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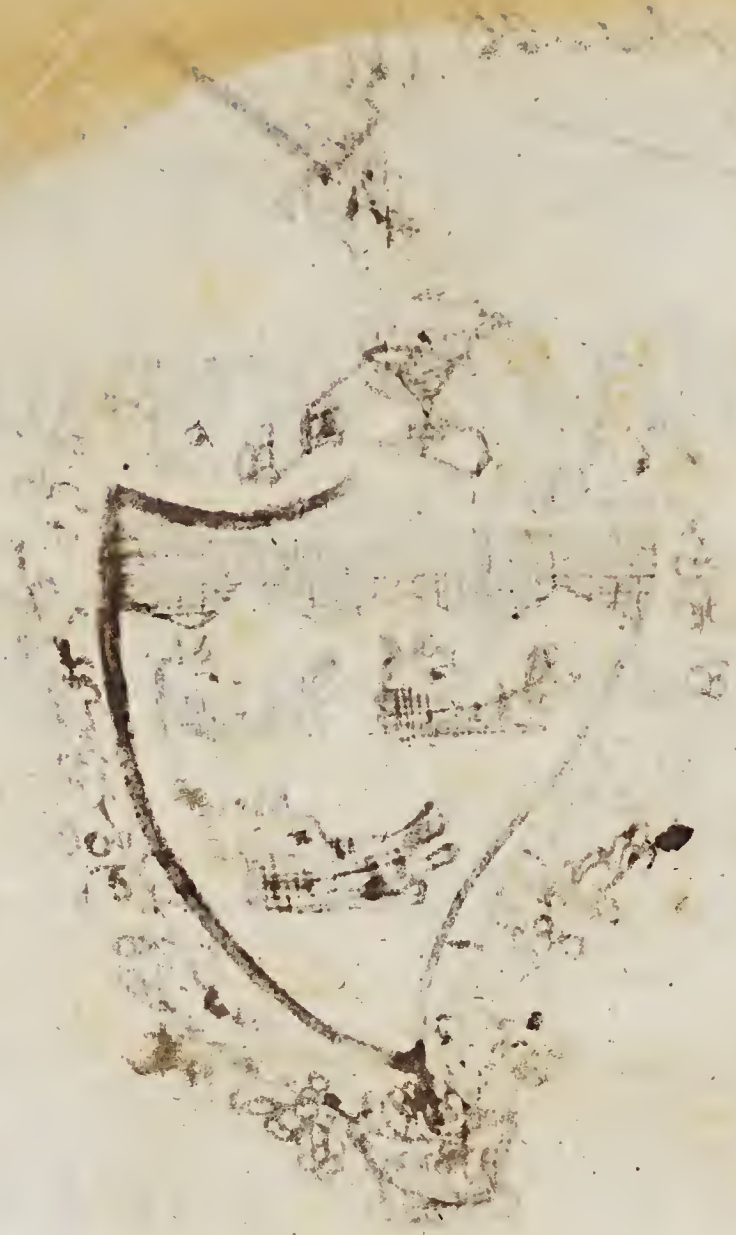
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1855

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Feb 7th 1780.



Gentleman Dancing Master	1693
Love in a wood	1694
Country Wife	1695
Plum Dealer	1694

THE
GENTLEMAN
Dancing-Master.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

By M^r Wycherley.

Horat. — *Non satis est risu diducere rictum*
Auditoris: & est quedam tamen hic quoq; virtus.

L O N D O N,

Printed for H. Herringman, and Sold by T. Dring, R. Bentley,
J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet, 1693.

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COMPTON
LONDON

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PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Duke's Company from
Lincoln's-Inn-fields to their new Theatre, near Salisbury-Court.

OUR Author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do,
At t'other end o'th' Town, is come to you :
And since 'tis his last Tryal, has that Wit
To throw himself on a substantial Pit.
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,
Lest Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks so grum,
Shou'd prove a Dunne ;
Where Punk in vizer dare not rant and tear
To put us out, since Bridewel is so near ;
In short, we shall be heard, be understood,
If not, shall be admir'd and that's as good ;
For you to senseless Plays have still been kind,
Nay, where no sense was, you a Jest wou'd find :
And never was it heard of, that the City
Did ever take occasion to be witty
Upon dull Poet, or stiff Players Action,
But still with claps oppos'd the hissing Faction.
But if you hiss'd, 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,
So, with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,
And still we know are ready to ingage
Against the flouting, ticking Gentry who
Citizen, Player, Poet, wou'd undo,
The Poet, no ; unless by commendation ;
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation ;
And rather than be branded for a Wit,
He with you, able men, wou'd credit get.

Dramatis Personæ.

- Mr. Gerard,
Mr. Martin, } Young Gentlemen of the Town, and
Friends.
- Mr. Parris or Monsieur
De Parris. } A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-Heir,
newly returned from France, and
mightily affected with the French
Language and Fashions.
- Mr. James Formal or
Don Diego. } An old rich Spanish Merchant newly
returned home, as much affected
with the Habit and Customs of
Spain, and Uncle to De Parris.
- Mrs. Hippolita. Formal's Daughter.
- Mrs. Caution. } Formal's Sister, an impertinent precise
Old Woman.
- Prue. Hippolita's Maid.
- Mrs. Flirt.
Mrs. Flounce. } Two Common Women of the
Town.
- A little Black-a-More, Lacquey to Formal.
- A Parson.
- A French Scullion.
- Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.

SCENE London.

THE

THE
GENTLEMAN
Dancing-Master.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Diego's House in the Evening.

Enter Hippolita and Prue her Maid.

Hipp. **T**O confine a Woman just in her rambling Age! take away her liberty at the very time she shou'd use it! O barbarous Aunt! O unnatural Father! to shut up a poor Girl at fourteen, and hinder her budding; all things are ripen'd by the Sun; to shut up a poor Girl at fourteen! —

Prue. 'Tis true, Miss, two poor young Creatures as we are!

Hipp. Not suffer'd to see a play in a twelve month! —

Prue. Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor *Paradise*! —

Hipp. Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor *Mulberry-garden*! —

Prue. Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Islington*! —

Hipp. Nor to eat a *Sillybub* in new *Spring-garden* with a Cousin! —

Prue. Nor to drink a Pint of Wine with a Friend at the *Prince in the Sun*! —

Hipp. Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company!

Prue. Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the *Gun in Moorfields*! —

Hipp. Nay, not suffer'd to go to Church, because the men are sometimes there! little did I think I should ever have long'd to go to Church!

Prue. Or I either, but between two Maids! —

Hipp. Not see a man! —

Prue. Nor come near a man! —

Hipp. Nor hear of a man! —

Prue. No, Miss, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no use at all of a man! —

Hipp.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Hipp. Hold, hold — your resentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Cousin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt says) we have had his Company these three days. Is he no man?

Prue. No, faith, he's but a *Monsieur*, but you'll resolve your self that question within these three days: for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night? —

Hipp. Or if I provide not my self with another in the mean time! For Fathers seldom chuse well, and I will no more take my Father's choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: so that if that Cousin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly Freekish-fool, in being my Father's choice, I shou'd hate him; besides he has almost made me out of love with mirth and good humour, for he debases it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more than a City Dancing-Master. —

Prue. What, won't you marry him then, Madam?

Hipp. Wou'dst thou have me marry a Fool! an idiot?

Prue. Lord! 'tis a sign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World, to refuse a man for a Husband, only because he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apish kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handsome enough to lye with in the dark, when Husbands take their priviledges, and for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

Hipp. Excellent Governess, you do understand the World, I see.

Prue. Then you shou'd be guided by me.

Hipp. Art thou in earnest then, damn'd Jade? wou'dst thou have me marry him? well — there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil Counsel of Chamber-maids, than by the obstinacy and covetousness of Parents.

Prue. Does not your Father come on purpose out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you release your self from your Aunt or Father any other way? Have you a mind to be shut up as long as you live? For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shoes, and Oat-meal) I cannot live so, I must confess my patience is worn out —

Hipp. Alas! alas! poor *Prue*! your stomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Husband very suddenly, who may have a Servant at your Service; but rather than marry my Cousin, I will be a Nun in the new Protestant Nunnery they talk of, (where they say) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

Prue. But you can marry no body but your Cousin, Miss, your Father you expect to night, and be certain his *Spanish* policy and wariness, which has kept you up so close ever since you came from *Hackney-School*, will make sure of you within a day or two at farthest —

Hipp. Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him — stay —

Prue. In vain, vain Miss!

Hipp. If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handfomer than the Devil, so that he were a Gentleman.

Prue. What if you did know any man, if you had an opportunity; cou'd you have confidence to speak to a man first? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come

to him, or he to you? nay how cou'd you send to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spanish* prudence wou'd never permit you to learn, who shou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, since we know not to whom to send it.

Hipp. Stay! — it must be so — I'll try however —

Enter Monsieur de Paris.

Monsf. Serviteur, Serviteur, là Cousinè, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* say.

Hipp. O Cousin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of so much in Town.

Pru. What! will you talk to him of any man else?

Monsf. I know all the beaux monde Cousinè.

Hipp. Mister —

Monsf. Monsieur Tailleur! Monsieur *Esmit*, Monsieur —

Hipp. These are *French*-men —

Monsf. Non, non, you'd you have me say Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, testè non —

Hipp. But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of so much in Town?

Monsf. Who, Monsieur *Gerrard*?

Hipp. What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard*? and then I'll tell you.

Monsf. Why — he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man — a pretty so — kind of man, for an *English*-man.

Hipp. How! a pretty man?

Monsf. Why, he is conveniently tall — but —

Hipp. But, what?

Monsf. And not ill-shap'd — but —

Hipp. But what?

Monsf. And handsom, as 'tis thought — but —

Hipp. But, what are your Exceptions to him?

Monsf. I can't tell you, because they are innumerable, innumerable mon foy.

Hipp. Has he Wit?

Monsf. Ay, ay, they say he's witty, brave and de bèl humeur and well-bred with all that — but —

Hipp. But what? does he want Judgment?

Monsf. Non, non, they say he has good sense and judgment, but it is according to the account *Englis'* — for —

Hipp. For what?

Monsf. For *Jarnie* — if I think it —

Hipp. Why?

Monsf. Why — why his *Taylor* lives within *Ludgate* — his *Valet de Chambrè* is no *French*-man — and he has been seen at noon-day to go into an *English* Eating-house —

Hipp. Say you so, Cousin?

Monsf. Then for being well-bred you shall judge — first he can't dance a step, nor sing a *French* Song, nor swear a *French* Oatè, nor use the polite *French* word in his Conversation; and in fine, can't play at *Hombre* — but speaks
base

bafe good *Englis'* with the commune homebred pronounciation, and in fine, to say no more, he ne'er carries a Snuff-box about with him.

Hipp. Indeed — —

Monsf. And yet this man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the least shew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his discour-Jerniè; he never talks so much as of *St. Peter's Church*, and *Rome*, the *Escorial*, or *Madrid*, nay not so much as of *Henry IV.* of *Pont-Neuf*, *Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

Hipp. 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his Travels.

Monsf. Auh, auh — Cousinè — he is conscious himself of his wants, because he is very envious, for he cannot endure me — —

Hipp. He shall be my man then for that.

[*Aside.*

Ay, ay, 'tis the same, *Pru.* No I know he can't endure you, Cousin — —

Monsf. How do you know it — who never stir out. Testè non — —

Hipp. Well — dear Cousin — if you will promise me never to tell my Aunt, I'll tell you — —

Monsf. I won't, I won't, Jarniè — —

Hipp. Nor to be concern'd your self so as to make a quarrel of it.

Monsf. Non, non — —

Hipp. Upon the word of a Gentleman.

Monsf. Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

Pru. Lord, Miss! I wonder you won't believe him without more ado?

Hipp. Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

Monsf. Mal à peste.

Hipp. You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back-yard of a Tavern, whence *Mr. Gerrard* once spying me at the Window, has often since attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoining, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out — —

Monsf. Au lè Coquin! — —

Hipp. But nothing is stronger than aversion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you — —

Pru. I believe so faith — but what design have we now on foot? [*Aside.*

Hipp. This discovery is an Argument sure of my love to you — —

Monsf. Ay, ay; say no more, Cousin, I doubt not your amourè for me, because I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this Fanfaron — I know where he eats to night — I'll go find him out ventre bleu — —

Hipp. Oh my dear Cousin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your promise wou'd come to! — —

Monsf. Wou'd you have a man of Honour — —

Hipp. Keep his promise?

Monsf. And lose his Mistress, that were not for my honour, may foy — —

Hipp. Cousin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be false — do not do your self the injury to think any one cou'd be false to you — will you be afraid of losing your Mistress; to shew such a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours sure.

Monsf. Nay, Cousin, I'd have you know I was never afraid of losing my Mistress

strefs in earnest — Let me see, the man can get my Mistress from me, Jarniè — but he that loves must seem a little jealous.

Hipp. Not to his Rival, those that have *Jéalousie*, hide it from their Rivals.

Monsf. But there are some who say Jealousy is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it shou'd never be discovered in me, if I had it, because it is not *French*, it is not *French* at all — ventre — bleu —

Hipp. No, you shou'd railly your Rival, and rather make a Jest of your Quarrel to him, and that I suppose is *French* too —

Monsf. 'Tis so, 'tis so, Cousin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Englis*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a serious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jest on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarniè! —

Hipp. Yes, yes, I wou'd have you railly him soundly, do not spare him a jot — but shall you see him to night?

Monsf. Ay, ay —

Hipp. Yes! pray be sure to see him for the Jest's sake —

Monsf. I will — for I love a Jestè as well as any bel *Esprit* of 'em all — da.

Hipp. Ay, and railly him soundly; be sure you railly him soundly, and tell him, just thus — that the Lady he has so long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship-Tavern*, is to be your Wife to morrow, unless he come at his wonted hour of six in the morning to her Window to forbid the Banes; for 'tis the first and last time of asking: and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter stay away and hold his Tongue.

Monsf. Hah, ha ha, a ver good Jestè, testè bleu.

Hipp. And if the Fool shou'd come again, I would tell him his own, I warrant you, Cousin; my Gentleman shou'd be satisfied for good and all, I'de secure him.

Monsf. Bòn, Bòn.

Pru. Well, well! young Mistress, you were not at *Hackney-School* for nothing I see; nor taken away for nothing: a Woman may soon be too old, but is never too young to shift for her self? [Aside.]

Monsf. Hah, ah, ah, Cousin, dou art a merry Grigg — ma foy — I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the best at improving a Jestè — I shall have such divertisement to night testè bleu.

Hipp. He'll deny, 'may be at first, that he ever courted any such Lady.

Monsf. Nay, I am sure he'll be asham'd of it: I shall make him look so sillily, testè non — I long to find him out, adieu, adieu, la Cousinè.

Hipp. Shall you be sure to find him?

Monsf. Indubitablement I'll search the Town over, but I'll find him, hah, ha, ha — [Exit *Monsf.* and returns.] But I'm afraid, Cousinè, if I should tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jest's sake — ventre —

Hipp. So am I, Cousin, for having him come too for the Jest's sake.

Monsf. Well, well! leave it to me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Mrs. Cant. What's all this gigling here?

Monsf. Hay, do you tinkè we'll tell you, no fait, I warrant you testè non, ha, ha, ha ———

Hipp. My Cousin is over-joy'd, I suppose, that my Father is to come to night.

Mrs. Caut. I am afraid he will not come to night ——— but you'll stay and see, Nephew.

Monsf. Non, non : I am to sup at tother end of the Town to night ——— la, la, la ——— ra, ra, ra ——— [Ex. *Monsf.* singing.]

Mrs. Caut. I wish the *French* Levity of this Young-man may agree with your Father's *Spanish* Gravity.

Hipp. Just as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

Mrs. Caut. Well, Malapert ! I know you hate me, because I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Husband may thank me one day.

Hipp. If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue, than to you, since, at long run he must whether he will or no.

Mrs. Caut. So, so! ———

Hipp. Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know the poor man, whoso-e'er he is, will have little cause to thank you.

Mrs. Caut. No ———

Hipp. No; for I never lived so wicked a life, as I have done this twelve month, since I have not seen a man.

Mrs. Caut. How ! how ! If you have not seen a man, how cou'd you be wicked ? how cou'd you do any ill ?

Hipp. No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. Caut. O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

Hipp. I warrant, you have had 'em your self, Aunt.

Mrs. Caut. Yes, yes ! when I cannot sleep.

Hipp. Ha, ha ——— I believe it, but know I have had those thoughts sleeping and waking : for I have dream't of a man.

Mrs. Caut. No matter, no matter, so that it was but a dream, I have dream't my self; for you must know Widows are mightily given to dream, insomuch that a dream is waggishly call'd the Widows Comfort.

Hipp. But I did not only dream in ——— [Sighs.]

Mrs. Caut. How, how ! did you more than dream ! speak, young Harlotry ; confess, did you more than dream ? how could you do more than dream in this house ? speak ! confess.

Hipp. Well ! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleas'd with my dream when I awak'd.

Mrs. Caut. Oh, is that all ? nay, if a dream only will please you, you are a modest young Woman still, but have a care of a Vision.

Hipp. I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a sin, Aunt ; and I am so very scrupulous, that I wou'd as soon consent to a naughty man, as to a naughty dream.

Mrs. Caut. I do believe you.

[*Hipp.* I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.]

Mrs. Caut. There I believe you agen.

Hipp.

Hipp. And making my self so familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

Mrs. Caut. There I do not believe you.

Hipp. And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houses, and meet 'em at night in Masquerade.

