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THE GAMESTER:

A

COMEDY.

Drawn from

THE

WORKS
OF THE CELEBRATED
Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

In THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXI.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Thomas Valere, Father to Valere the Gamester.</i>		<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
<i>Dorante, his Brother, in Love with Angelica.</i>		<i>Mr. Corey.</i>
<i>Young Valere, a Gentleman much in Love with Angelica.</i>		<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Mr. Lovewell, in love with Lady Wealthy.</i>		<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
<i>Marquis of Hazard, a supposed French Marquis.</i>		<i>Mr. Fieldhouse.</i>
<i>Hector, Valet to Valere.</i>		<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>Mr. Galoon, a Taylor.</i>		<i>Mr. Smeaton.</i>
<i>Count Cogdie,</i>		<i>Mr. Dickins.</i>
<i>1st Gentleman,</i>	} <i>Three Gamesters.</i>	} <i>Mr. Weller.</i>
<i>2d Gentleman.</i>		
<i>Box Keeper.</i>		<i>Mr. Knap.</i>
		<i>Mr. Francis Lee.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Wealthy, a very vain, coquettish Widow, very rich, Sister to Angelica.</i>	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Angelica, in Love with Valere.</i>	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Betty, Woman to the Lady Wealthy.</i>	<i>Mrs. Parsons.</i>
<i>Favourite, Woman to Angelica.</i>	<i>Mrs. Hunt.</i>
<i>Mrs. Security, one that lends Money upon Pawns.</i>	<i>Mrs. Wallis.</i>
<i>Mrs. Topknot, a Milliner.</i>	<i>Mrs. Fieldhouse.</i>



THE GAMESTER.

THE PROLOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

*If humble Wives that drag the Marriage Chain
With cursed dogged Husbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant-Town.
When first you took us from our Father's House,
And lovingly our Interest did espouse;
You kept us fine, caress'd and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon held out above Three Year;
At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent Enjoyments pall'd your sprightly Taste;
And though at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Respect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You stop'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,*

*Like bad Wine, Business, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's Race?
Been often pregnant with your Wit's Embrace? }
And born you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
They were so like you that they far'd the worse;
For this to-night we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, Entertain;
If all the Midwife says of it be true,
There are some Features too like some of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.*

ACT I.

*The Curtain draws up, and discovers Hector in an Elbow-
Chair,
just waking, yawning.*

Hector. Bless me! 'Tis broad Day-light; Who the Devil would serve a GAMESTER! 'Tis a cursed Life, this that I lead. O, my dear Bed, how seldom do I visit thee! When shall I be lapt in the Fold of thy Embraces, and snore forth my Thanks? I, that could enjoy thee Four and Twenty Hours together, am grown a perfect Stranger to thy Charms. O! My precious Master! Now, Ten to

one, will he come Home with an empty Pocket; and then will he be confoundedly out of Humour; Then shan't I dare ask him for any Dinner. Thus am I robb'd of the *two* chiefest Pleasures of my Life, *Eating* and *Sleeping*.

Enter Mrs. Favourite.

Fav. Good-morrow, Monsieur *Hector*: Where is your sweet Master?

Hect. Asleep.

Fav. I must see him.

Hect. My Master sees no body when he's asleep.

Fav. I must speak with him.

Hect. Indeed, sweet Mrs. *Favourite*, but you cannot.

Fav. P'shaw, I tell you I must, and will speak with him.

Hect. With who Child?

Fav. With who? Why with *Valere*.

Hect. Hearn'e, would you speak with my Master in *propria Persona*, or with his Picture?

Fav. Leave Fooling, for I come not upon so merry a Message as you imagine.

Hect. Why then, to be serious, my Master is not come in; He's

a Man of Business, Child, and neglects his Ease to follow that.

Fav. Yes, yes, I guess the Business; he is at shaking his Elbows over a Table, saying his Prayers backwards, courting the Dice like a Mistress, and cursing them when he is disappointed. Between you and I, *Angelica* knows his Extravagance; and finding he breaks all the Oaths he made against Play, resolves to see him no more.

Hect. If he has lost his Money, this News will break his Heart.

Fav. Tell him, that I say he has deceiv'd more Women than he has played Games at Hazard; and——

Hect. You say—Ay, I find *Dorante*, my Master's Uncle, has given you a retaining Fee: What should she do with that old Fellow?

Fav. Oh! He's a Lover ripe with Discretion.

Hect. Ay, but Women generally love green Fruit best: besides, my Master's handsome.

Fav. He handsome! Behold his Picture just as he'll appear this Morning, with Arms across, down-cast Eyes, no Powder in his Perriwig, a Steenkirk tuck'd in to hide the Dirt, Sword-knot untied, no Gloves, and Hands and Face as dirty as a Tinker. This is the very Figure of your beautiful Master.

Hect. The Jade has hit it.

Fav. And Pocket as empty as a *Capuchin's*.

Hect. Hold, hold, this is Spite, mere Spite and burning Envy.

Fav. Ay, 'tis no Matter for that; I'll take Care he shan't deceive my Mistress: For she that marries a Gamester that plays upon the Square, as the Fool your Master does, can expect nothing but an Alms-House for a Jointure. Once more I tell you, that *Dorante* has both Reason and *Favourite* on his Side.

Hect. And we have Love on our Side; and Love never fails to conquer Reason: For your Part, you are like the *Swiss*, take any side for Pay.

Fav. Is not *Valere* asham'd, the only Son of such a Family, to leave his Father's House, and sneak up and down in Lodgings.

Hect. You're mistaken, Mrs. *Favourite*; he did not leave his Father's House: But his Father, who is as obstinate as the Devil, and as ill-natur'd as a *Dutchman*, turn'd him out.

Fav. He was a dutiful Child in the mean Time. Well, you may take my Word, he will have small Welcome at our House: I shall let my Lady know he is a Gaming; so sweet Mr. *Hector*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Farewell, Mrs. *Fripery*; I am glad I know my Master's Enemy however. Ho! Here he comes.

Enter Valere, in Disorder.

Val. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Hect. It is—in Troth, Sir, I have been up so long, I have forgot.

Val. Away, I am weary of your Fooleries. My Night Gown, quick, quick. The Devil, the Devil.

Hect. Ah! I find where about he is, he swears between his Teeth.

Val. So hey! What, must I wait all Day? My Gown here!

[*Valere still walks about, and Hector still following him with the Gown.*]

Hect. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Val. What a Dog am I? I know I have no luck, yet can't forbear playing. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! But why do I exclaim against her? I'll be even with her I warrant her, she has made me lose, but I defy her to make me pay, for the Devil a Souse have I.

Hect. Sir, Sir, please to put on your Gown, Sir.

Val. Get you to Bed, you Dog, and don't trouble me.

Hect. With all my Heart, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

[*Valere sits down in the Arm'd-Chair.*]

Val. I think I am sleepy. Death! 'Tis impossible to sleep:

[*Rises.*] For I can no sooner shut my Eyes, but methinks my evil Genius flings Am's Ace before me. Why, *Hector*, Sirrah; that Rogue sleeps happy: Why, *Hector*.

Hect. Sir——

[*From the Bottom of the Stage unbutton'd.*]

Val. Sir—you Sot, are you never tir'd with sleeping?

Hect. Tir'd—Why, Sir, I han't had Time to unbutton my Coat yet.

Val. Was any Body here to ask for me?

Hect. Yes, Sir, Here was your Music Master, and your Dancing-Master.

Val. Ay, they want their Quarterage, I suppose.

Hect. They'll call again, Sir.

Val. Then I'm not at home, Sir.

Hect. Oh! I know that Sir. But, Sir, here was a kind of a—kind of a shabby-look'd Fellow—He said his Name was *Cogdie*: He'll call again too.

Val. I know him not. None else?

Hect. Yes, Sir, a Back-Friend of yours. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you one Question? Do you love the charming

Angelica?

Val. Love her! I adore her!

Hect. Ah! That's an ill Sign. Now do I know he has not a Penny in his Pocket. Ah, Sir, your Fob, like a Barometer, shews the Temper of your Heart, as that does the Weather.

Val. Don't you imagine, whatever Passion I have for Play, that I have Power to forget that amiable Creature!

Hect. Ah, Sir, but if that amiable Creature should have banish'd you——

Val. Impossible!

Hect. Talk not of Impossibilities, good Sir, for pert Mrs. *Favourite* is just gone; who, I find, hates you, and swears her Lady has declared for your Uncle. Ah, Sir—what she says is not altogether false; [*Shaking his Head*] for notwithstanding you have sworn heartily to *Angelica* never to play again, you do throw away a merry Main; or see, Sir——

Val. Cease your Impertinence; I give you Leave to jest upon my Losses, but my Mistress touches my Heart, Sirrah.

Hect. [*Aside.*] Ah! Love's Fever is always highest when the Cash is at an Ebb. But, Sir, be not cast down, I have heard them say, a new Passion is the only Thing to cure an old one. There's the charming Widow of my Lord *Wealthy*, her Sister, richer than *Angelica*—Ah, Sir! Had you but made your Addresses there.

Val. There! she is the only Woman I would avoid. She's a Coquet of the first Rate; addresses all, and cares for none. How did she tyrannize over my Friend *Lovewell* before she married my Lord, tho' he is a Gentleman without Exception? and now she's playing the same Game over again; for the good-natur'd Fellow is in Love still.

Hect. Truly, Sir, I believe the *French* Marquis will carry it.

Val. No, he is too much of her Temper. Hark! Who's there?

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I am not within, Sirrah.

Hect. Oh, Sir! Your Father.

