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Maid the Mistrefs.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. William Taverner

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Sanger* at the Post-House at the middle *Temple-Gate*; and *E. Curll* at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*: 1708.

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without Temple-Bar. 1700.

To the Reader.

TH E following Scenes were writ as much for my own Diversion as they prov'd to the Town's. Of this there needs no other Evidence than the Reception they had, in a Season in which another *Dryden* might have talk'd to bare Benches.

I am not so Muse-ridden as to suffer any Trifle of this Nature to encroach on my Profession, and tho' Poetry (the Delight and Ornament of the greatest Men in all Ages) shall continue my darling Mistress, my Intention is never to wed her, Interest forbids the Banes. As I never design to bring again on the Stage any more of my Scribling, I add not Affeversions which always carry with them an Air rather of Passion than Reason.

The Merits of this Play I know are not great, nay, I am sensible there are wanting two of the brightest Characteristicks of Modern Comedy (Lewd Plot and Luscious Dialogue:) However, without either of these it has had the good Fortune to divert, and I hope instruct. As for Irregularities, particularly the Discovery of the Maid's Family, whom the Mistress was too much oblig'd to, for the Author not to reward. I refer you to these two Lines in the Prologue,

*The Critick's Test, he cannot, dares not stand,
But begs Correction with a gentle Hand.*

PROLOGUE.

A Rise Apollo's Sons, retrieve the Stage,
Let Comick Wit return, and Tragick Rage.
Britannia's Genius not so far declin'd,
But still her Bards can charm the Ear, and cultivate the Mind.
A moral School the Theatre shall prove,
To check unmanly Vice, and lawless Love.
The Poet's Pen nor Age, nor Sex shall spare,
From the old Miser, to the squandring Heir.
From Avarice at Threescore, and brutal Fires,
To blooming Beauties Pride, and loose Desires.
Instructive Satyr shall the Town Survey,
And draw its Monsters in each artful Play:
The Fop, the Rake, the Country Squire and Cit,
The real Blockhead and conceited Wit,
The Filting Mistress and the Faithless Wife
Shall see themselves all painted to the Life.
Folly and Vice, shall first your Laughter move,
And then be sacrific'd to vertuous Love.
Whilst all the Graces of the comick Muse,
Shall in each Scene, a thousand Charms infuse.
As for the Play that's offer'd you to Night,
Our Author hopes 'twill give you some Delight.
The Criticks Test, he cannot dares not stand,
But begs Correction with a gentle Hand.
To please the Fair, is his ambitious Aim,
If they but smile, he asks no greater Fame.

PRO-

A PROLOGUE, design'd to be
spoke at Christmas last, this Play being
then in Rehearsal.

Long has Parnassus just Complaints preferr'd,
Against the singing and the dancing Herd.
The Sons of Wit have long your Favour lost,
Whilst your profuseness is the Eunuchs boast,
And Fops cut Capers at the Poets cost.
Wit hangs its Head, whilst the self-murd'ring Stage,
No more refines, no more instructs the Age.

We see our selves forsaken once a Year,
For Drolls and Puppets, at fam'd Smithfield Fair:
More rational Diversion there you find,
Than is afforded by that fluttering kind;
Tho' th' Action's brutal and the Jester vile,
This may a Moral leave, and that a Smile.
But there before hand you are sure to meet,
Tho' ne'er so fine, an useless, witless Treat.
'Tis at your Door the Blame is justly throne,
Who force the Stage on Follies not her own,
And make a tumbling Booth of Wit's high Throne.
To what you like we must of course submit,
We dare not quarrel with a crowded Pit.

Tho' this be the neglected Drama's State,
Our Author boldly pushes on his Fate:
Attempts to please you without Song or Dance,
Without Italian Airs, or Steps from France.
But if of these your Fondness still remain,
If you persist to damn the Comick Strain,
And make the Poets Thought and Labour vain,
Your Censures shall not drive him to Despair,
He still with Patience can his Sentence bear.
Can see the gentle Song-sick Milk-sop flee,
And cry, O Lard, what barbarous Stuff is here?
Return fair Tofts and heavenly Lepine
Give me soft Musick in your tunejul Scene,
Oh! my Ears martyr'd and I die o'th' Spleen.
Not that he vainly thinks the Criticks Eye,
No Faults, no Slips, no Blemishes can spy:
But to their Judgment he resigns his Cause,
And to Indulgence there, must owe Applause.

Dram-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

S I R *David Fancy.*
Beauford.
Gaylove.
Squire Empty.
Roger Servant to *Sir David.*
Nicholas Servant to *Empty.*
Boy.

Mr. Johnson.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Bullock.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Bright.

W O M E N.

Lady Fancy.
Harriot.
Charlot.

Mrs. Knight.
Mrs. Bradshaw.
Mrs. Bicknell.

Servants, &c.

THE

THE
DISAPPOINTMENT:
OR, THE
Maid's the Mistrefs.

ACT I. *Scene Sir David's House.*

Enter Sir David Fancy, Harriot and Charlot.

Sir Da. **T**HOU shalt marry him I say.

Har. I'm resolv'd I'll die a Maid
first.

Sir Da. What can make thee so
strangely perverse?

Har. What can make you so prodigiously obstinate?

Sir Da. I do all for thy good, Daughter.

Har. I'll do for my self much better, Father.

Sir Da. You are extravagantly pert, Madam.

Har. You are unreasonably severe, Sir.

Sir Da. Pray let me argue with you a little, Madam.

Har. Pray give me leave then to answer in my
Turn, Sir.

Sir Da. Have You a Mind to be a Beggar?

Har. No.

B

Sir Da.

Sir *Da.* Have you an Inclination to walk the Streets, with one Child in your Arms, and another at your Back, begging Charity, when you know there is none stirring?

Har. No.

Sir *Da.* Would you have your Family ruin'd?

Har. No.

Sir *Da.* Then listen with Attention.

Har. Most profoundly.

Sir *Da.* You know your Unkle *Friendly*, when he died left you in his Will 10000*l.* which is in my possession, upon Condition you consented to marry Squire *Empty* of *Essex* in six Months after his Death.

Har. Proceed.

Sir *Da.* It further says, that if you don't consent to marry him, that then the 10000*l.* shall be paid as a Legacy to the aforefaid Squire *Empty*, he being a near Relation to your Unkle *Friendly* by Marriage.

Har. And for this Reason I must not chuse where I like.

Sir *Da.* Why would you have me deliver 10000*l.* out of my Pocket? for the Squire will sue me for 10000*l.* and must I give you as much more to satisfy your whimsical Inclinations when you marry to another?

Har. And wou'd you have me deliver my Person, my Liberty, and eternal Quiet, into the Arms of one I never saw, that for ought I know, may be a Composition made up of Diseases, or some sneaking sniveling jealous Coxcomb? A Monastery's the Universe to a jealous Husband; who for fear of being a Cuckold is for ever plaguing his Wife with unreasonable Whimsies, till he provokes her at last to make him one. S'life I'll not endure it for Father, Freinds, or all my Kindred.

Sir *Da.* But the Money, Child.

Har.

Har. But the Man, Father.

Sir Da. 'Is a handsome Man.

Har. How do I know that?

Sir Da. You shall know presently—

Har. But I'm already provided, Sir.

Sir Da. The Devil! with whom?

Har. A mighty pretty Fellow, Father, no Beggar, no Rake, no Wretch that will marry unsight unseen, but one that has generously wooed me, victoriously won my Heart, and triumphantly shall wed my Person. What do you say to that now, Father?

Sir Da. That thou shalt not see Daylight, till Age has made thee past being wanton, and thy amorous Desires as much a Stranger to thee as thy Duty.

Har. I am sorry, Sir, to see you in this Passion, and am the most unwilling Creature in the World to put you out of Humour, therefore since you resolve to marry me to a Man I never saw, may I make bold to crave his Character?

Sir Da. Why as pretty a young Fellow as ever manur'd his own Land, he knows how to live well every Day in the Week without spending one Farthing of Money, barely by paying Visits to his Tenants, and has such an Ascendant over all the People about him, that he can force his Taylor to make him two Suits a Year *Gratis*, or punish him with the Loss of the Custom of the Knight of the Shire.

Har. Will his marrying into your Family get you Reputation or Honour?

Sir Da. I care not for Reputation. I'm rich, and all such are honest, for the Poor dare not say otherwise, and we have more Wit than to fall out with one another.

Har. But where is your Honour, Father?

Sir *Da.* Money will purchase Honour, and as Times go now you may buy a Penny-worth at the Herald's Office.

Har. Sir, you were born a Gentleman.

Sir *Da.* I was.

Har. And formerly behav'd your self as such.

Sir *Da.* I did, till Interest became Interest upon Interest, and Fortune left Honesty in the Lurch.

Har. Then let me humbly say, I love your Person; I pay you the Duty of a Daughter, and wish that you would grant a Blessing too, for when I'm heard I shall deserve it. You strive to join me with a Clod of Earth, a moving Lump of Clay without a Soul, whilst you deny to me my only Wish, my *Beauford*. Nay start not at his Name; what is there in him that you find so odious? Is he not young? Yes. Handsome. Yes. Did he ever manure his own Land? No. Did he ever rack his poor Tenants by living on 'em? No. Did he ever desire his Taylor to make him Clothes *gratis*? No. Has he not to help the distress'd run out great Part of his Estate? Yes. Has he not griev'd to see a worthy Gentleman cashier'd when the War has had no Business for him, and said, Dear Friend take all I have about me, and come to me again? Yes. Has he not to maintain these noble Points of Generosity taken Money of you, and allow'd you 30 *per Cent.*

Sir *Da.* Why——

Har. Yes.

Sir *Da.* But Hussy, will these Ways ever inable him to build an Hospital after his Death.

Har. No: But he has built eternal Monuments to his Memory while he Lives——

Sir *Da.* You are not sensible what he is.

Har. But I hope I shall be, when I am married to him.

Sir *Da.*

Sir Da. A wild young Fellow.

Har. Ay, Father, a young Fellow, there's the Charm on't.

Sir Da. Well in short, I will not suffer it.

Har. That may be.

Sir Da. Nor shall you marry him.

Har. O! that must be.

Sir Da. He'll ruin you.

Har. Pshaw that can never be, for she deserves to starve that can't reserve something for her own Maintenance.

Sir Da. I tell you, Minx, you are yet under my Care, and I will provide for you.

Har. I am providing one will do it better.

Sir Da. And when you do marry.

Har. Which certainly I will.

Sir Da. I'll make you chuse.

Har. I have done that already.

Sir Da. One that I like.

Har. Nay then come doleful Death.

Char. Fie, Madam, why will you vex your Father thus?

Har. Why will my Father vex me thus, to marry me to a Man I never saw, especially when I have engag'd my self already. I'll go Chamber-Maid to some Governours Lady of a Plantation first.

Char. Would you undo your self, Madam, marry a Roister, a Reprobate, one that makes Debauchery his Business, and has ruin'd the Reputation of so many Women, that there's scarce a Citizens Wife dares appear publickly in her Husband's Shop; a walking Vessel eternally fill'd with Wine and Wick-edness, that has not Sense enough to use a Woman as he should do.

Har. What are you against me?

Char.

Char. 'Tis every ones Duty to be against you, when you run headlong to Destruction.

Sir Da. A discreet Girl by my Life, I ever lov'd her, but now I doat upon her.

Char. Your Father, Madam, is a wise Gentleman, and advises for the best.