Mrs. Caut. There I do believe you again, I know you wou'd be masquerading; but worse wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Masquerade, and are now Virgins but in Masquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age must be wise Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, since their Mothers themselves cannot inform 'em! O the fatal Liberty of this masquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

Hipp. Come, come, do not blaspheme this masquerading Age, like an ill-bred City-Dame, whose Husband is half broke by living in *Covent-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a masquerading Night: by what I've heard 'tis a pleasant-well-bred-complacent-free-frolick good-natur'd-pretty-Age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

Mrs. Caut. Lord! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm sure I remember when I was a Maid.

Hipp. Can you remember it, reverent Aunt?

Mrs. Caut. Yes, modest Niece, that a raw young thing though almost at Womans estate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not so much as have look'd upon a Man.

Hipp. Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

Mrs. Caut. Still taking me up! well thou art a mad Girl, and so good night. We may go to Bed, for I suppose now your Father will not come to night.

[Exit Mrs. Caution.]

Hipp. I am sorry for it, for I long to see him. But I lye; I had rather see *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not how I shall like him: if he has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome.

[Ex. Hipp. and Pru.]

S C E N E *changes to the French-House, a Table, Bottles, and Candles.*

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, and Monsieur de Parris.

Mons. 'Tis ver veritable, Jarniè, what the *French* say of you *English*, you use the debauch so much, it cannot have with you the *French* operation, you are never enjoyèe; but come, let us for once be enfinement galliard, and sing a *French* Sonnet, sings *la bouteille, la bouteille, glou, glou.*

Mart. to Gerrard. What a melodious Fop it is?

Mons. Auh — you have no Complaisance.

Ger. No, we can't sing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you say) I have so long courted at her Window.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Mons. Ay, there is your Complaisance; all your *English* Complaisance is pledging Complaisance, ventre — but if I do [*Takes the Glass.* you reason here, will you do me reason to a little *French* Chan-son aboirè — I shall begin to you — *La bouteille, la bouteille* — *sings.*

Mart. to *Gerrard.* I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide-mouth'd drunken Cathedral Choristers.

Ger. Come, Sir, drink, and he shall do you reason to your *French* Song since you stand upon't sing him *Arthur of Bradely*, or, *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

Mons. Ah, *Teste bleu*, an *English* Catch, fie, fie, ventre —

Ger. He can sing no damn'd *French* Song.

Mons. Nor can I drink the damn'd *Englis'* Wine. [*Sets down the Glass.*

Ger. Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to morrow at her Window, which looks (you say) into the inward Yard of the *Ship-Tavern*, near the end of what dee call't street.

Mons. Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (vert & bleu.)

Ger. But 'pray repeat agen what she said.

Mons. Why, she said, she is to be marry'd to morrow to a person of Honour, a brave Gentleman, that shall be nameless, and so, and so forth (little does he think who 'tis.) [*Aside.*

Ger. And what else?

Mons. That if you make not your appearance before her Window to morrow at your wonted hour of six in the morning to forbid the Banes, you must forever hereafter stay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the first and last time of asking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I should be unwilling to be fool'd by this Cox-comb. [*Aside.*

Mons. I won't tell him all she said, lest he shou'd not go, I wou'd fain have him go for the Jest's sake — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Her name is, you say, *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spanish* Merchant.

Mons. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you à d'autrè à d'autre ma foy — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an easie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Mons. Ay, ay, by all means go — hah, ha, ha,

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap — I'll venture it. [*Aside.* Come, 'tis her health. [*Drinks to him.*

Mons. And to your good reception — teste bleu — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monsieur! I'll say this for thee, thou hast made the best use of three months at *Paris* as ever *English* Squire did.

Mons. Considering I was in a dam' *Englis'* Pention too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with some *French*, I see; Foot-men I suppose at the *Fencing-School*, I judge it by your Oaths.

Mons. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the conversation of a *French* Footman than of an *English* Squire, there's for you da —

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monsieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been so much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of

The Gentleman Dancing-Master.

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of their Masters did. Well, there shall be no more said against the *French* Foot-men.

Monsf. Non de Grace — you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into redicule, dat Nation so accomplie, dat Nation which you imitate, so, dat in the conclusion you butte turn your self into redicule ma foy: if you are for de rail- lery, abuse the *Duch*, why not abuse the *Duch*? les grosse Villaines, Pandars, In- solents; but here in your *England* may foy, you have more honeur, respecte, and estimation for the *Dushe* Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de *Franch-Foot-man*, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mart. Our Nation! then you disown it for yours, it seems.

Monsf. Well! wat of dat; are you the disobligée by date?

Ger. No, Monsieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way than by disowning it.

Monsf. It is de Brutale Country, which abuse de *France*, an' reverence de *Dushe*: I will maintain, sustain, and justifie dat one little *Franch-Foot-man* have more honeur, courage, and generosity, more good blood in his vaine, an' mush more good manners an' civility den all de *State General* togeder, Jarnie — dey are only wise and valiant wen dey are drunkee.

Ger. That is always.

Monsf. But dey are never honeste wen dey are drunkee; dey are de only Rogue in de *Varide*, who are not honeste wen dey are drunk — ma foy.

Ger. I find you are well acquainted with them, Monsieur.

Monsf. Ay, ay, I have made the toure of *Holland*, but it was en poste, dere was no staying for me, teste non — for de Gentleman can no more live dere den de *Toad* in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not see on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntree: alway, you know de Rebel hate de gens de quality; besides, I had make sufficient observation of the Canaile barbare de first nightè of my arrival at *Amsterdammè*. I did visit you must know one of de Principal of de *Stat General*, to whom I had recommendation from *England*, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope, Jarnie — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Weighing Sope!

Monsf. Weighing Sope, ma foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandeleér, and his Lady was taking the Tale of Chandels wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Daughters stringing Harring, stringing Harring, Jarnie —

Ger. So — h — and what were his Sons doing?

Monsf. Auh — his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France*, *Espaigne*, *Italy*, an' *Germany* in a Coach and six, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embassy hider to dere Master *Cromwell*, whom they did love and fear, because he was some-tinge de greater Rebel, bute now I talk of de Rebelle, none but de Rebel can love de Rebelle, and so mush for you and your Friend the *Dushe*, I'll say no more, and pray do you say no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not so mush as of my Friend the *Franch-Footman* — da

Ger. No, no; but, Monsieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking and your Country (for which we are not angry with you) as I said, and come home so perfect a *French-man*, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-house wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

Monsf.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Mons. Vel, vel, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Noblesse of France of their own Wine: but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, since you say I have the Eyre *Francèz*. But have I the Eyre *Francèz*?

Ger. As much as any *French-Footman* of 'em all.

Mons. And do I speak agreeable ill *Englis'* enough?

Ger. Very ill.

Mons. Veritablement!

Ger. Veritablement.

Mons. For you must know, 'tis as ill breeding now to speak good *Englis'*, as to write good *Englis'*, good sense, or a good hand.

Ger. But indeed, methinks, you are not slovenly enough for a *French-man*.

Mons. Slovenly! you mean negligent?

Ger. No, I mean slovenly.

Mons. Then I will be more slovenly.

Ger. You know, to be a perfect *French-man*, you must never be silent, never sit still, and never be clean.

Mart. But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *French-man*, he shou'd never be found, that is, be very pockie too.

Mons. Oh! if dat be all, I am very pockie; pockie enough Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

Ger. To us! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin*?

Mart. Not I.

Ger. Nor you, Monsieur!

Mons. Nor I.

Ger. Sirrah, tell your Master, if he cannot protect us from the Constable, and these midnight-Couriers, 'tis not a House for us.

Mart. Tell 'em you have no body in the house, and shut the doors.

Wait. They'll not be satisfi'd with that, they'll break open the door, they search'd last night all over the House for my Lord *Fisk*, and Sir *Jeffery Jantee*, who were fain to hide themselves in the Bar under my Mistresses Chair and Petticoats.

Mons. Wat do the Women hunt out the men so now?

Mart. Ay, ay, things are alter'd since you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young Man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

Ger. Bailiffs, Pursevents, or a City-Constable are modest people in comparison of them.

Mart. And we are not so much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women.

Mons. Jarnie — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Where are they? I hope they are gone agen?

Wait. No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only swearing at their Coach-man.

Ger. Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters, and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have the intelligence straight.

Wait.

Wait. Intelligence from us, Sir, they shou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am sure we wish 'em choak'd when we see them come in; for they bring such good stomachs from St. James's Park, or rambling about in the streets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am sure I have paid seventeen and six pence in half Crowns for Coach-hire at several times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I ask't her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, she bid me pay my self, for she had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; besides the Lord that kept her, was a good Customer to our House, and my Friend, and I made a Conscience of wronging him.

Ger. A man of Honour!

Monsf. Vert and bleu, pleasent, pleasent, mon foy.

Ger. Go, go, Sirrah, shut the door, I hear 'em coming up.

Wait. Indeed, I dare not; they'll kick me down stairs, if I should.

Ger. Go you, Rascal, I say.

[The Waiter shuts the door, 'tis thrust open agen, enter Flounce and Flirte in Vizards, striking the Waiter, and come up to the Table.

Ger. Flounce and Flirte upon my life.

[Aside.

Ladies, I am sorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer pressing, and argues a great necessity you have for men.

Floun. You need not be afraid, Sir, we will use no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service; we know you —

Flirt. The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; besides, you begin to be something too old for us, we are for the brisk Hoaza's of seventeen or eighteen.

Ger. Nay, 'faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; besides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little too early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your brisk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happiness not to know you.

Floun. The happiness not to know us!

Flirt. The happiness not to know us!

Ger. Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happiness to have pleasure to come, than to have it past, and therefore these Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

Mart. I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not lose the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

Floun. Not for the pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. Gerrard says: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and persons of Honour; you cannot let a Woman pass in the Mall at midnight, but dam you, you know her strait, you know her; but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd say so much for one in a Mercers Shop.

Ger. He has spoken it in a French-house, where he has very good credit, and I dare swear you may make him eat his words.

Monsf. Shee does want a Gown indeed: she is in her dishabiliee, this dishabiliee is a great Mode in England; the Women love the dishabiliee as well as the men, ma foy.

Flirt.

Flirt. Well: if we should stay and sup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongst your Comrades that you had the Company of two Women of Quality at the *French-house*, and name us.

Mart. Pleasant Jilts.

[*Aside.*

Ger. No upon our Honours; we should not brag of your Company.

Floun. Upon your Honours?

Mart. No faith.

Floun. Come, we will venture to sit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Ger. No, no! you Women now adays have found out the pleasure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

Mart. Therefore indeed we dare not stay to sup with you; for you wou'd be sure to tell on't.

Ger. And we are young-men who stand upon our Reputations.

Floun. You are very pleasant, Gentlemen.

Ger. And for my part I am to be marry'd shortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my mistresses's ear.

Ger. And for my part I must go visit to morrow morning be-times a new City-Mistress, and you know they are as inquisitive as precise in the City.

Flirt. Come, come! pray leave this fooling; sit down agen, and let us bespeak Supper.

Ger. No 'faith, I dare not.

Mart. Besides, we have supp'd.

Floun. No matter, we only desire you shou'd look on, while we eat, and put the glass about, or so.

[*Ger. and Mar. offer to go out.*

Flirt. Pray, stay.

Ger. Upon my life I dare not.

Floun. Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earnest.

Ger. P'shaw, p'shaw—— I know the vanity of you Women, you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Monf. Ma foy! is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you, Madam! can't you fare well, but you must cry Roast-meat?

You'll spoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,
The silent Sow (Madam) does eat most Grains.

—da—

Flirt. Your Servant, Monsieur Fop.

Floun. Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell——

Monf. Then you would of a Clapè, if you had it, dat's the only secret you can keep Jarnie.

Mart. I am glad we are rid of these Jilts.

Ger. And we have taken a very ridiculous occasion.

Monf. Wat! must we leave the Lady then, dis is dam Civility Englis' mon foy.

Flirt. Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French Eyre* to have so little honour and good breeding.

[*Pulling him back.*

Monf. Deè you tinkè so then, — sweet Madam, I have mush of de *French Eyre*?

Flirt.

Flirt. More than any *French*-man breathing.

Monf. Auh, you are the curtoise Dame, mort-bleu, I shall stay then, if you think so. Monsieur *Gerrard*, you will be certain to see the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Mart. You will go then?

Ger. I will go on a Fools Errand for once. [Exeunt *Gerrard* and *Martin*.

Floun. What will you eat, Sir?

Monf. Wät you please, Madamè.

Floun. Dè hear, Waiter, then some young Partridge.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some Ruffes.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Floun. Some young Pheasants.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Rabbits, I love Rabbits.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Floun. Stay ———

Monf. Dis *Englis'* Waiter wit his wät else, Madam, will ruine me, teste non. [Aside.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Monf. Wät else, Madam, agen! call up the *French* Waiter.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Monf. Again, call up the *French* Waiter or *Quesinièr*, mortteste-ventrè, vitè, vitè——Auh, Madam, the stupidity of the *Englis'* Waiter, I hate the *Englis'* Waiter, mon foy. [Ex. Waiter.

Flirt. Be not in passion, dear Monsieur.

Monf. I kifs your hand obligeant, Madam.

Enter a *French Scullion*.

Cherè Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur,
or ca a manger.

[Kisses the Scullion.

Scull. En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin.

Floun. Yes.

Scull. De Partrish, de Fayfan, de Quailles.

Monf. This Bougre vil ruinè me too, but he speak wit dat bel Eyre and grace. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre, c'est assey, Pierot, vat-èn.

[Ex. Scull. and returns.

Scull. And de litèl plate dè——

Monf. Jarnie, vat-èn.

[Exit Scull. and returns.

Scull. And de litèl plate dè——

Monf. De grace go dy way.

[Exit. Scull. and returns.

Scull. And de litèl dè——

Monf. De Fourmage, de Brie, vat-èn, go, go.

Floun. What's that Cheese that stinks?

Monf. Ay, ay, be sure it stinkè extremèntè, Pierot vat-èn; but stay till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty Fellow's health, Madam.

Flirt.

Flirt. Must we drink the Scullion's health?

Monsf. Ah, you will not be disobligeant, Madam, he is the Quisnier for a Cardinal or French-Abbot. [Drinks.]

Floun. But how shall we divertise our selves till Supper be ready?

Flirt. Can we have better Divertisement than this Gentleman?

Floun. But I think we had better carry the Gentleman home with us, and because it is already late, sup at home, and divertise the Gentleman at Cards, till it be ready, de hear, Waiter, let it be brought when 'tis ready to my Lodging hard by, in *Mustard-Alley*, at the Sign of the *Crooked-Billet*!

Monsf. At the *Crooked-Billet*!

Flirt. Come, Sir, come.

Monsf. Mort-bleu, I have take the Vow (since my last Clap) never to go again to the Bourdel.

Floun. What is the Bourdel?

Monsf. How call you the name of your House?

Flirt. The *Crooked-Billet*.

Monsf. No, no, the— Bawdy-house, vert and bleu.

Floun. How, our Lodging! we'd have you know——

Monsf. Ah, mort-bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crookè-Billet*, hah, ha.

Flirt. Come, Sir.

Monsf. Besides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, mort-bleu.

Floun. Fie, fie, come along.

Monsf. Beside, I am to be marry'd within these two days, if you shou'd tell now.

Flirt. Come, come along, we will not tell.

Monsf. But will you promise then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honeur, pray have de care of my honeur. Will you have care of my honeur? pray have de care of my honeur, and do not tell, if you can help it; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. [Kneels to 'em.]

Flirt. I wou'd not tell for fear of losing you, my Love for you will make me secret.

Monsf. Why, do you love me?

Flirt. Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modesty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd disclose it too. I have a passion for you, Sir.

Monsf. A passion for me!

Flirt. An extreme passion, dear Sir, you are so *French*, so mightily *French*, so agreeable *French*; but I'll tell you more of my heart at home: come along.

Monsf. But is your patien sincere?

Flirt. The truest in the World.

Monsf. Well then, I'll venture my body wit thee for one night.

Flirt. For one night, don't you believe that, and so you wou'd leave me to-morrow; but I love you so, I cannot part with you, you must keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

Monsf. How, keep, Jarnie, de Whore *Englis'* have notingè but keepè, keepè in derè mouths now a-days, testè non: formerly 'twas enough to keep de shild, ma foy.

Flirt. Nay, I will be kept else——but come we'll talk on't at home.

Monsf.

Monf. Umh—so, so, ver vèl de Amourè of de Whore does alway end in keep, ha, keep, ma foy, keep, ha—

*The Punck that entertains you wit' her passion,
Is like kind Host who makes the Invitation,
At your own cost, to his fort bon Collation.*

[Ex.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Diego's House in the Morning.

Enter Don Diego in the Spanish Habit, Mrs. Caution his Sister.

Don Dieg. **H**Ave you had a Spanish care of the Honour of my Family, that is to say, have you kept up my Daughter close in my absence, as I directed.

Caut. I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

Don. I knew that; for 'twas as much as I cou'd do to keep up her Mother. I that have been in Spain, look you.

Caut. Nay, 'tis a hard task to keep up an English Woman.

Don. As hard as it is for those who are not kept up to be honest, look you con *Licentia* Sister.

Caut. How now, Brother! I am sure my Husband never kept me up.

Don. I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Sister, as the *Spaniards* have it.

Caut. But you *Spaniards* are too censorious, Brother.

Don. You English Women, Sister, give us too much cause (look you) but you are sure my Daughter has not seen a man since my departure.

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man.

Don. As a Church-man (*Voto*) I thank you for that, not a Church-man! not a Church-man!

