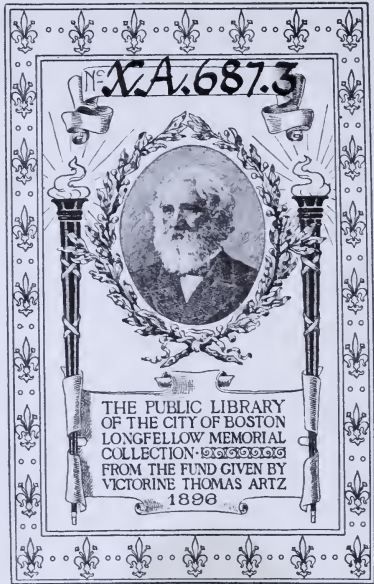



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THE  
Younger Brother:  
OR, THE  
Amorous Jilt.  
A  
COMEDY,

ACTED at the *Theatre Royal*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

---

Written by the late Ingenious Mrs. A. BEHN.

With some Account of her Life.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Harris*, at the *Harrow* in *Little-Brittain*,  
and Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in  
*Warwick-Lane*. 1696.

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**T**HE Mock Marriage: Or, the Woman wears the  
Breeches. A Comedy, Acted at the *Theatre*  
*Royal*, by His Majesties Servants. Written by Mr.  
*Scott of Cambridg.*

Printed for *J. Harris* at the *Harrow* in *Little-*  
*Brittain.*

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*Actz*

*Sep 13-1762*

*032*



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T H E  
Epistle Dedicatory.

T O  
Collonel Codrington.

**T**H E unjust Sentence this Play met with before very partial Judges in the Acting, will, I'm pretty sure, be revers'd by the more unprejudic'd Readers, and it's evident, Merit will exert it self so far, as to justify my Presumption in Dedicating it, notwithstanding its small success, to you, Sir, for whom I must always profess the highest Esteem and Value, sprung from that Nobleness of your Nature that takes a God-like Delight in redressing the Misfortunes of 'em, more than fly to You for their unhappiness; a generous Soul indeed, never gives a greater Proof of her Excellence, than in her Protection of the Unfortunate; for tho suffering Merit challenges a Regard from all, yet it meets with it from none but such as you, Sir, who are so Eminent for that Vertue, which more than all the rest, commands the Esteem and Veneration of the Thinking World, your Generosity I mean, Sir, which gives the most perfect Touches of that likeness, man can have to his Almighty Original; for those are but scurvey awkward Copies of him that want it. 'Tis, I may say, the very Essence of

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

God, who with our *Beings*, dispenses the grateful Knowledge of himself in the Benefits he bestows.

The narrow Virtues of the Old Philosophers, were rather Vices, if winnow'd well, form'd to gratify their Proud, Lazy, Superiority, at the Expence of all the Publick Duties incumbent on mankind, whom they pretend to Purge from his Passions, to make him happy, by that means to amuse our Curiosity with Chymera's, whilst we lost our real Good, will still naturally flow from those Springs of Pleasure, Honour, and Noble Actions, the Passions given us by Heaven for our common Good. But their own Practice generally shew'd the Vanity of their Emperic Boasts, when they Buried all the Nobler Pleasures of the Mind in Avarice, and Pedantick Pride, as *Lucian* has pleasantly made out in *Hermotimus*.

Those Notional Excellencies that divert us from, or weaken a Publick Spirit, are always False and Hypocritical, that under a gaudy out-side, conceals a rotten Carcass, full of Infectious Distempers that destroy the noblest end of our Being, *The doing good to one another*. Vanity has always been the Refuge of little Souls, that place their Value in a false Greatness, Hypocrisie and great Titles. What a seeming Holiness does for the Avaritious, Designing Saint; Titles do for the proud Avarice of the meer Man of Quality, cheaply Purchasing a Respect from the many; but 'tis the Generous man only that fixes himself in the Hearts of the most valuable part of mankind, where proper Merit only is esteem'd, and the Man, not his Equipage, and Accidental Appurtenances respected.

The Application of this, I shall leave to all that know you, Sir, who are all sensible what Virtues you make your Darlings, and choice of Virtue shews the Nobleness of our Temper, as much as Choice of Friends, the degrees of our Understandings; and if that be true that most men choose those Virtues which are nearest a-kin to their Darling Vices, I'm sure 'twill be a strong proof, that ev'n your Failings (for ev'ry Man has his share of them too) are more Beneficial to the world, than the Vertues of a numerous part of Mankind. In Collonel *Codrington* indeed, we find the true Spirit and Bravery of Old *Rome*, that despises all dangers, that in the Race of Glory thou art the Noble

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Noble Chace. Nor can the manly Roughness of your Martial Temper (Fierce to none but your Countries Foes) destroy that ingaging sweetness your agreceable Conversation abounds with, which heightened with so large a share of Wit, Learning, and Judgment, improves as well as delights ; so that to have known you any way, must give us some advantage or other. This it was that encourag'd me to dedicate this Play, Sir, to you, of which I may venture to say more, and with more assurance, than if it had been my own.

Mrs. *BEHN* was a Woman so Accomplish'd, and of so Establish'd a Fame among the Men of Sense, that I cou'd not suppose a very severe treatment from the Town, which has been very indulgent to the Performances of others ; especially when, besides the Reputation of the *Author*, the Play it self had an Intrinsic Merit ; for we find it full of Humour, Wit, and Variety ; the Conversation Gay and Genteel, the Love, Soft and Pathetic, the incidents Natural, and Easy, and the Conduct of the Plot very Justifiable. So that I may reasonably impute its miscarriage to some Faction that was made against it, which indeed was very Evident on the First day, and more on the endeavours employ'd, to render the Profits of the Third, as small as could be.

It suffer'd not, I'm sure, in the Action, nor in Mr. *Verbruggen's* reading of some of his Part, since he lost nothing of the Force of Elocution, nor Gracefulness of Action ; nor indeed can I, with Justice to my self, impute it to any part that I ventur'd to add to the Original ; for all the Alterations which I made were in the first Act, in removing that old bustle about *Whigg* and *Tory*, (which was the Subject of most of the Second Scene) and placing the Character of a *Rake-hell* in its room, which was so little, that it could not Influence a more Capricious Audience, to the Damning of the whole. There might indeed be some objections about the Plot, but not very Rational, I think ; I'm sure, at least, 'tis the first Play, for some Years, could be quarrell'd at for having too much Plot. In the Edition however, I have put in a great deal, which the length of the Play oblig'd me to cut out for the Action.

Here

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Here, Sir, if the Play had been my own, I should have complain'd that the Town had its favourite Fools, as well as favourite Wits, and that Comedy or Farce from any other hand, wou'd no more go down with them, than their favourites will with true Judges that read, not see 'em. I should have had indignation enough, perhaps, to've rail'd at the Criticks of all Degrees, and Denominations of Box and Pit, nay, Galleries too, and told 'em that they were so conceited of their own Wit, that they cou'd take no pleasure in hearing that of another, or that Wit in a Play seeming to affront the Parts of the Audience, they suffer'd their Resentment to destroy their Satisfaction. This, and a great many other Satyrical Reflections, which are Natural for a Disappointed Poet to make, I shou'd then have vented; but being satisfy'd, that the Reputation of Mrs. *BEHN* is not affected by the malicious Endeavours of some of my Enemies, I now present it under your Patronage, Sir, to the more competent Judges; Proud of the Opportunity of Offering you an occasion of so agreeable a Province, as the Protection of the unfortunate, and letting the World know how much I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant

*Ch. Gildon.*

An ACCOUNT of the Life of the Incomparable  
Mrs. B E H N.

**M**RS. Behn, was a woman of so Celebrated a fame while she liv'd, and so esteem'd by all that have read any thing of her writing since her Death, that I suppose a short Account of her Life will be a very grateful present to the Ingenious. To give a perfect draught of her is a task of more weight than my present Time, and Affairs will allow, or indeed my Abilities, for to draw her to the Life, one must write like her, that is with all the softness of her Sex, and all the fire of ours. But an indifferent sketch of so Admirable a Woman, will be welcome where no better is to be had, and that value which the Artist cannot give, it will gain from the Original.

Her Maiden Name was *Johnson*, her father was a Gentleman of a good Family in *Canterbury* in *Kent*. Her Childhood she pass'd in that City, but not without the promises of the extraordinary Excellencies of her Riper years, both in Wit and Beauty; she had always a great Inclination for Poetry, and was truly born a Poet, not made nor form'd by Industry. I must not be particular in all the little Accidents of her Child-hood, for that wou'd be more than my Reader would Pardon, tho' most Writers of Lives take care to omit not the least trivial Actions of the very infancy of the Persons they wou'd Celebrate, and indeed make them often more considerable, than any of their Life. But one motive to that Impertinence I want, *Prolixity*; for I aim at as short a Relation as possible. She was very Young when she went with her Father, Mother, Brother and Sisters to *Surinam*, which Voyage was in nothing so considerable as the Admirable History of *Oroonoko*, which it produc'd, and which has given the occasion of so Celebrated a Tragedy. The disappointments of fortune in the loss of her Relations and Friends there, oblig'd her to return for *England*, where she Marry'd Mr. Behn, an Eminent Merchant; and in the time of the *Dutch War*, grew to such an esteem for Wit, nay and Judgment too, and which is more uncommon in the Fair Sex,  
Secretly,

## An Account of the Life of Mrs. A. Behn.

Secresy, and Management of Publick Affairs ; that she was employ'd by K. Charles the Second, in several Negotiations in *Flanders*, which requir'd Industry and Caution, and which she quitted with all the Applause Success cou'd gain a Beautiful Woman in the heart of a King, that had always a peculiar value for that Sex. How grateful he was, or whether her service made his satisfaction extend to a reward, I have forgot. But to that soft Court we owe her exerting her Poetical Genius, which for many years gave the sensible part of the Town so many agreeable Diversions. She was of a generous, and open temper, an easy and free Conversation, with abundance of Wit and nice Reasoning above most, if not all that I have ever observ'd in that Sex, which tho often happy in a brisk Wit, and pleasant Repartee, yet are, for want of Education, Study and Application of Mind, generally to seek in the nicer Observations, and Reflections of Judgment. The finer sort of Reasoning is most commonly out of their way, and indeed not so agreeable as a genteel railery, and at most a superficial Argumentation, built on the first Appearances of things, which are too often a very false and unfaithful Foundation. But Mrs. Behn, in the nicest Metaphysical points, would Argue with judgment, and extremely happy distinctions ; she would, with an engaging Air, enforce her Notions, with all the Justness of the most able Philosopher, tho not with his Majestical Roughness ; which made all she said more prevalent with her Hearers. But this is not half her true Praise, for her Conversation was general, and never impertinent ; her Vanity gave no Alloy to her Wit, and was no more than might justly Spring from Conscious Virtue ; she never insinuated her Merit by any other means, than the Fine Things she spoke, which oblig'd others to praise her so much, that she could not put her Friends to the Blush to praise her self, tho that is a Vanity much more agreeable in a Lady, than in a Man ; in the first, it saves a Man the Expence of Flatter, whilst he may cheaply do't by saying, *Amen*, to what the Lady advances of her own ; but in the latter 'tis intolerable, and without excuse of either Pleasure or Profit.

To give the Reader a view of Her, or her Works, as they both require, would swell into a Volume, and provoke too much the Envy of the rest of her Sex, who, whilst the First  
Place

*An Account of the Life of Mrs. A. Behn.*

Place every thing is not given to her may lose their Malice and Envy in a generous Emulation of out-doing her in some excellence or other.

After what I have said of Mrs. *Behn*, 'twill be concluded, that she was too great a favourite of Nature, to have many obligations to fortune ; at least the latter part of her Life found her Circumstances much below her Desert; and after a tedious Sickness, and several years foregoing Indisposition, she dy'd soon after the Revolution, and lies now Bury'd in the *Cloysters* of *Westminster-Abby*, under a plain Marble Stone, with two Wretched Verses for her Epitaph , who had her self Wrote so many good.

Her Muse was never subject to the Curse of bringing forth with Pain ; for she always Writ with the greatest ease in the world, and that in the midst of Company, and Discourse of other matters. I saw her my self write *Oroonoko*, and keep her turn in Discoursing with several then present in the Room. Among several Pieces that I saw of hers, in her own handwriting, this following Play was one ; which, spite of the malice of some, and folly of others, *who are dully vain of being hard to please*, as my Lord *Rochester* says, has intrinsic value enough to recommend it self to the VWorld, and condemn the Brutal Treatment it met with the first day.

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# PROLOGUE, by an unknown hand,

Spoke by Mr. Powel.

**A**S Rivals of each other jealous prove,  
And both strive which shall gain the Lady's Love,  
So we for your Affections daily Vie,  
Not the intrigues in the Gallery;  
(Who squeezes hand of Phillis mask'd, that stood  
Ogling for sale in Velvet Scarf, and Hood)  
Can with more passion his dear Nymph pursue,  
Than we to make Diversion fit for you.  
Grant we may please, and we've our outmost Aim,  
'Tis to your favour only we lay Claim,  
In what can we oblige? Cou'd we present you  
With Mistress Young, and safe, it wou'd content you;  
Then husbands weary'd out with Spouse alone,  
And hen-peck'd Keepers that drudge on with one,  
I fancy hither wou'd in crowds resort,  
As thick as Men for Offices to Court:  
Who'd stay behind, the Beau above three score,  
Wou'd hobble on and gape for one bit more;  
Men of all Stations, from the Nobles down,  
To grave Sir Roger in his Cap and Gown,  
Wou'd hither come, but we some time must take,  
E're we a project of such moment make;  
Since that's laid by, for your diversion then,  
We do invite the Brothers of the pen,  
The Courtier, Lawyer, Soldier, Player too,  
Wit ne're had more Encouragement than now,  
Tho' free, or Aliens to our stage we take 'em,  
Not kick 'em out, but native subjects make 'em:  
The Ladys too are always welcome here,  
Let 'em in writing or in Box appear.  
To that fair Sex we are oblig'd to day,  
Ob! then be kind to a poor Orphan play,  
Whose Parent while she liv'd oblig'd you all,  
You prais'd her living, and you mourn'd her fall.  
Who cou'd like her, our softer Passions move,  
The Life of humour, and the Soul of Love,  
Wits Eldest Sister, throughout every line,  
You might perceive some Female Graces shine;  
For poor Astrea's infant we implore,  
Let it then live, tho' she is now no more.



# EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Horden.

**W**E're grown Impatient to be out of pain,  
And fain wou'd know our fortune, loss, or gain :  
The Merchants phrase mayn't be Improper now,  
If ye our City Character allow.

But some Spruse Criticks. I hear, swears 'tis strange,  
To take a powder'd Beau off from the Exchange ;  
A place more fam'd for Band, and dress precise,  
For greasy Cuckholds, Stockjobbers, and lies,  
Than for a Spark o'th town, but now a days  
The Cit sets up in box, puffs, perfumes, plays,  
And tho he passes for a Man of Trade,  
Is the chief squeaker at the Masquerade,  
Let him his Sister, or his wife beware,  
'Tis not for nothing Courtiers go so far ;  
Thus for a while he holds, till Cash is found  
To be a Dr. many a woful Pound,  
Then off he moves, and in another year  
Turns true Alsatian, or Solicitor.

For we (except o'th stage) shall seldom find  
To a poor broken Beau, a Lady kind,  
Whilst pow'rful Guinea last, he's wondrous pretty,  
And much the finest Gentleman o'th City,  
But when job's empty, he's an odious Creature,  
Fough he how he stinks ? h'as not one taking feature,  
Then such an Awkard mein, and vulgar sence,  
I vow I wonder at his Impudence,

'Tis well Lejere appear'd, George owns the prize  
To the Gay Monsieur, Footmen, and Disguise,  
Charms which few English Women can withstand,  
What can't a Man of Quality command ?

As to the faults, or Merits of the Play  
We leave ye to bejudges of, yet say,  
Ye ought in justice to be kind to day.

For to our Cost (alas we soon shall find,  
Perhaps not half the mony ye design'd,  
Consider, Sirs, it goes to be refin'd.

And since in all Exchanges 'tis a notion,  
For what ye take to be in due proportion,  
So may we justly hope no wrong is done ye,  
If ye have par of Wit, for par of Mony

Drama-

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

<i>Prince Frederick</i>	<i>Mr. Verbrugen</i>
<i>Sir Rowland Marteen.</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson</i>
<i>George Marteen</i>	<i>Mr. Powel</i>
<i>Mr. Welborn</i>	<i>Mr. Horden</i>
<i>Sir Merlin Marteen</i>	<i>Mr. Pinkerman</i>
<i>Sir Morgan Blunder</i>	<i>Mr. Bullock</i>
<i>Mr. Twang</i>	<i>Mr. Smeaton</i>
<i>Brittone</i>	<i>Mr. Kent</i>

*Constable and Watch.*

## W O M E N.

<i>Mirtilla</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight</i>
<i>Olivia</i>	<i>Mrs. Verbrugen</i>
<i>Teresia</i>	<i>Mrs. Temple</i>
<i>Lady Blunder</i>	<i>Mrs. Powel</i>
<i>Mrs. Menage</i>	<i>Mrs. Willis</i>
<i>Lady Youthly</i>	<i>Mrs. Harris</i>

W. ... F.

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T H E  
Younger Brother :  
OR, THE  
Amorous Jilt.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE A Chamber.

*Enter George Marteen, in a Rich Riding Habit, with his Valet  
Britton.*

Geo. **W**ere you with Mrs. *Manage*, *Britton*?

*Britt.* Yes Sir; And she cries as much for her wanting Room for you in her House, as she would have done some Forty Years ago for a Disappointment of her Lover. But she assures me, the Lodging she has taken for you, is the best in all *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Geo. And did you charge her to fend *Mirtilla's* Page to me?

*Britt.* I did Sir; and he'll be with you instantly.

Geo. 'Tis well---- Then shall I hear some News of my *Mirtilla*. *(aside)*  
*Britton*, hast thee, and get my Equipage in order; a handsome Coach, rich Liveries, and more Footmen; for 'tis Appearance only passes in the

B

World.----

The Younger Brother : 'Or,

World.--- And de you hear, take care none know me by any other Name than that of *Lejere*.

*Britt*. I shall Sir.

