

The Beau Defeated:

O R,

The Lucky Younger Brother.

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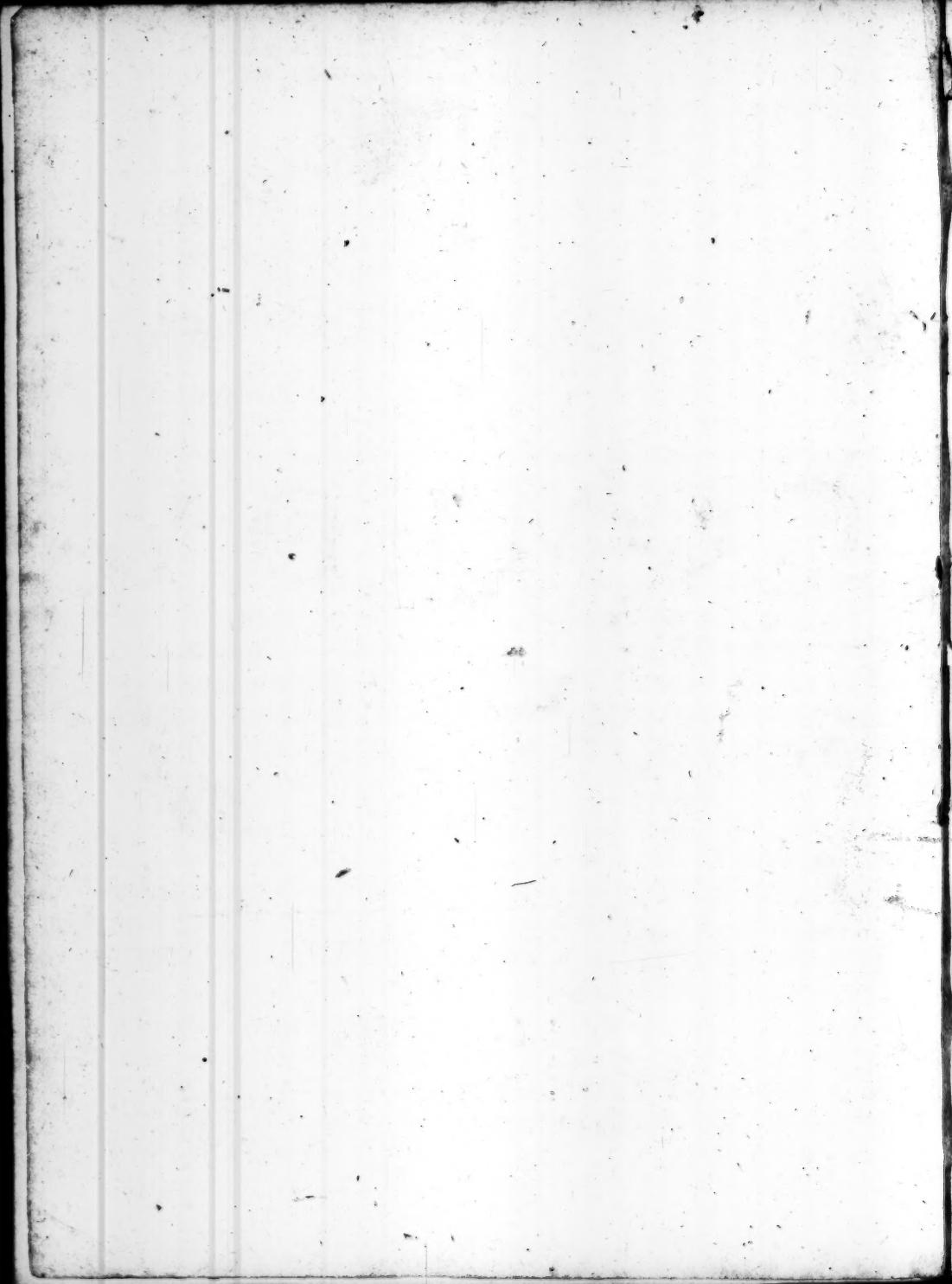
COMEDY.

As it is now ACTED
By His Majesty's Servants at the New Theatre in
Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for *W. Turner* at the *Angel*, at *Lincolns-Inn-back-Gate* ; and *R. Basset* at the *Mitre*, against *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*.

[1700]



TO HER
G R A C E
THE
Duchess of B O L T O N.

MADAM,

When the Curious hand of Nature draws Perfection, when Beauty like yours appears, all are inspired with Wonder and Delight, every Heart is filled with Pleasure; because every Heart is full of you; Pardon my Ambition, Pardon the daring of a Pen, too weak to Copy imitable Graces; but if none may aim at your lovely Picture, unless they have Power to do you Justice, your Praises must be left unsung, and you for ever adored in Silence.

I own the following Play claims not the least Merrit to such a Glorious Protection, but that is all I have to boast, all the reward my Fowring Fancy covets, is centred in my Illustrious Patronesses; this will to after Ages make my Trifle Sacred, when they behold prefix'd such Names, whose Virtues Historians, Poets, and never dying Fame shall join with me to Eternize.

The

The Dedication.

The Play is partly a Translation from the French; what I added, if it had not the power to please, had no Immodesty to offend, which I hope will be an attonement with your Grace, for other Defects in my Younger Brother; I wou'd have perswaded the World to prize Desert, before the Gifts of Fortune, but the major part are too sordid to like the Example, few are so truly Noble to fix without Intrest, which makes so very few truly happy in their Choice.

I wou'd have deferr'd Addressing to Your Grace, till I had aimed at an Offering more Worthy, but my Charmed Eyes being lately bles'd with the sight of You, have let into my mind such a Beautiful Idea, that I liv'd in pain till I expref'd my Admiration.

To be Great and Good, and Exquisitly Fair, are the happiest Epethets Fate bestows on Mortals; that they are justly Your Graces due, will, I am sure, be confirmed by an Universal Voice; and that you may Live long to adorn the Titles, whose Lustre receive addition from that Beauteous Fame, is the Eternal wish off

Madam,

Your Grace's, most humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

Mary Pix.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir John Roverhead,
Elder Clerimont,
Younger Clerimont,
Belvoir,
Mr. Rich,
Chris.
Toby and Jack.

A Beau,
a Country Squire,
his Friend,
a Citizen,
Servant to Sir John.
Servants to the two Clerimonts.

Mr. Bowman.
Mr. Trout.
Mr. Verbruggen.
Mr. Thurmond.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Bracegirdle,
Mrs. Barry,
Mrs. Bowman,

Lady Landsworth,
Mrs. Rich,
Mrs. Clerimont.

A Rich Widow of the North.
a Fantastick City Widow.

Mrs. Prince

Lucinda, Niece to the Widow Rich.
Her Governess.

Mrs. Willis,

Lady la Basset and
Mrs. Trickwell, } Gamesters.

Mrs. Fidget,
Betty, Landlady to Younger Clerimont.

Mrs. Rich's Maid.

P R O L O G U E

Spoke by Mr. Bowman.

YOur Servant Ladies fair — And how I pray,
Like you my Drest and Garniture to Day.
Faith I've survay'd my self from Top to Toe,
And find I make a most Accomplish'd Beau.
If all these Charms, to win a Fortune fail,
I'll leave Champagne, and drown my shape in Ale ;
What care I if I'm bigger than a Whale ?
But why should I despair of being Blest.
Can Female Heart withstand a Man thus Drest ?
As I was lately Walking in the Mall,
Heav'n's ! how the Ladies flock'd about me all.
I'll vow they came so Termagantly Fierce on,
I fear'd some strange designs upon my Person.
Says one, and faith the Nymph was well enough,
Mind, with what Air and Grace he takes his Snuff,
The second cry'd, and pray observe his Muff.

*My Sword-Knot charm'd the fancy of the third,
Poor simple thing she scarce cou'd speak a Word.
And, I replies the fourth, Alas! am Slain,
With the Celestial motion of his Cane.
The Fifth was strangely smitten with my shape ;
Nay bold, I cried, you wont commit a Rape ?
For mine, and for your own dear sakes be quiet,
Or Ladies I'll endite you for a Riot.*

*But bold—— there's something I was begg'd to say,
In favour of our modest Authors Play.*

*He hop'd you'd like—— but Ha! the Bird is Flown,
No matter, I'll say something of my own.
Know then, our Comedy first came from France,
Which here perhaps, its Fortune may advance.
Ladies, be you as kind as you are pretty,
And you Gallants as merciful as Witty :
Then may both Stage and Poet hope to thrive,
Tis by your Bounty both are kept alive.*

[feeling in his Pockets.]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Boy.

*C*ustomes in England makes poor Poet scrape,
In hopes by that Damnation to escape.
But we our Plot have fetch'd from Foreign Nation,
And there such scraping is no ver good Fashion.
Therefore our Author arm'd with French Assurance,
No Pardon Asks, and owns no ill performance.
But bither sends me à la mode de France,
Messieurs & Dames, to treat you with a Dance.

After the Dance.

*Ma foi,—— taking Breath.
I have exhausted quite ma respiration,
To please the Ladies, sur ma reputation.
I de please the Fair, tho' I were sure of Dying,
I hope I have not strain'd my back with Trying.*

*Come then ye Beaux, your gayest Smiles put on.
Twill spoil those dear bewitching looks to Frown.
Alas, why should you your ill nature show ?
Starving of us, will nev're advantage you.
A Damself once attack'd by Flesh and Blood,
By this one Argument her Spark withstood ;
You'l ruin me, and do your self no good.
Then let our Theatre your favour find,
'Tis for your Honour, Gallants, to be kind.*

THE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Rich with Betty, her Maid.

Betty. What's the matter, Madam? What has happen'd to you? What has any body done to you?

Mrs. Rich. An Affront? . . . Ah! I die: An affront! . . . I faint: I cannot speak. A Chair quickly.

Betty. [Giving a Chair.] An affront! to you, Madam, an affront! Is it possible!

Mrs. Rich. But too true, my poor Betty. Oh! I shall dye. To disrespect me in the open Street! What Insolence!

Betty. How, Madam! Not to show respect to such a person as you? Madam Rich; the Widow of an honest Banker, who got Two Hundred Thousand Pounds in the King's service? Pray, Madam, who has been thus insolent?

Mrs. Rich. A Dutches; who had the confidence to thrust my Coach from the Wall, and make it run back above twenty yards.

Betty. A very impudent Dutches. What! Madam, your person shining all o're with Jewels, your new gilt Coach, your dapp'd Flanders with long Tails, your Coachman with cocking Whiskers like a Swis Guard, your six Footman cover'd with Lace more than any on a Lord-Mayor's day? I say, could not all this imprint some respect in the Dutches?

Mrs. Rich. Not at all. And this beggarly Dutches, at the end of an old Coach, drawn by two miserable starv'd Jades, made her tatter'd Footmen insult me.

Betty. S'life! where was Betty. I'd have told her what she was.

Mrs. Rich. I spoke to her with a meen and tone proportionable to my Equi-page; but she, with a scornful smile, cry'd, hold thy peace, Citizen, struck me quite dumb.

Betty. Citizen! Citizen! To a Lady in a gilt Coach, lin'd with crimson Velver, and hung round with a gold Fringe.

Mrs. Rich. I swear to thee, that I had not the force to answer to this deadly Injury; but order'd my Coachman to turn, and drive me home a full gallop.

Betty. But, Madam, pray consider things rightly, and take this as it was intended; for, I conceive, it was not against your Person, but your Name, that this Affront was design'd; and why do you not maké haste to change it?

Mrs. Rich. That I have refolv'd; but I quarrel daily with my Destiny, that I was not at first a Woman of Quality.

Betty. Well, well, Madam, you have no great reason to complain; and tho' you are not as yet a Woman of Quality, you are at least very rich; and you know, that with money you may buy Quality, but Birth very often brings no Estate.

Mrs. Rich. That's nothing; there is something very charming in Quality, and a great Name.

Betty. Yet sure you'd think your self in a worse condition, Madam, were you, as many great Ladies in the World are, who want every thing; and, in spight of their

their great Name, are known, but by the great number of Creditors, that are bawling at their Doors from morning till night.

Mrs. Rich. That's the modish Air, 'tis that distinguishes the People of Quality.

Betty. Methinks, Madam, 'tis a great satisfaction, to dare to go out at the great Gate, without being in danger of having your Coach and Horses seiz'd by a troop of Serjeants: What wou'd you say, if you were oblig'd to return home in a filthy Hack, as several of Quality have done?

Mrs. Rich. Ah! would to Heavens, that had happen'd to me, and that I were a Countess.

Betty. But, Madam, you don't imagine —

Mrs. Rich. Yes, yes, I do imagine, and I had rather be the beggarliest Countess in the Town, than the Widow of the richest Banker in Europe. Well, I am resolv'd; and, I will be a Countess, cost what it will; and to that intent, I'll absolutely break all commerce with those little Cits, by whose Alliance I am debas'd; and first I'll begin with Mr. Rich.

Betty. Mr. Rich, Madam, your Brother-in-Law?

Mrs. Rich. My Brother-in-Law! my Brother-in-Law! thou simple Wench! prythee know better!

Betty. Pardon me, Madam, I thought he had been your Brother-in-Law, because he was. Brother to your Deceas'd Husband.

Mrs. Rich. That's true, my Husband's Brother, but my Husband being Dead, Eool, Mr. Rich is now no more Kin to me than my Footman; nevertheless the Fellow thinks himself of Importance, and is continually a censuring my Conduct, and controuling my Actions: Nay, even the little Minx his Daughter, when we go in my Coach together, places her self at the end by my side.

Betty. Little ridiculous Creature!

Mrs. Rich. But that which Angers me the most, is, that with her little smiling, minicking Behaviour, she attracts the Eyes of the whole Town, and I have not so much as a Glance.

Betty. What a Foolish Town is this! because she's young and pretty, they take more notice of her than you.

Mrs. Rich. It shall be otherwise, or I'll see her no more.

Betty. Nay, your Ladyship will Humble her, for of late you rarely suffer her to come near you.

Mrs. Rich. Well, I will have a Title, and a Name, that's resolv'd; a Name that shall fill the Mouth.

Betty. Ah! Madam, a great Name will become you extreamly; but a Name is not sufficient, I believe you must have a Husband too; and you ought to take care what choice you make.

Mrs. Rich. I know the World well enough, and have in my Eye one of the most Accomplish'd Gentlemen in the Town.

Betty. How, Madam, already made your choice, and I know nothing?

Mrs. Rich. Sir John would not let me tell thee.

Betty. What, Sir John? Sir John Roverhead of Roverhead Castle?

Mrs. Rich. He himself.

Betty. Why, Madam, speak seriously, is it Sir John Roverhead you design to Marry?

Mrs. Rich. Prythee where's the wonder?

Betty. Why pray consider, Madam, Sir John is not worth a Groat.

Mrs. Rich. I have sufficient for us both, and there is Justice in what I design.
Mr. Rich. did not get his Estate too honestly ; and 'tis some kind of Restitution, to raise up with what he has left me, one of the Ancients Families in the North.

Betty. Oh ! since 'tis a Marriage of Conscience I have no more to say.

Mrs. Rich. Betty.

Betty. Madam.

Mrs. Rich. Prythee what's thy Surname.

Betty. Has your Ladyship forgot.

Mrs. Rich. Dost imagine it worth a place in my memory ?

Betty. Cork, Madam.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, filthy ! from henceforth let me call thee *de la Bett* ; that has and *Air French*, and agreeable.

Betty. What you please, Madam.

Mrs. Rich. *De la Bett*, whatever Bills the Mechanical fellows, little Trades people bring ye, let 'em wait, let 'em Walk for't, and watch my Lever, but if Monsieur comes that brought the prohibited Gloves, *l'eau de fleur d'Orange*, and the Complexion, you understand me, give him his price, and ready Money.

Betty. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Rich. And do ye hear, put a Hundred Guineas in the Embroider'd Purse for Bassett.

Betty. Bless me, Madam ! have you lost all that I put in yesterday Morning ?

Mrs. Rich. Impertinence ! I am sufficiently recompenc'd in Learning the Game, and the Honourable Company I am admitted into.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, the Footmen say, *Mrs. Trickwell* is a perfect Female Rook, lives upon Gaming, nay, and keeps out on't, they say, and they can tell.

Mrs. Rich. Hold your tongue, she is a Woman of Quality, knows every body at Court, all their Intrigues, is as deep in Affairs, and keeps as many Secrets, as *Maintenon*, I'll be sworn ; *ma foi*. What a word was there ! But, as I was saying, she has told me, and half a dozen Ladies more, Secrets six hours together ; and such Secrets, *de la Bett*, let me die, were we not Women of discretion, might reach the Lives, or eternally disgrace, of some that shall be named.

Betty. They are very happy, if they are in her power.

Mrs. Rich. Peace, has no body sent a How-de-yee yet ?

Betty. No.

Mrs. Rich. 'Tis my horrid Custom of getting up so early in a morning.

Betty. Madam, 'tis past Twelve.

Mrs. Rich. And I drest, and have been abroad, Abominable ! I charge yee to morrow don't bring my Cloaths till past Two, if I am so mad to call for 'em.

Betty. Wont your Ladyship inquire after my Lady *Landsworth*'s health, methinks you neglect her, tho' she is rich, gay and beautiful, and honours your House with her choice of it whilst she's in Town.

Mrs. Rich. Honours ! Who art thou speaking to, Sweet-heart ? I do not like her, she wont play ; nay, will sit ye two hours together and speak ill of no body ; she is not fit for the conversation of Quality.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Madam, *Mrs. Trickwell*, and another Lady, is come to teach your Ladyship, *Schombring*, I think they call it.

Mrs. Rich. Ombre, Sot, I shall be rid of thee, thou fragment of the shop. *De la Bett,* I'll go to them, if Sir John comes, call me, not else.

