reward—A small Portion of what is behind—The business once done, you may command me and my Fortunes, [*Ex. severally.*

Enter Eug. *L.* Gen. Sabina.

Eug. I am sorry our Plot was quasht by this unseasonable News—I promis'd my self a great deal of Mirth in it——

Sab. There is nothing in it—My Brother Love another—a common Thing of the Town, one that Doats upon a Fool—'tis impossible—false as Hell— a Malicious Report, forg'd by some envious Friend, and divulg'd by his Wicked Instruments—I am sorry he was not to be found when I sent—then the falshood had been soon detected.

L. G. I had it from one of his best Friends——

Eug. His Rival——

L. G. A Man of Integrity and Honour.

Sab. A Lover—consider that, and think what he dares not do to become Master of his Wishes—Love you know is blind to all things but the belov'd object——to which he makes his way thro' all obligations of Honour and Gratitude———

L. G. The proof of his Assertion is still to come—if he gives me that, I hope I may believe him——

Eug. I can't think so—Despair may force a Man to do what his reason when he is compos'd may be asham'd of— Therefore I would no more build my Faith upon appearance than my honesty——she that do's either, will be sure one time or other to suffer for her Credulity———

L. G. What would you have me do.

Sab. Hear what he can say for himself—You are sensible that you gave the first occasion for his Crime———

L. G. Too

L. G. Too true [*Sighs*]

Sab. You ought then to make way for his Vindication——

Eug. I told you what your Trial would come to—But I was not to be heard—There was that Darling paſſion of the Soul, that Idol of Womankind, miſchief in it——Pray who feels the effects of it now——

L. G. Add not the remembrance of my follies to my other afflictions——their weight is enough to ſink me——Oh! they gnaw my very Entrails, and rend my Heart into a thouſand pieces——I could— but Oh? Ha! ſee where he comes with the vile Wretch that Robs me of his Heart——I'll make her know.

Sab. Fy, Madam, this Paſſion in a Publick place, where there are ſo many eyes upon you is unſeemly, contain our ſelf— and obſerve—— [*All Mask.*

Enter Truelove *pulling in* Overdone.

Tr. There ſhe is now to my cue [*aſide*] come come no ſtruggling child, I am a common Enemy to all that put out thoſe Colours—— [*points to her Mask.*

Ov. So I ſuppoſed—You look indeed like ſome idle ſtrouler that wanted employment——What think you of a Lady's Service— can you play a fan— comb a Shock—Read a Play——

Tr. All, all from the dreſſing Room to the Bed Chamber—there I am in my own Sphear— a very Hercules—Nothing is too hard for me—Difficulties and dangers I deſpiſe—Dare meet thoſe Gyant Monſters, Modeſty and Honour, and ſpite of them reap the Golden Fruit——

Ov. You promiſe much——

Tr. Ay, ay, and will perform much—but before I enter into Articles, 'tis but fair I ſhould ſee my Miſtreſs: Nay, nay, away with that cloud— Alaſs Masks are good for nothing in the World—Of little uſe to a good Face, and leſs to a bad one.

Ov. I can't comprehend that Miſtery— I always thought a bad Face was prudently to be conceal'd.

Tr. Never—a Vizard is a ſort of an invitation to a Feaſt, which raiſes the Curioſity and gives an edeſe to the Appetite—it makes us ſuſpect ſome very extraordinary thing is hid under it—therefore to have all our eagerneſs checkt with a courſe appearance of homely fare, is an intollerable baulk——

Ov. Say you ſo— then ſuch as mine is, there it is for you— [*unmasks.*

L. G. Sickneſs blaſt her—We may venture cloſer and hear what they ſay——

Eug. Perhaps you will get that by your liſtening, you won't be eaſily rid off—If you can be content to know when you are well, deſiſt and leave them to themſelves—Time will clear the Miſunderſtanding between you—and what you have now ſeen will then prove matter of Diverſion——

L. G. I muſt be ſatisfy'd tho' it coſts me my Repoſe——

Tr. So, ſo—ſhe is within hearing, now is my time—well Madam, I am ſo well pleas'd with what I ſee of you, That I would venture any thing to be Maſter of the whole——here's my hand, you ſhall have Chart Blank, and Write your own Conditions——

Ov. A handſome Man—— They ſhall be few—— I hate to fetter a Man's Freedom with formalities—— A Rover that runs at all, in my Mind, ſhews vigour and greatneſs of Soul—— The Woman who would put a reſtraint upon her Lover, will ſoon find an alteration in him; and what if left to his choice might have prov'd his pleaſure, when it becomes his duty, will prove his utter averſion——

L. G. Impudent Creature! I can hold no longer.

Eug. and *Sab.* Stay, and ſee the iſſue of it.

Tr. For heaven's ſake, name 'em quickly— Your Humour is ſo agreeable, and your Perſon ſo lovely, that I am impatient till I come to ſign and ſeal——

Ov. To deſire you ſhould quit all other Women for me is unreaſonable— What I ask is to ſhare you equally with the reſt——Only if there be ſuch a thing as honourable Love— a hankering after ſome virtuous thing of Quality breeding in your heart— I muſt adviſe you to caſt it from you, as you would a Snake that will certainly ſting you to Death.

Tr. Honourable Love— Ha, ha, ha— You can't think me guilty of ſuch a Folly—— What ſigh at a Woman's Feet! to have my Service ſcorn'd, and my conſtancy rewarded with contempt——

Ov. To bear the burthen of her Expences, and be the property of her Pleaſures— To ſpend your time and fortunes in gratifying her Vanity, and at laſt ſee the Fairy Treaſure you have ſo long been ſeeking after, dropt into ſome Fools lap that ſcarce thinks it worth keeping——

Tr. This bites—— No, no, I love my ſelf a little better than ſo— I can't deny but I have ſeemingly engaged in ſome ſuch thing—— but hang't, it was only for the name of an Intrigue, and to trifle away a few ſpare Hours——

L. G. [*Unmasking*] Monſter of infidelity, Villain, baſe perjur'd Traytor——

Tr. Madam——

L. G. With what Face canſt thou look upon my injuries, and not bluſh at thy own Guilt— View me well, and then, if thy frighted Conſcience will permit thee, call to mind the thouſand Oaths and Proteſtations you made me to be true—— Witneſs that Heaven by which you ſo often ſwore, and which will ſurely puniſh thy ingratitude.