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man; but of any, one wou'd think one might trust a Church-man.

Don. No, we are bold enough in trusting them with our Souls, I'll never trust 'em with the body of my Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, you see what comes of trusting Church-men here in *England*; and 'tis because the Women govern the Families, that Chaplains are so much in fashion. Trust a Church-man—trust a Coward with your honour, a Fool with your secret, a Gamster with your purse, as soon as a Priest with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

Caut. Nay, I know you are a wise man, Brother.

Don. Why, Sister, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at several times, look you: Now, in *Spain*, he is wise enough that is grave; politick enough, that says little; and honourable enough that is jealous; and though I say it, that shou'd not say it, I as as grave, grum, and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

Caut. I know you are, Brother.

Don. And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing still, and will not conform, not I, to their ill-favour'd *English* Customs, for I will wear my *Spanish* Habit still, I will stroke my *Spanish* Whiskers still, and I will eat my *Spanish* Olio still; and my Daughter shall go a Maid to her Husbands Bed, let the *English* Custom be what 'twill: I wou'd fain see any finical cunning, insinuating Monsieur, of the age, debauch, or steal away my Daughter; but well, has she seen my Cousin? How long has he been in *England*?

Cant. These three days.

Don. And she has seen him, has she? I was contented he shou'd see her, intending him for her Husband: but she has seen no body else upon your certain knowledge?

Cant. No, no, alas! how shou'd she? 'tis impossible she shou'd.

Don. Where is her Chamber? pray let me see her.

Cant. You'll find her, poor Creature, asleep, I warrant you; or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

Don. Let us go to her, I long to see her, poor innocent Wretch. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, and Prue at a distance.

Ger. Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me so?

Hipp. My Summons, Sir, no I assure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men, I'd have you to know.

Ger. She is beautiful beyond all things I ever saw. [*Aside.*]

Hipp. I like him extremely. [*Aside.*]

Ger. Come, fairest, why do you frown?

Hipp. Because I am angry.

Ger. I am come on purpose to please you then, do not receive me so unkindly.

Hipp. I tell you, I do not use to receive men; there has not been a man in the House before, but my Cousin, this twelve month, I'd have you to know.

Ger. Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'd have you to know.

Hipp. What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred-simple Girl; but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, than to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own House. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock people behind their backs, but not to their faces.

Ger. Pretty Creature! she has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. Mock you, dear Miss! no, I only repeated the [*Aside.* words, because they were yours, sweet Miss, what we like we imitate.

Hipp. Dear Miss! sweet Miss! how came you and I so well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play-house, or to her Coach; but I need not wonder at your confidence, since you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window just now: but pray who shall pay for the glass you have broken?

Ger. Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window bigger then, since he has so fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

Hipp.

Hipp. A pleasant Man! well, 'tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I see, than with my Aunt or Father; and if dissimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm sure I cou'd not use it at this time; but the mask of simplicity and innocency is as useful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they say. [Aside.]

Ger. Why do you look away, dearest Miss?

Hipp. Because you quarrell'd with me just now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

Ger. O let me see that Face at any rate.

Hipp. Wou'd you have me frown upon you? for I shall be sure to do't.

Ger. Come, I'll stand fair: you have done your worst to my heart already.

Hipp. Now I dare not look upon him, lest I shou'd not be able to keep my word. [Aside.]

Ger. Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns.

[Aside.]

• Come, look, I'm — am ready, I'm — am ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

[Aside.]

Ger. Turn, dear Miss, Come, I'm — am ready.

Hipp. Are you ready then, I'll look?

[Turns upon him.]

No faith, I can't frown upon him, if I shou'd be hang'd.

[Aside.]

Ger. Dear Miss, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

Hipp. No, I cannot frown for my heart; for blushing, I don't use to look upon men, you must know.

Ger. If it were possible any thing cou'd, those blushes wou'd add to her Beauty: well, bashfulness is the only out-of-fashion-thing that is agreeable. [Aside.]

Hipp. I'm — h — like this man strangely, I was going to say lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make use of the only opportunity thou canst have to enfranchise thy self: Women formerly (they say) never knew how to make use of their time till it was past, but let it not be said so of a young Woman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be stirring presently: well then, courage, I say, *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, shift for thy self. [Aside.]

Ger. So, I have look'd upon her so long, till I am grown bashful too; Love and Modesty come together like Money and Covetousness, and the more we have, the less we can shew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor speak a word. [Aside.]

Hipp. What, Sir, methinks you look away now.

Ger. Because you wou'd not look upon me, Miss.

Hipp. Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, since you have done so rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men bashful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's see if you can frown upon me now!

Ger. Lovely Innocency! No, you may swear I can't frown upon you, Miss.

Hipp. So I knew you were asham'd of what you have done; well, since you are asham'd, and because you did not come of your own head, but were sent by my Cousin, you say.

Ger. Which I wonder at.

[Aside.]

Hipp. For all these reasons I do forgive you.

Ger. In token of your forgiveness then (dearest Miss) let me have the honour to kiss your hand.

Hipp.

Hipp. Nay, there 'tis you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but use you a little kindly, you grow so fiddling, and so troublesome, there is no enduring you.

Ger. O dear Miss, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his Priviledges.

Hipp. Why, I'd have you know he does not lye with me.

Ger. 'Tis was well guess'd, Miss, for one so innocent.

Hipp. No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reason) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

Ger. O then, Miss, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be belov'd.

Hipp. Why cou'd you be so good-natur'd as to come after my Shock-dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather than after one of your Brother-men.

Ger. Hah, ha, ha ——— poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency.

Hipp. But I see you are humble, because you wou'd kifs my hand.

Ger. No, I am ambitious therefore.

Hipp. Well, all this fooling but loses time, I must make better use of it. [*Aside.* I cou'd let you kifs my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away.

Ger. Indeed I wou'd not.

Hipp. Come! I know you wou'd.

Ger. Truly I wou'd not.

Hipp. You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you wou'd.

Ger. I'll swear I wo' not — by ———

Hipp. Nay, don't swear, for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forswear it neither; he does not like me sure well enough to carry me away. [*Aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, let me kifs your hand.

Hipp. I am sure you wou'd carry me away, if I shou'd.

Ger. Be not afraid of it.

Hipp. Nay! I am afraid of the contrary; either he dislikes me, and therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to displease me. [*Aside.*

Ger. Trust me, sweetest; I can use no violence to you.

Hipp. Nay, I am sure you wou'd carry me away, what shou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to steal me?

Ger. If I shou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I should be prevented.

Hipp. Dull, dull man of the Town, are all like thee. [*Aside.*

He is as dull as a Country Squire at Questions and Commands. No, if I shou'd cry out never so loud; this is quite at the further end of the House, and there no body cou'd hear me.

Ger. I will not give you the occasion, Dearest.

Hipp. Well! I will quicken thy sense, if it be possible. [*Aside.*

Nay, I know you come to steal me away; because I am an Heirefs, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefest reason (I suppose) why he keeps me up so close.

Ger.

Ger. Ha!

[*Aside.*

Hipp. So — this has made him consider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, straight, handsom young Women are beholding to thee?

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year —

Hipp. Besides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman said I shou'd be stoln away, because she says 'tis the Fate of Heiresses to be stoln away.

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year —

[*Aside.*

Hipp. Nay more, she described the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

Ger. Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you, Sweetest.

Hipp. So he understands himself now.

Ger. Well, Madam, since 'twas foretold you, what do you think on't? 'tis in vain, you know, to resist Fate.

Hipp. I do know indeed they say, 'tis to no purpose: besides, the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me. Ih — think. [*Sighs.*

Ger. My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberless, especially those of your innocency irresistible, and do surprize the wary'st Heart; such mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

Hipp. Well, well, get you gone then, I'll keep it safe for your sake.

Ger. Nay, you must go with me, sweetest.

Hipp. Well, I see you will part with the Jewel; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

Ger. Come, come, my Dearest, let us be gone: Fortune as well as Women must be taken in the humour.

Enter Prue running hastily to stop 'em, Don Diego and Mrs. Caution immediately after.

Pru. O Miss, Miss! your Father, it seems, is just now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

Hipp. My Father!

Don. My Daughter! and a Man!

Caut. A Man! a Man in the House!

Ger. Ha! — what mean these! a Spaniard.

Hipp. What shall I do? stay — nay, pray stir not from me; but lead me about, as if you lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. [*Leads her about.*

Don. Is this your Government, Sister, and this your innocent Charge, that has not seen the face of a man this twelve-month, *En hor à mala.*

Caut. O sure it is not a man, it cannot be a Man! [*Puts on her Spectacles.*

Don. It cannot be a Man! if he be not a Man he's a Devil; he has her lovingly by the hand too, *Válga me el Cielo.*

Hipp. Do not seem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about still.

Ger. What de'e mean by't?

[*apart to Hipp.*

Don. Hey! they are frolick, a dancing.

Caut. Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece.

Don. Nay, hold a little: I'll make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it shall not be *la Gailliarda!*

[*Draws his Sword, Caution holds him.*

Caut.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Caut. O Niece ! why Niece !

Ger. Do you hear her ? what do you mean ?

[*apart to Hipp.*

Hipp. Take no notice of them ; but walk about still, and sing a little, sing a Corant.

Ger. I can't sing ; but I'll hum, if you will.

Don. Are you so merry ? Well, I'll be with you, *En hora mala.*

Caut. Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh —

Don. Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my shame, my ruine, my plague. [*Strugling gets from Caution, goes towards 'em with his Sword drawn.*

Hipp. Mind him not, but dance and sing on.

Ger. A pretty time to dance and sing indeed, when I have a Spaniard with naked Toledo at my tail : no, pray excuse me, Miss, from fooling any longer.

Hipp. O my Father ! my Father ! poor Father ! you are welcome, pray give me your blessing.

[*Turning about.*

Don. My blessing, *En hora mala.*

Hipp. What, am I not your Daughter, Sir ?

Don. My Daughter, *mi mal, mi muerte.*

Hipp. My name's Hippolita, Sir, I don't own your Spanish names ; but pray, Father, why do you frighten one so ! you know I don't love to see a Sword : what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out ?

Don. I'll shew you, *Trayidor Ladron, demi hora, thou dy'st.* [*Runs at Ger.*

Ger. Not if I can help it, good *Don* ; but by the names you give me, I find you mistake your man, I suppose some Spaniard has affronted you. [*Draws.*

Don. None but thee, *Ladron*, and thou dy'st for't.

[*Fight.*

Caut. Oh, oh, oh — help, help, help.

Hipp. Oh — what will you kill my poor Dancing-master ?

[*Kneels.*

Don. A Dancing-master, he's a Fencing-master rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-master ? Umph —

Ger. So much Wit and Innocency were never together before.

[*Aside.*

Don. Is he a Dancing-master ?

[*Pausing.*

Caut. Is he a Dancing-master ? He does not look like a Dancing-master.

Hipp. Pish — you don't know a Dancing-master, you have not seen one these threescore years, I warrant.

Caut. No matter ; but he does not look like a Dancing-master.

Don. Nay, nay, Dancing-masters look like Gentlemen, enough, Sister ; but he's no Dancing-master by drawing his Sword so briskly : those tripping out-sides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and since he is a Gentleman, he shall dye by mine.

Hipp. Oh, hold, hold.

[*Fight agen.*

Caut. Hold, hold ! pray, Brother, let's talk with him a little first, I warrant you I shall trap him, and if he confesses, you may kill him ; for those that confess, they say, ought to be hang'd — let's see —

Ger. Poor Hippolita, I wish I had not had this occasion of admiring thy Wit ; I have increased my Love, whilst I have lost my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers.

[*Aside.*

Caut. Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-master ? Speak, speak, a Dancing-master ?

Ger.

Ger. Yes, forsooth, I am a Dancing-master, ay, ay —

Don. How do's it appear?

Hipp. Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

Caut. No busie-body, but it is not — that is my Nephews Fiddle.

Hipp. Why, he lent it to my Cousin; I tell you it is his.

Caut. Nay, it may be indeed, he might lend it him, for ought I know.

Don. I, I, but ask him, Sister, if he be a Dancing-master, where?

Caut. Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, sure!

Don. What will you be wiser than I? nay, then stand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-master; where's your School? *adondè, adondè.*

Caut. Why, he'll say, may be he has ne'er a one.

Don. Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuse in his head.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuse, I have no School.

Caut. Well! but who sent you, how came you hither?

Ger. There I am puzl'd indeed.

[*Aside.*

Caut. How came you hither, I say? how —

Ger. Why, how, how, how shou'd I come hither?

Don. Ay, how shou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

Caut. So, so, now you have put an Excuse in his head too, that you have, so you have, but stay —

Don. Nay, with your favour, Mistrefs, I'll ask him now.

Caut. I' facks; but you shan't, I'll ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.

Don. I' fackins; but you shan't ask him, if you go there to, look you, you Prattle-box you, I'll ask him.

Caut. I will ask him, I say, come.

Don. Where.

Caut. What.

Don. Mine's a shrewd question.

Caut. Mine's as shrewd as yours.

Don. Nay then we shall have it, come, answer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

Caut. A shrewd question indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in — for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

Don. Must you make lyes for him?

Caut. But come, Sir, what's your Name? answer me to that, come.

Don. His Name, why 'tis an easie matter to tell you a false Name, I hope.

Caut. So, must you teach him to cheat us?

Don. Why did you say my questions were not shrewd questions then?

Caut. And why wou'd you not let me ask him the question then? Brother, Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spanish* wisdom, let an old Woman make discoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing, I'd have you to know; set your old Woman still to grope out an Intrigue, because you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wise, Brother.

Don. Come, come, leave this tattling; he has dishonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuse himself? the *Spanish* Pro-

verb says, Excuses neither satisfy Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour must have blood and wounds, *St. Fago para mi.*

[*Kisses the Cross of his Sword, and runs at Gerrard.*

Hipp. Oh hold! dear Father, and I'll confess all.

Ger. She will not, sure, after all.

[*Aside.*

Hipp. My Cousin sent him, because, as he said, he wou'd have me recover my Dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he wou'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am sure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, saying, I was to be his Wife, as soon as you came, and therefore expected obedience from me.

Don. Indeed the venture is most his, and the shame wou'd be most his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the custom for the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* still.

Hipp. Did not you hear him say last night he wou'd send me one this morning?

Caut. No not I sure. If I had, he had never come here.

Hipp. Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I see, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, say he wou'd send him to me?

Prue. Yes I'll be sworn did I.

Hipp. Look you there, Aunt.

Caut. I wonder I should not remember it.

Don. Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

Caut. So, so, the fault will be mine now. But pray, Mistress, how did he come in: I am sure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

Hipp. He came in just after my Father, I suppose.

Caut. It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

Don. O might he so, forsooth; you are a brave Governante, look you, you a *Duenna voto* ——— and not know who comes in and out.

Caut. So, 'twas my fault, I know.

Don. Your Maid was in the Room with you! was she not, Child?

Hipp. Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

Don. Well, Child, I am satisfi'd then; but I hope he does not use the Dancing-masters tricks of squeezing your hands; setting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and seeing your Legs.

Hipp. No indeed, Father; I'd give him a Box on the Ear, if he shou'd.

Don. Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you shou'd learn to dance; since, for ought I know, you shall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at farthest, by that time you may recover a Corant, a Sarabrand I wou'd say; and since your Cousin too will have a dancing Wife, it shall be so, and I'll see you dance my self, you shall be my Charge these two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any Dancing-master, even a sawcy *French* Dancing-master, look you.

Caut. Well, have a care though; for this man is not dress'd like a Dancing-master.

Don. Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the most part) better dress'd and prouder

prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiser than I, wou'd you?

Querno —

Caut. Well, I say only look to't, look to't.

Don. Hey, hey! come, Friend, to your bus'ness, teach her her Lesson over again, let's see.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Don. Come, come, let's see your *English* Method, I understand something of Dancing my self — come.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Ger. I shall betray you yet, dearest Miss, for I know not a step, I cou'd never dance.

[*apart to Hipp.*

Hipp. No!

Don. Come, come, Child.

Hipp. Indeed I'm asham'd, Father.

Don. You must not be asham'd, Child, you'll never dance well, if you are asham'd.

Hipp. Indeed I can't help it, Father.

Don. Come, come, I say, go to't.

Hipp. Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my first Lesson, and I shall do it so ill: pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Master comes, you shall see I shall be confident enough.

Don. Poor-foolish-innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spanish* kind of a Father cou'd have so innocent a Daughter, in *England*? well I wou'd fain see any one steal or debauch my Daughter from me.

Hipp. Nay; won't you go, Father!

Don. Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you can dance before your Maid.

Hipp. Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at most times with her Mistress is no body.

[*Ex. Diego and Mrs. Caution.*

Ger. He peeps yet at the door.

Hipp. Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you must not see me, when we have done you shall come in.

[*She pulls the door to.*

Pru. Indeed, little Mistress, like the young Kitten, you see, you play'd with your prey, till you had almost lost it!

Hipp. 'Tis true, a good old Mouser like you, had taken it up, and run away with it presently.

Ger. Let me adore you, dearest Miss, and give you —

[*Going to embrace her.*

Hipp. No, no embracing good Master, that ought to be the last Lesson you are to teach me, I have heard.

Ger. Though an after-Game be the more tedious and dangerous, 'tis won, Miss, with the more honour and pleasure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the most unlucky thing that ever befel me.

Hipp. What, then you think I would have gone with you.

Ger. Yes, and will go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miss, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

Hipp. No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will soon come in again, and may quickly overtake us; besides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes*.