(*Exit.*)

*Geo*. I came not from *Paris* into *England*, as my Old Father thinks to reform into a Dull wretched Life in *Wales*. No, I'll rather trust my kind Mistrefs Fortune, that has still kept me like her Darling, than purchase a Younger Brother's narrow Stipend, at the Expence of my Pleasure and Happinefs.

*Enter Olivia in a Pages Habit. She runs and Embraces George.*

*Oliv*. My ever charming Brother!

*Geo*. My best, my dear *Olivia*!

*Oliv*. The same lovely man still!

Thy Gallantry and Beauty's are all thy own; *Paris* could add no Graces to thy Air; nor yet pervert it into Affectation.

*Geo*. Spare me, and tell me how *Mirtilla* fares.

*Oliv*. I think, Brother, I writ you word to *Paris*, of a Marriage concluded betwixt me, and *Welborn*?

*Geo*. That Letter I receiv'd, but from the Dear *Mirtilla*, not one soft word; not one tender Line has blest my Eyes, has Eas'd my panting Heart this tedious three Months space; and thou with whom I left the weighty Charge of her dear Heart, to watch her lovely Eyes, to give me notice when my Rivals press'd, and when she waver'd in her Faith to me, even thou wert silent to me, cruel Sister.

*Oliv*. Thou wilt be like a Lover presently, and tire the Hearer with a Book of words, of heavy Sighs, Dying Languishments, and all that huddle of Nonfense; and not tell me how you like my Marriage.

*Geo*. *Welborn's* my Friend, and worthy of thy Heart.

*Oliv*. I never saw him yet, and to be sold unseen, and un sigh'd for in the Flower of my Youth and Beauty, gives me a strange aversion to the Match.

*Geo*. Oh! you'l like him when you see him---But my *Mirtilla*.

*Oliv*. Like him--- no, no, I never shall--- what, come a stranger to my Husbands Bed? 'Tis Prostitution in the lewdest manner, without the Satisfaction; the Pleasure of Variety, and the Bait of Profit, may make a lame Excuse for Whores, who change their Cullies, and quit their Nauseous Fools---No, no, my Brother, when Parents grow Arbitrary, 'tis time we look into our Rights and Priviledges; therefore, my dear *George*, if e're thou hope for Happinefs in Love, Assist my Disobedience.

*Geo*. In any worthy Choice before of me, but canst thou wish happinefs in Love, and not inform me something of *Mirtilla*.

*Oliv*. I'll tell you better News--- Our hopeful Elder Brother, Sir *Merlin*, is like to be disinherited, for he is, Heaven bethanked---

*Geo*. Marry'd to some Town Jilt, the common fate of Coxcombs.

*Oliv*. Not so, my dear *George*, but sets up for a Celebrated Rake-hell, as well as Gamester; he cou'd not have found out a more dextrous way to 've made thee Heir to four Thousand Pounds a Year.

*Geo*. What's that without *Mirtilla*?

*Oliv*.

*Oliv.* Prithee no more of her---Love spoils a fine Gentleman : Gaming, Whoring and Fighting, may qualify a man for Conversation ; but Love perverts all ones thoughts, and makes us fit Company for none but ones self, for even a Mistriſs can ſcarce diſpence with a ſighing, whining Lovers Company long, tho' all he ſays flatters her Pride.

*Geo.* Why doſt thou trifle with me, when thou knoweſt the Violence of my Love ?

*Oliv.* I wiſh I could any way divert your Thoughts from her, I would not have your Joy depend on ſuch a fickle Creature.

*Geo.* *Mirtilla* False ? What my *Mirtilla* False ?

*Oliv.* Even your *Mirtilla's* False, and Married to another.

*Geo.* Married ! *Mirtilla* Married ? 'Tis impoſſible.

*Oliv.* Nay Married to that Bawling, Drinking Fool, Sir *Morgan Blunder*.

*Geo.* Married, and Married to Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a ſot, an ill-bred ſenceleſs Fool ; almoſt too great a Fool to make a Country Juſtice ?

*Oliv.* No doubt, ſhe had her Aims in't, he's a very Convenient Husband I'll aſſure you, and that ſuits her Temper : he has Eſtate and Folly enough, and ſhe has Youth, and wantonneſs enough to match 'em.

*Geo.* Her choice gives me ſome Comfort and ſome Hopes ; for I'll perſue her, but for Revenge, not Love.

*Oliv.* Forget her rather, for ſhe's not worth Revenge, and that way 'twill be none ; Proſtitute in Soul as Body, ſhe doats even on me in Breeches.

*Geo.* On thee, her Page ; doat on thee, a Youth ; ſhe knew thee not as Woman.

*Oliv.* No, that Secret I have kept to do you Service. ----- At firſt ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd me for your ſake, becauſe you recommended me, and when I Sung, or plaid upon my Flute, wou'd kiſs my Cheek, and Sigh, and often, ( when alone ) wou'd ſend for me, and Smile, and Talk, and ſet my Hair, in Curles, to make me Saucy and Familiar with her. One Day ſhe ſaid, *Endimion*, thy Name-ſake, was thus Careſs'd by *Cynthia* : A Goddeſs did not ſcorn the humble Swain, whom by her Love ſhe equall'd to her Deity ; ſhe found that I had Senſe to underſtand her, and paid her Advances back with equal Ardour.

*Geo.* Oh ! Curſe, where learn'd ſhe all this wickedneſs ? ( *Aſide.* )

*Oliv.* But ſhe being oblig'd to go for *Flanders*, to ſee her Siſter take the Holy Habit, I feign'd a Sickneſs to be left behind, hoping that Abſence might abate her Flame ; yet ſhe return'd more Amorous, and fearing the Thefts of Love might wound her Honour, ſhe thought a Husband would ſecure that ſhame ; and luckily my Aunt arriv'd from *Wales*, and brought Sir *Morgan* with her, who Lodging where we did, at Mrs. *Manages* ; My Aunt ( that doats on Quality in either Sex ) made up this haſty Match, unknown to me, though for my ſake.

*Geo.* What will not Faithless Woman do when she is raging.

*Oliv.* And now having so well prepar'd the way, she grows impatient for an Opportunity, and thou art Arriv'd most happily to succour me.

*Geo.* No, for some Days keep this Habit on, it may be useful to us, but I must see this Faithless Perjur'd Woman, which I must contrive with Mrs. *Manage*.

*Oliv.* Yet pray resolve to see my Father first; for now's the Critical Time to make thy Fortune; he came to Town last Night, and lodges here at Mrs. *Manages*, with my Aunt *Blunder*.

*Geo.* What in the House with thee, and not know thee?

*Oliv.* No more than a Priest Compassion; he thinks me at *Hackney*, making wax Babies, where he intends to visit me within these three days. ----- But I forgot to tell you, our Brother, Sir *Merlin* Lodges in this House with you, and shou'd he know you----

*Geo.* 'Tis impossible --- I've not seen him, or my Father, these five Years. Absence, my Growth, and this unexpected Equipage, will not be penetrated by his Capacity.

*Oliv.* True, he'll never look for his Brother *George*, in the Galantry and Person of Monsieur *Lejere*--- My good Father Expects you Home, like the Prodigal Son, all Torn and Tatter'd, and as Penitent too,

*Geo.* To Plod on here in a Laborious Cheating all my Youth and Vigour, in hopes of drunken Pleasures when I'm old: Or else go with him into *Wales*, and there lead a thoughtless Life, Hunt, and Drink, and make Love to none but Chambermaids. No, my *Olivia*, Ple Use the Sprightly Runnings of my Life, and not hope distant Pleasures from its dregs.

*Oliv.* For that, use your Discretion; now Equip your self to your present business, the more simply you are clad and look, the better. I'll home, and Expect you. *Exit.*

*Geo.* Do so, my good Sister, a little formal Hipocrisy may do, 'twill relish after Liberty; for a Pleasure is never so well Tasted, as when it's season'd with some opposition.

*Enter Britton.*

*Britt.* Sir, I've News to tell you, will surprize you, Prince *Fredrick* is Arriv'd.

*Geo.* Is't Possible? I left him going for *Flanders*.

*Britt.* Passing by our Door, and seeing your Livery, enquir'd for you, and finding you here, alighted just now. But see, Sir, he's here.

*Enter Prince Fredrick; they meet and Embrace.*

*Geo.* My Life's preserver, welcome to my Arms, as health to sick men.

*Fred.* And thou to mine, as the kind Mistress to the longing Lover; My Soul's Delight, and Darling of the Fair.

*Geo.*

## The Amorous Filt.

*Geo.* Ah! Prince, you touch my bleeding Wound.

*Fred.* Ha! *Lejere*, leave to unhappy Lovers; those sighs, those folded Arms, and down cast Eyes.

*Geo.* Then they are fit for me: my Mistress, Sir, that Treasure of my Life, for whom you've heard me sigh, is perjur'd, false, and married to another. Yet what is worse, I find my Prince, my Friend, here in my Native Country, and am not able to pay him what his Greatness merits.

*Fred.* You pain me when you compliment my Friendship. (*Embracing.*)

*Geo.* Perhaps you will not think me worth this Honour when you shall hear my Story.

*Prince.* Thou canst say nothing I can value less.

*Geo.* Perhaps too my way of Living has deceiv'd you, being still receiv'd by Princes, as Companions in all their Riots, Loves, and Divertisements, where ev'n you, did me the Honour to Esteem, and call me Friend.

*Prince.* What e're thou art, I'm sure thy Mind's illustrious.

*Geo.* My Family, I must confess, is Honourable; but, Sir, my Father was the Younger House, of which my unhappy self was destin'd to be last: I'm a *Cadet*, that out-cast of my Family, and born to that Curse of our Old *English* Custom: Whereas in other Countries, Younger Brothers are train'd up to the Exercise of Arms, where Honour and Renown attend the Brave: we basely bind our Youngest out to Slavery, to Lazy Trades, idly confin'd to Shops or Merchants Books, debasing of the Spirit to the mean Cunning, how to Cheat and Chaffer.

*Prince.* A Custom insupportable.---

*Geo.* To this, to this low wretchedness of Life, your Servant Sir-- was destin'd by his Parents, and am yet this Bound Indentur'd Slave.

*Prince.* Thou hast no cause to quarrel with thy Stars, since Vertue is most Vallu'd when Opprest---Are all your Merchants Apprentices, thus Gay.

*Geo.* Not all---But, Sir, I could not bow my mind to this so necessary Drudgery, and yet however, I assum'd my Native Temper, when out o'th' Trading City; in it, I forc'd my Nature to a dull stovenly Gravity, which well enough deceiv'd the busy Block-heads; my Cloaths and Equipage I lodg'd at this End of the Town, where I still pass'd for something better than I was, when e're I Pleas'd to change the Trader for the Gentleman.

*Prince.* And liv'd thus undiscover'd----

*Geo.* With Ease, still Lov'd and Courted by the Great, ever Play'd high with those durst venture most; and durst make Love where're my fancy lik'd, but sometimes running out my Masters Cash, (which was supply'd still by my Father) they sent me, to Reform my Expensive Life, a Factor, into *France*--- still I Essay'd to be a Plodding Thriver, but found my Parts not form'd for Dirty business.

*Prince.* There's not a Thought, an Action of thy Soul, that does not tend to something far more Glorious.

*Geo.* If yet you think me worthy of your Favour, command that Life, you have so oft preserv'd.

*Prince.*

The Younger Brother; Or,

*Prince.* No more;---Thou hast encreast my Value for thee.--- Oh! take my Heart, and see how't has been us'd by a Fair Charmer, since I saw thee last--- that sullen day we Parted, you for *England*, you may remember, I design'd for *Flanders*.

*Geo.* I do with Malancholly, Sir, remember it,

*Prince.* Arriv'd at *Ghent*, I went to see an *English* Nun Initiated; where I beheld the pretty Innocent, deliver'd up a Victim to Foolish Chastity; but among the Relations, then attending the Sacrifice, was a Fair Sister of the Young Votress, but so surpassing all I'd seen before, that I neglecting the Dull Holy Business, Pay'd my Devotion to that Kneeling Saint.

*Geo.* That was the nearest way to Heaven, my Lord.

*Prince.* Her Face, that had a thousand Charms of Youth, was height'n'd with an Air of Languishment; a lovely Sorrow, dwelt upon her Eyes, that Taught my New-born-Passion Awe and Reverence.

*Geo.* This Description of her, Fires me.--- *(aside)*

*Prince.* Her Dimpl'd Mouth, her Neck, her Hand, her Hair, a Majesty, and Grace in every Motion, compleated my Undoing; I rav'd, I burnt, I languish'd with desire, the Holy Place cou'd scarce contain my madness; with Pain, with Torture, I restrain'd my Passion when she retir'd; led sadly from the Alter; I, mixing with the Crowd, enquir'd her Name, and Country; her Servant told me, that she was of Quality, and liv'd in *England*, nay, in this very Town, this gave me Anguish not to be conceiv'd, till I resolv'd to follow her, which is the cause you find me here so soon: thy Aid, thy Aid, *Lejere*, or I am lost.

*Geo.* I wish to live no longer, then to serve your Highness, if she be Sir a Maid of Quality, I shall soon find her out, and then you'll easily Conquer.

You've all the Youth, and Beauty, that can Charm, and what gains most upon a womans heart, you've powerful Title Sir, a sort of Philter, that ne'r fails to win. But you've not told me yet the Ladies name.

*Prince.* I had forgot that;---- 'Tis in these Tablets write: I'm now in hast, going to receive some Bills: I *Gives him the* Lodg at *Welborns*, who came over with me, being sent for *Tablets*. to be Marry'd.

*Geo.* I know the House, 'tis in *Southampton-Square*. I'll wait upon your Highness.--- *(Exit Prince.)*

*Geo.* Let me see--- Daughter to a Deceas'd Lord, a Maid, *Opening the* and no Dowry, but Beauty, Living in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,--- *tablets, reads.* Ha!--- her Name *Mirtilla! Mirtilla.* *(Pauses.)*

*Prince,* thou hast paid thy self, for all the Favours done me. *Mirtilla!*--- *(Pauses.)*

Why yes, *Mirtilla!* He takes but what she has given away already.---

Oh! Damn her, she has broke her Faith, her Vows, and is no longer mine--- And thou'rt my Friend. *(Pauses again.)*

*Mirtilla's* but my Mistriß, and has taken all the Repose of my poor Life away--- Yes, let him take her, I'll resign her to him; and therefore shut my



my Eyes against her Charms; Fix her inconstancy about my Heart, and scorn whatever she can give me. (Exit.)

S C E N E II. *A Chamber.*

*Enter Sir Morgan Blunder in a Night-Gown and Cap; to him Manage with a Candle.*

*Man.* Your Lady mother has sent you a Candle, Sir.

*Sir Morg.* Good Mrs. *Manage*, remember my kind Love to my Lady mother, and tell her, I thank her for her Posset, but uerer eat in a morning after hard drinking over night.

*Man.* Ah, Sir, but now you're marry'd to a fine Lady, you ought to make much of your self.

*Sir Mor.* Good Madam, as little of your Matrimony as of your Caudle; my stomach is plaguy squeemish, and a hair of the Old Dog's worth both of 'em. Oh! sick! sick!

*Enter Sir Merlin, singing a Song in praise of a Rake-hell's Life.*

A Song.

*The Town-Rake.*

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

I.

*WHAT* Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's,  
When in Youth his full Swing of all pleasure he takes!  
At Noon he get up, for a Whot, and to dine,  
And wings the dull hours with Mirth, Musick and Wine;  
Then jogs to the Play-house, and chats with the Masks,  
And thence to The Rose, where he takes his Three Flasks.  
There, great as a Cæsar, he revels, when drunk,  
And scours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk;  
Then finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes.  
*WHAT* Life can compare with tue Jolly Town-Rake's!

II.

*He, like the Great Turk, has his Favourite She;*  
*But the Town's his Seragliq, and still he lives free.*  
*Sometimes she's a Lady; but as he must range,*  
*Black Betty, or Oyster-Doll, serves for a Change.*  
*As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feast;*  
*He thinks him that's soberest the most like a Beast.*

## The Younger Boother : Or,

*At Houses of Pleasure breaks Windows and Doors ;  
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores.  
Rare work for the Surgeon, and Midwife he makes.  
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's !*

### III.

*Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaign,  
And no Coffee-house haunts, but to settle his Brain.  
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,  
Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink.  
He dwells in a Tavern, and lies ev'ry where,  
And improving his hours, lives an Age in a Year :  
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste ;  
And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast.  
Then a Leap in the Dark to the Devil he takes.  
What Death can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's !*

*Sir Mer.* Why, how now, *Sir Morgan*, I see you'd make a Husband of the Right Town Mode : What, married but four days, and at your separate Apartment already ?

*Sir Morg.* A Plague of your what de call ums.

*Sir Merl.* Rakehells you would say, Cousin, an honourable Appellation for men of Bravery.

*Sir Morg.* Ay, ay, your Rakehells--- I was never so mudl'd with Treason. Tierce Claret, Oaths and Dice all the Days of my Life-- Was I in case to do Family duty; S'life you drank down all my Love, all my Prudence too ; Gad forgive me for it.

*Sir Merl.* Why, how the Devil cam'st thou to bear thy Liquor so ill ? Ods my Life, you Drunk like a *French man* new come to the University ;

*Sir Morg.* Pox, I can bear their Drinking as well as any Man, but your London way of Boufing and Politics does not agree with my Constitution ; look ye, Cousen, set quietly to't, and I'll stand my Ground, but to have Screaming Whores, Noisy Bullies, Rattling Dice, Swearing and Cursing Gamsters, Couf. turns the Head of a Country Drinker, more than the Wine.

*Sir Merl.* Oh ! Use Cousen, will make an able Man.

*Sir Morg.* Use, Cousen, Use me no Uses, for if ever you catch me at your Damn'd Clubs again, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid ; why you talk down right Treason.

*Sir Merl.* Treason, ay---

*Sir Morg.* Ah Cousen, why we talk't enough to-- Hang us all.

*Sir Merl.* My Honest Country Couz. when wilt thou understand the *Guelphs*, and the *Gibelins* ; and learn to talk Treason o' this side the Law ? Bilk a Whore, without Remorse, break Windows, and not pay for 'em ; Drink your Bottle without asking Questions ; Kill your Man without letting him Draw ; Play away your Mony, without fear of your Spouse, and stop her Mouth by Undermining her Nose ?

*Sir Morg.*

*Sir Mor.* Come, come, look you Cousin, one word of Advice now I'm sober; what the Devil should provoke thee and me to put our selves, on our Twelve Godfathers for a Frolick? We who have Estates, I shou'd be loath to leave the World with a scurvy Song, compos'd by the Poet *Sternold*.