Tr. Yours rather— 'Tis a ſtrange thing that you Women muſt be as unconfin'd in your Paſſions as you pleaſe, and we not allow'd the Chriſtian liberty of following your Example—— You ſee, Madam, there are thoſe can like this Perſon, however deſpicable 'tis in your Eyes. I can't blame you. Truly, Sir *Francis* is a pretty Gentleman.

L. G. Name that no more— I confeſs it all a trick——

Tr. So may this be for ought I know— It is as hard to know when a Woman ſpeaks truth, as when ſhe wears her own Face. [*Aſide.*

L. G. A deſign to ſound you, and try whether you valu'd me enough to reſent the loſs—— the Effects of it are viſible, ſince you can leave me for a notorious lewd——

Tr. No incivility I beſeech you— This Lady is at preſent under my Protection— I muſt not hear her affronted.

Ov. Alas! Poor diſconſolate Virtue—— give her leave to rail, Sir, it is the loſing Gameſter's priviledge—— Good Lady! She is Husband-ripe—— but to my certain knowledge this Gentleman is diſpos'd of.

Tr. 'Tis ev'n ſo, Madam, Here have I fix'd my happineſs unalterably, fix'd it beyond the power of capricious Fortune, and more capricious Woman——

L. G. And this is your Reſolution?

Tr. It is—— I have ſuffer'd enough for being wiſer than my Neighbours—— I muſt needs make my Court to a Woman of Quality, Forſooth— and a Fortune—— but what have I got by it?—— Only the experience that whoever would raiſe himſelf by Marriage, is condemn'd to a Slavery worſe than theirs that dig in the Mines.

Eug. Your Honour is engaged——

Ov. Your Quiet is at ſtake.

Sab. You have been well us'd, and may again.

Tr. How! My Siſter here too!—— Nay then—— [*Aſide.*

Ov. You have been ill us'd, and may again.

Eug. Youth, Beauty, Virtue, and all that is deſirable in a Wife court you to be happy——

Ov. Pleaſure, Gaiety, Love, Freedom, and whatever elſe makes a Miſtreſs amiable, invite you to more ſubſtantial Joys.

Tr. [*Aſide*] I muſt work her to a height, tho' ev'ry ſigh goes to my Heart, and each Tear melts me into ſoftneſs—— I flew to meet 'em——to revel in the circle of thoſe dear Arms, and reap a thouſand pleaſing ſweets of Love— Fears, Jealouſies, and all the troubleſome attendants of Conſtancy avaunt—— Thus I ſhake you off, and will be for ever free, and ever thine.

Enter No-Wit.

Come, my Dear,

No. He took her by the Apron-ſtrings.

To pull her to his beck—— [*Sees the Company.*

How! my Lady fair, my Bride that is to be, in communication with another Man—— By the Lord *Harry*, I don't like that tho'——I am afraid they are hatching Miſchief which will light upon my Head— It may be I am a predeſtinated Cuckold—— [*Goes behind.*

Eug. What Fool have we here?

Ov. [*Seeing him*] His coming in the nick was unlucky, what ſhall I do—— If he ſuſpects any thing, I am ruin'd——Dear, dear Hypocriſy, thou kind aſſiſtant of diſtreſſed Damſels bring me off— hum— there's no way but that.

Tr. Why this demur— prithee child let us be going—

Ov. What do you mean—— [*Pulls her hand away.*

L. G. Ha! Here's a ſudden change—— Pray Heaven it prove lucky——

Ov. I go any where with a ſtranger— ſure you miſtake me, I am more cautious of my fame than that comes to—— Beſides, I am now another's, as fine a Gentleman tho' I ſay it—

No. [*Starting out*] As my ſelf, tho' I ſay it.

Ov. O Law! Mr. *No-wit*—— I'll vow you ſtartled me! here's a Man for you— Do but view this finiſh'd piece of Gentility——

Tr. Of Foppery—— [*No-wit ſtruts about the Stage this while.*

Ov. This compound of Comlineſs and Breeding.

Tr. Of Foolery and Clowniſhneſs.

Ov. Now judge if I would leave him for you, who are in my Opinion juſt his reverſe, and want all thoſe good Qualities he is Maſter of— I am and will be his, inviolably his. [*Looking kindly.*

No. Ay,

No. Ay, ay—— Inviolably—— mind that Word Inviolably— there must be no fingering here, Sir—— none at all—— she tells you true— she is another's, as fine a Gentlemen as ever peep'd between Scenes— I could be large in his commendations—— but they say, he who praises himself lives by bad Neighbours— Ha, ha, he—— Well we shall be Marry'd to morrow, and a happy Couple we are like to be——

Tr. Damn'd Puppy——

No. Phoo—— You are angry now— To show you how far I am from resentment—— You shall be welcome i'gad to a small Dinner— you and your Friend— But the Lady I can't spare you, Sir—— she is inviolable, remember inviolable— So *bonos nocios Seignior*, as the *Spaniard* says— [*Ex.* Leading *Overdone*—

L. G. This was a happy turn of Fortune, prithee help me to teize him a little.

Eug. Stay, let us hear what he thinks on't first——

Tr. So— I have at length recover'd my surprize— sure folly has some hidden Charms in it, or Women would not be so fond of it as they are— for my part, I can't help thinking it a Curse entail'd on the whole Sex for their first Parents Disobedience— that as she ruin'd Mankind by hearkening to the Serpents cunning— her posterity might all ruine themselves by doating on Mankind's fooleries——

Eug. And thus your Wisdom has determin'd it— pray, Sir, for which of *Adam*'s sins was the curse of Perpetual Disappointment entail'd upon his Sons?