Val. Ah! That's worse; now will he rail as heartily against *Gaming*, as the *Fanaticks* against *Plays*.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere.

Sir Tho. What, what are you up? This is not a Gamester's Hour; or have you not been in Bed all Night? That's most likely.

Hect. [*Aside.*] He's the Devil of a Guesser. Indeed my Master keeps as early Hours as any Man, I'll say that for him.

Sir Tho. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, or I shall break your Head; your Freedom will not pass on me.

Hect. Your most humble Servant, Sir; I've done, Sir, I've done.

Sir *Tho.* I am come to make the last Trial of you, Sir. Your Course of Life is so very scandalous, that unless I see a speedy and sincere Reformation, I have resolv'd to disinherit you; then try if what has ruin'd you, will maintain you: But, do you hear, quit the Name of your Ancestors, who never yet produc'd such a Profligate. The Estate has not been reserved so long in the Family to be thrown away at Hazard.

Hect. Short and pithy: We are in a hopeful Way. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I have been revolving in my Mind all my Acts of Folly, and am asham'd that I harbour'd them so long, and now am arm'd with manly Resolutions; forgive my past Faults, and try my future Conduct.

Sir *Tho.* If I could believe thee real, my Joys would be compleat.

Hect. Ah! I smock the Design; a little Money is wanting. [*Aside.*]

Val. My cruel Uncle, who never was a Friend to you, now endeavours to supplant me in *Angelica's* Heart; you know I live but in her.

Sir *Tho.* I know your Love, and the only Thing I like in you: She's a virtuous Lady, and her Fortune's large; 'tis base, and most unfit my Brother's Years, to become your Rival.

Hect. Ah, Sir, if my Master loses her, I dare swear it will break his Heart. In my Conscience, I believe it is Love keeps him awake, and puts Gaming into his Head.

Sir *Tho.* Well, Son, if you obtain her, I'll forgive your Fault, and pay your Debts once more.

Val. Sir, I don't doubt it; but I'm a little out of Money at present.

Hect. Humph!

Val. Money, Sir, is an Ingredient absolutely necessary in a Lover: A Hundred Guineas would accomplish my Design.

Hect. As I guess'd.

Sir *Tho.* At your old Trick again—No, no; I have been too often cozen'd with your fair Promises.

Val. Try me this Time; lend me but Fifty.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Twenty.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Ten.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Hect. Hard-hearted *Jew.* [*Aside.*]

Val. Five, Sir; for I can't go without some Money.

Sir *Tho.* Not a Souse from me.

Hect. One, Sir; that we may dine: for I am sure my Master has not a Groat, by his Humility.

Sir Tho. No; if you are hungry, go fling a merry Main for your Dinner.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I never was so well bred: Besides, I hate trusting to Chance for my Food.

Sir Tho. I admire you have liv'd so long with your Master then. Look ye, *Valere*, get you to *Angelica*; out with your Uncle, and you shan't want Money. In the mean Time, *Sirrah*, do you get me a List of his Debts.

Hect. Yes, Sir—There's some Hopes I may come in for my Wages. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I obey you in every Thing—and fly to *Angelica*. Hearkye, *Rascal*, get me some Money, or I will cut your Ears off. [*Aside to Hector.*]

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Money! Mercy on me; where shall I get it? Well, I think I am bewitch'd to him.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Tho. If I can but reclaim my Child, and match him to *Angelica*, I shall date the happiest Part of my Life from this Moment.

Enter Cogdie.

Cog. Sir, your most humble Servant; is not your Name *Valere*?

Sir Tho. It is, Sir.

Cog. I come to offer you my best Service.

Sir Tho. In what, pray Sir?

Cog. Sir, I am Master of all Sorts of Games, and live by that noble Art. My Name is *Cogdie*, call'd by some Count *Cogdie*.

Sir Tho. He takes me for my Son? I'll humour it, and hear what the Rogue has to say. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, what then?

Cog. Hearing of your ill Fortune at Play, I came, out of pure Generosity, to teach you the Management of the Die.

Sir Tho. The Management of the Die; Why, is that to be Taught?

Cog. O! Ay, Sir; to learn to cog a Die nicely, requires as good a *Genius* as the *Study* of the Mathematics. Now, Sir, here is your true Dice, a Man seldom gets any Thing by them: Here is your false, Sir, hey, how they run. Now, Sir, those we generally call Doctors.

Sir Tho. The *Consumption* rather. Mercy upon me! What is our World come to! [*Aside.*]

Cog. Come, throw a Main, Sir, then I'll instruct you how to

nick it; he is very dull. I tell you, Sir, in this Age, 'tis necessary that Children learn to play before they learn to read.

Sir *Tho.* I tell you, Sir, that I am amaz'd the Government never preferr'd you to the Pillory for your wonderous Skill.

Cog. I find his ill Fortune has put him horribly out of Humour: I say again, that learning to play is of more Use, than *Fa, La, Mi, Sol*, or cutting a Caper.

Sir *Tho.* I'll *Fa, La*, Caper, you Dog; know I am his Father, and hate Gaming, and all such Rascals as you are. But stay, I'll pay you your Wages for the Care you took of my Son.

Cog. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir, not a Penny, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* No, Sir, a Cane.

Cog. Not in the least, Sir: I, I, I, would not give you the Trouble by no Means, Sir. What a Sot was I, to mistake the Father for the Son.

[*Exit running.*]

Enter Hector running.

Hect. O, Sir! Undone! Undone! Undone!

Sir *Tho.* Undone! when wert thou otherwise?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but my Master, my Master—

Sir *Tho.* What of him? Surely he was given me for a Curse.

Hect. Ah, Sir! As my Master was just stepping into *Angelica's* Lodging, so nicely drest; his Wig, I believe, had a Pound of Hair, and Two Pound of Powder in it; he look'd so pretty, that had she but seen him, she must have lov'd him, tho' her Heart had been made of Brass: But just as he was stepping in——

Sir *Tho.* She ordered her Footman to shut the Door upon him, I suppose, hearing of his continued Extravagance.

Hect. No, no, Sir, worse than that; a slovenly filthy Fellow whipt his Sword from his Side, whilst another, as bluff as a Midnight Constable, slapt him on the Back with an Action of Forty Pounds.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! And did *Angelica* see it?

Hect. No, no, Sir, we being cunning, wheedled 'em to the Tavern; and 'tis but giving 'em a lusty Bottle, Sir, and I warrant we get it off for ten Guineas.

Sir *Tho.* How's this, an Action of Forty Pounds got off for Ten Guineas? I suspect a Trick—Come, shew me the Way to this Tavern.

Hect. What shall I do now? Sir, I, I, I came in such Haste that I never thought to look up at the Sign.

Sir *Tho.* Then you are likely to carry the Money, Sirrah; Sirrah, this Sham won't take; the next Time, Rascal, lay your Lies closer, Rogue. [*Slaps him.*]

[*Exit.*

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector*! Thou art no good Plotter. Well, I draw this Comfort from it, however, I shall never dread the Gallows for Plotting.

Enter Valere.

Val. Well, I have over-heard all; I thought what your Projects would come to.

Hect. Why, Sir, the wisest Men sometimes fail; and you must own, that I study as hard as a starving Poet for your Interest: But if my Plots, like their Poetry, miscarry, 'tis no Fault of mine.

Val. You'll still be witty out of Season; but pr'ythee what's to be done now?

Hect. Oh, Sir! Yonder goes Mrs. *Security*, who lent you once a Hundred Guineas upon your Diamond Ring that you lost at Play.

Val. I remember I gave her Fifty for the Use of it: But, however, call her in this Extremity, and bring up a Bottle of Sack with you. [*Exit Hector.*] Now for the Art of Persuasion to squeeze this old Spunge of fifty Guineas, that may make me Master of a thousand before Night.

Enter Hector and Mrs. Security.

Val. Mrs. *Security*, good morrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* Mr. *Valere*, your very humble Servant.

Val. A Chair there, quickly. Mrs. *Security*, let us renew our old Acquaintance, and cement it with a Glass of Sack.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Mr. *Valere*! I never drink in a Morning.

Val. What, not a Glass of Sack? Come, *Hector*, fill. My Service to you.

Mrs. *Sec.* Pray, young Man, give me but a little.

Val. Fill it up, I say.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh! dear Sir! Your Health. [*Drinks half.*]

Val. What, my Health by Halves? I'll not bait you a Drop.

Mrs. *Sec.* Well, I profess it will be too strong for me.

Val. *Hector*, does not Mrs. *Security* look very handsome?

Hect. Truly Sir, I think she grows younger and younger.

Mrs. *Sec.* Away, you make me blush.

Hect. Ah! She'll have another Husband, I see by those Roguish Eyes.

Mrs. *Sec.* Fie, fie, Mr. *Hector*; these Eyes have done nothing but wept since my good Husband, *Zekiel Security*, died; and the more because he died suddenly. [*Weeps.*]

Hect. Suddenly! Good lack! Good lack! It e'en makes me weep to think on't.

Mrs. Sec. He died in his Vocation just sealing a Bond.

Val. Ah! Would thou wert with him, so I had a little of thy Money. [*Aside.*] *Hector*, fill t'other Glass to *Mrs. Security* to wash away Sorrow.

Mrs. Sec. O, dear Sir, I thank you for your Civility; and you shall find me always ready to serve you.

Val. I do believe you *Mrs. Security*, and have Occasion to try your Kindness.

Hect. Ay, my Master pitch'd upon you.

Sec. He knows he may command me.

