

THE Innocent Mistress.

COMEDY.

As it was ACTED, by

His MAJESTY's Servants

AT THE

THEATRE in Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields,

Written by Mrs. Mary Pix.

L O N D O N ,

Printed by J. Orme, for R. Basset, at the Miter within Temple-Bar, and F. Cogan in the Inner-Templelane. 1697.

Names Represented.

Mr. Betterton.	Sir Charles Beauclair, first a Younger Brother, married by his Friends, to a Rich ill-favour'd Widow, afterwards Master of a great Estate, and in Love with Bellinda.
Mr. Verbruggen.	Sir Francis Wildlove, his Friend.
Mr. Knap.	Searchwell his Man.
Mr. Hodgson.	Beaumont an honest Country Gentleman, Friend to Sir Francis; and Lover of Arabella.
Mr. Bowman.	Spendlall a Sharper; and hanger on to Sir Charles.
Mr. Freeman.	Lywell, a Rake, Companion to Spendlall.
Mr. Bowen.	Cheatall, a very foolish Fellow; Brother to the Lady Beauclair.
Mr. Harris.	Gentil, his Man; an Ingenious Fellow.
Mr. Underhill.	Mr. Flywife, alias Allen, a Merchant.

THE WIDOW OF BELAINE.

Mrs. Barry.	Bellinda, alias Marianne, Daughter to the Lord Belmour.
Mrs. Bracegird.	Mrs. Beauclair, Niece to Sir Charles.
Mrs. Prince.	Arabella, a young Lady, left to the Care of Cheatall's Father.
Mrs. Lee.	Lady Beauclair, an ill bred Woman.
Mrs. Howard.	Peggy, her Daughter, of the same Stamp.
Mrs. Lawson.	Eugenia, the Lady Beauclair's Woman.
Mrs.	Betty, Woman to Bellinda.
Mrs. Du Qua.	Dresswell, Woman to Mrs. Beauclair.
Mrs. Lassel.	Mrs. Flywife, kept by Flywife, and going by his Name.
Mrs. Willis.	Jenny, her Maid.

Drawers and Servants.

THE DOLLS.

THE DOLLS.
A Comedy in Five Acts. By MR. J. B. PRIOR. With a new and improved edition of the original play. By MR. J. B. PRIOR.

P·R·O·L·O·G·U·E:

Spoken by Mr. Verbruggen, Written by Mr. Motteux.

THIS season with what Arts both Houses strive,
By your kind presence, to be kept alive!

We have still new things, or old ones we revive;
We plot, and strive to bring them first o'th' Stage,
Like wary Pilot for his Weather-gage.

We have Every Act, and every week a Play;

Nay, w' have had new ones studi'd for one Day;

We have double Duty, and w' have but half Pay.

VV've have scaling Monkes, and w' have dancing Swans,

To match our nimble cap'ring Chairs and Stands:

There Opera's with, and here without Machines:

Here, Scenes well wrought, and there, well painted Scenes;

Castles and Men i'th' Air, the World i'th' Moon,

Where you, like Swallows fly, but soonyare gone.

W've something ev'ry different Taste to hit,

I gad, I think, w' have ev'ry thing but Wit;

For w' have full Scenes, and w' have an empty Pitt.

Faith, Sirs, we scarce cou'd hope, you here wou'd be

So num'r'ous, tho' we have a new Comedy.

For there's in Plays, you know, a Reformation

(A thing to whch'y have no great inclination)

Ifear you'll seek some loser Occupation.

From those Lewd Poets all these mischiefs flow;

They, like Drawcanirs, maid'd both Friend and Foe.

Wou'd they'd been serv'd like their Plays long ago!

All cautions Dons and Matrons hence they scar'd,

And all this did they do, because they dar'd.

Ter, that you're hard'd Simmers they may boast,

The more they laff'd you, you seem'd tickled most.

But now no Lujicious Scenes must lard their Plays:

No Lady now will need to hide her face;

But I'll be hang'd if one i'th' Gallery stays.

To bear ill-natur'd Tryubans more you'll fit,

But mortifie an inoffensive Wit;

Lord! how still we shall have you in the Pit I.

For I dare say, of what most pleas'd our Guests,

Nine parts in Ten were still sheer Bawdy Jeffs.

Methinks I see some here who seem to say,

Gad, e're the Curtain's drawn I'll slip away;

No Bawdy, this can't be a Women's Play.

Nay, I confess there's Cause enough to doubt,

But, Faith, they say there was a dead run out,

Then stay and use it gently, some of you,

Since to be maim'd are somewhat sufficient.

Spare it, you who for harmless sports declare,

Show that this age a modest Play can bear.

Twice has our Poet's kind usage found;

Chang not her Fortune, tho' she sang'd her Ground.

EPilogue.

Spoken by Mr. Sendamore, Written by Mr. Motteux.

Scriblers, like Bullies, sometimes hauff the Pitt,
Tho' their feign'd Courage has an Ague Fit ;
But oftner, from a sense of their Condition,
An Epilogue resembles a Petition.
Thus they make Mr. Bays his Nation just ;
If Thunder cannot save them, Halters must.
Which way to use, I swear, I do not know ;
Huffing's too haughty, Cringing is too low,
I'll use the middle way ; perhaps 'twill do,
At least, I fancy, 'tis most lik'd by you.
Thus then to ev'ry Judge of Wit I bow ;
(I hope all the Audience think I mean them now).
If so, you'll scorn to judge of Woman's Wit ;
Tho' in Wit's Court the worst of Judges sit,
Sure none dare try such puny Causes yet.
Faith, if you're strict, now there's a Reformation,
We've sworn t'invite the grave part of the Nation ;
Rich Sparks with broad-brim-hats and little Bands,
Who'll clap dry Morals till they hurt their Hands ;
Nice Dames ? who'll have their Box as they're their Pew,
And come each Day, but not to ogle you ?
No, each side Box shall shone with sweeter Faces ;
None but Chains, Gowns and Coifs shall have hair Places,
Their Chit-chat News, Stockjobbing, and Law-Cases.
The Middle-Fry shall in the Gall'ry sit,
And humb whatever against Cuckold's Writ,
And City Wives from Lectures throug' the Eas
Their Daughters Fair with Prentise vrudge in hither,
And throug' us they do Lambeth-Wellsites weather.
Then all thus stor'd, tho' Money's scarce this Age,
We need not fear t' have a Beau-crowded Stage,
So, for new guests we'll change, just as our Beaux
Wear Doyly-Stuff, for want of better Cloath.

C T

A C T I.

Sir Francis Wildlove in his Chamber Dressing.

Sir Fran. Earnewell!

Search. — Sir.

Sir Fran. Get me some Small Beer, and dash a little Langoone
in it; else 'twill go down my burning Stomach ten degrees
colder than ice: I should have met my old Friend and Collegian Beaumont,
who came to Town last night, but Wine and Women drove it clear out of my
Head.

Search. Sir, he's here.

Enter Beaumont.

Sir Fran. Welcome dear Friend, I prithee pardon my omission, faith 'twas
business that could not be left to other hands.

Beau. Women I suppose, and that excuse I know a Man of your kidney
thinks almighty.

Sir Fran. Even so well by my Life, I am heartily glad to see you, why thou
haft been an age confin'd to barren Fields and fenceless Groves, or Conver-
sation stupid and dull as they: How canst thou waste thy Yonth, happy
Youth, the very Quintessence of Life from London, this dear Epitome of plea-
sure?

Beau. Because excess of drinking cloyes my Stomach, and Impudence in Wo-
men absolutely turns it; then I hate the vanity of Drels and Fluttering, where
eternal Noise and Nonsense reigns; this consider'd, what should I do here?

Sir Fran. Not much in troth.

Beau. But you, my Friend, run the Career your appetite directs, taste all those
pleasures I despise, you can inform me what humour's most in fashion, what
ruling whim, and how the Ladies are.

Sir Fran. Why faith there's no great alteration, the Money is indeed very
much scarcer, yet what perhaps you'll think a wonder, dressing and debau-
chery increases; as for the Damosels, three sorts make a Bushel, and will
be uppermost: First, there's your common Jilts will oblige every body.

Beau. These are Monsters sure.

Sir Fran. You may call 'em what you please, but they are very plentiful, I
promise you: The next is your kept Mistress, she's a degree modester, if not
kind to each, appears in her drels like Quality, whilst her ogling eyes, and
too frequent Debauches discovers her the younger Sister only to the first.

Beau. This I shou'd hate for Ingratitude.

Sir Fran. You may call 'em what you please, but they are very plentiful, I
promise you: The next is your kept Mistress, she's a degree modester, if not
kind to each, appears in her drels like Quality, whilst her ogling eyes, and
too frequent Debauches discovers her the younger Sister only to the first.

The Innocent Mistress.

Sir Fran. The third is, not a Whore, but a brisk airy, noisy Coquette, that lives upon treating, one Spark has her to the Play, another to the Park, a third to Windsor, a fourth to some other place of Diversion; She has not the heart to grant 'em all favours, for that's their design at the bottom of the Treats, and they have not the heart to marry her, for that's her design too Poor Creature. So perhaps a year, or it may be two, the gaudy Butterfly flutters round the Kingdom, then if a foolish Citt does not take compassion, sneaks into a Corner, dies an Old Majd, despised and forgotten. The Men that fit those Ladies are your Rake, your Cully, and your Beaux.

Beau. I hope Sir *Fra. Wildove* has more honour than to find a Mistress amongst such Creatures.

Sir Fran. Gad honest honourable *Ncd*, I must own I have a fling at all, sometimes I think it worth my while to make a Keeper Jealons, frequently treat the Coquette, 'till either she grows upon me, or I grow weary of her; then 'tis but saying a rude thing, she quarrels, I fly to the next Bottle, and there for ever drown her remembrance.

Beau. 'Tis pitty that the most noblest Seeds of Nature are most prone to Vice.

Sir Fran. Such another grave Speech wou'd give me a fit of the Colick.

Beau. Well I find 'tis in vain to tell you my Story, without I have a desire to be swingingly langht at.

Sir Fran. Nay, Nay, why so, I'd sacrifice my life to serve my friend.

Beau. To confess the truth, I'm in Love.

Sir Fran. Is that such a wonder why I have been so a thousand times' old boy.

Beau. Ay, but desperately, virtuously!

Sir Fran. There the Case differs, I doubt friend you have apply'd your self to a wrong Man.

Beau. Are not you acquainted with Sir *Charles Beauclair*?

Sir Fran. Yes, intimately.

Beau. Then, in short, his Lady and a Booby Brother of her's have got my Mistress in their power; she was the Daughter of an Eminent Merchant, one Sir *George Ventwewell*, who dying left her to the care of my Lady *Beauclair*'s Father; he prov'd like most Guardians, a great Knave, forg'd a Will, which gave my *Arabella* nothing, unless she married this two-leg'd thing his Son; some of her friends contested with 'em, but the Lawyers roguery, through the Guardians wealth prevail'd, and she is again in their possession; the old Fellow is dead, but the Sister and Brother pretend to manage her.

Sir Fran. Your case is desperate, and I fear Sir *Charles* can do you but little service in't.

Beau. Why, he lives with his Wife.

Sir Fran. Yes, modestly, he knows nothing of her concerns, and desires she shou'd know nothing of his: did you never hear of her Character?

Beau. No.

Sir Fran. She is certainly the most disagreeable of the whole Sex, has neither Sense, Beauty or good Manners; then her humour is so implacable, she hunted her first Husband into the Indies, where he dy'd, Heaven knows when or how.

Serv. What the Devil made Sir Charles Marry her?

Sir Fr. Eventhat tempting Devil interest, she was vastly Rich, he a younger Brother, since the Estate and Title of his Family is fallen to him, and I dare swear he'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm to be freed from the intolerable Plague of a Wife, whom no Mortal can please.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Charles Beauchair is coming to wait upon your Honour.

Sir Fran. I am glad on't, I fancy there's a sympathy in your humours, that will soon excite a friendship, for he notwithstanding the provocation of an ugly Scolding Wife at home, and the Temptation of a good Estate, and a handsome Fellow into the bargain, instead of making his life easie with jolly *Bona-robars*, dotes on a Platonick Mistress, who never allows him greater favours then to read Plays to her, kis her hand, and fetch Heart-breaking Sighs at her Feet; with her he has oblig'd his charming Neice to be, almost always; Faith nothing but the horrible fear of Matrimony before my eyes keeps me from loving Mrs. *Beauchair*, she is pretty without affectation, has but just pride enough to become her, and gravity enough to secure her from Scandal: to all this add twelve thousand Pounds in ready Money.

Enter Sir Charles Beauchair and Mr. Spendal.

Sir Charl. And is not that last the most prevailing Argument, ha, *Frank*?

Sir Fran. No, Sir *Charles*, Chains of Gold wont tempt my freedom from me, but here's a Gentleman, fixt in the dull matrimonial rode, uneasie if he meets with interruption, though it throws him on the flowry fields of liberty, he's my particular friend, and labours under the pangs of disappointed Love, 'tis in your power to assist him in his delivery; I know you are compassionate in these cases.

Sir Char. You may promise for me to the utmost, I am ready.

Beau. Fame reports you a true English Gentleman.

Sir Char. You may Command me, Sir.

Spendal aside. Dear Sir *Charles*, lend me one Guinea more, the Estate's to Sir *Charles* I intail'd, my Father will die, and I shall get an Heiress.

Sir Char. Here take it, and leave lying.

Spen. I'll be with you again at Dinner.

Sir Char. I don't question it.

[*Exit Spendal.*

Sir Fran. Searchwell, has there been no Letters for me, this Morning?

Searchw. No, Sir.

Sir Fran. Stay you at home, and if there come one, find me out with it.

Searchw. I will Sir.

Sir Fran. Come Sir *Charles*, shall we to the Chocolate-house, there you shall hear Mr. *Beaumont's* Story.

Sir Char. With all my heart; hark you Sir *Francis*, I have an Entertainment of excellent Musick promised me this afternoon, you know I cannot have it at home, so I have borrowed some Apartments of obliging Mrs. *Bantum*, the *Indian Woman*, and will try to prevail with the Ladies to come;

Sir Fran. Dear Sir *Charles* Introduce me.

Sir Char. You'll think your hours thrown away in the Company of civil Women.

The Innocent Mistress.

Sir Fran. Faith I scarce dare trust your Neices eyes, they gain too much upon my heart. I am always forc'd, after I have seen her, to have recourse to the Glafs, to secure my self from Romantick Constaney.

Beau. Now you talk of Romances, Introth I think I'm a perfect Knight-Erant, for besides my own Lady, I'm in quest of another fair Fugitive, by the desire of her Father : Have you not heard of the Death of my Lord Belmour's Heir, and absence of his only Daughter *Mariamne*?

Sir Fran. Yes, yes.

Beau. The old Lord has given me her Picture, with an earnest Petition, that I woud'endeavour to find her ; he prest me so, I cou'd not refuse it, though I have small probability of my side.

Sir Fran. She's now a prodigious Heireis, what cou'd be the meaning of running from all her Friends.

Beau. Too Studious for her Sex, and fell upon the Seducers of the Women, Plays, and Romances, from thence she form'd her self a Hero, a Cavalier, that could Love and talk like them ; whilst her Father without consulting her, provided a Husband, Rich, but wanting all *Scendries* Accomplishments, this Man she call'd Mopster, and finding the Marriage unavoidable, took her Jewels and what Money was in her Power, and in the Stage-Coach fled to this Populous Wilderness, if that can be proper, for here we are in Crowds conceal'd, as well as in a Desart.

Sir Fran. 'Twas strange.

Sir Char. I pity her, for I hate an Innocent inclination crost.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your Coach is ready.

Sir Fran. Allons Gentlemen.

[Exeunt.

Seene Bellinda's Apartment, appears with a Book.

Bell. In vain I fly to Books, the tuneful Numbers give me not a moments ease : In vain I've strove to walk in Virtues high, unerring Paths ; blind, rash inconsiderate Love, has pusht me from the blissfull state, and fixt me

Enter Mrs. Beau. Struggling 'midst ten thousand dangers : Here sweet Bard, thou suites me well ; [Opening the Book.

My anxious bos's roul heavily away,

Depriv'd of Sleep b. Night or Peace by Day.

Mrs. Beau. Poordisconsolate Dainosel, come leave this soft melancholly Poetry, it nurses your Disease.

Bell. You indeed, like a bright Ray of comfort, shoot through my endless night ; where's my dear destruction ?

Mrs. Beau. MrSpendlall said he would be here at noon.

Bell. He's ever here, I feel himbusit at my Heart, and when the wisht minute of his approach comes on, every Artery catches the Convulsive Joy : Dost not thou think me mad ?

Mrs. Beau. A little crais'd or so, my dear.

Bell. Bedlam, o're this, had been my proper mansion if your sweet Company had not composed my jarring thoughts, and given the warring Torments Intervals of rest.

Mrs. Beau. I must confess, tho I am wild to the very verge that Innocence allows,

allows, yet when my Uncle, that dear good man, told me, if e'er I meant to oblige him I must be a Companion, Friend, and Lover of his Mistress. The proposition startled me, but then I did not think there had been such a Mistress as my *Belinda*, nor Platonick Love in real practice.

Bell. True, my dear Friend, our Love is to the Modern Age, unpractic'd and unknown; yet so strict and so severe, are rigid Honour's Laws, that tho' not grossly, yet we still offend: had not Fate fixt a bar unpassable between us, how shou'd I have blest the accident that brought us first acquainted.

Mrs. Beau. You never told me the Story.