Exit Mrs. Rich and Boy.

Enter Lady Landsworth.

Lansworth. My dear Mrs. Betty, I'm glad to find thee alone.

Betty. Your Ladyship does me too much honour.

L. Landf. Thou art so discreet and obliging, I cannot love thee too well. Where's thy impertinent Mistress?

Betty. Gone to learn *Ombre*, with a hundred Guinea's in her pocket.

L. Landf. Ha, ha, ha, her pride, ill nature, and Self-opinion, makes her Follies unpity'd. I'd fain be rid of the nauseous conversation this House abounds with.

Betty. Indeed my City Lady turning Courtier, has a hopeful stock of Teachers; Mistresses grown old, and then forsaken, who, in the tatters of their Prosperity, pass upon her for decay'd Quality, Female Gamblers, and Fools in abundance.

L. Landf. They are affected without beauty, or good cloths, tho' that alone's enough to spoil one that had both; their mirth is insipid, and their raillery abusive, and yet not poinant. For my part, I've almost lost my gay humour for fear of being like 'em; if I continue here one Week longer I shall 'en exchange the Town, where I expected such pleasure, for my old *Yorkshire* retirement.

Betty. Cou'd you but get Mrs. Clerimont to ye, Madam, she'd immediately introduce you to the Beau Monde, where Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are emulators. You say she's a Relation.

L. Landf. She is so at a distance, but you see all my sending will not prevail with her to come at me, nor appoint a time when I shall wait upon her; what can be the reason?

Betty. I know not, unless 'tis being here; for truly I fancy, tho' my Mistress is fled to *Covent Garden*, she is as much despis'd by the real Quality, as she is cajol'd by the Pretenders to it. You say you are not acquainted with Mrs. Clerimont; tho' related to her: So perhaps she guesses you of our Stamp, and avoids yee. For Heavens sake, Madam, how came yee hither?

L. Landf. Why, I'll tell thee, *Betty*, I was married a meer Baby to a very old Man, who, in his Youth, having been a Debauchee, and dealing only with the worst of our Sex, had an ill Opinion of all, kept me like a Nun, broke off all commerce to *London*, or indeed with any body, not excepting Relations.

Betty. And cou'd you endure this?

Lady Landsworth. Most patiently; never found fault with his Woollen Shirts or Night-Caps, lay all Night to the Musick of his Cough, or the rattling of his Ptisick, writ nothing but Receipts, scarce ever open'd my Mouth, but out came, how do ye do, my dear; did the Srrup I made last please ye?

Betty. Your Ladyship was a Miracle.

L. Landsworth. And what do you think I got by doing thus?

Betty. I don't know, but I'm sure you deserv'd a great Deal.

L. Landsworth. Even Three Thousand Pounds a Year, besides Money, Plate, and Jewels. This Mrs. Rich's Husband was my old Man's Banker, and once I saw her in the Country, besides she had money of mine in her hands, so to her, and this dear Town I came; resoving to perticipate all the innocent Liberty my Youth, my Wealth, and Sex desires.

Betty. Ah, Madam! had our Sex but your forbearance, they might all be happy.

L. Landf-

L. *Landsworth.* I am of the mind that Fortune offers every mortal their share of satisfaction ; but if they pluck the green Fruit, forestal her purpose, or miss the ripen'd moment, they rarely have another prospect.

Betty. Right, Madam, and is it not the same in Love ? If a Lady refuses the Man she likes, all her Adventures in that kind prove awkward and unlucky after it.

L. *Landsworth.* Say'st thou so, Mrs. Betty ; well I am resolv'd to indulge my Inclinations, and rather than not obtain the person I like, invert the Order of nature, and pursue, tho' he flies.

Betty. Impossible, one glance of yours subdues the proudest Love-defier of them all.

L. *Landsworth.* Pho, you flatter ; but seriously my dear Confidant, being once condemn'd to Matrimony without ever asking my consent, now I have the freedom to make my own choice, and the whole World the Mart I have the oddest Whimsies.

Betty. Then your Ladyship intends to venture on a second Marriage ?

L. *Landsworth.* Truly, Mrs. Betty, I believe so, why should we dissemble when we are alone ? — but such a Husband I would have.

Betty. What sort of a Husband ? let's hear the Marks ? that I may try to find the Man.

L. *Landsworth.* He should be Gentle, yet not a Beau ; Witty, yet no Debauche ; Susceptible of Love, yet abhorring lew'd Women ; Learned, Poetical, Musical without one Dram of Vanity ; in fine, very meritorious, yet very modest ; generous to the last degree, and Master of no Estate ; mightily in Love with me, and not so much as know I am worth the Cloaths I wear.

Betty. Ha, ha, ha, to your Romances again Lady fair, 'tis only there you can converse with those Heros, this Town affords no such, I can assure you : Modest, Meritorious, and Genteel, ha, ha, ha, your Pardon, Madam, why such a Wight would not get his daily Bread, not Rags to cover his Nakedness ; tis Frontless Impudence makes the Grand appearance, and carries the World before it.

L. *Landsworth.* I suppose I shall increase your Laughter, when I tell you I fancy I have found the Man :

Betty. Madam.

L. *Landsworth.* You know, throughly tir'd with the Impertinence within, and not being fitted to give or receive Visits, I have often ramble'd with my Woman Incognito — and have done the strangest things.

Betty. What, for Heavens sake ?

L. *Landsworth.* Even lost my Heart ; in Love, Mrs. Betty, desperately in Love.

Betty. With whom, Dear Madam ?

L. *Landsworth.* Oh, a pretty Gentleman, who has all those accomplishments I desire writ in his Face, as plain as —

Betty. The Nose in't, I warrant.

L. *Landsworth.* Yes truly, for all your jesting : I sat by him in the Play-House, and discover'd his Sense as taking as his Figure.

Betty. But where was his modesty, when he attack'd a Mask ?

L. *Landsworth.* That's your mistake, 'twas I gave the onset, nay, went farther, appointed him a meeting there again, injoy'd him not to dog me, nor endeavour to learn whō I was, which he punctually obey'd.

Betty. And you perform'd your Assumption.

L. *Landsworib.* Yes indeed, last Night ; and to try his Generosity, when the Doo-keeper came into the side Box for Money, I seem'd in a great fright, and said, I had left my purse at home, he immediately offer'd me a Guinea, which tho' I accepted, by the melancholy Air of his Face, I guess'd it had not a Twin Brother.

Betty. Bless me, Madam ! that pretence, and taking his mony, made you look like a Woman of the Town.

L. *Landsworib.* So I design'd : I forc'd him to tell me his Name and Lodging, e'r I'de accept the favour, and now I have a Game to play, wherein you must assist me.

Betty. In what ever you desire. Oh ! Madam, Sir *John Roverhead* is just upon us.

L. *Landsworth.* What luck is this ! is there no avoiding the Fop ?

Enter Sir John Roverhead, and Chris. his Man.

Sir *John.* Ha, *Chris.* ! the beautiful wealthy Widow of the North.

Chris. Why, Sir, she is not *Mrs. Rich.*

Sir *John.* Sagely discover'd, but she's better, Mr. Wisdom, more desirable, and deeper in my Affections.

Chris. Your Pardon, Sir, I have done.

Sir *John.* Stand back.

L. *Landsworth.* What postures the thing uses, to make it more ridiculous than nature first design'd it.

Sir *John.* Now to be florid. [To *Chris.*] Sure some auspicious Planet rul'd to day, for every Star is witness, how often, when I have made my Visit here, I have sigh'd to see your Ladyship, —

L. *Land.* Still taking Coach, or Chair. Have I not helpt you out, Sir ?

Sir *John.* Lord, Madam, such beauty, Wit and Dres what Man can bear ?

L. *Land.* Such affectation, folly and nonsense, what Woman can endure ? *Exit.*

Sir *John.* Ay hey, *Mrs. ---Betty,* what's the meaning of this ?

Betty. The effect of her Country ignorance.

Sir *John.* It must be so, for I think *Chris.*, I am nicely Dress'd to day.

Chris. Ay, but perhaps she likes the Inward-man.

Sir *John.* She's a fool, that's certain. But, *Mrs. Betty*, I hope my Affairs stand well with your Lady ; this was but a trifle whom I address'd too with my universal Gallantry, which had she receiv'd, I should have laugh'd at ; my Valet knows 'tis my way to all that make an appearance.

Chris. Under Fifty.

Sir *John.* Or above, if they make an appearance.

Betty. Ay, Sir *John*, 'tis you alone have the bewitching way, Court all the World, and catch my unwearied Mistrels by the by ; because 'tis like Quality.

Sir *John.* Like ! that's degrading ; I'd be an original, like nothing.

Betty. Nothing sure can be like you.

Sir *John.* A witty Baggage this, we must ingage her.

Chris. Withal my heart, secure you the Mistrels, and let me alone for the Maid.

Sir *John.* Well, but *Mrs. Betty*, after this idle chat shall we crave leave to see your Mistress.

Betty. You may, and you only ; she's at Cards.

Sir *John.* I protest thou art charmingly dres'd, and pretty, I vow ; what Design have you to day ?

Betty. Is it to me you speak, Sir ?

Sir John. To whom else ?

Betty.

Betty. I thought, like a Poet you were repeating; and design'd the Complement for the next of Quality you met.

Sir John. Fie, fie, let me dye if you are not the prettiest, amiable Creature I know: Prythee who makes thy Mantoe's; how modestly the little Creature dresses her Head too!

Betty. Ha, ha, ha, this is excess of *French* breeding: But, Sir *John*, you forget my Lady expects you.

Sir John. I shall ever forget her when I look upon thee, my Life, my Soul,

She threw by her Knotting in haste — [*Sings.*]

ho, ho, ho, come along *Chris*. I've shot her flying.

And caught me about my well shap'd waist — [*Sings.*]

ho, ho, ho, *Exit. Singing.*

Betty. So, this is the high top Fool in my Lady's equipage, the favour'd Fool, and she has enough in her Train to give a Man of sense the spleen but to hear her Catalogue. Well, since Fortune has thrown me into this Chamber-maid Station, I'll revenge her Cruelty, and plague her Favourites.

*No Fool by me shall e'er successful prove,
My Plots shall help the Man of Sense in Love.*

A C T II. }

Enter Belvoir meeting Jack.

Belvoir. How now *Jack*, is thy Master within?

Jack. No, Sir.

Belvoir. No, Sir; Let me come Morning, Noon, or Night, still I am answer'd, No, Sir; 'twas by accident I found his Lodgings, and I plainly perceive he is deny'd; this is most injurious to our former Friendship, quite contrary to the Contract made when we were fellow Students, when I was only *Clerimonts*, and *Clerimont Belvoirs*.

Jack. Ay, Sir, my Master's strangely alter'd; but I dare not tell.

Belvoir. Come, for once I'll tempt thee to a breach of Trust, I may do him service; I hear his Father's dead.

Jack. Ah, Sir! that's his grief, the very fountain of his Discontentment.

Bell. Trust me *Jack*, few Young Gentlemen use to break their Hearts for such a Loss.

Jack. Yes, if they are Younger Brothers, and left not worth a Groat; 'twill go a great way with them, a great way indeed, Sir.

Bell. But he was the Old Lord's Favourit, who had Land enough without entail to make my *Clermont* happy.

Jack. Alas! Mr. *Bellvoir*, I find you know not our Story.

Bell. Not the particulars, only what I've heard from fame; if thou believest me thy Masters Friend, hide nothing from me.

Jack.

Jack. I do, so notwithstanding his Commands, you shall hear our misfortunes. You know my Master's Elder Brother, is a perfect Squire, on my Conscience the product of two Virginities, such an unaccountable Blockhead, that tho' he gave the assured proof of spending his Fathers Estate, and did it so ungenteely, that he was despis'd by Men of Sense, shun'd by all but the unthinking Rabble, Rediculous even below Lampooning.

Bell. Why *Jack*, the Town improves thee beyond the University, thou grow'st Witty.

Jack. No, 'tis the Approach of Poverty whets my Spleen ; I gad if I am reduc'd to Rags I'll spare ne'r an Elder Brother of them all, tho' he were a Prince.

Bell. A well a day, for the poor Gentlemen in gilt Coaches. But proceed to the matter, good Friend *John*.

Jack. Why this Dunce, I think I call'd him before, shatter Brains.—

Bell. Hold.

Jack. Whose sole delight lay in his Kindred Hounds, who for his Hunting Companions, entertain'd all the Lubbers of the four adjacent Parishes, till the Country was going to Petition the Parliament for Labourers; this Monster of the Woods, this—

Bell. Well what of him.

Jack. Has got every Penny of my Old Lord's Estate, whilst my Master, the most deserving of his Race, (tho' I say it that should nor) is left to Starve, Rob, Drown, or what he pleases.

Bell. But how came this to pass, *Jack*, ha ?

Jack. Why that damn'd jilt Fortune, or her left-handed Daughter, as blind as she, Chance.

Belvoir. A mischance upon my word.

Jack. A confounded one. My old Lord lay long Bed-rid of the Gout, and the Wight I have describ'd, liv'd in an Estate some few Miles distant, one day Hunting that way, he bethought himself, and made his sick Father a Visit ; but knowing he could not sit a moment without talking to his beloved *Fowler*, *Ringwood*, &c. takes the whole Kennel along with him into the Chamber, whilst the t'other Kennel below (I mean the Peasants) were so sharp set, they scarce left my Lord an unmaul'd Dish to come to his Table.

Belvoir. Horrid, filthy Brutes !

Jack. In fine, this so exasperated the old Man that in a rage he burnt his Will, designing to leave my Master whatever was in his power ; but the malicious Fates decreed it otherwise, for that very night the anger'd Father dy'd suddenly, and all his Wealth fell to that soft-headed Fool in one Swoop ; and the De'il, I say, do him good with it.

Belv. Pho, there must be application made to him, *Jack*, this must not be suffer'd.

Jack. To his Huntsman apply then, for he's his only Oracle.

Belvoir. Their's Mrs. *Clerimont* in Town his first Cousin, a vast Fortune, and one who has a larger share of Wit and Goodness ; she shall be consulted. What, a young Gentleman shall never droop for missing a paltry Fortune.

Jack. Dear Sir, do your best. But now I beg of you to be gone ; I hear him coming, and he will be in such a Passion if he discover I have been talking to you, or told he was at home ; for 'tis his humour to hide from all his Friends.

Belv. Well, I'll not cross him now, but certainly find out some way to assist him.

Farewel. honest *Jack*, be sure you prove faithful and kind to him.

Jack.

Jack. Upon my veracity to my uttermost. I only wish to serve him——

Exit Belvoir. [*Jack stands out of sight*]

Enter Clerimont in Mourning.

Cler. Mine's not the Mourning of an Heir ; Oh ! my Noble Father sure I should have griev'd enough for thee, for thy unspeakable loss, without additional Calamities : What will become of me, must I wait at proud Men's doors, and cring for an admittance ? Can I flatter the puft up Lord, and tawn for a vile Office ? Debase my immortal Soul to feed this moulding Clay ? 'Tis impossible, 'tis more than Man can bear !

Jack. Sir.

Cler. What.

Jack. I thought you call'd.

Cler. Thou art too officious ; I have advis'd thee oft to leave me, and seek thy fortune where the Goddes smiles, I am a Wretch that now is sinking lower than his own dispairing Thoughts can frame.

Jack. Lord, Sir, is this all the Philosophy you have learn'd, I think I am the best proficient, starving frights not me half so much as parting ; faith, tho' the World is crowded with knaves that an honest Gentleman can scarce breath, I'll jostle stoutly but you shall have Elbow room.

Cler. Poor Fellow ! thou differest from the common Tribe of Servants ; they fly Poverty worse than Infection ; or else with sawcy Impuence insult.

Enter a Coachman with a Letter.

Coachman. Is this Mr. *Clerimont*'s Lodging ?

Jack. Well, and what then, how came you here without calling me ? What's your Name, and what's your Busness ?

Coach. Not with you, Sawce-box.

Jack. How, Sirrah !

Cler. Peace ; my Name is *Clerimont*.

Coach. Then, Sir, there's a Lady in my Coach has sent you this, she says it requires no Answer. [*Gives a Letter and goes off.*]

Cler. Ha, Gold ! fly *Jack*, call him back.

Jack. [*Pulling in the Coachman.*] Hearn-ye, you Sneak-nose, Hounds-face, you have affronted my Master.

Coach. Why, fool, I brought him Money.

Jack. I thought so, ye Pimp, he scorns it.

Cler. Here, return this back ; tell the Lady she mistakes the Man, and I'll wait upon her where she appoints, and convince her that she does.

Coach. Gad, a notable Mistake.

Cler. Rascal, no fingering. Follow you, and take the Number of his Coach ; if you are not honest, Sirrah, I shall find a time to cut your Ears off.

Jack. I'll watch him, I warrant. Bring Money to my Master ! Sirrah, get you gone.

Coach. Sure they are all distracted !

Cler. From my Mask in the Play-house : By my Life a very Harlot : How few in my Circumstances wou'd refuse these offers ; but my Nature's quite other-wife, I cannot be oblig'd where I contemn, nor live so vile a way : Not but the temptation's doubly baited, Profit and Pleasure ; for tho' the Baggage is loose as the wanton Winds, yet she is witty beyond her Sex : What a medley's here. [*Reads.*]

When I tell ye I am in Love, by that modest Air, and down cast Look of yours, I guess you'll think me mad, and expect (according to the Damsels in Romance) I should have

have a Fit of Sickness, been at the Point of death, e'er made the discovery : But Women of my Character are not so nice. I am a Mistress, have abundance of Money, if you have but little, a wise Man may pick comfort out of this. I send you a Token, as an earnest of my future favours ; agreeable to your wonted Obedience come not to the Coach, but meet me at Four in the Park, and thank me with your Acceptance. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I see the Devil's not wanting on his part, he'd have me a greater Sinner e'er I come to despair. The Postscript is the same mad stuff.