Val. I would borrow fifty Guineas, *Mrs. Security*, which shall be repaid—

Sec. I don't doubt it, Sir, in the least; for you know my Way—A Pledge—If it be not quite double the Value, I won't stand with a Friend: and it shall be as safe as my Eyes, that I assure you.

Val. Humph!

Hect. Ah, Duce on't, here's the Sack lost.

Sec. You had your Ring again, Mr. *Valere*: And I hope you don't mistrust me now.

Val. Mistrust you? No, no, Madam. *Hector*, fetch Mrs. *Security* a pledge.

Hect. A Pledge, Sir? Bless me! What does he mean now? A Pen and Ink, Sir?

Val. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Security* shall have my Note.

Hect. As good as any Pledge in *England*.

Sec. It may be so—But I promised good *Zekiel* to be wary of the Money he left me: Yea, and I will be very wary.

Hect. And very wicked—

Val. Refuse my Note! I scorn your Money.

Hect. I'd have you to know, my Master's Note is as good as a Banker's—sometimes, when the Dice run well. [*Aside.*]

Sec. Nay, if you are angry for my fair Dealing, good morrow to you.

Hect. O, Impudence! She calls *Cent. per Cent.* fair Dealing—Go thy Ways, but take my Curse along with thee. May some Town-Sharper persuade that sanctify'd Face into Matrimony, and in one Night empty all thy Bags at Hazard.

Sec. Your Wishes hurt not me, ill-manner'd Fellow. I'd have you to know, if I would marry again, I could have a—

Val. Nay, nay, Mistress, if we must have none of your Money,

let's have none of your Impertinence.

Hect. Be gone, be gone, Woman, be gone.

[*Pushes her off.*]

Val. Oh! Deep Reflection—would I could avoid thee: To become the Scoff of mercenary Wretches—And thro' my own Mismanagement, reduc'd to base Necessity. Oh, *Angelica!* I'll cast a real Penitent beneath thy Feet.

*And if once more thy Pardon I obtain,
Love in my Heart shall the sole Monarch reign.*

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

Enter Angelica and Favourite.

Ang. After all his solemn Promises to quit that scandalous Vice, when he can hold my Love upon no other Terms, does he still pursue that certain Ruin to his Fame and Fortune? But I resolve to banish him my Heart, which he has justly lost by his perfidious Dealing. I feel, I feel my Liberty return; and I charge thee, *Favourite*, speak of him no more.

Fav. No, no, Madam, fear not me; I hate him for your Sake,
Madam: Was he like his Uncle; there's the Man for my Money.

Ang. Because you have a large Share of his, I suppose: Old
Men must bribe high. Name neither to me, I hate Mankind.

[*Exit Favourite.*]

Enter Lady Wealthy.

L. *Weal.* Well said, Sister; I hate Mankind too, and yet the
Fellows will follow me; but who is the Man that has put you out
of Conceit with the whole Sex? *Valere?*

Ang. The same; no other had ever Power to shock my
Quiet——Nor shall he; for this Moment I'll 'raze him from my
Thoughts.

L. *Weal.* If she holds her Resolution, I am happy. [*Aside.*] That
Task may prove more difficult than you imagine, Sister. Come,
come, this is a Flight of sudden Passion, that would fall upon the
Sight of *Valere.*

Ang. You mistake, Sister, my Resentment is grounded upon
Reason.

L. *Weal.* I know he has given you Cause enough: But Love is
blind; had a Man used me so, I should have suspected his
Reality sooner.

Ang. Why, do you think he loves me not?

L. *Weal*. It looks with such a Face—

Ang. Why then did he take Pains to be reconcil'd?

L. *Weal*. Gallantry, mere Gallantry; and she that cannot distinguish, often mistakes it for a real Amour. Ah, *Angelica*! You are but a Novice yet, and don't understand the Beau-Monde. A Woman should always speak more than she thinks, and think more than she writes, or she'll ne'er be upon the Square with Men.

Ang. I shall neither write nor speak to any of 'em for the future, I assure you.

L. *Weal*. And do you positively think you could resist *Valere*, if he should come in this Minute?

Ang. I do, positively.

L. *Weal*. What, in his most moving Air? For you know he is Master of a false insinuating Tongue: Should he, I say, throw himself at your Feet in a Tone of Tragedy; cry, Forgive me, *Angelica*, or kill me if you please; I'll not oppose the Blow, nor strive to save my Life by one poor Word—I love you, and only you: Does not your Soul tell you so in my Behalf? Will you not answer me? Then, rising from his Knees, Will then, says he, Nothing but my Death wipe out my Fault? Give it me then, cruel Fair; for now to live is Pain. If I have lost you, I have lost all that's worth my Care. Then offers to draw his Sword; at Sight of which you are melted into Pity, and once again betray'd. Is not this true, *Angelica*? Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. I confess I have too often been deceiv'd—but now he shall find I am upon my Guard—and were he the only one remaining of his Sex, I would not—if I know my Heart—marry him.

L. Weal. I'm pleas'd to hear your Resolution; and doubly pleas'd to find you Mistress of your Passion—'Tis a Point of Wisdom to cashier such Follies as blind our Sense, and make our Judgment err.

Ang. 'Tis very true.

L. Weal. Believe me Sister—I had rather see you married to Age, Avarice, or a Fool—than to *Valere*,—for can there be a greater Misfortune than to marry a Gamester?

Ang. I know 'tis the high Road to Beggary.

L. Weal. And your Fortune being all ready Money will be thrown off with Expedition—Were it as mine is indeed—But are you sure your Heart is disengaged?

Ang. Why, do you doubt it?

L. Weal. I have a Reason, Sister, that when you have satisfy'd me you shall know.

Ang. Then be satisfy'd—I will never see him more—Now the Secret.

L. Weal. Why, then know I love him.

Ang. How! You!

L. Weal. Yes, I; where's the Wonder?

Ang. You that advis'd against the Gamester.

L. Weal. That was for your Good, Sister——Our Circumstances are different—My Estate's intail'd enough to supply his Riots, and why should I not bestow it upon the Man I like?

Ang. What in that Mourning Weed resolv'd on Matrimony, and is your Lord forgot already—Did I take such Pains in rubbing your Temples, whilst *Favourite* apply'd the Harts-horn to your Nose, when the fainting Fits came thicker and thicker, and was it all but Affectation—And does your dead Husband's Picture, that dangles at your Watch there, serve only to put you in Mind of another?

L. Weal. And where's the Crime—I lov'd him living as much as any Wife, or rather more; and did what Decency required when he died—But being free, I'm free to chuse.

Ang. Then who so fit as *Lovewell* for your Choice, whose honourable Love has long pursu'd you.

L. Weal. You are not to direct my Inclination.

Ang. Nor you mine—*Favourite*, [*Enter Favourite*,] if *Valere* comes, I will see him—That Good you have done, Sister.

Fav. See him Madam!

Ang. Yes, Impertinence.

[*Exeunt Ang. and Fav.*]

L. Weal. Ay, see him if thou wilt, but to little Purpose—I doubt not his Return, when once he finds Encouragement, 'tis his Awe has kept him silent, not that I care much for him neither; but it is the greatest Mortification in Nature to see a handsome Fellow make Love to another before one's Face.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Madam, the Marquis of *Hazard* to wait on your Honour.

L. Weal. Pugh, that Fool.

Enter Marquis.

Marq. Hey, let my three Footmen wait with my Chair there—the Rascals have come such a high Trot—they've jolted me worse than a Hackney Coach—and I'm in as much Disorder—as if I had not been dress'd to Day—Pardon me, Madam, I took the Liberty to adjust myself, e'er I approach'd you.

L. Weal. You are the exact Mode of Dress—but Monsieur *Marquis*, methinks you are grown perfect in our Tongue.

Marq. The Value I have for the *English* Ladies, made me take particular Pains in the Study—Duce on't, I shall be discover'd, if I forget my *French* Tone—*Ah, Madam, Vous parlez Francois mieux que je parle l'Anglois.*

L. *Weal*. Ah, *Point de tout Monsieur*.

Marq. But there's no Language like the *Eyes*, Madam—and *Yours* would *set the World on Fire*.

L. *Weal*. O, Gallant.

Marquis sings to the *Widow*.

*IN vain You sable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipse the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year;
 'Tis well for those
 Of Cupid's Foes,
That your Beauties thus shrouded lie;
 For when that Night
 Puts on the Light,
What Crouds of martyr'd Slaves will die?*

SINGS to the *Gamester*, when he has won Money.

*FAIR Celia, she is nice and coy,
 While she hold the lucky Lure;
Her Repartees are Pish and Fie,
 And you in vain pursue her.*

*Stay but till her Hand is out,
 And she become your Debtor,
Address her then, and without Doubt,
 You'll speed a great deal better.*

*It is the only Way
When she has lost at Play,
To purchase the courted Favour,
Forgive her the Score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my Life you have her.*

Marq. I had like to have fought last Night, for Asserting your Prerogative of Beauty.

L. Weal. With whom pray?

Marq. With *Valere*, whose continual Toast was your Sister: I must confess it has given me a passionate Desire of seeing her, that I may hereafter with greater Assurance maintain your Cause.

L. Weal. What would the Fellow have me introduce him—My Cause don't want your Sword.

Marq. She's jealous already; if my Footmen observe my Orders, she'll secure me here for Fear of losing the Prize.
[*Aside.*]

L. Weal. This Fool's doubly my Aversion——now he has nam'd my Sister. Would I were rid of him.

Marq. Has your Ladyship play'd at Court this Winter?

L. Weal. In my Weeds?

Marq. I ask your Pardon, Madam, but that Beauty and Gaiety

nothing can eclipse. Who can look on you, and mind your Dress?