*Enter at the Door Sir Rowland, bearkning.*

Or why, de see, shou'd I expose my Noddle to the Billmen in Flannel, and lie in the *Roundhouse*, when I may go to bed in a whole skin with my Lady Wife.

*Sir Merl.* Gad, *Sir Morgan*, thou hast sometimes pretty smart Satyrical Touches with thee; Use but *Will's* Coffee a little, and with thy Estate, and that Talent, thou maist set up for a Wit.

*Sir Morg.* Mercy upon me, *Sir Merlin*, thou art stark mad: What, I a Wit! I had rather be one of your Rakehells; for, look ye, a man may swear and stare, or so, break Windows, and Drawers Heads, or so; unrig a Needy Whore, and yet keep ones Estate; but shou'd I turn Wit, 'twere impossible; for a Wit with an Estate, is like a Prisoner among the Canibals.

*Sir Merl.* How so, good *Sir Morgan*?

*Sir Morg.* Why, the Needy Rogues only feed him with praise, to fatten him for their Palates, and then devour him.

*Sir Merl.* I applaud your Choicè, Cousin; for what man of Bravery wou'd not prefer a Rake to a Wit? The one enjoys the pleasures, the other can only Rail at; and that not out of Conscience, but Impotence; for alas! a Wit has no quarrel to Vice in perfection, but what the Fox had to the Grapes; He can't play away his Hundred Pound at sight; his Third Day won't afford it; and therefore he Rails at Gamesters, Whores shun him, as much as Noblemen, and for the same cause, mony; Those care not to sell their Carcasses for a Sonnet, nor these to scatter their Guinea's, to be told an Old Tale of a Tub, they were so well acquainted with before.

*Sir Morg.* What's that, *Sir Merlin*?

*Sir Merl.* Why, their Praise; --- For the Poets Flattery seldom reaches the Patron's Vanity; And what's too strong season'd for the rest of the World, is too weak for their Palates.

*Sir Morg.* Why, look ye, Cousin, you're a shrewd Fellow; Whence learn'd you this Satyr; for I'm sure 'tis none of thy own; for I shou'd as soon suspect thee guilty of Good Nature, as Wit.

*Sir Merl.* I scorn it; and therefore I confes I stole the Observation from a Poet; and the Devil pick his Bones for diverting me from the Noble Theam of Rakehells.

*Sir Morg.* Noble Theam, *Sir Merlin*! look yee, de see: Don't mistake me; I think 'tis a very scurvy one; and I wou'd not have your Father know that you set up for such a Reprobate; for *Sir Rowland* would certainly disinherit thee.

*Sir Merl.* O keep your musty morals to your self, good Country Couz; They'll do you service to your *Welch* Criminals, for stealing an Hen, or

breaking up a Wenches inclosure, or so, Sir *Morgan*; but for me, I despise 'em: I have not been admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellorums* for this, Sir: Let my Father drink Old *Adam*, read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Country Justices Calling*, or for a Regale, drink the dull manufacture or Malt and Water; I despise him; he can't cut off the Entail, of what is settled on me; and for the rest, I'll trust Dame *Fortune*; and pray to the Three Fatal Sisters to cut his Rotten Thread in Two, before he thinks of any such Wickedness.

*Enter Sir Rowland in a great Rage.*

*Sir Rowl.* Will you so, Sir? Why how now Sirrah! get you out of my House, Rogue; get out of my Doors, Rascal. *(beats him.)*

*Enter Lady Blunder.*

*Lady Blund.* Upon my Honour now, Brother, what's the matter? Whence this Ungenerous Disturbance?

*Sir Rowl.* What's the matter? the Disturbance! Why, sister, this Rogue here—— this unintelligible graceless Rascal, here, will needs set up for a Rakehell, when there's scarce such a thing in the Nation, above an Ale-draper's Son, and chuses to be awkerdly out of Fashion, meerly for the sake of Tricking and Poverty; and keeps company with the senseless, profane, lazy, idle, Noisie, Groveling Rascals, purely for the sake of spending his Estate like a Notorious Blockhead: But I'll take care he shall not have what *I* can dispose of: You'll be a Rake-hell, will you?

*Lady Blun.* How Cousin! Sure you'll not be such a filthy beastly thing, will you?

*Sir Merl.* Lord, Aunt, I only go to the Club sometimes, to improve my self in the Art of Living, and the Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman.

*Sir Row.* A fine Gentleman, Sot, a fine Coxcomb. *(beats him.)*

*Sir Morg.* Hold, hold, good Uncle, my Cousin has been only drawn in, a little, or so, de see, being Heir to a good Estate; and that's what his Club wants, to pay off Old Tavern Scores, and buy Utensils for Whores in Fashion.

*Sir Row.* My Estate sold to pay Tavern Scores, and keep Nasty Whores!

*La. Blun.* Whores! ay filthy creatures; do they deal in Whores? Pray Cousin, what's a Rake-hell?

*Sir Row.* A Rake-hell is a man that defies Law and good manners, nay and good sense too; hates both Morality and Religion; and that not for any Reason (for he never thinks), but meerly because he don't understand 'em; He's the Whore's protection and punishment, the Bawds Tool, the Sharpers Bubble, the Vintners Property, the Drawers Terror, the Glasiers Benefactor: in short, a Roaring thoughtless, heedless, ridiculous, universal Coxcomb.

Sir Merl. O Lord, Aunt, no more like him than an Attorney's like an honest man. Why a Rake-hell is——

Sir Row. What siraah! what you rebel? (Strikes him.)

La. Blun. Nay, Good Brother, permit my Nephew to tell us his Notion.

Sir Merl. Why, Aunt, I say a Rake-hell is your only Man of Beavery; he slights all the Force of Fortune, and sticks at no Hazard —— Plays a-way his hundred pounds at fight, pays a Ladies Bill at fight, drinks his Bottle without Equivocation, and fights his Man without any provocation.

Sir Row. Nay then Mr. Rogue, I'll be sworn thou art none: Come, Sir, will you fight, Sir? will you fight, Sir? Ha! (Draws his Sword.)

Sir Merl. Fight, Sir! fight Sir?

Sir Row. Yes, fight, Sir: Come, spare your Prayers to the Three Fatal Sisters, and cut my Thread thy self, thou Graceless, Reprobate Rascal —— Come, come on, you Man of Bravery. (Runs at Sir Merlin, who retires before him. Sir Morgan holds Sir Rowland.)

Sir Merl. Oh, good Sir, hold; I recant, Sir, I recant.

Sir Rowl. (putting up) Well, I'm satisfied thou'lt make no good Rake-hell, in this Point, whatever you will in the others; And since Nature has made thee a Coward, Inclination a Coxcomb, I'll take care to make thee a Beggar; and so thou shalt be a Rake-hell but in Will. I'll disinherit thee, I will, Villain.

La. Blun. What, disinherit your Eldest Son, Brother?

Sir Merl. Ay, Aunt, his very Heir Apparent? Aunt to show you how the Old Gentleman has mis-represented us. Give me leave to present you a Dance.---I provided to Entertain your Son with, in which is represented all the Beauties of our Lives.

L. Blun. Oh! by all means, Cousen, by all means.

Sir Mark. What hoa? Roger bring in the Dancers.

Here the Dance, representing Rake-hells Constable watch, &c.

Enter Phillip.

Phil. Sir, who do's your Worship think is arriv'd.

Sir Row. My Son George, I hope, come in the Nick.

Phil. Even so, Sir, from Paris---

Exit.

Sir Rowl. The Prodigal Return'd, then Kill the Fatted Calf?

Enter George Drest like a Prentice.

---My own dear Boy, thou art welcome to my (Kneels) Arms, as e're thy Mother was; for whose dear sake I pardon all thy Follies.

Sir Merl. (aside) Ay, Sir, I had a Mother too, or I'm bely'd---(weeping)

Pox take him that he should come just in the Nick, as the Old Fellow says---  
(*aside.*)

Sir Row. Yes, you had a Mother.

Whom in my Youth I was compell'd to Marry ; and Gad, I think, I got thee with as ill a will, but *George* and my *Olivia* ? In heat of Love, when my desire was New. But hark ye Boy *George*, you have cost me a damn'd deal of Mony, Surrah ; but you shall Marry, and Redeem all *George*.

*Geo.* What you please, Sir, to study Virtue, Dnty, and Allegiance, shall be my future business.

Sir Row. Well said *George* ! Here's a Boy now.

Sir Merl. Vertue and Allegiance, Lord, Lord, how came so sneaking a fellow to spend Five Thousand Pounds of his Masters Cash ?

Sir Row. She's Rich, *George*, but something homely.

*Geo.* She'll not be Proud then, Sir.

Sir Row. Not much of her Beauty--- she's of a good staid Age too, about some fourscore.

*Geo.* Better still, Sir, I shall not fear Cuckoldom.

Sir Row. For that I cannot Answer ; but she has two Thousand a year. I mean to settle my Family, and then--- Marry my self *George*.

*La. Blun.* What to this old Ladies Grand-daughter ? Methinks she's more fit for your Son, Sir *Merlin*, and the Old Lady for you.

Sir Row. No, no, the Young Rogues can help themselves with Mistresses ; but 'tis well if an old man can keep his Wife to himself--- I've invited 'em to Dinner to day, and see, they are come.

*Enter Lady Youthly, led by her Chaplin, and leaning on a Staff, and Teresia.*

*La. Youth.* Where's Sir *Rowland Marteen* ? Oh, your Servant, Sir, I am come.  
*Runs against George.*

*Chap.* Your Ladyship is mistaken, this is not Sir *Rowland*, but a Handsome proper Young Man.

*La. Youth.* A young man ! I cry you mercy heartily--- young man, I a lighted in the Sun, and am almost Blind.

*Geo.* With wonderous Old Age. (*aside.*)

*Ia. You.* Good lack, Sir *Rowland*, that I shou'd mistake a young man so !

Sir Row. Ay, Madam, and such a young man too.

*La. Youth.* Ay, ay, I see him now. (*Puts on her Spectacles.*)

*Geo.* S'death, what a Sepulcher is here, to bury a Husband in ? How came she to escape the Flood ? for sure she was not born since. (*aside.*)

Sir Row. This is the lusty lad, my Son *George*, I told your Ladyship of.

*La. Youth.* Cot so, cot so, is it so Sir, I ask your Pardon, Sir. Mr. *Twang*, take a survey of him, and give me your Opinion of his Person, and his Parts.

*Twang.*

Young. Truly Madam, the young Man is of a comly Personage and Lineaments.

La. Youth. Of what Sir---Lord, I have such a Cold. (Cough's)

Geo. Which he got when the Pickts went Naked.

L. Blun. Madam, you have a Power over Sir Rowland; Pray intreat him to take his Son, Sir Merlin, into Grace again. (To Teresa.)

Tere. That, Sir, you must grant me, pray let me know the Quarrel. (Sir Rowland seems to tell.)

Geo. By Heaven she's Fair as the first Ruddy Streakes of Opening Day. (Looking on Teresa.) Young as the Budding Rose, soft as a Cupid, but never felt his Dart, she is full of Life and Cayity. Pray, Madam, who is that Lady. (To La. Blun.)

La. Blun. The Grand-Child of your Mistress, and your Mother that must be.

Geo. Then I shall Cuckhold my Father, that's certain. (aside.)

Sir Rowl. For your sake, Madam, once again I re-establish him in my Family, but the first fault Cassier's him--- Come let's in--- here my Lady Youthly, take George by the Hand, but have a care of the young Rogue, if he comes once to touch so Brisk a Widow, he sets her Heart on Fire.

Geo. Which will burn like a snuff of a Candle. No Body will be able to endure it. (aside.)

---So Fortune, I see, provides for me.

On this Hand Wealth; on that young Pleasures Lye:  
He ne're wants these, who has that Kind Supply.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Rowland, Teresa, and Lady Youthly, &c.

L. Youth. **W**ELL, Sir Rowland, if I should be inclin'd to cast away my self on your Son *George*, what wou'd you settle--

Sir Row. Settle, not a soufe Madam, he carries the best Younger Brothers Fortune in *Christendom* about him.

L. Youth. Why, the Young Man's deserving, I confes. But he's your Sun, Sir Rowland, and something ought to be settled upon the Heirs of our Bodies, Lawfully begotten.

Sir Row. (*aside.*) All *Hercules* his Labours, were a Jigg to his that shall beget 'em.

Sir Rowland, If you like him upon these terms, to make him Master of your Fortune---

L. Youth. For that, let him trust to me, and his own deservings.

Sir Row. No trusting in these Fickle Times, Madam--- Why, I'll let the young sturdy Rogue out to Hire; he'll make a pretty Lively-hood at Journey-work; and shall a Master-Workman, a Husband deserve nothing?

L. Youth. Ay, these Husbands that know their own Strength, as they say, set so high a Value on their Conjugal Vertues--- And if he be Disloyal again a t'other side he gives a Wife so ill an Example--- for we are all Lyable to Temptations.

Sir Rowl. Well said, if thou beest so, it must be the Old Tempter himself. (*aside.*)

(*Alone.*) Look ye, Madam, I'll propose a fair Swap, if you'll consent that I shall marry *Teresa*, I'll consent that you shall Marry *George*.

L. Youth. How, my Grand-daughter? Why, I design'd her for your Eldest Son, Sir *Merlin*; and she has a good Fortune of Five Hundred a year that I cannot hinder her of; and is too young for you.

Sir Rowl. So is *George* for your Ladiship; and as for his Fortune, 'tis more than likely, I shall make him my Eldest Son.

L. Youth. Say you so, Sir; well, I'll consider, and take Advice of my Friends.

Sir Row. Consider, alas, Madam, my House will be Besieg'd by all the Widows in Town; I shall get more by shewing him, than the *Rhinoceros*. Gad, I'll sell the young Rogue by Inch of Candle, before he's Debauch't and Spoil'd in this lew'd Town.

L. Youth. Well, suppose---

Sir Rowl. Nothing under *Teresa*--- Gad, I think some old Dog-Star Reigns to Day, that so many old Heats are burning in their Sockets---

I'm



I'm in Love with this young Tittymouse here, most damnably--- Well what say you Widow? Speak now, or you know the Proverb.

L. Youth. Well, Sir Rowland you are too hard for me.

Exeunt all but Teresa.

Enter Olivia, Runs to her and Embraces her.

Tere. 'Tis as you said, Olivia, I am destin'd to your Father.

Oliv. What, the Sentence is past then?

Tere. Ay, but the Devil is in us, if we stay till Execution Day: Why this is worse than being mew'd up at Hackney-School---My Fortune's my own, without my Grandmother, and with that Stock, I'll fet up for my self, and see what Traffick this wide World affords a young beginner.

Oliv. That's well resolv'd; I am of the same mind, rather than Marry Mr. Wellborn, whom I never saw--- But prethee let's see what we have in Stock, besides Ready Mony---What Toys and Knick-nacks to invite.

Tere. Faith my Inventory is but small--- Let me see---First, one Pretty well made Machin, call'd a Body, of a very good Motion, fit for several uses---one Pretty Conceited Head-Peice, that will fit any bodies Coxcomb,---when 'tis Grave and Dull, will fit an Alderman, when Politick and busy, a States-man; turn it to intreigue, will fit a City Wife, and to Invention, it will fet up an Evidence.

Oliv. Very well!

Tere. Item, one Tongue that will prattle Love, if you put the Heart in time (for they are Commodities I resolve shall go together) I have Youth enough to Please a Lover, and Wit enough to please my self.

Oliv. Most Excellent Trifles all! As for my out-side, I leave to the Discretion of the Chafferer; but I have a rare Devise, call'd an Invention, that can do many Feats; a Courage that wou'd stock a Coward; and a pretty Implyment, call'd a Heart, that will strike Fire with any convenient force; I have Eight thousand Pounds to let out on any able Security, but not a Groat, unless I like the Man.

Tere. Thus Furnish'd, we shall ruin all the Jews, and undo the Indian Houses--- but where shall we show? Where meet with the Love Merchants?

Oliv. What think you of the Gallery at the Play in Masks?

Tere. Shu, a state Trick, first taken up by Women of Quality, and now run into Ridicule, by all the little Common Devils of the Town, and is only a Trap for a Termer, a small new rais'd Officer, or a City Cully, where they Baul out their Eighteen Pence in Bawdy, and Filthy Non-sense, to the Disturbance of the whole House, and the King's Peace, the Men of Quality have forsaken it.

Oliv. What think you of the Mall?

*Tere.* As too Publick to end an Intreague; our Affairs require a Conquest as suddain as that of *Cæsar*, who came, saw and overcame.

*Oliv.* 'Tis true, besides there's so many Cruisers, we shall never Board a Prize. What think you of the Church?

*Tere.* An Hippocritical shift, of all masks I hate that of Religion; and it shou'd be the last place I'de wish to meet a Lover in, unless to Marry him.

*Oliv.* And Faith that's the last thing a Lover shou'd do, but we are compell'd to hast, 'tis our last Refuge if we cou'd but see; and like our men, the business were soon dispatcht.---Let me see---Faith e'n put on Breeches too, and thus disguis'd, seek our Fortune--- I am within these three days to be fetch'd from *Hackney School*, where my Father believes me still to be, and thou in that time to be Marry'd to the old Gentleman; Faith resolve-- and let's in and Dress thee--- away, here's my Lady--- (they run out)

## SCENE II.

*Enter Mirtilla and Mrs. Manage.*

*Mirt.* Ah, let me have that Song again.

### Song.

By Mr. Gilden.

#### I.

**N**O, Delia, no! What man can range  
From such Seraphic Pleasure  
'Tis want of Charms that make us change,  
To grasp the Eury Treasure.  
What man of sense wou'd quit a certain Bliss,  
For hopes and empty Possibilities!

#### II.

Vain Fools their sure Possessions spend,  
In hopes of Chymic Treasure,  
But for their fancy'd Riches find  
Both want of Gold and Pleasure.  
Rich in my Delia, I can wish no more;  
The Wand'rer, like the Chymist; must be poor.

*Man.* Not see him, Madam--- I protest he's Handsomer, and Handsomer, *Paris* has giv'n him such an Air: --- Lord, he's all over Monsieur---Not see him, Madam, --- Why? I hope you do not, like the Foolish sort of Wives, design a strict Obedience to your Husband.