Har. Madam, the best Advice I can give you, is to leave off your Impertinence; I love for Love, and *Beauford* I will have, tho' I were forc'd to maintain him, by trucking China for old Cloaths. A Man's a Man, and the World's wide enough to hold more married Couples than are in it; therefore, Father, fret and chafe, and foam and storm, I'm a free-born Englishwoman, and won't be debarr'd of my Liberty.

Sir Da. She'll put me out of Patience, come thou shalt marry him.

Har. Not I.

Sir Da. I'll turn you out of Doors then.

Har. You won't.

Sir Da. I will.

Har. Indeed you won't.

Sir Da. Why?

Har. Because I have a Mind you should,

Sir Da. You have?

Har. I have.

Sir Da. Indeed?

Har. Assuredly.

Sir Da. Thou art a perverse Baggage, my Patience is quite tir'd. Stand aside Malipert. Come hither *Charlotte*. I find tho' thou art young, thou art a Girl of Discretion, therefore I desire thee to watch this wanton Baggage, for thou know'st I have Plague enough to manage my own Wife.

Char. Let me alone, Sir, I know the Spark her Fancy leads her to, but be assured, Sir, in spite of all her Obstinacy, you shall see I'll make her do what I'd have her ere we part.

Sir Da.

Sir Da. My dear *Charlot*, I leave all to thy Care, I expect the Squire every Moment, and have no Dependance of bringing this to bear, without thy Help. Har-kee fair Lady, I am at present engag'd, but expect at my Return—— What do you smile, —— Hussy, I can be in a Passion, tho' I believe you'll hardly find mine a loving one. *[Sir David stands aside.*

Char. Come, Madam, are you prepared to go to your Chamber, you know the strict Command I have to take Care of you, and I dare not disobey my Orders.

Har. And are you really what you seem, *Charlot*.

Char. I follow the Way of the World, Madam, your Father has promis'd to be my Friend, and Friendship's so scarce a Commodity that I'm forc'd to take up with the first fair Offer.

Har. Well, Mrs. *Charlot*, then I perceive you are resolv'd to be my Jaylor, if so, adieu Masks, Balls, Plays and harmless Intrigues in a Vizard.

Char. No, nor no more of what you call innocent Gayety, that's going disguis'd into the Middle Gallery of the Play-house, and banter Fools out of their Senses, till the Scandal of your being known, works you out of your Reputation.

Sir Da. A brave Girl, make me thankful, my Daughter's in safe Hands, wish I had as good a Guardian for my Wife. *[Goes off.*

Char. Ha old Fox, were you so cunning, I'll take Care to prevent your listning any farther this time.

[Shuts the Door.

Come, Madam, are you for walking to the Apartment assign'd you, you know your Father and Mother-in-Law keep Possession of the other Part of the House.

Har. Where your Ladyship pleases Madam.

[Curtesing low.

Char. S'life do you make a Jest of me—— Nay then lookee that very Clofet is your Prison, and when

8 *The Maid's the Mistress.*

I think it fit, your Ladyship shall walk and take the Air. [Curtesing very low.

Har. Prithee do what thou wilt.

Char. And so I will. } *Charlot opens the Closet Door,*

Har. Ha! } *and as Harriott is going in*
 } *Beauford meets her she starts.*

Beau. Am I so frightful to you, Madam?

Har. In the name of Wonder how came you hither?

Beau. By the Assistance of this Guide; she that before your Father seem'd our Foe, did cunningly devise it for our Interest.

Har. Art thou in Earnest *Charlot*?

Char. Don't you see the Proof plain before your Eyes, Madam? Yet you took it ill that I sided with your Father. O! Madam, 'tis in Love, as in War, your Spies must be in the Enemies Interest, or you'll never get true Intelligence.

Beau. She says true, Madam, and Lovers, like Generals, should make Advantage of the first Opportunity, least too much Consideration should render a well laid Design fruitless.

Har. But, noble Sir, we ought to call a Council of War first, and examine, whether or not the Enterprize is feasible.

Beau. My pretty little Commander, who wou'd you make your General Officers?—

Har. Why, first there shou'd be my Father.

Beau. How!

Har. Nay I only say there shou'd be.

Beau. What think you then of *Cupid*, that great and powerful Commander of all Hearts.

Har. O! A little blind stragling Urching, as unsteady as his Votaries, you'll never know where certainly to find him.

Char.

The Maid's the Mistress.

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Char. Well I perceive, you Lovers have many pretty things to say, therefore I'll stand Centry at the Door, leaft your Father shou'd return and spoil the Scene. [Exit Charlot.

Har. My dear *Charlot.* Well, Mr. *Beauford*, I perceive it will be as troublesome as unnecessary to deny Inclination after so many Proofs I have given of it, therefore I'll take you as my chief Councillor— How wou'd you advise me in this Case? You have heard my Fathers Resolution not to give me one Penny of Portion, and that my Uncle's Legacy will be forfeited.

Beau. Perish all mercenary Ends, do you think I ever courted your Fortune? No your Person and Vertue is all I coveted.

Har. But Love and Money join'd in Consort will make good Musick. When Hunger and Want of Necessaries wou'd make a Pair of Turtles quarrel.

Beau. Prethee let us not so much as think on't— But take the Opportunity of your Maid's Kindness, and quit this Place immediately.

Har. And whither then?

Beau. To the Priest.

Har. For what?

Beau. To put an End to our Fears, and take full Possession of our Happiness.

Har. But suppose, *Beauford*, you shou'd commit a rash Fault, and afterwards upon a mature Deliberation repent, for so it has happen'd to many, and you know what has been, may be.

Beau. To secure thee, my Dear, the little Fortune I have left, I'll put it for ever into your own Possession.

Har. And if you shou'd prove unkind, I shou'd not have the Heart to keep it from thee.

C

Beau.

Beau. Why let the worst happen, while the Wars continue, a young Fellow can never want Employment. [Enter behind, Sir David and Charlot.

Char. Nay which Way he got in Heaven knows, but just as I came to the Stairs-Foot, I saw him run up. Look you there, Sir, will you believe your own Eyes. Now if I had not been your trusty Friend, how easily might you have been depriv'd of your Daughter.

Sir Da. I'm astonish'd ; if it was not for fear of Hanging, I wou'd cut his Throat.

Char. Have a little Patience, Sir.

Har. Well 'tis in vain to think of Happiness without you, therefore I'm resolv'd——

Beau. Of what, my Dear?

Har. To follow you, where ever your Fortune leads you, be it to *Flanders, Catalonia, Hungary, Transilvania, the Mosselle, or the Rhine*; I'll lift my self under your Banner.

Beau. My little Charmer, Wealth compar'd to thee, laid in the Balance of thy generous Vertue, light as a Feather, mounts into the Air, worthless as the vile Dirt, from whence it came.

Har. You see you have a strange Ascendant over me : For I'll trust my self with you, tho' I'm satisf'd you're very wild.

Beau. A little wild.

Har. Nay, so am I too : There I find Sympathy engages me —— Then I know you brave, which is what a Woman ought to love, for her self Defence, and tho' you have been prodigal and inconstant, Matrimony may cure you of those Evils, for if you go astray when married, it may provoke me to do so too, for when our Husbands once prove false to us,

Nature this Blessing to our Sex has given,
We can at Pleasure make the Balance even.

[As they are going off, Sir David meets them.]

Sir Da. Can you so, Madam?

Beau. S'death that Devil has betray'd us.

Har. My Father!

Sir Da. Yes, Madam, I thought I was your Father ;
your Mother has often said so, but these Times—
Well Lady—You disobedient Wretch—You wan-
ton little Judas in Petticoats ; can nothing but Beg-
gary please you, nothing but Infamy go down with
you?—Are you ready, Forsooth, for a Snapfack?
Are you for trudging after a Parcel of loose Rogues
in red? Answer me, pretty Mistress Chalk and
Oat-meal.

Har. Pray, Sir, hear me.

Sir Da. Hear you—Yes, Forsooth, hear you talk
in praise of broken Heads, maim'd Limbs and Pover-
ty.—Pray, Sir will you be pleas'd to quit my House,
you may for ought I know have a Mind to rob me,
for to my Knowledge your Circumstances may in-
cline you more to my Gold, than my Daughter.

Har. Pray be gone, for in this Passion he'll not
hear one Word of Reason. Assure your self nothing
shall make me break the Vows I've given you.

Beau. Well, Sir, I'll take you in a calmer Hour.

Sir Da. Sir, get you out of my House, and take
me when you please.

[Exit Beauford.]

I'm resolv'd I'll bind him over to his good Behavi-
our and indite him for Robbery into the Bargain.

Charlot—

Sir Da. My dear, trusty Girl, I'm bound to love
thee for ever : Had it not been for thee, my Daughter

The Maid's the Mistress.

had been preferr'd to the Degree of a Granadier's Lady. Pray take that noble minded Gentlewoman into your Care. Get you in Mrs. Gilflurt, I'll spoil your Catterwauling. [Exit Harriot and Charlot.

I protest I have put my self into a Sweat with Vexation, I wish the Squire were come, for marry him she shall or never marry.

*And the best way will be to wed her strait,
Better ten Days too soon, than one too late.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

Scene a Chamber, another Part of Sir David's House.

Enter Sir David and Roger.

Sir Da. **R**oger
Rog. Sir.

Sir Da. How does my Wife?

Rog. At the old rate, full of heavy Complaints, for her want of Liberty, her Joynter, a Widow's Weed, a mourning Coach, and a dead Husband.

Sir Da. Full of heavy Complaints, I rather believe for want of Opportunity to make me a Cuckold.

Rog. Ah Sir.

Sir Da. What dost thou sigh for, Roger?

Rog. To think that so good a Master, so indulgent a Father, and so kind a Husband, shou'd meet with so unworthy a Servant, so disobedient a Daughter, and so unfaithful a Wife.

Sir Da. Why, dost thou think she is unfaithful, Roger.

Rog. Not in Fact yet, Sir, I dare swear; I have been too watchful for that. But I'm afraid her Mind harbours as many Horns, as *Smithfield* on a Beast Market Day.

Sir Da. And yet she complains of Confinement!

Rog. Unreasonable Woman, she does!

Sir Da. Why, has she not the Liberty of the Gardens?

Rog. Yes, Sir.

Sir Da. A Maid to wait on her?

Rog. Most true, Sir.

Sir Da. What Liberty wou'd she have more?

Rog.

Rog. She shall have none, Sir, but I wou'd feed her up with the Hopes, that she may have the more Belief in me.

Sir Da. Thanks dear, *Roger*, prethee send her to me.

Rog. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Sir Da. Whilst vain opiniated Fools are so brainless to trust their Wives and Daughters to their own Managements (when *Argus* had not Eyes enough to guard the Chastity of one Woman) I have with Prudence secured my self of both, by two faithful Servants, the one a pretty Girl I took out of the Country, and as I'm inform'd a Gentlewoman; the other is certainly the carefullest Servant that ever attended a Master; and as I am told, has been a Servant to a Master of Arts at the University: Then for moral Philosophy, there's no Man like him. Oh here comes my angry Spouse: A Man wou'd think, by her Garb, there was a Ball at Court to Night, and she to perform the Office of Chief Lady of the Ceremonies.

Enter Roger and Lady Fancy.

How dost thou do, my Dear?

L. Fa. My Dear! prethee Dear me no Dears, unless you have more than Words to please me with all.

Sir Da. If there be any thing in my Power to please thee, thou sha't have it, therefore tell me what 'tis, Child.

L. Fa. A Husband.

Sir Da. Am not I one, Honey?