Ger. No, dear Miss, I would carry you to Court, the Play-houses, and Hide-Park —

Hipp. Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that spirit Women away to speak 'em mighty fair at first; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches, you carry 'em into *Yorkshire, Wales, or Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be served so, I would be a Pris'ner in *London* still as I am.

Ger. I see the Air of this Town without the pleasures of it, is enough to infect Women with an aversion for the Country. Well, Miss, since it seems you have some diffidence in me, give me leave to visit you as your Dancing-master, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Fathers permission to see you, till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it.

Hipp. I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me very suddenly to my Cousin who sent you hither.

Ger. Pray, sweet Miss, then let us make the better use of our time, if it be short: but how shall we do with that Cousin of yours in the mean time, we must needs charm him?

Hipp. Leave that to me!

Ger. But what's worse! how shall I be able to act a Dancing-master? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my self.

Hipp. A Dancing-School in half an hour will furnish you with terms of the Art. Besides, Love (as I have heard say) supplies his Scholars with all sorts of Capacities they have need of in spite of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

Ger. Love indeed has made a grave Gouty States-man fight Duels; the Soldier fly from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-master.

Hipp. If he were your Master.

Ger. I'm sure, dearest Miss, there is nothing else which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to succeed in that.

Enter Don Diego.

Don. Come, have you done?

Hipp. O! my Father agen.

Don. Come, now let us see you dance.

Hipp. Indeed I am not perfect yet, pray excuse me till the next time my Master comes: but when must he come agen, Father?

Don. Let me see, Friend, you must needs come after Dinner agen, and then at night agen, and so three times to morrow too. If she be not marry'd to morrow (which I am to consider of) she will dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will she not? for 'tis but a twelve-month since she came from *Hackney-School*.

Ger.

Ger. We will lose no time I warrant you, Sir, if she be to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. Truly, I think she may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you lose any time, look you.

Ger. You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

Don. No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to satisfy you very well, look you.

Hipp. He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains. If you shou'd not, I wou'd make that good to him.

Don. Come, let us go in to your Aunt, I must talk with you both together, Child. [*Ex. Ger. Don.*]

Hipp. I follow you, Sir.

Pru. Here's the Gentlewoman o' th' next House come to see you, Mistress.

Hipp. She's come, as if she came expressly to sing the new Song she sung last night, I must hear it, for 'tis to my purpose now. [*Aside.*]
Madam, your Servant, I dream't all night of the Song you sung last; the new Song against delays in Love: pray let's hear it again.

SINGS.

I.

*Since we poor slavish Women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose,
To him we like, why say we no?
And both our time and Lover lose.*

*With feign'd repulses and delays
A Lover's appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
His stomach's gone for good and all.*

2.

*Or our impatient am'rous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal,
And rather than stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coarse, ready meal.*

*When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Woman be so too;
And if the man be to your mind,
Till needs you must, ne'er let him go.*

3.

*The Match soon made is happy still,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off, when her Parents woo.*

And

*And only to their Suits be coy,
For she whom Joynture can obtain
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.*

Prue. Your Father calls for you, Miss. [Steps to the door.]

Hipp. I come, I come. I must be obedient as long as I am with him. [pausing.]

*Our Parents who restrain our liberty,
But take the course to make us sooner free,
Though all we gain be but new slavery ;
We leave our Fathers, and to Husbands fly.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Don Diego's House.

Enter Monsieur, Hippolita, and Prue.

Monsf. **S**erviteur, Serviteur, la Cousin, your Maid told me she watch'd at the stair-foot for my coming, because you had a mind to speak wit me before I saw your Fadèr, it seem.

Hipp. I wou'd so indeed, Cousin.

Monsf. Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you adè with Monsieur *Gerrard*; but did he come, I was afraid he wou'd not come.

Hipp. Yes, yes, he did come.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha—— and were you not infiniment divertisèe and please, confes.

Hipp. I was indeed, Cousin, I was very well pleas'd.

Monsf. I do tinkè so. I did tinkè to come and be divertisèe my self this morning with the sight of his reception; but I did ran'counter last night wit dam Company dat keep me up so late I cou'd not rise in dè morning. Mala-peste de Puteins——

Hipp. Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Cousin.

Monsf. To elpè you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made such recreation wid dat Coxcomb *Gerrard*.

Hipp. Indeed, Cousin! you need not have any subject or property to make one laugh, you are so pleasant your self, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burst.

Monsf. Am I so happy, Cousin? then in the bèn quality of making people laugh.

Hipp. Mighty happy, Cousin.

Monsf. De grace.

Hipp. Indeed!

Monsf.

Mons. Nay, fans vanitiè I observe wheresoe'er I come I make every body merry, fans vanitiè — da —

Hipp. I do believe you do.

Mons. Nay, as I marchè in de street I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and sneer.

Hipp. This Fool, I see, is as apt as an ill Poet to mistake the contempt and scorn of people for applause and admiration. [*Aside.*

Mons. Ah, Cousin, you see wàt it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

Hipp. No! truly Cousin, I think you deserv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France*.

Mons. Ay, ay, the *Franch* Education make us propre à tout; beside, Cousin, you must know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I diddè go to the *Italian Academy* at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouchè*, who is the most excellent Personage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *English* Fool to him.

Hipp. Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

Mons. Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *Englis'* are not fit to be Fools; here are vèr few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarniè.

Hipp. I'm sure, Cousin, you have lost no time there.

Mons. Auh lè brave *Scaramouchè*.

Hipp. But is it a Science in *France*, Cousin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: sure none go to it but Players.

Mons. Dey are Comedians dat are de Matrès, but all the beaux-monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the best almost of de Nation conning in all places the Lessons which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere Matrès, *Nokes* and *Angel*.

Hipp. Indeed!

Mons. Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practise dat Science most, and the most ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons have been always most welcome to Courts, and desir'd in all Companies. Auh to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de greatè Personagè.

Hipp. Fools have Fortune, they say indeed.

Mons. So say old *Senèquè*.

Hipp. Well, Cousin (not to make you proud) you are the greatest Fool in *England*, I am sure.

Mons. Non, non, de gracè, non, *Nokes* de Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da —

Hipp. You are modest, Cousin; but least my Father shou'd come in presently (which he will do as soon as he knows you are here) I must give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you shou'd have before you see him.

Mons. Vel, vèl, Cousin, vat is dat?

Hipp. You must know then (as commonly the conclusion of all mirth is sad) after I had a good while pleas'd my self in jesting and leading the poor Gentleman you sent into a Fools Paradise, and almost made him believe I wou'd go away

away with him, my Father coming home this morning, came in upon us, and caught him with me.

Monf. Mala-peste.

Hipp. And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Father's *Spanish* fierceness and jealousy.

Monf. But how did he come off then? *testè non.*

Hipp. In short, I was fain to bring him off by saying he was my Dancing-master.

Monf. Hah, ha, ha, *ver* good Jest.

Hipp. I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our foolish Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who sent him; I was forc'd to say you did, desiring I shou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

Monf. A *ver* good Jest — da — still *bettrè* as *bettrè*.

Hipp. Now all that I am to desire of you, is to own you sent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

Monf. Yes, yes, a *ver* good Jest, *Gerrard*, a *Mastrè de Dance*, hah, ha, ha.

Hipp. Nay, the Jest is like to be better yet; for my Father himself has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he must take the Dancing-master upon him, and come three or four times to me before our Wedding, lest my Father, if he shou'd come no more, shou'd be suspicious I had told him a lye: and (for ought I know) if he shou'd know or but guess he were not a Dancing-master, in his *Spanish* strictness and Punctillioes of Honour he might kill me as the shame and stain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of so much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in *Spain* serve their poor innocent Daughters often so, and he is more than a *Spaniard*.

Monf. Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you he shall come as often as you will to the House, and your Father shall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'll tell him all for the Jest's sake.

Hipp. But will you keep my Counsel, dear Cousin, till we are marry'd?

Monf. Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, *mon foy*.

Hipp. Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd: you love me too well sure, to be an Instrument of my death;

[Enter Don Diego walking gravely, a little Black behind him. Mrs. Caution.]

But here comes my Father, remember.

Monf. I would no more tell him of it, than I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie — she's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. — [Aside.

I'll keep thy Counsel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, *mon petit Cœur*.

Hipp. Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

Monf. I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hah, ha, ha.

[Don Diego walks leisurely round the Monsieur, surveying him, and shrugging up his shoulders whilst Monsieur makes Legs and Faces. — [Aside.

Don. Is that thing my Cousin, Sister?

Caut. 'Tis he, Sir.

Don.

Don. Cousin, I am sorry to see you.

Mons. Is that a *Spanish* Complement?

Don. So much disguis'd, Cousin.

[*Aside.*

Mons. Oh! is it out at last, ventre?

Serviteur, Serviteur, à Monsieur mon Oncle, and I am glad to see you here within doors, most *Spanish* Oncle, ha, ha, ha. But I should be sorry to see you in the streets, teste non.

Don. Why soh — would you be asham'd of me, hah — (voto a St. *Jago*) wou'd you? hauh —

Mons. I it may be you wou'd be asham'd your self, Monsieur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your *Spanish* Hose, puh — the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert and bleu) pardonè my *French* Franchise, Monsieur mon Oncle.

Hipp. We shall have sport anon, betwixt these two Contraries. [*apart to Prue.*

Don. Do'st thou call me Monsieur (voto a St. *Jago*)

Mons. No, I did not call you Monsieur voto a St. *Jago*, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. *James Formal* — da —

Don. But I can hardly know you are my Cousin, Mr. *Nathaniel Paris*; but call me Sir *Don Diego* henceforward, look you, and no Monsieur, call me Monsieur *Guarda*.

Mons. I confes my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monsieur, ha, ha, ha — But pray do not call me neder *Paris*, but de *Paris*, de *Paris* (si you plai'st) Monsieur de *Paris*! Call me Monsieur and welcome, da —

Don. Monsieur de *Pantaloons* then voto —

Mons. Monsieur de *Pantaloons*! a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da — bein trove de *Pantaloons*; how much betrè dèn your de la *Fountaines*, de la *Rivières*, de la *Roche*, and all the *De's* in *France* — da — well; but have you not the admiration for my *Pantaloons*, *Don Diego* mon Oncle?

Don. I am astonish'd at them verde deramentè, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

Mons. Redicule, redicule! ah — 'tis well you are my Uncle, da — Redicule, ah — is dere any ting in de Universe so jenti as de *Pantaloons*? any ting so ravifaunt as de *Pantaloons*? Auh — I cou'd kneel down and varship a pair of jenti *Pantaloons*? vat, vat, you wou'd have me have de admiration for dis outward skin of your Thigh, which you call *Spanish* Hose, fie, fie, fie — ha, ha, ha

Don. Do'st thou deride my *Spanish* Hose? young Man, hauh.

Mons. In comparifon of *Pantaloons* I do undervalue 'em indeet, *Don Diego* mon Oncle, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Thou art then a gavano de malo gusto, look you.

Mons. You may call me vat you vill, Uncle *Don Diego*; but I must needs say, your *Spanish* Hose are scurvy Hose, ugly Hose, lousie Hose, and stinking Hose.

Don. Do not provoke me, *Boracho*.

[*Puts his hand to his Sword.*

Mons. Indeet for lousie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is scarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for stinking Hose, dat Epithete may stand; for how can dey chuse but stink, since dey are so furieusement close to your *Spanish* Tail, da.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ridiculous.

Don. Do not provoke me, I say, En horâ malâ.

[*Aside.*]

[*Seems to draw.*]

Monsf. Nay, Oncle, I am sorry you are in de pation; but I must live and dye for de *Pantalloon* agâinst de *Spanish Hose*, da.

Don. You are a rash young Man, and while you wear *Pantalloons*, you are beneath my passion, voto — Auh — they make thee look and waddle (with all those gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, slovenly Water-dog.

Monsf. And your *Spanish Hose*, and your Nose in the Air, make you look like a great grissled-long-*Irish-Grey-hound*, reaching a Crust off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Bueno, Bueno.

Mrs. Caut. What have you a mind to ruine your self, and break off the Match?

Monsf. Pshaw — wât do you telle me of the Matchè? deè tinke I will not vindicate *Pantalloons*, Morbleu?

Don. Well! he is a lost young Man, I see, and desperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worst of *French Vanities*: but I must be wiser than him, as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaim him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not, he shall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Sister's Son, and has two thousand five hundred seventy three pound Sterling twelve shillings and two pence a year Penny-rent, Segouaramentè. [*Aside.* Come, Young-man, since you are so obstinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Mistress my Daughter shall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spanish Hose* and *Pantalloons*.

Monsf. *Pantalloons* and *Spanish Hose* (si vous plaist.)

Don. Your Mistress is the fittest Judge of your Dress, sure?

Monsf. I know ver vel, dat most of the Jeunesse of *England* will not change the Ribband upon de Crevat widout the consultation of dere Matres, but I am no *Anglois* da — nor shall I make de reference of my Dress to any in the Universe, da — I judg'd by any in *England*, teste non. I wou'd not be judg'd by an *English* Looking-glafs, Jarnie.

Don. Be not positivo, Young-man.

Mrs. Caut. Nay, pray refer it, Cousin, pray do.

Monsf. Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

Don. But pray be not so positive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is best.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you have kept me in universal ignorance, I know nothing.

Monsf. And do you tink I shall refer an Affair of dat consequence to a poor young ting who have not see the Varld, da, I am wiser than so voto?

Don. Well, in short, if you will not be wiser, and leave off your *French* Dress, Stammering, and Tricks, look you, you shall be a Fool and go without my Daughter, voto.

Monsf. How, must I leave off my Janti *Franch* Accoustrements, and speak base *Englis* too, or not marry my Cousin! mon Oncle *Don Diego*? Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my *Pantalloon* and *Franch* Pronuntiation for ne'er a Cousin in *England*'t, da.

Don.

Don. I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter shall at least look like a wife Man, for he shall wear the *Spanish* Habit, I am a *Spanish* Positivo.

Monsf. Ver vèl, ver vèl! and I am a *Franch* Positivo.

Don. Then I am Definitivo; and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spanish* Habit, I have brought over on purpose for your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all these *French* Fopperies and Vanidades, with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables, ma Foys, and Jernies. I swear you shall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box.

Monsf. O hold, do not swear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieusement.

Don. If you love her, you'll obey me.

Monsf. Ah, wat vil become of me! but have the consideration, must I leave off all the *Franch* Beantes, Graces, and Embellisements, bote of my Person and Language.

[*Exeunt Hipp. Mrs. Caution, and Prue laughing.*]

Don. I will have it so.

Monsf. I am ruinne den undonne, have some consideration for me, for dere is not the least Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jernie —

Don. Then you do not deserve her, and for that reason I will be satisfi'd you love her better, or you shall not have her, for I am positivo.

Monsf. Vil you breake mine Arte! pray have de consideration for me.

Don. I say agen, you shall be dress'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spanish* Habit, or you shall never marry my Daughter, look you.

Monsf. If you will not have de consideration for me, have de consideration for your Daughter; for she have de passionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da —

Don. What I have said I have said, and I am uno Positivo.

Monsf. Will you not so mush as allow me one little *Franch* Oate?

Don. No, you shall look like a *Spaniard*, but speak and swear like an *English* man, look you.

Monsf. Helas, helas, den I shall take my leave, mort, teste, ventre, Jernie, teste-bleu, ventre-bleu, ma foy, certes.

Don. *Pedro, Sanchez*, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with those things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accustomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you shall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you. [Calls at the door.]

Monsf. Adieu then, dear Pantalloon! dear Beltè! dear Sword! dear Per-ruque! and dear Chapeaux, Retrousee, and dear Shoe, Jernie; adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pity.

Don. I am a *Spanish* Positivo, look you.

Monsf. And more cruel than de *Spanish* Inquisitiono, to compel a Man to a Habit against his Conscience, helas, helas, helas. [Exit Monsieur.]

Enter Prue and Gerrard.

Prue. Here is the Dancing-master, shall I call my Mistress, Sir? [Exit Prue.]

Don. Yes. O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual Men, nay, I think 'tis before your time something.

Ger. Nay, I am resolv'd your Daughter, Sir, shall lose no time by my fault.

Don. So, so, 'tis well.

Ger. I were a very unworthy Man, if I should not be punctual with her, Sir.

Don. You speak honestly, very honestly, Friend; and I believe a very honest man, though a Dancing-master.

Ger. I am very glad you think me so, Sir.

Don. What you are but a Young-man, are you marry'd yet?

Ger. No, Sir, but I hope I shall, Sir, very suddenly, if things hit right.

Don. What the old Folks her Friends are wary, and cannot agree with you so soon as the Daughter can?

Ger. Yes, Sir, the Father hinders it a little at present; but the Daughter I hope is resolv'd, and then we shall do well enough.

Don. What! you do not steal her, according to the laudable Custom of some of your Brother-Dancing-masters?

Ger. No, no, Sir, steal her, Sir, steal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir, ha, ha, ha. I cannot but laugh at that question. [*Aside.*]

Don. No, Sir, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you say the Father does not consent.

Ger. Not yet, Sir; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

Don. Was she one of your Scholars? if she were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you steal her.

Ger. I shall not be able to hold laughing. [*Aside, laughs.*]

Don. Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you steal her, she was your Scholar, was she not?

Ger. Yes, Sir, she was the first I ever had, and may be the last too; for she has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

Don. So, so, then she is your Scholar still it seems, and she has a good Portion, I am glad on't, nay, I knew you stole her.

Ger. My laughing may give him suspicions, yet I cannot hold. [*Aside.*]

Don. What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependance for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and spoil the Jest.