Bell. In short, 'twas thus; coming from the Play, mask'd with a Young Lady, a fluttering Fellow seized me, and spight of my intreaties grew rudely troublesome; I was never used to such Behaviour, and it throughly frightened me; Sir Charles being near, saw my unfeigned concern, and generously made the Brute desist, then led me safely to a Coach, observing where I bid the Coachman drive, he came to wait upon me, my fair Friend agen was with me and 'twas by her persuasions that I saw him: we found his conversation nicely civil and full of Innocent delight; I blush'd; and fondly thought this man my Amorous Stars in kindness destin'd for my happiness, butoh!—

Mrs. Beau. But Oh, he was married, and that spoiled all.

Bell. Therein I only can accuse him of deceit: He kept his marriage a fatal Secret till I had lost the power to banish him.

Mrs. Beau. I prithee dear *Bedinda* where wer't thou bred; I'm sure this Lewd Town never gave you such nice notions of honour.

Bell. My Friendship bars you of nothing but enquiring who I am.

Mrs. Beau. 'Tis true I beg your Pardon and am silent.

Bell. Only this I'll tell you, Madam, and as a warning never resolve, although you think it fully in your power, to keep your resolution. Mark it in me, I that thought to have stood the fairest pattern of my Sex; and would have blotted all the annals of guilty Love; yet now am lost fonder of my Beauclair than of Family or Fame, yet know him married, and Divine and humane Laws against me.

Mrs. Beau. For Humane Laws, I know not what to say, but sure Heaven had no concern, 'twas a detested match. Ruling Friends and Curst Aarice joyned this unthinking youth to the worst of Women: But no more of this how d'ye like your new Lodgings? The House is very large, have you no good Neighbours?

Bell. You know 'tis not my way to be acquainted; my impertinent maid sometimes teases me with a relation of a Merchant and pretty Lady; who came from the Indies and Lodge here.

Mrs. Beau. What are they, Mrs. Betty?

Bett. Nay, my Lady will ne'er hear me out; but I'm sure they are worth any Bodies observation, he looks like a Surly, Old, Rich Cuff, and she like an Intriguing Beautiful Jilt, as fine as a Queen covered with Jewels.

Bell. Ha' done with your Description, I'm sick of 'em both.

Mrs. Beau. Lord, you are so peevish, pray give me leave to ask Mrs. Betty little more Questions about 'em, what's his name?

Bett. An odd one Madam, they call him Mr. Flywifc.

Mrs. Beau. An odd one indeed, and contradicting his Actions when such a fine Dame belongs to him.

Bell.

Bell. Thou art a little Gossip to trouble thy head with other peoples Affairs; I heard news of yob, Madam, the other day, they say you are in Love, for all your seeming indifference.

Mrs. Beau. Yes, introth I am a little that way inclined; but my Spark is indeed too far from your *Cassandra* rules, his Mistresses are neither Angels nor Goddesses; truly Sir *Francis Wildove* is too mad even for me; tho' the Devil's in't, I can't forbear thinking of the Rambler.

Bell. Your Virtue and Beauty may reclaim him.

Mrs. Beau. It may be so; but I doubt he don't like Reforming *Enter Sir* so well as to try it. Ha, see who appears comely as rising day Charles. amidst ten thousand eminently known *Bellinda* this Heroic is designed for you, tho' somewhat barren of Invention, I was forc'd to borrow it.

Bell. Chearful, and thy mind at ease, happy Girl.

Sir Charles (*taking Bell's hand*) My Blessing.

Bell. My Fate, which I shou'd, but cannot curse.

Sir Char. Cousin I'm glad to find you here, you shall help perswade *Bellinda* to go abroad; I have promised to bring you both to Mrs. *Bantums*, I have provided a trifle of a Dinner, and Excellent Musick for digestion; there's only a Country Gentleman and Sir *Francis*, I know you love Sir *Francis* Neice.

Bell. You may be mistaken Sir; grant I did, wou'd you have me meet him? dear Uncle, don't make me so ridiculous.

Sir Char. I thought Neice you durst have trusted me with your Conduct, my Friends are no Brainless Beaux, no Lady Libellers, that extend innocent Favours, and bespatter the Reputations they cannot ruine.

Mrs. Beau. Then you think your Friend Sir *Francis* a very modest man.

Sir Char. No, my Dear, but your mildest men, if they have sense, as I am sure he has, know how to treat Women of Honour.

Mrs. Beau. Nay, I'm soon convinc'd, what say you, Madam?

Bell. I will go; for perhaps, Sir *Charles*, you think I've only invented Fears of being known, but you'll surely find, if any Accident discovers me, I shall be seen by you no more.

Sir Char. See thee no more! yes, I would see thee, tho' barr'd by foreign or domestick Foes; set on thy side Father or Husband, on mine Wife and Children, I'd rush through all Nature's Tyes to gaze on thee, to satisfie the longings of my Soul, and please my fond desiring Eyes.

Bell. Chide him *Beancclair*, let him not talk thus.

Mrs. Beau. Before he came you were at it; what can I say to two mad Folks?

Enter Spendall.

Spend. Your Servant Ladies. Sir *Charles*, is it not Dinaer-time? I am as hungry as a —

Mrs. Beau. Horse, I know the old expression; were I my Uncle, I'd as soon build an Hospital for the lazy, as undertake to satisfie thy voracious Appetite.

Sir Char. How hast thou of late disoblig'd my Neice, that she is so severe upon thee?

Spend. Only told her Ladifhip a Truth she could not bear.

Mrs. Beau. A Truth from thee, I rather think I could not hear it.

Spend.

Spend. I said, a she Wit was as great a Wonder as a Blazing-star, and as certainly foretold the World's turning upside down; yet 'spight of that the Lady will write.

Mrs. Beau. Brute! what did I ever write, unless it was thy Character, and that was so adroit, you had like to hang'd your self?

Sir Char. For my sake, Cousin, forbear.

Mrs. Beau. Let him take pett and not come to Dinner to day, if he thinks fit, 'tis not I that care.

Spend. No, I will come.

Mrs. Beau. That I would have sworn.

Spend. To give occasion, that you may draw this shining weapon Wit; it will dazzle the Assembly; if it pierces only me, no matter.

Mrs. Beau. Stuff, phaw, will you come, Madam, and put on your things?

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Sir Char. Dear *Spendall*, I must beg of you to step to our House, I made my Wife a kind of Promise to dine with her to day.

Spend. What shall I say?

Sir Char. Say I am gone to Court, she loves the Thoughts of being great, tho' most unfit for't.

Spend. But you know you promis'd to carry her Daughter Miss Peggy with you next time you went thither.

Sir Char. True; say I'm gone to the Tower: I'm call'd, { *Bellinda within,*
say any thing the Devil puts into your Head. { *Are you ready?*

[*Exeunt Sir Charles.*]

Spend. Yes, I shall say what the Devil puts into my Head, but not what you expect: Am I not then ungrateful? Has he not for several months fed, cloath'd and supported me? But what for, to be a meer Letter-carrier, an honourable Pimp for *Platonick Love*? He shall find I can employ my Parts better; he trusts me for his pleasure, and I'll betray him for mine.

[*Enter Lady Lyewell.*]

Ha, Lyewell! why come you hither?

Lyew. Phough, I saw Sir *Charles* and the Ladies go ont: besides, I want Money; I did not serve you so, when I was in my Lord *Worthy*'s Family.

Spend. Prithee don't be so furly, here's a Crown for thee, but I expect some Service for't: Is there ever a Strumpet in your Catalogue so well bred as to write?

Lyew. All the Whores in Town can scrawl if that will do.

Spend. Let one of 'em send immediately a nameless Letter to my Lady *Beauclair*, and inform her, That Sir *Charles* will be to day at Mrs. *Bantums* with a Whore, between three and four, by that hour, lest she come too soon and disturb our Dinner. Well, the Heiress is coming, I shall make thee amends.

Lyew. Ay, when you marry Mrs. *Beauclair*.

Spend. Hang her; I hinted Love but once, and she has abus'd me ever since. I have no luck with the Wits, now I have better Chase in view, a wealthy Fool, a Fool the Perquisite of a Sharper. Come with me, and I'll instruct you further.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Flywife and Jenny.

Mrs. Flyw. O how happy am I, to breath again my native *London Air!* I vow the Smoak of this dear Town delights me more than all the *Indian Groves*: happy too in meeting with one like thee; thou understand'st Intrigues, art cunning, subtle, as all our Sex ought to be, who deal with those deluders Men.

Jenn. Then your Ladiship lik'd not the *Indies*.

Mrs. Flyw. How was't possible I shou'd? Our Beaux was the Refuse of *Newgate*, and our Merchants the Offspring of foolish plodding Cits.

Jenn. Why went you, Madam?

Mrs. Flyw. So great is my Opinion of your Faith, I dare trust you with all my past life: My Friends bred me at a Boarding-school, and dy'd when I was but fourteen, leaving me nothing for my Portioff but Pride and a few tawdry Clothes; I was a forward Girl, and bartering what I had not the Wit to prize, a never to be receiver'd Fame was soon maintaine'd in Finery, Idleness, and darling Pleasure, but the deceitful Town grew weary of me sooner than I expected, and I sick of that, seeing other new Faces preferr'd before me; so picking up some Moneys, and a handsome Garb, I ventur'd to *Jamaica*.

Jenn. Madam, I hear my Master unlock his Study.

Mrs. Flyw. Oh Heavens! and this foolish Story put Sir *Francis Wildlove's* Letter quite out of my Mind. Have you writ as I directed?

Jenn. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Flyw. Give me the Letter and be gone, I would not have him think us great. [Exit Jenny.]

Enter Mr. Flywife. [As Mrs. Flywife goes to put up the Letter hastily, drops it. Come Fubby, will you go into the Dining-room the Chocolate is ready.

Mr. Flyw. And you, methinks, are ready too, Madam; beyond Sea 'twas a courted Favour, dress'd seldom, and careless; but since arriv'd at this damn'd Town, no cost, nor pains is spar'd; Curle upon my doating Folly, that listen'd to your Prayers, and sight of my Oath and strong Aversion, brought you back to the high road of Hell.

Mrs. Flyw. Is then my try'd Constancy suspected? Did I for this deny the richest Planters of the place, who courted me in an honest lawful way, and would have parted with their Wealth, dearer than their Souls, to have call'd me Wife, whilst I, slighting all their Offers, gave up my unsellied Bloom to you, only on your protest'd Love leaving *Jamaica*, fled with you to a remoter World, because you said your Circumstance was such, that if you liv'd with me, your *English Friends* must believe you dead.

Mr. Flyw. Well, and what was my Return to all this boasted Kindness? You may remember, Madam, your Cargo was sunk so low, 'twould scarce afford at the next Ships approach another *London Topping*; when I without a hated Lock for Life pour'd on ye more Riches than all your Husband-pre-tenders joyn'd together could aim at, gave you such a separate Fortune, that indeed I was forc'd to obey your Desires in coming into *England*, lest you should do't without my Leave.

Mrs. Flyw. Well, well, thou art a good Boy, prither no more wrangling Fubby; I vow and swear to morrow I'll be as great a Slattern as ever was, if that will please you, so I will.

Mr. Flyw. Ay, and want to go out to day, for all the gazing Fops to admire, tho' I have told you, I can't appear till I have enquir'd into my affairs, then to morrow, if you stay at home with me, Sackcloth will serve turn.

Mrs. Flyw. Lord, you are so frappish, if I was your Wife, sure Fubby, you would not be so jealous.

Mr. Flyw. My Wife quotha! no, no, I was once bewitch'd, but I found such a Plague, that — No more Wives, I say.

Mrs. Flyw. Well, I'll be any thing to please Fubby; Will you go in? Our Breakfast will be cold. [Exit Mrs. Flyw.

Mr. Flyw. (takes up the Letter) I'll follow you.
Ha! what's here? a Sonnet, I'll warrant; her gaping abroad has brought this: A Letter of her own, only the Hand is scrawld to disguise it. (reads)
If I were convinc'd your Passion was real, perhaps you might have no cause to complain: (fine advancing Devil) *be constant and discreet, you'll find none of our Sex ungrateful.* By thy burning Lust that's a damn'd Lye, for thou art thy self a most ungrateful Jilt: I'll catch her now, e're the Devil can be at her Elbow to invent a Lye, and if one wheedling Tongue does not destroy all my Senses, she shall feel my Rage.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Captain comes to bring you News your Ship is safe in the River.

Mr. Flyw. Be damn'd, there let it sink.

Serv. Shall I tell him so, Sir?

[Exit Serv.

Mr. Flyw. Jackanapes, I'll come to him. Is it impossible in Nature to be happy with or without a Woman? If they are virtuous, they are peevish, ill-natur'd, proud and coy;

If fair and complaisant, they please as well:
For then, by Heav'n, they are as false as Hell.

The End of the First ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Mrs. Flywife and Jenny.

Mrs. Flyw. H A, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing at your great concern. *Jenn.* O madam, if you did but see what a passion my master was in, you would not be so merry; he was like to beat the Sea-Captain, tho' he brought him the good news of his Ships arrival.

The Innocent Mistress.

Mrs. Flyw. Pho, mind what I say, and fear not ; I warrant you shall have the Letter again, and liberty to find Sir Francis Wildlove with it.

Jenn. Madam, he comes.

Mrs. Flyw. Well, well, be sure you do it handsomly.

(Sings.)

Never, never let her be your Wife.

That was loud that he might think me merry ; speak hussy.

Enter Elywife.

Jenn. (crying) Pray, madam, search again ; I have been a month of writing on't, and took it out of a Book too ; the man has sent me forty, before I could make shift to answer one till now : Oh ! oh !

Mrs. Flyw. Prithee don't tease me, I dropt it, 'tis gone, I'll write another for you, since you say the man is for a Husband, and can so well maintain you ; be quiet.

Mr. Flym. What's this ? faith not improbable, 'tis not my Damosels hand, now I have consider'd on't again. (Aside.)

Jenn. I had rather have lost my best Petticoat by half.

Mrs. Flyw. Cease your noise, or leave the Room.

Mr. Flyw. What's the matter ? having no occasion for a Quarrel, will be Money in my Pocket, I am sure. (Aside.)

Mrs. Flyw. Why Fubby, this foolish Wench, it seems, has a Country Lover, and beg'd of me to direct a Letter to him, which in troth I have lost, so she howls, that's all, Fubby.

Mr. Flyw. And I have found it : Come *Jenny*, to make amends for your Sorrow, I'll write the Superscription ; Whither is it to go ?

Jen. (aside to her Mistress) Madam, Madam.

Mrs. Flyw. O, I think I remember ; — to Jeffrey Scatterlove, at the Bull-Inn in Cambridge : so seal it and carry it, for these silly Girls never think it safe, unless they give it into the Post-house themselves, but make haste.

Jen. Have I got thee again, my dear sweet Letter ? (kissing it.)

Mrs. Flyw. A very raw foolish Girl this, my Dear.

Mr. Flyw. Faith Puggy, there had like to have bin a Quarrel ; I was almost afraid that Letter was a piece of Gallantry of yours.

Mrs. Flyw. Ay, ay, you are alwaies suspecting me, when Heaven knows I am such a poor constant Fool, I never so much as dream of any man but my own dear Fubby : Fubby, let I go.

Mr. Flyw. No, no, I'll run away, I won't hear you, I won't hear you. (Exit.)

Mrs. Flyw. Then I'll follow, and I am sure prevail. Oh, had my Sex but half my Cunning, the deceivers would find themselves deceiv'd ; from my Gallants I never found, but gave 'em killing Charms.

Fools ! when we love, our Liberties we lose ;
But when belov'd, with ease we pick and chuse.

(Exit.)

Enter Lady Beauclair and Cheatal.

La. Beau. Brother, I say you're a Fool.

Cheat. Fool in your Face. — — I'm no more a fool than your self. — — What would you have a man do ? — — Must I ravish her ? Don't I know Accessories have bin hang'd ! and here you'd have me Principal ! what, I understand

The Innocent Mistress.

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stand Law, —— I won't hang for your pleasure.

L.A. Beau. Yes, you understand Law ——

D'ye understand parting with a good Estate, which you must do if you han't this *Arabella*? Don't tell me of Ne — Ne — Necessaries, I say you shall marry her.

Cheat. Ay, but the Craft will be in catching, as the Saying is: why, I went but e'en now to take her by the Lilly-white Hand, as the Poet has it, and she threw a whole dish of scalding-hot Tea full in my Face, Dish and all. Cousin Peggy saw her; she call'd her all the names in *Civisdom*; she'll tell ye the same.

L.A. Beau. Ah poor Peggy! ay, she don't o've to see you abus'd; —— were that Minks like Peggy, you were but too happy. Well — when will you give Peggy that Diamond Necklace? The Sparks are almost mad for her, — she has the Lord knows how many Sweethearts; there's Squire — what d'ye call him?

Cheat. (*aside*) So, now she's got upon her Daughter's Sweethearts — she'll ne'er ha' done.

L.A. Beau. There's Sir John Empty, and Mr. Flutter, and Capt. Noisy, say the finest things to her, but the Wench is so coy, and my Rogue of a Husband will let nothe of 'em come home to her, but calls 'em Fops, and Boars, and the Lord knows what.

Cheat. O Lord, Boars! Beaux you mean. —— O Lord, Boars!

L.A. Beau. Well, she has of all sorts, —— and if there be twenty Women in company, all the rout is made about her; and the Girl doth so blush — I vow and swear it makes her look woundy handsum.

Cheat. Ay, you call'd me fool, but I'll be hang'd if ye don't make a fool of her, mark the end on't; marry her to some honest Tradesman, that's fittest for her.