L. Fa. No.

Sir Da. Good lack! What am I then?

L. Fa. My Jaylor, the eternal Robber of my Quiet. my Husband, S'life! you are worse than an Undertaker, he'll stay till you are dead before he makes

En-

Enquiry how you shou'd be buried ; but I'm shut up in my Coffin, before any Doctor can prescribe a Remedy for my Sickness.

Sir Da. Woman, thou provok'st me to speak plain to thee. Do not think I will suffer thee to use me thus.

La. Fa. Man, I will take the Liberty to tell thee, it is not human in you, to treat me thus ; if you had any Humanity in you, you'd be asham'd to use a Wife so basely, with your needless odious Jealousy. It wou'd make a Wife rob her Husband, ruin his Reputation, dishonour his Family, abuse his Bed, and——

Sir Da. How, Madam ! ——

La. Fa. S'life ! 'twou'd provoke a Saint——and I am but a Woman.

Sir Da. Ay, thou art a Woman, and an ungrateful Woman too !

La. Fa. In what, Sir ?

Sir Da. Have I not ever exprefs'd Love to you ?

La. Fa. In Words.

Sir Da. Have I not offer'd thee all I'm worth ?

La. Fa. In Words.

Sir Da. And what Returns do I deserve for all this ?

La. Fa. Words, Words, Words.

Sir Da. Why you——'Sdheartlikins, I had like to have Sworn. Prithee *Roger*, do thou take her to task, see what your moral Philosophy can do with her ? Read her a Paragraph or two of *Seneca*, the Dead perhaps may prevail upon her, but I'm afraid the Living will besiege her to little Purpose, unless they can blow up that impregnable Fortrefs her Tongue.

[*Exit Sir David. Roger looks at the Door.*

La. Fa. Is he gone, *Roger* ?

Rog. Safe for two Hours to my Knowledge, Madam.

La. Fa. Then will you be pleas'd to instruct me, Mr. *Roger*, in some of your Moral Philosophy ; for that's the Lesson

Lesson I find my Husband designs you my Instructor for.

Rog. I can't tell, Madam, what he designs; but the Precepts I would set before you, should be natural Philosophy.

La. Fa. No, pray, Sir, paint me out some of your nice Rules, and Instructions how I can patiently bear a rigid Husband's hard Usage, Want of Company, and a close Confinement, even from Part of my own Family.

Rog. Why indeed, Madam, to paint Philosophy truly, is to present a beautiful Lady, with a Dish of four Meat, which your tender Stomach can never digest: Moral Philosophy is a kind of Art quite contrary to your Constitution: It will instead of retaining Beauty on that Angelical Face, plant the sad Resemblance of fourscore, with the Wrinkles thereunto appertaining: It's a meer Contradiction to all Pleasure, and perfectly denies the Use of our Senses.

La. Fa. O fie upon it.

Rog. Instead of rich Cloaths, costly Jewels, gilt Coaches, Balls, Plays, Masks and other Diversions, you must be content with a black Veil, the Livery of Grief and Sorrow; you must feed upon Sighs, and drink nothing but Tears, and make your Day as dark as Night. If you can like this Way of Living, Madam, I'll read Philosophy to you.

La. Fa. Not I.

Rog. Here's a Letter, there's a Lecture of Love from Mr. *Gaylove*, there's not a Line in't, but is able to confound the largest Volume of Philosophy that ever *Aristotle* writ.

La. Fa. O good *Roger*, give it me quickly.

[*Gives her the Letter, she reads it.*

Dear *Roger*, run quickly to him, desire him with all speed to come to me, for I'm impatient till I see him.

Rog. I fly, Madam.

[*Exit Roger.*

La. Fa.

Fa. Well Husband, you may thank yourself if my Vertue prove not as firm as your Jealousie; I may be apt to make you a scurvy Return for the past Injuries I have receiv'd. I must plague you, Husband, and no Man more proper to be made a Fool of, than he that designs wrong to another, and throws off the Man on purpose to appear a Brute.

[Exit.

Scene the Street.

Roger crossing the Stage, Charlot calls to him from the Window.

Char. Hift, Mr. Roger.

Rog. Madam.

Char. Deliver that Letter to Mr. Beauford the Moment you see him; I dare not hold any longer Discourse with you——

Rog. I'm gone, Madam.

Scene changes to Gaylove's Lodgings.

Gaylove reading.

Gay. —Love in Excess, does to a Torment turn,
And what at first but warm'd, begins to burn.

Why what unfavory Stuff's this? Did I ever think I shou'd arrive to such a Degree of Folly, as to write Verses, but what's worse, that I shou'd unluckily fall in love with another Man's Wife. Why is that new! But by your Favour *Charles*, 'tis not so very honourable, and by your Favour Conscience, 'tis very necessary for my Quiet, since I can scarce eat, drink, or sleep without possessing her. Well, I'll e'en turn to another Subject, for Conscience, and unlawful Love will make but a very odd Argument.

*Enter Boy.**Boy.* Sir, Mr. *Beauford*.*Gay.* Desire him to walk in: A Friend's Conversation is diverting to a brain-sick-Lover.*Enter Beauford.**Beauford.* Goodmorrow, *Ned*, I did not think to have seen you at my Lodging, considering how desperately Love pursues you, and Matrimony lies perdue to lay hold of you; What's the Matter, *Ned*, thou look'st so melancholy?*Beau.* S'death, trick'd by a Girl.*Gay.* So, so, if she has Tricks before Marriage, She'll certainly be a true Gamester afterwards.*Beau.* Who wou'd put Trust in a Woman?*Gay.* I wou'd, as far as my Person went, provided I was not bound so fast but I cou'd at my Pleasure unloose it.*Beau.* I mean a jilting Woman.*Gay.* I mean any Woman that's handsome and obliging. But has *Harriot* prov'd false to you at last.*Beau.* She false!*Gay.* Why, what wet Eel hast thou got by the Tail then.*Beau.* Her Maid.*Gay.* Ay, Faith she's very pretty, I saw her once from the Balcony.*Beau.* Has been the falsest Creature.*Gay.* What promis'd you a Nights Lodging, and never kept her Word with you I suppose.*Beau.* Prethee leave off your brutish Opinion.*Gay.* Prethee leave off your whimsical Riddles, and tell me in plain English, what you're talking about.*Beau.* Why that Maid.*Gay.* Go on.*Beau.*

Beau. Is a Jilt.

Gay. That may be the Reason of her being a Maid so long, she's a true Town Coquet, tempts you with a Shadow, but keeps the Substance out of your possession—but to the purpose.

Beau. She sent for me, and at my first coming, being surpriz'd by the Father, she lock'd me into a Closet.

Gay. Very discreetly done in my Opinion.

Beau. When the Father was gone, she let me out, and blest me with the Conversation of my dear *Harriot*.

Gay. As far as I can perceive then, she has only Jilted the Father.

Beau. But when we were upon the Brink of happiness, when we had seal'd our Loves by mutual Vows, when we had both resolv'd to share one Fate she basely brought the Father and betray'd us.

Gay. And what was the Consequence?

Beau. Why, I was turn'd out of Doors, and poor *Harriot* is confin'd close Prisoner.

Gay. Faith, *Ned*, I'm sorry to hear this, but hang it, never let Love get the better of thee, I'm in love, nay desperately in love, I love even to Dotage, for I'm turn'd Poet, and make love Verses, yet for all that shou'd I be disappointed the Torment shou'd ne'er be so great, as to put me in a Fever.

Beau. Nay, I dare swear thou'rt a general Lover, and few Women come amiss to thee.

Gay. Why, I've known the Time, *Ned*, when your Conversation wou'd not have put you to nice Scruples, and clean Linen, where a Guinea might have made you welcome both at coming and going wou'd have been a sufficient Temptation to you.

Beau. Formerly I must confess I never let the Disease of Love go too far. If I found my self insnared,

and the Person who caught me refus'd a kind Liberty, a brisk Bottle or two, with a fresh Damsel, was ever an approv'd Remedy, but since the first Moment I saw *Harriot*, that [once] never failing Cordial Wine, just gives me ease for the present, and like cooling Liquors in a Morning, after a strong Debauch over Night, makes me but doz'd and feverish all the Day after.

Gay. Truly we are very prettily metamorphos'd, the Bottle does but very little Good upon me neither. But you stand fair for a Cure, your Mistress owns her Love to you, stands in defiance of her Father, and resolves *vi & armis* to give you the Possession of her Person.

Beau. And he resolv'd *vi & armis*, to keep Possession of her Portion.

Gay. But you have the Law to right you in that.

Beau. The Law! He that goes to Law for his Wife's Portion, may as well go to Hazard, to know whether his Estate shall be his own or not.

Enter Roger.

Gay. Ah Monsieur *Roger*, what News? Is there any Hopes?

Rog. Your Business is done, Sir, she ask'd me a thousand Questions about you, whether you was not the handsome Gentleman, that pass'd by the Door so often, and gave so many dumb Signs of your Passion.

Gay. Art sure she saw me?

Rog. Saw you. Yes, Sir, she said she saw you once at Church too.

Gay. 'Tis true, she view'd me, and I view'd her.

Rog. Right, Sir.

Gay. At last she blush'd and then look'd down.

Rog.

Rog. Ay, that Blush; Ah, Sir, if you cou'd but read that Blush truly.

Beau. Hearkee *Gaylove*, does your Love lie that Way? Will no Venifon ferve you but what's run out of another Man's Park, come, come you may break your Neck in the pursuit, but you'll never be Master of the Game.

Rog. Mr. *Beauford*, your most humble Servant.

Beau. Yours good Mr. *Roger*, without doubt you are a faithful Servant, for your Master puts great Confidence in you——

Rog. So does your Mistress too, Sir, or she'd never have intrusted me with this. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Beau. Ha! from my dear *Harriot*. [*Reads.*]

I Have just time to tell you, *Charlot* is faithful; what she has done, was only to gain greater Belief with my Father, make what hast you can to see me, the Fool design'd for my Torment (*I am inform'd*) is come to Town, and I want your speedy Assistance.

You may trust *Roger*, for he's very faithful.

Yours, and yours only whilst
I am *Harriot*.

Dear *Roger* there's for thy pains, and I'll this Moment obey the Summons.

Gay. Why how now, *Ned*, you seem transported.

Beau. I am so; Love and Fortune have kindly undertaken to make me the happiest Creature in the Universe, if the arrival of this *Coxcomb*, put no Bar between me and my Hopes.

Rog. What *Coxcomb*, Sir?

Beau. Why, hast thou heard nothing of a Rival, nay a Rival in favour too with the Father.

Rog.

Rog. Not I, by the Honour of Pimping. Pray, Sir, what is he?

Beau. A Fool.

Rog. A lack a day, you're lost then, Sir, he'll carry her, positively carry her: If I were in love, I'd rather have all the Philosophers of both Universities rival me than one Fool.

Gay. Why so *Roger*?

Rog. Why so, Sir? Are not you sensible a Woman delights in nothing so much as her own Will, and can you Imagine any thing but a Fool would give it her, will not a Woman expect intolerable Ceremonies and Attendance, and who do you suppose but a Fool would wait on her: A Woman in short, loves nothing but Babies, and Fools are the fittest things to be play'd with by them.

Beau. Ay, *Roger*, and this is a rich Fool.

Rog. Whaw, whaw, if you were Emperour of *China*, and a wise Man, I would not have you pretend to stand against him. But where is this Fool?

Beau. Just come to Town in Order to marry *Harriot*.