L. *Weal*. That's well enough exprest—But nothing that he says can please me now.

Enter Footman, and gives a Letter.

Footm. A Footman in Green, Monsieur, waits for an Answer.

[*Exit Footman.*

Marq. Is this a Time? Let him wait at the Chocolate-House at *St. James's* an Hour hence——Oh, Madam, did you know how I languish for you!

L. *Weal*. When did I give you Leave to make a Declaration of your Love——Monsieur——pray, read your Letter, and give the Lady an Answer.

Marq. I confess it comes from a Lady——but if——

Enter another Footman.

Footm. My Lady *Gamewell* has sent three Times for you, and will not begin to play till you come.

Marq. *Allez Vous en Coquin*——Let her stay.

[*Exit Footman.*

L. *Weal*. Insolence! what does the Fellow mean?

Marq. 'Tis the greatest Fatigue in Nature to hold a Correspondence with Impertinence——but your Ladyship is the Reverse of—

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, the Lady *Amorous* begs the Honour of your Company this Minute; Sir *Credulous* is just gone out of Town.

Marq. *Le diable t'emporte*—out of my Sight—Am I not engag'd!

L. Weal. Engag'd! Upon my Word you are not—What House is the Place you appoint to receive your Assignations in——

Marq. No, upon my Honour, Madam——but I presume they have searched the whole Town——and seeing my Equipage at your Door, were so audacious to send in their Message——but I'll turn away my Footmen for this Embarrassment.

L. Weal. Pray, let not my House be distinguish'd by you, nor your Equipage for the future——I am not to be us'd so, (*angrily.*) Now for a set and grave Face to put me more out of Humour, if possible——

Enter Lovewell.

Love. You seem in Disorder, Madam——

L. Weal. Who can be otherwise, when People take Liberty beyond the Bounds of good Manners,——

Love. Who dares in my Lady *Wealthy's* House?

[*Looking angrily at the Marquis.*

Marq. Upon my Soul, Sir, she takes it quite wrong——Or she's——confoundedly jealous.

Love. Sir, I am positive that Lady cannot be in the wrong; and read it in her Looks, your Absence wou'd please her——

Marq. Sir——

Love. No Words here, Sir——if you wou'd dispute it, I'll meet you when and where you please——

Marq. Your most humble Servant—[*In a low Voice.*] You shall hear from me——Hey, hey, who's there?——My Servants——Madam, as your Ladyship said, I'm not to be us'd thus——

[*Exit.*

L. Weal. Monsieur——He's gone, I wou'd not lose the Fop neither——

Love. Gone, Madam! so you would have him, I suppose.

L. Weal. You suppose! how dare you suppose my Thoughts——and who gave you this Privilege in my House? Shortly I shall be wish'd Joy; for this is a Prerogative above a depending Lover.

Love. I plead no Merit; and my long successful Love assures me I have no Power——but I understood——

L. Weal. You understood! Ay, you always understand wrong, Mr. *Lovewell*.

Love. I do confess I wander in the Mazes——and still pursue a Brightness which I cannot fix——To please you has been my long and only Study; witness the many Years of awful Servitude I paid your Virgin-beauty, and the Pains I felt when I beheld you wedded to another: I could not bear the Sight, but in a cruel Banishment pass'd my unlucky Hours, till Fate in pity set you free, but all in vain, for still my Portion is Despair.

L. Weal. Nay, if you are running into that grave Stuff——I must leave you, tho' in my own House—for I have got the Spleen intolerably, and cannot endure it.

Love. No, Madam, I'll retire——I love too much to disobey——Only when you reflect on your admiring Slaves, think on my Fidelity.

[*Exit.*

L. Weal. Thou art a poor constant Fool, that's the Truth on't——and thou hast Merit too, I'll say that for thee——but we Women don't always mind that——Here comes the present Ascendant of my Heart——

Enter Valere.

Val. Ha, the Widow here——now could I make her my

Friend? Now for a serious Face——and an Heroic
Stile——Madam——

L. *Weal.*——Sir——

Val. My Stars shed their kindest Influence to Day, and blest me
with the Opportunity of finding you alone—Pity is essential to
the Fair, and ought to be extended to those that sink beneath the
Rigour of their Chains.—

L. *Weal.* 'Tis the Diversion of your Sex to complain; I believe
Mr. *Valere* finds few barbarous in ours——

Val. None more unfortunate in Love than I, and tho' my Heart
is breaking, I'm forbid to tell my Pain.

L. *Weal.* I hope 'tis to my wish——It may be me he means, else
why this Address——She must be very cruel, that lets you sigh
without Return——Is it in my Power to assist you——

Val. Oh, Madam, All, All's in your Power——You rule my
Fate——

L. *Weal.* Then you shall be happy——'tis so——

Val. On my Knees let me receive the Confirmation of your
Promise——and seal it here——

[*Kneels and kisses her Hand.*

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Ha! kneeling to my Sister, faithless Man——

Val. There, Madam, there's the angry Brow, that darts
Distraction to my Peace: Your Aid to clear that Storm is what I
su'd for——

L. Weal. Insufferable ill Breeding——

Val. Oh, *Angelica!* I cast me at your Feet.

Ang. No, back to my Sister's, there I found you.

Val. Only to intercede to you——

L. Weal. False, by my Honour, he was making violent
Love——I'll teize her however.

Val. Making Love; what does she mean?

Ang. And you receiv'd it, I suppose.

L. Weal. You interrupted me, e'er I could give my
Answer——

Val. Why, Madam, my Design you know.

L. Weal. Yes, yes, Mr. *Valere*, I know your Design—I have not
had so many sighing, dying Lovers, but I can guess the
Design——

Val. But mine was——

L. Weal. Oh, fie, don't declare it here—You know my Sister

has a Passion for you——and I wou'd not tyrannize——

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power——

Val. Oh, the Devil——Madam, I own 'tis an Offence to a Lady of your Beauty and Merit, to make a Declaration of Love.

L. Weal. Not at all, Sir,——when one likes the Person——I'll——consider on't——but, hark'ee, do not deceive my Sister too far, it may be dangerous.

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power——or his, to deceive me; I see thro' your shallow Artifices, and despise it.

L. Weal. Those that rely upon their own Judgment are soonest caught. Sister——Remember, I have given you fair Warning——

[*Exit.*

Val. I'm in amaze——

Ang. You need not——I know my Sister's Design——but that's not my Quarrel to you——Quarrel did I say? No, I am grown to a perfect State of Indifference——Quarrels may be reconciled——but a Man that basely breaks his Word, and forfeits Faith and Honour, is not worth our Anger, but deserves to be despis'd.

Val. I do confess I am a Wretch below your Scorn: I own my Faults and have no Refuge but your Mercy.

Fav. In the old Strain again—— [*Aside.*]

Val. If you abandon me, I'm lost for ever——for you, and only you, are Mistress of my Fate.

Ang. Your daily Actions contradict your Words——and shews I have no such Power in your Heart——Did you not promise, nay, swear you'd never game again——

Val. I did, and for the perjur'd Crime merit your endless Hate, but you, in pity, may forgive me——Oh, *Angelica*, see at your Feet an humble Penitent kneel, who, if not by your Goodness rais'd——will grow for ever to his native Soil.

Ang. You wou'd be pardon'd only to offend again.

Val. Never, never——Here on this beauteous Hand I swear, whose Touch runs thrilling thro' my Heart——and by those lovely Eyes that dart their Fire into my Soul, never to disoblige you more.

Fav. That Oath hath done the Business, I see by her Looks.
[*Aside.*]

Ang. Rise, *Valere*——I differ from my Sex in this, I wou'd not change where once I've given my Heart, if possible——therefore resolve to make this last Trial——banish your Play for Love, and rest secur'd of mine.

Val. Oh, Transport! let me kiss those soft forgiving Lips, the Memory of whose Sweetness shall arm me against Temptation.

Fav. So——now my old Man may go hang himself. [*Aside.*]

Val. Could you but know the anxious Pains I felt, the jealous racking Cares that prey'd upon my Soul——when I heard my Uncle was allow'd to tell his Suit——you'd then have found how dear *Valere* had priz'd you.

Ang. What I did was to revenge your Falshood——though Love's my Witness, *Dorante's* my Aversion—and let this Present shew who 'tis that reigns triumphant in my Heart.

Val. Your Picture! Oh, give it me, that in the Absence of the dear Original——I may feast my Eyes on that.

Ang. But mark, *Valere*, the Injunction I shall lay; whilst you keep safe this Picture, my Heart is yours——but if thro' Avarice, Carelessness, or Falshood, you ever part with it, you lose me from that Moment.

[*Gives him the Picture.*]

Val. I agree; and when I do, [*Kissing it.*] except to yourself, may all the Curses ranked with your Disdain, pursue me——This, when I look on't, will correct my Folly, and strike a sacred Awe upon my Actions——

Fav. 'Tis worth two hundred Pounds, a good Moveable when Cash runs low. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Well, I am convinc'd, let a Woman make what Resolutions she will, when alone——the Sight of her Lover will break 'em.

Fav. Madam, Mr. *Dorante* is coming up.

Ang. I'll not be seen, Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Val. My charming Love, adieu——Take Care to welcome your Benefactor, Mrs. *Favourite*; he's a Lover ripe with Discretion, Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Dorante.

Your Servant, Uncle, Ha, ha, ha——

[*Holds up the Picture to his Nose.*] [*Exit.*

Dor. This young Rake's Presence bodes me no Good, I fear. Mrs. *Favourite*, your Servant——Is your Lady to be spoke with?