L.A. Beau. Pray don't you trouble your musty Pate about her: —— No, she scorns a Citizen, she would not have my Lord Mayor's Son; she's a Girl of discretion: I was married young too, and I look'd after all my first Husband's Affairs.

Cheat. (*aside*) True, till he went the Lord knows whither to be quiet.

L.A. Beau. Indeed this young fellow is not worthy the Name of a Husband; I have a good mind to let the World know what a deceitful piece 'tis.

Enter Mrs. Peggy, eating Plumb-cake.

Peg. Mother! mother!

L.A. Beau. What's the matter Child?

Peg. Here's Mrs. *Arabella* does nothing but jeer and abuse me; she says eating between meals will spoil my Shape, and I snatch'd a Book out of her hand, and she said a Primer was fitter for me.

L.A. Beau. I'll never endure this, how dare she affront my Daughter?

Cheat. So, I'm like to have a fine life, nothing but scolding and noise; for my part, I'd rather not marry at all: if she is thus randy beforehand what will she be afterwards? In a short time I shall be made Ballads on, and my Picture set before 'em just like the Summons to *Horn-fair*.

The Innocent Mistress.

La. Beau. Yes, yes, you shall marry her ; and we'll tame her too, I'll warrant you.

Peg. Here she comes, here she comes, as mad as a Turky-cock.

Enter Mrs. Arabella.

Arab. Why am I us'd thus ? Your Servants are forbid to call me either Coach or Chair ; Are you my Jaylor ? You, Oaf, I speak to.

Cheat. Mistres, 'twould be better for you if you had other words in your mouth, I'll tell you that.

Peg. You shan't gallop your ——

La. Beau. Hold *Peggy*, let me speak. —— What's the reason, *Mrs. Arabella*, you take this Privilege here ? —— You know your Fortune is at our dispose, so shall your Person be, else you must expect nothing.

Arab. Had I but heard your Characters, I'd sooner have been expos'd a Beggar in this inhospitable World, than e'er set my Feet within your Doors.

La. Beau. I'd have you to know our Correctors are honest Correctors ; I wish yours prove so.

Cheat. Don't provoke me, I say, don't.

Arab. Why : you won't beat me, —— I hear there is a sensible Man amongst ye, I'll appeal to him, if you'd let me see him.

La. Beau. That's my Husband you mean ; —— No, you shan't see him, nor such as you are, if I can help it.

Peg. What i would you see my Vather-in-law, to tell Lies and Stories to him ? No, no, don't mistake your self.

Arab. Away, you smell of *Aqua Mirabilis*.

La. Beau. Oh Impudence ! She smell of strong Waters ! She hates it. — Come hither *Peggy*, let me smell, thy Breath us'd to be as sweet as any Cows.

Peg. (aside) What shall I do ? I've been at my Mother's Bottle ; I won't come to satisfie her nor you neither. What ails ye, — d'ye know ?

Arab. No, don't, Miss. —— Well, since I must have neither Attendance nor Convenience, I'll go a-foot. *(is going.)*

Cheat. Hold ye, hold ye, you are not gone yet, as the Saying is.

(Takes her by the Arm.)

Arab. Was ever Usage like this ?

La. Beau. Your Usage has been but too good, let me tell you that ; I'll show you such Usage as you deserve. *Hug — Uggum*, — what a Devil is your Name ? I hate a Wench with a hard Name.

(Enter Eugenia.)

Here, lock up *Mrs. Flippant* in the dark Room.

Peg. (jumping about) Ay, lock her up, lock her up, I say.

Cheat. (grinning in her Face) Yet, *Mrs. Bella*, be rul'd by me, — give me one sweet look, and let me take a Hony Kiss, and you shan't be lock'd up ; —— No, you shan't be lock'd up, — but go abroad with me, and have your Bellyful of Cakes and Custards. — Shall I ? — Shall I ?

Arab. There's the Kiss, and for a Look, I wish my Eyes were Basilisks.

(Strikes him.)

Peg.

Peg. O Lord, Mother, how she swears !

Cheat. Oh my Chops, my Chops ! lock her up ; hang her, she's a Fury.

La. Beau. Abominable ! come hither, hath she hurt ye ?

Arab. Oh Eugenia ! last night, when you heard my Story, you, in gentle pity, wept ; —— Assist me now, or I'm lost.

Eugen. Have Patience, Madam, and believe me yours.

La. Beau. (*aside to her Brother*) I say, keep the Key your self, I don't like her greatness with the Maid.

Cheat. "Tis locking up, I fear 'tis against Law, Sister.

La. Beau. Pho, I fear nothing ; — Are not you a Squire, and rich ? — you're above the Leaw.

Cheat. Ay ; but Knights ha' been hang'd, —— I dread hanging — I tremble alwaies when I think on't.

La Beau. Hang'd ! there's no danger of being hang'd ; what, — ha' ye no Courage ?

Cheat. Yes, I have Courage, and that she shall find ; my Injuries, as I have read it, steel my Eyes. Mrs *Arabella*, —— I could swear the Peace against you, and have you before a Justice ; —— but I will spare you the Shame, and punish you my self : —— Come along.

Arab. Resistance is in vain, —— but I will be reveng'd, or kill my self.

Cheat. Ay, ay, kill your self, and then I shall have your Estate, without being troubl'd with your Person. — I'll humble you.

Arab. And Heaven punish thee.

Cheat. Don't trouble your musty Pate about Heaven, (as my Sister says) but come along.

Peg. Away with her, away with her.

Arab. I take Heaven and Earth to witness, I believe you design to murder me.

Cheat. There's no such Design ; besides your Witnesses are not valid, — I never heard their Evidence go in any Tryal in all my life.

La. Beau. No, it is not to murder ye, but make ye better : No more words, but let it be done. (*Exeunt, manent La. Beau. and Peggy.*)

Peg. I'm glad she's to be lock'd up, — for had any Gentlemen come to see me, she's so pert, her Tongue would ha' bin running.

Enter Cheatall with a Key, and Gentil and Eugenia.

Cheat. Here I have her double lock'd, i'faith neither Window nor Mouse-hole in the Room : *Gentil*, — fetch my Cloak, — I'll to my Lawyer Mr. Cobble-case, for my Mind misgives me plaguely.

Gent. Shall I wait on you, Sir ?

Cheat. No, no, stay at home, and if any one asks for Mrs. *Arabella*, say, She does not lodge here.

Gent. Yes.

Cheat. B'w'y Sister.

La. Beau. Your Journey is needless, but you may go if you will ; and, d'ye hear, ask Mr. Cobblecase to come and dine here, he's a Batchelor. — You should alwaies be thinking of *Peggy*.

Cheat.

Cheas. Well, well.

Peg. O Mother, yonder's Mr. Spendall a coming, — he's grown very fine of late.

La. Beau. Ay, if he would leave your Vather's Company, and make out what he says about his intail'd Estate, the man is not to be despis'd.

Enter Spendall.

Spend. My Lady Beauclair, your most humble. Dear pretty Creature, yours.

[Kisses her.]

La. Beau. Lord, Mr. Spendall, what d'ye do? — well, I wonder *Peg* endures it. — I'll vow and swear, Mr. *Spendall*, Knights presume no farther than to kis the tip of my Daughters little Finger, and you make nothing of her Lips.

Spend. How! make nothing of 'em! pardon me, Madam; I put 'em to the use Nature design'd: — They are as sweet as — and as soft as — Gad, I must taste 'em again to raise my Fancy.

Peg. Be quiet, let me alone, Mr. *Spendall*.

Spend. (singing) *Oh, give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll taste those dangerous Lips no more.*

La. Beau. You're a strange man, — but come — sing us a Song of your own — Husband says you can make Verses.

Peg. But let it be as like that as you can, for methinks that is very pretty.

Spend. (aside) Does the Fool think I shall make it *ex tempore*? — however, I have one pretty near it, as it happens. I'll rather expose myself, than not endeavour to divert you, Madam.

[Sings, whilst the Mother and Daughter imitate his Gestures.]

A SONG by Mr. —,

AT dead of Night, when wrap'd in Sleep
The Peacefull Cottage lay,
Pastora leftr her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and needless Scrip,
Love led the Nymph astray.

Loose and Undreſt ſhe takes her flight
To a near Myrtle-blade:
The conſcious Moon gave ſplendid light,
To Bleſs the Raviſht Lover's ſight,
And gain the Loving Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph Embrace,
And, to aſſuage the Pain,
His reſleſs Paſſion he obeys:
At ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place,
What Lover cou'd contain?

*In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no succour gave ;
The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look'd on,
And seem'd to wink at what was done,
Nor wou'd her humour save.*

*Vanquish'd at last by powerful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay ;
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd, and dy'd away.*

*Tet Blest the Grove, her happy Flight,
And Youth that did betray
And panting, dying with Delight,
She Blest the kind transporting Night,
And Curse approaching Day.*

La. Beane. Thank ye, 'tis very fine, I'll vow and swear.

Peg. So'tis indeed Mother.

La. Beane. Now, to leave fooling, where's my Husband ?

Spend. I know not, I han't seen him these two days. — Here my Father writes to me, if I will take up, (that's the old man's Expression) and find a virtuous Woman with a Fortune, he will give me Three thousand pounds down, and settle Eight hundred a year, — and, faith, I am trying to obey' the rich Cuff, and wean my self from my old Friends and the dear Bottle.

La. Beane. Ay, you do very well, Mr. Spendall; I should be overjoy'd to see you take up, and perhaps a Fortune may be found : — I'll say no more — but a thorow Reformation will produce strange matters, matters I little thought of; — but I'll say no more.

Spend. Your Ladiship must not say a word of this to Sir Charles, for then he'll forbid me the sight of this dear Creature, whose Charms alone have power to work the mention'd Reformation.

La. Beane. No, no, fear not that, I han't so many Friends, to go the ready way to lose 'em.

Peg. For my part, I don't love Vather so well, to tell him any thing of us.

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Madam, here's a Penny-post Letter to your Ladiship.

La. Beane. To me !

Peg. I warrant 'tis to me, from some Spark.

La. Beane. Stand away Hussy, 'tis durracted to my — my Lady Beancclair, — What's this [ammering at it] Mrs. Bante's the Indian House ? — Read it, Mr. Spendall, some mischief, I believe. (*Spend. reads*) " Tho' unknown, I cannot forbear, in Justice to your Ladiships Merit, in-
" forming

" forming you, that Sir *Charles*, at four a clock, will be with a Mistress, at Mrs. Bantam's ; use your Discretion, but assure your self it is a Truth.

La. Beau. O the Villain, the Rogue ! the confounded Whore ! I'll tear his and her Eyes out ; always at home he's sick, his Head aches, and he must lye alone : Ah, Mr. *Spendlall*, if I should tell you the naked Truth, you'd say, he was a Villain too ; I've often told him his own with Tears, and the brazen-fac'd Villain has forswore it. My Husband with a Whore ! I have no Patience ; I'll go there immediately, and stay till he comes.

Peg. Ay, do mother, and I'll go with you, and help to pull their Eyes out.

Spend. Are you both mad ? Why all there love Sir *Charles* to that degree they'd watch and turn him back, —— you'd never conceal your Passion, —— your only way is to come after the hour, and then you'll certainly surprize 'em.

La. Beau. That's true ; well, good Mr. *Spendlall* stay and comfort me, —— I fear I shall have my Flts, and then no two men can hold me.

Spend. I would with all my Heart, and esteem my self happy to serve you, but my Father has sent me twenty Guineas for a Token, and if I don't go this minute, the man will be gone out of Town, and carry 'em back with him.

La. Beau. Nay, that is not to be neglected. —— Come Child, we'll go to my Cousin *Pratt*'s, and tell her this News : my Husband with a Whore ! —— I cannot bear it.

Spend. I must seize a Kiss, else I shall faint before I see you agen.

Peg. Pish, pish, I think the man's distractred.

La. Beau. Is this a time, —— and my Husband with a Whore ! I wish my Nails were twice as long for her sake. —— Ali Child, thy Vather was another gues man than this, tho' he had Faults too. Come away : Your Servant Mr. *Spendlall*.

Peg. Your Servant Sir.

La. Beau. My Husband with a Whore !

[Exeunt *La. Beauclair* and *Peggy*.]

Spend. Ladies, your most obedient Slave. —— Thus far Affairs go on as I could wish. Now if my Lady does but abuse *Bellinda*, till it come to parting between Sir *Charles* and she, then my *Mis*; being out of his Tuition, I fear not her falling into mine : —— She's damn'd silly, I am forc'd to let all Courtship lye in Kissing, for she understands a Complement no more than Algebra. —— Well — her Wealth makes it up. —— Now for Dinner. (Exit.)

Scene Changes to Sr. James Park.

Enter Sir Charles Beauclair, Bellinda and Mrs. Beauclair.

Mrs. Beau. This Walk i'th' Park has done me good.

Bell. 'Twas very refreshing.

Mrs. B. Is not this better now dear *Bellinda*, than reading and sighting a-way every beauteous Morning.

Bell. Yes, if at each gazer the conscious Blushes wou'd forbear to rise, if I cou'd look upon this object of my Love and Virtue, not shrink back, it were true happiness.

Sir Char. My lovely Charmer, let me call this day mine, and oblige you to be cheerful.

Mrs. B. I warrant ye, by and by we'll be as merry as the — you know the title that sticks ahand, Uncle,— ha, yonder's Sir Francis Wildlove, for Heaven's fake step behind the Trees, whilst I clap on my Mask, and prole towards Rosamond's Pond, and he, no doubt, pursues.

Bell. You will not sure.

Mrs. B. Indeed, my dear Gravity, I will; that is, with your leave, Sir.

Sir Char. Well thou art a mad Girl, but I dare trust thee, come this way, Madam. Exit.

Mrs. B. crosses the Stage, Sir Fran. Wildlove following at a distance.

Sir Fran. What's there, a Woman well Shap'd, well Drest, Mask'd and alone! how many Temptations has the Devil tack'd together for a poor frail Mortal, that scarce needed half a one! the Handkercheif dropt, a fair invitation, a duce take her agility, she has been too nimble for me, however I'll venture, — Madam, by your remaining, wh'n the whole Army of Beauties are retir'd, I should gues' you Picceer for a particular prize.

Mrs. B. Then I suppose you have vanity enough to think your well-rigg'd Pinnace worth securing.

Sir Fran. Faith, Child, I hope you wou'd not find the freight disagreeable.

Mrs. B. Now I cou'd not have thought such a hopeful proper Gentleman, woud have been stragling in the Park this Hour; what, no Lady of Quality, nor Miss that appears like one to lead out to day, no Assignation? or is the plague upon your fine Cloths, Credit out, and Pocket empty?

Sir Char. Shall I tell you the truth.

Mrs. B. Yes, if you can find in your heart.

Sir Fran. Why then, Faith, I have an Appointment, and that with Ladys, nay, and Musick; yet if you'll be kind, my dear Chicken, they shall wait for me in vain. By Heav'n, a charming side face. (Coming nearer her.)

Mrs. Stand off, or I vanish, but tell me what makes you so indifferent to your first engagement? The Women are Old I suppose.

Sir Fran. Alas, very Buds, my Dear.

Mrs. B. Ugly then.

Sir Fran. Beautiful as Angels.

Mrs. B. What can be the matter?

Sir Fran. Don't you gues' why they are Vertuous. I have a Mistress there, confound me if I am not damnable in Love with her, and yet cou'd never get my self in a vein serious enough to say o. e dull, foolish, modest thing to her.

Mrs. B. Poor Gentleman, suppose you practis'd before you went, and fancy'd me the Lady.

Sir Fran. A Match.

Mrs. B. With Arms across.

Sir Fran. And the looks of an Ass, I begin, ah Madam! — how was that figh?

Mrs. B. Pretty well.

Sir Fran. Behold the humblest of your Slaves: see the Martyr of your Frowns;

Frowns ; those Arms must heal the Wounds your Eyes have made, or else I
dye ; they must, they must.

(*Rushing upon her.*)

Mrs. B. Hold, hold ! — Sir Charles, Sir Charles, here I shall be ravish'd in the
open Park.

(*Unmasking.*)

Sir Fran. O Heavens ! Mrs. Beauclair !

Enter Sir Charles and Bellinda.

Sir Char. Why how now Frank, in Raptures before the face of the World
and the Sun !

Sir Fran. Pshaw, I do confess I am caught.

Bell. If you had come to any harm, Madam, you might have thank'd your
self.

Mrs. B. (aside) No great harm neither, to have a hearty Hug from the man
one loves.

Sir Fran. Madam, I humbly ask your Pardon.

Mrs. B. It is easily granted, 'twas a Frolick of my own beginning.

Sir Fran. This Generosity wholly subdues my wandering Heart.

Mrs. B. Have a care of getting into the dull, foolish, modest Road, Sir
Francis.

Sir Fran. No more of that, dear madam.

Sir Cha. Come, I believe Dinner stays ; where's your Friend Mr. Beaumont ?

Sir Fran. He'll be there before us.

Sir Cha. Let's to our Chairs, I dare say the Ladies are tir'd.

Bell. Truly I am.

Enter Jenny, and pulls Sir Francis by the Sleeve ; he steps aside with her.

Jen. Sir, the Lady that came lately from the Indies, whom you have seen
at the Play, sends you this ; the odnes of the Supercription she'll explain to
you.

Sir Fran. O the charming Angel ! dear Girl, accept my Acknowledgment,
and step behind those Trees whilst I lead my Mother and my Aunt into their
Chairs, I'll be with you in a moment.