Rog. Murder him, murder him, there's no other Way if you love your Mistress, you'd better have the Gallows than a Fool between you and her, run him through the Guts.

Beau. Fie, *Roger*.

Rog. Pistol him.

Gay. And be hang'd for him.

Rog. No matter: Broil him.

Beau. Good *Roger*.

Rog. Carbonado him.

Beau. Why *Roger*?

Rog. Mince him.

Beau. Prithee hear me.

Rog. None of these sufficient: Then marry him to an old Woman, I'd fain have the Dog severely punish'd—

Beau.

Beau. Good Mr. *Roger* be pleas'd to hear me a little.

Rog. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart: But this curs'd Fool has put me into a perfect Agony.

Beau. Go you before and acquaint *Charlot*, that I am this Moment coming to wait on her Lady, and receive her Command.

Gay. And tell your Lady, that I burn with Impatience, till I have kist her Hand: And d'ye hear, *Roger*, take Care the Coast be clear.

Rog. As I'm a Man of Honour, Gentlemen, I'll be punctual to a Tittle.—But this Fool—

Beau. O let me alone; with him, *Roger*.

[Exit *Roger*.

Well, *Charles*, you and I are bound different Ways, I'm in the Pursuit of lawful Love, that dear unspotted Jewel! The only Treasure a Man ought to be covetous of, whilst you follow the Chace of a wanton Passion, and care not who takes the Game after you have run it down. A little Consideration I believe might cure your roving Fancy; but my haste will only permit me to hint this to you—

*That if your lawless Wishes you obtain
If you have thought all the Reward you Gain,
Is a short Pleasure for an Age of Pain.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

*Scene Sir David Fancy's House.**Enter Gaylove and Roger.*

Rog. **N**OW, Sir, are you not pleas'd, have not I wrought Matters to your Wishes?

Gay. Rarely, Roger, but where's the Lady?

Rog. Here comes the Lady, look upon her; Sir, there's Eyes, there's Cheeks, there's Lips, Nose and Forehead.

Enter Lady Fancy.

Madam here's the Gentleman; look upon him, Madam, is not he a handsome young Fellow? If you let slip this Opportunity you deserve no Pity, but ought to be still plagu'd with a jealous old Wretch. There's one, I hope, Madam, will revenge your Quarrel, view him from Head to Foot, a compleat Gentleman, when can you hope the like again? I'll leave you; I know my Office; I'll not be far off when the Danger appears, I'll give you the Alarm. *[Exit.*

La. Fa. Now can't I tell what to say to him; he's a handsome young Fellow and 'tis a pity to abuse him; but he's a wicked young Fellow, and for ought I know, shou'd I disappoint him, it may bring him to a Consideration, and take off the Edge of his vanity, and prevent any further Attempts against my Honour; for 'tis impossible in Love as in a Siege to hold out for ever; when the Enemy has a Faction with-
in

in the Town. Vertue, Vertue now or never support
a tottering Votr'y. [*aside*] Sir, I need make no Apo-
logy, but only wish 'twere in my power to give you
a better Entertainment, than this poor Habitation can
afford.

Gay. Entertainment, Madam, Angels might feed upon
these balmy Sweets, and own the Beauties of that Face,
the Fire of those Eyes superior to their Name, my Heart
leaps to my Mouth and thus receives its Welcome [*Salu-
ting her*] Sure some Enchantress dwells here, the Air's
perfum'd. This small Apartment fills my Soul with
Delights, more soft and moving than e'er I felt before.
An unwonted Bliss swells every Vein, and Joys un-
thought of trickle thro' my fire'd Blood.

La. Fa. Bless me, you look wild, I must call my Ser-
vants. I am afraid of you.

Gay. Afraid of me that love so tenderly as I do,
whose Life, whose Soul depends upon your Frowns
or Smiles; all but my Love waits its Destiny from
you, and whatsoever Usage it receives, will reign im-
perious in my Breast, and as you please must bless or kill
your Lover.

La. Fa. You carry the Liberty I give you too far, I
design'd you only some short and innocent Conversation,
you press rudely upon my Inclination: Consider what
and who I am.

Gay. There's my Excuse, I know the rude Authority
your Husband claims, and would improve the present
happy Moment. O let these Arms do Justice to your in-
jur'd Beauty, thus clasping thy Celestial Form, let youth-
ful Love and gay Desire invade your gentle Breast, to
meet in mine the fiercest Flames that ever Man receiv'd or
Woman gave. Madam, I know your ill Treatment, and think
it Pity such Beauty should be cloyster'd, therefore if you

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can think me worthy to be your humble Servant—

La. Fa. Dare you make your self worthy to be receiv'd into my Service.

Gay. Dare, Madam! but lay your Commands upon me, and if I fail in the Performance—

La. Fa. What would you do first?

Gay. Why I wou'd fight for you.

La. Fa. That would signify little, for I've nothing but an old Man to oppose you.

Gay. Then to shew that I do love you, go with me, and my Fortune, which is not inconsiderable, I'll leave wholly to your Dispose.

La. Fa. And in a Months time send me packing home, to make room for some Lady of a fresher Date.

Gay. I swear, Madam, by my unbounded Passion, to love you and only you, to redeem you from your wretched Slavery, quit, if you desire it, my native Country, and travel with you wherever your Inclination leads you.

La. Fa. But before I believe you, you'll give me leave to try you?

Gay. Try me in any thing, when I prove false, may the Curse of being depriv'd of you light on me.

La. Fa. You are resolv'd to curse, but moderately I find.

Gay. Will you not believe me, Madam?

La. Fa. I am afraid I shall believe too much, Sir.

Gay. And can you love a little.

La. Fa. You profer so nobly, Sir, that 'twould be ingrateful in me, not to endeavour a Retaliation.

Gay. Let us then lose no time, my beauteous Charmer, but prepare the Way with melting Kisses. Other Lovers have whole Days to spend in Passions, without the Fear or Apprehension of a jealous Husband. Let me entreat you not to trifle with Moments which if lost may never be obtain'd again.

La. Fa. Good Sir, not so violent, I am afraid I have
al-

already ventur'd too far, to admit a Stranger whose Character is totally unknown to me: It brings Confusion to my Face, when I conceive what you can't avoid thinkining of a Woman, who permits so freely almost at first sight the last Request that can be made.

Gay. Pish, this is all unnecessary with those that know what they come about: A Girl of fifteen would not make so many Hums and Haw's, that has no Knowledge beyond her Baby, and thinks as little of Love, as a Lord of paying his Debts, or a Door-keeper of the Play House of living upon his Sallary.

La. Fa. Good, Sir a little Patience, the longer you fast the Entertainment will please the better.

Gay. Dear Madam, I suppose this the Way to your Bed-chamber; we lose time in talking; if Sir *David* shou'd come, he'll deprive us of the Power of being happy, therefore, Madam, we'll make an End of this troublesome Dispute afterwards, if you please. [*Roger within sings.*]

*The Fowler came slyly by
And frighted the Turtles dear,
Which made them different Ways to fly,
Oh! Such was their cruel Fear.*

La. Fa. 'Slife my Husband's coming.

Gay. Where shall I hide my self, in this Closet.

La. Fa. The Door's lockt, and I han't the Key about me, hide your self any where, get under the Table immediately.

Enter Sir David and Roger. { *He gets under the Table, She sits down on one side, takes up a Book and reads.*

Sir. Da. You're very merry, *Roger.*

Rog. I hope there's no harm in an innocent old Song? I'll warrant both your Grandfather and mine have sung it many a time before now.

{ *Sir David sits down at the other end of the Table.*

Sir *Da.* Pray, Madam, is your Ladyship in a better Humour, than when I saw you last.

La. *Fa.* Yes, Sir, I thank my Stars, this Book and some serious Considerations.

Sir *Da.* Why that's very well said, what Book is it Child you're reading

La. *Fa.* It treats about a Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Sir *Da.* Hey! and what does it say of that, Love?

La. *Fa.* It says, my Phumpy, that if a Husband shou'd at any time be in the Wrong, that the Wife ought to bear with Patience, and try by gentle Means, to fix him to her Love. [*Drawing her Chair close to him.*]

Sir *Da.* Why! he says well, Passion in a Man is unbecoming; but in Woman 'tis intolerable.

La. *Fa.* So indeed he says in another Place, Phumpy. Here Roger, take the Book, and carry it into my Chamber.

Sir *Da.* And bring me my Book of Accounts, that I may look out some Work for Jacob Spunge the Bailiff.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Ah, my Love, thou can'st'nt think how I'm rejoic'd at thy returning to thy Allegiance.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir I can't find 'em.

Sir *Da.* O they are in my counting House, I'll go my self, but hold, now I think on't 'tis no matter, set me Pen, Ink and Paper upon the Table, I'll write some Letters first. [*La. Fa. lays her Arm about his Neck.*]

La. *Fa.* Indeed you shan't write now, I've a great deal to tell you.

Sir *Da.* What is't, dearest?

Enter Roger, sets down Pen, Ink, and Exit.

La. *Fa.* Who d'ye think sent me Word they wou'd pay me a Visit?

Sir *Da.*

Sir Da. I don't know Child.

La. Fa. Mrs. Tattlewell } Gaylove takes out a Pocket-
book, writes while Lady Fancy
speaks.

Sir Da. Have I not forbid all Caballs in my House? When Women meet 'tis for Mischief sake, like Mid-Night Witches, they are never without the Devil's Retinue to attend them, as Pride, Slander, Hypocri-
fy——

La. Fa. O but, Phumpy, I sent her Word I was indispos'd, besides; if I had had no Inclination to have done it, the Book I was reading in, wou'd have given me sufficient Warning.

Sir Da. Ah that Book, What says that Book?

La. Fa. Avoid with Care, says he, all Company, or else take care your Husband may be by.

Sir Da. A rare Fellow, who soever he be.

La. Fa. For tho' you wou'd your self in Virtue live. Some conversation may your Thoughts deceive.

Sir Da. A most admirable Man.

La. Fa. Therefore if you wou'd Honour's Rules obey, }
And from her Paths, wou'd not be led astray, }
Let none but your own Husband lead the Way. }

{ Gaylove gives her the Letter, and
then gets from under the Table and
Exits.

Sir Da. Oh this Poet, what wou'd I give to be acquainted with this Poet, had he dedicated his Book to me, he shou'd have dined once a Week at my House gratis, and that wou'd a been no small help to him.

[La. Fa. reads in this time.

What's that you're so intent upon, my Dear.

La Fa. I thought it had been a pretty Copy of Verses, and 'tis nothing but an ugly Song, Phum-
py.

[Tears it.

Sir Da.

Sir *Da.* Some of Mr. *Roger's* Library I suppose, that Rogue is always raking up one foolish Ballad or other. [*Enter Roger.*]

Rog. Sir, There's a Gentleman below desires to speak with you.

Sir *Da.* Who is it?

Rog. I don't know him, Sir, but by his Looks, he's come to Mortgage or borrow Money upon some other valuable Consideration.

Sir *Da.* I'll be with him presently, I hope 'tis the Squire, for they tell me at the Inn, that he has been come to Town this Hour, and went out immediately after he dress'd himself. My Dear, I'll not be long from thee—

La. Fa. When you please, Phumphy.

Sir *Da.* O, *Roger*, I'm ravish'd, transported, I'm not able to contain my self. Here, *Roger*, here's something for thee, I know thou hast been a great Help towards her Reformation. I'm certainly the happiest Mortal that ever liv'd, I believe Joy will make me wanton

[*Exit Sir David singing.*]

Ob! such was their cruel Fear.