Ger. I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha. I shall laugh too much anon. [*Aside.*]

Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till she comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be so, sure, since you say she is to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. She ought to bestir her, as you say indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, Prue, Hippolita: Come away, Child, why do you stay so long?

[*Calls at the door.*]

Enter Hippolita, Prue, and Caution.

Hipp. Your Servant, Master! indeed I am ashamed you have stay'd for me.

Ger. O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as soon as you cou'd.

Hipp. I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether so much haste as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing shou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been so rude as to have made you stay a minute for me, I warrant you.

Don. Come, fiddle, faddle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-master and you, Querno —

Hipp. Lord, Sir, I hope you'll allow me to shew my respect to my Master, for I have a great respect for my Master.

Ger. And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

Don. Come, come, Friend, about your bus'ness, and honour the King. Your Dancing-masters and Barbers are such finical smooth-tongu'd, rattling Fellows, and if you set 'em once a talking, they'll ne'er a done, no more than when you set 'em a fiddling: indeed all that deal with Fiddlers are given to impertinency.

[To Mrs. Caution.

Caut. Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-master: he's no more a Dancing-master than I am a Maid.

Don. What! will you still be wiser than I? voto.

Come, come about with my Daughter, Man.

Pru. So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worship wou'd let him alone.

Don. How now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

Ger. Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School since I was here, yet I do all so bunglingly, he'll discover me. [Aside to Hipp.

Hipp. Try, come take my hand, Master.

Caut. Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

Don. Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand?

Hipp. Here, take my hand, Master.

Ger. I wish it were for good and all.

[Aside to her.

Hipp. You Dancing-masters are always so hasty, so nimble.

Don. Voto a St. Jago, not that I can see, about, about with her, Man.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unless you will please to go out a little, Sir; for I see she is bashful still before you, Sir.

Don. Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about with her.

Hipp. Nay, indeed, Father, I am asham'd and cannot help it.

Don. But you shall help it, for I will not stir: move her, I say begin Hussie, move when he'll have you.

Pru. I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha,

[Aside.

Ger. Come then, Madam, since it must be so let us try, but I shall discover all, One, two, and Coupee. [apart to Hipp.

Caut. Nay de' see how he squeezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

Don. Come, move, I say, and mind her not.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

Caut. De' see again he took her by the bare Arm.

Don. Come, move on, she's mad.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.

Don. Come, one, two, turn out your Toes.

Caut. There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you suffer it?

Ger. One, two, three, and fall back.

Don. Fall back, fall back, back, some of you are forward enough to fall back.

Ger. Back, Madam.

[*Don.* Fall back when he bids you, Hussie.

Caut.

Caut. How ! how ! fall back , fall back , marry , but she shall not fall back when he bids her.

Don. I say she shall, Hufwife, come.

Ger. She will, she will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won't be angry with her.

Caut. Do you know what he means by that now, you a *Spaniard* ?

Don. How's that, I not a *Spaniard* ? say such a word again.

Ger. Come forward, Madam, three steps agen.

Caut. See, see, she squeezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harletry !

Don. So, so, mind her not , she moves forward pretty well ; but you must move as well backward as forward, or you'll never do any thing to purpose.

Caut. Do you know what you say, Brother, your self now ? are you at your beastliness before your young Daughter ?

Pru. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. How now, Mistrefs, are you so merry ? is this your staid Maid as you call her, Sister impertinent ?

Ger. I have not much to say to you, Miss ; but I shall not have an opportunity to do it, unless we can get your Father out. [*Aside to Hip.*

Don. Come about agen with her.

Caut. Look you, there she squeezes his hand hard again.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed , Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I cannot dance while she looks on for my heart , she makes me asham'd and afraid together.

Ger. Indeed if you wou'd please to take her out, Sir, I am sure I shou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are present, Sir, pray, Sir, be pleased for this time to take her away ; for the next time I hope I shall order it so, we shall trouble neither of you.

Caut. No, no, Brother, stir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come, there's a beastly Trick in't : he's no Dancing-master I tell you.

Ger. Damn'd Jade, she'll discover us. [*Aside to Hipp.*

Don. What will you teach me ? nay then I will go out, and you shall go out too, look you.

Caut. I will not go out, look you.

Don. Come, come, thou art a censorious wicked Woman, and you shall disturb them no longer.

Caut. What will you bawd for your Daughter ?

Don. Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

Caut. I will not go out, I will not go out, my Conscience will not suffer me ; for I know by experience what will follow.

Ger. I warrant you, Sir, we'll make good use of our time when you are gone.

Caut. Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means ?

[*Ex. Don thrusting Caution out.*

Hipp. 'Tis very well, you are a fine Gentleman to abuse my poor Father so.

Ger. 'Tis but by your Example, Miss.

Hipp. Well I am his Daughter, and may make the bolder with him, I hope.

Ger. And I am his Son-in-law, that shall be ; and therefore may claim my Priviledge too of making bold with him, I hope.

Hipp. Methinks you shou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter ; for you have made very bold with her, sure. *Ger.*

Ger. I hope I shall make bolder with her yet.

Hipp. I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-master.

Ger. Why, Miss? I hope you wou'd not have me a fine senseless Whining, modest Lover; for modesty in a Man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

Hipp. I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am such a confident Piece, I am sure you made me so; if you had not had the confidence to come in at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a Man: I am sure I cou'd not look upon a Man before.

Ger. But that I humbly conceive, sweet Miss, was your Fathers fault, because you had not a Man to look upon. But, dearest Miss, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which wou'd be called confidence, nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age; and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

Hipp. Say you so! has Youth such Priviledges? I do not wonder then most Women seem impudent, since it is to be thought younger than they are it seems; but indeed, Master you are as great an Encourager of impudence I see, as if you were a Dancing-master in good earnest.

Ger. Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-master, if she please.

Hipp. So, so, the use follows the Doctrine very suddenly.

Ger. Well, Dearest, pray let us make the use we shou'd of it, lest your Father shou'd make too bold with us, and come in before we wou'd have him.

Hipp. Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of pressing into young Company at unseasonable hours.

Ger. Come, dear Miss, let me tell you how I have design'd matters; for in talking of any thing else we lose time and opportunity: people abroad indeed say the *English* Women are the worst in the World in using an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

Hipp. 'Tis because I warrant opportunities are not so scarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can use; but let people abroad say what they will of *English* Women, because they do not know 'em, but what say people at home?

Ger. Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I say you will not make use of your opportunity.

Hipp. I say you have no reason to say so yet.

Ger. Well, then anon at nine of the Clock at night I'll try you; for I have already bespoke a Parson, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery-window, that no body may see us escape, and I have appointed (precisely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when it is dark) a Coach and Six to wait at the Tavern-door for us.

Hipp. A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you say? nay then I see you are resolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a Man but the Coach-man with it, wou'd carry away any young Girl of my Age in *England*, a Coach and Six!

Ger. Then you will be sure to be ready to go with me.

Hipp. What young Woman of the Town cou'd ever say no to a Coach and Six, unless it were going into the Country: a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen years old to resist it.

Ger.

Ger. You will be sure to be ready?

Hipp. You are sure 'tis a Coach and Six?

Ger. I warrant you, Miss.

Hipp. I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: a Coach and Six?

Ger. But have you charm'd your Cousin the *Monsieur* (as you said you wou'd) that he in the mean time say nothing to prevent us?

Hipp. I warrant you.

Enter to 'em Don Diego and Mrs. Caution pressing in.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. Well, I hope by this time you have given her full instructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

Ger. We have just done indeed, Sir.

Hipp. Ay, Sir, we have just done, Sir.

Caut. And I fear just undone, Sir.

Ger. De' hear that damn'd Witch.

[Aside to Hipp.]

Don. Come leave your censorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy Youth, I warrant you.

Caut. I right! I right! I scorn your words, I'd have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillfirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Handkerchief is ruffled, and what a heat she's in?

Don. She has been dancing.

Caut. Ay, ay, *Adam and Eve's Dance*, or the beginning of the World, de' see how she pants?

Don. She has not been us'd to motion.

Caut. Motion, motion, motion de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

Don. You put the poor bashful Girl to the blush, you see, hold your peace.

Caut. 'Tis her guilt; not her modesty, marry.

Don. Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Master, let me see her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come sing to her.

Ger. Faith, we shall be discovered after all, you know I cannot sing a Note, Miss.

[Aside to Hipp.]

Don. Come, come, Man.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, my Master's in haste now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you say he is to come again, and then you shall see me dance it to the Violin, pray stay till then, Father.

Don. I will not be put off so, come begin.

Hipp. Pray, Father.

Don. Come, sing to her, come begin.

Ger. Pray, Sir, excuse me till anon, I am in some haste.

Don. I say begin, I will not excuse you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

Caut. I say he shall not take her by the hand, he shall touch her no more; while I am here there shall be no more squeesing and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing-master, stand off.

[Thrusts Ger. away.]

Don.

Don. Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I say.

Caut. Stand off, I say, he shall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

Don. If patience were not a *Spanish* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aside now. I say let 'em dance.

Caut. I say they shall not dance.

Hipp. Pray, Father, since you see my Aunts obstinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

Don. Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

Hipp. Nay, if he fail me at last.

Don. Be sure you come, for she's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the instructions I have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

Don. I, Girl, be sure you do, and do you be sure to come.

Caut. You need not be so concern'd, he'll be sure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he shou'd never set foot agen in the House.

Don. You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-master from the House; but be sure you come for all her.

Ger. Yes, Sir.

But this Jade will pay me when I am gone.

[*Aside.*

Caut. Hold, hold, Sir, I must let you out, and I wish I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-master, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

Don. I find any Man a Cheat! I cheated by any Man! I scorn your words, I that have so much *Spanish* Care, Circumspection, and Prudence, cheated by a Man: do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

Caut. Well, say no more.

[*Exeunt* Don, Hipp. Caut. and Prue.

Ger. Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am sure I had never cheated you of her.

[*Aside.*

*The wary Fool is by his care betray'd,
As Cuckolds by their Jealousie are made.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur de Paris without a Perruque, with a Spanish Hat, a Spanish Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantalloon, a Waste-Belt, and a Spanish Dagger in't, and a Crevat about his Neck.

Enter Hippolita and Prue behind laughing.

Monsf. TO see wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jernie.

It do metamorphose de brave Man into de Beast, de Sotte, de Animal.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha.

Monsf. Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as redicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my self into an ugly Spaniard.

Hipp. Why, do you call this disguising your self like a Spaniard while you wear Pantalloon still and the Crevat.

Monsf. But is here not the double Doublet and the Spanish Dagger aussy.

Hipp. But 'tis as long as the French Sword, and worn like it. But where's your Spanish Beard, the thing of most consequence?

Monsf. Jernie, do you tink Beards are as easie to be had as in de Play-houses, non; but if here be no the ugly-long-Spanish Beard, here are, I am certain, the ugly-long-Spanish Ear.

Hipp. That's very true, ha, ha, ha.

Monsf. Auh de ingrate! dat de Woman is, when we poor men are your Galants you laugh at us your selves, and wen we are your Husbands, you make all the World laugh at us, Jernie. Love, dam Love, it make the man more redicule than Poverty, Poetry, or a new Title of Honeur, Jernie.

Enter Don Diego and Caution.

Don. What at your Jernies still? voto

Monsf. Why, Oncle, you are at your voto's still.

Don. Nay, I'll allow you to be at your voto's too, but not to make the incongruous Match of Spanish Doublet and French Pantalloon.

[Holding his Hat before his Pantalloon.

Monsf. Nay, pray dear Oncle, let me unite France and Spain, 'tis the Mode of France now, Jernie, voto.

Don. Well, I see I must pronounce, I told you, if you were not drest in the Spanish Habit to night, you shou'd not marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

Monsf. Well, am I not habiliee in de Spanish Habit, my Doublet, Ear, and Hat, Leg and Feet are Spanish, that dey are.

Don. I told you I was a Spanish Positivo, voto.

Monsf. Vil you not spare my Pantalloon (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuse my Pantalloon, da —

Don. I have said, look you.

Monsf. Auh chere Pantalloon, speak for my Pantalloon, Cousin, my poor Pantalloon

Pantalloons are as dear to me as de Scarff to de Countree Capitaine, or de new made Officer; therefore have de compassion for my Pantalloons, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, *helas, helas, helas.* [Kneels to Don.]

Don. I have said, look you, your Drefs must be *Spanish*, and your Language *English*, I am uno Positivo.

Monsf. And must speak bafe good *English* too, ah la pitiee, *helas.*

Don. It must be done, and I will see this great change e'er it be dark, voro -- your time is not long, look to't, look you.

Monsf. *Helas, helas, helas*, dat *Espaigne* shou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, *helas, helas, helas.* [Exit Monsieur.]

Don. You see what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

Hipp. But indeed and indeed, Father, you wash the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monsieur*, nay an *English Monsieur* too, consider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French plie* (as they call it) they are never to be made so much as *English* men again, I have heard say.

Don. What, I warrant, you are like the rest of the young silly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monsieur* to your Husband, wou'd you, Querno?

Hipp. No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monsieur* to my Husband, not I indeed, and I am sure you'll never make my Cousin otherwise.

Don. I warrant you.

Hipp. You can't, you can't, indeed, Father: and you have sworn, you know, he shall never have me, if he does not leave off his *Monsieurship*. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to cease being a *Monsieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spanish Oath*, so that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monsieur* to my Husband.

Don. Well; but you shall have him for your Husband, look you.

Hipp. Then you will break your *Spanish Oath*.

Don. No, I will break him of his *French Tricks*, and you shall have him for your Husband, Querno.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, I shall not have him.

Don. Indeed you shall, Daughter.

Hipp. Well, you shall see, Father.

Caut. No I warrant you, she will not have him, she'll have her Dancing-master rather: I know her meaning, I understand her.

Don. Thou malicious foolish Woman, you understand her! but I do understand her; she says I will not break my Oath, nor he his *French Customs*, so through our difference she thinks she shall not have him, but she shall.

Hipp. But I shan't.

Caut. I know she will not have him, because she hates him.

Don. I tell you, if she does hate him, 'tis a sign she will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thousand that marries the man she loves, look you. Besides, 'tis all one whether she loves him now or not; for as soon as she's marry'd, she'd be sure to hate him: that's the reason we wise *Spaniards* are jealous and only expectè, nay will be sure our Wives shall fear us, look you.

Hipp. Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not dispute about nothing, for I am sure he will never be my Husband to hate.

Caut. I am of your opinion indeed, I understand you, I can see as far as another.

Don. You, you cannot see so much as through your Spectacles, but I understand her, 'tis her meer desire to Marriage makes her say she shall not have him; for your poor young things, when they are once in the teens, think they shall never be marry'd.

Hipp. Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

Enter Monsieur in the Spanish Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his hand.

Don. Come, did not I tell you, you shou'd have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect Spaniard:

Monsf. Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now sure, for my Cousin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Cousin, that you han't the handsomest best dress'd man in the Nation, a man be in mise.

Don. Yet agen at your *French*? and a Crevat on still (*voto a St. Jago*) off; off with it.

Monsf. Nay I will ever hereafter speak clownish good *English*, do but spare me my Crevat.

Don. I am uno Positivo, look you.

Monsf. Let me not put on that *Spanish* Yoke, but spare me my Crevat; for I love Crevat furiesment.

Don. Agen at your Furiesments!

Monsf. Indeed I have forgot my self, but have some mercy. [*Kneels.*]

Don. Off, off, off with it I say, come refuse the Ornamento principal of the *Spanish* Habit. [*Takes him by the Crevat, pulls it off, and the Black puts on the Golilia.*]

Monsf. Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *English* Pillory than this *Spanish* Golilia, for 'twill be all a case I'm sure; for when I go abroad, I shall soon have a Crowd of Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, *helas, helas.* [*Don puts on the Golilia.*]

Don. *Helas* again?

Monsf. Alas, alas, alas.

Hipp. I shall dye; ha, ha, ha.

Pru. I shall burst, ha, ha, ha.

Monsf. Ay, ay, you see what I am come to for your sake; Cousin and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Cousin that loves me above all the World? he can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and swear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your self.

Don. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne'er think people laugh at you: there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a *Golilia*, Baggage? Come, *Sirrah-Black*, now do you teach him to walk with the *verdadero gesto, gracia, and Gravidad* of a true *Castilian*:

Monsf. Must I have my Dancing-master too? come little Master then, lead on:

[*Black struts about the Stage, the Monsieur follows him, imitating awkerdly all he does.*]

Don.

Don. Malo, malo, with your Hat on your Pole, as if it hung upon a Pin; the *French* and *English* wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not suffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, voto —

Monf. 'Tis true, there are some well-bred Gentlemen have so much Reverence for their Perruque, that they wou'd refuse to be *Grandees* of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and swear.

Don. Come, Black, teach him now to make a *Spanish* Leg.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, your *Spanish* Leg is an *English* Courtfie, I vow and swear, hah, hah, ha.

Don. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the *Ass* was an *Ass* still, though he had the *Lyons* Skin on; this will be a light *French* Fool, in spite of the grave *Spanish* Habit, look you. But, Black, do what you can, make the most of him, walk him about.

Prue. Here are the people, Sir, you sent to speak with about Provisions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too, Mistress.

[*Prue* goes to the door, and returns.

Don. Well, I come: Black, do what you can with him, walk him about.

Monf. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spanish* Habit so travesty'd, I shall disgrace it and my little Black Master too, I vow and swear.

Don. Learn, learn of him, improve your self by him, and do you walk him, walk him about soundly. Come, Sister and Daughter, I must have your Judgments, though I shall not need 'em, look you, walk him, see you walk him.