Fav. I doubt not, Sir.——I don't know what she is——I'm sure I'm almost wild; our Business is all spoil'd——*Valere* is reconcil'd again.

Dor. Ah, that insinuating young Dog.

Fav. She has just now given him her Picture set round with Diamonds.

Dor. I thought, indeed, something sparkled in my Eyes——But what's to be done?

Fav. I know not——He has promis'd her to play no more; if he keeps his Word we have no Hopes; but if he breaks it, as I doubt not but he will, Pride and Revenge may work her to our Ends——You may be certain, Sir, I'll let slip no Opportunity to serve you.

Dor. I do believe it——and to encourage you to believe me grateful——accept of this Ring.

Fav. Oh, dear Sir, you are too generous——I don't merit it——Pray excuse me——

Dor. Nay, I will not be deny'd.

Fav. Well, Sir, since you will have it so——I'll not fail to move your Suit——I'll do my best Endeavours, I'll assure you: Write, Sir, write, and I'll deliver the Letter——then let me alone to back it.

Dor. You must urge the Largeness of my Fortune——the Steadiness of my Temper; and withal tell her I am not above Two and Forty——I was grey at Thirty.

Fav. I warrant you, Sir——Be sure you exclaim against your Nephew's Gaming.

Dor. Ay, ay, I'll go write it this Moment——and send it presently.

Fav. I'll be in the Way to receive it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to Sir Thomas Valere's House.*

Enter Sir Thomas and Hector, with Papers.

Hect. Sir, I have brought you a compleat Account of the Debts of my Master—I think I have not forgot one Farthing; for, if I mistake not, you desired to know 'em all, Sir——

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, come read 'em over.

Hect. That I will, Sir, in two Words——A true List of the Debts of Mr. *James Valere*, which was by him contracted within the City of *London*, and Liberty of *Westminster*, which his Father, *Sir Thomas Valere*, has promised to discharge.

Sir Tho. If I discharge them or not, is not your Business——Go on——

Hect. 'Tis my Design, Sir. In the first Place then—*Item*, Due to *Richard Scrape*, Fifty-five Pounds, Nine Shillings and Ten-pence Half-penny——for Five Years Wages——and Money disbursed for Necessaries.

Sir Tho. *Richard Scrape*, who's he?

Hect. Your most humble Servant, Sir. [*Bows.*]

Sir Tho. You, why is not your name *Hector*?

Hect. Ay, Sir, that is my Name *de Novo*——My Master thought *Richard* sounded too clumsy for a Gentleman's Valet, and a Gamester——So, Sir, he gave me the Name of *Hector*

from the Knave of *Diamonds*.

Sir *Tho*. A very pretty Name——I admire he don't call his Mistress *Pallas* from the Queen of *Spades*——But how came you so rich, Sirrah, to be able to lend your Master Money?

Hect. Why when the Dice has run well, my Master would now and then tip me a Guinea, Sir.

Sir *Tho*. And so you supply'd him when he wanted, with his own Money: Oh, Extravagance!

Hect. 'Tis what many an honest Gentleman is drove to sometimes, Sir.

Sir *Tho*. More Shame for 'em——Go on——

Hect. *Secondly*, Sir, here is due to *Jeremy Aaron*, Usurer by Profession, and Jew by Religion.

Sir *Tho*. Never trouble yourself about that, I shall pay no Usurer's Debts, I assure you.

Hect. Then, Sir, here's two hundred Guineas lost to my Lord *Lovegame*, upon Honour.

Sir *Tho*. That's another Debt I shall not pay.

Hect. How, not pay it, Sir,—Why, Sir, among Gentlemen, that Debt is looked upon the most just of any: You may cheat Widows, Orphans, Tradesmen, without a Blush——but a Debt of Honour, Sir, must be paid—I could name you some Noblemen

that pay no Body——yet a Debt of Honour, Sir, is as sure as their ready Money.

Sir Tho. He that makes no Conscience of wronging the Man——Whose Goods have been delivered for his Use, can have no Pretence to Honour——whatever Title he may Wear——But to the next.

Hect. Here is the Taylor's Bill——the Milliner's, Hosier's, Shoemaker's, Tavern, and Eating-house, in all 300*l.*

Sir Tho. A fine Sum, truly.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I have not named the Barber, Perriwig-maker and Perfumer, which is a 100*l.* more——Besides, he is in Arrears to Mademoiselle *Margaret de la Plant*, lately arrived from *France*, with whom he covenanted for four Guineas a week.

Sir Tho. For four Guineas a Week, for what?

Hect. Oh, Sir, pardon me there, I never betray the Secrets of my Master.

Sir Tho. Four Guineas a Week!

Hect. Ay, Sir, and very cheap, considering he made his Bargain in the Winter——and truly I don't know but the Woman lost by it.

Sir Tho. You don't——Take that, Sirrah——You shan't lose by it, however——Go, Rascal, pay your Whores and Debts of

Honour out of that.

Hect. Ay, Sir, they'll never take this Money of me; if you please, Sir, I'll send 'em to your Levee, and you may pay 'em yourself.

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, I shall break your Head——Go get you to the Rake your Master; play, hang, or starve together, I care not——Debts, with a Pox; *Gaming, Drinking, Wenching*, rare Debts to bring into a Court of *Chancery*——You, O Lud, O Lud, O Lud——Bring me such a Bill of Debts, Rogue: Mercy on me, that there can be such Impudence in the World——O, I have much ado to forbear thee——Me such a Bill of Debts——

[*Exit.*

Hect. So, our Affairs go backwards, I find. Honest *Richard*, Patience, I say; go seek thy Master out.

*Fortune may change, and give a lucky Main;
And what undid us, set us up again.*



ACT III.

Hector, *solus.*

Hect. Where can my Master be now——I should suspect he

were at Play——but that I know he has no Money——Sure this old Dad of his will open his Purse-Strings once more, if he's reconciled to *Angelica*: I long to know what Success he meets with.——O here he comes——

[*Enter Valere with his Hat under his Arm, full of Money, he counting it——*

I waited on your Father, according to Order, Sir, with a List of your Debts——and the generous old Gentleman—I thank him, gave me more than I expected—Hey-day, he minds me not——Ah, I doubt we are all untwisted——No hopes of *Angelica*——

Val. Five hundred fifty-seven Guineas and a half.

Hect. Ha! What do I see! The Plate Fleet's arrived——By what Miracle fell these Galleons into our Power—I hope, Sir, since Fortune has been so kind——

Val. A Curse of ill Luck—[*Stamps.*] Had I but held in the last Hand, I should have had 300 Guineas more of my Lord Duke's——besides what I betted.

[*Walks about.*

Hect. I am overjoy'd, Sir, at your good Fortune——But as I was saying, Sir——

Val. But hold, my Lord *Lovegame* owes me 200 upon Honour: 'Tis pretty well——I have not made an ill Morning's Work on't.

Hect. There's no speaking to him——

Val. There's no Music like the Chink of Gold!—By *Jove* this Sound is sweeter in my Ear—than all the *Margaretta's* in *Europe*——Ha! *Hector*, where come you from *Sirrah*?

Hect. Came, Sir—Why I was here before you—But Fortune's golden Mist conceal'd me from your Sight—Sir, I congratulate your good Success—but how!

Val. Ay, 'tis Success, indeed, if thou knew'st all—Honest *Jack Sharper* lent me *Five* Guineas, to pay him *Ten* if Luck run on my Side. I have discharg'd my Promise and brought off a *Thousand* clear.

Hect. Huzza—Why you're a made Man!

Val. And we meet again at Five, where I design to win a *Thousand* more, Boy.

Hect. Ay, but if you should lose all back, Sir.

Val. Impossible. This is a lucky Day—*Angelica* and I are reconcil'd——my Faults forgiven, and all my Wishes crown'd, *Hector*.

[*Shewing the Picture.*

Hect. Bless my Eye-sight—A Picture set with Diamonds—Nay then, *Hector*, cheer up—for now the bad Times will mend. [*Sings.*] Why now a Fig for your Father's Kindness; you are able to pay your Debts yourself, Sir——

Val. A Pox on thee for naming 'em——Thou hast given me the Spleen——Pay my Debts, quotha——The bare Word is enough to turn all my Luck.

Hect. Say you so, Sir! Is paying Debts unlucky then?

Val. Ay, certainly; the most unlucky Thing in the World.

Hect. Humph——I now find the Reason why Quality hate to pay their Debts——A duce on't, I wish I had known as much this morning, I would not have paid the Cobler for heel-piecing my Shoes——For aught I know it may be a Guinea out of my Way; for my Master does not use to be so slow——Sir, now you are in Stock, Sir, if you please to put Wages into my Hands——it shall be very safe in Bank against you want it.

Val. The Devil's in the Fellow——Speak one Word more of paying Debts, Sirrah——and I'll cut your Ears off——I shall have no occasion to borrow——and my Father will pay your Debt among the rest——

Hect. He won't pay a Souse, Sir——He broke my Head at the very Sight of the List——

Val. Ay that was in his Passion——There's a Plaister for that Wound——

[*Gives him a Guinea.*]

Hect. Sir, your most humble Servant——I find we middling People are out of the Quality's Latitude——Paying Debts are only unlucky to Gentlemen——Sir, pray, Sir, give me Leave to

offer one Thing to your serious Consideration.

Val. I bar Debts.—

Hect. Not a Word of that, Sir.

Val. Out with it then.

Hect. That you'd lay by 500*l.* of that Money against a Rainy Day.

Val. But suppose I should have more set me than I can answer.