Mrs. B. O the wretched Libertine ! but to take notice on't would shew too
much Concern.

Sir Cha. Sir Francis, where are you ?

Sir Fra. Here, at your Elbow, Sir Charles : Madam, may I presume to lead
you to your Chair ?

Mrs. B. Yes Sir, tho' I believe, as your Affairs stand, you could 'bate the
Ceremony.

Sir Fran. The greatest Affairs in Christendom should not hinder me from
waiting on your Ladiship.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Jenny.

Jen. No faith, they are not of the Shape of motherly and elderly Aunts :
Pl'll not stay here, but watch where they go, and tell my Lady what a Ram-
bler she has chose.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to a House.

Enter Mrs. Flywife.

Mrs. Flyw. So with much coaxing I have got my jealous Fellow to let me go
out this afternoon, on the pretence of buying things, and seeing an old Aunt,
if

If this Wench wou'd come and tell me where the mad Spark will be, I'll venture to give him the meeting; have you found him?

Enter Jenny.

Jen. Yes, Madam, but I perceive he's a sad wild man, he was engaged with two Masks, and wou'd fain have flamm'd me off 'twas his Mother, but I saw by their Meen and Dress they were young.

Mrs. Flyw. What said he to you?

Jen. Seem'd much pleased, but shie: Bid me stay, and promis'd to return presently; I thought I should do your Ladyship more service in seeing where they went, so I dogg'd 'em to Mrs. *Bantam's* our Neighbour and hous'd 'em all there.

Mrs. Flyw. Very good, and by and by, I'll to *Locket's*, and send for him, I fancy I know the Gentleman's humours so well, that he'll certainly forsake old acquaintance for those of a newer date, tho' he ventures changing for the worse: he seem'd eager and pleas'd, fierce and fond, and swore my Charms were unequall'd. His swearing indeed signifies but little, the Banquet o're,

Yet sure he'll meet when Love and I invite,
For Love's his God, and leads him to delight.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

Enter Eugenia, follow'd by Gentil.

Gent. Whither so fast, Mrs. *Eugenia*?

Eug. Stop me not, I am upon an Act of Charity, trying to free the Immur'd Lady; — I have been picking up all the Rusty Keys in the house, in hopes to accomplish it.

Gent. Why you'll loose your place.

Eug. Hang my place, — There's not one in the Family understands a Grain of Civility, except Sir *Charles*; and if he speaks to me my Lady pulls my Head-cloaths off — Come I know you don't love that Lubberly Cox-comb, your Master — E'en joyn with me, assist in *Arabella's* Liberty, and recover her Fortune, and I dare engage she'll make ours. Besides, to tell you the Truth, I have received ten Guineas to day, from one Mr. *Beaumont*, to endeavour her freedom.

Gent. That's a most prevailing Argument, I confess. What I do is for your sake Mrs. *Eugenia*.

Eug. In hopes to go snacks with the Gold. Ha, *Gentil!* Well, well, stay here I'll return immedately. [Exit, and Re-enter with *Arabella*. 'Tis done, 'tis done, is this a Bird to be concealed in such a dark and Dismal Cage?

Arab. Well thou art a rare Girl. O if thou cou'dst but conjure now, and get

get the Writings of my Estate for me, five hundred Pound shou'd be thy own next moment, Wench.

Gent. Say you so, Madam, Gad I'll turn Devil but it shall be done.

Eug. Why what wou'd that signify to you Fool?

Gent. Well, mind the Ladies busines, and let me alone to take care of yours.

Eug. First let us take care of the 'Squire, Gad if I don't manage that Booby, I'll give you leave to cut my Apron, and make a slobering Bib on't.

Gent. Well, what's your contrivance?

Eug. Why, I'll go in again, pour down a Bottle of Red-Ink I know of, make all fast, and swear he has murdered ye. A Cross Old Woman lately, to whom he wou'd give nothing, told him, she read it in his Phys, That he wou'd come to be hang'd ; which the superstitious Fool has ever since been afraid of ; very indifferent Circumstances will Confirm that Fear, and bring him to a Complayance.

Arab. My better Angel! It has a Lucky face —— It looks like thee —— but how must I be disposed of?

Eug. If you please to go to Mrs. Beauchairs, Sir Charles's Neice, she's a Woman Cheerfull, Witty, and Good, and will assist you in every Thing.

Arab. I've heard so well of her, I dare venture to be obliged to her, come let's make haste,

Eug. *Gentil*, get the back door open, and let none of the Servants see us go out ; I'm sure we shall be lucky, because my Termagant Lady won't be at home to day to disturb us.

Arab. Come then, I long to quit the House I have been so ill us'd in. *Ex.*

Scene changes to the India House.

Enter Sir Francis Wildlove.

Sir Fran. A Duse of all ill luck, I have lost my little Ambassadress from my dear Indian Queen, 'twas a Charmer : how can an old Cu-mudgeon have the Indudence to hope he shou'd keep such a lovely Creature to hi self? For a Husband or Cally, I find by her discourse, she has, and by the Description, she hates him, which is a good step for me.

Enter Searchwell.

Search. Sir, all the Company is coming into this Room, to hear the Mufick.

Sir Fran. Gad so, a'e they ? then I must wait upon Mrs. Beauchair down. Sirrah, you are a purblind Dog, not to find the pretty Letter-Carrier.

Search. I think I see a Woman as soon as another, else I'm sure I were not fit for your Honour's Service. I'll swear she was not in the Park : I searcht it three times over as carefully as I had been to looka Needle in a Bottle of Hay, and hang'd if I did not find it.

Sir Fran. What a Comparison the Puppy has ! D'ye hear, if you do not find her out, I shall Discard you for an Insignificant Blockhead, for I am Damnably and Desperately in Love with her Mistress. *Exit, Sir Fran.*

Search. Ah Lard, Ah Lard, Desperately and Damnably in Love with her, and never saw her but twice at a Play, and then she was in a Mask... Well my Master would be the best of men if 'twere not for these Whores I am harassed

harassed off my Legs after 'em; the Pox, the Plague, that belongs to 'em, consume 'em all I say.

Enter Sir Charles, Beauclair, Sir Francis Wildlove, Beaumont, Spendall, Belinda and Mrs. Beaumont.

Sir Char. Ladies, how d'ye like your small Regalio?

Mrs. Beau. Extreamly; for ought I know, *Sir Charles*, you may repeat shewing me the way to gad abroad.

Bell. What Opinion, Madam, do you think this Gentleman will have of us, for I presume the young Ladies in the Country are not so free of their Company?

Mrs. Beau. No, poor Gentlewomen —— They are Condemned to the Government of some Toothless Aunt or Grannum, visit but once a year, and that in the Summer season, when the heat covers the Ruddy Lasses with sweat and dust. The Winter they divert themselves with Blindman's Buff among the serving men; where, too often, one sprucer than the rest, whispers Love to Miss Jenny, and seduces even the Eldest Daughter.

Beaumont. Tho' some have been guilty of those weakneses, you must not accuse all.

Mrs. Beau. All who are confin'd there, never suffer'd to see the World — for granting one more thinking than the rest, who has power and obeys her Father, in suffering the Addresses of the next adjacent Squire, she either dies of a Consumption (Pining after pleasures more refin'd) or else o'recome with Vapors, runs melancholly mad.

Beaumont. (to *Bell.*) Madam you sigh'd at this pretty Description.

Bell. Did I?

Beaumont. Both her deportment and face confirm my suspirions. *(aside.)*

Sir Char. You are thoughtfull, *Frank.*

Mrs. Beau. Wou'd you have him brisker, Uncle? 'tis but my clapping on a Mask, and 'tis done. *Sir Francis,* do I wrong you, have I not seen you at a Play flighting all the bare-fac'd Beauties, hunting a Trollop in a Mask with pains and pleasure; Nay, more for her gaping Nonsensical Banters, neglecting immortal Dryden's Eloquence, or Congreve's unequall'd Wit.

Sir Fran. I own sometimes I divert my self with the little Gypsies.

Mrs. Beau. Ay, and disturb the Audience.

Sir Fran. Faith, Madam, I must speak freely, tho' you are a Woman of Quality, and my Friend's Neice, you talk so prettily, 'tis pity you shou'd not do it often in a Mask: But then agen, you are so pretty, 'tis pity you shou'd ever wear one.

Mrs. Beau. I did not design by railing to beg a Compliment; *Sir Charles*, where's the Musick?

A Song by Mrs. P——, Sung by Mr. Hodgson.

When I languish'd, and wifb'd you wou'd something bestow,
Tou bad me to give it a Name;
But, by Heaven, I know it as little as you,
Tho' my Ignorance passes for Shame:

You

The Innocent Mistress.

You take for Devotion each passionate Glance,
 And think the dull Fool is sincere,
 But never believe that I speak in Romance
 On purpose to tickle your Ear.
 To please me then more, think still I am true,
 And hug each Apocryphal Text :
 Tho' I practice a thousand false Doctrines on you,
 I shall still have enough for the next.

[A Dance.]

A Dialogue, between two Platonic Lovers : The Words
by Mr. Motteux, and set by Mr. Eccles.

He. **H**ow long must I the hours employ
 To see, be lov'd, yet ne'er enjoy ?
 Tho' to curb loose desires I try,
 Sure I may wish at least to die ?
 Dye then, Poor Strephon, wretched Swain ;
 Nor only live to love in vain,

She. Live, hopeless Lover, while I grieve
 Much for thy Fate, but more for mine ;
 For mine, my Dear, Condemn'd to live,
 To Love, be Lov'd, yet ne're be thine.

He. Oh, See me, Love me, Grieve me still,
 Till Love's excess, or Sorrow's kill,
 'Tis not my self I Love, but thee,
 Then I must dye to set thee free.

She. No, Live and Love, tho' hope is dead ;
 For 'tis a Virtue so to Love :
 The Gold's refin'd, the Dross is fled,
 The Martyrs thus in Flames improve.

Both. Then let us Love on, and never Complain,
 But Fan the kind Fire, and Bless the dear Pain.
 For whyto Despair shou'd true Lovers be driven ?
 Since Love has his Martyrs, he must have his Heaven.

Spend.

Spend. My Lady Beauclair will be here strait, I'll e'en march off. [is going.]
Sir Cha. What, desert us, Jack! tho' the Ladies won't drink, you may.

Spend. I beg your Pardon, Sir Charles, — I have made an Afflignation with some Women of Quality of my Acquaintance.

Mrs. B. Women of Quality! what, your Landresses Daughter, or some pert, sneering, tawdry Thing of a Shop, vain, and proud to lose what she understands not, her Reputation; she also brags, she's coming to Quality when she meets you.

Spend. I shall not expose their Names, to convince your Ladisip of their Rank.

Bell. O, by no means debar the Gentleman of his Quality.

Sir Fran. You see the Ladies are willing to dismiss you, Jack.

Spend. I'm their very humble servant. *(Exit.)*

Immediately after Enter Lady Beauclair, (pushing away a Servant Maid) and Mrs. Peggy.

La. Beaucl. Ye lye, ye dam'd Quean, he is here, — ha! — and his Minion with him! — let me come at her —

[Leaps, and catches hold of her.]

Sir Cha. Hell and Furies! my Wife! — Madam, why all this Rage? Don't you see my Neice? the other is a Friend of hers, a Woman of Honour.

La. Beaucl. Your Neice is a Pimp, and she's a Whore! I'll mark her —
Sirrah — Villain! Oh, oh my Fits! my Fits! *(Falls in a Chair.)*

Sir Cha. Fly, my Bellinda, from her brutal Rage, whilst I Wedlocks slave stay and appease this hateful storm.

Bel. 'Tis but what I ought to have expected; 'tis just I should be punish'd, to prevent my being guilty.

Sir Fran. Dear Beaumont, carry this injur'd Lady off, whilst we bear the brunt.

Mrs. B. Go to my Lodgings, Child.

Bel. Any where, to Death or Hell, if there can be a greater Hell than what this Bosom feels.

Peg. O Lo. O Lo. I believe my Mother's dead.

Sir Cha. You know the contrary; these Fits are a new Trick Nature has furnish'd the Sex with. — Heretofore Tears and Smiles were the highest part their Dissimulation could attain.

{ All this while Lady Beauclair has been faintly striving, as in a Fit, and now shrieks out — — Oh! oh!

Mrs. B. Give her some Water.

Sir Cha. Give her some Wine, else you'll disoblige her more, to my Knowledge, than the Fits.

Peg. (aside) And well thought on, — I'll steal behind and drink a Glass of Wine, — my stomach's a cold. { Goes to the Side-table, whilst they are about the

Chair and drinks two or three Glasses of Wine.

La. Beaucl. (starting up) No, Villain, Devil! I'll drink none of your Wine, — it may be poison'd.

Sir

Sir Cha. Oh, you had not lost all your Senses, you could hear, I find.

La. Beau. Rogue, and I'll make thee feel, I'll tear thy Linnen, Hair, thy
cursed Eyes.

Sir Cha. Hold, Madam, as I'm a Gentleman, use me like one.

Mrs. B. Sir Francis, here's an excellent Argument on your side, here's Ma-
trimony in its true colours.

Sir Fra. No, Madam, her Carriage is not a Satyr on the whole Sex, — it
but sets off better Wives.

La. Beau. Yes, you were a Gentleman, and that was all, when I married
ye, the poor third Brother of a Knight, 'twas I brought your Estate; if since
by your Friends death one has fell, must I be abus'd, sirrah?

Sir Cha. Madam, you have not been abus'd; you know that I was in my
Nonage married, saw not with my own Eyes, nor chose for my unhappy self;
e're I liv'd with ye, I posseß'd an Estate nobler, a larger far than yours, which
you have still commanded; nay, I have often urg'd ye to Diversions, in hopes
it would have alter'd that unquiet mind, but all in vain.

La. Beau. Divartions! what Divartions? Yes, you had me to the Play-
house, and the first thing I saw was an ugly black Devil kill his Wife, for
nothing; then your *Metridate King o' the Potearies*, your *Timon the Atheist*,
the Man in the Moon, and all the rest — Nonsense, Stuff, I hate 'em.

Sir Cha. I need say no more, — Now, Madam, you have shown your
self.

La. Beau. Shown, what have I shown? send for your Gilflurt to show:
I have shown nothing but a virtuous Face.

Mrs. B. All Virtue does not lie in Chastity, tho' that's a great one.

La. Beau. Well Cousin, I'm sorry to see you take such Courses, I would not
have my Peg like you for the Varsal World. *Peg,* what a Colour this Child
has got! fretting for me, I'm afraid, has put her into a Fever.

Sir Fran. Come, Madam, let's compose these Differences; your Anger is
groundless — upon my Word. Not well, pretty miss! will you drink a
Glass of Wine? (*Mrs. Peggy hiccup.*)

Peg. No, I thank you, — I cannot abide it.

La. Beau. Poor Girl, she never drinks any thing strong, except she's very
sick indeed.

Sir Cha. And she's very often sick, poor Creature! — about some five or
six times a day. — Madam, shall I wait on you home? I think we may quit
this place with Shame enough.

Mrs. Peg. (*to her Mother, aside*) Don't be Friends, for Mr. Spendall sent me
word, he'd meet us in the Park, and if Father goes with us, how shall
that be?

La. Beau. I don't intend it; — No, Hypocrite, you shan't stir a step
with me, if thou dost, I'll make a bigger noise below, and raise the House
about thy Ears. Come *Peg.* (*Exeunt La. Beau. and Peggy.*)

Mrs. B. My Aunt's Noise is her Guard, none dare approach her.

Sir Cha. Her going out can't be more ridiculous than her coming in.

Mrs. B. Sir Charles, Let not your noble Courage be cast down; Sir Cha. Outrageous Clamours are no News to me; but I dread how my Bellinda may resent it.

Sir Fran. I wonder, Sir Charles, you have Patience to live with this violent Woman.

Sir Cha. 'Tis for my Fair one's sake, who, nicely jealous the World would say she had occasion'd our parting, has sworn never to see me more, if I attempt it.

Enter Searchwell.

Searchw. (aside to Sir Fran.) Sir, Sir, the Lady you are so damnably in love with sends word, if you disengage your self from your Company, she'll be at Locker's in half an hour.

Mrs. B. Is it so, i faith?

Sir Fran. (to him) Coxcomb, what need you ha' spoke so loud? Tell him I'll not fail to wait on him. Well, Sir Charles, you'll to Bellinda.

Sir Cha. No, I'll first go home, and try to stop the farther Fury of my Wife.

Sir Fran. Madam, I had Hopes you would have done me the Honour to let me wait on you this Afternoon, but it has happen'd so unluckily, that an o'd Uncle of mine, to whom I am much oblig'd,

Mrs. B. (aside to him) Oh, I'm your Uncle's Servant. Sir, there needs no Excuse, your Company being at this time a Favour I neither expect nor desire.

Sir Cha. Will you go in a Chair, Neice, or in my Coach?

Mrs. B. A Chair if you please, Sir.

Sir Fran. To that give us both leave to wait on you.

Mrs. B. Pray give me leave to speak a word to my Boy first... Will.

Boy. Madam.

Mrs. B. Run to my Woman, and bid her come to her Aunts immediately, and bring me the Suit Sir Charles made for the last Ball, and left at my Lodgings: make haste, fly.

Boy. I will, Madam.

Mrs. B. Hang it, 'tis but one ridiculous thing, I'm resolv'd to do it, I'll find these Pleasures out, that charm this Reprobate; Mony will make all the Drawers mine.

Sir Cha. I'm ready to go.

Sir Fran. Madam, be pleas'd to accept my Hand. (Exeunt.)