Rog. Ay indeed, the happiest Man in the World, for now you have almost lost the Thoughts of being a Cuckold. I'm overjoy'd, Madam, to see things go so well, and this one Baulk shan't cast us down, he shan't be lost, I'll warrant you, Madam.

La. Fa. *Roger*, do you call about half an Hour hence, and I'll give you a Letter in answer to one just now left with me. There, *Roger*, there's something to keep you from Despair. [*Exit La. Fancy.*]

Rog. Thank you, Madam.—

O Pimping, Pimping, what a Calling's thine, that like the Bee from Poison can't suck Honey, and from the gripingest Fist extract their Wealth, witness my Master: Why here's two Pieces for the Pains I take

to have him made a Cuckold, here's five more from Mr. Gaylove, to help him for ought I know to a bad Bargain, and three from my Mistress, to bring that about, that may be her Ruin.

*Thus every Way the Pimp is sure to thrive,
And whilst his Money lasts, in credit live. Exit.*

Scene the other Part of Sir David's House.

Enter Harriot dress'd in Charlot's Cloaths, and Charlot in Harriot's.

Char. You seem surpriz'd, Madam, but to satisfy you, you're to be my Maid, and I your Mistress; therefore, now I shall begin to exercise you in your Duty, that you may the better know how to behave your self. [*Speaking to herself in the Looking Glass.* I vow an agreeable Figure. O that this Metamorphosis was to last for ever, my thinks I begin already to hate my former Character, what a visible Alteration's here on a sudden, fine Cloaths are such Ornaments that I protest I can't perceive any Difference between my Mistress and my Mistresses Maid, Charlot.

Har. Madam.

Char. Prethee, Charlot, what Suit shall I wear to Day? [*affectedly.*

Har. Which your Ladyship pleases. [*Curtesing.*

Char. They are all out of Fashion, I have appear'd in them, two or three Times in publick, and when once a Woman comes to be known by her Cloaths, every one points at her.

Har. You go abroad so seldom, that 'tis impossible they shou'd be taken notice of, Madam.

Char. It is enough to carry the horrible Imagination about

about me, I think to Day I'll appear in an undress to avoid Censure, besides the Pleasure of going *incognito*, is the same as being invisible. We see every Body, and pass our Criticism on all the taudry Creatures that affect Gaity, without putting it in their Power of being reveng'd.

Har. Will you receive your Lover in a Dishabille?

Char. Dishabille, what an admirable Word's that, well, the French give such an Air to all they say or do, the rest of the World are barbarous compar'd with them; then they sing with such a Grace, and so gay; we are Derivatives in Air, Derivatives in Dress, Derivatives in Language, and Derivatives in every thing else. Yes *Charlot*, an Undress is so engaging, so soft, so easie, and so languishing, that a Lover is caught with a Glimps, like Lightning it flashes on him, before he can think from whence it comes.

Har. I protest, Madam, you dress to Admiration, such a peculiar Fancy.

Char. Indeed there's something so different in Dress, that its as distinguishing as a Name, or a taudry Livery. I shall surprize my Esq; I doubt not at the first Appearance.

Har. But if he should prove Jealous?

Char. Then I shall never endure the Creature, for I must go abroad when I please. I'll not be serv'd as the Spanish Ladies are, who never stir out of Doors above once a Month, and then are attended with a strong Guard, compos'd of a Husband, an old Aunt, and two or three Bravo's. Prithee *Charlot* use your best Skill to accomplish me.

Har. I wonder *Beauford* stays so long!

Char. He sent me Word he was gone to the Inn to watch the Squire's coming. Oh here he comes to answer for himself.

Enter

Enter Beauford.

Char. What News?

Beau. He's come, there's no Hopes.

Char. A good Physitian will tell you there's Hopes as long as Life lasts, never Despair, I'll be your Doctor. When do you think he'll be here, that we may prepare our selves to receive him, without his being seen by any of the Family.

Beau. I found him as he was alighting from his Horse, and have so manag'd the Matter, that he's come to the Garden Gate to be admitted, and then you may carry him to any part of the House you think most convenient.

Har. No Place fitter than this, for you know *Charlotte* commands all here, however I'll step to the Garden-gate, for fear of any Accident. [*Exit.*

Char. In the mean time, step you into that Room and dress your self, there are Cloaths ready for you, and play you the Father as well as I'll act the Daughter, and I'll warrant you our Devise shall succeed.

[*Exit* Beauford.

Poor loving Tits, what Pains they take, to run into the Snare that so many thousands before 'em have wish'd to get out of——Now might I pass for some great Lord's Daughter, if I had but an Equipage. Fine Feathers I see make fine Birds. I have known the time tho' when some Gentlemen have preferr'd the Maid before the Mistress; and I believe they have been in the right, there's no making substantial Love to fine Cloaths, they have no Life in them, no Motion, nothing to please, without Youth and Beauty. I don't know why a wholesome, handsome Chamber-maid mayn't be as good as some Ladies with their Patches, Paint, Paste, false Teeth and Affectation——Oh here they come.

F

Enter

Enter Harriot Squire Empty and Nicholas.

Har. Madam, here's the Gentleman come to Town that your Father designs for your Husband.

Char. Are you call'd Sqr. *Empty*.

Emp. Yes, Madam, I'm call'd *Timothy Empty Esq;* of *Bull-Calf-Hall* in *Essex*.

Char. I have heard my Father speak wonderful things of you, Sir, but his Praise I perceive comes far short of your Merit.

Emp. Your Father, Madam? Why I don't remember, that I ever saw him, or he me.

Har. I'm glad to hear that.

[*aside.*]

Char. No Sir, but I suppose he had your true Character from my Uncle *Friendly*.

Emp. Ay, like enough.

[*Empty takes a great deal of Snuff.*]

Char. You take a great deal of Snuff, Sir.

Emp. 'Tis the Fashion they say at Court, Madam, and tho' I have liv'd altogether in the Country, yet I am as absolute a Courtier as the best of them.

Char. Indeed, Squire, you're a most incomparable Person, and I admire every thing you do.

Har. Sure, Madam, you'll never condescend so low, as to marry with such a Country Looby as this?

Emp. Country Looby! Harkyee, you Mistress fetch and carry, who do you call Country Looby, what a Plague are all Loobies that don't live in your great Town here, but 'tis like your Manners: I have heard say indeed, your Suburb Folk think a Citizen and a Country Gentleman must be Fools a Course, but I'de have you to know, Mrs di'de Gown, there's more Fools come from your Town to *Essex*, than we send Calves to *London*.

Char.

Char. Dear Squire, don't discompose your self, for a silly Girls talking.

Emp. Looby, all the Country knows I'm a Gentleman bred and born, and have all the good Qualities belonging to a Gentleman, for I can drink Claret and Stale-Beer, and play at Bowls and take Snuff as well as any Side-Box Beau of them all, and smoke Tobacco too, Madam, and do these Signs betoken a Looby, Madam.

Char. Mind it no further, Sir, you have my Consent, to Morrow is (I hope) the Day appointed for our Marriage, here comes my Father luckily to give his Consent.

Enter Beauford disguis'd like an old Man, embraces Squire Empty eagerly, by which he beats his Snuff-box in his Face, and hits him two or three Knocks o'the Head with his Cane, as he embraces him and pretends to be very deaf.

Beau. My Son, my dear Son, art thou come, let me embrace thee in my aged Arms—

Emp. Murder, the Devil *Nich.* why *Nich.* where are you, he has put out both my Eyes, Oh dear *Nich.* help me.

Beau. What does he say? He's transported, truly so am I, to think how happy I shall be, in so wise and discreet a Son-in-Law

[Beauford embraces him as before.]

Emp. What no help near, am I left alone with the Devil? Why *Mistress Harriot, Nich,* pray some Body help me. *[Rubbing his Eyes.]*

Char. I'll take this Opportunity of stealing down, least any thing shou'd happen.

Har. Do dear *Charlot.*

[Exit Charlot.]

Har. Pray have Patience, Sir, 'twas a Mischance that happen'd by your Father-in-Law's Extravagant Kindness to you.

Emp. Kindness, the Devil take such Kindness, if choaking, squeeing, beating and bruising be Kindness.

Beau. I'm a little thick of hearing, pray how does he like my Daughter?

Emp. Better by half I'm sure, than I do the Father.

Har. He says, he is impatient, Sir, till you bless him with so sweet a Present.

Beau. Present, don't let him think of Presents, for when I die I'll present him with all I have.

[Comes towards Squire Empty.]

Emp. Good Mistress, stand between me and that old Tartar, I'm frighted out of my Wits at the very Sight of him.

Beau. I'm deaf, and can't hear you Son, therefore pray speak louder, What is't you say?

Emp. Say, why I say, you've almost squeez'd my Guts out, and made Puff-Paste of my Head.

Beau. Hey, dead, Didst thou think I was dead Child?

Emp. Dead, a plague dead or alive, I wish you had been buried before I had seen you.

Charlot makes a Noise within.

Har. S'life, my Dear, my Father's coming, I know by *Charlot's* giving this Signal.

Beau. What shall I do?

Har. Keep to your Text, he'll never be jealous of an old Man.

Beau. But what shall I say?

Har. Say, why say any thing, come, Squire, come along with me, I'll give you a better Entertainment.

[Exit Squire Empty, Har. and Nich.]

Enter

Enter Sir David and Charlot.

Sir Da. Why you are very merry Charlot.

Char. And so will you too, the Squire's come.

Sir Da. Is he here?

Char. No, Sir, but there's an old Gentleman just come from him, whom I understand is a sort of a Guardian to him, please to question him, he can give you Information.

Sir Da. I am your humble Servant.

Char. He's very deaf, you must speak louder, Sir.

Sir Da. I'm your humble Servant, Sir, and I'm glad to see you in Town.

Beau. What does the Gentleman say? Wou'd he have me be gone?

Char. No, Sir, 'tis my Master, he says, he's glad to see you in Town.

Beau. Is that your Master? I ask your Pardon, Sir, I have an Infirmary upon me, that makes me answer sometimes untowardly. I am come, Sir, from a young Gentleman, to whom I have been long a Guardian, his Name is Squire *Empty*.

Sir Da. Pray, Sir, Where is the Squire? [aloud.

Beau. Some Business call'd him into the City.

Sir Da. But where shall I find him? [aloud

Beau. At a Place call'd *Billings-gate*.

Sir Da. What House? [aloud.

Beau. 'Tis a Wine Tavern.

Sir Da. What Sign? [aloud

Beau. The Sign is, two Men holding their Hats off to one another.

Sir Da. The Salutation. [aloud.

Beau. Ay! 'tis a very civil Sign.

Sir Da. I'll take Coach and go this Minute, but where's my Daughter, that she's not here to entertain the Gentleman—

Char.

38 *The Maid's the Mistress.*

Char. O within, Sir, princking herself up I warrant you to the best Advantage; well that old Man tho' he has lost his Ears, has a notable Tongue, you can't imagine how he has prevail'd upon her, do you see, Sir, she has presented me with one of her best Suites of Cloaths, on purpose to entertain the Squire with Splendor.

Sir Da. Dear *Charlot*, thou revivest me, I'll hasten to the Squire; pray, Sir, will you be pleas'd to refresh your self for a short time, I'll be back with Speed, and assure your self there's nothing in my House, but what you may command as your own. [*Exit Sir Da.*

Beau. I thank you, Sir. I'm glad he's gone, for I'm all over in a Sweat for fear.