Hect. 'Tis but sending for it at worst, Sir.

Val. So baulk my Hand in the mean Time—and lose the winning of a Thousand—No, no; there's nothing like ready Money to nick Fortune.

Hect. Ah, Sir, but you know she has often jilted you; and would it not be better to have a little Pocket-money secure—Put by 200 Sir.

Val. Well I'll consider on't—Ha! see who knocks.

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I have not a Farthing of Money, remember that, Sirrah—

[Puts up his Money hastily.]

Hect. Lying is a thriving Vocation.

Enter Galloon, a Taylor, and Mrs. Topknot, a Milliner.

Val. Ha! Good-morrow to you——Good-morrow to you Mrs. *Topknot*: Mrs. *Topknot*, you are a great Stranger; why don't you call and see me sometimes?

Mrs. Topk. Indeed, Sir, I call very often—tho' I have not had the good Fortune to see you—for you was still asleep, or gone abroad.

Val. I am sorry it fell out so. Well, have you brought your Bill?

Mrs. Topk. Yes, Sir. [*Gives him her Bill.*] I hope you lik'd your last Linen, Sir.

Val. Very well.

Gal. Sir, I beg the Favour of you——

Hect. I must not let two fasten upon him at once—Mr. *Galloon*, a Word with you—You always make my Cloaths, too little for me.

Gal. I am sorry for that.

Hect. My Breeches are Seam-rent in three or four Places.

Gal. I'll take care——

Hect. You sew most abominably slight.

Mrs. Topk. We are about marrying our Daughter.

Val. I hope you have provided a good Match; for she is very handsome, Faith.

Mrs. Topk. The Girl is not despiseable—The Man is very well to pass in the World; but the small Fortune we design for her, must be paid down upon the Nail—Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to help me to my Money, if possible.

Val. If it was possible, I would, Mrs. *Topknot*; and am heartily sorry that it is not in my Power.

Mrs. Topk. It is a Debt of a long standing, Mr. *Valere*; and I must not be said nay.

Val. I know it is; but upon Honour, I can't pay you now.

Mrs. Topk. Let me have some, if you can't pay me all——Ten Guineas at present would do me singular Service.

Val. May I sink if I have seen Five these Six Months.

Hect. That he has not, to my Knowledge.

Gal. Pray, Sir, consider me, if it be never so small; my Wife is ready to lie in, and Coals are very dear, and Journeymen's Wages must be paid.

Hect. Why, the Devil's in the Fellow! Would you have a Man pay what he has not?—What Business had you to get Children, without you had Cabbage enough to maintain 'em?

Val. Hector—No Invention? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Gal. When will you be pleas'd that I shall call again, Sir.

Val. When you please.

Gal. I'll call To-morrow, Sir.

Val. With all my Heart.

Gal. Do you think, Sir, you can let me have some, if I come?

Val. Not that I know of.

Hect. No, nor I neither—Hark ye, when he has Money, I'll bring you Word.

Mrs. Topk. Don't tell me; I won't go out of the House without Money.

Val. With all my Heart—*Hector!* No Stratagem to save me from these Leaches? [*Aside to Hector.*]

Hect. Then you must e'en lie with my Master or me; for here are no spare Beds—Let me advise you to make no Noise; you'll have your Money sooner than you think for—Your Ear—
[*Whispers.*]

Mrs. Topk. To be married say you?

Gal. And to Madam *Angelica*, the great Fortune?

Hect. The same.

Mrs. Topk. I wish you Joy, Sir——Pray recommend me to

your Lady, for Gloves, Fans, and Ribbons.

Gal. I hope, Sir, I shall have the Honour to make your Wedding Suit.

Val. That you shall, I promise you.—The Rogue has hit on't.
[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Topk. But will this Match be speedy, Sir?

Val. I hope so.

Gal. To-morrow, Sir?

Hect. Or next Day—but we must intreat your Absence at present—for my Master expects his Father with the Lady's Trustees, in order to settle the Affair—and if you are seen it may spoil the Business.

Mrs. Topk. Well, well, well, I go, I go—— [*Runs a little Way and turns.*] You'll put your Master in mind of me?

Hect. Ay, ay.

Gal. And me too pray.

Hect. I'll do your Business, I'll warrant you: Go, go, go,—— begone, begone, begone,—[*Pushes 'em out.*]—There Sir, I have brought you off once more: Here's two or three Days Respite however.

Val. Why then there's two or three Days of Peace—for these

are the most disagreeable Companions a Gentleman can meet with—I dine at the *Rummer*, where you'll find me if you want me. I promis'd to visit *Angelica* again to Night, but fear I shall break my Word.

Hect. And will you prefer Play before that charming Lady?

Val. Not before her—but I have given my Parole to some Men of Quality, and I can't in Honour disappoint 'em.

Hect. Ah, What a Juggler's Box is this Word Honour! It is a Kind of Knight of the Post—That will swear on either Side for Interest I find—But, Sir, had you not better make sure Work on't; marry the Lady whilst she's in the Mind, lest Fortune wheel about and throw you back again.

Val. Marry her, say'st thou—I am not resolved if I shall marry or not.

Hect. High-day! Why I thought it had been what you desired above all Things—But I find your Pocket and your Heart runs counter.

Val. No, Sirrah; I love the charming Maid as much as ever: Love her from my Soul—But then I love Liberty.

Hect. And what should hinder you from enjoying it?

Val. Ah, *Hector*, if I marry her, I must forsake my dear Diversion, [*Pulling out a Box and Dice.*] which to me is the very Soul of Living:—'tis the genteelest Way of passing one's Time, every Day produces some thing new—Who is happier

than a Gamester; who more respected, I mean those that make any Figure in the World? Who more caress'd by Lords and Dukes? Or whose Conversation more agreeable——Whose Coach finer in the Ring——Or Finger in the Side Box produces more Lustre——Who has more Attendance from the Drawers——or better Wine from the Master,——or nicer serv'd by the Cook?——In short, there is an Air of Magnificence in't,—a Gamester's Hand is the Philosopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into Gold.

Hect. And Gold into Nothing.

Val. A Gentleman that plays is admitted every where——Women of the strictest Virtue will converse with him,——for Gaming is as much in Fashion here as 'tis in *France*, and our Ladies look upon't as the Height of ill Breeding, not to have a Passion for Play: Oh! The charming Company of half a Dozen Ladies, with each a Dish of Tea,——to behold their languishing Ogles with their Eyes, their ravishing white Hands, to hear their delicious Scandal which they vent between each Sip just piping hot from Invention's Mint, wherein they spare none, from the Statesman to the Cit—and damn Plays before they are acted, especially if the Author be unknown—This ended, the Cards are call'd for.

Hect. And open War proclaim'd——and every Cock-boat proves a Privateer.

Val. Our Engagements are not so terrible,——with us Revenge reaches no further than the Pocket.

Hect. No more don't a Highwayman——and yet the World thinks both Lives equally immoral.

Val. None of your Similes, Sirrah, do you hear?——Where is the Immorality of Gaming——Now I think there can be nothing more moral——It unites Men of all Ranks, the Lord and the Peasant——the haughty Dutchess, and the City Dame——the Marquis and the Footman, all without Distinction play together.

*And sure that Life can ne'er offensive prove
That teacheth Men such peaceful Ways of Love.*

Hect. The Marquis of *Hazard*, Sir.—

Val. The Marquis of *Hazard*, what wants he!

Enter the Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. Do you hear; do you wait with my Chair at the Corner of the Street, for I would be *incognito*.

Hect. What does he pretend to?

Marq. I presume, Sir, your name is *Valere*.

Val. I don't remember I ever had any other, Sir.

Marq. Sir I should take it as an extraordinary Favour, if you'll be pleas'd to command the Absence of your *Valet de Chambre*.

Val. Be gone.

[Exit Hector.]

Marq. Now, Sir, do you know who I am?

Val. I think, Sir, I never had the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Marq. *Allons Courage*, push him home, he seems daunted already; [*Aside.*] Sir, I have made the Tour of *Europe*, and have had the Respect paid to me in all Courts that became my Quality;—In *Spain* I kept Company with none but Arch-Dukes, in *France* with Princes of the Blood,——and since I have been here, I have had the Honour to sup or dine with most of the great People at Court.

Val. Why so hot, Sir?

Marq. And, Sir, my Person is not more known than my Valour——I have fought a Hundred Duels, and never fail'd to kill or wound,——without receiving the least Hurt myself.

Val. You had very good Luck, truly Sir,——What does the Blockhead aim at? [*Aside.*]

Marq. Sir, Fortune owes my Life Protection, for Sake of the noble Race from which I sprung——my Father's Grandfather's great Grandfather was Viceroy of *Naples*.

Val. Oh! One may see that in your Air, Sir.

Marq. Now, Sir, there is a certain Lady that has a Passion for my Person, not that I am in Love with her: Only Gratitude,——and I am inform'd by her Woman, that you make

your Addresses there; now, Sir, I suffer no Man beneath my Quality, to mix his Pretensions with mine.

Val. The Lady's Name, Sir?

Marq. The Lady *Wealthy*.

Val. You are misinform'd upon my Word, Sir; that Lady is at your Service for me.

Marq. That Declaration comes not from your Heart——your Encomiums on *Angelica* last Night, serv'd only to conceal your Love from me.

Val. So far from that, I did not know you till you had left the Room.

Marq. Sir, I say you must not pretend to vie with Quality.

Val. I know the Distance Fortune has put between us, Sir.

Marq. Then pray observe it, Sir;——don't think every Fellow we condescend to play with, fit Companions for us Men of Quality.