SCENE changes, Beaumont's Lodgings.

Enter Beaumont leading Bellinda.

Beau. Now, Madam, you're safe in the Lodgings of your Friend, forget then Rudeness past.

Bell. Forget it! impossible; her Words, like Poisonous Shafts, have pierc'd my Soul, and will for ever dwell upon my Memory with endless painful Wracks; yet look not on me as that vile Creature she has represented, butid believe me, Sir, I engag'd my Heart too far, before I knew Sir Charles was married. When I found my Love unjust, how exquisite the Torment prov'd,

chill'd, with Watchings, Sighs, and Tears, yet 'spight of my Distractions, 'spight of the rising Damps and falling Dews, 'twas grown too great to be extinguish'd, 'till this last storm has torn it by the Roots to spring no more.

Beaum. Her every word and looks confirms my Thoughts. Madam, this I dare presume to say, both from his Character and my small Acquaintance, Sir *Charles Beauclair* has moral Virtues, to our late *English Hero's* unpractis'd and unknown; yet if I might advise, you should never see him more, or only to take an everlasting Leave.

Bel. Your Freedom, I confess, is strange, and your Advice is what I had resolv'd on before.

Beaum. None but the lovely *Mariamne* could with such becoming Majesty have check'd a Stranger's boldnes: View well these Lines, and then confess if they do not the resemblance bear of a soft charming Face you have often by reflexion seen.

(*Gives a Picture.*)

Bel. Ha! my own Picture, one of the effects of my dear Mothers fondness, which she, dying, left in my Father's Hands; he nam'd me too; then let everlasting darkness strand me; let me no more behold the Sun or human kind, forget the World, as I would be of that forgotten.

Beaum. Turn, Madam, and look upon me as your Friend; if you would still remain unknown, my Breast shall keep this Discovery silent and safe as Secrets buried with the dead: Your Father gave me that Picture, with Desires so tender for your return, that, I confess, they mov'd me: I undertook the enquiry, tho' scarce could hope to have succeeded. Since your absence your Brother's dead; so that your Father, hopeless and childless, mourns, and says your sight would revive him more than when he first blefs'd Heaven for your happy birth and Mothers safety.

Bel. My Brother dead! — lov'd Youth! I grieve thy untimely Fate, but thou art gone to rest and Peace, whilst I am left upon the wrack: Sir, I read in all your words a piercing Truth and an unbyass'd Honour, they have set my Errors full before me, my fled Duty returns as swift as I will do to this wrong'd Parent, hang on his aged Knees, nor rise till I have found Forgiveness and my Blessing there.

Beaum. Tho' much I wish your Honour and your Fame secure, yet to part such Lovers, whom this lewd Age will scarce believe there ever were, grates my very Nature.

Bel. Oh! let me not look back that way, but generously assist me on, till that dear man, who, witness my Disgraces, I value more than all Earth's richest Treasures. Tell him, lest he shoud take it ill of you, that I have confess'd my Birth, and have resolv'd to fly from him and all the World, and let my Father's House remain as in a Cloister.

Beaum. How will he brook the Message?

Bel. Oh! tell him, Sir, that the pangs of parting will scarce excel those my strugling Virtue gave at every guilty meeting, for there was Guilt: tell him I have sworn to die if he pursues. I blush to impose all this on you; but if a Lover, sure you'll forgive my Follies.

Beaum. I'll tell him all, but I must send him too; a parting Kiss, at least, which must be allow'd to such unequal'd Love.

Bell. Not till all is fix'd for my remove, then I once more will see him, tho' my Heart-strings crack, I'll conquer all these criminal Fires; I have the Goal in view, bright Honour leads me on, the part is glorious, but, oh! 'tis painful too: Let me retire, and tear him from my doating Thoughts, or in the bitter Conflict lose the use of Thought. *(Exit.)*

Beaum. How strong are the Efforts of Honour where a good Education grounds the Mind in Virtue! this unexpected hurry has for some moments banish'd my dear *Arabella* from my Thoughts. O, here comes my Impudent! well, how goes Affairs?

Enter Searchwell.

Search. Rarely, Sir; the Chambermaid swallow'd the Guineas as glibly as a Lawyer a double Fee from his Client's Antagonist; she's bringing the young Lady hither. *Eugenia* talks of a Contrivance, that you should instantly appear like a Tarpaulin, pretend to be related to the Lady, and fright the 'Squire into a compliance.

Beaum. Any thing to serve my *Arabella*, we'll meet 'em, and receive their Instructions. *(Exeunt.)*

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE a Room in Locket's, a Table with a Flask upon it.

Enter Sir Francis Wildlove and Mrs. Flywife.

Mrs. Flyw. Well, this is a strange mad thing, but my old cross Fellow will never let me take a mouthful of Air; I am sure you will have an ill Opinion of me.

Sir Fran. A kind one you mean, Madam; I think you generous, lovely, and all my Heart desires.

Mrs. Flyw. My Maid is gone the Lord knows where for Fruit; I swear I tremble, coming into a Tavern alone.

Sir Fran. A Glass of Wine will recall the fled Roses, but here's the Nectar thirsty Love requires. *(Kisses her.)*

(Mrs. Beauclair bounces in, in Mens Clothes.)

Mrs. Beaucl. O pardon and protect me; I'm pursued by Hell-hounds, Bailiffs, and if taken, inevitably ruin'd.

Sir Fran. The Devil take thee and the Bailiffs together, for an interrupting young Dog.

Mrs. Beaucl. You look with a Face cruel as they, but sure in those fair Eyes I read some Pity.

Mrs. Flyw. [aside] A very handfom Fellow, how came you in Trouble, Sir ?

Mrs. Beau. Alas, Madam, I was put to an Attorney, but longing to turn Beau, have half ruin'd my Master, wholly lost my Friends, and now am follow'd by the several Actions of my Taylor, Sempstress, Perfume-maker, Huster, and a long *Etcetera*; besides, the swingingst Debt my Perfumer; Essence and sweet Pouder has compleated my Ruin.

Sir Fra. 'Tis monstrous to cheat honest Tradesmen in dressing up a Fop; therefore, unwelcoming Intruder, I desire you would seek your Protection elsewhere.

Mrs. Flyw. Nay, now you are too severe; the young Gentleman in Liberty may mend his Fortunes, and live to pay his Debts; he has a promising Face.

Sir Fran. Your Pity, Madam; but hastens absence.

Mrs. Beau. (aside) Will this Fellow, I thought I had so well instructed, never come?

Enter Dramer.

Draw. Sir Francis, a man out of breath says he must speak with you, on what concerns your Friend's Life.

Sir Fran. The Devil's in the Dice to day; where is he? what's the matter?

(Exit.)

Mrs. Beau. (aside) Now Impudence and Eloquence assist me, what have I done? in seeking to preserve my Liberty, I have for ever lost it; my unexperienc'd Youth ne'r view'd such Charms before, and, without Compassion, this Bondage may be worse than what I avoided.

Mrs. Flyw. (laughing) Meaning me, sir?

Mrs. Beau. Nay, I'm a Fool, for Bankrupt in Wealth how can I hope to thrive in Love, since scarce any of your fair sex, tho' merit was thrown into the scales, value a man on whom Fortune frowns.

Mrs. Flyw. (aside) I think it is the prettiest Youth I ever saw, I have Wealth enough to supply his wants, what should then debar me?

Mrs. Beau. So; she eyes me kindly I'm sure.

Mrs. Flyw. Your Looks, sweet Youth, plead powerful as your Language; and to let you see I value not Riches, the want of which makes you miserable, accept this Ring, 'twill stop a Creditor's mouth, and pay two or three Ordinaries at the blue Posts:

Mrs. Beau. Oh wondrous Bounty! thus encourag'd, shall I beg another Favour, that you would fly from hence before that angry man returns, lest I fall a sacrifice to his Jealousie, and see those charming Eyes no more.

Mrs. Flyw. If my maid would come, —— ha! here she is; sure you have flown.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. I beg your Pardon, Madam, I ne'er went, Sir Francis's Gentleman and I were solacing our selves below; and sent a Porter for the Fruit till hearing Sir Francis was gone in a great hurr, he ran after his Master, and I came up to see what was the matter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Beau. A hopeful Mistress and Maid ! deliver me from these Town-Ladies.

(Aside.)

Mrs. Flyw. Ungrateful man, on any Pretence to leave me !

Mrs. Beau. Ungrateful ! monstrous ; had a thousand Friends been dying, they ought all to have expir'd e're you have suffer'd a moments neglect.

Mrs. Flyw. This Flattery's too gross, young Courtier, you must treat me with Truth.

Mrs. Beau. All is Truth, my Heart, my Life is yours.

Jenn. (aside) Another Spark ! sure the Devil's in my Mistress.

Mrs. Flyw. Well Sir, I'll consent to your Desires, and we'll go from hence at the Door towards the Park, there's no danger.

Mrs. Beau. If you are kind, I fear none, Madam.

Mrs. Flyw. Let me find you what you seem, and you shall brave the World, and scorn your Debts : Jenny, get me a Chair, and show this Gentleman the House where we lodge, then come in, let him ask for you, if you can prevent your Master's seeing him do, if not, say it is one you waited upon in his Infancy, the disparity of Years between you consider'd, that may pass.

Jen. (aside) Humph, I shall never like him for this Affront. Yes, Madam, it shall be done.

Mrs. Beau. Your Hand, dear obliging Creature, I hear a noise.

Mrs. Flyw. Quick, this way : run you before, and pay one of the Drawers for this Flask of Champaign.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Francis, Searchwel, and a Drawer.

Sir Fran. Ha ! gone ! so I thought ; eternal Dog, you have been helping in this Contrivance ; Did you take me for a Cully, Spawn of Hell ? Have I known this damn'd Town so long, at last to be catch'd with such a gross Bantler ? speak Sirrah ; who was that Impostor that told me my Friend Mr. Beaumont was taken up for a Jacobite, and the Mobb was pulling him to pieces ?

Draw. As I ever hope to outlive your Anger, and taste agen your noble Bounty, I knew nothing of him.

Sir Fra. Shut the Door, you careless Blockhead, whom I charged to watch and let no body come up to me : Now sirrah confess, or I'll make that Rogue help me kick thee into Mummy, for tho' my Sword's drawn, I scorn to hurt thee that way.

Draw. If I should confess you'll kill me, Sir.

Sir Fran. No.

Draw. Truly then, Sir, the young Spark gave me a Guinea to show him the Room where your Honour was ; but for the Fellow that seem'd so much concern'd, I wish I may be hang'd if I knew of him any thing at all Sir, any thing at all Sir. Good your Honour break my Head, and forgive me.

Sir Fran. I will not touch thee ; Could I expect more from thy forid Soul ? Gold corrupts Mankind ; be gone.

(Exit Drawer.)

This unaceountable Jilt has so abus'd me, I could find in my Heart to forsake the Gang, and lay a penitential Dunce at the feet of Virtue, fair Mrs. Beauclair.

Search. I pray Heaven keep you in that good mind.

The Innocent Mistress.

Sir Fran. Good Jack, canting so, I suppose you was shut up with a Whore, Rascal, whilst you ought to have been Pimping for me.

Search. Trim Train, Sir.

Sir Fran. How, Impudence!

Search. I meant the Rhime shuld be, *Like A Mistress like Maid*; for indeed I was employ'd with my Ladies waiting Gentlewoman.

Sir Fran. Was ye so, Rascal? could I but find the young stripling, 'twould be some satisfaction: Hang't, if I am hauk'd both in Love and Revenge, the cross Adventures shall be drown'd in brisk Champaign:

*'Tis the dear Glass which eases every smart,
And presently does cure the aking Heart.*

(Exit.)

Enter Mrs. Beaumont, meeting Dreswell.

Mrs. B. Oh Dreswell! I'm glad I've met with thee.

Dres. Lord, Madam, I have been in a sad fright for ye; and hunted up and down this hour.

Mrs. B. All's well, let's in there, I'll tell you my adventures.

Dres. Then I hope your Frolick has been to your Ladiships satisfaction.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes, I got Sir Francis's Mistress from him, and faith I was pur-suing my Conquest, and venturing to her Lodging, when coming to the House, it proved that where Belinda Lodg'd and the Lady, I suppose, the Merchant's Wife. I feared I shou'd meet with my Uncle there, and fairly gave the Maid the drop. Come, I long to change my Cloaths, I'm quite tir'd with wearing the Breeches; this way.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Francis Wildlove and Searchwell.

Sir Fran. Ha! is not that the young Devil that abus'd me? he has entred the House, and I'll be with him presently, walk hereabouts till I come out. (Exit.)

Search. Yes, Sir.

Scene changes to the inside of the House.

Re-enter Mrs. Beaumont and Dreswell.

Mrs. B. Are my things ready and a good fire in the Room.

Dres. Madam, they are?

Mrs. B. Peep out and see who knocks;

(one knocks.)

Dres. Madam, 'tis Sir Francis Wildlove, and he seems in a fury.

Mrs. B. Let him in, I'll do well enough with him; now get you gone and fear nothing.

Enter Sir Francis Wildlove.

Sir Fran. So, Sir, I suppose you think matters have gone swingingly on your side, and have laugh'd immoderately at the reflection how those green years have made a Fool of me; but Chance has thrown me on thee once agen, and now for those Feasts of Joy an after reckoning (Dress) must be paid young Gentleman, you understand my meaning.

Mrs. B. Yes, and will answer it, but hear me first, 'tis to provoke you I speak: know then, your Mistress was my easie Conquest, I scarce had time to

to say one soft thing before she cry'd, Let's fly, sweet youth, e'er that rough man returns, and in thy arms forget him.

Sir Fran. She's a Jilt and for a well-drest Fop wou'd quit a man that saved her life.

Mrs. B. Then this Ring was presented, I suppose you may ha' seen it; adorn thy fair hand, and with ten thousand kisses 'twas whisper'd, you shall not want for Gold.

Sir Fran. Tho' I value her no more than I do thee, yet I will have thy life for harbouring so damn'd a thought, that I was fitter for your sport. Come on.

Mrs. B. Hold, hold, Sir *Francis* I'll not pretend to take your Sword, tho' I cou'd your Mistress from ye, see my Credentials for my Cowardice.

(*puts up her Ring.*)

Sir Fran. Mrs. *Beauclair* —— What a blind Puppey am I, twice in one day, that's hard I faith ?

Mrs. Beau. Pray return your Lady back her favour. (*gives him the Ring.*)

Sir Fran. Madam ——

Mrs. B. Nay, look not concerned, upon my word I'll never interrupt you more : Hug in your Bosom the plaister'd mischiefs, their blotted Souls and spotted Reputations, no Varnish can cover o'er, pursue, o'erake, posses, the unenvied 'mongst the Painted Tribe most worthily bestow your heart.

Sir Fran. Think ye so meanly of me, my heart bestow'd amongst your Sexes shame ! No, Madam, Glorious Virtue alone can reach at that, my loving is a diversion I can soon take off.

Mrs. B. That's hard to believe, but I must beg your pardon, I'm in haste to unrig.

Sir Fran. Hear me a moment, you have seen my frailties, if like Heaven you can forgive, a truer penitent or a more constant votary no cruel Virgin ever found.

Mrs. B. Have a care of the dull road : Sir *Francis*, Farewell. (*Exit.*)

Sir Fran. Go thy ways for a pretty witty agreeable Creature, but if I shou'd seduce her into Matrimony, I fear the common fate will attend her Beauty, quickly tarnish and good humour vanish. (*Exit.*)

Enter Spendall and Lywell.

Spend. Ha, *Lywell* ! I am the happiest man alive, almost out of Fortune's Power.

Lyw. What is't transports you so ? some whim, some Chymical delusion, that will fail in the projection, and vanish into Air.

Spend. Hear me and then with admiration, be dumb ; nor dare to contradict my wit, or Plots agen : In short, my Lady *Beauclair* and Miss, are in open Rebellion by my perswasion, and to Compleat my good Fortune, I have borrow'd ten Guineas of Sir *Charles*, with the help of which, I'll be married to his Daughter in-Law, within these two hours.

Lyw. Ha ! I begin to think the Devil has left playing at *Leger de main* with thee : and having secur'd thee, resolves to bestow some of this World's wealth upon thee.

Spend. Canst not thou procure a Templer's Chamber for an hour or two ;
and appear with the Gravity of a long Robe ?

Lyn. With ease, I know a young Spark that has fine Lodgings there ; but
by his old Father is kept at short allowance ; a Treat or a very small sum will
engage that, and all his habiliments.

Spend. Canst thou not put on the grave Look of a starcht Councillor.

Lyn. Hush ! hum ! — I'll speak with you immediately — you
see, Friend, I'm busy — How was that —

Spend. Prety well. Come, about it presently, and I'll bring the Ladies to
you, as my Father's chief Lawyer. Be sure you tell 'em, you have the settle-
ment of his Estate upon me in your hands, and seem very desirous I shou'd
do well !

Lyn. I warrant ye, and shant we have lusty treats, old Boy ?

Spend. I thought your Conscience had strangled the proceedings.

Lyn. O'Pox, my Conscience never troubles me, but when Affairs go ill.

Spend. Well, make haste, and doubt not feasting : I must to my Charge,
lest they cool. Fools are seldom long resolv'd, and I know a finer Fel-
low woud get both Mother and Daughters heart ; They're now in a kindly
growing waranth, and the old one's Imagination tickled as much with
thoughts of darling Egg's Marriage, as ever twas with her own, Farewell !
be sure you observe your directions.

Lyn. It shall be done, dear lucky Devil. (*Coughs*) Hum, hum, I shall
be perfect in a Grave Cough ; and a hum, of businels, by that time you come
to my Chamber.