Char. So am I.

Enter Harriot.

Har. And truly I'm not far from those Circumstances.

Beau. Well my dear *Harriot*, I have secur'd your Father for a Brace of Hours at least, where are the two Boobies?

Har. Stareing at the Pictures with as much eagerness as if they were as many Monsters brought from *Africk*.

Beau. Then don't delay a Moment, but hasten to our other Project, for since kind Fortune puts it in our Power,

*Let us this Opportunity improve,
And sign the everlasting Bond of Love.*

End of the third Act.

A C T

ACT IV.

Enter Harriot, Charlot Squire Empty and Nich.

Emp. I Have been embrac'd, carressed, beaten and squeez'd, at such a rate, that I have hardly a free Place about me.

Char. 'Tis his Way to receive his Friends after that Manner, but pray excuse him for my sake——he thought——

Emp. He thought! If that be his Way of thinking, I wish he had lost his Memory. However don't let him come near me any more, for fear I shou'd have as mischievous Thoughts as himself.

Char. It grieves me to the Soul, to see you so angry. [Weeps]

Emp. In spite of all I have undergone, I can't forbear loving her. Therefore dear Child don't cry.

Char. If you lov'd me, how cou'd you leave me on the Rack, tortur'd so long with Expectation of your Return, you promised at our Parting to be with me in three Months and now six are fully expir'd.

Emp. Hey Day, what Whirligig is the Devil going to spin now. I promise you, when?

Char. What means this Strangeness, my Love, you vow'd you never wou'd forget the Joys I gave you when you were enclos'd within these Arms, unused to such Encounters, my maiden Blushes flutter'd to my Cheeks, struggling to tell the Weakness of my Power to oppose against the fierce Assaults you made.

Emp. I embrace you, what I!

Char. You, you, your self, my Dear.

Emp. What I in Substance;

Char.

Char. I'm fure it was no Shadow.

Emp. And were we both awake?

Char. Wou'd I had been in an eternal Sleep since you forget so soon. [Weeps much.]

Emp. Sure, Child, its only your Fancy.

Char. I have too much Reason to remember.

Emp. I believe this Wife of mine, that is to be, is little better than a—Gimerack. Why, Madam, I never saw *London* nor you before in my Life.

Char. What never saw me!

Emp. No never.

Char. What never?

Char. No never in my born Days, is not that a sufficient Answer?

Char. Nay then my Misery is certain, and this false Man by his bewitching Tongue, has brought me to Eternal Shame. Dear Sir, recollect your self a little, you must needs remember that one Night conducted by my Maid, you came into my Chamber, and told me your Name was *Empty*, whom my Uncle by his Will had appointed me to marry, that you had just then mortally wounded a Gentleman in a Rencounter, begg'd I would give you Sanctuary, and protect you from your Enemies that pursu'd you.

Emp. What I fight, I kill a Man? She's going to bring me in for Murther?

Char. 'Twas then alas your false deluding Tongue, with gilded Words, urg'd all the Arguments your copious Wit was able to invent, but oh the last unhappy Violence undid me.

Har. Ay, Sir, I remember very well, you gave me too broad Pieces to assist you, but if I had known your Intention, old *Nick* shou'd have assisted you for me, however I shall tell no Body, for my Mistresses sake, poor Gentlewoman. Come, Sir, let me intreat you not to abuse her.

Char.

Char. Assist me with your Tears, *Charlot*, to move him.

Har. Sweet, Sir. He begins to melt, Madam, don't trouble your self, he will marry you.

Emp. I marry her, prithee, let him marry her that has made use of her. I'll have no old Shooes of another bodies kicking off; make me thankful I'm deliver'd from a ——— For my Part, I'll go home again, and let him marry you that has ——— And so, Madam, your Servant.

Char. And will you then leave me here to be the Scorn and Scandal of my Family? What will my Father say, he'll murther me, and seek most dire Revenge on you, which breaks my Heart to think of, tho' you have injur'd me so much.

Emp. Do you think, Mistress, I'll be a ——— Go seek out and find some body more fit for your Purpose.

Char. In the Condition I'm in, who will look upon me, if I should consent to leave you?

Emp. Condition! I know what a Condition my Head would be in if I should marry you. But pray what is your Condition?

Char. I'm big with Child, Sir.

Emp. O the Devil.

Char. Then how can you pretend to make another Choice, and what will not my enrag'd Relations do on the least Suspicion?

Har. I think you had better marry my Mistress, Sir, than run the Gauntlet thro' the whole Family. They'll every one, both Male and Female, have a Cut at your Windpipe.

Emp. I'm thinking when I go down again into the Country, what an odd sort of a Man our Folk will take me to be, that I could get a Woman with Child, and she at the same time fifty Miles from me. But pray, Madam, does your Uncle's Will say you must be

with Child before you are married, if so I shall have a lumping Pennyworth.

Char. Then you are resolv'd, Sir, not to marry me.

Emp. No, Madam, the Devil burn me if I represent Charity so far as to keep other Peoples Children.

Char. I'll then go find out my Father.

Emp. You had better seek out for the Child's Father.

Char. Throw my self prostrate at his aged Feet, and move Compassion with my Filial Tears; tell him how like a savage you have ravag'd o'er my flagrant Field of Chastity, and robb'd me of my Honour; confess my Fault, and beg him to forgive me, beg him to right his injur'd Daughter's Wrongs; which done, impending Mischief will ensue, and break like thunder o'er your wretched Head. [Exit Charlot.

Emp. She says she's big with Child, but on my Conscience, I rather believe she's big with a Legion of Furies.

Har. The Dispair you have put her into has disturb'd her Brain, come, for once be good natur'd and have Compassion on her.

Emp. Compassion, for what, to marry a Gimcrack, forsooth; I hope you don't dream, that I have got you with Child too.

Har. No, Sir, but you having abus'd her, you can't but in Conscience marry her.

Emp. I marry her, look you Mrs. Nimble-chops, if you can make it out, that I got her with Child, I'll marry her.

Har. I'm not to be perswaded out of my Senses, I remember very well you came with your Man one Night, and before Day I conveyed you both out of the back Door, for fear you should be discover'd.

Emp.

Emp. O Miraculous! Was ever such Impudence seen before. In fine, in two Words, as well as two thousand, if ever I saw you or you, Mistress, or if I ever what d'ye call it---got her with Child, or if I ever come to this Place a Wife hunting again, may my Skin be stripp'd over my Ears, and I be shewn for an outlandish Monster. *Nick*, come away, and make hast and get the Horses saddled, that we may get out of this Mad-house.

Har. Do you think to escape so? No, no, there will be somebody here presently, that will bring you to a sincere Repentance for the Injuries my Lady has suffer'd. *[Exit Harriot and locks the Door after her.]*

Emp. Hey day lock'd in! What shall we do now, we shall certainly be murder'd.

Nich. Nay, we are in *Lob's* Pound, Sir, and must be forc'd to yield upon Discretion. For a Man may see by my Misfortune what 'tis to keep bad Company, here shall I be knock'd o'the Head for a piece of Catterwauling I know nothing of. *[aside.]*

Emp. Come Courage, Sirrah, let's make the best of a bad Market, I'm resolv'd one Way or another by Force or fair Means, to get from these---

Nich. Let's break open the Door, Sir.

Emp. Ay, marry will we, for I neither can nor will stay any longer, and so Mr. Door, have at you---

[They both push at the Door]

Enter Beauford disguis'd as before with two or three Servants with drawn Swords, Harriot and Charlot following.

Beau. Where is this Ravisher, this Thief, this Betrayer of my Honour, this Gorgon, this Hydra, this many Headed Beast of Lust.—I say dispatch him, I'll have no Mercy. *[The Servants advance towards him.]*

Char. For my sake hear him Speak.

Beau. I'll do thee Justice on the Cormorant.

Emp. Looke, Sir, if it must be as you say, that I have got your Daughter with Child.

Beau. What! does he say? He has got my Daughter with Child and will do it again, I'll prevent that I'll warrant you. This is the first Dishonour has been put upon our Family these 500 Years, therefore for an Example to deter other Villains from the like Attempt I command you dispatch him instantly.

[The Servants offer to strike him.]

Emp. Oh—

Char. I beg you would preserve him, for tho' the Priest, has not yet join'd our Hands in ceremonial Form, yet our Vows are registred above, and there we stand Recorded Man and Wife.

Beau. Trouble not your self, my Child, you shall have Justice, you shall have his Blood.

Char. No, I delight not in such Cruelty, there may be other Means to save his Life, and do me Justice.

Emp. Ay, Sir, think of any Way but Matrimony and Slaying, for I can't endure the Thoughts of Death.

Beau. What does he say? That he will be my Death?

Nich. No, Sir, my Master says, he can't bear the Thoughts of Death.

Beau. Say you so: What I'll warrant, you had a Hand in the Plot, and I design you shall share in the Punishment.

Nich. For my sake, Sir, and your own pray pacifie the Gentlemen.

Emp. Do you promise, *Nich.* and I'll perform, for he has given me such an Ague in my Tongue, that I can't speak a plain Word, tell him I'll resign all
my

my Right and Title in the 10000 l. given by his Brother's Will to his Daughter, if she consented to marry me six Months after her Uncle's Death, persuade him to send off those rough hew'n Fellows away, for I can't endure the Sight of 'em.

Nich. My Master says, he'll make over all his Right in the 10000 l. given by your Brother, and give your Daughter leave to marry who she pleases, If you'll be so kind to pardon him.

Beau. Pardon him, I, I, I'll pardon him with a Vengeance.

Nich. Sir, he says he'll give you Satisfaction under Hand and Seal, as firm as the Law requires.

Beau. He'll go to Law, say you so, I'll spoil his going to Law presently. Do your Business.

[*The Servants offer to strike.*

Emp. Dear Madam make him sensible of what I say, that I main't lose my Life for his want of Ears.

Char. By all the Love you ever bore me, have pity on him. [Kneels.

Har. By all the Services I've ever done you, and by the generous Kindness you've shewn me I beg you'd spare his Life.

Emp. For my Soul's sake, Sir. [Kneels.

Nich. And for the Preservation of my Wind-Pipe, Sir, don't Man-slaughter us, Sir.

Beau. Rise, Child, upon condition he'll instantly perform his Promise, at your request I will forgive him, let's go into the next Room and send for a Lawyer, then make over your Interest in the 10000 l. given to my Daughter, and we shall be very good Friends, and you shall have your Liberty to go when and where you please.

Emp. O this mutinous old Fellow ! I was never yet married, nor murder'd, and I don't care at this Time to try either ; therefore let's make haste, and send

send for the Lawyer, that I may be deliver'd from this Habitation of *Beelzebub*.

[*Exit* Beauford, Harriot, *Squire* Empty, and *Nich. Manet* Charlot.

Char. So, their Business, I hope, is compleated, now I must mind my own and my Master's and *ly purdue*, for fear Nature shou'd be too prevailing for Virtue, not but I believe his Wife is honest; but Opportunity leads many a well meaning Travellor out of the Way; and I'm very certain there is to be a Meeting between her and *Mr. Gaylove* this Night, by *Roger's* being from Home so long, and my Master, poor Man, is gone of a Fools Errand, therefore 'tis in Part, my Duty as well as Interest to preserve him.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Lady Fancy *Looking on her Watch.*

La. Fa. **M**uch about the Time, my humble Servant is to be here, full of Raptures, fine Speeches and a great deal of Impudence; what Wretches are these vain young Fellows to think every Woman must Sacrifice her Honour to gratifie a Coxcomb, who hunts after nothing but his own Pleasure, and leaves what he so vigorously pursu'd when once enjoy'd, with as much Carelesness as a Gentile Gamester loses his Money, or a Woman of Wit and Gayety parts with a whining Lover. [Sir David *within*.