Val. [*Cocking his Hat.*] Fellow, Sir——

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Marq. Yes, Fellow, Sir.——He has a Heart, I find, I'll moderate my Passion. [*Aside.*]

Val. You will have it then, I see. [*Draws.*]

Marq. No, upon my Word, Sir, I was in Jest all the while.

Val. But I am in earnest, Sir,—and therefore draw——What, does the Courage of your royal Ancestors, Vice-Roys of *Naples*, fail you?

Marq. Sir, I made a Vow never to kill another Man,——and therefore pray put up, you have given me as much Satisfaction as I desired,——I thirst for no Revenge.

Val. Sir, I am not to be trifled with, the Wine is drawn, and you shall drink. [*Slaps him.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Hey! what's the Matter?

[*Lays hold of the Marquis, who draws.*]

Marq. Ha! Company! Nay, then—Sir, this is too much to bear.

Hect. Hold, hold, Sir, hold, what do you do?

Val. Ay, ay, pr'ythee let him go, he's not so dangerous as thou imagin'st, *Hector*,——Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Why then let him go,——there, Sir, I have done.

Marq. I shall find a Time, Sir.

Val. To be kick'd——you have been used too civilly here.

Hect. A Time! For what, what the Devil do you come into our Nation, to crow over us—I believe we shall find a Time in this Campaign to teach you better Manners—your capering Country is fitter for Dancing-Masters than Soldiers—Ha, ha, ha.

Marq. It suits not with my Quality to answer the Impertinence of a Valet—Monsieur, adieu—*prenez garde une autre fois.*

[*Exit.*

Val. Coxcomb below Resentment— [Looking on his Watch.] I have out-staid my Time.

*Now Fortune be my Friend, I'll ask no more,
One lucky Hour may double all my Store.*

Hect. Or make you Bankrupt as you was before.

[*Exit.*

SCENE Changes. A Table, with Pen,
Ink and Paper on it.

Enter Lady Wealthy, sola.

L. Weal. Which Way shall I contrive to disappoint my Sister's Wishes? Now would I give Half my Estate to feed my Vanity. Oh, that I could once bring *Valere* within my Power, I'd use him as his ill Breeding deserves; I'd teach him to be particular. He

has promis'd *Angelica* to play no more: I fancy that proceeds from his Want of Money, rather than Inclination.—If I could be sure of that—I'll try however. If my Project takes, I shall again break their Union——and if I can't serve my Pride, I shall at least disturb their Peace; and either brings me Pleasure. [*Sits down and writes.*] Now how shall I convey this to his Hands——It is not proper to send any of my own Servants——Who's there?

Enter Mrs. Betty.

Betty. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

L. Weal. Ay, get me a Porter.

Betty. A Porter! Madam: *Robin, John, and Nicholas* are all within.

L. Weal. And what then? Do as I bid you.

Betty. What can she want with a Porter!—I am resolv'd to watch.

[*Exit.*

L. Weal. 'Tis better being confin'd to a Desart, where one never sees the Face of Man——than not to be admir'd by all. [*Enter Porter.*] Here, carry this to Mr. Valere: Do you know him?

Port. Yes, an't please your Honour, very well.

L. *Weal*. Go, bring me an Answer then.

[*Exit* Porter.]

Enter Lovewell.

Ha! *Lovewell*: I must avoid his Presence, lest he discover this Intrigue——He'll be alarm'd at the Sight of a Porter in my Lodgings——Besides, my Soul resents the ill Treatment I have given him——He indeed merits better Usage——But I know not how, I cannot resolve on Matrimony.

[*Exit.*

Love. Gone! Am I then shun'd like pestilential Air——yet doom'd to doat upon her cold Indifference——Oh! Give me Patience, or I burst with Rage——There must be more than her bare Temper in't——She loves——Ay, there's the Cause——Oh! the racking Thought: By all the Powers, it fires each vital Part and with a double Warmth strikes every active Sense.

*Hear me, ye Pow'rs——And if you ne'er design
To make this dear, this scornful Beauty mine,
Grant in the Lieu—I may my Rival meet,
And throw him gasping at his Lady's Feet.*

[*Exit.*

*Enter Angelica and Favourite, with a Letter in her
Hand.*

Ang. I shall not open it, indeed——If you venture to receive

Letters again, without my Leave, I shall discharge you from your Attendance, Mrs. *Favourite*.

Fav. I do it for your Good, Madam.

Ang. For my Good! Impertinence—Am I to be govern'd by those I may command?

Fav. In spite of all that I can do, I shall lose my Salary: For when he finds the Cause go backwards, he'll fee no more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Dorante.

Ang. So, he's here too, by your Appointment, I suppose.

Dor. May I venture to approach the Rays of that Divinity, which dart into my Soul an impetuous Flame?

Ang. O dear Sir, there's a Fire in the next Room, whose Flames will warm you better than my Beauty, I believe.

Fav. Well, really, Madam, I think *Valere* could not have express'd himself finer.

Ang. Cease your odious Comparisons—Mr. *Dorante* might I advise you, make your Addresses to my Woman—I'm sure you'll meet a kind Reception; ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Your Woman, Madam! I thought a Person of your Rank knew how to treat a Gentleman better.

Ang. And I thought a Person of your Years might have understood better, than to make Love to one of mine.

Dor. My Years, Madam! I'm not so old——Can I help my being in Love with you?

Ang. No more can *Favourite* being in Love with you.

Fav. You are always witty upon me, Madam—I'd have her to know I love a young Fellow as well as herself. [*Aside.*]

Dor. 'Tis for my extravagant Nephew that I am despis'd; that complicated Piece of Vice whose head-strong Courses, and luxurious Life, will ruin both your Peace and Fortune. I saw him a little while ago enter one of those Schools of Poverty, a Gaming-House in St. *Martin's Lane*.

Ang. 'Tis false.

Fav. Nay, Madam, I dare say 'tis true—Yonder goes his Man; I'll call him and convince you.

[*Exit, and Re-enters with Hector.*]

Ang. He cannot be so ungrateful, after my last Favours——*Hector*, where's your Master?

Hect. Where'er his Person is—his Heart is with your Ladyship, Madam; I dare answer for him.

Ang. That's foreign to my Question; where is he?

Dor. Yes, yes, he's a fit person to enquire of, truly.

Hect. So I am, Sir: For nobody knows my Master's Out-goings and his In-comings better than myself.

Ang. Come, you shall tell me——*Dorante* says, he saw him go into a Gaming-House.

Hect. Discover'd—Nay then I must bring him off——Why, that is true, Madam.

Ang. Perfidious!

Hect. But, Madam, it is to take his Leave, upon my Word——He's gone to play, with a Design to play no more.

Fav. Now, Madam, who was in the right?

Ang. Is it possible a Man can be so base!

Dor. There are Men, Madam, that ne'er were guilty of such Crimes.

Hect. But, Madam, you won't hear me——my Master is making all the Speed he can to put himself in a Condition to keep his Word with you: He is shaking his Elbows, rattling the Box, and breaking his Knuckles for Haste——He has sent me Post for his last auxiliary Guineas, which, when he has thrown off, he'll lay himself at your Feet, with full Resolution never to touch Box or Dice more.

Ang. A likely Matter, truly.

Hect. So it is, Madam——For he'll put it out of his Power to offend again.

Dor. Till he has a new Recruit.

Hect. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant, I must fly; for my Master will think every Hour Seven till I am there.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Now, Madam, are you convinc'd——Will you yet accept a Heart devoted only to your Charms?

Ang. No more of your Fustian——'tis unseasonable; don't provoke me to use you worse than good Manners will allow: I respect your Age, but hate your——

Dor. Well, scornful Maid, take up with your Gamester, do: You'll be the first that repents it. And so farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ang. O, my too constant Heart! canst thou still hold the Image of this faithless Man——And yet methinks I'd fain reclaim him——I'll try the last Extremity.

*For when from Ill a Proselyte we gain,
The goodness of the Act rewards the Pain:
But if my honest Arts successless prove,
To make the Vices of his Soul remove, }
I'll die—or rid me from this Tyrant Love.*

ACT IV.

Enter Valere, with a Box and Dice in his Hand, as from Play to a Porter——Betty listening.

Betty. So; thus far I have followed this Porter: Here I'll observe who he wants——I'm sure 'tis against the Interest of Mr. *Lovewell*.

Val. From a Lady, say'st thou? and must be deliver'd into my own Hand——

Betty. As I imagin'd.

Val. Pr'ythee, Fellow, dost know what 'tis to interrupt a Gamester, when his Fortune's at Stake——Seven or Eleven have more Charms now than the brightest Lady in the Kingdom.—[*Opens the Letter.*] Reads——Humph—*Pursuant to what I told you before Angelica, that a Declaration of Love would not be disagreeable, I confirm my Words in a golden Shower——'Tis what I believe most acceptable to a Man of your Circumstances.* (Well guess'd, 'e Faith.) A Bill for One Hundred Pounds, payable at Sight—Monsieur le Porter, your very humble Servant——Tell the Lady, I am hers most obediently——It requires no other Answer, till I fly myself to return my Thanks.

Port. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit* Porter.]

Val. What must I do now? prove a Rogue, and betray my Friend *Lovewell*—If I accept this Present, I must make my Returns in Love; for when a Widow parts with Money, 'tis easy to read the valuable Consideration she expects:—But then *Angelica*, the dear, the faithful Maid——But then a Hundred Guineas, the dear tempting Sight! Ha, *Lovewell*! thou com'st in good Time; for my Virtue's staggering.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I have been seeking you all the Town over.