*Mir.* Away, a Husband! -- when absence, that sure Remedy of Love, had heal'd the Bleeding Wound *Lejere* had made, by Heaven I thought I ne're shou'd Love again---but since---*Endimion* has Inspir'd my Soul, and for that Youth I burn, I pine, I languish.

*Enter George richly drest, stands at a distance gazing on Mirtilla.*

*Man.* See, Madam---there's an Object may put out that Flame, and may revive the Old one---

*Mir.* Shame, and confusion, --- *Lejere.* (*turns and walks away.*)

*Geo.* Yonder she is, That Mien and Shape I know, tho the False Face be turn'd with shame away. (*Offers to Advance, and Stops.*)

---S'death, ---I tremble!

Yet came well fortified with Pride and Anger! I see thou'st in thy Eyes a little Modesty. (*goes to her nearer.*)

That wou'd conceal the Treasons of thy Heart.

*Mir.* Perhaps it is their scorn that you mistake.

*Geo.* It may be so, she that sets up for Jilting, shou'd go on, 'Twere mean to find remorse, so young, and soon; Oh, this gay Town has Gloriously improv'd you amongst the rest; that taught you Perjury.

*Mir.* Alas! When was it Sworn?---

*Geo.* In the Blest Age of Love.

When every Pow'r look't down, and heard thy Vows.

*Mir.* I was a Lover then, shou'd Heav'n concern its self with Lover's Perjuries, 'twou'd find no leisure to preserve the Universe.

*Geo.* And was the Woman so strong in thee, thou could'st not wait a little? Were you so raving mad for Fool and Husband, you must take up with the next ready Coxcomb? Death, and the Devil, a dull Clumsy Boar!--- What was it charm'd you? The Beastly Quantity of Man about him.

*Mir.* Faith a much better thing, five thousand Pounds a Year, his Coach and Six, it shews well in the *Park*.

*Geo.* Did I want Coach, or Equipage, and shew?

*Mir.* But stil there wanted Fool, and Fortune to't; He does not Play at the Groom Porters for it; Nor do the Drudgery of some worn out Lady.

*Geo.* If I did this, thou had'st the spoils of all my Nation's Conquests; while all the whole World was wond'ring whence it came, for Heav'n had left thee Nothing but thy Beauty, that dear Reward of my Industrious Love.

*Mir.* I do confes---

*Geo.* Till time had made me Certain of a Fortune, which now was hasting on.---

And is that store of Love and wond'rous Joys I had been hoarding up so many tender Hours, all lavish't on a Brute, who never Lusted 'bove my Ladie's Woman ; for Love he understands no more than sense.

*Mir.* Prethee Reproach me on--- *(sighs.)*

*Geo.* 'S Death, I cou'd rave ! Is this soft tender Bosom to be prest by such a Load of Fool ? Damnation on thee--- Where got't thou this Course Appetite ? Take back the Powers, those Charms she's sworn Adorn'd me, since a dull, Fat-Fac'd, noisy, Taudry Block-head, can serve her turn as well. *(Offers to go.)*

*Mir.* You shall not go away with that Opinion of me.---

*Geo.* Oh, that false Tongue can now no more deceive--- Art thou not Marry'd ? Tell me that false Charmer.

*Mir.* Yes.--- *(holding him.)*

*Geo.* Curse on that word ; wou'd thou had'st never learnt it--- it gave thy Heart, and my Repose away.

*Mir.* Dost think I Marry'd with that dull design ? Canst thou believe I gave my Heart away, because I gave my Hand ?--- Fond Ceremony that-- A necessary trick, devis'd by wary Age, to Traffic 'twixt a Portion, and a Jointure ; him whom I Lov'd is Marry'd to my Soul.

*Geo.* Art thou then mine ? And wilt thou make Attonement, by such a Charming way ?-- Come to my Clasp'ng Arms.

*Enter Lady Blunder at the Door. Sees 'em, and offers to go out again.*

*L. Blun.* Oh, Heavens ! How rude am I ?--- Cry Mercy, Madam, I protest I thought you'd been alone.

*Geo.* 'S Death ! my Aunt *Blunder* ! *(aside.)*

*Mir.* Only this Gentleman, Madam.---

*L. Blun.* Sir, I beg your Pardon--- and am really sorry---

*Geo.* That you find me with your Daughter, Madam.

*L. Blun.* I hope you take me to be better Breed, Sir : Nor had I interrupted you, but for an Accident that has happen'd to Sir *Morgan*, coming out of the City in a Beastly Hackney, he was turn'd over in *Cheap-side*, and Striking the filthy Coach-man, the nasty Mobb came out, and had almost Kill'd him, but for a young Gentleman, a stranger, that came to his Rescue, and whom he has Brought to Kiss your Ladyship's Hands--- But I'll instruct him in his Duty, he shall wait till your Ladyship is more at Leisure--- alas ! He's already on the Stairs. *(Exit.)*

*Mir.* Let him wait there--- *Lejere*, 'Tis necessary you depart, sure of my Heart, you cannot fear the rest ; the Night is hast'ing on ; Trust me but some few Hours, and then *Lejere* I'll pay you back with int'rest.

*Geo.* All blessings light on thee.

But will your Lady Mother make no Discovery of my being here.

*Mir.* She'd sooner Pump for me, and believe it a part of good Breeding--- away, I hear 'em coming.

*(She puts him out at a back-door.)*

*Enter.*

Enter Lady Blunder Peeping.

L. Blun. He's gone--- Sir Morgan, you may approach.

Enter Sir Morgan, Pulling in the Prince, Sir Merlin, and a Page to the Prince.

Sir Morg. Nay, as Gat shall save me, Sir, you shall see my Lady, or so, d' ye see, and receive the Thanks of the House.

Prince. As Gat shall save me, Sir, I am sorry for it--- another time, Sir, I have earnest business. Now, I am sure nothing worth seeing can belong to this litter of Fools.

L. Blun. My Daughter is a Person of Quality, I assure you, Sir.

Prince. I doubt it not Madam--- if she be of the same piece--- Send me a fair deliverance.

(Sir Morgan leads him to Mirtilla he starts.)

---Ha! What bright Vision's that?

Mir. Heav'n! 'Tis the lovely Prince I saw in Flanders. (aside.)

Sir Merl. Look how he stares--- why, what the Devil ails he?

Sir Morg. To her, Sir, or so d' ye see, what a Pox are you afraid of her?

L. Blun. He's in Admiration of her Beauty, Child.

Prince. By Heav'n the very Woman I Adore! (aside.)

Sir Morg. How d' ye, see Sir, how de ye, ha, ha, ha?

Prince. I cannot be mistaken; For Heav'n made nothing but Young Angels like her!

Sir Morg. Lookee Page, is your Master in his right Wits.

Sir Merl. Sure he's in Love, and Lov's a devilish thing.

Sir Morg. Sa, ho, ho, ho, where are you Sir, where are you?

Prince. In Heav'n! (Puts him away.)

Oh! do not rouse me from this Charming Slumber, lest I shou'd wake, and find it but a Dream.

Sir Merl. A plaguy dull fellow this, that can sleep in so good Company as we are.

Sir Morg. Dream--- A Fiddle-stick; to her, man, to her, and Kifs her soundly, or so, d' ye see.

Sir Merl. I, I, Kifs her, Sir, Kifs her--- ha, ha, ha, he's very simple.

Prince. Kifs her,--- there's universal Ruin in her Lips.

Mir. I never knew 'em guilty of such mischiefs.

Sir Morg. No, I'll be sworn, I have Kift 'em twenty times, and never did me harm.

Prince. Thou Kifs those lips? impossible, and false; they ne're were prest but by soft Southern Winds.

Sir Morg. Southern Winds-- ha, ha, lookee d' ye see boy, thy Master's mad, or so, d' ye see--- why, what a Pox, d' ye think I never Kifs my Wife, or so d' see.

*Prince.* Thy Wife!---

*Mir.* He will betray his Passion to these Fools : Alas, he's mad--- and will undo my Hopes. *(aside.)*

*Prince.* Thou may'st as well claim Kindred to the Gods ; she's mine, a Kingdom shall not buy her from me.

*Sir Morg.* Hay day, my Wife yours ! lookee, as d' ye see, what is it *Mid-summer-moon* with you, Sir, or so, d' ye see ?

*Mir.* In pitty give him way, he's madder than a Storm.

*Prin.* Thou know'st thou art, and thy dear Eyes confess it--- a numerous Train attended our Nuptials, Witness the Priest, witness the Sacred Altar where we kneel'd--when the blest silent Ceremony was perform'd

*Mir.* Alas ! he's mad, past all recovery mad.

*Sir Merl.* Mad, say, poor Soul-- Friend, how long has your Master been thus Intoxicated ?

*Page.* He's mad indeed to make this Discovery. *(aside)* Alas, Sir, he's thus as often as he sees a Beautiful Lady, since he lost a Mistress, who Dy'd in *Flanders* to whom he was Contracted.

*Sir Merl.* Good lack---ay, ay, he's distracted, it seems.

*Page.* See how he Kneels to her, stand off, and do but mind him.

*Mir.* Rise, Sir,--you'll ruin me-- dissemble if you Love--or you can ne'er be happy. *(in a low Voice, and Raising him.)*

*Prin.* My Transport is too high for a disguise--give me some hope, promise me some Relief, or at your Feet I'll pierce a Wounded Heart.

*Mir.* Rise, and hope for all you wish : Alas, he Faints--

*(She takes him up, he falls upon her Bosom.)*

*Page.* Hold him fast, Madam, between your Arms, and he'll recover presently. Stand all away.---

*Prince.* Oh ! tell me, wilt thou bless my Youth and Love ? Oh ! Swear, lest thou should'st break---for Women won'd be Gods, but for inconstancy.

*Page.* See, he begins to come to himself again-- keep off---

*Mir.* You have a thousand Charms that may secure you--- The Ceremony of my Nuptials is e'ry ev'ning Celebrated, the noise of which, draws all the Town together, be here in *Nasquerade*, and I'll contrive it so, that you shall speak with me this Night alone.

*Prince.* So, now let my Soul take Air---

*L. Blun.* What pitty 'tis so fine a Gentleman shou'd be thus.

*Mir.* You must be bringing home your Fops to me, and see what comes of it. *(As she passes out.)*

*Sir Morg.* Fops, I thought him no more a Fop, than I do my own Natural Cousen here *(Exit Mir. in scorn.)*

*Prin.* Where am I ? *(The Page has Whisper'd him.)*

*Sir Mer.* Why, here, Sir, here, at Sir M. Blun. Lodging in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

*Prince.* That's well, he has told me---Where have I been this long half hour, and more ?

*Sir Mer.* Nay, the Lord Knows ?

*Prin.* I fancy'd I saw a lovely Woman.

Sir Merl. Fancy'd--- why so you did man, my Lady *Mirtilla Blunder*.

Prince. methought, I slept upon her snowy Bosom, and dream't I was in Heav'n, where I claim'd her.

Sir Merl. Good lack aday---why, so you did, Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Prince. And rav'd on Love; and talk'd abundance of Non-sence.

Sir Morg. Ha, ha, ha, by my Troth, and so you did, Sir.

Prince. I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis an infirmity I have that ever takes me at the Approach of a Fine Woman, which made me so unwilling to see your Lady.

Sir Morg. Lookee, I ask your Pardon heartily, or so, d' ye see-- and am sorry you are not in a Condition to Visit her often.

Prince. I shall be better when-I'm us'd to her; 'tis the first time only affects me.

Sir Morg. Pray, Sir, be Pleas'd to use your self to her, or so, d' ye see--- she's a civil person, and a Person of Quality before I marry'd her, d' ye see.

L. Blun. My Son tells you Truth, Sir.

Prince. Madam, I doubt it not, pray beg her Pardon, and do you give me yours.

(Bows and Kisses her hand, and goes out.)

L. Blun. A most Accomplisht Person---

(Exeunt.)

### S C E N E. III.

*Enter Olivia and Teresa, in Men's Cloaths.*

Oliv. **W**ELL, the Ball do's not begin these three Hours, and we'll divert our selves at my Aunt's *Bassett-Table*, which you see is Preparing, her Natural Propensity to oblige both Sexes makes her keep a Bank on purpose to bring 'em together. There we shall see the Old and the Young, the Ugly, and the Handsome, Fools that have Mony, and Wits that have none; and if the Table afford us nothing to please the Appetite, we'll abroad for Forage.

*Enter Sir Merlin pulling in George, follow'd by Sir Morgan, Page and Footmen to George.*

Sir Merl. Nay, Sir, I am resolv'd you shall Honour my Aunt's *Bassett-Table*---

Geo. My Aunt's *Bassett-Table*; There may be mony Stirring among these Fools, and Fortune may befriend me. (aside.)

Sir Merl. Sir *Morgan*, Pray know this worthy Gentleman, I have the Honour to lodge in the House with him.

(They salute one another, Sir Mer. together.)

Sir, This is Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a Person of Quality in *Wales*, I assure you.

Geo.

The Younger Brother ; Or,

*Geo.* I question it not, Sir, and am proud of the Honour of Kissing your Hands.

*Tere.* Yonder's a handfom Gentleman.

*Oliv.* My Brother *George*, as I live, 'tis as I cou'd wish. (*aside.*)

*Enter Welborn.*

*Welb. Lejere.*

*Geo. Welborn!* Welcome from *Paris*, I heard of your Arrival from *Prince Fredrick*.

*Welb.* Yes, I am come to my Destruction, Friend.

*Geo.* Ay, thour't to be Marry'd, I hear to a *Welch* Fortune.

*Welb.* Tho Matrimony be a sufficient Curse, yet that's not the worst--- I am fall'n most damnably in Love, since I arriv'd, with a young Creature I saw in the *Mall* t'other Night, of Quality she was, I dare swear, by all that was about her, but such a Shape! a Face! a Wit! a Mind, as in a moment quite subdu'd my Heart; she had another Lady with her, whom (*dogging her Coach*) I found to be a Neighbour of mine, and Grand-Daughter to the Lady *Youthly*, but who my Conqueror was I never since could learn.

*Oliv.* 'Slife, *Teresa*, yonder's the Handsome Fellow that entertain'd us with so much Wit, on *Thursday* last in the *Mall*.

*Tere.* What, when you Chang'd your Breeches for Petticoats at my Lodgings.

*Oliv.* That Night, and ever since, I have felt a sort of a Tendre for him.

*Tere.* As I do for his Friend---Pray Heav'n he be not Marry'd! I fear he has lay'd an Imbargo on my Heart, before it puts out of the Port.

*Geo.* Are you not for the *Basset*?

*Welb.* No, I've business at the Ball to Night, besides my Lady *Blunder* has a Quarrel to me for last Night's Debauch; I'll wait on you in the Morning.

*Exit. Welborn.*

*Geo.* Well, you to your Business, and I to mine.---

(*Speaks as the rest go out.*)

Let the Dull Trading Fool by Business Live,  
 Statesmen by Plots, the Courtier cringe to thrive;  
 The Fop of Noise and Wealth be Cullied on,  
 And purchase no one Joy by being undone,  
 Whilst I by Nobler careless ways advance,  
 Since Love and Fortune are acquired by Chance.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

SONG



A S O N G

Sung by Sir Rowland in the Second Act.

To TERESIA.

**T**HO the young prize Cupid's Fire  
'Tis more val'd by the Old;  
The Sun's warmth we now admire,  
More than when the Season's cold.

---

*Dialogue in the Masque, at the beginning of  
the third Act.*

He **T**ime and Place you see conspire,  
With tender Wishes fierce desire;  
See the willing Victim stands  
To be offer'd by your hands:  
Ah! Let me on Lov's Altars lying,  
Clasp my Goddess whilst I'm dying.

She. Oh Lord! what hard words, and strange things d'ye  
say;  
Your Eyes to seem closing, and just dying away:  
Ah! Pray what d'ye want? Explain but your mind,  
Which did I but know, perhaps I'de be kind.

He. My pretty soft maid, full of innocent Charms,  
I languish to sigh out my Soul in thy Arms;  
Oh! then, if I'm lov'd, deny not the Bliss,  
But tell me I'm happy, with a ravishing Kiss.

*The Younger Brother : Or,*

*She.* Oh! Fie, Sir, I vow I cannot endure you;  
Be civil, or else I'll cry out I assure you;  
I will not be Kifs'd so, nor tumbld, not I,  
I'll tell all your tricks, that I will, if I dye.

*He.* Nay, never dissemble, nor smother that Fire;  
Your Blushes, and Eyes betray your desire.  
The practic'd not Innocent, dally with blifs,  
Then prethee be kind, and tast what it is.

*She.* Let me dye now, you'r grown a strange sort of a man  
To force a young Maid, let her do what she can;  
I fear now I blush to think what we're doing,  
And is this the End of all you Men's wooing?

*He.* At this pleasure all Aim, both Godly and Sinners,  
And none of 'em blush for't but poor young beginners.  
In pleasure both Sexes, all Ages agree,  
And those that take most, most happy will be.

*Chorus.* In pleasure both Sexes, &c.

---

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E the First.

*Enter Olivia as a Man, Terefia in Masquerade; the Scene opens, and discovers Lady Youthly, Lady Blunder, Mirtilla, Manage, Prince Frederick in a Rich Habit, Welborn in one like his, with a Cloak over him, stands aside, and several others of both Sexes.*

*Oliv.* OH, my dear *Terefia*, I'm lost in Love! I've seen a Man, — or rather 'tis Angel! so gay, so soft, so charming, and so witty; so dress'd! so shap'd! and Danc'd with such an Air!

*Tere.* Hey day! Prithee where's this Wonder to be seen?

*Oliv.* Why dost thou ask? Hast thou not seen a man of Dress, and Movement of uncommon Fashion?

*Tere.* A great many, very odd, and Fantastick, I'm sure my dear Man is none of 'em. [Sighs.]

*Oliv.* Thy Heart when fir'd burns easily, and soft, but I am all impatient, darts, and flames, all the effects of Love are panting in my Heart, yet never saw his Face; but see, he comes, and I must find a way to let him know the mischiefs he has done.

*Mir.* *Endimion*, where's *Sir Morgan*?

*Oliv.* At his usual Diversion, Madam, Drinking.

*Mir.* Do you wait near me to Night, I may perhaps have kinder business for you e'er the morning.

*Oliv.* You heap too many Blessings on me, Madam.

*Prince.* Oh, turn thy lovely Eyes upon thy Slave, that waits and watches for a tender look.