You shall know me by an affected motion in my Walk, and a Bell tolls with my head, bump !

Enter Jack.

Jack. The Lady's gone, Sir, and the Money too : Gad, Sir, tho' to please you, I was in a passion, yet my mouth water'd plaguyly at the Gold.

Cler. What said the Creature ?

Jack. The Creature ! Gad she was an Angel. She pull'd off her Mask, I believe, to laugh freely, for she burst out vehemently ; and when the Man said you'd have none on't, she gave her self a swing, and cry'd, the more fool he, drive on Coachman.

Cler. So merry ! but 'tis her time whilst Youth and Beauty lasts ; she'll have Years enough of Sorrow.

Jack. Sir, my Landlady's a coming, you have us'd her so to Sack and Chocolate in a morning, that she'll ne'er fail you.

Cler. Pish, I am sick of her Impertinence.

Enter Mrs. Fidget.

Good morrow Mr. Clerimont ; good Lord, still walking with that melancholy air ! Well, well, were I such a pretty Gentleman, I'd defy Fortune.

Cler. Prithee, Landlady, what would you have me do ; if you think the Ladies will like me so well, take my Picture and hang it out at your Belcony ; & en make your best of me, if that will content ye.

Mrs. Fidget. Fy, fy, you might have private Chamber-practice enough, if you'd give your mind to't : Us'd my life, if the young handsome Fellows were like you, there wou'd never have come so many of them to their Coach and Six. Let me tell ye, Mr. Clerimont, if I thought you had been of this reserv'd Humour, I'd not have let my Lodgings to you. I us'd to have Women of Quality to my fine Gentlemen, and Suppers dress'd in my House have lasted my Family a Week ; besides that put into my hand that shall be nameless, else I had ne'er liv'd in the Credit you see me in these Twenty Years in the Parish.

Cler. Good Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. Fidget. [*Nay you shall bear me.*] Brought up my Daughters as I have done : As fine Women, tho' I say it, as any that adorn Covent Garden Church.

Cler. Church ! I should rather have thought they'd adorn the Play-house.

Mrs. Fidget. Now out upon you, Mr. Clerimont, my Daughters are never seen at the Play-house ; I bring them up in the fear of Heaven.

Jack. Yes, and they are both Married in the fear of Heaven too : For neither of them troubled the Church in that Affair, as I have been told.

Mrs. Fidget. Well, Saucy-face. But, Mr. Clerimont, what I have said is all for your good, and I hope you do take it into your Consideration : For truly to day there came a very pretty Lady, and notwithstanding your Order, I sent up the Coachman : I am willing to bring you to Preferment.

Clerimont.

Cler. Bring me to the Pox, and the Devil——

Mrs. Fidget. Marry gap, is this my Thanks!

Cler. I tell ye, I am tir'd of these morning Lectures, and if my Lodgings can-not be free from noise and impertinence, I must quit them. Follow me, *Jack*, I'll take the air.

Exeunt.

Mrs. Fidget. So out of sorts, and gone without giving me my Mornings-Draught: Why, Master *John*, Master *John*, give me the Key of the Closets, I must rummage it for a Dram of the Bottle: Udsflesh I shan't be in humour again this half hour, the Man's a fool, I think.

When Beauty courts the charming Pleasures shun,

Be vertuous, tho' he's sure to be undone;

He's mad, Udsflesh! I'd sooner turn a Nun.

Exit.

Scene draws and discovers Mrs. Rich, Mrs. Trickwell, and Lady la Basset,
Rising from Play.

Mrs. Trickwell to *Mrs. Rich.* I protest your Ladyship plays to a miracle; but I wou'd not have had you ventur'd Money yet.

Mrs. Rich. Oh pardon me, Madam, I should not have minded it else. But do you think I shall ever be capable?

La Basset. Why, you are perfect already; a wonderful apprehension.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, fie! My Lady *la Basset*, you compliment in reality; may I hope to play at Court? I have a great ambition to play at Court: Oh my Stars! I shou'd torment our City Ladies to death, to talk of Honours done me at Court.

La Basset. Yes, yes, you shall be introduc'd, and honour'd at Court, I'll promise ye, or my Interest fails me; and for setting it out let me alone, I'll make their Ears tingle, I faith.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, my dear, dear Lady *Basset*, let me imbrace ye, the very conception on't is felicity to the highest degree. *Mon Dieu!* How we'll tease the little Citty Creatures.

Enter Mrs. Betty.

Madam, Sir *John Roverhead* is come to wait on you, and has got some Musick to entertain your Ladyships.

Exit *Betty.*

Mrs. Rich. Oh Heavens! That Master of Accomplishments! Instruct me, dear Ladies, how to receive him.

Lady Basset. Seem in a Cabal, then burst out a laughing, and let fall some mysterious Words that tend towards Scandal.

Mrs. Rich. Good! ridiculous to the highest degree, that ever a Woman of her Quality shou'd make such a *fauv pas*, the Town will ring on't: Oh, my Stars! 'Tis something so odd, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Trickwell. Transportingly foolish! Yet it makes me laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha.

La Basset. Who can forbear, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Sir John.

Pardon, Ladies, the interruption; may I participate; I dye to laugh in confort with Women of your Wit and Merit.

Mrs. Rich. Oh fie! Sir *John*, 'tis a secret upon my word; we must be tender of our own Sex; you are but too well acquainted with our weaknes; Scandal of an hour old is as much out of date with you, as a *Gazette* in the Afternoon to the Sots that hunt forreign News.

Sir John. News! gad Madam, there's no such thing, there's nothing new un-
der

der the Sun ; the World is a continual round of nauseous repetition ; in the last Generation, and this, young Girls were mad for Husbands, then mad to get rid of 'em ; Sharpers, had their Cullies ; Gamesters, their Fools ; Physicians kill'd their Patients, and were paid for't ; Lawyers got Estates, and their Clients were undone with Suing for 'em ; Courtiers Promises, and Bullies Oaths, ever made a great Noise, and signify'd nothing.

Mrs. Rich. Satirical, I vow ! Why, you are in a mortifying way, Sir John.

Sir John. Indeed scarce fit to appear before your Ladyship : I have had a *Billet-doux* from a Woman of Sixty, which has given me the Spleen to that degree, I could out-rail a Hypocritical Fanatick.

Mrs. Rich. Sixty ! Pleasant, I protest.

Sir John. She's a walking *Memento mori* ; I have suffer'd some time under the persecution, and in bitterness and Gall, instead of Ink, have wrote a Stanza, to shew how awkwardly an old Woman makes advances.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, dear Sir John, let us have it.

La Basset. We are all Petitioners.

Sir John. You shall Command me, Ladies.

S O N G by Sir John.

Delia tir'd Strepbon with her Flame,
While languishing she view'd him,
The well dres'd Youth despis'd the Dame
But still old Puss purfus'd him.

Some pitty on a Wretch below,
That lies at your Devotion :
Perhaps near Fifty Years ago,
Some might have lik'd the Motion.

No Heart like mine did ever burn,
I'm rich too, I'le assure you ;
And I must tell you in return,
You're uglier than a Fury.

If you, proud Youth, my Flame despise,
I'le hang me in my Garters :
Why, then make hast to win the Prize,
Among Love's foolish Martyrs.

Can you see Delia brought so low,
And make her no Requitals ?
Delia may to the Devil go
For Strepbon, stop my Vitals.

I'le be as Constant as a Dove,
And always we'l be Billing :
No more damn'd Stories of your Love,
Your very Breath is killing.

These Eyes for you shall learn to shine,
That twinkle in their Sockets.
I'le never in a Cellar dine,
When I may go to Lockets.

What in my Charms and Youth I want,
I'le make it up in Duty.
Prithee leave off this foolish Cant,
I'le stoop to nought but Beauty.

After the Song Mrs. Trickwell to Mrs. Rich, aside.

Mrs. Trickwell. Did you observe how my Lady *la Basset* Ey'd Sir John ?

Mrs. Rich. Yes, and am pleas'd with it : I would not have a Fellow pretend to me, that all the Fine Women in Town are not fond of. Our Thanks in abundance, 'tis wonderful pretty. [To Sir John.

Sir John. Your Pardon, harsh, and untunable, like the Subject.

Enter Mrs. Betty. Betty speaking to Mrs. Rich aside.

Mr. Rich will not be answer'd, Madam, I had much ado to keep him out here.

Mrs. Rich.

Mrs. Rich. Ladies, let me beg you would take Sir *John* into the Drawing-Room, and entertain him a moment. A hideous Citizen will tease me about a little Busines, but I'll dispatch him in the third part of a Minute, and rejoin the Agreeable Conversation.

Sir John. We shall wait with Impatience, Madam.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mr. Rich, meeting Mrs. Rich and Betty.

Betty. There he walks, Madam, he would stay in spight of me.

Mrs. Rich. Ah, Mr. *Rich* ! What design brings you hither ? Your Absence this Day would have been very obliging ; but since you are here, let's finish pray as soon as you can. Well, what's the Busines ?

Mr. Rich. Hey-day ! What's this ? Good Madam *Rich*, my Sister-in-Law, how despisingly you talk ? Hark ye, hark ye, this Behaviour does not become ye ; and without telling you what relates to me, you'll one Day repent of your ridiculous way of living, and carriage.

Mrs. Rich. An Elbow-Chair, *Betty*, I foresee Mr. *Rich* intends to Talk me to Sleep.

Mr. Rich. No, Madam, on the contrary ; for were you in your right Senses, what I have to say would most terribly keep you Awake.

Mrs. Rich. You strangely concern your self with my Conduct.

Mr. Rich. And who will concern himself, if I don't ? You are my Daughters Aunt, Widow of *Paul Rich* my Brother, and I will not have it said upon the Exchange, That my Brother's Widow, and Daughters Aunt, is run stark Mad.

Mrs. Rich. How Mad ! You lose all Respect, Mr. *Rich* ; but I shall find a way to get rid of you, that I may hear no more such Sottish Unmannerly Language, to which I scorn to answer.

Mr. Rich. Oh ! 'Slike, Madam *Rich*, you ought to get rid of all your Ridiculous Airs of Quality and Greatnes, that you may receive no more Affronts equal to this Days.

Mrs. Rich. You ought not, Mr. *Rich*, to reproach me of that, where I am only expos'd, because I'm thought your Sister-in-Law ; but there's an end of that, Mr. *Rich*, I'll have it publish'd in the Gazette, That since my Widowhood, I am no more your Sister, and so I renounce you for my Brother-in-Law, Mr. *Rich* ; and since hitherto my Expences, my Noble manner of living, and what I every Day practice, could never correct the fault of having once been a Citizen's Wife. I do now pretend —

Mr. Rich. Zoinks, Madam *Rich*, 'tis the best part of your History, that Name of *Rich* ; and had it not been for the good Conduct of the poor Deceas'd, you had not been in a Condition for so much Pomp and Greatnes. I wou'd fain know —

Mrs. Rich. Courage, Courage, Mr. *Rich*, you do well, talk on, talk on, 'tis your last time.

Mr. Rich. I wou'd fain know, let me tell you, if it would not be more decent for you to have a good grave Coach, lin'd with an Olive-colour'd Cloth, a Lean Coachman in a Dark-brown Coat, a little Modest Boy with short Hair to open the Door, and a pair of gentle Geldings, than all this sumptuous Equipage, that makes People inquire who you are ; these modish prancing *Flanders*, that dash the Industrious People that walk ; and all that useless Numerous Train, which makes

makes you despis'd by the People of Quality, envied by your Equals, and curs'd by the Mob : You ought, Mrs. Rich, to retrench all this Greatness and Folly with which you are surrounded.

Betty. But, Sir——What's the matter with you, Madam ? [To Mrs. Rich,
who Coughs and Spits.

Mrs. Rich. I take Breath, Betty, Is not Mr. Rich come to his second Point ?

Mr. Rich. No, good Mrs. Rich, and I return still to the Equipage.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, the long-winded tiresome Man !

Mr. Rich. Among the rest, what d'ye do with that huge Bulky Coachman, with his Curling Whiskers like a Dutch Mastiff's Tail ? 'Zbud he looks as if he belong'd to the Czar of Muscovy.

Betty. But, Sir, wou'd you have my Lady turn Barber, and shave her Coachman ?

Mr. Rich. No, but she may turn him away, and take another.

Mrs. Rich. Well, Sir, one Word's as good as a thousand, I pretend to live as I please, and will have none of your Council ; I laugh at you and all your Re-proofs ; I am a widow, and depend on no Body but my self. You come here and controul me, as if you had an absolute Authority over me. Oh, my Stars ! What rudeness are you guilty of ? But it is your City breeding.

Mr. Rich. Still abusing the City, 'tis a shame, Mrs. Rich, a burning shame. I tell thee, thou proud vain thing, thou gilt Ginger-Bread ; the City is famous for Men substantial in their Persons, their Purses, their Credits, when your Limberham'd, this end of the Town *Beaux*, are the half product of Nature, wretchedly piec'd up by Art, weak in their Bodies, their Brains, their every thing ; and Udsbones ! They have no more Credit, than they have Religion ; whilst as I said before the City is famous for——

Mrs. Rich. Cuckolds : Good Mr. Rich take my Advice, and take breath ; you have outdone one of our Holders-forth, upon my word ye have.

Mr. Rich. [Mimiking her.] Upon my word ye have ; What an Affected Tone's there ? Gadzooks my Brother Rich was a Fool.

Mrs. Rich. That's no wonder ; most Citizens are.

Mr. Rich. Yes, to their Wives, ungrateful Cockatrice ; and he Blind —— Credulous Man, to pretend to leave my Daughter a Fortune to your Management, forsooth : Gadzooks, I had rather he had left her never a Groat.

Mrs. Rich. So had I ; there we agree once, put it down, *Betty*, for a Miracle. Oh ! Is it done ? Have ye said all ? Will you go out of my House, or must I go ? Upon my word I have Company waits for me, that are a thousand and a thousand times more ingaging ; Willye believe me, or no, Mr. Rich ?

Mr. Rich. What Company ? Fools, I warrant 'em.

Mrs. Rich. He must be convinc'd : Perhaps, *Betty*, that will drive him hence, open the Door.

Scene draws and discovers Sir John, Lady Baslett, Mrs. Trickwell, and Vermin a Footman.

Mrs. Rich continues. Oh ! I am just suffocated with Impertinence, expiring under the heavy load of Nonsense : Dear Lady *Basset* revenge me, redicule that lump of the City till he Frets himself into shape ; I'll introduce ye : Look ye, Sir, this is the

the Honourable Lady *Basset*, this is the Ingenious Mrs. *Trickwell*; the Gentleman I leave to speak for himself.

Sir John. I am, Sir.

Mr. Rich (roughly.) And what are you, Sir?

Sir John. Why, your humble Servant, Sir, that's all, Sir.

Lady Basset. I vow he nods like the Statue in *Don John*, ha, ha, he he.

Mrs. Trickwell. And looks like—

Mrs. Rich. A Citizen, and that's ridiculous enough of all Conscience, he, he.

Mr. Rich (Mocking.) Good luck, he, he, he : Gadzooks you are a parcel of Tawdry Insignificant Butterflies; if ye provoke me, I'll draw your Pictures with a vengeance.

Sir John. *Dawley* has done mine at length already, much more to my satisfaction; it hangs at Court in a Dutchess Bed-chamber, *Citt.*

Mr. Rich. The Devil it does? the Mop that cleans it set upright, and good Drapery, would be a better Figure.

Lady Basset. Filthy Simile.

Mrs. Trickwell. Why, *m'Amie*, this is the Reverse of *Sir Courtly*; a second *Surly*, I protest.

Mr. Rich. Thou wretched Woman, whom I justly shame to call Sister, these are things that live on thee, prey on thy very substance, and have no more Worth, or real Quality than the Ornament of Pageants: Look, here's the Equipment of one, those lank Cheeks are to be fill'd out at thy Table; (*pulls Vermin forward*) and thy Pocke Rook'd at Games thou dost not understand, for Rigging.

Lady Basset. Now out upon ye; stand back *Vermin*; see if the ill-natur'd Man has not quite dash'd the Boy? 'Tis the filthy Taylor's fault.

Mr. Rich. What, he'll Trust no longer.

Sir John. Fie, *Mr. Rich*, this is prodigiously abusive, upon my Honour; I presume you've never been at the Court.

Mr. Rich. Nor you at the Camp, which now's the only way to make a perfect Courtier: I tell thee, Pop, if thou art known there, 'tis only for thy Folly; thy Reputation lies in ruining others, which thou dost infallibly, by being once in their Company; and thy chiefest accomplishment is taking Snuff with a *Bel Air*, Patching, Painting, Powdering like a Woman, and squeaking like an Eunuch, Gadzooks.

Sir John. Sir.

Mr. Rich. Look ye, if you are offended, or think the Ladies so, as much a Citizen as I am, I wear a Sword, and follow me ye Caper-cutter if ye dare.

Sir John. Some Colonel of the Train-bands, I warrant; I'll not disorder my Dress. I am weary of this fulsome stuff; to the Park my Angels, and let's breath a little.

All. Ay, ay, to the Park, to the Park.

Mrs. Rich. Withal my heart to the Park: Lacquies, is my Coach there? But my House is at your Service: Cool your self sweet *Sir John*, whilst we laugh at this Adventure; shall we not *Lady Basset*?

L. Basset. I cannot help it.

Sir John. Nor I upon my Honour.

[*Exeunt. Laughing.*

[*Manent Mr. Rich and Betty.*

Mr.

Mr. Rich. Why what the Devil's here to do, *Betty*?

Betty. My Mistress is run stark staring Mad, but I humour her Distraction till we can find a way to cure it.