Tr. Believing a Woman—

Eug. Not that I would accuse your Prudence of a Disappointment— I know you have fixt your happiness, unalterably fixt it— beyond the power of capricious Fortune, or more capricious Woman——

L. G. That you are just now flying to meet Pleasure, Gaiety, Love and Freedom in the Arms of a kind yielding Mistress——

Tr. Scoff on— I can bear it all, 'tis what I have deserved— yet——

Sab. Ay, ay, Brother— poor disconsolate Virtue, give her leave to talk, she is a losing Gamester—— You understand Physiognomy—— Is the Lady Husband-ripe—— How stands your Stomach—— Will a fine Woman and 3000*l.* a Year down with you yet?

Tr. Do you join to make me wretched too?

L. G. Don't tempt his virtue, Child—— The Gentleman is engaged—— you would not have him inconstant to a Lady that loves him so tenderly as she does—— I really believe it would break her Heart, if he should leave her—

Eug. It would kill her—— She is certainly a passionate Lover—— How readily she gave her Hand to another, rather than embroil him in a Quarrel—

Tr. For Heaven's sake spare me, and forgive my weakness— I can Love you still, Love you honourably——

L. G. Honourably— Ha, ha, ha—— What sigh at a Woman's Feet— To have your services Scorn'd, and your constancy rewarded with Contempt— I can't think you guilty of such a Folly— You may now be as free as Air—— No restraint upon your Humour—— Nothing to check your Pleasures— I would not for the World disturb you in this happy State—

Eug. and *Sab.* Ha, ha, ha.

L. G. What is the matter?

Eug. We have been taking the Gentleman's Dimensions, to know what employment he his fit for— I think he had best turn Poet—

L. G. Why ſo?

Eug. Becauſe he bears a baulk in his hopes ſo heroically—— Upon ſecond thoughts the Man may come to preferment—— he has a good promiſing Look, and a ſmooth Tongue—— What think you of daily Waiter to ſome decay'd Beauty, who will pay well for being flatter'd?——

Sab. Or Nightly retainer to a buxom City Wife, who Marries an old dull Alderman, in order to maintain a ſpruce young Beaux——

Tr. Very well, Ladies—— And thus you have diſpos'd of me—— You might have been ſo Civil as to take me into ſervice among your ſelves—— What if I were Butler to one of you—— there are priviledges belonging to that place—— You ſhare my Gains, and I your pleaſures—— or a Page—— 'tis true I am ſomething of the Eldeſt—— yet I can Lye, Flatter, Manage an Intreague, or ſing a brisk ſmart Song, as you call it, with e're a young Rogue of 'em all—— Then for performance, my abilities go far beyond theirs.

L. G. Nay now he grows ſatyrical—— we ſhall never ſtand him—— we had beſt Capitulate—— give him *Chart Blanc*, and let him Write his own Conditions——

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha——

Tr. There's no oppoſing three of you—— Therefore I leave you all with this hearty Curſe——

Sab. What, your Siſter too!——

Tr. Ay, ay, you are a Woman—— May you doat upon Fools, and be ſlighted—— Have all the deſires of Love about you, and be forc'd to live Honeſt, and in ſpite of your own warm Wiſhes be Virtuous out of Neceſſity——

L. G. In return, may you never be free from Love, yet never meet with any Woman but will leave you for a Fool, as the Lady did juſt now—— So Adieu.

[*Exit.* Tru.

Eug. Now let us home, and thank your Stars for this opportunity of crying Quits with him—— This looks like a deſign of his to retort your Stratagem upon you again—— but ſee what comes of it—— Thus it always fadges, when Mankind ſet their Wits againſt ours—— We have ever had the better of 'em in cunning ſince the World began, and ſhall till it ends.

In Politicks themſelves the Fools may Pride,
But Fortune ſtill is on the Female ſide.

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE, Townley's *Lodgings.*

Enter Townley, Squeezum.

Town. 'TIS impoſſible——He can't be ſo great a Villain——

Squeez. You are at your liberty to believe, Sir—— But that he intended this, is as true, as that theſe Twenty Pieces were the earneſt of a greater Reward for me to do the Work.

Town. Forgive my incredulity—— I always took *Frank Richley* for an honeſt well-meaning Man—— One that would no more do an ill thing to his Friend, than take it from him—— Therefore to be ſurpriz'd with this ſudden Change, muſt needs confound me——

Squeez. I was equally amaz'd when he propos'd it, knowing the intimacy that had always been between 'em—— and ſhould have told him ſo, had I not ſeen a proſpect of ſerving Mr. *True-love* by undertaking it——

Town. He is happy in your Honeſty—— How many Men in the World would have gone through with it, if it were only for the pleaſure of doing an Injury——

Squeez. I ſcorn ſuch a temper—— The lowneſs of my Fortunes may make me ſtoop to cozen Knaves and Fools—— becauſe to cheat the one, is ſerving them in their own kind; and to put upon the other, but making that uſe of 'em which Nature intended them for—— I am ſtill above ev'ry thing that is ungenerous—— and now I have loſt all, retain a veneration for Merit, which I am always ready to ſhew upon occaſion——

Town. I love your Principles—— and thus embrace your Friendſhip——

Squeez. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve the Honour—— You are thoughtful.

Town. I was conſidering how to make this diſcovery turn to account—— It was luckily thought on—— Kind Invention, I thank thee—— It is decreed—— Treachery ſhall undermine it ſelf, and Policy unravel its own deſigns. [*Going.*]

Squeez. Won't you ſee him then?

Town. Not 'till I have made his Happineſs compleat—— Something is working in this Brain, which if it ſucceeds, will turn that to his advantage, which was meant for his ruin—— If it does not, the diſappointment lights here, and goes no farther—— You have communicated this to no body elſe?

Squeez. No body at all——

Town. Then be it ſtill a Secret—— His trouble may work too much upon his Spirits, if he be long alone—— Do you make haſte to him, and divert his melancholy Thoughts—— I'le follow you in leſs than half an Hour—— One word more—— Tell him nothing of any Project in hand——

Squeez. I ſhan't—— a good Morning, and ſucceſs be with you—— [*Exit.*]

Town. [*ſolus*] Henceforth let no Man think to know another thoroughly—— The Art of double-dealing is ſo much refin'd in our Age, that it can put upon us ev'n in Frienſhip, whoſe Nature is undeſigning and ſimple—— It can counterfeit openneſs in its cloſeſt Intrigues, and make thoſe profeſſions of kindneſs ſeem moſt ſincere, which are moſt artificial—— So true is that excellent obſervation——

No Mask like open Truth to cover Lies,
As to go naked is the beſt diſguiſe.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Lady G's House.*

Enter L. Gen. *and* Richley.