*Mir.* Oh, Sir, why do you press a yielding heart too much, undone by what you've said already.

*Oliv.* Those soft Addresses must be those of Love. [Aside.]

*Mir.* My Honour was in danger when I promis'd — and yet I blush to tell you I was pleas'd, and blest the dear necessity that forc'd me.

*Oliv.* Ha! 'tis the man I love — and Courts *Mirtilla*, and she receives him with inviting looks. 'sdeath, she's a common Lover! already I'm arriv'd to Jealousie!

*Enter George in Masquerade, with a Paper on his Back and Breast, goes to Mirtilla, sees one Courting her.*

*Geo.* What gilded thing is that? — I must disturb 'em —

'Tis I, *Mirtilla*, languishing for the appointed Happiness, while you, perhaps, are taken up with different thoughts —

*Mir. aside.* { Lejere! How very feeble do Old Lovers Charm! Only the New and gay have pow'r to warm — How shall I put him off? For now my Ambitious Love declares for *Frederick*; 'tis great to enslave a Prince.

— Lejere — wait till I give the word — perhaps it may be late — go mix your self ith' Crowd, you may be else suspected — [Goes from him.]

*Tere.* I have a shrewd guess that this shou'd be my man by his shape, and mein. (*Looking round about George.*) Let me see — What's this written on his back? — To be Lett Ready Furnish'd — (*Reading it.*) A very good hearing, So ho, ho, ho, who's within here? [Claps him on the back.]

*Geo.* Who's there?

[Exit Olivia.]

*Tere.* Love and Fortune.

*Geo.* Two very good Friends of mine, prithee who art thou that bring'st 'em?

*Tere.* A wandering Nymph, that has had a swinging Character of your Person and Parts — if thou be'st the man, prithee dear Stranger, let me see thy Face, and if I'm not mistaken, 'tis ten to one, but we may go near to strike up some odd Bargain or other.

*Geo.* And I am as likely a Fellow, for some odd Bargain or other, as ever you met with — Look ye, am I the man?

*Tere.* Let me see — A very handsome Face, inclining to round, fine wanton Eyes, with a Plaguy Roguish Lear, plump, round, red Lips, not tall, nor low, and extreamly well fashion'd. (*Reads all this in her Tablets.*) — Ay, ay, you are the man —

*Geo.* I am glad on't, and prithee dear Creature, let me see if thou art not the Woman —

*Tere.* Heav'n! what Woman, Sir?

*Geo.* Why, any Woman that's Pretty, Witty, Young, and Good-natur'd.

*Tere.* I had rather shew any thing almost than my Face.

*Geo.* Faith, and that's kind; but every thing, in its due time: I love to arrive at Happiness by degrees, there's as much Pleasure in the Journey of Love, as in the Arrival to't, and the first Stage is a handsom Face.

*Tere.* Where you Bait a while, take a short Survey, and away.

*Geo.* To wit, and good Humour; where a man finds Pleasure enough to engage him a long while.

*Tere.* Then to all the small Villages, call'd little-Freedoms, Kissing, Playing, Fooling, Sighing, Dying — and so on to the last Stage, where Whip and Spur laid by, all tir'd and dull, you lazily lye down and sleep.

*Geo.* No, I'm a more vigorous Lover: And since in the Country of True Love, there remains a *Terra Incognita*, I shall always be making new Discoveries.

*Tere.* True Love! Is there such a thing in the whole Map of Nature?

*Geo.* Yes, I once discover'd it in my Voyage round the World.

*Tere.* Sure 'tis some Enchanted place, and vanishes as soon as 'tis approach'd.

Enter Sir Rowland.

*Geo.* Faith, let's set out for it, and try; if we lose our Labour, we shall be Searchers for the Philosphers Stone, find something that will recompence our pains. —

[Lady Youthly sees her, and sends her Woman to take her from him.]

Ha, gone — I must not part so with you — I'll have you in my Eye.

[The Spanish Dance: Whilst they Dance, the Prince talks to Mircilla.]

Mirc.

*Mir.* This Night gives you an Affignation— I tremble at the thought— Ah, why will you pursue me thus to Ruine? Why with resistless Charms invade my Heart, that cannot stand their Force— alone— without my Woman — the Enterprize with you wou'd be too dangerous.

*Prince.* Dangerous to be ador'd! and at your Feet behold your Slave making Eternal Vows?

*Mir.* If I were sure that you wou'd pass no further.—

*Prince.* Let the fond God of Love be my Security— will you not trust a Deity?

*Mir.* Whom should she trust, that dares not trust her self?

*Geo.* That is some Lover, whom I must observe.

[*Aside.*]

*Mir.* Alas, the Foe's within that will betray me, Ambition, and our Sexes Vanity— Sir, you must prevail—

*Prince.* And in return, for ever take my Soul.

*Mir.* Anon I'll feign an illness, and retire to my Apartment, whither this Faithful Friend shall bring you, Sir.

[*Pointing to Manage.*]

*Geo.* Hum!— that looks like some Love Bargain, and *Manage* call'd to Witness. By Heav'n, gay Sir, I'll watch you.

*Tere.* But heark ye, my Fellow-Adventurer, are you not marry'd?

*Geo.* Marry'd— that's a Bug word— prithee if thou hast any such Design, keep on thy Mask, lest I be tempted to Wickedness.

*Tere.* Nay, truth is, 'tis a thousand pities to spoil a handsome man, to make a dull Husband of: I have known an Old Batter'd Bully of Seventy, unmarried, more agreeable for a Gallant, than any scurvy, out-of-Humour'd Husband at Eight and Twenty.

*Geo.* Gad, a thousand times.

*Tere.* Know, I have Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

*Geo.* Good.

*Tere.* And the Devil and all of Expectations from an Old Woman.

*Geo.* Very good.

*Tere.* And this Youth, and little Beauty to lay out in love. [*Pulls off her Mask.*]

*Geo.* *Teresia!* the lovely Maid design'd for my Mother, now, what a Dog am I? that gives me the greater Gust to her, and wou'd fain Cuckold my Father.

[*Talks to her aside.*]

[*Mirtilla seems to faint.*]

*Man.* My Lady faints— help, help.

*Mir.* Only the heat Oppresses me— but let it not disturb the Company, I'll take the Air a little, and return.

[*Goes out with Manage.*]

*Geo.* Is this design'd, or real— perhaps she is retir'd for me— *Mrs. Manage*—

[*Manage Re-enters, he pulls her by the sleeve.*]

*Man.* Ha! Monsieur *Lejere!* what shall I feign to put him off withal. [*Aside.*]

*Geo.* Why dost thou start? How do's my dear *Mirtilla?*

*Man.* Reposing, Sir, a while, but anon I'll wait on her for your admittance.

[*Prince Frederick puts on Welborn's Cloak, goes out, and Welborn enters into the Company dress'd like the Prince.*]

*Geo.* Ha, she spoke in passing by that gay thing— What means it, but I'll trace the Mystery.

*Sir Row.* The young People are Lazy, and here's nothing but gaping and peeping in one another's Vizards; come, Madam, let you and I shame 'em into Action. ( *Sir Rowland, and Lady Youthly, Dance.* )

*After the Dance, enter Olivia with a Letter.*

*Olivia gives Welborn the Letter.*

*Well.* Ha! what's this, Sir, a Challenge?

*Oliv.* A Soft One, Sir.

*Well.* A Billet ——— whoe'er the Lady be. (*Reads.*) She merits something for but believing I am worth her Mirth.

*Oliv.* I know not, Sir, how great a Jest you may make of it; but I assure you the Lady is in earnest, and if you be at leisure to hear Reason from her. ———

*Well.* Fair and softly, my Dear Love Messenger, I am for no hasty Bargains; not but I shou'd be glad to hear Reason from any of the Sex ——— But I have been so damnably Jilted — Is she of Quality?

*Oliv.* Yes.

*Well.* Then I'll not hear any thing from her; they are troublesome, and insolent; and if she have a Husband, to hide her Intrigues she has recourse to all the little Arts and Cunning's of her Sex; and she that jilts her Husband, will her Lover.

*Oliv.* She is not troubled with a Husband, Sir.

*Well.* What, she's parted from the Fool; then she's Expensive, and for want of Alimony, jilts all the believing Block-heads that she meets with.

*Oliv.* But this is a Maid, Sir.

*Well.* Worse still! At every turn she's raving on her Honour; then if she have a Kinsman, or a Brother, I must be Challeng'd.

*Oliv.* Sir, you mistake, my Lady is for Matrimony.

*Well.* How!

*Oliv.* You have not forsworn it, I hope.

*Well.* Not so ——— but ———

*Oliv.* If a Lady, Young and Handsom, and Ten Thousand Pounds ———

*Well.* Nay, I am not positive ———

*Enter Sir Morgan, and Sir Merlin, Drunk, Singing.*

*Sir Morg.* and *Sir Merl.* Singing. } *Wife Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,*  
*That since Life is but short, lives as long as he can.*

*Sir Morg.* Where is my Lady Mirtilla, Rogues?

*Sir Merl.* And my Mistress, Rascals? For we are resolv'd to shew our selves in Triumph to our Wives and Mistresses.

*L. You.* Your Mistress, *Sir Merlin?* mistake not your Mark.

*Sir Merl.* Ha! Art thou there, old Cathedral? Why thou look'st as magnificently as Old Queen Bess in the *Westminster-Cupboard.*

*Sir Morg.* Looke as de fee, when *Adam* wore a Beard, she was in her Prime, or so, de fee. (*Sings.*)

*L. You.* Sir, you are a faucy *Jack*, and your Father shall correct you.

*Sir Merl.* My Father! my Father's an old Toft, de fee; and I hope to see him hang'd. *Sir*

*Sir Row.* Here's a Heathen-Christian! see his Father hang'd!

*Sir Merl.* Ay hang'd, and all the old Fathers in *Christendom*. Why, what-a-Pox shou'd Fathers trouble the World for? When I come to Reign in Parliament, I will enact it Felony, for any Father to have so little Grace to live, that has a Son at Years of Discretion.

*Sir Row.* A damn'd Rogue, I'll disinherit him immediately.

*L. Blun.* Is it so great a Crime, Brother, for a Gentleman to be Drunk?

*Sir Merl.* You Lye like a Son of a Whore—— I have been drinking Confusion to all the Fathers and Husbands in *England*.

*Sir Morg.* How, Sir, Confusion to Husbands? Lookee de see, Sir, swallow me that Word, or I'll make you deposite all the conjugal Wine you have drunk.

*Sir Merl.* I deposite all your Wine! Sirrah, you're a Blunderbuffs.

*Sir Morg.* Sirrah! you are a diminutive Bully.

*Sir Merl.* Sirrah! you're the Whore of *Babylon*, and I defie you.

*Sir Morg.* Lookee de see, I scorn to draw upon a drunken Man, or so, I being sober; but I boldly challenge you into the Cellar, where thou shalt drink till thou renounce thy Character, or talk Treason enough to hang thee, and that's fair and civil.

*Sir Merl.* Agreed; and when I'm drunk enough to ravish, I'll Cuckold my old Dad, and fight him for his Mistress.

*Sir Row.* I have no Patience; I'll kill the Dog, because I'll have the Law on my side—— Come on, Sir. (*Draws, the Ladies run out.*)

(*Sir Merlin draws*) *George runs in and parts 'em.*

*Geo.* Villain! Rascal! What, draw upon thy Father!

*Sir Row.* Pray, Sir, who are you? that I may thank you for my Life.

*Geo.* One, Sir, whose Duty 'twas. (*Pulls off his Visard.*)

*Sir Row.* What, my dear *George*!—— I'll go and cut off the Intail of my Estate presently, and thou shalt have it all, Boy, thou shalt——  
[*Exeunt all but George.*]

*Geo.* Fortune is still my Friend! Had but *Mirtilla* been so! I wonder that she sends not to me! My Love's impatient, and I cannot wait—— while the dull Sot is boozing with his Brother-Fools in the Cellar. I'll softly to the Chamber of my Love—— Perhaps she waits me there—— [Exit.]

## SCENE the Second.

*A Chamber, and Alcove, discovers Mirtilla, and Prince Frederick.*

*Prince.* Oh! I am ravish'd with excess of Joy.

*Mir.* Enough, my charming Prince! Oh, you have said enough!

*Prince.* Never, my *Mirtilla*!

The Sun that views the World, nor the bright Moon, that favours Lovers, Stealths, shall ever see that Hour. Vast, as thy Beauties, are my young Desires; and every new Possession kindles new Flames, soft as thy Eyes, soft as thy tender Touches, and, e'er the Paintings of my Heart are laid, new Transports, from new Wishes, dance about it, and still remains in Love's Harmonious Order. (*Kisses and Embraces her.*)

*Enter*

*Enter George, softly.*

*Geo.* This House I know, and this should be her Bed-Chamber, because the Best; and yet methought I heard another Voice—— but I may be mistaken.

*Prince.* I faint with Pleasure of each tender Clasp: I sigh, and languish, gazing on thy Eyes; and dye upon thy Lips, with every Kiss!

*Geo.* Surely I know that Voice! Torments, and Hell!—— but 'tis impossible? (*Aside.*)

*Prince.* Oh! satisfy my Doubt, my trembling Doubt! Am I belov'd? Have I about me ought engaging to Thee, Charmer of my Soul?

*Geo.* It is the Prince. (*Aside.*)

*Mir.* Ah, Prince! Can you such needless Questions ask, after the Sacrifice which I have made.

*Geo.* Hell take thee for that Falshood. (*Draws.*)

*Mir.* Think not the mighty Present of your Jewels, enough to purchase Provinces, has bought one single Sigh, or Wish: No, my dear Prince, you owe 'em all to Love, and your own Charms.

*Geo.* Oh damn'd, dissembling Jilt! (*Aside.*)

*Prince.* No more, no more, my Soul's oppress'd with Joy: let me unload it in thy tender Arms, and sigh it out into thy ravishing Bosom.

*Geo.* Death, and Damnation! ——

I shall forget his Quality, and Virtue, forget he was my Friend, or fav'd this Life; and like a River, swell'd with angry Tydes, o'erflow those Banks that made the Stream so gay.

*Mir.* Who's there? —— I heard a Voice —— *Manage?*

*Geo.* Yes. (*Softly.*)

*Prince.* Approach thou Confident of all my Joys; approach, and be Rewarded —— (*Prince takes his Jewel from his Hat.*)

*Geo.* Yes, for my excellent Bawding —— By Heav'n I dare not touch his Princely Person.

*Prince.* Where art thou? take this Jewel, and retire. (*Gropes for his Hand, gives it him.*)

*Geo.* Ev'n my Misfortunes have a sort of Luck; but I'll withdraw, for fear this Devil about me, shou'd raise my too rash Hand against his Life.

[*Exit.*]

*Prince.* Come, my eternal Pleasure —— each Moment of the happy Lover's Hour, is worth an Age of dull, and common Life. [*Exeunt into the Alcove, the Scene shuts.*]

## S C E N E the Third.

*A Garden, by Night Still.*

*Enter George with his Sword in his Hand, as before.*

*Geo.* Why do I vainly call for Vengeance down, and have it in my Hand? —— By Heav'n, I'll back —— Whether? To kill a Woman, a young perjur'd Woman! —— Oh, ye false Fair Ones! shou'd we do you Justice



Alice, A universal Ruin wou'd ensue; Not One wou'd live to stock the World anew. Who is't among ye All, ye Fair Deceivers, ye Charming Mischiefs to the Noble Race, can swear she's Innocent, without Damnation? No, no, go on — be false — be fickle still: You act but Nature — but my faithless Friend — where I repose the Secrets of my Soul — except this one — Alas! he knew not this: — Why do I blame him then?

*Enter Olivia; dress'd as before.*

*Oliv.* Fire! Fire! Fire!

*Geo.* *Olivia's* Voice! — Ha! what art thou? Thy Voice shou'd be *Olivia's*, but thy Shape — And yet a Woman is all o'er Disguise.

*Enter Lady Blunder in her Night-Gown.*

*L. Blun.* Fire! Fire! Fire! My Son, my dear *Sir Morgan*.

*Enter Sir Rowland, and Servants.*

*Sir Row.* A Pox on your Son, and mine to boot; they have set all the Sack-Butts a Flaming in the Cellar, thence the Mischief began. *Timothy, Roger, Jeffrey,* my Money-Trunks, ye Rogues! my Money-Trunks!

*L. Blun.* My Son, good *Roger!* my own *Sir Moggy!*

*Sir Row.* The Ten thousand Pounds, ye Rascal, in the Iron Trunk; that was to be paid *Mr. Welborn* for *Olivia's* Portion. [Exit.

*L. Blun.* Oh my Son! my Son! — Run to the Parson, *Sam,* and let him send the Church-Buckets. Oh, some help! some help!

*Enter Manage.*

*Man.* Oh; Heavens! my Lady *Mirtilla's* Chamber's all on Flame.

*Enter Britton.*

*Geo.* Ha, — the Prince! I had forgot his Danger.

*Man.* Ah! look up, and see how it burns!

*Geo.* *Britton,* a Million for a Ladder!

*Man.* Blessing on you, Sir, if you dare venture through the House; there lies one in the Fore Garden.

*Brit.* The Passage is on fire, Sir, you cannot go.

*Geo.* Revenge is vanish'd, and Love takes its place: Soft Love, and mightier Friendship seizes all. I'll save him, tho' I perish in the Attempt. [Runs out, Britton after him.

*Enter, at another Door, Sir Rowland.*

*L. Blun.* A Thousand Pound for him that saves *Sir Morgan*.

*Sir Row.* And, de ye hear, let my Rogue lie; I'd rather he should be burnt, than hang'd on *Tyburn* Road, for murdering his Father. — But where's *Boy George?*

*Enter Men with Trunks.*

*Rog.* Safe, Sir, I hope; he was not in the House.

*Sir Row.* So, so, away with these Trunks to my Lady *Youtbly's* in *Southampton-Square,* and tell her we must trouble her to Night. Come, Sister, let's away. [Exeunt Lady Blunder, and Sir Rowland.

*Prince Frederick, and Mirtilla, appear at the Window, the Flame behind 'em.*

*Prince.* Help, help, and save *Mirtilla*! Ask any Price, my Life, my Fortune! All!

*Mir.* Oh, Heav'ns! the Flame pursues us as we fly.

*Prince.* No help! Oh Gods, I shall prevent the Flame, and perish by my Fears to see you dye!