Mr. Rich. Prithee let's in and consult; I plac'd thee here for that purpose, and trust in thee.

Betty. I will ever prove faithful, Sir.

Mr. Rich. Two powerful Fiends, Lust and Ambition reign
In this Rich, Buxom Widows sickly Brain;
To lay them both, a Husband must be had,
Beauxish and Young, with sounding Titles clad;
But that shall be your Care and mine, 'ygad.

A C T III.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont and Belvoir.

Mrs. Clerimont. This is strange News you tell me of my Cousin; I heard indeed the Unhappy Accident of his Father's Sudden Death, but thought he had been still in the Country.

Belvoir. No, he lives in Town retired, shuns all his Acquaintance; his Noble Mind surmounts his Fortunes, and he despairs to be obliged; it affects me strongly, for I loved him with such a Passion; loved him, that I thought till I beheld your Beauteous self, it could never have been exceeded.

Mrs. Clerimont. When I reflect how cold our present Friendships are, I needs must own 'tis nobly Generous in you to seek and serve him in this Distress; nor shall my Assistance any way be wanting, let us but find the means.

Belvoir. First we must indeavour to see him, reconcile him to the World, and try to cure his Melancholy.

Enter Lucinda.

Lucinda. Madam, there's a Gentleman below who says his Name is *Clerimont*.

Belvoir. *Clerimont!*

Lucinda. He seems of some far Country by his Dress and Attendance.

Mrs. Clerimont. On my Life the Elder Brother: This may prove lucky, bring him up: Come, Sir, we will have some contrivance how to make the Younger easie.

Belvoir. Such Goodness and Ingenuity as yours cannot fail, when 'tis employ'd for Merit.

Enter the Elder Clerimont and Lucetta, followed by Toby leading two Hounds coupled.

Cler. [Speaks entring.] Nay, Sweet-heart, dant fear your Rooms, my Dogs have been in Ladies Chambers afore now, my Lady Mother wou'd let 'em lie on her Bed rather than cross me: Love me, love my Dog, as the Saying is. Come along *Toby*.

Mrs. Cler.

Mrs. Cler. What a Scene is here!

Belvoie. Exactly as *Jack* describ'd him.

Elder Mr. Clerimont.

Servant Couz: Do yee see I am come to *Lounnon*: he 'tis no matter for Ceremony; I ha just now been bussing *Jewel*, might-hap you dant care to be kif'sd after the Dog.

Mrs. Cler. You are in the right on't, 'tis not material.

Elder Cler. I have a free way, Couz, you must excuse me.

Mr. Cler. Oh, you are very welcome.

Elder Cler. No for matter o'that I shant trouble you, I shall lie in my Inn: Here's *Toby*, my Huntsman, he'd a main mind to see *Lounnon*, so I did it to please the Booby; ha *Toby*.

Toby. Ne, ne Master, dant; lay it awl upon me; an any bad chance shou'd happen, you were as forward as I, else we'd ne'r a come; you are a little too stubborn, by the Mess.

Belvoir. Well-said *Toby*; *Toby* has a free way too; I perceive, Sir.

Elder Cler. Yes marry I allow it him: He is a rare Huntsman. Shew thy parts *Toby*, hallow, hallow, *Toby*.

Toby. Holla, holla, holla, &c.

Mrs. Cler. Oh! 'tis mighty well. But, good Cousin, it goes quite thro' my head.

Elder Cler. Might hap so, you are used not to it. Ha boys! He'll make the Woods ring y-faith.

Belvoir. 'Tis much better there, I believe.

Elder Cler. Good Lord! it offends your tender Ears, does it? I warrant you are one of the Zilken Sparks a rough Wind wou'd blow to pieces. Pardon me Couz, I must be merry.

Mrs. Cler. O! the Gentleman will take nothing ill from a Relation of mine.

Elder Cler. Midhap he is your Husband, or midhap he is your Sweet-heart, for he creeps main close to yee.

Belvoir. I am the humblest of the Lady's Servants.

Elder Cler. Oh ho! her humble Servant, that's all one; in our Country they call 'um Sweet-hearts, or Suitors; 'tis e'n all one.

Mrs. Cler. Pray Coulin, give me leave to ask you if you are married yet, or not?

Elder Cler. No, by my tackings, I ha e'n more Wit than that comes to; I learn'd so much by my Dogs.

Mrs. Cler. By your Dogs?

Elder Cler. Aye, by my Dogs: See this Couple now how they leар, how spitefully they look at one another. I tell thee Couz, this is *Jewel*, and this is *Beauty*; the bitch is *Beauty*, do yee mark me; Couz; there was not two Dogs in the whole Pack lov'd like these two; they play'd together like two Kittens; nay, for all they are Hounds, one wou'd not eat without t'other, and now they are join'd their hate is the same; one snarks, t'other bites, one pulls this way, t'other that; Gadzooks! they'd either venture hanging to be parted; therefore no coupling for me, I say, ha, ha, ha, Couz.

Mrs. Cler. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Toby. Nay, by the Mess this is true, Master has spoken all at once; Master's a shroud Man, both and troth.

Elder Cler. Well, but Couz, I come to *Lounon* a purpose to see Sports we han't i' th' Country, and to spend my money, de yee see.

Mrs. Cler. What Diversions are you for?

Elder Cler. Why look yee, I'de vain see a good Bear-baiting, and I'de see the *Tigre*. Ah! that's a parlous Beast; we will see the *Tigre*, shan't we *Toby*?

Toby. Aye Udslid, tho' I shall be a little avraid.

Belvoir. You wou'd not have the Lady carry you to those Places, I hope?

Elder Cler. Aye, why not, Sir? They'll see I'me a Country Man, and that wan't disgrace her, besides I have Four thousand pounds a Year, for all I wear my own hair, Monsieur Perriwig.

Belvoir. The more's the pitty.

Mrs. Cler. Peace, Mr. *Belvoir*, we shall lose our design else. Cousin, 'tis impossible for me to go to the Bear-Garden; if you'l oblige me, you shall spend this day with me, and participate of the pleasures I take, to morrow some fitter Companion shall shew you what you like better.

Elder Cler. A match! I don't pass upon't, if I do throw away a day with you.

Mrs. Cler. We'll first to the Park; and then in the Afternoon to the Play.

Toby. Ay, d'y'e', Master, do ye; Udslid, I ha long'd to zee a Play, e'er since I saw the Poppet-shew at our Vare.

Elder Cler. Come, my poor Dogs! Evads, Coz, you'l scarce think it, Ide as lieve kils this poor Creature, as e'er a Lady in *Cbrisfendom*— I'm sure her Breath's as sweet; they'l not like *London*; we must hasten down again, *Toby*.

Toby. Ay, Master; when we've zeen a little; here's rare vine Voke!

Mrs. Cler. Lead, Mr. *Belvoir*.

Belvoir. We shall be the Sport of the Park.

Mrs. Cler. No matter; my Cousin shall Gallant me.

Elder Cler. Come on, i'faith! Follow, *Toby*!

Scene the Park. Enter *Lady Landsworth* and *Mrs. Betty*.

L. Landf. He refus'd it, my best *Confidante*! Nobly despis'd the shining Gold! By all my amorous Stars, he has bravely won my Heart! Panting and warm I feel him there! Oh! the dear God of my desire.

Betty. In Raptures, nay, then you are lost indeed! Ha! here comes my Lady, and her worthy Train!

Enter *Mrs. Rich*, *Sir John*, &c.

Mrs. Rich. My Lady *Landsworth*! Let us only make our Honours *en paſſent*— *Mon Dieu!* I did not think't had been in her—— I protest to a Miracle!

[*Mrs. Rich* *Courtsey's* to *L. Landsworth*, with ridiculous *Airs*. *L. Landsworth* mimicks her.

Sir John. Shall we not Address?

Mrs. Rich. No, no, no, no. Away to the *Mall*.

Sir John. Ah, me!

[*Looking amorously* on *L. Landsworth*.

L. Landf. There's a Foil to my Hero! What a languishing Air the Fop put on! When such Stuff as that enters into my Thoughts, I shall turn Girl again, and play with Babies.

Mrs. Bert. See! Who walks there in Mourning!

L. Landf. Bless me! You made me start: 'Tis he! Yes; that's the shape, where manly Majesty's Triumphant! Who wou'd not be in love with Sorrow, when they see it in that Face: Who wou'd not long to remove the Cause; and dress it

it up in charming Smiles: Forgive me, Virtue! Forgive me Love, if I a little farther make the Trial— Now to disguise my Face and Heart—

[Clasps on her Mask, and walks carelessly off.]

Enter Clerimont and Jack.

Jack. Do ye think ye shall know her, Sir?

Cler. Know her! 'Tis impossible to mistake! Gay, as the gaudy Sun, or distant flowry Fields! She moves like Air, and throws her Charms around: But, be not caught my Soul! She is, what I wou'd still abhor—a Name, wou'd blacken her Lilly'd Bosom, and wither all the Roses that spread that face of Beauty!

Jack. But, Sir! If she has a World of Money, Sir,—

Cler. Peace, Fool!

Jack. I ha' done, Sir! But abundance of Money covers a multitude of Faults— That's all, Sir!

Cler. Blockhead!— Why so fast, fair Lady? At this rate, by that time a Man has over-taken ye, he'll have lost the Breath he shou'd employ, in saying fine things— Will ye not stay?

L. Landf. Not stay! Yes, stay an Age; fixt never to remove: An everlasting Monument of Love. I know you doat upon Heroique: I have been Reading three whining Plays this morning, that I may Love in your strain.

Cler. For Heaven's sake, tell me truly, what thou art; for, sure, there's something in thee I so love and hate, that, were my Fortune kind, I shall ne'er be happy more.

L. Landf. I'l tell ye, with a truth equal to the freedom I use; (for sincerity is all the Virtue I pretend to.) It was my first Fate to be kept by an Alderman, but he was formal, stiff, and too suspicious for my humor; so I fled from him into the Arms of a brisk, airy, young Collonel; then the Days were spent in Revels. When he went to Flanders, I Campaign'd it too; but, ah! as I had dress'd my fluttering Hero up, like any Bridegroom, a saucy Bullet came and spoil'd the work of Tailers, Milliners, and fifty Trades besides: Down dropt the Beau.

Cler. You speak this without any Concern.

L. Landf. Alas! grieving for the Dead wou'd spoil us for the Living. Now, I am a Perquisite of a Country Gentleman; a Man of Gravity, and one of the pious Senators; a great Stickler against Wenching and Prophaneness. He allows me Wealth enough, and Liberty enough. Besides him, I have two or three Interlopers, each fancying himself my Particular, when, for my part, I care nor a straw for any of 'em. But, ah! amongst my numerous Lovers, I know not how, Myrtillo has crept too near my Heart;— That's meaning you, Sir.

Cler. The Relation freezes up my Youthful Blood, and checks Desire with horror! Does none tell thee what a Wretch thou art?

L. Landf. None. They call me Goddess, Angel, and court me with unbated Fires; the first, the very earliest Product of the Year, Dainties fit for Queen's Tables, still load the Board; far-fetch'd Wines, such as unbend the Soul from Cares, and lock up every Thought that wou'd disturb us;— yet amidst this flowing plenty; amidst this Crowd of Flatterers, my awkward Fancy sickens at their oifer'd Loves; loaths their soft Indearments, and builds its sole happiness in manly roughness like Yours.

Cler. Thou art one of Nature's Favourites; soir'd when she was gay, and deckt in her own Smiles; yet me you cannot charm; there's a Rustick, out of fashion-

fashion-grace, a modest Innocence, which only takes my Soul; nor can I value Favors, that may be bought with any other Price than Love.

L. Lands. [Aside] He speaks, as my own Heart had Coin'd the Words: I wou'd not be too Credulous: Believe me, Sir, I am not us'd to Woo, or be Refus'd; but, I perceive when once we Love, we quit our Pride; I can bear Re-proof from you; and rather than not see ye; see you still to chide me.

Cler. No. I must fly, if I'd be safe; I cannot boast a Virtue Stoical enough, to behold you with Indifference; those Eyes were made to Conquer! Oh pity, that they scatter Contagion only! I could crawl low as the Earth to touch that beauteous hand; but when I reflect, a sensless Fop, for some vain Present, may riflie all those Sweets; then, I cou'd eat my Lips, e'er join 'em to Infection--- Farewel.

L. Lands. Stay but some Moments longer; I have a few things more to offer; hear 'em; perhaps I ne'er may trouble you agen.

Cler. I shall be Fool'd at last; believe her Love; trust her, and be undone! ---- What wou'd ye say? [The bell rings out over the scene]

L. Lands. Come this way, lest we are observ'd. [They walk backward.]

(Jack and Betty come forward.)

Jack. Is thy Lady so plaguy Rich, say'ft thou Damsel?

Betty. Rich! Why she values a Hundred Pounds, no more than I do a Brass Farthing—— She makes nothing to present a Man, she likes, with a Coach and Six—— and your Master here, with his puling Modesty, will stand preaching Morals, till he has baulk'd her Fancy, and then 'twill be in vain to cry peccavi; for she, like Opportunity, when once she turns her back, leaves no grasping hold.

Jack. Hark ye, my Dear, can ye keep a Secret.

Betty. As well as any of my Sex; according as the Nature of the Secret is; if 'twill make no mischief; take away no Body's Fame: In short, if 'twill do rather Good than Harm to divulge it; ten to one but it goes no farther for me.

Jack. Well, that's ingenious; and I'll trust thee. This Master of Mine is the veriest Libertine the whole Town affords; has tir'd Vice in every one of her shapes; and now, fortsooth, for variety, turns Hypocrite, that he may find their pleasures out.

Betty. Ha! is't possible?

Jack. True, upon my honour; tho' he'd kill me shou'd he know I discover'd it; and deny all, with a Face as grave as a Phanatick—— Oh! He's a rare Mimick.

Betty. But, how shall my Lady be convinc'd he is such a Rake, if he'll deny't?

Jack. Our Landlady sells China, bring her thither; my Master will never know: She'l tell you as much—— [Aside.] I can make my Landlady say what I will.—— Well Jack—— thy Brain shall still secure this Cargo.

Betty. If she thinks it worth her while to inquire, I'll tell her—— Look they are Parting.

Jack. Udsø, so they are indeed—— I must after; ply him, my Dear, and I'll ply thee.

[Exeunt Clerimont and Jack.]

L. Lands. Oh my dear Betty! how shall I expres my Joys! Sure, such a Man no Age produced before! He's the Phænix of his Kind!

Betty. I wish he prove so.

L. Lands. Why?

Betty. Hush! here comes Mrs. Clerimont, you have so often sent to.

L. Lands.

L. Land. Ha ! dear *Betty*, tell her who I am. — Now for an Air of Gravity, and quite another humour, than what I have shown to her Name-sake, lest they shou'd find me out by description.

Enter Elder Clerimont, Belvoir, and Mrs. Clerimont.

Mrs. Cler. — is it ? Cousin, your most Humble [Betty whispers Mrs. Clerimont.] Servant — I ask your pardon a thousand times, for my neglect to wait on you. I have design'd it every Day ; but —

L. Land. No Excuse, good Madam ; Ladies in this Town have too much Bus'ness on their hands, to throw an hour upon a Thing so insignificant, as a Country Relation ; one so remote too, that only claims that Honour by Marriage.

Mrs. Cler. Nay Madam —

L. Land. Besides, had you given your self the trouble, 'twou'd have been but one, I am sure ; for my Conversation is only praises of the Country ; raving at every diversion here, because I understand it not ; my discourse leaping perpetually into Yorkshire, and talking for ever of my Turkies, my Dairy, and so forth.

Betty. [aside] Hey ! What Maggot's this ? — then am I the most deceiv'd in the appearance of a Woman, that ever I was in my Life.

Eld. Cler. A Shroud Gentlewoman this ! I like her mainly : pray Mrs. what made you come to London then ?

L. Land. Truly, Sir, 'twas bus'ness, Monies left in Banker's hands, by my Dear Husband Deceas'd — Oh !

Eld. Cler. Good Soul ! she Weeps ! so Young, and Weep for a Dead Husband ? Good Soul !

Mrs. Cler. Melancholy Suits ill with such Charming Youth : Cousin, you have been Unfortunately by your Affairs driven into a House, the Rendezvous of Fops, and senseless Cocquets, who have entertain'd you with pleasures so insipid, they have given you a disgust to those more refin'd, that will reconcile you to the Pretty Epitome of our English World the Town.

Eld. Cler. Marry gap ! don't spoil the Gentlewoman, Coz, Mahtaps she likes the Country best, why so do I ; no offence, I hope Coz.

Bell. We must not suffer so fair an Enemy. The Play-house, Hide-Park, every thing shall contribute to force a kinder Opinion from you.

L. Land. I have seen it all, and despise it : At the Theatre, am tir'd with the double Acted Farce on the Stage, and in the side Boxes ; the Noisy Nonsense of the Pit ; the Impudence of the Orange Women renders the whole Entertainnent to me, a disagreeable Medley : Then, for Hide-Park, that's Madness in perfection ; and the poor Lunatick that runs an eternal Circle in his *Bedlam* Apartment, has, in my Judgement, equal Pleasure.

Mrs. Cler. Oh fy, my Lady *Landsworth*, this cannot be your real thoughts.

L. Land. To a Tittle, I assure ye.

Eld. Cler. I fackings, the young Woman speaks rarely : why *Toby*, she has run down the *Lonniners* — *Toby* ! a Lard ! where is *Toby* and the Two Dogs ? So ho, so ho !

Mrs. Cler. Peace, good Cousin ; I believe they are at the Park-Gate.

Eld. Cler. O my Man ? my Dogs ? where are they ? I shall run Mad ! So ho, *Toby* !

L. Land. Mrs. *Betty*, let's steal off ; I think I have dissembl'd enough for one Day.

Betty. And I hear you have been met with too — I follow Madam.