L. G. You have indeed oblig'd me, and I were ingrateful not to thank you for it—— But to be thus importunate for a Reward, looks as if your Intereſt were more concern'd in this Diſcovery than mine.

Rich. Shrew'dly gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*]

L. G. A Lover ſhould make all his actions their own reward, and ask no more for the trouble of ſerving a Miſtreſs, than the Pleaſure of having done it——

Rich. But when he is bid to hope, can you blame him for putting you in mind?——

L. G. Let him do it modeſtly—— Too much earneſtneſs looks peremptory, and bears the face of a demand, rather than a Petition—— It ſeems to diſtruſt my Honour, and retrench my Bounty, by making that a Debt which I deſign'd a Favour.

Rich. I have no ſuch bold thoughts about me.

L. G. Why do you urge me thus?

Rich. Becauſe I know Anger is now the predominant Paſſion of your Soul, and ſtifles thoſe ſmall remains of Love, which if I ſhould let you cool, might plead for my Rival, and re-inſtate him in your good Graces——

L. G. The Anſwer is free and ingenious—— But ſuppoſe I ſhould, in this heat, conſent to be yours —— Don't you dread the reſult of my calmer Hours?——Are you not afraid, that ev'n when you are Maſter of my Perſon, he ſhou'd poſſeſs my Heart?

Rich. Your Honour would ſecure thoſe Fears.

L. G. Why not my breach of promiſe then?

Rich. There is a wide difference in the Obligation—— Virtue won't let a Woman of your prudence diſpenſe with the ſacredneſs of your Marriage-Vows—— But ſuch a ſlight thing as a Promiſe never checks your Wiſhes——

L. G. You will force me to declare, then——

Rich. Not for the World—— I know whence my happineſs muſt be deriv'd, and ſhould receive the grant of it with more pleaſure than

Wretched Captives do their freedom gain,
Or Ship-wreck'd Saylors ſcape the ſtormy Main.

L. G. 'Tis hard to forget your Friend with the ſame eaſe he did me—— Yet a few days will blot him from my Memory, to make room for a more worthy impreſſion.

Rich. I ſhall wait the alteration with impatience—— This raſcally Boy will ſpoil all with ſtaying ſo long. [*Aſide.*]

Enter Footman *with a Letter.*

Footm. Your Man, Sir, deſir'd me to bring you this immediately—— 'Tis Buſineſs of vaſt importance, and requires your preſent knowledge.

Rich. By your Ladyſhip's leave. [*Reads.*]

L. G. He ſeems in great amazement——

Rich.

Rich. My present knowledge indeed——— Leave the Town so suddenly, without giving me longer notice——— 'Tis unkind, very unkind—— What I should scarce have done to *Harry True-love.*

L. G. Comes that from him ——

Rich. It do's, Madam—— He writes, that having abjur'd the whole Female Sex, and with it all the pleasures of this Town, He resolves to bury himself in a silent retreat—— His desire is to see me before he goes——— I can't deny him; for though I hate his baseness, I still love his Person——— Your Ladyship will pardon me for leaving you so abruptly—— This or nothing will make her mine. [*Exit.*

L. G. How! go from hence upon so slight provocation——— Why, let him go— But he may never return— What concern is that of mine? He has already forgot me, and I wou'd—— but can't forget him—— Reason tells me, I ought to think no more of him——— Love, stronger than Reason, says, I may and ought to think of him——— Not only think of him, but see him, stay him, and make him my own——

Enter Eugenia *in Man's Cloaths.*

Eug. Your own! What else——— Here's a stir about a Husband indeed——— before I'de trouble my self for a Man thus, I think I should———

L. G. What?

Eug. Marry him out of hand—— 'Tis the only Cure for your Disease——

L. G. 'Tis a Cure that generally proves the greatest Disease.

Eug. That's as you chuse your Physician—— Take but an able Man, I'le engage for the sufficiency of the Remedy———

L. G. You are a bold Disputant, to argue against Experience—— I have try'd it, and don't think it so Soveraign——

Eug. Your Lord was old, and past practice—— There's the Reason.

L. G. You make me blush——— Yet I shou'd take your Counsel, but it is now out of my power.

Eug. The Blessing is within reach, if you will be at the pains to lay hold of it——

L. G. There's your mistake——— You don't know who I have had with me here———

Eug. Yes, yes, Mr. *Richley*—— I met him at the Door in great haste— What of him?

L. G. He receiv'd Advice just now, That *True-Love* is leaving the Town in a pet, with a full resolution never to see it again.

Eug. And you believe he intends it?

L. G. He is gone by this time.

Eug. Pleasure has too great a hank upon his Affections, to be shook off so easily— At worst, if he should be so far transported, as to venture half a score Miles out of Town——— He will soon turn back again.

L. G. Why so?

Eug. Is that a Question to be ask'd of a Man who has liv'd thus long here in full Enjoyment of all that is delightful?——— What should one of his Life and Conversation do in the Country, where there is no Park, no Play, no Love, no Raillery; and to sum up all, no good Wine?

L. G. But in exchange, there are———

Eug.

Eug. Innocent Diversions you would say——— Such as your honest Clod-pates use——— Noise and Nonsense will be very agreeable Entertainments to him! ——— His Humour will neither suit with the brisk dullness of the Young, nor the grave Wisdom of the Old.

L. G. He that will, may find Men of Sense every where.

Eug. That is not the thing——— A great many are Men of Sense in their own way, few in his——— Youth must meet a gay resemblance of it self, or it will never be pleas'd. Precisenes and Morosity, tho' accompany'd with Knowledge, must be tedious to him— And he'll never endure to hear the Delights of his past life rail'd at—— After all——— Men of his temper, look upon the Country as a sort of large Forrest, in which the greatest Wild Beast is a Country Squire.