Spend. Hold ! for I had forgot — Whereabouts is this Chamber ? for I guess
your Worship's Name is not so famous to direct.

Lyn. Come, as we go along I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arabella meeting Engenia.

Arab. So my dear deliverer, how have you succeeded ?

Eug. Oh, Madam, the poor 'Squire's frighted out of the little wit he had ,
one Scene more, and the Day's our own.

Arab. What's become of Mr. Beaumont ?

Eug. He's about some earnest business of Sir Charles Beauclair's, I know not
what 'tis, but there's a heavy Clutter amongst 'em

Arab. Well, you brought me to the Ladies Lodging, but I believe that's
the only place she is not to be found at, for I have waited in vain with much
impatience to see her.

Eug. Her Footman's below, and says she'll be here immediately.

Arab. Prithee let's into the Chamber first, and you shall give an Account
of the 'Squire's fright ?

Eug. I follow you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Sir Charles Beauclair's House.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Char. Sure the World's all running mad ; or else resolved to make me
so ; at home I cannot meet with a sensible Answer ; but — Oh, what touches
nearest, the Dear, the cruel, the charming Maid ; Belinda will not see me
how

How shall I appease the offended Fair, my Wife too not returned; where will this end? — Gentil! Eugenia! James.

Within. Sir.

Sir Char. Sir; — Where, ye everlasting Dormice? will none come near me? [Exit]

Enter Cheatall and Gentil.

Cheat. Gadzooks! This Councillor Cobblecase has talkt Law, and drank Claret with me, till my brains are turn'd topsy-turvy. Gad, I would not have my Lady-Sister see me now for a King's Ransome. Tho' — udsbôres! I know not why she shou'd, because she's a little older, set her eternal Clack a running upon all my Actions.

Gent. Sir, my Lady and Miss are both abroad.

Cheat. That's well! — Why, Gentil! here Cobblecase advises me not to lock up the young Woman, but to vie her kindly, and, Gadzooks! I'm in a plaguy loving humour — I'll try her good nature once again — Hold yonder comes Sir Charles — My Sister will never forgive me, if I let him see her; He's a well spoken man, if I durst trust him, he shou'd sollicite for me, but then he's so woundy handsome, and so amorous, I doubt he'd speak one word for me, and two for himself; as the saying is.

Enter Sir Charles Beauclair, talking to Eugenia.

Sir Char. You say — you will not injure the Squire.

Eug. No, not in the least — she hath sworn never to marry him, and the Law will in time recover her right: Only this way is sooner and cheaper.

Sir Char. The Lady's free, and I'll neither oppose or assist it further — Ha — there he stands, how is't Brother?

Cheat. Very well, I thank you, Sir Charles.

Sir Char. Your Servant.

Cheat. Brother, you never care for my Company! you take me for a Namp-Scull; a half-witted Fellow, and, udsbôres, woud you hit ha' me to the Tavern, you shou'd find, I could Drink my Gâss, Break my Jest, Kiss my Mistress with the best of ye — Flesh! Try old Arabiaby Cheatall, at your next Joyial meeting.

Sir Char. You're merry, Sir — But I'm in haste. [Exit.]

Cheat. Udsbôres! Women and Wine (both Unwholsom) Punish ye — There's a Falte of my Wit in my CURsing, as the whole Cargo o' the Bullies lies in swearing — There tis agen, Ifaith! Am not I damnable Ingenious, Gentil? Live and Learn, Sirrah, and be Hang'd, and forget all, as the saying is — what a Dicksins ails me! Hanging never comes in my Mouth, but a Qualm comes o're my Stomach — That curs'd old Woman! Didst observe how she look'd like the Witch, before the last new Ballad?

Gent. She had indeed, a v.ry Prophetick Face.

One knocks; Gentil opens the Door — Beaumont Enters, Drest like a Scaman.

Gent. Who woud you speake with, Sir? — Beaumont. Who art thou?

Beau. With Mrs. Arabella Ventrevewell.

Gent. She's not here, — Beau. Now, by the Canyon's Fire, 'tis false — I have come ten Thousand

Languis to feeher, — and will not be so answered. Beau. I am not I

Cheat. A terrible Fellow ! Gadzooks, — Pray, Sir, what's your business with her ?

Beau. She's my Sister ; that's sufficient for your Impertinence.

Cheat. You, the Lawfull Begotten Son of Sir George Venturewell, begging your Pardon, I believe you are mistaken, Friend, in your Father, as many a man may be ; for Sir George had never any but this Daughter.

Beau. No, 'm not his Lawfull begotten Son, not the weak off-spring of —

Cheat. O Lard ! what pains he takes to tell me he's the Son of a Whore ?

Beau. Born in India ; Bred a Fucanier : Sword and Fire have been my play-Fellows, and Ravishing my Pleasure — In far distant Worlds I have scattered my rough Image, and as my Sword has cut off their dull Breed, so my vigorous youth has left a Race of future Hero's.

Cheat. A very terrible Fellow, as I hope for mercy ?

Beau. Rich with the spoils of long successfull War, I have visited this Climate in search of *Arabella*, whom I have often heard my Father mention with much tenderness, I am directed hither — Therefore do not raise my Fury with delays — For Cause, or not Cause, if I am Angry, Blood must appease it.

Cheat. O Lard ! O Lard ! what shall I do ? He'll fright me into a Kentish Ague : I must speak him fair — Good Sir, all your desires shall be fulfilled, have but a minute's patience. Come along, *Gentil*, come along, and help me, intreat her to speak him fair, or I'm a lost man !

— I'll wait upon ye in a Twinkling, Sir. (Exit with Gentil.)

Beauem. It works as I cou'd wish; it goes against me to terrify this Fool so much, but he deserves it.

Enter Cheatall and Gentil.

Cheat. Oh ! *Gentil* ! what shall I say.

Gent. The Lord knows, I don't.

Beau. Well, Sir, where's my Sister ?

Cheat. Alas ! I think she's vanish'd.

Beau. How I d'y'e trifl with my Anger, bring me stories fit for a Baby ! Blood and Thunder ! if I Unsheathe my Sword, it finds a Scabbard in your Guts ! Confess — or by the Cannons fire. —

Cheat. I do confess, that thinking of your coming, and knowing her to be a little wild, lest she shou'd have been out of the way, I lockt her up — But what is now become of her, by the Cannons fire, the dreadfulest Oath I ever heard ! I cannot tell.

Beau. (*aside*) I shall never hold laughing.

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Oh ! my Conscience ! — My tortur'd Conscience ! — I cannot keep it !

Beau. What's the matter ?

Eugen. Oh ! I went into the Room, where the Lady was lockt up : And there's at least a Pail full of blood — all the Water in the Sea will never wash the stains out — I believe 'Squire Barnaby and *Gentil* have killed her, cut her to pieces, and carried her away under their Cloaks.

Cheat. Oh ! Impudence ! O Lard ! O Lard ! Sir, I han't the heart to kill a Chicken ! I always swoon at the sight of my own Blood : speak *Gentil*, why thou

thou hast never a Cloak — That's a strong proof, Sir — *Gentil* has ne'er a Cloak.

Eug. Why then it went all under yours — Besides, *Gentil* has a large pair of Trowsers; that I'll swear — For you made him bring my Lady home half a Venison Pasty in 'em. (*Stricks one.*) Ah ! look o' their Shoes, they have Padled in it.

Beau. Ay, 'tis so, and so I'll be Reveng'd — Cut thee small as the first Atoms that huddled up thy senseless Carkass — nor will I be troubled to bear thee hence, but stamp thy vile Clay to it's kindred Dust, and leave thee here for Rubbish?

Cheat. Oh, Sir, upon my knees I beg you'd hear me.

Eug. (interposing) Hold, Sir, don't kill the Miscreant, that will bring your self into trouble; Our Law will hang him, I warrant ye. What made him order her (being here) to be denied.

Cheat. Ay, Good Sir, let me be hang'd ! That's my Destiny ! I see there's no avoiding it — *Gentil* — Beg I may be hang'd.

Gent. Pray, Sir, let my Master be hang'd.

Beau. Well, I'll try your Law — if that fails, this, I'm sure never will. How must we proceed, Madam ?

(*puts up his Sword*)

Eug. I'll go with ye for a Man, with the Staff of Authority, he shall order him — The very Stones in the Street wou'd turn Constables, to seize such a Monster — Kill a pretty Lady — and cut her to pieces — oh horrid !

Cheat. You are a lying Whore ! if I durst tell you so ?

(*aside.*)

Beau. You Fellow ! come hither.

Cheat. Run, *Gentil*, run — Proffer him all I'm worth.

Beau. (*aside to Gentil*) When we are gone, carry him to my Lodgings ; I have told my Landlady the story, and she's provided for him.

Gent. It shall be done — Is there no mercy ?

Cheat. Ah, Lord, no mercy.

Beau. Well ! we'll be with you immediately — Come, Madam.

Eug. Ay, ay, repent and pray, do 'Squire, do. (*Exit cum Beau.*)

Cheat. Oh *Gentil* ! That ever I was born ! That ever I was born ! — What did he say to thee, *Gentil* ?

Gent. He wou'd have had me turned evidence against your Worship, and confess — But I'll be hang'd first ?

Cheat. I'd confess, if I thought 'twou'd do me any good ?

Gent. What ! Confess you murdered her ?

Cheat. Ay, any thing ! any thing ! any thing — Oh *Gentil* ! it must be this Witch — she has carried her away, and spilt the blood, that her Prophecy might come to pass ?

Gent. Not unlikely, — Sir, Sir, I have thought of a thing —

Cheat. What is't, dear *Gentil* ?

Gent. Suppose you and I run away, before the Constable come, I know a Friend will conceal you, and then we may hope to make it up, or hear of her — I can't think she's murdered.

The Innocent Mistress

Cheat. Nor I neither, except the Devil has don't? But let's away, good *Gentil* — methinks I hear this Magistrates paw, — this Constable just behind me, his voice hoarse with Watching, and swallowing Claret Bribes — Oh, *Gentil!* if I shou'd fall into his Gripe!

Gent. Therefore let's hasten to avoid it — Ah, Sir, this is no time for Jesting.

Cheat. Too true, *Gentil*, but wit will o'reflow! I fear I shall quibble in my Prayers, and die with a Jest in my mouth — Come, come! Hang'd! O Lard, any of the Family of the *Cheat* all hang'd! O Lard, and I the only branch on't? Oh, *Gentil*, 'tis unsupportable.

Gent. Away, away, Sir.

Cheat. Oh that ever I shou'd live to see my self hang'd.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE changes to a Chamber in the Temple.

Enter Lywel, in a Gown.

Lyw. So! I'm equipp'd: the young Lawyer snapp'd at the Goineas, and has furnish'd me throughout, nay, left his Boy to boot; Gad, I believe he'll be famous in his Generation, he encourages Mischief so readily. Pox! — wou'd they wou'd come — I'm weary of Cook-upon Littleton.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir, — a Gentleman and two Ladies are coming up.

Lyw. 'Tis they — you know your Cue.

Enter Spendall, Lady Beauclair, and Mrs. Peggy.

Spend. Young-man, is Councillor Smart within?

Boy. Sir, he's dispatching some half a score Clients, but he'll do that with a wet Finger, and wait on you immediately.

Spend. A witty Whorefon; what, a wet Finger to lick up the Gold, ha! — Well, tell him I'm here.

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Peg. Fine Chambers, Mother! and a fine place, I'll swear! — Vather would ne'er let me walk here, zed, 'twan't fit for young Ladies. — I'll vaw, I like it waundily.

La. Beau. Here were Councillors not unfit for you, but Husband was never free you should be seen.

Spend. Now I'm, by Promise, the happy man: my charming Dear, let me beg you'd entertain no other Thoughts. — Where's this Lawyer? — a Moments delay seems an Age.

La. Beau. Well, Daughter, feel how my Heart beats; I'm almost afraid to venture on him for thee.

Peg. Don't tell me of your Fears, — now you've put a Husband in my Head, I will be married, so I will.

La. Beau. Ah! send thee good Luck! I shall fall in a fit, I believe, whilst thou art marrying.

Peg. I fear not marrying, not I.

Enter Spendall and Lywell.

Lyw. Well, Sir, I understand the busines. — Your Father, considering your Extravagance, has done more than I thought fit to tell ye; but af-

ter

ter such a Proposal, you may hear it all —— What ! this is the pretty Creature, I suppose, you are about marrying.

Peg. Yes, Sir.

La. Beau. Lord, Peggy, you're too forward ! I wonder on ye now : — Sir, she is my Daughter, and she'll be worth Eight thousand pounds, and a better Penny ; I would not have her cast away, Sir.

Lyn. To be thrown into a young Gentleman's Arms with a great Estate, will be a good Cast, I take it, Madam.

La. Beau. If I were satisfied in that !

Lyn. Look ye, Madam, I am a man of business, and many words are but superfluous. —— Hum ! hogh ! D'ye see, here's the Settlement of his Father's Estate —— Eight hundred pounds a Year, and some Thousands in Money, a well-made Fellow into the bargain : Let me tell ye, Madam, such Offers don't stick o' hand now a-days ; you may read the Writings if you please ; if you dislike 'em —— look ye, I have a Match in my Eye for the Gentleman beyond your Daughters ; tho', I must own, this young Lady is much handsomer.

Peg. (aside to her Mother) D'ye hear what he says now ! you'll never leave your Impertinence, as Vather calls it, —— Pray be quiet ; I'm satisfied, so I am.

Lyn. Will you read 'em, Madam ?

La. Beau. (reads) Noverint, &c. —— Nay, Sir, I don't understand lay, —— But you look like a good honest man, Sir, and I dare take your Word ; I wish you had seen my Daughter sooner.

Spend. (aside) Well said, Mother-in-law —— that is to be in love with every new Face. —— I must secure the young one, lest she's of the same mind.

(Goes to Mrs. Peggy.)

La. Beau. I'd willingly have him keep his Coach and six —— I think the young Woman's Face will bear it —— and their Estates, I hope.

Lyn. No doubt on't, Madam, —— a handsom Wife, and a Coach and six, How it attracts all Eyes, —— the Envy or the Wonder of the Park.

Spend. Well, you may do what you please, but the dear one and I are agreed. —— we'll to Church without ye, if ye dispute it any longer.

Peg. Ay, and so we will, I vow and swear, Mr. Spendall.

La. Beau. For shame, what d'ye talk on ! why, 'tis past the Cannick hour.

Spend. Madam, all People of Quality marry at Night.

Lyn. That they may be sure to go to Bed, before they repent ; a day's consideration might take off their Appetite.

La. Beau. Nay, if People of Quality do it, I'm for ye.

Peg. And so I am, I vow and swear.

Lyn. First, Ladies, be pleas'd to visit my withdrawing Room, I have Sweet-meats and Trinkets there fit for the Fair sex, which secures me Female Visitants.

Spend. Agreed, we'll plunder him.

Lyn. Then we will seek to joyn this am'rous Pair,
And drown in Pleasure Thoughts of future Care.

[Excent.
Enter]

Enter Flywifte, pulling in Mrs. Flywife.

Mr. Flyw. Come, prithee *Peggy*, do. —

Mrs. Flyw. I'm not in humour.

Mr. Flyw. What, don't you love none, Fubby?

Mrs. Flyw. I hate Mankind, wou'd they were in one consuming blaze, tho' I were in the midst of 'em. (*flying from him, and Exit.*)

Mr. Flyw. Hum, a consuming blaze; what's the matter now? this is some damn'd Intrigue has gone crofs: I heard her bid *Jenny* come into this Room, and she'd be with her: That's a Quean, I dare swear, at the bottom; I'll creep behind the Hangings and hear their Discourse. (*Exit.*)

Enter Mrs. Flywife and Jenny.

Mrs. Flyw. To be trick'd thus by a Boy, a Booby; sure this will humble the damn'd Opinion I have of my own Wit, and make me confess to my self, at least, I am a Fool.

Jenn. Ay, your Ladiship was pleas'd to say, I might pass for his Nurse. Indeed I believe he has had as good Instructors, for I find he's old enough to be too cunning for his Benefactress.

Mrs. Flyw. What did he say when you parted?

Jen. Madam, I have told you several times; I no sooner shew'd him the House, but he leap'd back and seem'd surpriz'd; then recovering himself, he said, he would follow me in: I, according to your Directions, watch'd carefully, but no pretty Master came: Nothing vexes me so much, as that the little dissembling Sharper should get the Ring.

Mrs. Flyw. Pish, I don't value the Trifle three farthings; what's my doating Keeper good for, unless it be to give me more? But to lose the tempting Youth!

Jen. Pray add Sir *Framis Wildlove's* Loss to't:

Mrs. Flyw. Peace, Fool; I'm thinking why the House should startle him: ha! is not here a fine Woman lodges, much retir'd, that seems of Quality?

Jen. Yes, Madam; I never saw her but once, she's a perfect Charmer.

Mrs. Flyw. It must be so; this is some perdu Devil of hers, that durst not venture in, for fear his Constancy should be suspected: Pray watch who comes to her, dog 'em, do something for my ease.

Jen. Madam, I will.

Mrs. Flyw. Get me a Hackney-coach, I'll range the Town over, but I'll find Sir *Francis Wildlove*.

Jen. My Master will be mad.

Mrs. Flyw. Then he may be sober agen, better he mad than I; if he be angry, 'tis but dissembling a little nauseous fondness, and all's well agen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Mr. Flywife.