[Exeunt. L. Landsworth and Bety.
Elder Cler.

Elder Cler. Why *Toby!* I say *Toby!* Speak to thy nown Master, *Toby!*

Bell. Come, Sir; we shall find 'em out.

Elder Cler. Ah never, I fear: *Toby, Toby!*

Enter Toby, with his Head broke.

Toby. What ails ye to Baul so? D'ye zee how I have been serv'd! I went to come in with my Hounds, and an ugly Fellow in Red knockt me down, and took the poor Curs from me.

Eld. Cler. Ay ye Coward! where was the Quarter-staff?

Toby. Why, he had a Sword; zee how my Head's broke.

Eld. Cler. I had rather thy Neck were broke than my Dogs lost.

Toby. Zome wiser than some: Zo had not I — goa out yonder, and ha'um agen for a Tester.

Eld. Cler. Go then! Farewal, Cos, You ne'er bring me hither again I'se warrant. [*Exeunt Eld. Cler. and Toby.*]

Mrs. Cler. Let's after, we must not part thus; and as we go, I'll tell ye my Opinion of my Lady *Landswortb.*

Betty. I confess she is past my apprehension.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John Roverhead and Chrisf.

Sir John. With much ado, I have broke from the Widow; I appointed to meet here the prettiest Rose-bud; if her Fortune equals the Widow, she secures me.

Chrisf. Ah Sir! I wish the common Fortune-Hunter's Fate be not yours, to take the worst at last.

Sir John. Fool! that Genius that raised me to this, will, no doubt, preserve me conspicuous; the Ornament of the Town, and Idol of the Ladies. You must know Dunce, I love the Young Creature, I am to meet now; and I'd Marry the Widow.

Chrisf. Why then I shou'd think you lik'd her.

Sir John. Incorrigible Sor! I hate her as the Devil — but has she not Five Thousand a Year? let that, for ever, stop thy Mouth.

Chrisf. Then 'tis the Five Thousand a Year you'd Marry — I ha' done, Sir, I ha' done.

Sir John. She comes; remember I am the Lord — the Title will strike an awe into her, and make her refuse me Nothing.

Enter Lucinda, and Governess.

Luc. But d'ye think he'l come, *Governess*?

Gov. I hope his Lordship will.

Luc. His Lordship! that sounds purcly: I vow my Aunt will Love me, when I am a great Lady — look — here he is *Governess* — Oh Gemini! 'tis a dear Man.

Sir John. My little Angel! this was kind! the place appear'd Gloomy as Shades beneath, till your bright Eyes, exceeding the Stars, created a double Day.

Luc. O la! What fine Words he has! Sir — My Lord I mean — I am a foolish Girl, and know not how to answer, but I am Young, and not unapt to learn.

Gov. Nay, I'll say that for Miss — she was ever as forward as the best of 'em.

Sir John. Pretty Innocence! She shall not want Instructions Modell'd by me, the World will own her perfect.

Gov. And truly, my Lord, she has enough to pay her Teacher.

Sir John. Hold, hold! Name not Wealth; 'tis a Droſſ I despife.

Luc. Fie,

Luc. Fie, Governess! Do you think his Lordship Values Money?

Sir John. Not I, upon my Honor.

(*Aside to*) *Chrisf.* Get it out of the Old One, what she's worth ; lest it prove not worth my while to follow her any longer.

Chrisf. Yes, Sir, yes.

Lucind. Now, my Lord, the reason why I have a mind to be Married, is, because I may have a little more freedom. I never go any where now, but that Old Woman's at my heels ; and I have heard 'em say, Wives go where they will and do what they will.

Sir John. So sha't thou, my dear Miss — [*Aside.*] Marry, quotha ; more Words than One to that Bargain.

Luc. But when will you meet me here agen then, and Run away with me ? For I was told, I shou'd be Run away with : They say, most Fortunes are.

Chrisf. to *Sir John.* Sir — Twenty Thousand Pounds, when she is at Age.

Sir John. (*Aside*) Very well ! Gad I'le Marry her ; by that time, I shall have spent it ; broke her Heart ; and be ready for another — My dear Blossom, how happy am I to have gain'd your Affections ! Tho' 'tis no wonder ; for the Univerality of Women dye for me.

Luc. For my part, you spoke to me, for that I like ye ; else, truly Mr. — (pish, my Lord —) I see as fine things walk here, as you.

Sir John. Oh fie !

Chrisf. This is true Nature, a Baby indeed ; she has not yet learnt to Dissemble.

Sir John. Can ye get out in a Morning, my Dear ?

Luc. Yes, any time ; I am left wholly to my Governess, and you won her heart, t'other Morning with some Sack ; promise her some more, and she'l bring me, I warrant.

Sir John. There's that will buy Sack : Will ye bring Miss to Morrow, by Five-a-Clock ? *

Gov. Yes, yes, she shall wait on your Honour, no Bedy minds us at Home : But we'l serve e'm a Trick.

Chrisf. Sir, Sir, Mrs. Rich, and the Company you left, are just coming into this Walk.

Sir John. My Dear, Dear, farewell ! — One of my Relations, that I dare not see — Farewel this Instant — keep these Verses to remember me ; and to Morrow —

Luc. Oh Gemini ! If I forget, I'l be hang'd — I shan't sleep all Night for thinking on't. Good b'y'e' — Is he not a pure Man, Nurse ?

[*Exeunt Sir John and Chrisf.*]

Gov. Ay, marry is he — they shan't think to thrust us up in a Garret ; we'l ha' Money, and good things, as well as your proud Aunt, and her Folks.

Luc. Oh la ; Mum ! here's my Aunt and all they upon our Backs ; what shall we say now.

Enter Mrs. Rich, Lady la Basset, and Mrs. Trickwel.

Mrs. Rich. This was furiously odd ; to desert us only with the Whim to show us Airs in Bowing, when we meet.

Luc. Oh la ! [furiously] there's a hard Word ! I'll learn my Aunt's Words that I may appear agreeable to my Lord — furiously — remember, Governess !

Mrs. Rich.

Mrs. Rich. Mrs. *Trickwel*, I am sick of the Park; here's neither the Beaux nor the Bellemond. Really when Sir John's gone we search in Vain for Gallantry or a good appearance.

La Baff. I wonder how he durst quit the place, when I was here.

Mr. Rich. You !

Mrs. Trick. Upon my Life, Madam, the Ladies are all Mad for this miracle of a Knight: I wish your Ladyship had him fix'd in the Matrimonial Noose, that the rest may burst with Envy.

Mrs. Rich. Fear not Mrs. *Trickwel*, I have him with a double Chain; Love and Interest—— ha ! This Impudent Girl here!

Lucind. Pray don't be angry, Aunt.

Mrs. Rich. In the first place, leave off that word Aunt; and make use of Madam: Or, stay at home with your Father.

Lucin. But Aunt, since you are my Aunt, Why may I not call you Aunt?

Mrs. Rich. Why, I being a Woman of Quality, and you but a Citizen's Daughter, I cannot, in decency, be your Aunt, without degrading my self in some measure.

Luc. Oh, good Aunt, let not that concern you; For I shall be a Woman of Quality too in a little time.

Mrs. Rich. What says the Girl?

Lucin. 'Tis in my power to be as great a Lady as you, Aunt, at least.

Mrs. Rich. Child !

Lucin. I am acquainted with a Lord; the handsomest, and most obliging in the World. I have met him several times in the Park; and he'll Marry me when I please—— therefore never trouble your self, Aunt, about my Quality.

Mrs. Rich. And what's this Lord's Name?

Luc. They call him my Lord *Fourbind*; he's very Rich, and of great Quality, for he told me so.

Mrs. Rich. Truly, Niece, I am very well pleas'd, that notwithstanding the mean Education your Father bestow'd on you, you have thoughts worthy the honour I do you, of suffering you to be my Niece; and you are oblig'd to me, and my Conversation for this.

Luc. I have another Obligation to desire, Aunt.

Mrs. Rich. What is that?

Luc. To Marry as soon as 'tis possible, if you please Aunt, the Gentleman you Love, that it may Countenance my Marriage with him I Love; that when my Father wou'd chide me, I may answer him, I have not done worse than my Aunt.

Mrs. Trick. You're in the Right—— what a terrible thing is Example! *(Aside.)*

Lucin. But my Aunt must make what haft she can; my Lord *Fourbind*, my Lover, is most furiously impatient.

Mrs. Rich. Ah ! Mrs. *Trickwel* ! Now can I be reveng'd of Mr. *Rich* ! His Daughter is in Love with a Courtier, and a Courtier with her; and she's Distracted to be Marry'd to him—— if the Father and Mother wou'd but dye with Vexation, I shou'd be rid of troublesome Creatures.

Mrs. Trick. But, Madam, are you resolv'd to assist your Niece in her Design?

Mrs. Rich. Certainly. And I wou'd not for a Thousand Pound, lose this excellent occasion of sending Mr. *Rich*. to Bedlam.

Mrs. Trick.

Mrs. Trick. That is very charitable, truly.
Mrs. Rich. Come Ladies; let's home to Dinner; this News has pleas'd me.

My Niece, and I, will the Example lead,

Teach City-Dames the way to mend their Breed,

Chuse for our selves; let our dull Parents pray;

Devoutly Cheat; each others Lives betray:

And whilst they Drudge, we'll briskly throw away?

A C T IV.

Enter Younger Clerimont.

Cler. What a Wretch am I! Forsook by Fate; abandon'd to Want and Misery; my Soul deny'd to use her Faculty; no generous Power to help the Afflicted; and, as if this were not enough, my Virtue too, the last Stake that I could boast of, is going! I love this vicious Creature, in spite of all her Crimes. Her Charms have won my Heart. Begon, thou soft Intruder; thou effeminate Passion, only fit for lazy Minds. Have I not Wracks without thee, to keep me waking? S'Death! What a Dog I am! Going to be kept by a vile Prostitute! her Drudge; unkennell'd for a Fop, Lord, or some wealthy Fool; sent to my Post of Watching! Confusion! I'll not endure it!

(Walks about Distressed.)

Enter Belvoir, Mrs. Clerimont and Jack.

Jack. There he is; I must not be seen.

Bel. My dearest Friend! my Clerimont! What have I done to merit this Unkindness? Why dost thou shun those Friends, who fondly Love thee? This Lady, your Relation, begs to Serve ye.

Cler. Alas! I am Infectious! The detested Plague Poverty's upon me! The meagre Fiend approaches fast, with her Attendants, Starving and Rags! She'll render me so odious, I shall fly, if possible, my self!

Mrs. Cler. Better Fortune waits to Crown your Virtues; believe me, Cousin, it does: Your Brother's in Town; at my House; send to him.

Cler. What, to be Answer'd as I was last? If I wou'd be his Bailiff, I might eat: Curses, I'd sooner feed on my own Flesh! Sue to him, who never knew Humanity!

Bel. Well; grant him a Churl; there are a thousand Ways besides to advance your Fortune.

Cler. None, but such as I despise.

Mrs. Cler. Allow me one Request; give me your Company this day, and submit to my Contrivance; I have Thoughts at work, that may produce your future peace.

Cler. My Friend, I am sure, us'd to have more Complaisance, than to deny a Lady.

Cler. I am at your dispose; but remember, Madam, nothing shall tempt me for Bread to do an ill thing.

Mrs. Cler. Nor wou'd I offer it.

Bab. Come with us then ; and shake off these melancholy Looks.

Cler. Impossible ! —— *Jack* !

Jack. Sir ?

Cler. Stay you at home ; and, d'ye hear—— if any Messages come. [Whispers.]

Jack. I shall, Sir.

Mrs. Cler. Come, Sir, uncloud that Brow ; we won't leave you in Despair, tho' we found you so.

Cler. Your kindness comes too late :

For if ye cou'd the weight of Fate remove :

I'm Dafit agen ; and Carkt with guilty Love.

Excuse.

Jack. Landlady ! Landlady !

Enter Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. Fidg. Why, how now Impudence ! D'ye think you are in an Alehouse ?

Jack. I humbly beg your pardon, Sweet Madam Fidget.

Mrs. Fidg. Well, 'tis your Ignorance, I excuse it : What Humour's your hap-
ful Master in now ?

Jack. O these were his Relations, I hope all will be amended : But, Landlady, humph, Madam, there's a Plot you and I must carry on for his good.

Mrs. Fidg. With all my heart, I love a Plot extremely, I was ever good at Plotting : But, dear Brother Plotter, let us do nothing rashly.

Jack. What, a Glass of Sack first ; ye shall have it, ye shall have it.

Mrs. Fidg. Truly, it helpeth Invention.

Jack. Come here's prosperity to our honest Endeavours.

Mrs. Fidg. With all my Spirit.

Jack. To other Glasses to the Success.

Mrs. Fidg. Agreed ; now let me know it.

Jack. There's a Lady in Love with my Master.

Mrs. Fidg. What, she that call'd in the Coach ?

Jack. The same.

Mrs. Fidg. By my troth ! a lovely Woman ; that there may come no worse news to England ; fill my Glass, Sirrah.

Jack. Now this Lady is not a Whore, nor a Married Woman, nor a Widow, nor a Maid —

Mrs. Fidg. I understand ye.

Jack. D'ye, faith ; why, what is she, say you ?

Mrs. Fidg. A kept Mistress, fool.

Jack. Right, egad ; well, these *Londons* are plaguy sharp, we shou'd ne're have gues'd in the Country : This Damsel is worth Thousands, and she'd tain throw away some upon my Master : he, modest Fool, (begging his pardon) he's none on't, forsooth. So I, being cunning, have found out her Humour by her Appurtenance, her Waiting Gentlewoman, and Lyed my Master into her good Graces ; told her he was a meer Debauche ; she partly believ'd me, but comes to you to be confirm'd ; if you can lye, Landlady.

Mrs. Fidg. Mistrust me not, *Jack*, I waarrant ye ; but if he won't stand to it, what signifies our Promises.

Jack. Oh, 'twill create a longer Acquaintance, and truly I'll get some Money out of her, if he won't ; we must not perish ; nor will I forsake him.

Mrs. Fidg.

Mrs. Fidget. Well, I'll do my best in an honest way.

Jack. Hark, a Coach stops, bring 'em up to show your China, and I'll be there to confirm what you say.

Mrs. Fidget. I run.

(*Exit Mrs. Fidget.*)

Jack. 'Tis a delicate Age, by Gingo, when the Rake is the fine Gentleman; and the fine Gentleman is the Lady's Favourite, egad. Mum, she comes.

Re-enter Mrs. Fidget, with Lady Lansdowne and Mrs. Betty.

L. Lansd. Where d'ye Lead me, Madam.

Mrs. Fidget. O, I always keep my best China in my Chambers.

L. Lansd. This looks like a Gentleman's Lodging.

Mrs. Fidget. 'Tis so, but he's very rarely in 'em; he lay Abroad last night, and sent word he shou'd not be at home till Twelve this night. I have a sad hand with him; here's his Man at home, if any of your Miles shou'd send to him; he has forty Ladies, I think, after him. I must give him Warning, my House will be Scandalous else; tho' 'tis a good natur'd Wretch, and can look as demure, I warrant, when a body chides him as any Saint; nay, to some he'll carry himself like one too.

L. Lansd. (*Afide to Betty.*) O horrid, let us be gone, my Ears are blotted!

Betty. I cou'd have told you as much, but durst not; you seem'd to be well assur'd.

L. Lansd. Dissembling Wretch! yet I will see him once agen, then in my own freedom be safe, innocent, and far from this bewitching Town, pass my days serenely; nor think of false Mankind, nor trust; and therefore be deceiv'd no more.

(*to Jack.*) Well, then there's no probability of seeing your hopeful Master to day.

Jack. Yes, Yes Madam, I can find him in a minute, when the Summons is to a fair Lady.

L. Lansd. That's well, thou art a diligent Servant.

Jack. Aye, Madam, tho' I say it, I am fit to be e're a Gentleman's Pimp in England, and that's a bold word, now.

L. Lansd. Excellent Office; pray, Mr. Pimp, then do me the favour to tell your Master, I'll be here at Five-a-Clock, to look on some China.

Jack. It shall be done, Madam.

Mrs. Fidget. If he forgets, fear not Madam, I'll remember.

L. Lansd. No doubt on t, you have a noble Vocation too, I suppose, tho' it has but a courseName; come *Betty*, farewell, at night I'll chuse some China. [*Exit L. Lansd.*]

Fidget. You are very Welcome, Madam.

Jack. What think ye now, Madam *Fidget*?

Fidget. Faith, I know not what to think, her Looks were cold and scornful.

Jack. Pho, Pho, she's as wanton and warm as er'e a one of your Daughters, after a zealous Fit of Devotion.

Fidget. Impudence! how dare you mention my Daughters so irreverently.

Jack. Nay, no harm; come let's in, and take a Glass to clear our Understanding, and ripen our Plot.

Fidget. You are an unlucky Dog, I see it in your Face, and will never bring it to any thing.

Jack. Thou art Old enough to be a Prophetess, only Truth and you were at mortal Odds, ever since you eat Chalk and Tobacco pipes.

Fidget. Thou art a Rogue, but Sack shall atone.

Jack. Come then.

Exeunt.
Scene

Scene changes to Mrs. Rich's House.

Enter Mrs. Rich, Lady La Basset and Mrs. Trickwell.

Mrs. Rich. Here, Fellows, stand at all your several Posts, and let the World know I am at home! I will appear in State.

Mrs. Tick. Why does not your Ladyship establish your Visiting-days?

Mrs. Rich. I have Mrs. Trickwell, and the rude Town takes no Notice of 'em; wou'd you believe it, I have sat ye five, six hours, and not a Soul, but an ill-bred Citizen's Wife, whose unconscionable Visit lasted the whole time, and her whole Discourse, let me dye, of the awkward Brutes, her Children: A my Soul they were begot by her Husband, the things were so ungenteel.