L. G. This don't satisfie me, I am afraid my Lover is———

Enter Townley.

Town. Very unfortunate in his Friends.

Eug. Whom would you point at, Sir ?

Town. Not you, Sir, tho' you are his Rival, you never were his Friend, his bosom Friend——— the Confident of all his secrets ; the Man whom before the whole World he lov'd and trusted.

L. G. Where will this end ?

Town. In the destruction of a Villain, if I could meet him ; but Fate reserves him for a more signal justice——— Poor unhappy *True-love*!

L. G. What of him ? he is well I hope. No ill accident has prevented his Journey— If it has, speak— Why thus silent ? Pity my misfortunes, and do not rack me thus with doubts——

Town. His journey ! For Heaven's sake what does your Ladyship mean, do you mock, or are you serious ?

L. G. Serious enough, if you would be so : You know nothing of his going into the Countrey this Morning ?

Town. 'Tis all Mystery to me, where am I ? what do I do ? am I awake ? perhaps he can fly ; if he can't, I am sure he was just now in no capacity to travel. [*sighs.*

L. G. Ha! He is murther'd then ; give way to my just grief, I must, and will see him ; bind up his Wounds ; make these Arms his Monument, and if it be possible, warm him into life again.

Town. I am glad to see this concern however. [*Aside.*] There is no occasion for it ; he lives, but unwillingly ; since you can be a party in ruining him : He would have come himself to tell you this, if he could.

L. G. What should hinder him, if he be well and in Town? I am inform'd he is not. Mr. *Richley*——

Town. Dares not abuse your Belief after this rate. He is too well acquainted with the cause of his absence, to tell you so. In short, he is at this very time under an Arrest for a Sum of Money borrow'd of him : The other is only a blind to deceive you.

L. G. Now I see thro' his disguise, and understand the meaning of his officiousness : This was a Stratagem of his, to make my Revenge do what my Love would not. Pitch upon him for a Husband : He shall find I can be sensible of an Affront : I shall have your assistance, Sir ?

To. Very readily.

L. G. And yours, Sister?

Eu. Thro' Fire and Water to punish such ingratitude.

To. Mrs. *Eugenia!*

Eu. At your service. You see in opposition to a known Maxim; Sometimes Women can be chang'd into that lordly Creature Man, at least in appearance! We can assume masculine Habits, and masculine Souls too, to serve a turn, and do a little mischief.

To. I know one has paid for the Experiment.

Eug. He must thank my Sister for the harm I did him; she was the Contriver, I but the Instrument: He knows where to demand satisfaction.

L. G. I'le take care he shan't trouble you; what is the Debt?

To. Five Hundred Pounds———

L. G. 'Tis hard in this scarcity of Money to raise so much——— But he shall be bail'd.

To. I have taken care of that; I can release him from durance: Would I could as easily free him from the apprehensions of losing you.

L. G. Be that my Business, yours to bring him hither; for since we are joint-sharers in the Injury, we will be so in the revenge. [*Exit.* Townley.

At last, I am beyond the danger of a Ship-wrack——— There are now no more Rocks or Sands to perish by; the Harbour is within view, and I just going ashore to enjoy that Wealth my eager hopes thus long have aim'd at; all my care is for you now.

Eug. My Voyage is as near an end as yours. One Wedding may chance to serve us both; I expect my Lord every minute.

L. G. Why in this dress?

Eug. To teize him a little, I must have t'other mad fling, tho' I ben't marry'd this Month for it. How is your business to be manag'd?

L. G. As we order'd at first: The Gown and other things are not laid away yet; I have thought of some small addition to make it more entertaining, which you shall know anon: 'Tis high time I were preparing for him.

Eug. How simply will the poor Lover look, when he finds he is caught——— I think I hear some body upon the stairs.

L. G. I'le leave you to your self. [*Exit.*

[Eugenia *goes to the Glass, takes out a Comb, careens her Wig, and practices several ridiculous postures before it.*

Enter Lord Frollicksome.

L. F. What have we here, *Narcissus* admiring the reflexion of his own Face? He is so taken up with his dear self, he can mind nothing else.

Eug. At first address I make my Honour thus—— No, that is something too stiff—— then——— Not quite low enough—— here I mend it——— ay, that's pretty well——— Now for my Speech——— hum, hum, [*takes snuff every word or two.*

Most divine Creature, the brightness of your perfections has so captivated my dazled Reason——— By Heav'n! I have forgot my Chin-patch. Oh indecency!

L. F. There's a good harangue ſpoil'd, for a raſcally Valet's neglect.

Eug. Now all is right; [*ſurveys her ſelf*] Stay, where did I leave off? Oh! ſo captivates my daſled Reaſon, that ſpite of my ſelf I am become your Slave; yet glory in my Chains.

L. F. What the Devil is all this?

Eug. Since they give me opportunity to offer at your feet a Heart, many have in vain ſigh'd for.

L. F. I wonder he forgot himſelf ſo long.

Eug. The Ladies court, the Men envy me—— but for your ſake, Geddemmee, I deſpiſe both, and here reſolve to ſpend the remainder of my days, to let the World know you have Charms to fix inconſtancy it ſelf! You may doubt my Truth: But command, and by yon azure Sky I will do wonders.

L. F. Sure he won't promiſe her to quarrel; that indeed would be a wonder. [*Servant croſſes the Stage.*] Pray do me the favour to tell Madam *Eugenia*, I am here to wait upon her.

Serv. I will, my Lord.