Flyw. Is it so, thou worst Offspring of thy Grannam *Eve*? but I'll stifle my Rage, lest without further Proof she wheedles me into a Reconciliation, take another Coach and follow her, catch her amongst her Comrades, without the possibility of an Excuse, cut her Windpipe, and send her to Hell, without the possibility of a Reprieve: Damn her, damn her.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE, Bellinda's Apartment.

Enter Bellinda.

Bel. The little hurry of my quick Remove has took up all my Thoughts, and I have not consider'd what I am about. See him no more, him whom I could not live a day, an hour, without ! No more behold his Eye-balls, tremble with respectful passion ! —— Hear no more the soft falling Accents of his charming Tongue ! view him dying at my feet no more ! —— O Virtue ! take me to thee ; chase from my strugling Soul all this fond tenderness : Secure me now, and I'm thy Votary for ever.

Enter Beaumont.

Beaum. Madam, neglecting even my Love, I come to wait on your Commands.

Bel. Such Thanks as an indiscreet and wretched Woman can return are yours : What said Sir *Charles* ?

Beaum. He receiv'd the Message as Wretches that are afraid to dye, hear the condemning Voice, or as the Brave the loss of Victory, or the Ambitious that of Crowns : He begs, that he may haste to plead his Cause, and seems to live alone upon the Hopes his Love and Innocence may alter your Resolves.

Bel. O stop him, Sir, some moments longer, till I am just ready to be gone. He has a Friend too powerful within, and I must fly, or I shall never over-come.

Beaum. I'll prevent his coming till you send. Your Servant, Madam.

[Exit.]

Bel. Honour and Love, oh the torture to think they are domestick foes, that must destroy the Heart that harbours 'em ! Had my Glafs but been my Idol, my Mind loose, unconstant, wavering, like my Sex, then I might have 'scap'd these pangs ; Love, as passing Meteors, with several fires just warms their Breasts, and vanishes, leaving no killing Pain behind, 'tis only foolish : I have made a God of my Desire greater than ever the Poets feign'd : My Eyes receiv'd no Pleasure but what his sight gave me ; no Musick charm'd my Ears, but his dear Voice : Wracks, Gibbets, and Dungeons, can they equal losing all my Soul admires ? Why nam'd I them ? Can there be greater Wracks

Than what despairing parting Lovers find,
To part when both are true, both wou'd be kind ?

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE, Bellinda's Apartment.

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. HE comes, keep back, full Eyes, the springing Tears! — and thou poor trembling Heart! now be mann'd with all thy strongest stoutest Resolutions; there will be need.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Ah! whither shall I throw me? what shall I say? — *Mariamne* hangs like Icicles upon my Tongue, but *Bellinda* flows: Oh *Bellinda*! — I charge thee by that dear Name, hear and pity me.

Bell. (coldly) What wou'd you say?

Sir Cha. Why nothing; I do not know that Voice, it has stopp'd the rising words, and I must only answer with my sighs.

Bell. Sir Charles, we have both been punish'd with unwarrantable Love.

Sir Cha. Punish'd! Have we been punish'd? — Now, by all my Woes to come, by all my Transports past, all thought of my *Bellinda*, there's not a Pang, a Groan, but brought its pleasure with it: Oh! 'tis happier far to sigh for thee, than to have enjoy'd another.

Bell. You interrupt me when I just begin, — Grant it true, — we might have liv'd till weary grown of one another, till you, perhaps, might coldly say, I had a Mistress. — Now to part, when at the mention of each other's Name our Hearts will rise, our Eyes run o'er, 'tis better much than living to indifference, which Time and Age would certainly have brought.

Sir Cha. Oh, never, never; tho' the Bauble gaudy Beauty die, yet Sence and Humour still remain — on that I should have doated.

Bell. You cannot guess your future by your present Thong'nts; or, if you cou'd, I am not to be mov'd forsaking thee; and when I have said that, I need not add all Pleasures, — in remote and un frequented shades I'll pass my solitary hours, and like a Recluse, waste the remainder of my wretched days.

Sir Cha. And am I the Cause of this melancholy penance? Must my unhappy Love rob the World of its fairest Ornament? No, Madam, stay and injoin me what you please; condemn my Tongue to everlasting silence; let me now and then but gaze, and tell you with my Eyes what's acting in my Heart; or — if you will retire, permit me to follow, under the pre-
tease of hunting; the Air, a thousand things I can invent, create new Friendship, carels the whole Country o'er, to have an opportunity of seeing you, though at a hateful distance, and surrounded by severest Friends.

Bell.

Bell. Ha! is this the awful Love, I thought posseſſ'd ye? How fatally I was mistaken! What! pursue me to my Father's House! fix on my Name a lasting Blot, a Deathless Infamy, pollute my Native Air with unhallow'd Love, where all my Ancestors have, for Ages, flouriſh'd, and left an honest Fragrancy behind! Mark me, Sir, you know I do not use to break my word.

— If by Letters, Messages, or the leaſt appearance (tho' cautiously, as Treasons plotted against the State) you approach me, I'll fly the Kingdom, or, if that's too little, the World.

Sir Cha. No, 'tis I have been miſtaken. — Now, by all the Wracks I feel, not worth a Sigh, a parting drop; no Regard of Tenderness, no Beam of Pity, from those dear Eyes, nor fidelong Glance to view my ſad Diftractiōn! Methinks you have already left me, and I am got amongt my Fellow Madmen, tearing my Hair, chain'd to the Ground, foaming, and digging up the Earth, yet in every ſmalleſt Interval of ſence calling on *Bellinda*.

Bell. A noble Birth, a censorious World, a mourning Father, all plead againſt thee. Oh, talk no more, leſt you force my Hand to ſome desperate Act; and yet your Words pierce my Bosom with greater pain than pointed Steel.

Sir Char. I ſee you are refolv'd on my Undoing, fix'd like my relentless Fate; therefore I'll not urge another ſyllable, but quietly, as dying Men when Hope's all paſt, quit Life and their deareſt Friends, for ever, ever leave thee.

Bell. That ſad ſilent Look discovers ſuch inward Worlds of Woe, it ſtrikes me through, staggers my beſt Resolves, removes the Props I have been raiſing for my ſinking Fame, and, blind with paſſion, I could reel into thy Arms.

— Tell me, on what are thy Thoughts employ'd?

Sir Char. On the Curse of Life, impos'd on us without our Choice, and almoſt always attended with tormenting Plagues.

Bell. Yet we may meet again, in Peace and Joy, when this Gigantick Honnor appears no Bugbear, and our Desires lawfully be crown'd. — It is a guilty thought; nor ſhall I ever dare to form it to a Wish.

Sir Cha. But doſt thou think we may? [embracing her.]
What! uncontroul'd clasp thee thus! Oh, Extasie! with wild Fury run o'er each trembling beauteous Limb, and grasp thee as drowning Men the dear Bark from whence they were thrown.

Bell Away, away! What are we doing? Divide him, Heaven, from my fond guilty Eyes; ſet Seas, and Earth, and Worlds of Fire between us, for Virtue, Fate, and Honour, with an united Cry, have doom'd, that we muſt meet no more.

(Exit.

Sir Cha. To raging Seas, Sieges, and Fields of Battle will I fly, Pleaſures and Paſtimes to the Woes I feel. Oh, *Bellinda*!

(Exit.

SCENE Changes.

Enter Gentil.

Gent. I cou'd laugh my Heart fore, to see what a condition the Fool my Master's in ; every knocking at the Door is as good as a Dose of *Rubarb*, and every Noise makes him leap like a Vaulter. Ha ! he's coming, the poor Baby dares not be alone.

(*Cheatall, peeping.*)

Cheat. *Gemil!* Is the Coast clear ?

Gen. Yes, Sir,

Cheat. Oh *Gentil* !

Gen. What's the matter ? You look worse frightened than you were.

Cheat. Ay, and well I may ; you leave me alone, and I shall grow distract'd : I have ——— I have seen a Ghost.

Gen. A Ghost ! what, Mrs. *Arabella's* Ghost ?

Cheat. Nay, I did not stay to examin that ; for, as soon as ever I perceiv'd the Glympe on't, I shut up my Eyes, and felt my way out of the Chamber.

Gen. Where was this Ghost, Sir ?

Cheat. Oh ! behind the Bed, behind the Bed, *Gemil*.

Gen. Lord, Sir, 'twas nothing but the Cloak ; I hung it there.

Cheat. Was it not ? O' my Conscience, I thought it had been a Giant of a Ghost. ——— Hark, hark ! what's that ?

[*he starts.*

(*A Cry without, seeming at a distance.*

Boy without. A full and true Relation of a horrid and bloody Murther, committed on the Body of Mrs. *Arabella Venturewell*, a young Lady, by one 'Squire *Barnaby Cheatall* and his Man *Gentil* ; shewing how they lock'd her up in the dark, then cut her to pieces, and carried the pieces away under their Cloaks, and threw 'em into *Chelsey-Reach*, where, at low Water, they were found.

Cheat. O Lard ! O Lard ! the pieces found, *Gentil* !

Gen. So it seems, Sir.

Boy. (*seeming farther off*) A full and true Relation of a, &c.

Cheat. Nay, now we shall be hang'd for certain ; not the least Hopes : Oh ! oh ! oh !

(*Crying.*

Gen. Come, Sir, have a little Courage.

Cheat. To confess the truth to thee, I never had any Courage in my Life ; and this would make the stoutest man tremble : Oh !

Gen. I am thinking, Sir, ——— why ——— we was not at *Chelsey-Reach* that day.

Cheat. No, no ; but, may be, they'll swear we was.

Gen. My Lady and Miss hated her, ——— sure they han't been so barbarous.

Cheat. Like enough, ——— pin-up Petticoats are as convenient as Cloaks, — besides, my Sister is a Fury ; I've heard her threaten pulling Folks a pieces a hundred times, and now she has don't. ——— We'l e'en peach.

Gen.

Gen. What, your own Sister !

Cheat. Ay, my own Mother, to save my self : — I say, we'll peach.

Gen. That's not so good, for if they prove themselves innocent, 'twill fall upon us agen. — Hark ye, Sir, there's only *Eugenia* can witness against us, — suppose we try'd to stifle her Evidence with a swindging Bribe ; I never knew a Chambermaid refuse greasing in the Fist upon any Account.

Cheat. My dear *Gentil*, — if she inclines, my Offers shall be so large, that for the rest of her Life she shall have nothing to do, but study to make her Hands white, that she may burn all her Frippery, and be able to spark it with Quality.

Gen. Sir, I'll send her Propositions.

Cheat. (*half draws his Sword*) Do, but if the stubborn Jade won't comply, appoint a private meeting, and stop her Mouth with this — Ugh ! — you understand me.

Gen. Yes, Sir.

I find his Conscience would swallow a real Murder. — Sir, if you please, we'll go in and write what you design to offer her.

Cheat. Let us. If you meet her, *Gentil*, and she's surly, — Remember, — ugh, — ugh.

(*Afside*.)

(*Half draws his Sword*.)

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Sir Francis Wildlove, and to him Searchwell.

Searchw. Sir Charles sends you word, he is busie ordering his Affairs, designing with all speed to travel, and says, he shall never see you more, only to take his leave.

Sir Fran. Hey day ! O' my Conscience, this charming little *Beauclair* has me under a Spell, and I shall meet with nothing but Disappointments till I submit to her.

Searchw. Ay, Sir, you wou'd soon find the true Pleasures of virtuous Love, and a satisfaction in denying your Appetite.

Sir Fran. Preaching Fool, hold you your Peace.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentlewoman below desires to speak with you.

Searchw. (*afside*) So, there's no great dunger my Master shou'd Reform, when the Devil is alwaies at hand with a Temptation in Petticoats.

Sir Fran. Searchwell, wait on the Lady up.

Searchw. Ah Lord !

Sir Fran. Sirrah, I shall break your Head, if you don't leave this canting trade.

Searchw. I am gone, Sir.

(*Exit, and Re-enters with Mrs. Dreswell.*)

Dressw. (*afside*) This is a mad Message my Lady has sent me with to her Lover ; I'm afraid he'll kick me for my News ; hang't, he's a Gentleman, and I'll venture.

Sir Fran. Ha ! pretty Mrs. Dreswell, this is a favour I never receiv'd from you before ; Must I own the Blessing only to your Good-will, or is my Happiness greater ? Did your Lady send ?

Mrs. Dressw. I came from my Lady, Sir, but what Happiness you'll find I know not ; methinks she has done a strange mad thing.

Sir Fran. What's the matter ?

Mrs. Dressw. She's married, sir.

Sir Fra. The Devil she is.

Mrs. Dressw. Even so : she said, those that she fancied car'd not for her, therefore she resolv'd to bestow her self and Fortunes on a secret Lover, whom indeed her Ladiship owns she never valued, a Gentleman you know, sir, the worthy Mr. Spendall.

Sir Fran. (walks about enrag'd) Damnation ! that Rake, Bully, Sharper ! damn it, damn it.

Mrs. Dressw. Here's a Note where they are ; she desires to see you.

Sir Fran. Tell her I esteem her so much, I'll cut the Rascal's Throat she has thought fit to call Husband ; I'll do it, Madam, tho' I'm hang'd at the Door ; 'tis the only wa. I can expres my Love to her now.

Mrs. Dressw. Wou'd I were well gone ; I'll tell her, sir.

[Exit.]

Sir Fran. Married ! and to Spendall ! Oh, that I cou'd despise her : Ha ! I find 'tis worse with me than I thought, what makes this gnaw my Heart so else ? My fellow-Libertines will laugh to see m- play the fool and kill my self : Oh, I cou'd tear in piecemeal the Villain that betray'd her to endless Ruin.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, there's another Lady, out of a Coach, coming up stairs.

Sir Fran. Blockhead, tell her I desire she would break her Neck down agen, and oblige me in riding post to the Devil. My Coach there ?

[Throws the fellow down.]

(Exit.)

Servant. O my Nose, my Nose ; why what's the matter now ? I thought I should have had a Reward for my News ; and so I have, I think. O, my Nose.

Enter Mrs. Flywife.

Mrs. Fly. Where's Sir Francis ? Did you tell him I was coming up ?

Serv. Yes, and he says, you may go to the Devil, he has spoil'd the Ornament of my face, and flung into his Coach stark mad.

Mrs Fly. Much of Passion shows much of Love, my Coach shall follow his, I'll not leave him so.

[Exit.]

SCENE changes.

Enter Mrs. Beauclair, Dreswell and a Woman.

Mrs. B. I must confess I am Fool enough to be pleas'd with Sir Francis's concern ? But, Oh, my Uncle's troubles draws a veil upon my rising Joys, and damps all Mirth : Poor Bellinda ! She sent a Note to tell me her Disorder was such,

such, she cou'd not see me ; with much ado I have perswaded Sir *Charles* to come hither, for half an hour, and look into this unlucky piece of Matrimony.

Dress. Madam, they are coming.

Mrs. B. In, in, then?

(Exit.)

Enter Lady Beauclair, Spendall, Miss Peggy, Lywell.

Lyw. Here give me a Glass of Wine, Mrs. Bride's long life, and lasting happiness.

M. Peg. Thank ye, Sir, give me a Glass, you.

Spend. To me, my Love ?

M. Peg. Yes.

Spend. Yours, for ever.

(Drinks it off.)

Lady B. Lard, Child, you'll drink too much Wine.

M. Peg. Pray be quiet, I'll drink what I please ; I am Married now, why sure, I'll ha'none of your Tutoring, I Cod, I'll long for every thing I see, shan't I, you ?

Spend. I, and have it too, my dear.

M. Peg. I Cod, I'll long for Green Pease at *Christmas*, so I will.

Lady B. My heart akes, this great concern has made me sick, give me a Glass.

M. Peg. I am Mothers own Daughter, feth I dare confess it now, I always us'd to be sick for a Glass of Wine, ho, ho ?

Lady B. Sure the Wench is mad.

(One knocks.)

Spend. Ha, dear Ladies go in, 'tis some body from Sir *Charles*, I believe, I wou'd willingly speak with 'em first.

M. Peg. Ay, ay, let's go in, there's more Wine within.

Lady B. Be sure you make your Estate out plain.

Spend. Yes, yes, heark ye, *Lywell*, carry 'em out of Ear-shot, lest it shou'd prove a Dunner.

Lyw. I warrant ; Come Ladies, we'll in, and take a Bumper.

M. Peg. O la, you make me so blush —

(Knocks agen.)

Spend. Boy, open the door ?

(Exeunt.)

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. What, grown so great already, that I must wait half an hour for admittance.

Spend. (aside.) He is come from Sir *Charles*, I'll speak him fair : Sir *Francis Wildlove*, your very humble servant, I beg ten thousand Pardons.

Sir Fran. Keep your fawning, and bestow it on Fools ; 'tis lost on me, and will be grossly answer'd. I tell ye, you are a Rascal.

Spend. Poverty makes many a man fo, Sir

Sir Fran. A presuming Rascal I do I not know thee for the dreg of humane kind, and shall thy detefted Arms receive her Virgin Beauties, life of goodness, Soul of Honour, Wit, and Sweetness, the only Woman upon Earth I cou'd have lov'd ?

Spend. Sure you design to banter me : Soul of Wit, and Sweetness ; the Devil might had her Sweetnes for me. 'Twas her Mony I married ; faith, Sir *Francis*, I always took her for a Fool ?

Sir

The Innocent Mistress.

Sir Fran. Prophaner ! this last action only calls her Judgment in question, thy Death is Justice, first to deceive, and then abuse her, draw.

Spend. I will draw, tho', Gad, I wou'd have sworn never to have fought on this occasion.

Enter Mrs. Beauclair and Dresswell laughing.