*Mir.* Alas! Sir, you with ease may save your Life! This Window you may leap, but I want Courage.

*Prince.* No, my *Mirtilla*, if it be thy Fate, I'll grasp thee, ev'n in Flames, and dye with thee.

*Mir.* We dye! we dye! the Flame takes hold of us!

*Enter George with a Ladder, and puts it to the Window.*

*Prince.* Ha! some pitying God takes Care of us. Hast, hast, my Charmer; Heav'n has sent us Aid. (*Puts her on the Ladder, she descends into*

*George's Arms; after her, the Prince. George puts her into Manage's Arms, she faints; he runs up to receive the Prince.*

*Prince.* Lejere! dear Man of Luck —— Some happy Star reign'd at thy glorious Birth; every thing is prosperous thou espoudest. —— How fares my Love, the Treasure of my Soul?

*Man.* Only fainting with the Fright, but she recovers.

*Prince.* My Chair there, quickly, that waits for me. —— (*Enter Chair; he puts her, and Manage into it.*)

*Enter Olivia.*

Carry 'em to Mr. *Welborn's*, to my Lodgings there, and then return to me; for I am wondrous faint, and cannot walk.

*Oliv.* Ha! by my Life, my Man!

*Prince.* But if I might impose so much Lejere upon thy Friendship, I beg thou wouldst see her safely carry'd to my Lodgings at *Welborn's*.

*Geo.* You shall Command me, Sir. [*Exeunt Chair, George, and Britton.*

*Oliv.* You seem not well, Sir; pray repose upon my Arm a while.

*Prince.* I thank you, Sir, indeed I am not well.

*Oliv.* Methinks I find a Pleasure but in touching him —— Wou'd I cou'd see his Face by all this fatal Light.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Const.* So, so, the Fire abates, the Engines play'd rarely; and we have Ten Guinea's here, Neighbours, to watch about the House; for where there's Fire, there's Rogues —— Hum, who have we here? —— How now, Mr. —— Hum, what have you got under your Arm there, ha? Take away this Box of Jewels.

(*Sir Morgan, and Sir Merlin, creeping out of the Cellar Window.*)

Ha, who have we here creeping out of the Cellar-Window? more Rogues!

*Sir Mer.* Sirrah! you're a Bawd, Sirrah! and for a Tetter will wink at the Vices of the Nation, Sirrah! Call Men of the best Quality, Rogues! that

that have stood for Knights of the Shire, and made the Mobile drunk, Sirrah!

*Const.* We cry you Mercy, Sir, we did not know your Worships.

*Sir Morg.* Lookee de see, here's a Crown for you; carry us to the next Tavern, and we'll make thee, and all thy Mirmidons, as drunk as a Boat in a Storm.

*Oliv.* Sir, I find you have Interest with these Arbitrary Tyrants of the Parish; Pray will you bail me, and this Gentleman?

*Sir Merl.* What, *Endimion!* my Lady *Mirtilla's* Page? He lent me Money to Night at the *Basset-Table*; I'll be bound Hand and Foot for him, Mr. *Constable*, and gad we'll all to the Tavern, and drink up the Sun, Boys.

*Oliv.* Yonder Gentleman too has receiv'd some Hurt by the Fire, and must go Home, Sir; but you must restore him the Box, Mr. *Constable*.

*Sir Morg.* Ay, ay, lookee de see, return the Gentleman all; they're Gentlemen, and our intimate Friends, de see. [Exeunt Prince, and Olivia.

Enter a Servant.

*Const.* Stand: Who goes there?

*Sir Morg. Philip*—— Lookee de see, he shall along with us to the Tavern.

*Serv.* Sir *Morgan*, I came to seek you: Your Lady Mother sent me back on purpose; she has spoil'd her Beauty with crying for you.

*Sir Morg.* And wash'd off all her Paint?— Or so de see! Gad sa' me, *Philip*, this is ill Luck. Come let us go drink down Sorrow.

*Serv.* Being sent of such an Errand, as your Safety, Sir, I dare not stay and drink now, before I've satisfy'd your Mother.

*Sir Mer.* Not drink! I charge you, in the King's Name, Mr. *Constable*, bring him along. (The *Constable* and Watch seize him.)

(Sings.)

*Wise Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,  
That since Life is but short, lives as long as he can.*

## A C T IV.

### S C E N E the First. The Prince's Lodgings.

Enter Page with Lights.

[Sets 'em on the Table, Exit.

Enter *Mirtilla* led by *Mrs. Manage*.

*Mir.* HA! where am I, *Manage*?

*Man.* Heav'n be thank'd, Madam, at the Prince's Lodgings.

*Mir.* What happy Star conducted us, and sav'd us from the Fury of the Flames?

*Man.* Those whose Influence are always Gracious to your Ladyship.

F

*Mir.* But

*Mir.* But where's the Prince? Where's my Illustrious Lover?

*Man.* Waiting the Return of the Chair, Madam.

*Mir.* But my *Endimion!*—— Is *Endimion* safe?

*Man.* Madam, he is: I saw him in the Garden.

*Mir.* Then perish all the rest —— Go fend to search him out, and let him instantly be brought to me. —— Ha —— *Lejere!*

*Enter George.*

*Geo.* Bawd stand aside — and do your Office yonder — [*Puts away Manage.* Why are you frighted, Madam, because I'm not the Lover you expected?

*Mir.* What Lover! be witness Heaven ——

*Geo.* That thou art false, false as the insatiate Seas, that smiling tempt the vain Adventurer, whom flattering, far from any saving there, swell their false Waves to a destructive Storm.

*Mir.* Why all this mighty Rage? —— Because I disappointed you to Night?

*Geo.* No, by Heaven, I dully cou'd have waited for the Hour; have hop'd, and wish'd, and languish'd out an Age. But, oh *Mirtilla!* Oh thou perjurd Fair! —— But vanish all the softness of my Soul, I will be satyrial.

*A Plague, a Torment, to your fickle Sex,  
Those smiling, sighing, weeping Hypocrites.*

*Mir.* And can you think my Flight is Criminal? because I sav'd this worthless Life —— for you ——

*Geo.* What Innocence adorns her Tongue, and Eyes! While Hell and Furies gives her Heart its motion, you know not where you are?

*Mir.* Perhaps I do not.

*Geo.* Swear, for thou'rt damn'd already, and by what black Degrees I will unfold: When first I saw this gay, this glorious Mischief, tho' Nobly born, 'twas hid in mean Obscurity; the shining Viper lay half dead with Poverty, I took it up, and laid it next my Heart, fed it, and call'd its faded Beauties back.

*Mir.* Confess'd: And what of this?

*Geo.* Confirm'd you mine, by all the Obligations Profuseness cou'd invent, or Love inspire.

*Mir.* And yet at your Return you found me marry'd to another.

*Geo.* Death and Hell! that was not yet the worst: You flatter'd me with some Pretence of Penitence; but on the Night, the dear destructive Night, you rais'd my Hopes to all distracting Love cou'd wish —— that very Night —— Oh let me rave and dye, and never think that Disappointment o'er!

*Mir.* What, you saw me Court'd at the Ball, perhaps?

*Geo.* Perhaps I saw it in your Chamber too. Breathless, and panting with new-acted Joys, the happy Lover lay —— Oh *Mirtilla!*

*Mir.* Nay, if he knows it, I'll deny't no more.

[*Aside.*  
*Geo.*

Geo. There is no Honesty in all thy kind.

Mir. Or if there be, those that deal in't are weary of their Trade. But where's the mighty Crime?

Geo. No, I expect thou shou'dst out-face my Eyes, out-swear my Hearing, and out-lye my Senses—— The Prince! the Prince! thou faithless dear Destruction.

Mir. The Prince! good Heaven! Is all this Heat for him?

Geo. Thou own'st the Conquest then?

Mir. With as much Vanity as thou wouldst do, if thou hadst won his Sword: Hast thou took care wisely to teach me all the Arts of Life, and dost thou now upbraid my Industry? Look round the World, and thou shalt see, *Lejere*, Ambition still supplies the Place of Love. The worn-out Lady, that can serve your Interest, you swear has Beauties that out-charms Fifteen; and for the Vanity of Quality, you feign and languish, lye, protest, and flatter—— All Things in Nature Cheat, or else are Cheated.

Geo. Well said; take off thy Veil, and shew the Jilt.

Mir. You never knew a Woman thrive so well by real Love, as by Dissimulation: This has a Thousand Arts and Tricks to conquer; appears in any Shape, in any Humour; can laugh or weep, be coy or play, by turns, as suits the Lover best, while simple Love has only one Road of Sighs and Softness; these to *Lejere* are due: But all my Charms, and Arts of gay Dissembling, are for the credulous Prince.—— Ha—— he's here!—— and with him the dear Youth that has enslav'd me, who triumph's o'er the rest. [ *Aside.*

*Enter Prince Frederick, Olivia following, sees Mirtilla, and withdraws.*

Oliv. Ha! *Mirtilla*, and my Brother here! Oh how I long to see that Stranger's Face. [ *Aside.*

Prince. *Mirtilla*, thou Charmer of Life's dull and tedious Hours, how fares thy Heart? Dwells any Pantings there, but those that Love, and his dear Joys create.

Mir. Or if there do, you shou'd excuse it now.

Geo. How many Devils reign in beauteous Woman!

Prince. My dear *Lejere* congratulate my Joys; take all my Friendship thou—— but thou my Soul. Come, come, my Friend, let us retire together; I'll give thee leave to gaze upon my Heaven, and feed on all the Sweets that Friendship may: But all the rest of the vast Store is mine.

Man. Madam *Endimion* is already here. [ *Aside to her.*

Mir. Thou hast reviv'd me—— Let him wait my Call.

[ *Exit Prince, and Mirtilla; George goes out, and peeps at the Door*

*Olivia comes forward.*

Oliv. Spight! Spight, and dire Revenge, seize my fond Soul!—— Oh that I were a Man, a loose lewd Man, how easily wou'd I rob him of her Heart, and leave him but the shadow of Enjoyment.

Re-enter George.

*Geo.* Now, my dear Sister, if thou ever lovedst me, revenge thy Brother on this perjur'd Woman, and snatch her from this gallant Rival's Arms. She loves thee — Dissemble thou to love again; meet her Advances with an equal Ardour, and when thou hast wound her up to dalliance, I'll bring the Prince a witness of her Shame.

*Oliv.* But what if he shou'd kill me —

*Geo.* I'll take care of that.

*Oliv.* Then e'er the morning dawns, you shall behold it: She languishes to see me, and I wait on purpose for her Commands.

*Geo.* As I cou'd wish: Be sure to Act the Loyer well. [Exit George.]

*Oliv.* As well as I can Act it.

Enter Welborn, habited as last.

That all Mankind are Damn'd, I'm positive; at least all Lovers are.

*Wel.* What have we here? the Spark that rally'd me about a Woman at the Ball to Night? Who is it, Sir, you Curse so heartily?

*Oliv.* Ha, how Beautiful he is — how many Charms dwell in that lovely Face — (*Aside.*) 'Tis you I curse.

*Wel.* Gad, I thank you for that, you were kinder to Night, when you told me of a fine Woman that was in Love with me.

*Oliv.* Why, what have you to do with Woman-kind?

*Wel.* A pretty civil Question; has the Lady that sent you, a mind to be inform'd?

*Oliv.* Or if she had, you're not at leisure now you are taken up, Sir, with another Beauty. Did not you swear, never to speak to Woman-kind, till I had brought her, I told you, sigh'd for you?

*Wel.* Right, and I have kept my word Religiously.

*Oliv.* The Devil you have, witness the Joy *Mirtilla* gave your Soul: Even now you were all Transport, all Extasie of Love; by Heaven you had forgot you brought me in, and past Triumphant in *Mirtilla's* Arms, Love in your Heart, and Pleasure in your Eyes.

*Wel.* Ay, sure he mistakes me for the Amorous Prince, and thus, perhaps, has mistook me all the Night: I must not undeceive him. [*Aside.*]  
What e're you saw, I have a heart unwounded, a heart that never soundly loved, a little scratch it got the other day by a Young Beauty in the Mall, her Name I know not, but I wish'd to know it, and dogg'd her Coach, I sigh'd a little after her, but since ne'er saw the lovely Vision.

*Oliv.* Sure this was I. (*Aside.*) What Livery had she, Sir?

*Wel.* That I took notice of; 'twas Green and Gold — Since that, I trifle now and then with Love, to chase away this Image, and that's all.

*Oliv.* Ha, now I view him well, 'tis the same handsome Fellow that Entertain'd us in the *Mall* last Thursday.

*Wel.* Come, Sir, 'tis late, please you to take a Bed with me to Night, where we'll beget a better Understanding.

*Oliv.* A better than you imagine — 'Sdeath, to Bed with him, I tremble at the thought — Sir, I do not love a Bedfellow. *Wel.*

Wel. Sir, I have lent my Lodgings to a Stranger of Quality, or I wou'd offer you a single Bed — but for once you may dispense with a Bedfellow.

Oliv. I will not put you to that trouble, Sir.

Wel. Do you design to make me your Friend, and use me with Ceremony? Who waits there?

[Enter Footman.

Oliv. 'Slife, what shall I do? I cou'd even consent, to prevent his going to *Mirtilla* — besides, I have no home to go to —

Wel. Come, no more Scruples — here — a Night-Gown and a Cap for the Gentleman.

Oliv. What shall I do — I have a little urgent Business, Sir.

Wel. If there be absolute necessity, I'll see you to your Lodgings.

Oliv. Oh, by no means, Sir. 'Sdeath, whither can I go?

Wel. Why do you pause? Deal freely with me, Sir, I hope you do not take me for a Lover of my own Sex — Come, come, to Bed.

Oliv. Go you, Sir, I'll sit and Read by you till Day.

Wel. 'Sdeath, Sir, de think my Bed's Infectious?

Oliv. I shall betray my Sex in my denial, and that at last I can but do if Necessity compel me to't.

[Aside.

Go on, Sir, you have sham'd me.

[Exit both.

Enter Prince and George.

Prince. And thus thou hast my whole Adventure out, short was the Conquest, but the Joys are lasting.

Geo. I am glad on't, Sir.

Prince. Why do'st wear a Cloud upon thy brows, when Love's gay Sunshine dances in my Eyes? If thou'rt her Lover too, I pity thee; her Solemn Vows breath'd in the height of love, disarm me thy hopes, if Friendship wou'd permit thee.

Geo. I do not think it, Sir —

Prince. Not think it, not think that she has sworn!

Geo. Yes, doubtless, Sir — she's Prodigal of Vows, and I dare swear, by all she's sworn by, she'll break 'em all: She has less Faith than all the fickle Sex, uncertain and more wanton than the Winds, that spares no Births of Nature in their wild course, from the tall Cedar, to the Flowers beneath, but Ruffles, Ravishes, and Ruines all.

Prince. I speak of my *Mirtilla*.

Geo. Why, so do I — of yours, of mine, or any man's *Mirtilla*.

Prince. Away, she that with force of Love can sigh and weep —

Geo. This very she, has all the while dissembled! Such Love she deals to every gawdy Coxcomb, how will she practice then upon a Hero?

Prince. Away, it cannot be.

Geo. By all your Friendship to me, Sir, 'tis truth.

Prince. Wrecks and Tortures, — let her have made of me a meer Example, by whom the couzen'd World might have grown wise: No matter, then I had been pleas'd, tho' Cullyed — Why hast thou ruined my Repose with Truths that carry more Damnation than a Lye? But Oh — thou art my Friend, and I forgive thee.

Geo.

*Geo.* Sir, I have done, and humbly ask your Pardon.

[*Offers to go.*]

*Prince.* Stay, stay, *Lejere*, — if she be false, thou'rt all the World has left me; and I believe — but canst thou prove this to me?

*Geo.* Perhaps I may before the Morning's dawn.

*Prince.* Ha, prove it here — here, in this very House!

*Geo.* Ay, here, Sir

*Prince.* What, in my Lodgings will she receive her Spark — by Heaven, were he the Darling Son of a Monarch, an Empire's Hope, and Joy of all the Fair, he shou'd not live to rifle me of Peace, — Come, shew me this destin'd Victim to my Rage.

*Geo.* No, my Revenge is only Comical — If you wou'd see how Woman can dissemble, come on, and follow me.

*Prince.* What, disturb her Rest! Didst thou not see her fainting with the Fatigues this Night had given her, and begg'd me I wou'd leave her to Repose?

*Geo.* Yes, and wonder'd at her Art; and when you begg'd to watch by her Bed-side, with what dear Promises she put you off; while every word fell feebly from her Tongue, as if't had been her last, so very sick she was — till you were gone — heark — a Door opens — I will obscure the Lights.

[*Puts away the Lights.*]

*Enter Olivia. They retire a little.*

*Oliv.* Was ever Maid so near to being undone? Oh, Heavens! in Bed with the dear Man I love, ready to be betray'd by every sigh.

[*George peeps.*]

*Geo.* 'Tis *Olivia*.

[*Enter Manage groping.*]

*Man.* I left him here — what, by dark? *Endimion*, young, handfom Sir, where are you?

[*Calls Olivia.*]

*Geo.* Do you hear that, Sir?

*Man.* Oh, are you here? —

[*Runs against Olivia.*]

*Oliv.* 'Slife, 'tis *Manage* — how shall I escape —

[*Aside.*]

*Man.* Come, Sir, my Lady *Mirtilla* has dismiss her troublefom Lovers, for your more agreeable Company.

*Geo.* De hear that, Sir?

*Man.* Come softly on, Sir, and follow me.

*Oliv.* I'm all Obedience —

She cannot Ravish me, and that's a Comfort.

[*Aside, going out.*]

*Prince.* Oh, *Lejere* — can this be possible? Can there be such a Woman?

*Geo.* Follow him, Sir, and see —

*Prince.* See what! — Be witness of her Infamy! Hell! Hell, and all the Fires of Lust possess her, when she's so old and lewd, all Mankind shun her, — I'll be a Coward in my own dire Revenge, and use no manly Mercy — But oh, I faint, I faint with Rage and Love, which like two Tydes, swell into Storms. — Bear me a minute to my Couch

What have I done, now I repent my Rashness.

*Scene*



Scene draws off; discovers Mirtilla at her Toylet, drest. Enter Manage, leading Olivia in as Endymion, who falls at Mirtilla's feet, whilst she's there, sings a Song; she takes him up.