Mrs. Rich. Ha, ha, ha, ha, what a prodigious deal of Wit your Ladyship has.

Mrs. Rich. So amongst our selves, I think too; yet wou'd you believe that ill-manner'd Oaf, my Husband's Brother, had the confidence to tell me the envious World said I was a Fool, my Lady Basset, a Fool, wou'd you believe it; I say, that Party, and sheer Wit, cou'd be so malign'd.

La Basset. 'Tis a censorious World. (*Aside.*) I begin to hate her, tho' I win her Money, now she's likely to get Sir John from me.

Enter Lucinda.

Lucin. O Mame, your La' Ships humble Servant.

Mrs. Rich. So, that's pretty well; give your self Airs, Child, When I admit ye into my Company: Umph! pluck up your head: What! no motion with your Fan? Ah, 'tis awkward, but sure, by my Example, she'l learn.

Mrs. Trick. To be ridiculous. (*Aside.*) Mind your Aunt, Miss, if you'd be the Emblem of Perfection.

Mrs. Rich. Fie, fie, Mrs. Trickwell, you flatter me.

Lucin. O la, I can't make my Fan do like my Aunt's.

Mrs. Rich. O my Stars! she'l make a horrid Person of Quality: But prithee, Neice, how dost thou know this Lord loves thee, hey.

Lucin. Oh Mame, he has told me so, and my Governess says 'tis unmannly not to believe a Lord; besides, he makes Verses on me.

Mrs. Rich. Verses, O my Stars! what a Theme he has chose; let's see 'em.

Lucin. Here, Aunt, they be pure Verses; there's a hugeous deal of Love in 'em.

Mrs. Rich. (*Reads.*) *I love you, charming Fair one, more*

Then ever Mortal lov'd before!

And tho', to my surprizing Joy,

The little, wanton, bearless Boy

Has beard my Prayers, and made you feel,

The amorous sharpnes of his Steel;

Confusion seize me, if my heart,

Don't with a mightier Passion smart.

La Baff. What do I hear! (*Aside.*) And have you the Impudence to say this Poetry was design'd for you!

Lucin. Mame! —

Mrs. Rich. Monkey, the Girl has stolen 'em out of my Cabinet.

Lucin. Aunt —

Mrs. Rich. Hold your peace, be gone; and let me never see that young bewitching Face again.

La Baff.

La Baff. I can hold no longer, the Verses belong to me.

Lucin. The Verses belong to you! that's furiously impossible, as my Aunt says; how should my Lord know you, to make Verses of you; you may look high indeed, but not so high as a Lord, sure.

Mrs. Rich. By my Stars that's well enough; have I not bid ye go, ye little Impertinence; there must be some Mistake.

Lucin. There must so, Mame, I warrant your Lover has begg'd 'em of my Lord, and given 'em you.

Mrs. Rich. Unlucky Creature, will ye go?

Lucin. Yes. I'le find my dear Lord, and ask him: Not that I care for the Verses, so I have the Man.

Exit.

Mrs. Rich. What a Confusion I am in; if I break with Lady *Baffet*, she may expose my foibles to the whole Town; and to brook a Rival—— [Walks distract'd.

Mrs. Trick. Observe how *Mrs. Rich* is distract'd; here we shall lose a Bubble for your foolish Love affair.

La Baff. Confound her! have I kept Sir *John*, and run all the Risques in the Universe to maintain his Port, and shall he dare Addrefs without my Leave.

Mrs. Trick. 'Twas ever so, *Lady Baffet*; we little Ones doat upon the handsome Footman first; make a hard shift to Equip him, then some topping Dame swoops the drest up Fellow, and he forgets his Original.

La Baffet. I'll lower his Top-Sail! and make him know he's mine, and only mine.

Mrs. Rich. Is it any happy thing we know, my Lady, that has the Honour to be yours, and only yours.

La Baffet. Yes verily, a thing you are fond off, and to convince ye how vain all your hopes are, know he Sacrifices all his Fools to me! here's a List of 'em, chaw upon't and Farewell! [Exit,

Mrs. Rich. Mondieu! she has won three Hundred Pound of my Money, and now she Picks a Quarrel with me. Civil I protest.

Mrs. Trick. Ungrateful Wretch! should I forfeake my Friend!

Mrs. Rich. Never whilst they have Three Hundred Pound left! 'tis against the Rule of Prudence.

Mrs. Trick. Alas Madam, what d'ye mean?

Mrs. Rich. Your Pardon Mrs. *Trickwell*! I mean nothing; I am angry with the whole World, will Indulge my ill Nature, and never blefs 'em with a smile again.

Mrs. Trick. I thought your Ladyship wou'd have allow'd your Lover to have been beloved.

Mrs. Rich. But not to Love, 'there's the Distinction. To increase my spleen, let's see what this Fury has left! [Reads.]

A List of the Fools that doat on my proper person. So.

Dorimene the Back-biter, at the Gilt-Post in Twatling Square; Very well.

The Rich Amorous Banker's Widow, removed from behind the Exchange, at the Citizens Folly, into Covent-Garden. Oh! how I hate my self, for having lov'd him.

Miranda the Gilt in Scotland-yard. *Arabella* the Affected, in Pride-Lane, at the Dressing Box.

The Lady *Hazard*, under the Doctors care in Covent-Garden, at the Magdalene. He's a Monster.

The

The Fair Marchioness, with her Shining Face, near the Red-House in Puffin-street. Villain, I'll see him no more. *Betty.*

Betty. Madam.

Mrs. Rich. 'Tis resolved on : I'll see Sir John no more.

Betty. I believe I hear him.

Mrs. Rich. Whither do you go ?

Betty. I'm going to meet him, Madam, to tell him you'll see him no more.

Mrs. Rich. No, no, *Betty*, let him come in, I will confound him, and see with what Impudence he'll justify this List.

Betty. Here he is, Madam.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Ah ! are you there, Madam ? you cannot imagine my impatience till I see you ?

Mrs. Rich. From what quarter of the Town come you, Sir ? from *Twickenham Square* ? or *Covent-Garden* ? or is it the Rich Amorous Banker you left last ?

Sir John. I know not what you mean, Madam !

Mrs. Rich. Not what I mean, perfidious Man ?

Sir John. Upon my Honour, Madam, I do not understand you.

Mrs. Rich. See the Obliging List of your Fools Sir.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, and has this discompos'd your La'ship ; only a Frolick at my Lady *Fierewell's* : We were all set to abuse our Friends ; a Lady put down her List, and writ me the Leading Coxcomb, at which we laugh'd for half an hour. I never knew your Ladyship so out in the practice of Quality in my whole life : Why, the Wit of the Age lies in Abuses. I warrant ye, there's my Lady *Toibin* did a thousand ridiculous things, and at last cry'd for very vexation, that none of the Scribblers wou'd put her in Rhime Dogrel.

Mrs. Rich. I fear I'm in the wrong, Mrs. *Trickwell*.

Mrs. Trick. I fear so to ; Sir John is nice, at these things extreamly nice.

Mrs. Rich. Aye, but the Verses, Mrs. *Trickwell*.

Mrs. Trick. The Verses, Sir John, the Verses.

Sir John. Why, that was the very Adventure I was coming to laugh with your Ladyship about : I must confess I was indiscreet enough to communicate ; my Heart and Tongue being full of my Passion, I went, Madam, to the Chocolate-house, where I met five or six Wits ; Yes, Madam, five or six ; and let not that astonish you, for we live in a very fertile Age for Wits.

Mrs. Rich. And what then, Sir ?

Sir John. What then, Madam ? Why, they told me, how that my Lord *Fourbines* had given these Verses to a Citizen's young Daughter ; that Mr. *Flutter* had sent them to a She Friend of his ; that Sir *Richard Welbred* had obtain'd favours from his Mistress by these Verses, ha, ha, ha, ha. Is not this diverting, Madam ?

Mrs. Rich. So, I suppose, you are extreamly vain, and pleas'd to see your Works thus Universal.

Mrs. Trick. As we are, Madam, we leaders of the Town, and fronters of the Boxes, when we find a Fashion begun by us, awkwardly aim'd at by all the little Pretenders to Dress.

Sir John

Sir John. When, alas, borrow'd Wit, like borrow'd Cloaths, fits none but the Owners : To you, and you alone, the Song is a-propos; my Heart is only sensible of so much Fire, your Eyes have only power thus to inspire.

Mrs. Trick. How full of Tenderness is all Sir John says. (*Afide.*) I shall deserve the Five hundred Pounds, Sir John.

Mrs. Rich. I grant his Expressions are full of Douxeur; but then he wants Sincerity and Truth, Mrs. Trickwell.

Mrs. Trick. Truth, in a Compliment, or Courtier, oh fie Madam ! 'tis against the Nature of the thing.

Mrs. Rich. Why, *de la Rose*, how charmingly contrary is this to my City-education : But canst thou believe Sir John's in love with ought but that dear Shadow of his, which he's Careless to passionately in the Glass.

Betty. I dare swear that's his Idol ; but your Ladyship will not hear me.

Mrs. Rich. Yes Betty, I shall take a time, for I am vex'd, but scorn to show it.

Betty. Madam —

Mrs. Rich. Peace, see, and admit 'em.

Sir John. [Setting his Wig in the Glass.] Part of this ill-favour'd Curl, how many Hairs it exceeds his fellows ; this Monsieur Charron is a Booby, Demme.

Mrs. Rich. How Concern'd Sir John is, in his Justification, Madam.

Mrs. Trick. (*Afide.*) This Fool will lose his Opportunity, and I my Money : the Glass robs us of your Conversation, Sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis the Lady robs me of my self ; I am perpetually studying new Airs only to please her.

Enter Betty.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. Clermont, and a world of Company to wait on you.

Mrs. Rich. Oh my Stars, and are the Indian Curtains drawn, the Wax Candles ready, the Keys with the gold Strings in the Cabinet-doors. [*Enter Footmen.*]

Betty. Yes, Madam, all is in order.

Mrs. Rich. Why, *Tam, Ralph, Waitwell.*

Betty. So, the Fit of Vanity returns, (*Afide.*) they are, Madam, where you Commanded 'em.

Mrs. Rich. Oh Heavens ! now Sir John shou'd be caught saying fine things to me, and he's practising Grimaces in the Glass.

Mrs. Trick. Sir John, here's Visitors to the Lady.

Sir John. Ha ! where ? Be near me Christ, we will receive 'em.

Mrs. Rich. Shall I be laughing, or in a Passion, or how, dear Mrs. Trickwell, quick, quick, your Instructions : Some say I become a Passion rarely.

Mrs. Trick. In no Passion, I beseech you, Madam, but that of Joy to see your Friends : Look, they are here.

Mrs. Rich. Well, I'll be advis'd ; but my City Neighbours sed I shid my Maids with such a Grace, they'd have given all the World to have done like me.

Enter

and when all these b'wondred will iW' b'wondred, and b'wondred
Enter Belvoir, Elder Clerimont, Mrs. Clerimont and Toby.

Eld. Cler. A neat place this, *Toby*; but our House i'th' Country was nigh as
 handsome, till the Hounds, and my Hunts-folks tote it about.
Toby. Aye Master; but ye had not near so much Earthen Ware, that ye had
 not, ad our *Mop* a wou'd make rare work w'et; Udsnigs she wou'd.

Mrs. Cler. Why, Mr. *Belvoir*, I am baule'd in my design of my Visit; I intended
 to have brought the Younger *Clerimont*, and the Lady *Landsworthe*, to an in-
 terview; and his Man has Whisked him away just as we came out of the Coach.

Bell. Well, mif on now, there's no retreating; they look as if they had been
 setting themselves this hour.

Mrs. Cler. I have a sudden whim, pricke assit, i' th' world, and to wobbe

Jill. What is't? *I* don't understand half of what you say.

Mrs. Cler. I le make my Lubbery Cozen pass upon that Fangstick Creature,
 for Beau in disguise.

Bell. That's an odd fancy indeed, surely 'tis impossible.

Mrs. Rich. Sir *John*! is this the Mode of the Wits, to come into ones House,
 ann find all the Discourse among themselves.

Sir John. I am in a Maze, Madam! let us Acost 'em.

Mrs. Rich. If you please give me leave Sir *John*, what Honours are these, ye
 heap upon me, Ma'me; to receive a Visit from the Charming Mrs. *Clerimont*!

Mrs. Cler. Charms and Perfections, loose their Signification, when applied to
 any, where Mrs. *Rich* is by.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, Madam——

Eld. Cler. Aye, *Toby*, here's Words; I brought thee in to learn a little.

Toby. Udsnigs, 'tis rare, Master.

Sir John. Mr. *Belvoir*, I cast me at your Feet.

Belvoir. Sir *John*, I kiss your hands.

Sir John. [To Cler.] Sir, I am Yours.

Toby. Nouns, what's he a going to do, unbuckle Master's Shooe.

Eld. Cler. What a plague; ye have run your *Mop* in my Face, and e'ne
 shoot'd me with your Powder.

Sir John. A hey! the meaning of this, my dear *Belvoir*?

Belvoir. An uncommon Fancy, Sir *John*, you cannot find out, I perceive.

Sir John. Poyson me, 'twas the oddest Reception! for *Pluto*'s sake, what is he?

Toby. What is he? Why he is my Master, Udsnigs! dant provoke en, he'e
 have a Game at Fifty Coffs we ye, as well as e're a Man in Vorty Mile on him.

Eld. Cler. Let'n a lone *Toby*, 'tis another Oth Libken Souls, a high Wind, or a
 Shower fitshts into Firs of the Mother: I dispise en.

Mrs. Rich. Oh my Stars! who has your Ladyship got with yee?

Mrs. Cler. Let me beg your private Ear; that Man is the greatest Nicest Beau
 in Christendom.

Mrs. Rich. Ye amaze me Madam.

Mrs. Cler. Very true upon my Word. That fellow there, that looks so like a
John-a-Nokes, is the Jemmest Valet; a Countess has been in Love with him.

Mrs. Rich.

Mrs. Rich. O my Stars, can I believe you ?

Mrs. Cle. You may, no Creture knows it but my self, I beg ye keep it a secret, especially from Sir John, or murder will ensue.

Mrs. Rich. I engage, oh I love a secret extremely, but what could be the occasion ?

Mrs. Cle. A Lady affronted him, and he swore never to address again, but in this strange disguise, because his Mistres chose his rival only for having his Wigg better powder'd, he'll not alter this behaviour, nor dress, till some other Lady makes him amends. He's my relation, I wonder you can't perceive some Airs of greatness thro those Clouds.

Mrs. Rich. Not I, I protest, but the more naturally he does it, he shows his parts the more.

Mrs. Cle. He calls his Gentleman *Toby*. Cou'd you think one bred a Page had power to put on such a shuffling Gate ?

Mrs. Rich. 'Tis a diverting whimsie now one knows it ; He, he, he !
Sir Job. Won't ye give the leave to laugh with ye, Ladies, at those strange figures ? I beg it of ye, for I am ready to burst.

Mrs. Rich. It may be dangerous, Sir John, and I advise you to keep your countenance. How pretty 'tis to know a thing the rest of the Company does not ?

El. Cle. Come Cuz, what must we do next, we ha' stared about us long enough, Madam. Ha'yee ne're a Smoaking Room, and a Cup of hearty March, ha—

Toby. Ay fackins, had Master and I been at e're a Gentleman's house i'th' Country, by this time we had been half Seas-over, Udsnigs.

Mrs. Rich. Rarely performed I vow.

Mrs. Cle. Now must I keep up the humour, and pretend to direct him. Fie Cousin, talk of drinking before Ladies, you shou'd entertain them with fine Conversation and Songs.

El. Cle. I don't pass, and I do gi' yee a Song ; come a Hunting Song.

Sir Job. Ridiculous.

Mrs. Rich. Better and better, by my Stars.

Sir Job. She seems pleas'd. (to Mrs. Trick.)

Mrs. Trick. I am in the dark. *Mrs. Rich.* Excellent.

Sir Job. Excellent ! abominable.

Mrs. Cle. Now if you please, Madam, we'll pay a Visit to my Lady *Lansdowne* ; my Cousin said he wou'd return.

Mrs. Rich. Withal my heart, I believe she's not at home, but the opportunity will show my apartments.

Sir Job. Madam, my hand.

Mrs. Rich. Your pardon. Sir John, this Gentleman's a stranger.

Sir Job. Preferr'd to me !

El. Cle. Stand by, Muscat, you see the Gentlewoman likes ye not.

Toby. Well done, Master, egad, he'll put by a hundred such Limberham'd Beaus as you, egad, he will cram 'em in a Mouse-hole, I fakings.

Mrs. Cle. Ah poor Sir John, e'en take that tatter'd Frigat and be content.

Mrs. Trick. Lets follow and find out the meaning.

Sir Job. Ye Gods, and Goddesses ; Hell, Devils and Furies, I'll be reveng'd.

Toby. Ha, ha, ha, what strange Oaths he has ?

(Exit.)

SCENE Changes to younger Clermont's Lodgings.

* Enter Clerimont and Jack.

Cle. Where is she ! how my desires are changed ! Triumphant Love prevails, a thousand fires shot from those fair Eyes have warmed me ; a thousand Arguments pleading all for Pleasure, lead me on, the Lord within plants and heaves my bosom, whilst circling tides rowl round apace, and give tumultuous joys.

Jack. Ay marry, Sir, now you look and breath another Man, good fortune is your slave, she always waits upon the bold.

Cle. And what know I but the coy Dame, who hides her Face at the least word a wry, and blushes to be gaz'd on, has in her heart looser fires than my gay Mistress. How many an honest wretch that ask'd wou'd swear his Arms infolded a *Lucrece*, yet truly hugs in the dissevered Saint, a vile Jilt ?