Eug. [*Turns about*] I proteſt, Sir, I am very unfortunate, that my more profound Cogitations would not permit me to take cognizance of your Perſon ſooner: Yet, canſaund me, Sir, I am yours as low as the Centre——

L. F. There's no harm done, Sir, unleſs I diſturb'd your more profound cogitations.

Eug. No, Sir—— not diſturb'd; you rais'd me from a pretty amuſement indeed: I would not for the Univerſe, you ſhould think me ſo vain as to make it my Employment. 'Tis neceſſary to ajuſt before we viſit, elſe I never trouble a Glaſs—— Will you be pleas'd to uſe it, Sir; it is no Flatt'rer, I can aſſure you. [*Runs to it.*

L. F. I can ſcarce believe him there, he would not be ſo intimate with it, if it were not——

Eug. You underſtand faſhion it may be; pray, what is your Opinion of this Suit? view it, view it well; is there not ſomething of Genius viſible in it? 'Tis all *French*, upon Honour, bought of a *French*-man, made by a *French*-Man, and is now——

L. F. Worn by a damn'd *Engliſh* Fop—— The Farce grows tedious.

Eug. The Pattern all the *Beau monde* dreſs by. Well, thoſe *French* are an ingenious contriving People; they ſend us over ſo many pretty Devices and Inventions, ſo many unneceſſary Faſhions in a Year! thoſe unneceſſary Faſhions are a great help to a Kingdom.

L. F. How ſo?

Eug. Oh Ged! they encourage Induſtry, and keep thouſands in employment, that would otherwiſe be idle; you ſhall have a Man, now a days, put one Suit to as many uſes as a Welſh Parſon does his thread-bare Caſſock, yet pretend to be genteel. Now 'tis my way to keep a particular Suit for ev'ry occaſion.

L. F. Inſufferable Fop!

Eug. I have my dancing, viſiting, gaming, and drinking Cloaths; theſe are my fighting Cloaths.

L. F. So I ſhould have gueſs'd by their freſhneſs.

Eug. Theſe I wear but ſeldom; I was to have met my Lord *Frolickſome* this Morning upon a Challenge; but he was ſo wiſe as to prefer his ſafety to his Honour.

L. F. Ha, my Rival! who has plaid me ſo many tricks—Perhaps he had reaſon for it.

Eug. Yes, yes, his Fear is Reaſon ſufficient.

L. F. He

L. F. He was never held a Coward, ſure ſome more particular obligation hinder'd him.

Eug. A good Jeſt—— why, Sir, do you think any obligation particular enough to ſacrifice a Man's Honour to?

L. F. The Commands of a Miſtreſs would tye my Hands. Can any Man pretend to love, and refuſe to ſacrifice his Honour to his Paſſion?

Eug. There you poſe me. But between you and I, his Miſtreſs never thinks ſo much of him, as to honour him with her Commands.

L. F. But between you and I, ſhe does think ſo much of him, and to my knowledge did honour him with this——

Eug. Ha, ha, ha —— I can't but laugh to think on't! She had a deſign to make him ridiculous to the World, and conſulting how to effect it, put him upon this. He, poor Lover, it ſeems has been punctual to his own gulling; and I am here according to aſſignation to laugh at him, and toy away an Hour with her.

L. F. You are a favourite!

Eug. You ſeem to be an honeſt fellow, I don't care if I make you my Confident: I have had her a hundred times, but enjoyment has pall'd my appetite—— This ſhe I believe perceives by my coldneſs, and has propos'd ſuch a thing as drawing my Lord in for a Marriage—— He will ſerve well enough to father ſuch Children as ſhe provides for him.

L. F. You are miſtaken in him, he will father no Children but of his own getting, for you nor any Fool in *England*; and ſo he will tell you.

Eug. Why you don't deſign to betray me? Gad's my life, I would not have you tell it abroad; I deſign'd it ſhould be a Secret between us two.

L. F. Did you ſo? I ſhall cut your Throat for an impudent young Dog.

Eug. Help, help——

L. F. I would not have you tell it abroad, I deſign'd it ſhould be a Secret between us two.

Enter Lady Generous.

L. G. Put your Miſtreſs to the Squeak already! you are a termagant Conquerour I ſee, and give no quarter——

Eug. Let him do his worſt, I defy him—— Here's my Hand, my Lord, I'le meet you Body for Body, in any place you dare name.

L. F. St. *James*'s Church.

Eug. I as little expected to hear that word out of your Mouth, as any Man's living; 'tis a place you never frequent.

L. G. Don't be too poſitive; there are as many Intrigues begun, continu'd, and ended there as any where: Devotion has the leaſt ſhare in thoſe that come thither; they are all too much taken up with particular Saints, to join in the Prayers of the Congregation; unleſs it be when they pray for the deſolate and afflicted, among whom are rank'd all deſpairing Lovers, and ſuperanuated Virgins.

Eug. And you dare venture upon a mad Reformer?

L. F. Dare I embrace the greateſt bleſſing upon Earth; the only happineſs all my Deſires are levell'd at! I receive you, Madam, as my Preſerver, my guardian Angel, to whom I owe the greateſt comforts of Life, Virtue, and Reputation.

Eug. You'll repent your forwardneſs in a little time: Now I have begun to wear

the Breeches, it will be a hard task to make me lay 'em aſide again——

L. F. That ſhan't ſave you; I have your Hand, and will keep it; 'tis not in your power to draw it back.

Eug. We had better ſtay t'other Twelvemonth, and ſee how the World goes—— Marriage is a ticklifh Calling; and tho' we have a good ſtock of Love to begin the World with, we may chance to break theſe hard times.

L. F. It is but running the hazard.

Eug. You are obſtinate; give me but half an Hour's time to ſerve my Siſter in an Affair depending, and I am for you; if you take a turn in the Gallery in the mean while, you will find ſomething to divert you; we will ſhow you the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter True-love, Townley, Squeezum.

Tr. Not a ſtep farther——

To. You won't diſappoint a Lady when ſhe ſends for you?

Tr. No, no, when ſhe ſends for me! [*Looks melancholy.* What a look there is? is that a Face to receive good News with? never did poor disbanded Officer wear a more rueful Phiz when he was petitioning for Arrears. Put on a better Countenance to entertain her, or, by Heav'n, I will leave you.

Squeez. Phy, phy, Sir, your ſullenneſs becomes you, juſt as gravity does a Mountebank.

To. So, that is pretty tolerable—— Then I tell thee once more, the Day is your own; your Miſtreſs is conſtant and kind, your Rival diſcarded, and you the Favourite Lover.

Tr. You won'd delude me; I know my Fate, and can ſit down contented with it.