Mir. Rise, — When Lovers are alone they pardon Ceremony. — I sent for you to end the Night with me; say — how shall we employ it?

Oliv. I'll sigh, and gaze upon your lovely Face.

Mir. Nothing but sigh, and gaze; we shall grow dull.

Oliv. I'll tell you Tales of Love, and sing you Songs.

Mir. Thy Voice, 'tis true, can charm a thousand ways; but Lovers time their Joys, these for the Day, those for the lovely Night. And when they would be silently in love, have Musick of soft Sighs and gentler Whispers.

Oliv. Oh, Love inspires all this — What shall I do? [Aside.

Mir. Nay, think not because I sent for you alone, while Night and Silence favour Lovers Stealths, to take advantage of my yielding Heart.

Oliv. I wou'd to Heaven she were in earnest now.

A Noise. Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, hide your Favourite, Madam — do you hear?

Mir. A jealous Lover only, comes in such a Storm — Dear, to my Heart, whose safety is my Life. Submit to be conceal'd — but where — Oh heavens, he comes — 'Tis for you I fear — [They search for a place.

Man. He comes —

Mir. Here, let my Train secure you — Till now I never found the right Use of long Trains and Farthingals.

[She kneels, Man. puts her Train over Olivia.

Enter Prince, and George, at the Door.

Geo. 'Sdeath, you have made these Pauses and Alarms to give her time to Jilt you.

Prince. Pray heaven she do — I'd not be undeceiv'd for all the Sun surveys. [Enters.

Mir. My Lord the Prince! now you are kind indeed, [Goes and embraces him. — hah! what means this Unconcern?

Prince. I thought I'd left you sick, extremely sick.

Mir. And are you griev'd to find my Health return?

Prince. No, wondrous glad of it. You're mighty Gay, Mirtilla, much in Glory.

Mir. Can he who lays his Fortune at my Feet, think me too glorious for his Arms and Eyes?

Geo. Fifty to one, the Gypsy jilts him yet. [Aside.

Prince. Pray heaven she lyes but handsomly — — for mine Mirtilla. Ha — ha — [Aside.

Mir. Am I not yours? You cannot doubt my Vows.

Geo. She'll do't, and make me love her anew for her rare dexterity at dissembling.

Prince. I left you wearied, going to your Bed, but find you at your Toylet gayly drest, as if some Conquest you design'd e'er morning. Mir.

*Mir.* Manage, Sir, from the Fire, secur'd these Trifles: and I was trying several Dreffes on; that this slight Beauty that you say has charm'd you, might, when you saw it next, compleat the Conquest.

*Geo.* And that thou wilt, if Flattery can do't.

*Prince.* Now, were she guilty, as I am sure she is not, this softness would undo me, and appease me.

*Mir.* You seem as if you doubted what I say. [*This while, Oliv. gets off unseen.*  
By all the Powers——

*Prince.* Hold, I scorn to need an Oath to fix my Faith: Oh! thou art all Divine and canst not err. [*Embraces her.*  
Curs'd be the Tongue that dares profane thy Vertue, and curs'd the listning Fool that dares believe it.

*Geo.* What a poor, wretched, baffled thing is Man, by feebler Woman aw'd and made a Coxcomb!

*Mir.* Durst any one traduce my Vertue, Sir? and is it possible that you could hear it——Then perish all the Beauties you have flatter'd.

[*Tears her Head-things.*

*Prince.* Come to my Arms, thou Charmer of my Soul! and if one spark of Jealousie remain, one of those precious Tears shall quench the Crime——Oh, come and let me lead thee to thy Bed, and breathe new Vows into thy panting Bosom. [*Leads her off, she looks back on Geo. and smiles.*

*Geo.* Now all the Plagues of injur'd Lovers wreck thee; 'Sdeath, where has she hid *Olivio*? or how am I deceiv'd?——'Tis Day, and with it new Invention rise to damn this Woman to the sin of Shame: Break all the Chains that hold the Princely Youth, and sink her with her fancy'd Pow'r and Vanity. [*Exit.*

*Scene changes to Lady Youthly's. Enter Sir Rowland half drest, Lady Blunder in an Undress, Lady Youthly in her morning-dress, Teresia and Mr. Twang.*

*Sir Row.* Morrow my Lady Youthly, and thank you for my Nights Lodging——You are as early up as if it had been your Wedding-day.

*L. You.* Truly, Sir Rowland, that I intend.

*Sir Row.* But where's the Bridegroom, Madam?

*Enter Roger.*

how now, *Roger*, what, no news yet of *George*?

*Rog.* Alas! none Sir, none, till the Rubbish be removed.

*Sir Row.* Rubbish——What——what is *George* become the Rubbish of the World then? [*Weeps.*

*Twang.* Why, Man is but dust, as a man may say, Sir.

*L. Blun.* But are you sure, *Roger*, my Jewel, my Sir *Moggy* escap'd.

*Rog.* The Watch drew him out of the Cellar-window, Madam.

*L. You.* How Mr. *Twang*, the Young Gentleman burnt——Oh——

[*falls in a Chair.*

*Tere.* Alas! my Grandmother faints with your ill News——Good Sir *Rowland* comfort her, and dry your Eyes. [*Sir Row.*

Sir Row. Burnt, Madam! No, no, only the House fell on him, or so —

[ Feigns Chearfulness, and speaks to Lady Youthly.

La. You. How! the House fell on him — Oh!

Sir Row. Ah, Madam, that's all; why, the young Rogue has a Back like an Elephant — 'twill bear a Castle, Madam.

La. You. Alas, good Man: What a Mercy 'tis, Mr. Twang, to have a Back like an Elephant!

La. Blun. Of what wonderful Use it is upon Occasion —

Sir Row. Ay—but—but I shall never see him more, Back nor Breast. [ Weeps.

Twang. Good Sir, discomfort not my Lady— Consider man's a flower —

Sir Row. Ay, but George was such a Flower! He was, Mr. Twang, he was the very Pink of Prentices. Ah! what a rare Rampant Lord Mayor he would have made? And what a Swinging Sheriff — [ Cries.

Tere. What, cry, so near your Wedding-day, Sir Rowland?

Sir Row. Well, if he be gone — Peace be with him; and 'Ifaks, Sweet-heart, we'll Marry, and beget new Sons and Daughters — but — but — I shall ne'er beget another George. [ Cries.

Tere. This is but a scurvy Tune for your Hymenical Song, Sir.

Sir Row. Alas! Mrs. Teresa, my Instrument is untun'd, and good for nothing now but to be hung upon the Willows.

Cry within. Murder, Murder, Murder.

[ Enter Footman.

Sir Merlin his Sword drawn, and Sir Morgan.

Sir Row. What's here, my Rogue?

Twang. What's the matter, Gentlemen, that ye enter the House in this Hostile manner?

Sir Morg. What, Mr. Twang, de see!

Sir Mer. Ay, ay — stand by Divinity — and know, that we, the Pillars of the Nation, are come, de see — to Ravish.

La. Blun. Oh, my dear Sir Morgan.

[ Embraces him.

Sir Morg. I do not intend to Ravish, like a Jew, in my own Tribe —

La. You. What say they, Mr. Twang, Ravish? Oh, save my Honour — lead me to my Bed-Chamber, where if they dare venture to come, they come upon their Peril. [ Twang leads her out. Sir Morgan goes to Teresa.

Sir Mer. Old Fellow, do'st hear? Sir Pandarus of Troy, deliver me my Cresida, de see, peaceably, or I am resolv'd to bear her off *Vi & Armis*.

La. Blun. Sweet Nephew, retire, we are just upon making your Peace.

Sir Mer. Ha — Old Queen Gwiniver, without her Ruff on? —

[ Sir Merlin takes hold of her to bear her off; she cries out: Sir Rowland draws upon him. As they are going to Fight, Enter George.

Geo. Is there a man in Nature's Race so vile, dares lift a guilty Hand against his Father?

Sir Mer. Father me no Fathers; I fight for Teresa, my Lawfully begotten Spouse.

Geo. That I once call'd you Brother, saves your Life; therefore resign your Sword here at his Reverend Feet.

Sir Mer. Sirrah; you lye, Sirrah —

Geo. There, drag away this Brute.

[ Disarms him. To the Footman.

Sir Mer. Rogues, Dogs, bring Mrs. Teresa along with you.

*Tere.* Sure this is my fine Fellow — and yet the very fame that's to be marry'd to my Grandmother ; nor can that City Habit hide the Gentleman.

[ *George speaks this while with his Father, who embraces him.*

*Sir Morg.* Burnt, say you, Mrs. *Teresia* de see — my Lady *Mirtilla* burnt! Nay then, 'tis time to go sleep, get sober, and Marry again. [ *Goes out.*

*Sir Row.* Enough, my Boy, enough ; thou deserv'st my whole Estate, and thou shalt have it, Boy — This day thou shalt Marry the Widow, and I her Grand-child. I'll to my Lawyers, and settle all upon thee instantly —

[ *Goes out.*

*Geo.* How! Marry to day — Old Gentleman, you must be couzen'd, and Faith, that goes against my Conscience. — Ha, the Fair, the Young *Teresia* there — When a man's bent upon Wickedness, the Devil never wants an Opportunity to present him with, that she shou'd be in my way now — Fair Creature, are you resolv'd to be my Mother-in-law ?

*Tere.* As sure as you to be my Grandfather, Sir — And see — the News of your being come, has rais'd my Grandmother.

*Enter Lettice and Lady Youthly.*

*Geo.* A Pox upon her, her Ghost had been less frightful.

*Tere.* I cou'd have spar'd her now too ; but see she advances as swift as Time.

*Geo.* And as old : What shall I do ? I dye to speak with you —

*La. You.* Where — where's this Young Welcome Gentleman — Oh, are you here, Sir —

[ *She sees him not, but runs upon him.*

*Lettice,* take *Teresia*, and get you to your Chamber, she has her Trinkets to get ready against the Wedding anon, for we'll make but one work of both.

*Tere.* Ay, 'twill save Charges, Madam —

*La. You.* Ay, ay, get you gone, Lovers sometimes wou'd be private.

*Geo.* Hark ye — leave me not to her mercy, by Love, if you do, I'll follow you to your Chamber.

*Tere.* Leave you! no, hang me if I do, till I have told you a piece of my mind, for I find there's no dallying.

*La. You.* Well, Sir, I have finish'd the Great Work.

*Geo.* I wish you had — *Teresia*, once you made me hope you did not hate me.

*La. You.* What says he, *Teresia* ?

*Tere.* He says, he hopes you do not hate him, Madam.

*La. You.* No, by my Troth, Sir ; I feel something for you, I have not felt before.

*Geo.* Not these Threescore Years, I dare swear — You have too much Wit, *Teresia*, to have been only pleas'd with the Embroider'd Coat, and Gawdy Plume, where still the man's the same.

*La. You.* What says he, Embroider'd Coat and Plume ?

*Tere.* He hopes your Ladyship likes him ne'er the worse, for being without those Fopperies.

*La. You.* Marry do I not, I love not this over-finery in a Husband ; those Fellows that Dress, think so well of themselves, they never mind their Wives.

*Geo.* Are

Geo. Are you so dull, *Teresia*, not to see, this Habit was put on, only to get an Opportunity to tell you my Passion?

*La. You.* Tell me of his Passion! was it so, alas, good Young Man —— Well, well, I'll defer your Joys no longer, this Night shall make you happy, Mr. *Twang* shall join us, Sir.

Geo. A blessed hearing —— You see, Charming Maid, how very short a space there is between this and the hast'ning hour; stand not on Virgin Niceties, but answer me, our time admits of no Consideration.

*Tere.* I have not been this Four and Twenty hours a Lover, to need Considering; as soon as you had my Heart, you had my Consent, and that was the first moment I saw you at the *Basset-Table*.

Geo. Ha! at the *Basset-Table*?

*Tere.* Yes, I was the frank Youth that lent you Money — but no more — your Time and Place.

*La. You.* What are you prating to him there?

*Tere.* He doubts your Love, Madam, and I'm confirming it.

*La. You.* Alas, good Gentleman! —— anon I'll convince him — for in the Ev'ning, Sir, the Priest shall make us one.

Geo. Ah, Madam, I cou'd wish 'twere not so long defer'd, for sure I love you like a sighing Swain, and as a Proof of it, I have here prepar'd an Emblem of my Love in a Dance of Country Lovers, where Passion is sincere.

*La. You.* Good-lack-a-day, indeed you're so obliging: But pray let us have the Dance. [Dance.]

*La. You.* Very pretty indeed. Come, good Gentleman, don't droop, don't droop; come, hold up your Head — you may be allowed one Kiss beforehand.

Geo. (*Kisses her.*) Oh, what a Pestilential Blast was there? [Aside.]

*La. You.* Come, come, *Teresia*, come with me.

Geo. to *Teresia.* I'll send a Chair to your Back-Gate anon, that shall wait you on the Field-side, and bring you whither I shall appoint. Get Ready instantly.

*Tere.* And if I fail, may I be eternally damn'd to the Embraces of Old Age. [Exeunt all but George.]

Geo. *Mirtilla*, thus thy Scorn I will out-brave,  
And let my Father the kind Cheat forgive,

If I with dexterous Charitable care  
Ease him of Burthens he wants strength to bear.

[Exit.]

## ACT V.

## SCENE the First.

*Enter Welborn dressing himself; to him, a Footman with a Letter.*

*Wel.* Prethee what became of the Spark that lay with me last night?

*Foot.* I know not, Sir, he 'rose before day—— What Letter's this, Sir? It lay upon your Toylet. [Gives Welborn a Letter.]

*Wel.* To the dear Man whose Name I would be glad to know——Hum'—— a Woman's Hand—— [Reads.]

The Lady you saw last *Thursday* in the *Mall*, you had in Bed with you last Night. *Adieu.* [Opens it.]

Oh! dull Divinity of Love! that by no Instinct, no sympathizing Pains or Pleasure, could instruct my Sense, how near I was to Happiness!

*Enter George, fine.*

——*Lejere*, behold me here the most unlucky Fellow breathing. Thou know'st I told thee how I was in love with a young Woman in the *Mall*: And this very Night, I had this very Woman in my Arms.

*Geo.* Is this your ill Luck, Sir?

*Wel.* 'Sdeath, all the while I took her for a Man: But, finding me asleep, she softly 'rose; and, by a Light yet burning in my Chamber, she writ this Billet, and left it on my Table. [Gives it George, he reads it.]

*Geo.* By all that Good, *Olivia*! —— And were you very Honest, Sir?

*Wel.* To my eternal Shame, as chaste as Ice.

*Geo.* What will you say now, *Charles*, if I bring this Woman to you again?

*Wel.* Canst thou? Oh, let me kiss thy Lips away.

*Geo.* For all her Frolick, *Charles*, she's very honest, a Fortune, and of Quality —— and were't not for *Olivia*, thou shouldst marry her.

*Wel.* *Olivia* I ne'er saw, and now 'twill be too late.

*Geo.* Nay then, Sir, I must fight in her Defence.

*Wel.* You fight in her defence! Why, dost thou love her? —— By all that's Good, I will resign her to thee.

*Geo.* You shall not, Sir; and know she is my Sister.

*Wel.* *Olivia* thy Sister! ——

*Geo.* Ask no more Questions, but defend your self, if you refuse to marry her; for her Honour's mine.

*Wel.* Were she an Angel, I must love this Woman.

*Geo.* Then thou shalt have her —— Hast, and get a Licence —— no more —— trust my Friendship —— Go. [Exit Welborn.]

*Enter Olivia.*

*Olivia*, where did you lie last Night? —— Nay do not blush, for you may yet be Vertuous.

*Olivia*

*Oliv.* Virtuous! Not the young Roses in the bud secur'd, nor breaking Morn, ungaz'd at by the Sun; nor falling Snow, has more of Purity.

*Geo.* I do believe you; but your dangerous Frolicks will make the World talk shamefully.

*Oliv.* Let him talk on, I will not humour Fools.

*Geo.* No more — here's *Manage* ——— Contrive an Affignation with *Mirtilla*; but do not hide again where none may find you. This done, I'll tell you more, and make you happy. How now, *Manage*, is the Prince stirring?

*Man.* He's in his dressing Room, Sir, ——— This from my Lady, Sir.

[Slides the Letter into Olivia's hand as she passes out.

*Geo.* What have you there, *Olivia*?

[Takes the Billet.

*Oliv.* An Affignation from your perjur'd Mistriss, Sir.

*Geo.* 'Tis well ——— You must obey the Summons. And wind her up to all the height of Love; then let her loofe to Shame. I'll bring her Lover in the height of Dalliance, who, when he sees her Perfidy, will hate her.

*Oliv.* And then the lovely Man stands fair for me.

[Aside.

*Geo.* Go write an Answer back ——— and wait her hour. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE, the Second. The Dressing-Room. Discovers the Prince at his Toilet, dressing. Musick and a Song. Enter *Lejere*; waits till the Song is ended. The Prince sees him, comes to him with Joy, and falls about his Neck.

SONG, by Mr. Gildon.

AH, Charmion! shroud those killing Eyes,  
That dart th' Extreame of Pleasure,  
Else *Celadon*, tho' favour'd, dies  
As well as him that you despise,  
Tho' with this diff'rent measure:  
While ling'ring Pains drag on his Fate,  
Dispatch is all th' Advantage of my State;  
For, ah! you kill with Love, as well as Hate.

2.

Abate thy Luxury of Charms,  
And only Part discover;  
Your Tongue, as well as Eyes, had Arms  
To give a Thousand fatal Harms  
To the poor listening Lover:  
Thy Beams, *Glory's Veil'd* shou'd be,  
And like the Front of Heav'n, unseen, pass by;  
For to behold 'em, in full force, we dye.

*Prince.* *Lydia*, Oh! I faint, I dye with thy Beauty's Luxury! By heaven, I'm all Rapture, Love, and Joy: Such a dear Night, *Lejere*! ——— Poets may fancy pressing Goddesses, on downy Beds of Clouds ——— But oh, *Lejere*! ——— Those Gods were never half so blest as I!

*Geo.* What pity 'twere to wake you from this Dream.

*Prince.* It is not in the Power of Time nor Age: For even then *Mirtilla* will have Charms! Oh, how she speaks! how well she'll grace a Story!

Geo. How gay her Wit! how movingly she writes!

Prince. I do believe she do's.

[A little seriously.]

Geo. Would it displease you, should you see a Billet from her?

Prince. That's as it were directed.