Jack. Right, Sir, right; oh I cou'd burn my Cap for joy to see you thus.

Cle. She's coming, and seems in busie talk, let us not disturb her.

Enter *Lady Landsworth* and *Betty*.

Betty: As soon as ever my Lady was ingaged, I fled to over-take ye, Madam.

La. Land. 'Twas kindly done, Yonder he stands, methinks I hate him, now he has lost that modest sweetnes which caught my unwary Soul, his looks are wild and lewd, and all I ever fear'd in men appears in that deceitful face : I would I were away.

Betty, Nay, Madam, make this last trial, since you have gone so far.

Cle. May I yet approach.

La. Land. You may, I do remember when we parted last, 'twas on odd terms, nature seemed reverst, you fled and I pursued in vain, I practis'd all my Charms, and tryed my utmost Art in vain, your Virtue like the Mountain Snow, the nearer I advanced congeal'd the more, and in the bloom of youth, rigid and cold as frozen Age, you awed me with severity. Are ye still thus resolv'd?

Cle. Oh no, I am alter'd quite, my very Soul's on fire, do not my Eyes speak for me ? I languish, burn and die.

La. Land. Then we have conquer'd, and like Libertines we'll rove, tire every Pleasure, tread rounds of joy, the Insipid world shall wonder at, but never know to taste.

Jack. Nay, we shall live a delicious life that's certain, ha my dear Damsel.

Betty. Peace, and mind your betters.

Cle. What musick's in that voice, it dances thro' my ears, and puts my heart in tune : not painted Cherubs, not the first dawn of cheerful day, or opening Spring is half so pleasing. Oh thou art Rapture all, and all Divine, down at thy lov'd sight each Sense drinks deep draughts of joy.

La. Land. Throw off these mourning weeds, and let me dress thee extravagant as my desires, like a Queen's favourite, for I wou'd be profuse.

Jack. Lard, Lard, how fine we shall be.

Cle.

Cle. If there must be profusion, let it be in Love ; there lay out all thy Stock ; let days and nights and years serve only to count the acts of Love.

La. Landf. Yes, and teach us to deceive my Keeper, his Purse must help our Riots, his Credulity supply our Mirth.

Cle. Ah, why hast dash'd my rising Extasies with the detested thought that thou art shar'd, but in thy Arms I'll lose the goading torment ; in those blissful moments I'm sure thou art only mine, my Life, my All (*Embraces her.*

La. Landf. Stand off, thou Monster, viler, worse than Man, let thy Contagious breath infect at distance. I will remove thee from my sight, and from my Soul, as far as thou art gone from Honour, Truth and Honesty.

Jack. Here's a turn ye Gods, why what's the matter now ?

Cle. Madam —

La. Landf. Speak not, nor dare to stay me, for I'll leave thee like thy good Genius in thy distressful hours, never to return. Oh I cou'd Curse my self, my Follies, to believe there was Vertue in thy Sex, thou vile dissembler : May it return upon thee ; dissembled be thy Joys ; dissembled be thy Friends ; above all may thy Mistres prove the Abstract of Dissimulation.

Cle. Hear me but speak.

La. Landf. No, hast thee to some Mart of Luxury and Shame, Preach there, but defile my ears no more ; away, my Friends, away,

Let's fly that wretch, fly him and all mankind :

Now for the Curst pursuer leave a track behind. (*Ex. La. Landf. and Betty.*

Cle. What's the meaning of all this ?

Jack. Mad, Sir, raving Mad.

Cle. Can she be honest ?

Jack. Impossible, had she the roguish Lear, the Tip, the Wink, the every thing.

Cle. Peace rascal, she is, and not the world shall hide her from me.

Jack. Now must we go upon Knight Errantry ; nay heaven be prais'd, we are as poor as Knight Errants already.

Cle. Fly, Search, Inquire.

*She cannot, must not long remain unknown,
She'll be discover'd by her Charms alone,
I'll find, I'll claim, I'll seize her for my own,
Breath at her feet my Vows, nor thence remove,
Till I am blest with her returning Love.*

A C T . V.

Enter Clerimont, Mrs. Fidget and Jack.

Cle. Sure 'twas all a Dream, I neither saw nor lik'd, nor lov'd ; it was a Dream, the Gandy Vision's vanish'd, and I am waked again to my calamities ; or grant it real, what had I to do with Love ? Loves the gay Banquet of luxurious hours, he shakes his golden wings, and flies detested

Poverty, To downy Couches, under gilded roofs he flies,
There lays his wanton head, there revels in the fair ones Eyes.

Jack. Sir, Sir,

Cle. When the poor joyn they hardly taste a night of Peace : Strife traces
Hymens steps so close, the haggard thrusts between st Bed, at Board and
drives the gentle God away. Oh ! my distracted thoughts : Why do ye fellow
me ? Is misery denied the privilege to be alone ?

Mrs. Fid. Ah, Sir, 'tis that unlucky dog your Man has done this.

Jack. Hift !

Mrs. Fid. Nay, it shall out.

Cle. What has he done ? Speak ! *Mrs. Fid.* Why, Sir —

Jack. Peace, I say, ye ungrateful Cockatrice ; now will not all the Sack I
have ramm'd down that unconscionable throat keep this poor secret in, tho' up-
on my word, I meant it for the best : Believe that, I beseech you, Sir ?

Cle. What's the matter ? What have ye said ?

Mrs. Fid. Ay, said, there ye have hit it : he has said enough, by my troth.

Jack. I am sure you always say too much.

Mrs. Fid. Say ye so, Sirrah, know then, Sir, that hopeful Rogue gave ye
such a Character to the young Gentlewoman, 'twou'd have frightened the Devil.

Jack. And what said you, *Mrs. Dalilah* ?

Mrs. Fid. Even the same, by thy instigation, thou Tempter.

Jack. Keep that name to your self, it belongs to you, Woman : I thought,
Sir, she lov'd nothing but a Rake, a Madman. I did all for the best, indeed
I did, Sir.

Cle. No matter ; 'tis the malice of my Fate, which wou'd have found an
Instrument, hadst thou been silent.

Mrs. Fid. Come, hang Melancholy, and cast away Care ; my mind gives
me, this Damsel will wheel about agen : I never yet knew Man or Woman
weary of an Intrigue, when 'thas gone no further than yours has done.

Jack. Right : There ye are in the right, I'faith, Landlady.

Mrs. Fid. Well, fawce, you'll never leave your Impudence. Landlady ;
Blockhead !

Jack. Thank ye, Madam.

Enter Belvoir.

Bel. Still with folded arms and looks of sorrow. I come to cheer thee, my
Friend ; to make thee laugh, to give thee lasting joy.

Cle. Impossible !

Bel. Thy Brother is fallen in Love with the fantastical Widow *Rich* ; her
Wealth and Beauty has Charm'd him : Ye know that he is possess'd of a great
Estate. He never had management enough to be master of Money, and hearing
the Widow has so much he is distracted for't ; whilst she takes him for a
Beau in Masquerade, is wonderfully pleas'd ; and, I believe, will be a Match.

Cle. And what's all this to me ?

Bel. Oh ! much to your advantage ; for he has promis'd *Mrs. Clerimont*, if
she can bring this Marriage to pass, he will resign that part of the Estate to
you, your Father in his life time had design'd ye.

Cle. There thou speak'st comfort that suits my wishes, for I wou'd fain Tra-
vel, but want the means.

Bel. Travel !

Cle. My

Cle. My Friend, 'tis not Wealth can make me happy now.

Jack. Ah, Sir, but Wealth's a good stroak: I fee Providence has not quite forgot us.

Bel. Whatever you have resolv'd, I beg ye to go this moment with me to Mrs. Clerimont's: A busie minute now is worth a lazy year.

Cle. Do even what you please with me.

Bel. Come on then.

Mrs. Fid. Good luck attend ye.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, Mrs. Rich's House.

Enter Mrs. Rich, and two Footmen.

Mrs. Rich. I design a Ball to night, sots, and wou'd have, if possible, you Rascals clean; and you, d'ye hear.

(Enter Lady Basset and Vermin.)

La. Baf. I'll fright this little pretender to Quality, till she either quits Sir John, or buys him of me at a good round rate; he has made many a penny of me, now 'tis time to retaliate. Madam, send off your Footmen; I wou'd speak with ye alone.

Mrs. Rich. Madam!

La. Baf. Be gone, Scoundrels, or I shall drive ye hence.

Mrs. Rich. Fellows, be near me, I know not what her design is.

La. Baf. My design is honourable.

Mrs. Rich. Heavens! What can she mean?

La. Baf. Base Coward, are ye afraid?

Mrs. Rich. Afraid, Madam: I! I—

La. Baf. Come, no dallying; you have rob'd me of Sir John: I demand satisfaction.

Mrs. Rich. O my Stars! This is extravagant to the last degree. Alas, Madam, what satisfaction can a Lady give to a Lady.

La. Baf. I'd have thee fight. Dare you set up for Quality, and dare not fight, pitiful Citizen: 'Tis for thy honour; 'tis modish too, extreamly French, and agreeable to thy own phrase. I'll have thee fight, I say:

Mrs. Rich. What need I, when I have Conquer'd already: Can I help the power of my Eyes, or Sir John's sensibility. My Stars, this is prodigious! What Weapon must we use in this unusual Combat, hey, Madam?

La. Baf. D'ye make'a jest on't. Sword and Pistol, Madam.

Mrs. Rich. Oh, Heavens! I swoon at the sight of either.

La. Baf. Thou art the Off-spring of an Alderman, I of Quality: I can Fight, Ride, Play; equal the Men in any Virtue or Vice. Thou little Creature, yield, or fa, fa—Thus for Sir John: Sa, sa.

Mrs. Rich. The Woman's mad: Will ye come in my house and murder me?

La. Baf. Look, is this a Jest? (Draws a Pistol.)

Mrs. Rich. Murder! Murder. Jack! Geffery! George! Help! Help!

(Enter Mr. Rich.)

Mr. Rich. Hey day! What's the House turn'd into a perfect Bedlam, learning to fence, Madam Whimsical?

Mrs. Rich. Oh, Brother, save me from that furious Woman, and I'll submit, for the future, to your Conduct.

La. Baf.

La. Bas. (aside.) Curse on him ; this is a sensible Fellow, and my design's lost..

Mr. Rich. And what are you, a Lady Errant, and this the 'Squire of the body : He looks as if he had lived upon Adventures indeed.

La. Bas. No matter what I am. I am mad.

Mr. Rich. I believe so.

Mrs. Rich. I shan't recover the fright this twelve month.

La. Bas. She wou'd bea Woman of Quality, and dares not fight : By the honour of my Ancestors, I'll go find out Sir John, and if he does not change his resolution, he and I shall dispute it. Come along, *Vernon*. (Ex. *La. B.* and *Ver.*)

Mr. Rich. Ha, ha, that wou'd be a pretty Combat, in troth ; he dares not fight a Man : This Woman will be an excellent match for him. Dost thou yet see thy folly, thy own, and thy Instructor's folly : These things teach thee to appear like the truly Great. Alas, mistaken wretch, they are as far from noble Natures, as light from darkness.

Mrs. Rich. I do begin to find my errour, and am mending my Conversation ; yet think not, tho' ye have humbled me, you shall e'er bring me back to the City agen : No, I have still spirit enough to defie the City, and all its works. By my Stars, I'll never endure a greasie City Feast ; a set Custard is my aversion of all aversions, as *Olivia* has it.

Mr. Rich. 'Tis impossible to turn the Current of a Womans Will, tho' it perpetually runs the wrong way.

Enter Mrs. Betty.

Bet. Oh, Madam, such a piece of Treachery, such Perfidiousness have I discover'd.

Mrs. Rich. In whom ? My Stars, this is a day of wonders !

Bet. Even Sir John, going from your Ladyship in a huff, because you smil'd upon the worthy Gentleman in disguise, met your Niece ; she flew upon him with a violent Exclamation, My Lord *Fourbaine*, your's intirely. He answer'd in a passionate tone, *Ah mon cber*, I die for ye.

Mr. Rich. My Daughter !

Bet. Yes, your Daughter ; and together they whisk'd cross the Gallery, to Misses Apartment : I left 'em there, and came to inform your Ladyship.

Mrs. Rich. 'Tis all Confusion and Amazement !

Mr. Rich. I am destracted ! my Daughter : I'll kick him, burn his flaxen Wigg, dirty his white Coat, knock out his butter Teeth, wring off his Nose, and spoil him for being a Beau for ever.

Mrs. Rich. Whilst I conceal my self in one of the Closets, if this be true, *Betty*, I have such a revenge shall make the Town ring on't.

Bet. Do, Madam. (aside to *Mr. Rich.*) Now, Sir, now's the time to clear the house of the Locusts, these swarm of Fools.

Mr. Rich. Set all thy wits at work, my good girl. Come, shew me this happy couple, I shall spoil their mirth I'gad.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir John, Lucinda, Chris, and Governess.

Sir Job. Beyond my wish ! *Mrs. Rich's* Niece, the World shall applaud my revenge : But, my dear, are you sure none of the Family will interrupt us,

Lucin. No, no, they mew me here eternally with that old Woman ; my Aunt hates a younger face than her own shou'd appear where she is : I am not such a Child but I can find that. Come hasten, Governess, pack up all my Jewels ; we'll

we'll steal out at the back-door, bid adieu to my sweet Aunt, till my dear Lord and I visit her in a Coach and Six.

Sir Job. That's my Cherubim, help *Chris*, help, I long to be gone.

Chris. My Lord, we'll ha down in a twinkling.

Lucin. But look you my Lord, I must tell you my mind in two or three words before we go, what you must trust to. Do you see I am not furiously in Love; as my Aunt says, I run away only for more Pleasure, more Liberty, &c. I will go every day to the Play, or else to the Park; and every time I go to the Park, to the Lodge, to *Chelsey*: In fine, where I please, or as I run away with you, I'll run away from you, sue for my own Fortune again, and live as I please: What I have heard how Ladies with Fortunes do.

Sir Job. A young Gipsie this, who'd have thought it had been in her, (*aside*). *Mon cher ame*, you shall have your will.

Lucin. That you must expect, my dear Lord, for had I lov'd obedience I had still obey'd my Father: And she that begins with her Father generally makes an end with her Husband; but that's furiously modish, and therefore so much the better. Quick, quick, good Governess, and then ahey for disobedience.

Enter Mr. Rich and Betty.

Mr. Rich. And then ahey for disobedience, Who is this, my Daughter, with her ahey for disobedience?

Lucin. O gemmai, my Father! what shall I do now? well, I'll e'en turn sides; take my Father's part, if he's uppermost, and rail at my Lord furiously.

Mr. Rich. Art thou the flaring Fop my hopeful Sister's fond on, descended from thy Dutches's Bed-Chamber, to steal my Daughter?

Sir Job. I am a Gentleman, Sir, and expect to be us'd like one.

Mr. Rich. 'Tis false, thou art not, I have trac'd thy Original, and found thou art none.

Lucin. O la! not a Gentleman, why he swore to me he was a Lord, out upon him.

Sir Job. Well said Miss, I find we may e'en be marching, for any friends we have here. Thou unpolish'd thing, I answer thy Affront, with my Mein, my Dres, my Air, all shew the Gentleman, and give the lye to thy ill mannered Malice.

Mr. Rich. Defie me, thou thing equip'd! Canst thou justifie the worst of Thefts, stealing my Child? Draw.

Sir Job. Your Pardon, Sir, not before the Lady, I may discompose her, perhaps the sight of a Sword may fright her into a fit.

Lucin. O la, don't let me hinder ye.

Mr. Rich. Art thou not a Fool?

Sir Job. A Fool, *alarmode*, Sir.

Mr. Rich. A Coward.

Sir Job. I am a Beau, Sir.

Mr. Rich. All found and no Sence.

Sir Job. I sing tolerably well. For who wou'd in a Cellar Dine, when he may go to *Locke's*.

Mr. Rich. Thou trifling Coxcomb, all Wig and no Brains, begone this very Instant, or I'll lead thee thus by the Nose, I'll lead thee to a she Fop of thy acquaintance, Coxcomb, I will, therefore make use of thy Heels.

Sir John

Sir Job. Egad, this is very uncivil.

Mr. Rich. I meant it so.

Sir Job. I'll Lampoon thee, till your Friends shall fly ye, your Neighbours despise ye, and the World laugh at ye.

Mr. Rich. I believe your Wit's as dangerous as your Courage, be gone, Insect.

Lucin. Pretend to be a Lord, and baulk a young Womans expectation!

Bet. Ah poor Sir John, ha, ha.

Sir Job. Has she been a spectator, I shall be jeard to death, I will study a revenge shall make you tremble, I will, thou barbarous Cit.

Mr. Rich. Go set your Perriwig to rights fop, ha, ha.

Sir Job. Curses, Curses, Ah I shall Choak.

Mr. Rich. Farewell fool; you, Madam, I (*Exit. Sir John*) shall find a time to discourse with; dear Mrs. *Betty*, take her into your care, whilst I turn this old Limb of Iniquity out of doors; here you had a mind to run away, now I desire you to walk about your business. Be gone thou unnecessary evil.

Lucin. Let her go, I say, she seduced me I'm sure.

Gov. Oh, fie, fie, Miss.

Mr. Rich. Begone, 'twas her canting deceiv'd me; what care we ought to take whom we set over our Children.

Enter Mrs. Rich.

So Madam, are you satisfied.

Mrs. Rich. Rage, Spite, Shame and Resentment at once torment me, so base a Coward, my Stars, I shall go Mad.

Mr. Rich. Dear Sister, let your Stars alone, and learn to shun folly, wheresoe'er you find it.