[*Ex. Don, Hipp. and Caution.*

Monf. Jernie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spanish* Jennity in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Master.

[*The Black instructs the Monsieur on one side of the Stage, Prue standing on the other.*

Prue. O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and sitting up, the trouble and danger of our Mistresses Intrigues! whilst they go away with all the pleasure; and if they can get their Man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne'er think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who sits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exercise in some melancholy Lobby or Entry, when she cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Mistress for all her Quality, if she were but put to't.

[*Aside.*

Black. Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a stooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

Monf. True, a *Spaniard* scorns to look upon the ground.

Prue. We can shift for our Mistresses, and not for our selves, mine has got a handsom proper Young-man, and is just going to make the most of him, whilst I must be left in the Lurch here with a Couple of ugly little Black-a-more Boys in Bonnets, and an old wither'd *Spanish* Eunuch, not a Servant else in the House, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all.

[*Aside.*

Black. Now let me see you make your Visit-Leg thus.

Monf. Auh, teste non, ha, ha, ha.

Black. What, a *Spaniard*, and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only for now your Salutation in the street as you pass by your Acquaintance, look you, thus

thus — if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus with a nod, so — but frown a little more, frown. But if to a Woman you wou'd be very ceremonious too, thus — so — your Neck nearer your shoulder, so — Now if you wou'd speak contemptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand — so — and shrug up your shoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen. [*The Black and the Monsieur walk off the Stage.*

*Mons. imitating
the Black.*

Pru. All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I must take up with my Mistresses leavings, though we Chamber-maids are wont to be before-hand with them: but he is the dullest, modestest Fool, for a Frenchifi'd Fool, as ever I saw; for no body cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I say it) and yet I am ne'er the nearer. I have stolen away his Hankerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never so much as struggle with me to get it again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, unty'd his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him, yet he would never be so with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, punch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me.

[*The Black and Monsieur return.*

Black. Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

Pru. And to make my person more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they say; for every night since he came, I have worn the Forehead-piece of Bees wax and Hogs-grease, and every morning wash'd with Butter-milk and wild Tansie, and have put on every day for his only sake my Sunday's Bow-dy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shooes, and's constantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken an occasion to garter my Stockings before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shooes and Stockings, are very provoking, as they say, but the Devil a bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I must think of a way.

Black. Thus, thus.

Mons. What so — well, well, I have Lessons enow for this time. Little Master, I will have no more, lest the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da-
Pru. art thou there, and so pensive? what art thou thinking of?

Pru. Indeed I am asham'd to tell your Worship.

Mons. What asham'd! wer't thou thinking then of my beastliness? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worship in my own vindication.

Mons. Come then.

Pru. But indeed your Worship — I'm asham'd that I am, though it was nothing but a dream I had of your sweet Worship last night.

Mons. Of my sweet Worship! I warrant it was a sweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, indeed I have told your Worship enough already, you may guess the rest.

Mons. I cannot guess, ha, ha, ha, what shou'd it be? prethee let's know the rest.

Pru. Wou'd you have me so impudent?

Mons. Impudent! ha, ha, ha, nay prethee tell me, for I can't guess, da —

Pru. Nay, tis always so; for want of the mens guessing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am still asham'd.

Mons.

Monsf. I will know it, speak.

Pru. Why then methoughts last night you came up into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might easily do ; for I have ne'er a Lock to my door : now ! warrant I am red as my Petticoat.

Monsf. No, thou'rt as yellow as e'er thou wert.

Pru. Yellow, Sir !

Monsf. Ay, ay ; but let's hear the Dream out.

Pru. Why, can't you guess the rest now ?

Monsf. No not I, I vow and swear, come let's hear.

Pru. But can't you guess in earnest ?

Monsf. Not I, the Devil eat me.

Pru. Not guess yet ! why then methoughts you came to bed to me ? Now am I as red as my Petticoat again.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then ? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, now I know by your Worship's laughing, you guess what you did : I'm sure I cry'd out, and wak'd all in tears, with these words in my mouth, You have undone me, you have undone me ! your Worship has undone me.

Monsf. Hah, ha, ha ; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

Pru. Indeed it was so lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no : but if you were not there, I'll undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I sleep so fast.

Monsf. No, no, I don't believe that.

Pru. Indeed you may, your Worship —

Monsf. It cannot be.

Pru. Insensible Beast ! he will not understand me yet, and one wou'd think I speak plain enough. [Aside.]

Monsf. Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of ?

Pru. Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

Monsf. 'Twas a Dream I warrant thee.

Pru. Was it ? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

Monsf. Ay, ay, it was a Dream ; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

Pru. But now I have told your Worship, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it : if you shou'd be so naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true — I am so afraid on't.

Monsf. Ne'er fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

Pru. Then by that I should come into your Worship's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worship. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

Monsf. No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue*.

Pru. But if I shou'd do such a trick in my sleep, your Worship wou'd not censure a poor harmless Maid, I hope ; for I am apt to walk in my sleep.

Monsf. Well then, *Prue*, because thou shalt not shame thy self (poor Wench) I'll be sure to lock my door every night fast.

Pru. So, so, this way I find will not do, I must come roundly and down-right to the bus'ness, like other Women, or —

Enter Gerrard.

Monf. O the Dancing-master!

Prue. Dear Sir, I have something to say to you in your Ear, which I am a-sham'd to speak aloud.

Monf. Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Mistress to her Dancing-master, go, go.

Prue. Nay, pray hear me, Sir, first.

Monf. Another time, another time, *Prue*, prethee be gone.

Prue. Nay, I beseech your Worship hear me.

Monf. No, prethee be gone.

Prue. Nay, I am e'en well enough serv'd for not speaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I must be playing the modest Woman, forsooth; a Womans hypocrisie in this case does only deceive her self. [*Exit Prue.*]

Monf. O the brave Dancing-master, the fine Dancing-master, your Servant, your Servant.

Ger. Your Servant, Sir, I protest I did not know you at first. I am afraid this Fool shou'd spoil all, notwithstanding *Hippolita's* care and management, yet I ought to trust her; but a Secret is more safe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool. [*Aside.*]

Monf. Come, Sir, you must know a little Brother Dancing-master of yours, Walking-master I shou'd have said; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the bye: Pray know him, Sir, salute him, Sir; you Christian Dancing-masters are so proud.

Ger. But, Monsieur, what strange Metamorphosis is this? you look like a Spaniard, and talk like an English-man again, which I thought had been impossible.

Monf. Nothing impossible to Love, I must do't, or lose my Mistress your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you she was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

Ger. But does she enjoyn you to this severe penance, such I am sure it is to you.

Monf. No, no, 'tis by the compulsion of the starch'd Fop her Father, who is so arrant a Spaniard, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a special care to dissemble well. [*Draws him aside.*]

Ger. I warrant you.

Monf. Dear *Gerrard*, go little Master and call my Cousin, tell her, her Dancing-master is here. [*Exit Black.*]

I say, Dear *Gerrard*, Faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I sent you, I intended a Jest indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been so dangerous a Jest; therefore pray forgive me.

Ger. I do, do heartily forgive you

Monf. But can you forgive me, for sending you at first, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

Ger. Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

Monf. Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and swear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and shame, to be thought a paltry Dancing-master,

master, and all this to preserve a Ladies honour and life, who intended to abuse you; but I take the obligation upon me.

Ger. Pish, pish, you are not obliged to me at all.

Monsf. Faith but I am strangely obliged to you.

Ger. Faith but you are not.

Monsf. I vow and swear but I am.

Ger. I swear you are not.

Monsf. Nay, thou art so generous a Dancing-master — ha, ha, ha.

Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, and Prue.

Don. You shall not come in, Sister.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. You will not be civil.

Caut. I'm sure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I must, I will.

Don. Well, honest Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-master, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

Monsf. So silly-damn'd-politick *Spanish* Uncle, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Ger. My fine Scholar, Sir, there, shall never have reason (as I told you) Sir, to say I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

Monsf. Well said, I'faith, thou dost make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and swear; but I wonder people can be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Hipp. Well, Master, I thank you, and I hope I shall be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool she makes of him too: I wonder people can be made such Fools of, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*]

Hipp. Indeed it shall go hard but I'll be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Caut. As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

Don. How; agen with your senseless suspicions.

Monsf. Pish, pish, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, she's a Fool another way; she thinks she loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people shou'd be such Fools! [*Aside.*]

Caut. Come, come, I cannot but speak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-master, but some debauch'd person who will mump you of your Daughter.

Don. Will you be wiser than I still? Mump me of my Daughter! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Daughter.

Caut. And mump you of your Mistress too, young *Spaniard*.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiser than I too, voto. Mump me of my Mistress! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Mistress. [*To Caution.* I am afraid this damn'd old Aunt shou'd discover us, I vow and swear; be careful therefore and resolute. [*Aside to Ger. and Hipp.*]

Caut. He, he does not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master, he'll ne'er teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodness soon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-master!

Monsf. I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the best Dancing-master in *England* now. Was not that well said, Cousin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-master, you know. [*Aside to Ger. and Hipp.*]

Don.

Don. You know him, Cousin, very well, Cousin, you sent him to my Daughter?

Monf. Yes, yes, Uncle, know him!

We'll ne'er be discovered, I warrant, ha, ha, ha.

[*Aside.*

Caut. But will you be made a Fool of too?

Monf. Ay, ay, Aunt, ne'er trouble your self.

Don. Come, Friend, about your bus'ness, about with my Daughter.

Hipp. Nay, pray Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practise a while, and then you shall see me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

Don. Fiddle, tattle, more fooling still! did not you say when your Master was here last, I shou'd see you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

Hipp. So I did, Father; but let me practise a little first before, that I may be perfect. Besides, my Aunt is here, and she will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

Don. Fiddle, faddle.

Monf. They're afraid to be discovered by *Gerard's* bungling, I see. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practise.

[*Aside.*

Don. I won't (voto a *St. Jago*) what a fooling's here?

Monf. Come, come, let 'em practise, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

Don. Why, can't she practise it before me?

Monf. Come, Dancers and Singers are sometimes humorfom; besides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to see it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out, I say.

Don. What a fooling's here still amongst you, voto?

Monf. So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and swear you shall turn out.

[*Takes him by the shoulder.*

Don. Well, shall I see her dance it to the Violin at last?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for?

[*Exit Don.*

Monf. Go, go, turn out, and you too, Aunt.

Caut. Seriously, Nephew, I shall not budge, royally I shall not.

Monf. Royally you must, Aunt, come.

Caut. Pray hear me, Nephew.

Monf. I will not hear you.

Caut. 'Tis for your sake I stay, I must not suffer you to be wrong'd.

Monf. Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

Caut. That slippery Fellow will do't.

Monf. Let him do't.

Caut. Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

Monf. Well let him do't, royally.

Caut. He will wrong you.

Monf. Well, let him, I say, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and swear.

Caut. You shall not be wrong'd.

Monf. I will.

Caut. You shall not.

[*Don returns.*

Don. What's the matter? won't she be rul'd? come, come away, you shall not disturb 'em.

[*Don and Monsieur thrust Caution out.*

Caut.

Caut. De' see how they laugh at you both, well go to, the Troth-telling Trojan Gentlewoman of old was ne'er believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ransak'd, even, even so — [Exit Caution.

Mons. Hah, hah, ha, turn out.

Lord, that people shou'd be such arrant Cuddens, ha, ha, ha ;
But I may stay, may I not ?

Hipp. No, no, I'd have you go out and hold the door, Cousin, or else my Father will come in agen before his time.

Mons. I will, I will then, sweet Cousin, 'twas well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

Hipp. But be sure you keep him out, Cousin, till we knock.

Mons. I warrant you, Cousin, Lord, that people shou'd be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [Exit Monsieur.

Ger. So, so, to make him hold the door, while I steal his Mistress is not unpleasant.

Hipp. Ay, but wou'd you do so ill a thing, so treacherous a thing? Faith 'tis not well.

Ger. Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your sake, come, Sweetest, is not this our way into the Gallery?

Hipp. Yes, but it goes against my Conscience to be accessory to so ill a thing ; you say you do it for my sake ?

Ger. Alas, poor Miss ! 'tis not against your Conscience, but against your modesty, you think to do it franckly.

Hipp. Nay, if it be against my modesty too, I can't do it indeed.

Ger. Come, come, Miss, let us make haste, all's ready.

Hipp. Nay, Faith, I can't satisfie my scruple.

Ger. Come, Dearest, this is not a time for scruples nor modesty ; modesty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and modesty is now as unseasonable as on the Wedding night : come away, my Dearest.

Hipp. Whither?

Ger. Nay sure, we have lost too much time already : Is that a proper Question now ? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

Ger. Truly, Miss, we shall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us again, as he did in the morning.

Hipp. 'Twas well for me he did ; for on my Conscience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

Ger. Come, Dearest, you wou'd frighten me as if you were not yet in the same humour. Come, come away, the Coach and Six is ready.

Hipp. 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

Ger. You were ready in the morning.

Hipp. I, so I was.

Ger. Come, come, Miss, indeed the Jest begins to be none.

Hipp. What, I warrant you think me in jest then ?

Ger. In jest, certainly, but it begins to be troublesom.

Hipp. But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earnest in the morning, when I but seem'd to be ready to go with you ; and why won't you believe me now,

when I declare to the contrary? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you shou'd have the less confidence in me.

Ger. For Heaven's sake, Miss, lose no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did —

Hipp. Let him, if he will.

Ger. He'll hinder our design.

Hipp. No, he will not, for mine is to stay here now.

Ger. Are you in earnest?

Hipp. You'll find it so.

Ger. How! why you confess'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

Hipp. I was in the humour then.

Ger. And I hope you are in the same still, you cannot change so soon.

Hipp. Why, is it not a whole day ago?

Ger. What, are you not a day in the same humour?

Hipp. Lord! that you who know the Town (they say) shou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humour, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hey! this begins to be pleasant: What, won't you go with me then after all?

Hipp. No indeed, Sir, I desire to be excus'd.

Ger. Then you have abus'd me all this while?

Hipp. It may be so.

Ger. Cou'd all that so natural Innocency be dissembl'd? Faith it cou'd not, dearest Miss.

Hipp. Faith it was, dear Master.

Ger. Was it, faith?

Hipp. Methinks you might believe me without an Oath: you saw I cou'd dissemble with my Father, why shou'd you think I cou'd not with you?

Ger. So young a Wheedle?

Hipp. Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

Ger. And I have been abus'd, you say?

Hipp. 'Tis well you can believe it at last.

Ger. And I must never hope for you?

Hipp. Wou'd you have me abuse you again?

Ger. Then you will not go with me?

Hipp. No; but for your comfort your loss will not be great, and that you may not resent it, for once I'll be ingenuous and disabuse you; I am no Heirefs, as I told you, to twelve hundred pound a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now you will part with me willingly I doubt not.

Ger. I wish I cou'd.

[Sighs.]

Hipp. Come, now I find 'tis your turn to dissemble; but men use to dissemble for money, will you dissemble for nothing?

Ger. 'Tis too late for me to dissemble.

Hipp. Don't you dissemble, faith?

Ger. Nay, this is too cruel.

Hipp. What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pound a year? wou'd you be such a Fool as to steal a Woman with nothing?

Ger.

Ger. I'll convince you, for you shall go with me ; and since you are twelve hundred pound a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away.

[He takes her in his Arms, she struggles.]

Pris. What, he takes her away against her will, I find I must knock for my Master then.

[She knocks.]

Enter Don Diego and Mrs. Caution.

Hipp. My Father, my Father is here.

Ger. Prevented again !

[Ger. sets her down again.]

Don. What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all ?

Ger. Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

Don. How now ! you seem to be out of humour, Friend.

Ger. Yes, so I am, I can't help it.

Caut. He's a Dissembler in his very Throat, Brother.

Hipp. Pray do not carry things so as to discover your self, if it be but for my sake, good Master.

[Aside to Ger.]

Ger. She is grown impudent.

[Aside.]

Caut. See, see, they whisper, Brother, to steal a Kiss under a Whisper, O the Harletry !

Don. What's the matter, Friend ?

Hipp. I say for my sake be in humour, and do not discover your self, but be as patient as a Dancing-master still.

[To Ger.]

Don. What, she is whispering to him indeed ! what's the matter ? I will know it, Friend, look you.

Ger. Will you know it ?

Don. Yes, I will know it.

Ger. Why, if you will know it, then she wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whisper'd me to desire me not to discover it to you.

Don. What, Hussy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you ! I'll make you do as he'd have you.

Ger. I wish you wou'd.

Caut. 'Tis a lye, she'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

Don. Come, tell me what 'twas then she wou'd not do, come do it, Hussy, or— Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's see if she will not do any thing now I am here.

Hipp. Come, pray be in humour, Master.

Ger. I cannot dissemble like you.

Don. What, she can't dissemble already, can she ?

Caut. Yes but she can, but 'tis with you she dissembles ; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'll be sworn I saw her just now give him the languishing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whittings Eye, of old called the Sheeps Eye. I'll be sworn I saw it with these two Eyes, that I did.

Hipp. You'll betray us, have a care, good Master.

[Aside to Ger.]

Ger. Hold your peace, I say, silly Woman.

Don. But does she dissemble already ? how do you mean ?

Ger. She pretends she can't do what she shou'd do, and that she is not in humour, the common Excuse of Women for not doing what they shou'd do.

Don.

Don. Come, I'll put her in humour; dance; I say, come, about with her, Master.

Ger. I am in a pretty humour to dance.
I cannot fool any longer, since you have fool'd me.