Squ. Sit down! do—— let another be happy in your ſtead.

To. With all my Heart, balk your Fortunes now I have made 'em for you; 'tis but my labour loſt.

Tr. Are you in earneſt?

To. If you won't believe me, believe your Senſes, believe my Lady; here is one can ſatisfie you better.

Enter Lady Generous.

L. G. No more ſtrangeneſs, I beſeech you; I beg your pardon for the diſquiets I have given you, and in recompence offer you all you wiſh for: Nay, no raptures, time is precious, you will find my Siſter in the next room, take your Friend with you—— She will give you your Inſtructions. [*Exit.* Truelove, Squeez. You, Mr. *Townley*, muſt ſtay with me; and however I change my Diſcourſe, tune your Anſwers to it.

To. When do you expect him?

L. G. Immediately. [*Enter* Richley. He is here already—— You muſt not ſee him—— 'tis in vain to excuſe it, I am well enough ſatisfy'd of his Conduct.

Rich. *Townley* here! I don't like that——

To.

To. But Madam——

L. G. Pray Sir desist—— I will hear nothing in his favour, who would make a May-game of me—— Am I a fit Subject for his pretended Passions—— I will not be affronted so.

To. He did not design you should.

L. G. Give me leave to trust my own Ears—— I heard him say all the pretensions he made, were only for the name of an Intriegue, and to trifle away a few Hours.

To. Nay then I acquiesce—— I dare defend him no farther——

L. G. I would not have you; he is now my Aversion of Aversions—— The only Man I would shun and avoid—— To shew you there is no dearth of Lovers—— I have already made choice of another—— A Man of Estate and Understanding—— Who tho' he wants Mr. *Truelove*'s youth, has sincerity to recommend him to a Woman's liking—

To. May I know the happy Man?

Rich. [*Aside*] Now I fear.

L. G. 'Tis his Friend *Richley*—— Modesty forbids me to tell him—— yet I could wish he knew my sentiments.

Rich. And I too——

L. G. How! turn'd Eve's dropper—— Is that like a Gentleman, to know more of your Mistresses mind than she is willing you should—— I could find in my heart—— yet since you have heard my confession, it is but a folly to stand off longer—— upon one condition I am yours——

Rich. Transporting Words—— I would do any thing to purchase you; be it what it will, I am resolv'd to agree to it.

L. G. I'll but step into the next Room, and you shall know your task. [*Exit.*

To. I little expected to see this Day, *Frank*, thou wert always such an Enemy to the Clogs, of *for better for worse*, that I should as soon have expected Liberality in an Usurer, as Love in thee——

Rich. 'Tis not in the fate of Man to avoid it—— He that had told me a Week since I was so nigh Matrimony, had been to me as ridiculous as a Lecture of Sobriety to a Drunkard—— Now I recant my Errour, and am as you see just making a Settlement for Life——

Enter Lady Gen. *with* Truelove *disguis'd like a Lawyer*—— *and after them* Eugenia *and Lord* Frollicksome.

L. G. When my first Husband dy'd, I made a Vow never to be any Man's, that would not gratify my humour so far, as to set his Hand to whatever I brought him, without perusing the Contents—— If you dare make the venture, you know the price—— if not——

Rich. I beseech you, Madam, don't suspect me in such a Trifle—— I am only sorry 'tis not something of greater difficulty, that you might see I value nothing comparable to you——

L. G. You say there can be no flaw found in it, Mr. *Split-cause*?

Tr. Give me leave to know my business, Madam—— Upon the honest word of a Lawyer, there is no Hole for him to creep out at—— 'Tis fast and firm—— the obligation to endure in *Secula Seculorum*, as we say—— if he do's not satisfy it—— are you ready, Sir—— do you want any thing?——

Rich. Pen and Ink.

Tr. I can furniſh you—— I never go without my Inſtruments, a Lawyer with no Ink-horn is as ridiculous as a Souldier with no Weapons—— How ſay you, Sir——

Rich. Ev'n as you ſay—— pray diſpatch [*Writes*] There Madam——

Tr. Francis Richley—— a good Hand, truly—— a very pretty Hand —— were you never bred up to the Law, Sir—— 'tis a crabbed Studdy—— but Men of induſtry conquer it—— The Witneſſes—— Come, Sir, if you pleaſe, your hand-----

To. [*Writes*] There it is.

Tr. John Townley—— Now for my own [*Writes*] and there it is.

L. G. Henry Truelove.

Rich. How, *Truelove*! Where were my Eyes—— then I find my diſgrace—— I am Fool'd and Chous'd.

Town. No—— not Chous'd—— that's a hard word to give a Lady; only plaid upon, or ſo——

Tr. Serv'd in your own kind, my dear Friend, or ſo——

L. G. Pray forbear, Gentlemen—— Mr. *Snap*, do your Office.

Enter Squeezum *diſguis'd like a Bailiff, four dancing Maſters like his Followers.*

Squ. I Arreſt you, Sir, at the ſuit of my Lady *Generous*, in an Action of 1000 *l.*

Rich. Hah! [*Offers to draw.*

To. Never vex, you are but going to make a Settlement for Life——

Tr. 'Tis for my intereſt to have you out of the way—— they ſhall uſe you well——

Rich. Very well—— I am betray'd—— it will be my turn to do you the favour, Sir—— there is ſuch a thing as a Debt of five hundred Pound——

Tr. Which you have here releas'd to me, beſides a Judgment given for 1000 *l.* more—— How do you like the alteration?—— Are you for new diſcoveries?—— Your Head lies much towards Politicks—— 'tis pity you are not a States-Man.

Rich. There's no way to get looſe, but confeſſing my ſelf a Rogue [*Aſide*] Spare my guilt—— I own my ſelf a Villain—— the greateſt of Villains, a falſe Friend —— Yet forgive me this one ſlip, my future honeſty ſhall make amends for it—— I might plead the imperiouſneſs of Love for my crime, but I had rather take it upon my ſelf—— To repair which, I confeſs the Deed—— and before all this Company make Mr. *Truelove* my Heir, for I reſolve never to Marry——

L. G. Can this be?

Rich. I am ready to ſeal it—— if you dare not take my Word——

Tr. That I forbid, I muſt not be out-done in generoſity—— I reſtore you the Judgment—— Nay, take it—— and with it my Friendſhip——

L. G. Mine.

Town. And mine.