Mrs. Rich. Then I must shun you, my self and all the World. You have a set and formal folly, I a vain and airy folly, but he the basest, most betraying folly.

Mr. Rich. Then redeem your Judgment, and stop Censorious mouths, by accepting Mrs. *Clerimont*'s Kinsman, whom your Woman tells me has a plenfull Estate, this will turn the Laughter of the Town upon Sir John, and leave you in happy Circumstances.

Mrs. Rich. I will do something, something to plague that fellow.

Bet. Here comes the Lady, I believe to plead in her friends behalf.

Enter Lady Landsworth and Mrs. Clerimont.

Mrs. Cle. Ah, Madam, such a misfortune.

Mrs. Rich. The whole deceitful world, by my Stars, I think is full of nothing else.

Mrs. Cle. But this, Madam, your bright eyes create.

Mrs. Rich. I my eyes, that's pleasant.

Mrs. Cle. The strictness of his Vow racks him, for he knows a Lady thus Accomplish'd, can never like him as he appears.

La. Landsf. Indeed I pity him.

Mr. Rich. Pray Ladies, what's the Case?

Mrs. Cle.

Mrs. Cle. Alas ! Sir, a Cousin of mine who wants not the goods of Fortune; but lies under an obligation to seem the greatest Clown in the Universe, till fate has made him reparation for the affront he receiv'd, when all his study was Dress and Conversation.

Mrs. Rich. And has he a good Estate ?

Mrs. Cler. Four thousand a year I assure ye.

Mr. Rich. Gadzooks, what matter is it where ever he is Drest, as ye call it, again or no.

Mrs. Rich. Yes, yes, that is material upon my word, *Mr. Rich.*

Mrs. Cler. Would you consent to marry him, for so far his Oath extends ; believe me, Madam, he'd soon break forth to your amazement.

Mrs. Rich. I profess Ladies, you give me such an Air of blushing, when I reflect on what ye are tempting me to.

Mrs. Cler. I profess Mame, 'tis a very becoming Air.

Mrs. Rich. My Stars ! 'twill sound so odd.

Mrs. Cler. 'Twill surprize the Town so prettily.

Mr. Rich. Zooks, 'tis the best thing to piece up your fantastical Character ; 'twill surprize the world indeed to see you do a wise thing.

Mrs. Rich. Speak not you, Sir, for I yield only to the Ladies. Well, where is the Gentleman ?

Mrs. Cler. Languishing within, Madam ; condemn'd to silence, least his rough hewn expressions shou'd offend.

Mrs. Rich. *De la Bett*, a pen and Ink, perhaps I may expose the Knight, and satisfie your friend. Your pardon for some moments ; come with me Neece.

Lucin. Yes, Madam, pray let us be reveng'd on this sham Lord, you can't think what a lyar he is.

Mrs. Rich. Your Servant.

Mrs. Cler. Yours. (*Exit Mrs. Rich. and Lucinda.*)

La. Landf. Follow Dear *De la Bett*, as thy Lady has it, and now show thy Master Piece.

Bet. I lay my life 'tis done, I see it in her Eyes.

Mr. Rich. In hopes on't, I'll get a parson. This Widow married, my affairs are prosperous, and my Daughter and her Fortune return to me.

Mrs. Cler. Hasten, good Sir, for this fair Lady and I have a little business of our own.

Mr. Rich. More Weddings, I hope, then we'll have Dancing in abundance ; come honest *De la Bett*, I promise thee a new portion to thy new name.

Bet. I'll endeavour to deserve it, Sir. (*Exit Mr. Rich. and Betty.*)

Mrs. Cler. My Charming Cousin, have not I found a pretty imployment, to turn general Match-maker?

But for the younger *Clerimont*, I own I could do any thing.

La. Landf. I shou'd dissemble worse than I thought he did, not to say I'm please'd to find his Character what I so heartily wish'd it.

Mrs. Cler. To convince ye throughly, I have sent for his Landlady, whose odd account of him must proceed from folly, or malice : O here she comes !

Enter Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. Cler. Your Servant, Madam, 'twas not for goods, as I pretended I gave you this trouble, but to ask after the deportment of my Relation, Mr. Clerimont, your Lodger.

La. Lands. The wild, mad Spark, that scarce ever lies at home: you know me, Madam, I suppose?

Mrs. Fidg. Yes, yes, Madam, in verity I must beg your pardon, I did belye the Gentleman, abominably belye him.

La. Lands. What provok'd you to it?

Mrs. Fidg. Truly, Ian, I contriv'd it, thinking it wou'd please your Ladiship.

La. Lands. Ian, pray who is Ian?

Mrs. Fid. My Friend and his Footman.

Mrs. Cler. My Cousin, I am sure was always accounted a very modest, sober Gentleman.

Mrs. Fidg. Modest! udsflesh, he has not his peer in the whole Town; by my fackings, he's a little too modest, that's his fault.

Mrs. Cler. I dare affirm he's truly noble, not in these straits of Fortune, wou'd he quit his Honour, to be Great, or his Integrity to be Rich.

Mrs. Fidg. Or his Religion to be thought a Wit.

La. Lands. Enough, Ladies, I am fully satisfid; only to his Love, if I have made any impression.

Mrs. Cler. That this moment you your self shall be judge of; he's coming, if you please to retire you shall over-hear me found his inclinations.

Mrs. Fidg. Aye, there he is, Heaven bleis him, he's a sweet young man.

La. Lands. Come with me *Mrs. Fidget.* Now *Clerimont,*

If thy heart does with generous passion burn,

Than I with joy will love for love return.

(Exit *La. Lands.*
(and *Mrs. Fidget.*)

Enter the younger Clerimont, Belvoir and Jack.

Bell. I have brought him, Madam, but I am ashamed to say with what reluctance, he flies even you, you the fair contriver of his Auspicious Fortunes.

Cler. I am sure, I am ashamed to see you take such pains about a thing not worth your care.

Mrs. Cler. When the good suffer, the virtuous part of humane kind are all concern'd. When we suffer by our fate, and not our faults, Heaven always makes the tryal short, and shows an easie way for our deliverance.

Cler. In vain you sooth me with your friendship; did you fully know me, you wou'd know, there scarce is left a room for hope.

Mrs. Cler. Suppose there is a Lady in love with you, surrounded thus as you are with your misfortunes; suppose her Chast, and Rich, and Fair, who tho her

her eyes never yet encountred yours, by my description, doats upon a Character so singular and different from your wild Sex.

Cler. Were she as fair as Women wou'd be thought; as vertuous as they were of old, e're 'twas fashionable to be false; had she Wealth would satisfie the Vain, the Miser, the Ambitious; so far am I from once, consenting to what your kindness has propos'd, I woud not to rid me of half my Sorrows, so much as see her.

Bell. Ah, my friend! this must be some prepossession; you already are in Love.

Cler. It is enough to say I am a fool, must search the world and know it better, e're I pretend to speak my thoughts. If, Madam, from my Brother ye can procure my Father's first design, I shall own my self eternally oblig'd, and trouble ye no more.

Mrs. Cler. I sigh to say it is not in my power, since you refuse the advantageous offers of the Lady's love.

Cler. Then all I beg, is that ye wou'd inquire for me no more. There is no warding the blows of Fate; the wretch that's doom'd unfortunate, no Arm of Power can save.

Bell. But you look thro despair: Believe me, friend, 'tis a false Glass, Fortune has a fairer Face to shew you.

Mrs. Cler. That pleasing task be mine, Madam, you here the Gentleman is obstinate, but now, Sir, if you are not charm'd with this appearance, you have a relish different from the universal World.

Re-enter Lady Landsworth, and Mrs. Fidget.

Cler. Ha! 'tis she! 'tis she! here let me fix, thus let me clasp my Bliss, thus for ever, secure my only valued treasure!

Jack. Ay, 'tis she, 'tis she, egad, and my Landlady too!

Mrs. Fid. Yes, Manners, your Landlady too:

La. Land. And dare you venture upon me, after the Alderman, the Colonel, and the Senator?

Cler. My Eyes shou'd have contradicted 'all other Sences; sweet Innocence is writ in that dear face, and Virtue in her brightest Characters.

Mrs. Cler. Vertuous and Great, the Charming Widow of Sir John Landsworth: Her Husband formerly, I believe you have seen. What cou'd you ask of Fate more, than to love and be belov'd by her?

Cler. And have I been repining, when the bounteous Heavens were pouring such lavish Blessings down? Oh! my ravish'd Soul! My first, my only dear!

La. Land. 'Tis wondrous pretty, when Love's soft passion first invades our breast, it brings a thousand Charms, a thousand Joys, unknown before; but ah! too often in your Sex, roving time, or some newer face, puts out the kindly flame, and the forsaken Fair is left to live, and languish on the kind Words which she will hear no more. What can secure me from such a Fate? Not even your present thoughts, for they may change.

Cler. Never, my Charmer, never! To look on thee secures a heart like mine from roving: To hear thee talk, will fix me for ever in the Chains

of Love. But, oh ! to have thee all ; there words cannot aim, there breath is lost in extasie.

Mrs. Cler. Here's a world of fine things ; tho' I am a little of the Lady's mind, 'twill scarce hold out seven years.

Bel. So, there's two in perfect happiness. I hope, Madam, you that were so Compassionate to others, will not your self be cruel, but reward my constant vows, nor let me longer sigh in vain.

Mrs. Cler. Mr. Belvoir, I have allow'd you too long a favour'd Lover in honour to go back ; we are as good as married already,

Bel. No, my dear Angel, the greatest sweet's to come !

Mrs. Cler. Ay, and the sowre too, that's the worst on't. Look, here's another happy Couple.

Enter elder Clerimont, Mrs. Rich, Mr. Rich, Lucinda, Betty and Toby.

Mrs. Rich. Well, Ladies, what d'ye think I have been doing since I went out ? by my Stars ! a world of busines ; and that's a thing I hate, writ a Billet-doux to the Beau in appearance ; married the Beau in a disguise ; given occasion for forty Stories, and fifty Lampoons, ha, ha, ha ! I have done it all in a humour, by my Stars !

Mrs. Cler. E'en carry it on, Madam ; never have a grave fit and repent, I say.

El. Cler. Yes, faith, I'm sped, and all o'th' sudden ; she's handsomer trath, than our Sh'riff's Daughter. How they'll stare, *Toby*, when she shows her paces thro' our Alley, to the great Pew. Brother *Charles*, how came you here ? Well, I've gin the Writings into Cousin's hands : Udsldis, does that pretty Lady belong to you ? Why, this is a rare place for handsome Wo-men, by my troth.

Mrs. Rich. Come, Sir, the Transformation has been Comical enough, but now I beg you to reassume your former Mein and Dres, and let me make as great a sacrifice to you, as the Lady made of you.

Mrs. Cler. Oh, dear *Belvoir*, say something to keep in my laugh, or I'm undone.

Bel. I dare not lift up my eyes, nor scarce open my lips to let my words out.

Mr. Rich. I confess, my Gravity is put to the Test now.

Mrs. Rich. Come, Mr. Clerimont, will ye hasten ; pray dres immediately, because I expect Sir *John* this moment.

El. Cler. Yes, fags, I'll dres, as soon as I can get my Cloaths made ; and since I'm Wed, I'll bestow more money than I thought, by five pound.

Mrs. Rich. Nay, now the humour's tiresome, here's only Friends.

Bel. Oh, Madam, I shall break my Lace.

Cler. What's the meaning of all this ?

La. Land. The tittering Damsel behind ye, can tell.

Mrs. Rich. Come, I wou'd not for a thousand pound Sir *Jan* shou'd find you thus ; this is carrying the Jest too far. Speak to him, Madam.

Mrs. Cler.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, Madam, I fear it must go a little farther ; for, to tell ye the plain truth, he has the Estate I mention'd, and is my Relation ; but for the Accomplishments you expect, they are yet to learn, upon my word.

Mrs. Rich. How ! I'm undone ! What, no Conversation, no Judgment in Dreis; no Mein, no Airs !

El. Cler. Prithee, Cuz, what is that same Airs, d'ye see ? I'd willingly please her, now I have her, d'ye see.

Mrs. Cle. Airs : Why, 'tis a foolish Word, used by those that do understand it, and those that do not ; 'tis what's pretty, when Nature gives it ; and what, when affected, spoils all that Nature gives beside.

Mrs. Rich. Oh ! I shall go mad. Is that an Object fit to please a Woman nice as I am ?

Mr. Rich. Come, Sister, a long Periwig, an Alamide Steenkirk, &c. has made a worse Face a perfect Beau e're now : Consider, he has some thousands a year.

El. Cler. Ay, marry have I : Nay, udslid, I have a Title too ; I value no more, d'ye see, killing a Man, than I do killing a Mouse ; for I'd take up my Patent, be a Lord, and be try'd by my Peers.

Bel. Thy Peers ! Where wou'dst find 'em ?

Mrs. Rich. Oh, my cursed Stars ! First a Citizen's, and then a Country Squire's Wife. Ah ! I shall never endure him, that's certain.

El. Cler. Mid hap so, and mid hap ye may ; I shan't cross ye mich. All the Hunting season I'll be in the Country : and you shall hunt Pleasures here in Town. Ge me a little of your money to pay my debt, and I won't trouble you, d'ye see.

La. Landf. Well said, Mr. Bridegroom : Come, Madam, few Beaux wou'd be more Complaisant.

Bet. Madam, Sir John —————

Mrs. Rich. Mountains cover my shame ! What shall I say now ?

La. Landf. Say ! laugh at him, as all the World ought.

Mrs. Cler. Believe me, Madam, ye have made the better choice.

Mr. Rich. A thousand times.

Enter Sir John, and Mrs. Trickwell.

Mrs. Trick. You bring me here to see you Triumph, I can never believe it ; you have some trick put upon you, Sir John.

Sir Joh. Have I not her own Note, that spight of her Jealousies, and her Brother's Tyranny, she will this day be married.

Mrs. Trick. She does not say to you. Ha ! What a World of Company is here ?

Sir Joh. The Brother, and the young Gipsie his Daughter : I'll be gone :

Bel. Nay, no retreating, Sir John, you must, at least, wish the Lady joy.

Mrs. Rich. Sha, my design's broke, my Plots spoiled, can I Triumph at his defeat, and show that awkward figure ?

Sir Joh.

Sir Job. Madam, your Summons brought me hither, I hop'd to Joye.

Mrs. Rich. I hate you, and all mankind.

Lusia. So do I; ye sham Lord, ye brag, ye bounce ye ——

Bel. Enough, good Miss. Sir John, I perceive you must search for new Gallantries; here the Ladies are provided for, except this little one, who seems to have no inclination.

Sir Job. Pax take ye all; they were fond, I'm sure.

Mrs. Rich. Come, ye young Coquette, your Education shall be alter'd, I assure ye, 'tis e'en high time.

Mrs. Trick. Well, I believe my booty with yonder fantastical Lady is at an end, so I'll steal off unobserv'd.

(Exit Mrs. Trickwell.

Enter *Lady Basset.*

La. Baf. Where is this Villain, This false, ungrateful Villain?

Sir Job. So; another outcry?

La. Baf. Yes, Traitor, and a just one: Know all, this was but a Servant in Sir John Roverhead's Family; I drest him in these borrow'd honours, knowing Sir John never came to Town. I taught him the Modes and Manners here, and he has rewarded me with Inconstancy.

Sir Job. Hold, hold; not so fast. How came you to be the Honourable, the Lady *Basset*: I think 'twas I dubb'd ye. As I take it, ye were but the cast Mistres of Sir Francis *Basset*, when I found ye.

Mr. Rich. See, Sister, how the Quality you were fond of, expose one another.

Mrs. Cler. And seeing this, be reconcil'd to your new Spouse, who is of a noble Family, and I promise to introduce ye to Persons of Merit and Honour.

La. Lands. We shall all be fond of ye, for, of your self, you are Charming and Sensible: 'Tis only these Wretches have render'd ye ridiculous.

Mr. Rich. Come, give him your hand, 'tis a gentle punishment for so much vanity.

Mrs. Rich. Well, since my malicious Stars have thus decreed it; but, by the hear, I expect to have your Estate in my power, and that same Title you talk off look'd into.

Cler. Jackings and so you shall; but must not I have your fine person in my power too? ha!

Mrs. Rich. Has the Thing fence enough to be in Love?

Cler. Now, I hope, all's well, and I have prevail'd with my Landlady to give ye a Song.

La. Lands. Do, good Mrs. Fidget?

Mrs. Fid. Any thing to divert ye.

Toby. And a god, after that, I'll give 'em a dance.

Bel. Well sed, honest *Toby*.

Mrs. Rich.

Mrs. Rich. Sir Jan, will ye participate our diversion, or employ your time in reconciling your self to this enraged Lady.

Sir Joh. Shame, Disappointment and Disreputation light upon you all ; wou'd all the whole Sex were upon *Salisbury Plain*, and their rigging on fire about their Ears.

(Exit *Sir John*.)

Mrs. Cler. And that's the dreadful Curse of a defeated Beau. Follow, Madam, and put him in a better humour.

La. Baf. Hang him, as I wou'd my self, you, and all the World.

(Exit *Lady Basset*.)

Ber. A fair riddance.

Cler. Now the Song, and then the Dance.

Mr. Rich. Now, Sister, and Daughter, to you I chiefly speak, let this days Adventure make ye for ever cautious of your Conversation ; you see how near these pretenders to Quality had brought you to ruin : The truly Great are of a quite different Character.

The Glory of the World our British Nobles are,
The Ladies too Renown'd, and Chaste and fair :
But to our Citizens, Augusta's Sons,
The Conquering Wealth of both the India's runs ;
Tho' less in Name, of greater Power by far,
Honours alone, but empty Scutcheons are ;
Mixt with their Coins, the Title sweetly sounds,
No such Abby as Twenty Thousand Pounds.

THE END

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