[Gravely.]

Geo. You would not credit what you saw last night.

Prince. Nor wou'd have lost that Night for all the Treasure the vast Ocean hides.

Geo. I wou'd not have a Man so good, and great, be made a Woman's Property——There, Sir.

[Gives him the Billet.]

Prince. I'll not believe it her's; there are a thousand ways to ruin Innocence; if she be false——she's damn'd Confirm me, and of course I shall despise her. You cure me, when you shew her worth my Scorn.

Geo. Will you be rul'd then, and believe it Friendship in me?

Prince. I will.

Geo. Give her, by Absence, but an Opportunity; feign some Excuse to leave the Town to day.

Prince. See where she comes——

[Enter Mirtilla.]

Adorn'd with all the beauteous Wonders of her Sex. The Gods of Love are playing in her Eyes, and give us Wounds from ev'ry graceful Motion? Ah, my Mirtilla! how shall I support the Absence of a many coming Hours, that languish, being from thee but a moment?

Mir. I hope, my Lord, Fate is not so unkind, to let me live without you many Hours.

Prince. Can all this be dissembl'd?

[Aside to George.]

Geo. How much more have I heard? yet all was false.

Prince. I must this Day—— this tedious live-long Day, be absent from thy sight—— but shall be back ith' Evening: I'll leave Lejere to wait on your Commands:

Mir. Lejere shall ever, Sir, be dear to me——

But I'll retire, and sigh till your Return—— That World affords no Pleasure where you are not.

Prince. Do you hear that, Sir?

[Aside to George.]

Till Night, thou dearest Blessing of my Life—— Adieu.

[Mirtilla going out, pulls Lejere by the Sleeve.]

Mir. Thou little, mischievous, informing Thing, how vainly hast thou lavish'd out Invention!

[Smiling. Exit.]

Prince. By Heaven, methinks 'twere Sin but to suspect her.

Geo. Think so; I'll trouble your Repose no more: I've done my Duty, and I wou'd not see you made a——

Prince. Property—— Ha—— A loath'd convenient Tool—— A Woman's Implement—— S'death! she that off—— Loose to the nasty Love of every Fool, that will be Flatter'd, Cozen'd, Jilted, Cuckolded—— No more—— I will, unseen, convey my self into the Closet in my Dressing-Room; 'tis near her Bed—— And if I find her Wanton.

Geo. If you find her—— The Youth is waiting now that shall convince you.

Prince. Where?—— Oh set the happy Slave but in my View, and——

Geo.



Geo. No faith, Sir, be convinc'd before you strike, for fear she jilt you out of Sense and Reason——

Prince. Come to my Cloſet, from thence we may obſerve all that paſſes in her Chamber; from whence I'll break upon the perjur'd Fair, like Thunder from a Cloud, and more deſtructive. [Exit.

Scene diſcovers Mirtilla and Manage.

Mir. Is the Prince gone?

Man. Yes, Madam.

Mir. Then bring *Endimion* to me.

Man. Madam, I wiſh you'd think no more of him; for I foreſee, that this Amour muſt Ruine you. Remember you have left a Husband for the Prince.

Mir. A Husband, my Drudge, to toil for me, and ſave me the Expence of careful Thoughts: My Cloak, my Led-Horſe, for Neceſſity to fill my Train—— no more—— but *Endimion* waits. [Exit Manage.

——There is a native Generoſity in me, that checks my Inconſtancy to this great Man; yet I have ſo much Woman in my Soul, cannot pain my ſelf to do him Juſtice—— A new deſire of humouring my Wiſh, ſways all my Intereſt, and controuls all my Honour. Why ſhould I loſe a Pleaſure for a Promiſe, ſince Time, that gives our Youth ſo ſhort a Date, may well excuſe our needful Perjury. [Enter Manage, and Olivia, ſhe runs and Embraces him. ——Let the young baſhful Maid, unſkill'd in Love, deny the preſſing Swain.

Let wither'd Age who fondly dreams of Virtue, loſe the dear Opportunities of Life.

The coming Hours preſent themſelves to us; and are too nice, not to be ſnatch'd when offer'd.

Oliv. So haſty this diſarms me of Excufe. [Aſide.

Mir. Why are thy Eyes bent down? Why doſt thou pauſe?

Oliv. So hot!—— I muſt prepare to ſhew my Sex's Evidence, if nothing elſe will do. [Unbuttons her Coat.

Mir. What not a Word!

Advance thou baſhful Youth—— Love in thy Eyes, and Coward in thy Heart! The one all Fire, the other too much Ice.

[Prince, and George, looking out.

Prince. Yet ſtay me, my *Lejere*, from my haſty Vengeance.

Oliv. Ah, Madam, how are you miſtaken! 'Tis not Coldneſs in me—— but——

Mir. What? Baſhfulneſs!

Oh Love will lend thee Courage.

This Trembling is the ſoft Effects of 'it.

Oliv. Oh how vilely ſhe's miſtaken!

Mir. Come to my Bed, and preſs the Roſes down; and lend more ſweetneſs to 'em than they bring.

[She leading him to her Bed. The Prince enters, with *Lejere*, holding his Sword in hand, he takes hold of Olivia.

*Prince.* Love—— thus I fling thy gaudy Fetters off, and am no more a Slave to faithless Beauty.

[*The Prince holding Olivia by the Bosom of her Coat, her Breast appears to Mirrilla.*]

*Mir.* Ha! what do I see?—— Two Female rising Breasts. By Heav'n a Woman.—— Oh fortunate Misfortune.

[*This while George is arguing with the Prince, not to hurt Olivia.*]

*Prince.* No I will not hurt thee, cease thy trembling.

*Mir.* Oh, Sir, 'twere Sin to hurt the lovely Youth.

*Prince.* No, Madam, since I have taken back my Heart, I can present you with another Lover. [ *Gives Olivia to her.* ]

*Mir.* Ha! another Lover!—— What means my Prince?

*Prince.* Eternally to leave you to your Frailty.

*Mir.* Can you so easily cancel all your Vows?

Then kill me at your Feet I do implore it. [ *Kneels and Weeps.* ]

*Prince.* Away, I do forgive Thee, wretched Woman —— But yet be gone —— least Love and Rage return, and I should kill you yet with your young Darling.

*Mir.* Whom mean you, Sir, this lovely Maid?

*Oliv.* Maid! —— What means she? Sure she cannot know me.

*Prince.* Talk on, false Woman! till thou hast perswaded my Eyes and Ears out of their native Faculties, I scorn to credit other Evidences.

*Mir.* Try 'em once more, and then repent, and dye.

[ *Opens Olivia's Bosom, shews her Breasts.* ]

*Prince.* Ha —— by Heav'n a Woman!

*Mir.* You that wou'd smile at my suppos'd undoing, present your self no more before my Eyes 'Twas to perplex you that I feign'd this Passion.

I saw you had your Spies to watch for Mischiefs, [ *To George.* ]  
And poison all my Happiness with the Prince. ——

And since I'm thought so Criminal, I'll take an everlasting Leave of you [ *To the Prince.* ]

When I am dead, may she you honour next repay your Tenderness as I have done —— But may she never meet my wretched Fate.

[ *She snatches Olivia's Sword out.* ]

*Prince.* Hold, thou most valu'd Treasure of the World, or turn the pointed Weapon to my heart.

*Mir.* No, I'm false; unworthy of your Love.

*Geo.* Yes, by Heav'n. But thou hast Jilted him so handsomly, thou'st vanquish'd all my Rage.

*Mir.* Yes, I am false; false to this Gallant Man. [ *To George.* ]  
False to my Husband, to my Sexes Fame; for you more Charming, I alas, am perjur'd.

*Prince.* Lejere! have I then injur'd thee?

*Geo.* This is the Fatal Beauty, Sir, for whom so often you have seen me languish.

*Prince.* Ah! wou'dst thou see me on a Precipice, and not prevent my Danger?

*Geo.* To mightier Friendship I cou'd all surrender, and silently have born her Perjuries ; but those to you, awaken'd all my Rage ; but she has out-trick'd me, and I beg her Pardon— And to secure her yours, have lov'd anew, and beg Protection in your Lodgings, Sir, for a young Maid whom I design to marry.

*Prince.* Command my Life, my Fortune, and my Sword, for the unwilling Injury I have done thee— And is this the charming perjur'd Fair, *Mirtilla* ?

*Geo.* It is, Sir.

*Prince.* Since it is possible that you cou'd cease to love this Gallant Man, whom I have heard with so much tender Passion tell your Loves, what sacred Vows had past, and what Endearments, how can I hope from thee a lasting Faith?— Yet on the Oaths that thou hast sworn to me— by all thy Hopes of Pardon for thy Perjuries, to ease my panting Heart— once speak the Truth— Didst thou not take this Woman for a Man ?

*Mir.* I did— and were she so, I wou'd with Pride own all the Vows I've broke.

*Prince.* Why this is fair— and tho' I buy this Knowledge at the vast Price of all my Repose ; yet I must own, 'tis a better Bargain then chaff'ring of a Heart for feign'd Embraces— Thou hast undone me— yet must have my Friendship ; and 'twill be still some Ease in this Extream, to see thee yet repent, and love *Lejere*.

*Mir.* No, Sir, this Beauty must be first declining, to make me take-up with a former Lover.

*Geo.* No, Sir, I have dispos'd my Heart another way ; and the first knowledge of her Falshood cur'd me : Her Marriage I forgave— that thing of form— But never cou'd her Fondness to this Youth.

*Prince.* Who's this Lady, Sir, whose Pardon I must beg ?

*Geo.* My Sister, Sir, who I disguis'd on purpose to be a Guard to this suspected Fair One.

*Enter Welborn.*

*Wel.* Ha ! she's there !

Now every Feature points me out my Conqueress. — Nay start not— I have found Thee, thou malicious Charmer, to bring me so near to Bliss, and not afford me one kind hint.

*Oliv.* And are not you a very dull Fellow, that lov'd and long'd, and had the Maid so near you, and yet needed a Hint.

*Wel.* Nay, if you conceal'd your precious Talent, how shou'd it profit any Body ?

*Oliv.* Conceal'd it ?— No, Faith, I made a very fair Tender ; but you refus'd it, as not being Currant Coin.

*Wel.* But if you most feloniously, and unlawfully deface our Sovereign's Image, so as it may be as soon taken for the Grand Signior's, I may suspect the Metal too.

*Oliv.* What say you if I tender it before these lawful Witnesses ?

*Wel.* I'll take it for good Payment— I *Charles Welborn*—

*Oliv.* Ha, *Welborn* !

[*Aside.*

*Wel.* Take thee— whom?— Gad if the Parson of the Parish knew your Name no better than I— 'twill be but a blind Bargain.

*Geo. Olivia, Marteen*——

*Wel.* My destin'd Wife?

*Geo.* The very same: Have you the Parson ready?

*Wel.* He waits in my Chamber.

*Oliv.* Madam, I beg you'll lend me something more becoming my Sex.

*Mir.* *Manage* will furnish you from my Wardrobe. [Exit Olivia.]

*Enter Tereſia.*

*Geo.* And see my good Genius appears too.

*Tere.* See, Sir, I am resolv'd to be welcome to your Arms; look here are the Writings of the Estate my Grandfather left me, and here's Three thousand Pound my Grandmother has settl'd on me, upon her Marriage with you.

[Gives him the Writings.]

*Geo.* And here's my Father's Estate settled on me—— Come let's put them together—— and go in, and let the Parson do as much for us.

[Puts 'em in her Case.]

*Tere.* But have you very well considered this Matter?

*Geo. Tereſia,* we'll do like most Couples, marry first, and consider afterwards—— [Leads her in.]

*Enter a Footman.*

*Footm.* Sir, Here's Sir *Merlin*, with a Lady mask'd, wou'd speak with you.

*Wel.* Carry 'em into the Dining-Room, I'll wait on 'em anon.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

*SCENE, my Lady Youthly's. Discovers Her, and Lettice dressing her.*

*L. You.* Hold the Glass higher, *Lettice*; Is not this Tour too brown?—— Methinks it does not give a youthful Ayre to my Face.

*Lett.* That's not in Nature.

*L. You.* Like Nature! Ay, but Nature's self wants Art, nor does this Fontange suit with my Complexion—— Put on a little more Red, *Lettice*, on my Cheeks, and Lips.

[She does so.]

*Lett.* Ay, for they are but a little too much upon the *Coventry-Blue*—— This Tour must come more forward, Madam, to hide the Wrinkles at the corners of your Eyes—— [Pulls it.]

*L. You.* Ay, *Lettice*, but there are others, that neither Tours, nor Paint, nor Patches will hide, I fear—— Yet altogether, *Lettice*——

[Puts on her Spectacles, and looks in the Glass.]

*Enter Sir Rowland.*

[*Sir Row.* What, no Bride yet, nor Bridegroom!

*L. You.* Ay, what can be the Meaning of this?

*Sir Row.* But *Tereſia*, Madam, where can she be gadding?

*L. You.* Why *Lettice* tells me, She went to buy some Trifles to adorn her this Night—— Her Governante is with her, and my Steward.

*Enter*

# The Amorous Filt.

51

Enter Mr. Twang.

Twang, Alas, what pity 'tis; the Supper is quite spoil'd, and no Bridegroom come!

(A Noise of Hallowing without, and Musick.) Enter Lady Blunder.

L. Blun. Bless us! Here's a whole Regiment of Liveries, Coaches, and Flambeau's, at the Door! The Fops of the Town have heard of a Wedding, and are come in Masquerade.

Enter Musick playing; after them, Prince Frederick leading Mirtilla, George leading Teresa; Sir Merlin, Diana, Mrs. Manage, Brittoon, Pages, and Footmen, all in Masquerade. Sir Morgan comes in, all in Mourning; Welborn, and Olivia.

Sir Mer. Hearing of a high Wedding, Sir, we made bold (as the Saying is) to give you Joy. Sir, Are not you the Bridegroom?

Tere. Where's your Bride, Sir? Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Mer. Ay, ay, where's your Bride?

Sir Row. What's that to you, Sir, Coxcomb?

Sir Mir. Hum—— How the Devil came he to know me now?—— Is this Reverend Gentlewoman your Lady, Sir?

Sir Row. Ounds, they come to mock us!—— Hark ye, hark ye Tawdrums, if you are Men, shew your Faces; if Apes, play over your Monkey-Tricks, and be gone, d'ye hear?—— We are not at leisure for Fooling.

Geo. Be but at leisure, Sir, to pardon (George kneels) this one Disobedience of my Life, and all the rest I'll dedicate to please and humour you, Sir, I am marry'd. [Pulls off his Mask.

Sir Row. What the Devil's that to me, Sir.

Geo. Do not you know me, Sir?

Sir Row. No, Sir, nor don't care to know any such flaunting Coxcombs.

Geo. Look on me, Sir. [Looks on him, knows him, goes away, and returns.

Sir Row. Hum, hum, hum!——

Tere. It is your Son, Sir, your darling Son, who has sav'd your Life from Infolence?

Sir Row. Hum —— Teresa!

L. You. How, Teresa! what robb'd me of my intended Husband? Oh undone! undone! [Falls into a Chair.

Sir Row. And hast thou after all, served me such a Rogue's Trick, thou ungracious Varlet? What Cuckold thine own Father!

Geo. Oh do not frown, I cannot bear your Anger! Here will I hang for ever till you Pardon me. [Clasps his Knees.

Sir Row. Look—— look—— now cannot I be angry with the good-natur'd young Rogue [Weeps.

Well George—— But hark ye, Sirrah, this is a damn'd Trick of yours.

Geo. Sir, I found my Youth was fitter for her than your Age, and you'll be as fond of a Grand Child of my begetting, as you would of a Son of another Man's, perhaps.

Sir

*Sir Row.* Thour't in the Right on't.

*Sir Mer.* Ha! Is Monsieur *Lejere* then my Brother *George*?

*Geo.* Sir, Here's another Couple wants your Pardon; my Brother *Merlin*, and my Lady *Diana*.

*La. Blun.* *Diana*! what Sir *Harry Modish's* Mistress?

*Dia.* Yes, he pawn'd me at the *Basset-Table*; and, in Revenge, I resolv'd to marry the next Man of Fortune I met with.

*Sir Row.* The Fool had more Wit then I thought he had; for which I'll give him a Thousand Pound a Year.

*Geo.* I humbly thank you, Sir.

*Mirt.* Pray, Melancholy Sir, who are you in Mourning for?

*Sir Morg.* Alas! Madam, for a Person of Quality that was my Wife; but rest her Soul, she's burnt [Weeps.

And I shall never see any thing again like her.

*Mirt.* No! What think you of this Face, Sir.

*Sir Morg.* As Gad shall sa' me, as like as if the same.

*La. Blun.* In troth, and so she is.

*Prince.* 'Tis true, she was once your Wife; but I have preserv'd her from the Flames, and I have most Right to her.

*Sir Morg.* That's a hard Case, Sir, that a Man must lose his Wife, because another has more Right to her than himself; Is that Law, Sir?

*Prince.* Lover's Law, Sir.

*La. Blun.* Ay, ay, Son, 'tis the Fashion to marry one Week, and separate the next: I'll let you a President for it my self.

[In this time Welborn kneels with Olivia; Sir Rowland takes 'em up, and kisses 'em.

*Sir Morg.* Nay, if it be the Fashion, I'll e'en into the Country, and be merry with my Tenants, and Hawk, and Hunt, and Horse-match.

*Prince.* But now, Sir, I'll resign my Right to you, and content my self with the Honour to have preserv'd her from the Fire.

[Prince delivers Mirtilla to Sir Morgan, who receives her.

*Sir Morg.* As gad shall sa' me, Sir, you're a civil Person; and now I find you can endure a Woman, Sir, I'll give you leave to visit her.

*Sir Row.* Well, since we're all agreed, and that the Fiddles are here, adsnigs we'll have a Dance, Sweet-heart, tho' thou hast out-witted me.

[Takes Teresa, George takes Lady Youthly, &c.  
After the Dance, Lady Youthly weeps.

*Geo.* What, weeping yet? Here, Mr. *Trang*, take the Lady to your Care; in these Cases, there's nothing like the Consolation of your young Chaplain.

*The Widow, with young Jointure, and old Face,  
Affected Mien, and Amorous Grimace,  
Uses to fall to th' younger Brother's Share;  
But I by Fortune, and Industrious Care,  
Have got one that's Rich, Witty, Young, and Fair.*