Squ. [*Diſcovering himſelf*] And if you pleaſe mine.

Rich. Mr. *Squeezum*!

Tr. You muſt forgive what he did for my ſake.

Rich. Forgive! Yes, and thank him too—— thus thank him [*Embrace*] His honeſty has prevented a Crime in me—— the remembrance of which muſt have eternally diſquieted me——

Squ. I knew your Nature, and made bold to do you this ſervice againſt your will--- There are times when ſeeming Treachery is the trueſt Friendſhip—— and to falſify a Man's truſt, the only way to be juſt to it.

Rich. Experience confirms it——— To prevent temptations of the like ſort for the future——— Be Maſter of me and mine.

Tr. Let your Neceſſities know me for their Friend———

To. Me.

L. G. And me——— Come, Gentlemen, if you pleaſe now to do your Office, I ſuppoſe it won't be diſpleaſing———

A Dance— Townley *looking diſcontented all the while.*

Omn. Our thanks to your Ladyſhip.

Tr. [*Coming up to* Townley] Why this ſadneſs, to damp the univerſal joy—— You are not pleaſed with my good Fortune———

To. Say rather diſpleas'd at my own bad——— I have ſeen you ſetled in the free poſſeſſion of all your deſires——— 'tis time now to mind my own affairs—— [*Going*] Adieu——

Tr. You won't leave us ſo?

To. Better leave you, than ſtay to ſpoil your Mirth—— I am out of tune, and ſhall wiſh ev'ry thing elſe ſo.

Tr. Your Ladyſhip muſt uſe your Authority here, or we ſhall loſe Mr. *Townley*, he is running in queſt of he do's not know whom.

L. G. He can't be ſuch a Mad-man?

To. I muſt go—— My Quiet, my Life, my All depends upon finding her, which I will do, if diligence can do it.

L. G. Are you ſure ſhe is worth finding— ſhe is ten to one ſome Town Jilt or Lady Errant that has been long in purſuit of a Husband, and has at laſt ſingled you out.

Rich. A needy Beauty perhaps, who for want of Fortune is fain to lye upon the Catch—— You ſhan't fling your ſelf away.

Tr. Think no more of her——— The Siſter you have ſo often heard me ſpeak of is in Town—— if a good Face and 5000 *l.* will pleaſe you, ſhe is yours— ſpeak, is it a Match?

To. I would not have you miſconſtrue my refuſal, for Pride or Stupidity—— but I am reſolv'd to have her——— and none but her—— who if ſhe were here,

Enter Sab. *and claps him on the Back.*

Sab. As ſhe is here,

To. Should be mine inſtantly—— you would retreat—— No Faith, Madam, you muſt ſtand to it now—— Here are two or three Couples going to the ſame ſport—— you won't ſpoil a Humour———

Sab. Not I—— tho' you were ſo hard-hearted, as to give me a flat denial in the Park Yeſterday— D'you remember *Sylvia*?

Tr. So, *Jack*, we muſt be Brothers in ſpite of Fate—— A Siſter of my giving won't pleaſe you, you muſt pick for your ſelf———

To. To this face, where-ever I find it, I ſwear Allegiance. Come, Sir, you are ſlow, lead the way to Church.

Enter

Enter No-wit *running, his Crevat torn, and Perewig ruffled.*

No. Oh! ſave me, ſave me!

Squ. From what?

No. That Legion of Devils, my Wife.

Squ. What's the matter?

No. My Shoulders, my Shoulders! She has been uſing the rod of Authority, and beſtow'd plentiful Caſtigation upon 'em, the firſt day of our Marriage.

Squ. How did you provoke her to it?

No. Not at all, as I hope to be ſav'd—— I provoke her—— No ſuch matter truly—— I am not ſuffer'd nigh enough— By the pleaſures of generation, I ha'n't ſo much as kiſt her ſince we were Marry'd.

Squ. There's her quarrel to you—— ſtick cloſe to her, ſhe will ſoon be in a better humour.

No. I can't abide to ſtick cloſe to her, ſo I can't—— ſhe do's ſo hug and kiſs her Monkey, that it would make any Chriſtian aſham'd of her; ſhe nothing but plays with him, and all forſooth becauſe he is like a Man—— ſure I may be thought as like one as he——

Squ. With a great deal of Juſtice—— Phoo! you ſhould never mind thoſe things: Women will have their Play-fellows——

No. What Monkeys! Foh.

Squ. Monkeys or Beaus—— there is not a Pin to chuſe between 'em—— but, come I'll ſee you reconcil'd, I'll mediate for you.

No. No need for that—— I can go to finer Women, thoſe that won't uſe me ill— One of 'em clap't my cheeks t'other day, and ſaid I had a good Country look that betray'd my quality— hang me if ſhe did not proteſt any body might read Squire in my Face.

Squ. A common Strumpet— a mercenary Jade of the Town.

No. Mercenary—— O Law—— and I'll ſwear then ſhe proffer'd me her lodging for half a Crown—— She was ſome Gentlewoman without doubt, ſhe had ſuch a pure Velvet-hood and Scarf on.

Squ. Little do's he think that they are as true ſigns of a willing Tit as a Vizard. [*Aſide.* Well, well, forget her, I'le ſatisfy your Wife.

No. Will you indeed now— but will you ſatisfy her—— You were always a good Friend, that's the truth on't—— but to undertake ſuch a task as ſatisfying a Woman, is mighty kind—— Dear Rogue come along—— but be ſure you ſatisfy her enough. [*Exeunt* No-wit *and* Squeezum.

L. G. Has not this coold you a little?—— are not you afraid of faring like your Neighbours?

To. Not a jot; for though

The choice which int'reſt makes ſoon tedious grows,
And haſty Paſſions do themſelves deſtroy;
Yet when Deſert, that kindled, feeds the Flame,
Love is for ever freſh, and ſtill the ſame.

FINIS.