Sir Da. Roger, Sirrah, a Light here, where are you?

La. Fa.

La. Fa. Sir *David* as I cou'd wish ! He's come as exact as a Player to his Cue. Where's Mr. *Gaylove's* Letter ? O here it is.

Lady Fancy sits down upon a Couch and seems asleep, and drops *Gaylove's* Letter.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Da. Ha, what is my Dear fallen asleep so soon ? How prettily the Fool sits waiting for me ; upon my Life her Fondness wou'd not let her rest till I came to her ; now will I steal a Kifs, a dear Kifs from her.

As he is going to kiss her, spies the Letter which La. Fancy let fall.

What's this a Letter ! And directed for my Wife ! The Contents of it I dare swear are admirable. [*Reads.*

EXcess of Expectation racks me till I see you, and I hope this Evening, spite of the old doating Fool your Husband, an Opportunity will offer to make me happy, at ten this Night I'll wait on you,

Your Humble Servant
Gaylove.

Very fine, indeed ! Madam *Penelope*, *Cinthia*, *Lucrece*, thou Flower of Chastity, wake to thy horn brow'd Husband.

La. Fa. Ha ! Who's that at this late Hour ?

Sir Da. I am *Tarquin* come with Violence and Force to take Possession of thy Chastity.

La. Fa. My Dear.

Sir Da. Yes, my wanton Rib ! Look upon this, do'st thou know it ?

La. Fa. Know it, yes, very well ? 'Tis from a Gentleman that loves me, that doats upon me, that wou'd run the Hazard of a thousand Lives to rescue me from

from your Tyranny, therefore you had better use me in another Manner, which may prevail upon me more than you imagine.

Sir *Da.* Was there ever so much Impudence! And is he a young Fellow?

La. *Fa.* Yes, and a handsome Fellow.

Sir *Da.* And a generous Fellow.

La. *Fa.* As ever *Jupiter* was to *Danae*.

Sir *Da.* And a Loving Fellow.

La. *Fa.* Yes.

Sir *Da.* And had you resolv'd to have——

La. *Fa.* Not positively resolv'd, my Dear, tho' your Provocations were great, my Vertue wou'd have surmounted them; I should hardly have sacrific'd my Honour to gratify my Revenge; it would have been purchasing a short Satisfaction with an Eternal Disquiet.

Sir. *Da.* All Criminals are penitent when discover'd.

La. *Fa.* Not so far discover'd, but by the Assistance of your faithful Servant, *Roger*, time and Opportunity may return, if you continue to use me as you have done, and then I don't know, but Revenge may be powerful enough to gain the Victory, and alter my Intentions, which were only to shew you my Power and your Weakness to prevent, if I had been a Woman of no Vertue nor Discretion; for Wives like Assassins have the Means about them to stab their Husbands Honour, and afterwards escape without being discover'd.

Sir *Da.* I must capitulate, or I shall have my Reputation batter'd about my Ears: She'll make a Breach wide enough to receive such Enemies, which if once possess'd of the Place, will never be drove out again. O that I could be satisfy'd of your Vertue how happy should I be in a Wife.

La. *Fa.*

La. Fa. What Proof shall I give you?

Sir Da. None, none! 'tis impossible to give me any. [*Gaylove gives the Signal.*]

La. Fa. Harkee he's come, do you retire where you may see and hear all that passes between us, and when you think convenient appear.

Sir Da. And wilt thou be so generous? Give me thy Hand Wife, now I think my self to blame and am convinc'd by Experience, that most Cuckolds make themselves by their Jealousy and ill Nature, therefore I promise you my Dear, Liberty, fine Cloaths, a Coach, and what else you can desire.

La. Fa. Since you have made me Mistress of my self, you shall find I won't abuse the Freedom. I cou'd have still continu'd to deceive you, but your Kindness has overcome me, and I am now resolv'd to love you, and continue an unspotted faithful Wife.

Sir Da. I dare believe you. [*Sir David retires, and then La. Fa. introduces Gaylove.*]

La. Fa. My dear I'm glad to see you! Why did you stay so long from her that loves so well?

Gay. And do you really love me?

La. Fa. Can I chuse but love thee, my Dear.

Sir Da. The Devil—

Gay. Thus may I always be receiv'd with open Arms! my Love! my Life! my Soul! The Excess of Happiness is not to be born. [*Embrasing her.*]

La. Fa. This is no Happiness if it consists in me, no Joy, no Pleasure, no Indearments to those I'll give, which Shame won't let me tell.

Sir Da. I can contain my self no longer. S'death she'll devour the Fellow before my Face.

Gay. Oh take me to your Arms, let me clasp you like the Ivy, cling about you beauteous Form, and never part, for here's the greatest Bliss that Life or Nature can bestow.

H

La. Fa.

La. Fa. Will you not hide me from the frightful Fiend, my Husband! Hark he's coming.

Sir Da. Very fine, where will this end?

Gay. 'Tis nothing but your Fears, let's retire to some more private Apartment, there with Freedom, we may surfeit with full Gusts of Love.

[*La. Fancy comes from Gaylove.*

La. Fa. What wou'd my Husband and the World think, shou'd they but see us now, the very Apprehension has made all things appear frightful, nay my thinks you are transform'd, from what you were into a strange Monster! Now I consider truly, I have been to blame, I have been put upon, foully abus'd.

Sir Da. Say you so.

Gay. Prethee Charmer lay aside these unnecessary Apprehensions, drown them all in Bliss, Honour is a meer Bubble, made use of by all the World, like a masking Habit to deceive one another.

La. Fa. I can't perceive those fancied Beauties I beheld before, nothing to engage me, to abuse my Husband, and ruin my Reputation.

Sir Da. Well said E'faith, Girl.

Gay. What means my Love?

La. Fa. No captivating Form, nor any thing to doat on, no Face, no Tongue, to intice, oh! how was I mistaken!

Gay. You are a Woman, a very Woman! Now I see my Folly, and blame my self for likeing of a thing not worth looking at.

La. Fa. (*aside*) Say you so, Sir, I must not lose my End. I did but trifle with you, only fool'd thus to try your Strength of Passion, my Dear do you think I cou'd forget——

Gay. Very well, Madam——

La. Fa. Is it possible I shou'd forsake——

Gay.

Gay. A cunning Devil! Now if I were to be hang'd I can't forbear believing again. [aside.]

La. Fa. You shall forgive me; 'twas a Trick to try you, and were I sure you lov'd me——

Gay. Do you doubt it?

La. Fa. I do not doubt it, but he that professes shou'd do——

Gay. What shall I do?——

La. Fa. Why, pish I can't tell you.——

Gay. No Man shall dare to do more; I'll marry you, (aside) Ay and Promise all before Enjoyment. Your Husband's sentenc'd, he shall die.

La. Fa. Die.

§ Sir David holds up his Cane behind him,
and makes threatning Signs.

Gay. Die! and instantly, be the Danger mine.

La. Fa. Die, did you tell me?

Gay. I have laid the Design, and wou'd murder a hundred Husbands to make Way but for one Hours Blis with so beautiful a Lady.

La. Fa. Bloody minded Villain! What Danger have I shun'd, and what Misfortune Virtue shields us from.

[Sir David appears, and several Servants.

Sir Da. Ay, Sir, you are a bloody minded Villain; pray when shall I be murder'd? By whom, and how, Sir.

Gay. Hast thou betray'd me?

La. Fa. Thou wou'dst have ruin'd me, ruin'd my untainted Character, poison'd my vertuous Name. Thou seest this Man my Husband, the only Friend a married Woman can expect, for if they desert us, we soon become a Prey to Infamy. Shame take you, the very Sight of you shocks my Soul, my Life's involv'd in his, and if thou but aim'st at that, thou strik'st at mine.

52 *The Maid's the Mistress.*

Gay. Am I disappointed thus at last, out-witted by a Woman!

Sir Da. You see this Lady has prefer'd her old doating Fool of a Husband, before your young Rogueship.

La Fa. You make a Trade of betraying Women, and think it a noble Action to abuse our weak Sex, whom you shou'd guard from Ill. Sir, I hope when o'er a Bottle, you talk loosely of the City Ladies, and the kind Reception they have given you, you'll think on me as an Exception from the general Rule.

Gay. Fool'd thus finely.

Enter Charlot.

Char. There's a Gentleman within, Sir, says he's come from *Essex*, but in my Conscience I rather believe he's come from *Bedlam*.

Sir Da. Why what's the Matter?

Char. The Matter, he says your Daughter is a Whore, that she's big with Child, and when my Mistress spoke to him, he call'd her filthy Chamber-Maid, he says he has seen your Worship, and given you a Release for the ten thousand Pounds left by your Brother.

Sir Da. What the Devil ails the Fellow. Come my Dear, we'll go in and unravel, if possible this Mystery; made over the ten thousand Pounds to me, by my Life I never saw him, nor know I whether he be a Man, or a Monster, but by Description; *Humphey*, do you take Care of that merciful Gentleman till I return.

[*Exeunt Sir David La. Fa. with two other Servants.*]

Gay. How like a Fool I look! how poor, how vile am I become? 'Sdeath I shall be expos'd to the whole Town! lampoon'd by every Scribler! a Plague of our
mo-

modern Poets for corrupting my Manners with their bad Characters, who always reward a Profligate Whore-Master with a good Fortune ; and had this damn'd Intrigue of mine been a Fable of their working up in the End, I shou'd ha' been a happy Man, no doubt, but I should have had the Bell of the Play bestow'd upon me, only for endeavouring to make a Cuckold.

Char. [*aside*] So, I find his Intrigue with my Lady has ended as I cou'd wish : And now I'll see what he has to say to me, I like him, and he does not know it, that's a Misfortune to us both ; for he wants a Woman, and I a Man. I wou'd fain speak with you, Sir.

Gay. I fancy, Child, you may spare your self that Trouble ; for you appear with a Female Face, and tho' 'tis Death by the Law to burn the Original without due Course of Justice, I'm resolv'd every Picture of a Woman shall shine like *Troy* in the Light of its last Conflagration.

Char. Are you such an Enemy to Women, Sir.

Gay. So much that I wonder at my Patience for suffering thee in my Sight so long.

Char. Pray, Sir, in what have our Sex so mightily offended you?

Gay. Set themselves up for Mirrours, and shewn me the true Resemblance of a Coxcomb.

Char. And was not that well done ?

Gay. No it Distracts me ! Harkyee Mungrels, what do you grin at ? Keep your Paws at a Distance, Or I shall—

Char. Hold, Sir, there's no Occasion for a Sword, withdraw.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Now, Sir we are alone, answer me one Question.

Gay. Prithee don't be troublesome ; I'm not at leisure to hearken to your Chit Chat. I say leave me, before my Passion provokes me to do an unhandsome Action. I could

could wish as *Caligula* did by the *Roman* People, that all Women kind had but one Neck.

Char. And what then?

Gay. I wou'd—

Char. Is your Name *Gaylove*, Sir?

Gay. It is, Madam, I'm not ashamed of my Name, tho' perhaps I may have some Occasion to be so of my Actions.

Char. Were you never acquainted with one *Constant*.

Gay. *James Constant*?

Char. What makes you start so?

Gay. What makes you ask that Question?