[*Aside.*
[*To Hip.*

Hipp. You wou'd not be so ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's sake for this once be more obedient to my desires than your passion.

Don. What is she humourfom still? But methinks you look your self as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

Ger. I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt here to disturb 'em again?

Don. Come, come.

[*Ger. leads her about.*

Caut. I say stand off, thou shalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they say.

Don. Nay then we shall have it, Nephew, hold her a little, that she may not disturb 'em, come, now away with her.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.
Fool'd and abus'd.

[*Aside.*

Caut. Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch?

[*The Monsieur holding Caution.*

Don. Come, about with her.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

By such a piece of Innocency.

[*Aside.*

Caut. Dost thou see, Fool, how he squeezes her hand?

Monf. That won't do, Aunt.

Hipp. Pray, Master, have patience, and let's mind our business.

Don. Why did you anger him then, Hussy, look you?

Caut. Do you see how she smiles in his face, and squeezes his hand now?

Monf. Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I say.

Hipp. Have patience, Master.

Ger. I am become her sport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil.
vil.

[*Aside.*

Don. Ay, they are three indeed; but pray have patience.

Caut. Do you see how she leers upon him and clings to him, can you suffer it?

Monf. Ay, ay.

Ger. One, two, and a slur; can you be so unconcern'd after all?

Don. What, is she unconcern'd! Hussy, mind your bus'ness.

Ger. One, two, three, and turn round, one, two, fall back, Hell and Damnation.

Don. Ay, people fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

Ger. One, two, three, and your Honour: I can fool no longer.

Caut. Nor will I be withheld any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

Don. What have you done? Well then let's see her dance it now to the Violin,

Monf.

Mons. Ay, ay, let's see her dance it to the Violin.

Ger. Another time, another time.

Don. Don't you believe that, Friend; these Dancing-masters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promise just now I shou'd see her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I stir.

Ger. Let *Monsieur* play then while I dance with her, she can't dance alone.

Mons. I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner; but if you'll play, I'll dance with her.

Ger. I can't play neither.

Don. What a Dancing-master, and not play!

Caut. Ay, you see what a Dancing-master he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant: A Dancing-master, and not play upon the Fiddle!

Don. How!

Hipp. O you have betray'd us all! if you confes that, you undo us for ever.

[*Apart to Ger.*

Ger. I cannot play, what wou'd you have me say?

Mons. I vow and swear we are all undone, if you cannot play.

Don. What, are you a Dancing-master, and cannot play! umph —

Hipp. He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Master, I know you will play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand.

[*She offers Gerard the Violin.*

Mons. Ay, that he has.

At giving a box on the Ear.

[*Aside.*

Don. Why does he not play then?

Hipp. Here, Master, pray play for my sake.

[*Gives Ger. the Violin.*

Ger. What wou'd you have me do with it? I cannot play a stroke.

Hipp. No, stay then, seem to tune it, and break the strings. [*Apart to Ger.*

Ger. Come then.

Next to the Devil's the Invention of Women, they'll no more want an excuse to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuse a Husband. [*Aside.*

But what do you give me such a damn'd Fiddle with rotten strings for?

[*Winds up the strings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.*

Don. Hey-day, the Dancing-master is frantick.

Mons. Ha, ha, ha, that people shou'd be made such Fools of.

Caut. He broke the strings on purpose, because he cou'd not play, you are blind, Brother.

Don. What, will you see further than I? look you.

Hipp. But pray, Master, why in such haste?

Ger. Because you have done with me.

Don. But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

Ger. Your Daughter does not desire it.

Don. No matter, I do, I must be your pay Master I'm sure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but since you have so good a hand upon the Violin to play your part with half a dozen of Musicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry Wedding, though a very private one; you'll be sure to come?

Ger. Your Daughter does not desire it.

Don.

Don. Come, come, Baggage, you shall desire it of him, he is your Master.

Hipp. My Father will have me desire it of you, it seems.

Ger. But you'll make a Fool of me agen : if I shou'd come, wou'd you not?

Hipp. If I shou'd tell you so, you'd be sure not to come.

Don. Come, come, she shall not make a Fool of you, upon my word : I'll secure you, she shall do what you'll have her.

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, so, so, silly *Don.*

[*Aside.*]

Ger. But, Madam, will you have me come?

Hipp. I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no ; there are other Dancing-masters to be had, it is my Fathers request to you : all that I have to say to you, is a little good advice, which (because I will not shame you) I'll give you in private.

[*Whispers Gerard.*]

Caut. What, will you let her whisper with him too?

Don. Nay, if you find fault with it, they shall whisper ; though I did not like it before, I'll ha' no body wiser than my self ; but do you think if 'twere any hurt, she wou'd whisper it to him before us?

Caut. If it be no hurt, why does she not speak aloud?

Don. Because she says she will not put the man out of Countenance.

Caut. Hey-day, put a Dancing-master out of countenance!

Don. You say he is no Dancing-master.

Caut. Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-master.

Don. Well, well, let her whisper before me as much as she will to night, since she is to be marry'd to morrow, especially since her Husband that shall be stands by consenting too.

Monsf. Ay, ay, let 'em whisper (as you say) as much as they will before we marry. She's making more sport with him, I warrant ; but I wonder how people can be fool'd so, ha, ha, ha.

[*Aside.*]

Don. Well, a Penny for the secret, Daughter.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you shall have it for nothing to morrow.

Don. Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Yet I am a Fool, if I do.

[*Aside.*]

Don. And be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Hipp. Yes, be sure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Caut. So, so, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the House, must you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, faddle.

Monsf. Lord ! that people shou'd be made such Fools of, hah, hah.

[*Ex. Don, Hipp. Monsf. Caut. and Prue.*]

Ger. Fortune we sooner may than Woman trust

To her confiding Gallant she is just ;

But falser Woman only him deceives,

Who to her Tongue and Eyes most credit gives.

[*Exit.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur and Black stalking over the Stage, to them Mr. Gerard.

Monsf. Good morrow to thee, noble Dancing-master, ha, ha, ha, your little black Brother here, my Master, I see, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come so late? what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Master (*con Licentia*) pray get you out of the Room. [Exit Black.

What, out of humour, Man! a Dancing-master shou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Cousin has made an Ass of thee, what then, I know it.

Ger. Does he know it? [Aside.

Monsf. But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I sent you, to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Was it so?

Monsf. I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from the Summons of a Lady; but faith the design was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

Ger. 'Tis very well.

Monsf. But indeed I did not think the Jest wou'd have lasted so long, and that my Cousin wou'd have made a Dancing-master of you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. The Fool has reason, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him so. [Aside.

Monsf. Come, I see you are uneasy, and the Jest of being a Dancing-master grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parson is sent for, and when once my Cousin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

Ger. I am certainly abus'd.

Monsf. What do you say? [Monsf. listens.

Ger. Meerly fool'd. [Aside.

Monsf. Why do you doubt it? ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Can it be? [Aside.

Monsf. Pish, pish, she told me yesterday as soon as you were gone, that she had led you into a Fools Paradise, and made you believe she wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Did she so? I am no longer to doubt it then? [Aside.

Monsf. Ay, ay, she makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and swear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thousand but has been made a Fool of by some Woman or other: I have been made a Fool of my self; man, by the Women, I have, I vow and swear, I have.

Ger. Well, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

Monsf. Lord! you need not be so touchy with one, I tell you but the truth for your good, for though she does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. Women are made on purpose to fool men; when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when they

have taken their leaves of their Hanging-sleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-masters, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a Woman you say is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

Monf. You shew your English breeding now, an English Rival is so dull and brutish as not to understand raillery, but what is spoken in your passion, I'll take no notice of, for I am your Friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your self ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be so concern'd; for as I was saying, Women first fool their Fathers, then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; so that it will be my turn to be fool'd too; (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and swear. Come, come, dear *Gerard*, prethee don't be out of humour and look so sillily.

Ger. Prethee do not talk so sillily.

Monf. Nay, faith I am resolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

Ger. Faith, I am afraid I shall first beat you into an ill humour.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, that thou should'st be gull'd so by a little Gipsy, who left off her Bib but yesterday; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

Ger. Faith then I shall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in some little misfortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Master*; prethee match my Spanish pumps and legs with one of your best and newest Sarabands; ha, ha, ha, come---

Ger. I will match your Spanish Ear, thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus.

[*Strikes and kicks him.*]

Monf. How! fa, fa, fa, then I'll make you Dance thus.

[*Mon. draws his Sword and runs at him, but Ger. drawing he retires.*]

Hold, hold a little: A desperate disappointed Lover will cut his own throat, then sure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. [Aside.]

Ger. Consideration is an Enemy to fighting; if you have a mind to revenge your self, your Sword's in your hand.

Monf. Pray, Sir, hold your peace; I'll ne'er take my Rivals counsel be't what 'twill, I know what you wou'd be at; you are disappointed of your Mistress, and cou'd hang your self, and therefore will not fear hanging; but I am a successful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Mistress; nay, if I should kill you, I know I should do you a kindness; therefore e'en live to die daily with envy of my happiness; but if you will needs die, kill your self and be damn'd for me I vow and swear.

Ger. But won't you fight for your Mistress?

Monf. I tell you, you shall not have the honour to be kill'd for her; besides, I will not be hit in the teeth by her as long as I live with the great love you had for her. Women speak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants?

Ger. But if you will not fight for her, you shall Dance for her, since you desir'd me to teach you to Dance too; I'll teach you to Dance thus —

[*Strikes his Sword at his legs, Monsieur leaps.*]

Monf. Nay, if it be for the sake of my Mistress, there's nothing I will refuse to do.

Ger.

Ger. Nay, you must Dance on.

Monf. Ay, ay, for my Mistrefs and Sing too, la, la, la, ra, la.

Enter Hippolita and Prue.

Hipp. What Swords drawn betwixt you two? what's the matter?

Monf. Is she here?

[Aside.

Come put up your Sword; you see this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you shall not eat my Sword, but——

Hipp. What's the matter, Cousin?

Monf. Nothing, nothing, Cousin; but your presence is a Sanctuary for my greatest Enemy, or else, *teste non*.

Hipp. What, you have not hurt my Cousin, Sir, I hope?

[To Ger.

Ger. How she's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true.

[Aside.

Monf. What was that you said, Cousin! hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he must do it basely; he shall ne'er do it when my Sword's drawn, fa, fa, fa.

Hipp. Because you will ne'er draw your Sword perhaps.

Monf. Scurvily guess'd.

[Aside.

You Ladies may say any thing; but, Cousin, pray do not you talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-master there, ha, ha, ha.

Hipp. But I am afraid you have hurt my Master, Cousin, he says nothing; can he draw his breath?

Monf. No, 'tis you have hurt your Master, Cousin, in the very heart, Cousin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a disease makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

Hipp. Indeed, poor Master, something does ail you.

Monf. Nay, nay, Cousin, faith don't abuse him any longer, he's an honest Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance, and a man of tolerable sense to take him out of his Love; but prethee, Cousin, don't drive the Jest too far for my sake.

Ger. He counfels you well, pleasant-cunning-jilting Mifs for his sake; for if I am your divertisement, it shall be at his cost, since he's your Gallant in favour.

Hipp. I don't understand you.

Monf. But I do, a pox take him, and the Custom that so orders it, forsooth; that if a Lady abuse or affront a man, presently the Gallant must be beaten, nay, what's more unreasonable, if a Woman abuse her Husband, the poor Cuckold must bear the shame as well as the injury.

[Aside.

Hipp. But what's the matter, Master? what was it you said?

Ger. I say pleasant, cunning, jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

Hipp. How, my surly, huffing, jealous, senseless sawcy Master?

Monf. Nay, nay, faith give losers leave to speak, losers of Mistresses especially, ha, ha, ha. Besides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I scorn to honour him with mine, you see.

Hipp. I tell you, my sawcy Master, my Cousin shall never be made that monstrous thing (you mention) by me.

Monf. Thank you, I vow and swear, Cousin, no, no, I never thought I should.

Ger. Sure you marry him by the sage Maxime of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the best Husbands, that is, Cuckolds.

Hipp. Indeed, Master, whatsoever you think, I wou'd sooner chuse you for that purpose than him.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, there she was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Cousin, I vow and swear.

Hipp. Nay, he shall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Cousin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindness for me than to quarrel here: what if my Father hearing the Bustle shou'd have come in, he wou'd soon have discover'd our false Dancing-master (for passion un-masks every man) and then the result of your quarrel had been my ruine.

Monf. Nay, you had both felt his desperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your dè's for you.

Hipp. Go, go, presently therefore, and hinder my Father from coming in, whilst I put my Master into a better humour, that we may not be discover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worse, when he comes, go, go.

Monf. Well, well, I will, Cousin.

Hipp. Be sure you let him not come in this good while.

Monf. No, no, I warrant you. [*Monf. goes out and returns.*
But if he shou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'll come before him and cough and hawk soundly, that you may not be surpris'd. Won't that do well, Cousin?

Hipp. Very well, pray be gone. [*Exit Monsieur.*
Well, Master, since I find you are quarrelsome and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible signs of a true Lover, Faith here's my hand now in earnest, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

Ger. How's this? you surprise me as much as when first I found so much Beauty and Wit in Company with so much Innocency. But, Dearest, I would be assur'd of what you say, and yet dare not ask the question. You h—— do not abuse me again, you h—— will fool me no more sure.

Hipp. Yes but I will sure.

Ger. How! nay, I was afraid on't.

Hipp. For I say you are to be my Husband, and you say Husbands must be Wittals, and some strange things to boot.

Ger. Well, I will take my Fortune.

Hipp. But have a care, rash man.

Ger. I will venture.

Hipp. At your peril, remember I wish'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd.

Pru. Indeed now that's fair; for most men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

Hipp. Plain dealing is some kind of honesty however, and few Women wou'd have said so much.

Ger. None but those who wou'd delight in a Husbands jealousy, as the proof of his love and her honour.

Hipp. Hold, Sir, let us have a good understanding betwixt one another at first, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husbands jealousy, which cunning men wou'd pass upon their Wives for a Complement, is the worst can be made 'em; for indeed it is a Complement to their Beauty, but an affront to their Honour.

Ger. But, Madam —

Hipp. So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealousy in a Gallant is humble true Love, and the height of respect, and only an undervaluing of himself to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant fawciness, cowardise, and ill breeding, and not to be suffer'd.

Ger. I stand corrected, gracious Miss.

Hipp. Well! but have you brought the Gentlemen Fiddlers with you as I desired?

Ger. They are below.

Hipp. Are they arm'd well?

Ger. Yes, they have Instruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

Hipp. What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whisper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance instead of Fiddlers, as my Father desir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended?

Ger. Faith, e'en to make fools of the Gentlemen-Fiddlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Hipp. I intended 'em for our guard and defence against my Fathers Spanish and Guiney force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the Keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this House this twelve-month; and this design (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as soon as you have given your friends below instructions.

Ger. Are you sure your heart will stand right still? you flinch'd last night, when I little expected it, I am sure.

Hipp. The time last night was not so proper for us as now, for reasons I will give you; but besides that, I confess, I had a mind to try whether your interest did not sway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told you of, had not made a greater impression in your heart than Hippolyta; but finding it otherwise — yet hold, perhaps upon consideration you are grown wiser; can you yet, as I said, be so desperate, so out of fashion, as to steal a Woman with nothing?

Ger. With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

Hipp. Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

Ger. Indeed, Miss, now you begin to be unkind again, and use me worse than e'er you did.

Hipp. Well, though you are so modest a Gentleman as to suffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing, I have more Conscience than to do it: I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the Indies to mend your bargain.

Ger.

Ger. Dear Miss, you but encrease my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make haste away, I desire but to be secure of you; come, what are you thinking of?

Hipp. I am thinking if some little filching inquisitive Poet shou'd get my story, and represent it on the Stage; what those Ladies, who are never precise but at a Play, wou'd say of me now; that I were a confident coming piece, I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but sure though I give my self and fortune away frankly, without the consent of my Friends, my confidence is less than theirs, who stand off only for separate maintenance.

Ger. They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband and no Husband: but let us be gone, lest fortune shou'd recant my happiness. Now you are fix'd, my dearest Miss. [He kisses her hand.]

Enter Monsieur coughing, and Don Diego.

Hipp. Oh here's my Father!

Don. How now, Sir! what kissing her hand? what means that, Friend, ha! Daughter, ha! do you permit this insolence, ha! (*voto à mi honrà.*)

Ger. We are prevented again.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha, you are so full of your *Spanish* Jealousie, Father, why you must know he's a City Dancing-master, and they, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

Monf. Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

Don. Go to, go to, you are an easie *French* Fool, there's more in it than so, look you.

Monf. I vow and swear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one. Did not I cough and hawk? a jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wifes Chamber in visiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be discover'd both. [Aside to Hipp. and Ger.]

Don. Umph, umph, no, no, I see it plain, he is no Dancing-master, now I have found it out, and I think I can see as far into matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

Ger. My fear was propheticall.

Hipp. What shall we do? nay, pray, Sir, do not stir yet.

[Ger offers to go out with her.]

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother? what's the matter?

Don. I have found it out, Sister, I have found it out, Sister, this Villain here is no Dancing-master, but a dishonourer of my House and Daughter, I caught him kissing her hand.

Monf. Pish, pish, you are a strange *Spanish* kind of an Uncle, that you are, a dishonourer of your Daughter, because he kissed her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more? he kiss't her hand, you see, while he was making his Honour to her.

Don. You are an unthinking, shallow, *French* Fop, voto — But I tell you, Sister, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-master, Sister.