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha.

Dress. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fran. Nay, Madam, I'll not disturb your mirth, but be so calm to wish it may continue. (*puts up his Sword.*)

Spend. What's the meaning of all this ? how came Mrs. Beauclair here ?

Sir Fran. Are you not married to this Lady ?

Spend. No such Honour was ever designed for me : Lard, Sir, I am married to Miss Figg, Lady Beauclair's Daughter, my Fool's within, now I hope I may call her so.

Mrs. B. I d^r Sir Francis, you Counterplotted me, knew the truth, and only acted this concern.

Sir Fran. No, by Heaven, nor perfectly my own heart, till this severe Trial search'd it ; did I dissemble, Madam, your sense wou'd soon discover it, but by my Sonl, I love you truly, and if you dare venture on me, my future life shall shew how much I honour you.

Mrs. B. Can you then leave all the pretty City Wives, which a Man of your Parts and Quality, in a quartet of an hours seige, could overcome ? In fine, all the charming variety of what was pretty, or agreeable in the whole Sex, and be confin'd ? Oh, that's a hard word to me.

Sir Fran. With more delight than those surfeiting Joys (that always left a sting behind 'em) afforded.

Mrs. B. Well, Sir, if you can give me your heart, I can allow you great Liberties : but when we have play'd the Fool and married, don't you, when y^t u have been pleased abroad, come home surly : let your looks be kind, your Conversation easie, and tho' I shou'd know you have been with a Mistress, I'd meet you with a smile.

Sir Fran. When I forsake such Charms, for senseless mercenary Creatures, you shall correct me with the greatest punishment upon Earth, a frown,

Mrs. B. You'll fall into the Romantick stile, Sir Francis : Mr. Spendall, shan't we see your Bride ?

Spend. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyship will prove my Friend to Sir Charles.

Mrs. B. Ay, ay, we'll all speak for ye ; had she mist ye, there was no great likelihood, as the case was, she wou'd have done better.

Sir Fran. Where is the pretty Miss? pray conduct us to her.

Mrs. B. Sir Charles will be here presently, I long to hear my Aunt set out the greatness of the match.

Spend. This way, Sir.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Mr. Beaumont, Arabella and Eugenia.

Arab. Is this the Houle, Eugenia ?

Eug. Yes, Madam.

Arab.

Arab. Well, thou art a lucky Girl, to recover my Writings with such speed.

Eug. Madam, the 'Squire wou'd have parted with a limb, if I had requir'd it.

Beau. Madam, it was your promise, whenever you pol'st your Fortune, (tho' I'm sure I never insisted on't) you wou'd be mine.

Arab. I have no occasion to break my word, Mr. Beaumont.

Beau. Then I am happy.

Arab. Mrs. Eugenia, will you enquire where these Bride-folks are?

Eug. See, Madam, they are coming.

Enter Lady Beauclair, Mrs. Beauclair, Miss Peggy, Sir Francis Wild-love, Spendall, Lywell.

Arab. Will the 'Squire be here?

Eug. Yes, Madam, I told him of his Cousin's Marriage; and he seems pleased his Sister has been trick'd.

Peg. Lard, you, what d'ye bring one to these folks, they'll do nothing but jeer us?

Spend. Oh, my dear, carry your self civilly, and every body will love ye.

Mrs. B. Sir Charles will be here presently to wish you Joy, Madam?

Lady B. So, then we shall have noise enough, but I'll be as loud as he, I'll warrant him.

Mrs. B. And louder too, or I'm mistaken.

Enter Sir Charles Beauclair.

Sir Char. Neice, why have you dragg'd me to this unwilling Pennance, if the Girl is ruin'd what is't to me? my thoughts are full of something else.

Mrs. B. My Uncle, my Father, and my Friend, yet these names do not express half my tenderness: The best of Guardians and of Men: pray change your thoughts of Travel, I'll study ten thousand things for your Diversion.

Sir Char. Not Angels Eloquence shou'd alter me; I'll act the uneasie part no longer, that Woman, the bar to all my Happiness, by Heaven, she's not my Wife: 'tis true, the Ceremony of the Church has pass'd between us, but she knows I went no further.

Mrs. B. Stay then, and live asunder.

Sir Char. No; so, Madam, you've married your Daughter.

Lady B. Yes, what then? he has a good Estate, when his Father dies, beside the present settlement, and ready Mony.

Sir Char. Poor deluded Woman! he has no Estate, nor Relation worth owning, Mr. Spendall, generous Charity induced me to relieve your wants, you have betray'd this young woman, but use her well—I have not much to say—I suppose they were both so willing, a very little pains effected the matter.

Lady B. How, Rascal! Devil! have ye married my Daughter—and have ye nothing, Sirrah?

Spend. Ask Mrs. Peggy that.

Peg. You make one laugh, I vow and swear.

Lady B. Beast! I don't mean so—But have ye no Estate, Sirrah?

Spend. No, faith, Madam, not I; my Wife has enough for us both, and what's matter.

Lady B.

The Innocent Mistress.

Lady B. Oh, Dog ! Come away, Peggy, we'll go to *Doctors Commons*, and thou shalt be Divorc'd.

Peg. I won't be Divorc'd, I've got a Husband, and I don't care, I'll stay with him.

Spend. That's kindly said, and I engage you shan't repent it.

Lady B. Why Counsellor *Smart*, why Counsellor *Smart*, did not ye tell me —

Sir Fran. Hey day, Counsellor *Smart* ! why this is a Fellow many degrees worse than your new Son in-Law. Hearkye Friend, leave this Counterfeiting Trade — or you'll lose your Ears ; Reform, as your Friend has done, and Marry.

Lyw. Hang him, Rogue : He's a Smock-fac'd Fellow, and Handsom : I shall do no good with the Women.

Spend. (aside) Go, be gone, Devil, don't disgrace me, I'll meet you at the old place. [Exit. *Lyw.*

Mrs. B. Look what a puff the old Lady's in — Aunt, you always said you'd match your Daughter your self, you did not desire a cunnering head than your own.

Lady B. Well, Mrs. *Flippant* ! I hope your mad tricks will bring you a Baa-stard home at laft, and that will be worse.

Sir Char. Nay, Madam, spare my Neice : she ever was most repectful to you, till you abus'd her beyond all bearing.

Sir Fran. Mind not a mad Woman.

Enter *Cheatall*.

Cheat. Your Servant Gentiles ! — O La ! Sister, I hear strange news, Cousin Peggy's married to a Sharper, a Rake, a Bully, they say ! I told you so, I told you so ! Gadzooks ! you woud not be warn'd.

Lady B. Well, Booby ! what's that to you, i underhead. (strikes him.)

Cheat. Pox take your nasty Fist ! you love fighting plaguily.

Lady B. Well, 'twas passion, you may excuse it, when you consider my afflictions — To make ye amends, I'll come live with you, and take care of your Estate, and Mrs. *Arabella's*.

Cheat. No, no, don't mistake your self, I'll be a stingy Cur no longer, but drink my Bottle freely, nor sneak out o' the Company without paying my Club, for fear of having my Pocket examined by you.

O Lard ! the Ghost ! the Ghost. (Seeing *Arabella*, runs behind *Spendall*.)

Spend. What, is the man mad ?

Mrs. B. You don't understand the whim.

Arab. Come gi' me thy hand, old Boy, we'll be Friends ; I am no Ghost, I assure ye.

Cheat. And — is not that the Hectoring Spark your Brother, with his monsterous whiskers par'd ?

Beau. Not her Brother, Sir, but one who hopes to pretend to the Lady, by another Title.

Cheat. Oh ! I find how matters ha' been carried — Much good may d'y'e with her. — Gadzooks, she wa'n't fit for me, — I'm a Fool, you know, Sister.

Arab.

The Innocent Mistress.

Arab. You must grant me one Request,
Cheat. What's that?

Arab. To forgive *Gemil*; he's going to be married to *Eugenia*, but shall have no Joys without your Pardon.

Cheat. Ay, ay, I forgive him, and leave his Wife to punish him; she has a Fruitful Invention, let him take care it does not one day fall upon his own head
Gentil! I am Friends; and will give thee something towards House-keeping.

Gentil. I thank you, Sir.

Eng. I'm sure, it went to my very heart to fright your Worship so.

Cheat. You are a wheedling Baggage; but 'tis all well, I'm contented.

Enter Mrs. Flywife, in a fright.

Mrs. Flyw. O save me! save me! I'm pursued by a bloody-minded Monster.

Sir Fran. What's the matter? is it your Husband, Madam?

Mrs. Flyw. 'Tis my Tyrant, the Devil 'tis.

Enter Flywife, *hus Hanger drawn*.

Cheat. Nay, hold ye, Mistres, don't ye run behind me; 'ndsores, so I may have the sword in my Guts by mistake.

Beau. We'll all protect the Lady.

Mr. Flyw. Protect! damnation; do but hear how vile a thing it is.

Cheat. Hear! what do I hear, and see! why, sure this is our Brother, Allen, my Sister's first Husband, we thought dead in the Indies.

Sir Char. What's that? speak agen, but speak a loud, left I shou'd only catch the sound of Happiness, and be deceived.

Mr. Flyw. Has my damn'd Jilt brought me to a greater plague, my Wife? but I'll own it to punish her, tho' I suffer an abominable torment till next fair wind, the Sea's my Element; once there, I'm free. Well, I confess I have found a Wife here. Why stare you so? I am not the first has thought the sight unpleasing.

Sir Char. No, no, talk on; all are hush'd, as if a midnight silence reigned.

La. Beau. Who's this? Are you my first Husband Allen? And did you pretend you was dead, rather than come home to me, Sirrah?

Mr. Flyw. Here's a fine greeting.

Mrs. Flyw. How! your Husband! he's mine before Heaven: Mr. Flywif'e, won't you own me, Fubby?

Mr. Flyw. In troth, I think there's scarce a Pin to chuse; but you have disoblig'd me last, therefore avant, Strumpet; come hither, thou natural noise Spouse.

Mrs. Flyw. That Shape and Face prefer'd to me?

La. Beau. I'll be reveng'd of her, I'm resolv'd.

(Flies on her.)

Mrs. Beau. I'm all Amazement, Sir Francis; save the Lady, because she was my Friend; return her Ring, that may help console her.

Sir Fran. (parting 'em) Hold, Ladies, Ladies: March off, here's the boun-tiful Present; come, come, I doubt not but you've a private Pocket.

The Blandom Mistress.

Mrs. Flyw. The Devil take you all. (Exit.)

Mrs. Beaum. What Miracle is this? Madam, leave your passion, and examine it.

Mrs. Peg. Is my own Vather come agen? O La.

Spend. Your own Vather come agen! O La! Then, I fear, your Portion is not at your own dispose, Miss.

Mrs. Peg. Good Lord! does that disturb ye?

Mr. Flyw. Gentlemen, now your Wonder is a little over, pray let me ask why all this Company, and why that Gentleman, whom I know not, appears transported.

Sir Fran. I'll tell you, Sir; 'twas my hard Fate to marry your Lady, before your death was well confirm'd, that kept it some time private, when, before we came together, a Quarrel, from her uneasie Temper, arose, and I swore never to bed her; yet, for our Friends and Conveniency's sake, we seem'd to live like Man and Wife. Speak, Madam, is not this true?

La. Beaum. Yes, yes, 'tis true, the more shame for ye.

Sir Cha. Here, Sir, receive her, and with her a new Date of Happiness.

Mr. Flyw. I gues my future Happiness by the past; but since it must be so—

Sir Cha. Dear Neice, go to my House, and deliver up whatever is that Lady's.

Mrs. Beaum. You'll lend to Bellinda?

Sir Cha. My self, my self shall be the Messenger;

In my eager Mind I'm already there:

Methinks the Earth's enchanted, and I tread on Air.

(Exit.)

Mrs. Beaum. So, there's one pleas'd, I'm sure.

Cheat. Well, Brother, you're welcome home, as I may say; Why, here's Cousin Peggy grown up and married since you went.

Mr. Flyw. What! Is that Bud come to the Blossom of Matrimony? all by the Mother's Contrivance; a wise bussidens, I believe. Sir, I shall make bold to examin into your Estate before I give my Daughter any.

Spend. Say ye so? and if you give your Daughter none, I shall prove a second Mr. Flywifse.

Mrs. Peg. What's that, Bold-face?

Spend. Nothing, Child.

La. Beaum. Ay, that's a hopeful Match; I could find in my Heart to lock my self up, and never see your ugly Faces agen. (Exit.)

Mrs. Beaum. Let's follow, and appease her.

Anab. And as we go, you shall tell me what makes Sir Charles thus overjoy'd:

Mrs. Beaum. I will; and when we have done what he desir'd, we'll go all to Bellinda's, there we shall find my Uncle.

Sir Fran. Come, Beaumonts, let's see the end of this surprizing Accident.

Mr. Flyw. How like a Dog a Man looks once escap'd!

Forc'd back into the Matrimonial Noose;

'Tis a damn'd Joy to find the Wife I'd loose.

Exit.
SCENE

The Innocent Mistress.

5

SCENE, Bellinda's Apartment. On a Table lies her Hood and Scarf.

Sure some unseen Power holds me a moment longer ; ah ! 'tis no Power, but foolish Love, that shows the paths which carries me from *Beauclair*, leading to Death, or, what's worse, Despair.

Enter Betty.

Bett. Madam, the Coach is ready.

Bell. I'm coming, be sure you let none have admittance.

[Goes towards the Table.]

Bett. I will not, Madam.

Enter Sir Charles Beauclair.

Ber. Oh, Sir ! my Lady charg'd you should not enter.

Sir Cha. Away, you Trifler ; where's my *Bellinda* ?

Bell. This is unmanly ; not conquer your Desires, nor obey my positive Commands !

Sir Cha. Oh, stay and hear me ; let me hang upon your Knees, for I am out of breath, clasp and prattle o'er thee, like a glad Mother when she hugs her first-born Blessing after the pangs of Death ; mine, like hers, is Folly all, but full of Fondness.

Bell. Oh :

Sir Cha. Sigh not, my Fair ; by Heaven I am free from any Chains but thine, free as thy own clear Soul's from Vice.

Bell. How ! what mean ye ? oh, rise, and stop my growing Fears, Where's your Wife ? is she well ?

Sir Cha. Think not so basely of me, she's well, and in her Husband's Arms, on, my *Bellinda* ! in her Husband's Arms ; her first and only Husband, *Allen*, is return'd.

Bell. Forgetting all colder nicer forms, in thy faithful Bosom let me receive such News.

Sir Cha. My Life,

Bell. My Soul.

(embracing.)

Sir Cha. Ha ! the transporting Joy has caught her Rosy Breath, and those bright Eyes are in their snowy Lids retir'd : Oh, this is more, much more than ten thousand words cou'd have express'd. 'Wake, my *Bellinda*, tis thy Beauclair calls.

Bell. Do not view my blushing Face, I fear I have offended that Virgin Modesty by me still practis'd and ador'd ; now we must stand on forms, till time and *Decency* shall crown our *Wishes*.

Sir Cha. My Goddess, Conquerefs, by thee for ever I am directed.

Bell. I know thy honest Heart so well, I do not scruple the truth of what you have said.

Sir Cha. You need not, Dearest ; see, all our Friends come to confirm it.

Enter Sir Francis Wildove, Beaumont, Cheatal, Mrs. Beauclair, and Australia.

Mrs. Beau. Joy to my dear *Bellinda*.

Permit a stranger to rejoice at the Reward of Virtue and constant Love.

Bell. Pardon my Answers, Ladies, when I confess I scarce know where I am.

Sir Cha. Now I can mind the Affairs of my Friend : Sir Francis, I observe you very assiduous to my Niece; has she receiv'd you for her servant? and are you resolv'd on the truest Happiness, Confidence?

Sir Fran. Yes much, Sir Charles, I am the Lady's Dog in a string, and have violent pantings towards the delicious Charmer ; I hope she won't long defer my Desires : But let that black Gentleman Pve so long dreaded do his worst, he shan't spoil my stomach.

Mrs. Beaum. Ah ! those pantings, Sir Francis, I doubt they have moved your stomach so often, till they're quite took it away.

Sir Fran. A little forbearance, and such a tempting treat.

Sir Cha. [to Mr. Beaumont] You, Sir, too are blest ; I read it in your eyes, and see the Lady with ye.

Mr. Beaum. I fear no danger now, but dying of this pleasing Fever call'd Rapture.

Chear. To any man's thinking, these now are going to Heaven ding dong : but hear me, Ladies ; faith, all young handsom fellows talk just so before Matrimony : seven Years hence let me bear off ~~nothing~~, ~~neavings~~, ~~and Raptures~~ ; no Gadzooks, scarce Risings then : I shall live a jolly Batchelor, and laugh at your indifference, Gadzooks, I shall ~~die again now~~ ! wot !

Mrs. Beaum. Well said Squire ; we wou'd bring him along. *Sir Charles,* I think him very good-humour'd to this Lady, and believe his Sister only made him otherwise.

Sir Cha. I read in every Face a pleasing Joy, but you must give me leave to think that mine exceeds, rais'd to unexpected World of Bliss, when sunk in Sorrows and Despair.

Kind Fate, beyond my Hopes, the Weight ~~remov'd~~, ~~was gone~~.

And gave me all, in giving her I lov'd. *(Exult.)*

THE END.

ERRATA.

BY a mistake in the Copy, which was false Folio'd, the Scene in Sir Charles Beaumont's House, Pag. 32, should have came in, in the latter part of the third Act, which ends with,

Chear. Oh, that ever I should live to see my self hang'd.