Char. As I'm inform'd he lost his Life in a Duel, to preserve your Honour; being both engag'd, he fell a Prey to Fate; But you became the more enrag'd by a sympathetic Stob your Friend receiv'd, left him you had engag'd, and flew with an impetuous hast to take Revenge, the which you bravely did, and sacrific'd both your Opposers to his Ghost.

Gay. What can you mean to reap up a dismal Tale, I thought had been long forgot—

Char. I'm concern'd for one as much a Friend to me, as you could be to him; therefore I must be heard.

Gay. You have calm'd my Passion, ask what you will, and let but his Name be mention'd, thy Suit is granted, tho' it were my Life.

Char. That *Constant* left a Sister, whose Misfortunes being too heavy for her to support, desir'd me, knowing I had Acquaintance with your Friend, Mr. *Beauford*, to interceed for her.

Gay. Interceed for her! I beg you fair one, by all that's good and charitable, instruct me where she may be found, that I may see the dear Remains of my loved Friend, and gratefully repay the Debt I owe to him.

Char.

Char. Know you this Ring? [*She shews a Ring.*]

Gay. The same I gave to *Constant*, as a Pledge of Friendship, that unhappy Day he lost his Life. Amazement and Stupidity! That I should not perceive thou wert she! Each Feature of your Face, each gentle Look discovers, yea, the Image of my Friend, for he was never fierce till Anger mov'd him; wilt thou partake, thou dear and helpless Orphan, my Fortune, for my Person is too vile? and if I'm unworthy to be call'd a Husband, call me as *Constant* did, thy loving Friend and Brother.

Char. Indeed I'm that unhappy Sister; being left destitute, when my Brother unexpectedly was kill'd, and you fled to preserve your Life, I was forc'd to shift for my self. The Estate my Brother left was mortgag'd to Sir *David*: He, true Miser like, without any regard to the next Heir, seiz'd upon it, I being unknown to him, or any of his Family, procur'd my self to be admitted here to wait upon his Daughter: He was rich and Powerful, I poor and destitute of Friends and Relations, therefore fear'd it would be to no Purpose to discover my self, not being able to oblige him to do me Justice, but waited for this Opportunity to apply my self to you, and now you know me and my Fortune, if you dare take me for better for worse, I resign both to your Disposal.

Gay. You confound me, Madam! I know not how to make a suitable Return for this excessive Generosity. We will instantly to the next Priest, and exchange a solemn Promise or two, and then wait upon Sir *David*, and make a Demand, if he refuses, I and my Estate are at your Service to recover it.

Char. I don't doubt but you'll use me honourably for my Brother's Sake.

Gay. By Heavens I will.

*Since in my Cause his Generous Life did end
I'll be thy Husband, Brother, and thy Friend.* [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Sir David, Squire Empty and Nicholas.

Sir Da. I protest I'm surpris'd, and know not what to say to this Matter, a Frenzy has possess'd him.

Emp. Why you old Fool, do you think we Country Gentlemen are to be banter'd out of our Senses, hark-ye *Nicholas*, is this that *Sir David Fancy* we saw but now, that had like to have murder'd us.

Nich. Sir, Dear Sir, let's be gone, for nothing but Witches and Devils inhabit here: For my Part I believe it is an enchanted Castle, and we have a Spell set round us.

Emp. I say *Sir David's* Daughter is a Whore, and he's a Knave, and I and my Man *Nicholas* will prove it, and so good Mr——I know not who, fare you well. 'Sdeath I'll go down into *Essex*, and consult old Scribble the Attorney (for you know he has a long Head *Nicholas*) and then we'll come up to Town, and make the Devil to do before I'll lose ten Thousand Pounds.

§ *He is going in hast, and is met by Beau-*
 § *ford in his own Cloaths, and Harriot.*

Har. Stay a little, good Squire, and take my Advice: 'Tis now too late to talk of going to Law; for I'm already married to this Gentleman.

Emp. Married what's that to me, you may be married or unmarried, or hang'd for all I care, Mrs Phrippery: I don't doubt but you have Assurance enough to face me out of an Acquaintance, as impudently as this Person has fac'd me into one.

Sir Da. How! Married! Have not I forbid you my House, Mr. *Beauford*, and often told you, that disobedient Girl my Daughter was oblig'd, by her Uncle's Will to marry Squire *Empty*, or forfeit ten thousand Pounds.

Beau. That Objection is now remov'd, for this Gentleman has by a Writing under his Hand and Seal, assign'd
 to

to me all his Right to your Daughter and also to the ten thousand Pounds you speak of.

Sir *Da.* What can this mean?

Beau. I have been the Cause of all this Confusion, Sir, and must beg your pardon; not knowing how to gain your Consent, and being unwilling this Lady shou'd be ten thousand Pounds the worse for my marrying of her, I made bold with your Character to receive the Squire *Empty*; your Daughter turn'd Maid and *Charlot* turn'd Mistress; by which Means we perswaded him to resign.

Sir *Da.* Say you so, then take her now with my Consent, and bless you together. You see the Necessity of this Affair, and I hope you'll pardon them, as I have done; when Lovers are agreed, 'tis impossible to rule their Passions, or pretend to separate them.

Beau. Sir, Consider were you in love, and belov'd by a fair Lady as I am; I believe like me, you'd leave no Way untry'd to obtain the Possession of her.

La. Fa. We all intreat you will forgive them.

Emp. I can't tell what to think of this Matter, but if you will all undertake I shan't be beat, nor my Eyes put out, nor be married to a Wench six Months gone with Child, nor run the Hazard of having my Throat cut, I don't care if we are Friends, and here's my Hand upon the same, Sir *David Fancy* that was.

Enter Charlot and Gaylove.

Sir *Da.* O, Sir, I had forgot you, go call a Constable instantly. [Exit Servant.

Gay. You may spare your self that Trouble—I'm now come with this Lady who is my Wife to demand the Estate of *James Constant* deceased, which you
I are

are possess'd of by Virtue of Mortgage, she being his Sister and sole Heir.

Sir *Da.* How! my Daughter's Maid, Sister to *Constant*! impossible!

Char. Is not this your Hand, and the Counterpart of that Mortgage?

Sir *Da.* I own it, Madam, the Estate is yours, if you make what you say appear, for it has fully pay'd me my Principal and Interest, for which it was engag'd.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Constable is come.

Sir *Da.* It's no matter now, send him away. Take Care, Sir, you don't make love to my Wife again, for fear I shou'd return the Complement, for you have put into my power to attempt Reprisal.

Gay. No more of that, Sir,— bad Company, Excess of Wine, and little Thought, made me act like the rest of the World; but now this Lady, and a true Apprehension of my vicious Attempt upon your Wife's Vertue (which I believe impregnable) has taught me to look back upon my former Actions, and severely censure my ungovern'd Passions.

Enter One of Sir David's Servants.

Ser. Sir, The Servants wait without to know what you would please to have done with *Roger*.

Sir *Da.* Bring in the Rogue, and let's see how he looks under his Tribulation.

Enter

Enter Servants with Roger.

Sir Da. I must give you a Remembrance or two for conspiring Cuckoldom against your Lord and Master, I'll have no Mercy, I'll murder you, ye Dog.

[*Beats Roger.*]

Rog. Ah Dear Sir, good Mr. *Gaylove*, intreat my Master to forgive me; and you, Madam, I hope won't quite forget your necessary Utenfil.

Beau. Come, Sir, be merciful, you had no Injury done you, only your House attempted, not broke open, *Sir David.*

La. Fa. As he was a necessary Tool made use of to convince you of your Errors, I hope you'll pardon him.

Char. Fie, Mr. *Gaylove*, this is worse than a cowardly Captain, who deserts his Regiment when they are engag'd; what leave poor *Roger* when you drew him into the Misfortune.

Gay. My dear, that would be ungrateful; there, *Roger*, there's something towards putting you in an honest way to live, and I hope, *Sir David*, you'll contribute towards his Reformation.

Sir Da. Contribute, ay I'll contribute a good Tree towards making a strong Gibbet for the Rogue, but get you gone about your Business, go Sirrah out of my Sight.

Rog. It's time to leave the Pimping-trade when Ladies betray their own Secrets.

Miracles I find will never cease,
The Legend scarce has one so great as this,
A testy Husband, useles old and jealous,
A kind Occasion, and a Lover zealous,
A Wife provok'd, fair young (oh Treasure!)
And yet for Vertue flies the ready Pleasure.

Sir *Da.* This happy Day gives me new Life, and I am young again with Joy, and had we but a Fiddle or two I wou'd dance as well as the best of you.

Beau. I am not unprovided to oblige you with something extraordinary. Go call in the Musick.

S O N G.

Wou'd you Strephon truly tast
 Every Joy in Woman plac'd,
 Seldom see the Fair Deluder,
 Rather shun than prove Intruder;
 With what we often see, we soon are cloy'd,
 And prize the Blessing most that's least enjoy'd.

Phantom Beauties we discover,
 Beckning to the Distant Lover,
 Whilst in view the Spright retires,
 'Tis follow'd with unweary'd Fires,
 But on the Approach of Reason's glaring Light,
 It straightway disappears and vanishes to Night.

The A N S W E R.

Heavy Reasoner talk no more,
 Give me Celia o'er and o'er,
 Give me Raptures, give me Pleasure
 Beyond Reason, without Measure;
 My youthful Ardour shall be fed with gay Desire,
 And every circling Year add Fuel to the Fire.

*The sleepy Image of thy Brain,
Shall only o'er its Dreamer reign;
The Impious apprehend no Joys above,
Nor canst thou justly think of Love;
Besides themselves, the Gods alone can know
The Joys that from consenting Lovers flow.*

Beau. Now, *Harriot*, nothing can prevent our happiness; your Father being pleas'd, and the ten thousand Pounds secur'd, which was the only prevailing Argument he cou'd alledge for preferring Squire *Empty* before your humblest Servant *Beauford*.

For old Men only Money will approve,
But have no taste of Merit, or of Love;
Whilst Nature strong in youthful Breasts inspires,
No sordid Lust of Pelf, but warm Desires,
All meaner Ends, with Justice they despise,
And know no Wealth that Happiness denies.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE

WELL, the Play's over, and I'm glad at Heart:
What a dull Business, is my vertuous Part!
An injur'd and neglected Wife forsooth,
Prefers her jealous Hunks to vigorous Youth.
Besides, so oddly he's contriv'd the Matter,
That I am made a strange fantastick Creature.
Were my Mate bless'd with Honour and with Truth;
To balance my Admirers Charms and Youth,
'Twere something; but mere Vertue here,
Makes up my hideous, frightful Character.
Some Love I feign, and then deceive him,
And to the hated Husband's Fury leave him;
'Tis down-right Nonsense and I'll ne'er forgive him.

But hold——

My own Concern has carried me too far,
I wage not with him universal War.
Tho' the dull Wife's starcht Character I hate,
The Daughter's Charms me, and is truly great.
She resolutely owns the Cause of Love,
And spight of Duty, does her Passion prove.
Spight of old Dad, she feeds her generous Fire,
Receives her Lover, Bastonades the Squire,
And carries all to her own Hearts Desire.
This Ladies, is the Way that I'd propose,
Thus 'gainst Man's Strength, our Cunning to oppose.
For generous Passions still expect Return,
Love in our Hearts will never idly burn.
When honourable Love at home's neglected,
A foreign Lover is of Course respected.
When Tyrant Man proves brutal or unkind,
Daughters Gallants, and Husbands Horns shall find.



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