Sister. Do you remember the whispering last night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Sister, he's no Dancing-master, I have found it out.

Caut. You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing-master?

Don. You tell me, you silly Woman, what then? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

Caut. I say I found it out.

Don. I say 'tis false, Gossip, I found him out.

Caut. I say I found him out first, say you what you will.

Don. Sister Mum, not such a word again, guarda — you found him out.

Caut. Nay, I must submit, or dissemble like other prudent Women, or —

Don. Come, come, Sister, take it from me, he is no Dancing-master.

Caut. O yes, he is a Dancing-master.

Don. What will you be wiser than I every way? remember the whispering, I say.

Caut. So, he thinks I speak in earnest, then I'll fit him still. [*Aside.* But what do you talk of their whispering, they wou'd not whisper any ill before us sure.

Don. Will you still be an Idiot, a Dolt, and see nothing.

Monf. Lord! you'll be wiser than all the World, will you? are we not all against you? pshaw, pshaw, I ne'er saw such a Donissimo as you are, I vow and swear.

Don. No, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

Caut. Pish, pish, what Dancing-master can play upon a Fiddle without strings?

Don. Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpose, because he cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Sister.

Caut. Nay, you see farther than I, Brother. [*Ger. offers to lead her out.*

Hipp. For Heaven's sake stir not yet.

Don. Besides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Sister, because they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too: Now, Sister, look you, he is no Dancing-master.

Caut. But has he not given her a Lesson often before you?

Don. I but, Sister, he did not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master; but go, go down to the door, some body rings. [*Exit Caution.*

Monf. I vow and swear Uncle he is a Dancing-master; pray be appeas'd, Lord d'e think I'd tell you a lye?

Don. If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confess it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will disown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy self, as well as me; you may have her, but never my estate look you.

Monf. How! I must look to my hits then. [*Aside.*

Don. Look to't.

Monf. Then I had best confess all, before he discover all, which he will soon do.

Enter

Enter Parson.
 O, here's the Parson too ! he won't be in choler nor brandish Toledo before the Parson sure ? [*Aside.*

Well, Uncle, I must confess, rather than lose your favour, he is no Dancing-master.

Don. No.

Ger. What has the Fool betray'd us then at last ? nay, then 'tis time to be gone ; come away, Miss. [*Going out.*

Don. Nay, Sir, if you pass this way, my *Toledo* will pass that way, look you. [*Thrusts at him with his Sword.*

Hipp. O hold, Mr. *Gerrard*, hold, Father !

Monsf. I tell you Uncle he's an honest Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a frolick of mine and your Daughters. [*Stops his Uncle.*

Don. Ladron, Traidor.

Monsf. I tell you all's but a jest ; a meer jest I vow and swear.

Don. A jest, jest with my honour voto, ha ! no Family to dishonour but the Grave, Wife, Noble, Honourable, Illustrious, Puissant, and right Worshipful Family of the *Formals* ; nay, I am contented to reprove you, till you know who you have dishonoured, and convict you of the greatness of your crime before you die, we are descended, look you —

Monsf. Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

Don. I say, we are descended.

Monsf. 'Tis no matter for that.

Don. And my great, great, Grandfather was.

Monsf. Well, well, I have something to say more to the purpose.

Don. My great, great, great Grandfather, I say, was —

Monsf. Well, a Pin-maker in —

Don. But he was a Gentleman for all that, Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great, great, great Grandfather was.

Monsf. Was his Son, what then ? won't you let me clear this Gentleman ?

Don. He was, he was —

Monsf. He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine-cooper, your Father a Vintner, and so you came to be a Canary-Merchant.

Don. But we were still Gentlemen, for our Coat was as the Heralds say — was —

Monsf. Was, your sign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary ; now let me tell you this honest Gentleman —

Don. Now that you shou'd dare to dishonour this Family ; by the Graves of my Ancestors in Great Saint *Ellen's* Church —

Monsf. Yard.

Don. Thou shalt dye for't, ladron. [*Rings at Gerard's*

Monsf. Hold, hold, Uncle, are you mad ?

Hipp. Oh, oh.

Monsf. Nay then, by your own *Spanish* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I must help him, since it brought him into danger. [*Draws his Sword.*
 Sure he will not shew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwise I shou'd be afraid of shewing mine. [*Aside.*

Here

Here Mr. Gerrard, go in here, nay, you shall go in, Mr. Gerrard, I'll secure you all; and Parson do you go in too with 'em; for I see you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it so familiarly, and make it so fine a place. [Opens a door, and thrusts Gerrard, Hippolita and Parson in, then shuts it, and guards it with his Sword.

Don. Tu quoque, Brute.

Monsf. Nay, now Uncle you must understand reason; what, you are not only a Don, but you are a Don Quixot too, I vow and swear.

Don. Thou spot, sploach of my Family and blood; I will have his blood, look you.

Monsf. Pray good Spanish Uncle, have but patience to hear me; suppose — I say, suppose he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

Don. How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En hor à malâ.*

Monsf. I say, suppose, suppose —

Don. Suppose —

Monsf. I say, suppose he had, for I do but suppose it; well, I am ready to marry her however; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd Female-honour, as blood, and can't you suffer the shame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parson has marry'd us, and then if there be any shame, it becomes mine; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters business, honour, what de'e call't, when once she's marry'd, de'e see.

Don. *England!* what d'e tell me of *England*? I'll be a Spaniard still, *voto à mi hora*, and I will be reveng'd, Pedro, Juan, Sanches. [Calls at the door.

Enter Mrs. Caution follow'd by Flirt and Flounce in Vizard Masks.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother?

Don. Pedro, Sanchez, Juan, but who are these, Sister? are they not men in Womens Cloaths? what make they here?

Caut. They are relations, they say, of my Cousins, who press'd in when I let in the Parson, they say my Cousin invited 'em to his Wedding.

Monsf. Two of my relations, ha — they are my Cousins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curse for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

Don. Now must I have witnesses too of the dishonour of my Family; it were Spanish Prudence to dispatch 'em away out of the House, before I begin my revenge. [Aside.

What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you speak with?

Flirt. With Monsieur.

Don. Here he is.

Monsf. Now will these Jades discredit me, and spoil my match just in the coupling minute.

Don. Do you know 'em?

Monsf. Yes, Sir, sure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, say as I say, or you will spoil my Wedding, for I am just going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Mistress should know who you are, it might break off the match. [Aside to 'em.

Floun. We come on purpose to break the match.

Monsf. How!

Flirt. Why, de'e think to marry and leave us so in the lurch?

Monf. What do the Jades mean?

[*Aside.*

Don. Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? if they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I assure you there will be none to day here.

Monf. They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle says; I know you won't trouble him. I wish I were well rid of 'em.

[*Aside.*

Floun. You shall not think to put us off so.

[*Aside.*

Don. Who are they? what are their names?

Flirt. We are, Sir —

Monf. Nay, for Heaven's sake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and spoil my match infallibly.

[*Aside to 'em.*

Floun. We care not, 'tis our business to spoil matches.

Monf. You need not, for, I believe, marry'd men are your best customers, for greedy Batchellors take up with their Wives.

Don. Come, pray Ladies, if you have no business here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be so civil to you, as you may deserve.

Monf. Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

Flirt. We will not stir.

Don. Who are they, I say, Fool, and why don't they go?

Floun. We are, Sir —

Monf. Hold, hold.

They are persons of honour and quality, and —

Flirt. We are no persons of honour and quality, Sir, we are —

Monf. They are modest Ladies, and being in a kind of disguise, will not own their quality.

Floun. We modest Ladies!

Monf. Why? sometimes you are in the humour to pass for Women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modesty and greatness come upon you now.

[*Aside to 'em.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are —

Monf. Hold, hold —

Flirt. The other night at the French House —

Monf. Hold, I say, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* says, the Women will tell, I see.

Floun. If you wou'd have her silent, stop her mouth with that ring.

[*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*

Monf. Will that do't, here, here —

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds;
But I must not lose my match, I must not lose a Trout for a Fly.
That Men shou'd live to hire Women to silence.

Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parson and Prue.

Don. Oh, are you come agen!

[*Draws his Sword and runs at 'em, Monsieur holds him.*

Monf. Oh, hold, hold, Uncle!

What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expose your self to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

Ger.

Ger. Because our danger now is over, I thank the Parson there. And now we must beg—— [Ger. and Hipp. kneel.

Monsf. Nay, Faith, Uncle, forgive him now, since he asks you forgiveness upon his knees, and my poor Cousin too.

Hipp. You are mistaken, Cousin; we ask him blessing, and you forgiveness.

Monsf. How, how, how! what do you talk of blessing? what do you ask your Father blessing, and he asks me forgiveness? But why shou'd he ask me forgiveness?

Hipp. Because he asks my Father blessing.

Monsf. Pish, pish, I don't understand you, I vow and swear.

Hipp. The Parson will expound to you, Cousin.

Monsf. Hey! what say you to it, Parson?

Parf. They are marry'd, Sir.

Monsf. Marry'd!

Caut. Marry'd! so, I told you what 'twou'd come to.

Don. You told us——

Monsf. Nay, she is setting up for the reputation of a Witch.

Don. Marry'd, Juan, Sanchez, Petro, arm, arm, arm.

Caut. A Witch, a Witch!

Hipp. Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd, you had better call the Fiddles: Call 'em Prue quickly. [Ex. Prue.

Monsf. Who do you say marry'd, Man?

Parf. Was I not sent for on purpose to marry 'em? why shou'd you wonder at it?

Monsf. No, no, you were to marry me, Man, to her; I knew there was a mistake in't some how; you were meerly mistaken, therefore you must do your business over again for me now: The Parson was mistaken, Uncle, it seems, ha, ha, ha.

Caut. I suppose five or six Guinies made him make the mistake, which will not be rectify'd now, Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guiney or two, care not what mischief they do, Nephew.

Don. Marry'd, Pedro, Sanchez?

Monsf. How, and must she be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the door then for this, like a Fool as I was?

Caut. Yes, indeed.

Monsf. Have I worn Golillia here for this? little Breeches for this?

Caut. Yes, truly.

Monsf. And put on the Spanish honour with the habit, in defending my Rival; nay, then I'll have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your side now, sa, sa, sa, but let's stay for our force, Sanchez, Juan, Petro, arm, arm, arm.

Enter two Blacks, and the Spaniard follow'd by Prue, Martin, and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.

Don. Murder the Villain, kill him.

[Running all upon Ger.

Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Don. How now, who sent for you, Friends?

Mart. We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unfent for.

Don. And you are often kick'd down stairs for't too.

Mart. No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

Don. Fiddlers, and not kick'd? then to preserve your Virgin-honour, get you down stairs quickly; for we are not at present dispos'd much for mirth, voto.

Monf. peeping. A pox, is it you, *Martyn*? nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down stairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen-Fiddlers, forsooth, a pox on all Gentlemen Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-masters say I.

Don. How! ha.

[*Pausing.*

Monf. Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, *vert & bleu*, nay now I may swear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine; let us strike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Institution of Keeping, come.

Flirt. Nay hold, Sir, two words to the Bargain, first I have ne'er a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

Monf. How! is the World come to that? a Man cannot keep a Wench without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed; and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

Flirt. Only in Cohabitation, for the first Article shall be against Cohabitation; we Mistresses suffer no Cohabitation.

Monf. Nor Wives neither now.

Flirt. Then separate Maintenance, in case you shou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

Monf. How! that too? then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

Flirt. Then my House in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

Monf. A meer Wife.

Flirt. Then my Coach apart, as well as my Bed apart.

Monf. As bad as a Wife still.

Flirt. But take notice I will have no little, dirty, second-hand Chariot new forbish'd, but a large, sociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my self, and it come to be call'd *Flirt*-Coach; nor will I have such pitiful-Horses as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miss a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

Monf. 'Tis very well, you must have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm sure they are grown so common already amongst you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you do not think I will be serv'd by a little dirty Boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handsom, lusty, cleanly Footmen, fit to serve Ladies of Quality, and do their business as they shou'd do.

Monf. What then?

Flirt. Then, that you never grow jealous of them.

Monf. Why will you make so much of them?

Flirt. I delight to be kind to my Servants.

Monf.

Monf. Well, is this all?

Flirt. No then, that when you come to my House, you never presume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thrust a Door, without knocking before hand; and that you ask no questions, if you see a stray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glass in my House.

Monf. Just a Wife in every thing; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you take no acquaintance with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to see there; when you are sober.

Monf. But what allowance? let's come to the main bus'ness, the money.

Flirt. Stay, let me think, first for advance-money five hundred pounds for Pins.

Monf. A very Wife.

Flirt. Then you must take the Lease of my House, and furnish it as becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen Elizabeth Furniture, as your Wives do.

Monf. Indeed there she is least like a Wife, as she says.

Flirt. Then, for House-keeping, Servant-wages, Cloaths, and the rest, I'll be contented with a thousand pound a year present maintenance, and but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thousand pound a year, because for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all sorts of Jewels, and such Trifles, nay and some Plate, I will shift my self as I can, make shifts, which you shall not take any notice of.

Monf. A thousand pound a year! what will Wenching come to? Time was, a Man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate; and a Lady of ones affections, instead of a House wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Closet or Larder to't; and instead of variety of new Gowns and rich Petticoats, with her Dishabillee or Flame-colour Gown call'd *Indian*, and Slippers of the same, wou'd have been contented for a twelve-month; and instead of Visits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her self at home with *St. George for England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and instead of sending her Wine and Meat from the *French-houses*, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then instead of a Coach, wou'd have been well satisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance, you say, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

Don. Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me but that the World should say, I had not *Spanish* Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my *Spanish* Policy might help me yet: I have it so—— I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I understood the whole Plot and Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Cousin a Fool, and not answering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I must give this Mock-Dancing-master my Estate, especially since half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter, and in spite of me. Well, I am resolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themselves, and give them my Consent and Estate.

Monf.

Mons. Come, come, ne'er be troubl'd, Uncle, 'twas a Combination, you see, of all these Heads and your Daughters; you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or govern'd by all the *Spanish Policy* in *Christendom* — I'm sure my *French Policy* wou'd not have govern'd her; so, since I have scap'd her, I am glad I have scap'd her, Jernie.

Caut. Come, Brother, you are wiser than I, you see, ay, ay.

Don. No, you think you are wiser than I now, in earnest; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confess, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull?

Caut. Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

Hipp. How's this?

[*Listening.*

Don. Alas, alas, all the sputter I made was but to make this Young-man, my Cousin, believe, when the thing shou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivence or consent; but since he is so well satisfi'd, I own it. For do you think I wou'd ever have suffer'd her to marry a *Monsieur*, a *Monsieur Guarda*. Besides, it had been but a beastly incestuous kind of a Match, voto —

Caut. Nay, then I see, Brother, you were wiser than I indeed.

Ger. So, so.

[*Aside.*

Caut. Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd a fair Dance for your self royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were so eager to have him, Mrs. *Minx*, you'll soon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Mistress.

Pru. Hah, ha.

Mons. How, Uncle! what was't you said? Nay if I had your *Spanish Policy* against me, it was no wonder I mis'd of my aim, mon foy.

Don. I was resolv'd too, my Daughter shou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk Man of Honour, firm, stiff, *Spanish Honour*; and that you may see I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you still; for, I know, now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other Fathers) since you have marry'd her without my consent; but, I say, I'll deceive you now, for you shall have the most part of my Estate in present, and the rest at my death; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now, look you.

Ger. No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never suspected your love to your Daughter, nor your Generosity.

Don. How, Sir! have a care of saying I have not deceiv'd you, lest I deceive you another way; guarda — pray, Gentlemen, do not think any Man cou'd deceive me, look you; that any Man could steal my Daughter, look you, without my connivence.

The less we speak, the more we think,

And he sees most, that seems to wink,

Hipp. So, so, now I cou'd give you my blessing, Father, now you are a good comp'aisant Father, indeed.

When Children marry, Parents shou'd obey,

Since Love claims more Obedience far than they.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Flirt*.

THE Ladies first I am to Compliment,
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poët wou'd content;
But to their pleasure then they must consent.

Most spoil their sport still by their modesty,
And when they shou'd be pleas'd, cry out, O fie,
And the least smooty jest will ne'er pass by.

But City damsel ne'er had confidence,
At smooty Play to take the least offence,
But Mercy shews, to shew her innocence.

Yet lest the Merchants Daughters shou'd to day
Be scandaliz'd, not at our harmless Play;
But our Hippolita, since she's like one
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o' th' Town;
Our Poët sending to you (though unknown)
His best respects by me, do's frankly own
The character to be unnatural;
Hippolita is not like you at all;
You, while your Lovers court you, still look grum,
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum;
And if some of you e'er were stoll'n away,
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare say:
Thus much for him the Poët bid me speak,
Now to the men, I my own mind will break;
You good men o' th' Exchange, on whom alone
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone;
Into the Pit already you are come,
'Tis but a step more to our Tying room;

Where

Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet
Upon an able Love of Lumber-street :
You we had rather see between our Scenes,
Than spend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens ;
Instead of Lac'd-coats, Belts, and Pantalloon,
Your Velvet Jumps, Gold Chains, and grave Fur Gowns,
Instead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,
Your Sattin Caps, smalls Cuffs, and vast Crevats ;
For you are fair and square in all your dealings,
You never cheat your Doxies with gilt Shillings ;
You ne'er will break our Windows, then you are
Fit to make love, while our Houzaas make War ;
And since all Gentlemen must pack to Sea,
Our Gallants, and our Judges you must be ;
We therefore, and our Poet, do submit
To all the Chamlet Cloaks now i' the Pit.

F I N I S.