Val. And what News? Thou hast a very love-sick Countenance: The Widow has us'd thee scurvily, I know.

Lov. Beyond all bearing——*Valere*, thou ever wert my Friend; pr'ythee instruct me——Help to find the cursed Rascal out——'Tis not the Fool Marquis, I'm convinc'd; but some lurking Villain, some Wretch unworthy of her Charms——else her Vanity would ne'er conceal him.

Val. Hold, hold, Friend: you run on a little too fast——What would your Mightiness do now, supposing you discover'd this detested Rival?

Lov. I'd force him to renounce her; or lose my Life, and leave her free.

Val. Why then I have such a Respect for this Gentleman, that I must preserve him from your Lion-like Fury.

Lov. Ha! Do'st thou know him then—Oh! I charge thee by our past Years of Friendship, and by my Peace of Mind, which this cruel Woman takes eternally away, tell me but who he is, describe him to me: Is he a Gentleman?

Val. Yes, Faith.

Lov. And handsome?

Val. The Ladies think so.

Lov. Tell but his Name, that my Revenge may reach him. Hast thou a Friend more dear than I—No, no; thy Companions are no Friends; Gamesters and Profligates——whom in thy reflecting Hours I know thou hatest—She is not fit for one of these.

Val. The Spark is a little given to Gaming, I confess—yet holds his Nose as high as your Widow, I can tell you that.

Lov. Pr'ythee trifle no longer with me—nor do not jest with Pains like mine.

Val. Do you know her Hand?

Lov. Death! Does she write to him?

Val. These Credentials will confirm she does.

[Gives him her Letter with the Bill.]

Lov. Confusion to thee—And a Bill for Money——Away, it cannot be——By Hell, the Company thou keep'st has taught thee to be a Villain: Thou hast abus'd her Honour, which I will justify. Draw.

Val. Here's a Rogue now—When I have withstood a Temptation would have shook a Hermit—he'd cut my Throat for not taking his Mistress from him—Well, these romantic Lovers are whimsical Things—Harkye, *Charles*, I believe you know I am no Coward, and if your fighting Fit remains on you till Tomorrow Morning—I'll meet you when and where you please; but I'm engag'd now—as you may see. Farewel——

[*Exit, shewing him the Box, &c.*]

Lov. What Man but would for ever scorn, despise this false Ingrate—But I'm a Slave to Love, and bound with such a Chain, no Injuries can break—Something must be done; but what I know not.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Betty comes forwards.

Betty. So, my Lady has brought herself into a fine Præmunire. Well, I'm glad I heard this; and hope to make it turn to Mr. *Lovewell's* Advantage—who is a generous Man, and deserves a Countess.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to *Lady Wealthy's Lodgings.*

Lady Wealthy, sola.

L. *Weal.* So, thus far I'm successful: The Porter says he was transported with the Letter, and will instantly be here——Who's there? [*Enter Footman.*] Bid my Woman come hither.

Footm. She's not within, Madam.

L. *Weal.* How, not within!

Footm. Here she comes.

Enter Betty.

L. *Weal.* Hey! where have you been to put yourself in this Heat?

Betty. Speaking to a Relation, Madam.

L. *Weal.* A Relation; sure 'twas a warm Conference has left such Signs on't in your Cheeks——Set my Toilet——I'll throw these mournful Blacks away——adorn'd in chearful White, receive and charm my Hero.

Betty. Mr. *Lovewell*, Madam.

L. *Weal.* No, Fool; When did you ever see me dress at an old Lover? He's mine; securely mine: But *Valere*, the Gay, the Rover, the unconquer'd Rambler; he, he alone deserves my Care.

Betty. Madame, might I presume to speak——

L. Weal. Your Nonsense freely; I am in a good Humour, and can bear it all.

Betty. Then *Valere* is the most ungrateful—and Mr. *Lovewell* the most accomplished of any Man breathing.

L. Weal. Ha, ha, ha: And is this your Speech——*Lovewell* is beholden to you truly; and Mr. *Valere* shall know his Friend.

Betty. I hate him, Madam: and you have Reason.

L. Weal. Peace. I find I gave you too much Liberty.

Enter a Footman.

Footm. Madam, a Letter for your Ladyship.

L. Weal. Humph! from *Lovewell*: I know the Hand; some Compliment, some dismal Madrigal, or tedious Ditty, in worse Prose, I am sure. [*Opens it.*] Ha, my own Bill! What means this——*Madam—You have bestow'd your Favours unworthily: Notwithstanding this Proof, I would have fought, defended you beyond Demonstration; but your new Choice declin'd the Sword—and that Love I so long languish'd for.*

Your neglected, injur'd, but still faithful
Lovewell.

Base Traytor! Is this a Man of Honour? this the Return to my Advances——It is impossible——He has waylaid the Porter, brib'd

him, and deceiv'd me.

Betty. Indeed he has not, Madam.

L. *Weal.* Why, know you ought of this?

Betty. Yes, I can tell you all—if you will promise to interpret for the Good of him who loves you truly.

L. *Weal.* Come in, and let me hear the Story—If *Valere* has triumph'd o'er my Weakness, and expos'd my unrequested Bounty——

*Such a Repulse may fix this wand'ring Heart:
And constant Love may meet its due Desert.*

[Going.]

Enter the Marquis.

Marq. Turn back, bright Fair, and listen to an Action glorious as *Condé*, *Luxembourg*, or *Hess*, or any He that ever grac'd the Field.

L. *Weal.* More Plagues?——I begin to grow weary of this Train of Fools—Pray make your Story short, Sir.

Marq. I'll be as concise as the Heroic Deed—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*, as *Cæsar* said.

L. *Weal.* Over whom was this Conquest? your Footman and your Taylor?

Marq. No, Madam, over my Rival, *Valere*.

L. Weal. Ha! where met you that Report?

Marq. Every where——The World says you are in Love with him——'Tis all the Discourse at the *Chocolate-House*.

L. Weal. Confusion! Am I become so wretched—I shall be sung in Ballads shortly.

Marq. Having a profound Respect for your Ladyship—away flew I to his Lodgings—where I had no sooner enter'd, but the Memory of your Wrongs——set the stormy Marks of Anger on my Brow——Sir, said I—Sir, said he, your most humble Servant—Sir, said I—here is a Rumour spread abroad, prejudicial to the Reputation of a Lady whom I have honour'd with my Esteem.

L. Weal. Honour'd! Oh, audacious!

Marq. And Report says you are the Author——Who I? said he, in the meekest, humblest Tone that ever Lover begg'd in—frightned out of his Wits——Her Name, I pray——which when I had told him, and bid him draw; he poorly disclaim'd his Passion, and said, I might take you with all his Heart, for he would not fight——At which I stept up to him, saying, *Savez vous, Monsieur, du Lansquenet*——that is as much as to say, in *English*, a Flip of the Nose, Madam—at which the good Gentleman pull'd off his Hat, and made me the lowest Bow; and I, in Triumph, left——Now, my Reward—my Reward, Madam.

L. Weal. Your Reward; never to see me more: For though I

love Valour, I know this Story false—and you made up of Cowardice. Do'e hear—if ever my Doors are open [*Enter three Footmen.*] to this bold Intruder more, I'll have your Liveries pull'd over your Ears.

[*Exit.*]

Marq. Gone! I durst have sworn she would have married me for the News——Now here's a good Invention lost——Ah poor Monsieur *Markee*, thoul't never thrive with these Women of Quality——I must to some rich toothless City Dame——

*On them my Courage and my Shame may pass:
These Court-end Wits discover me an Ass.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *the Street.*

Hector *solus.*

Hect. Well, I have not Patience any longer to see this Master of mine play——I find which Way he's going——Odso, here's his Father——How shall I send him away——For if he should see his Son come out of this Gaming-House, we shall be undone again—— [*Enter Sir Thomas Valere.*] Oh, Sir, I have been all over the Town to look you——

Sir Tho. For what, pray? Did my last Greeting please you so well, that you've a Mind to more on't——Where's the Rake your

Master?

Hect. Oh, Sir, happy, happy beyond Expression——He's with *Angelica*, who has presented him with her Picture, set round with Gems of inestimable Value.

Sir Tho. Ha! Say'st thou so, Boy? And is he likely to carry *Angelica*?

Hect. Carry her, Sir; why the Business is done, and nothing wanting but your Presence, with a Lawyer, to fit 'em for the Priest——Good Sir, make haste——

Sir Tho. I'll be there in an Instant——And shall I be a Grandfather adad—I could find in my Heart to give thee Sixpence for thy News——And I will too——there *Hector*, drink your young Master's and Lady's Health, Sirrah——Ah my dear Boy *Jemmy*, I forgive thee all——I'm so transported, I think it an Age till I embrace thee.

[*Exit.*

Hect. 'Fore *George* if this old Fellow finds me in a Lie, as he most certainly will; for if *Angelica* hears my Master is at play again, she'll never have him that's sure too——I must let him know what I have done, and get him in the Mind to go this Hour to *Angelica*——or *Hector's* Bones will pay for't.

*To serve my Master, I a Lie may tell,
But would not suffer, when I mean it well.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE *discovers a Gaming-Table, with Valere, Count Cogdie, and other Gentlemen at Hazard, with several Rakes and Sharpers, waiting round the Table; a Box-Keeper, and Attendants.*

Cogd. Come——Seven——What do you set Gentlemen?

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That.

2d Gent. Ten pieces.

Val. The Devil's in the Dice—There, Sir, a Hundred Guineas.
[*Angrily.*]

[*Cogdie rattling the Box, and considering where to throw.*

Box-K. Knock where you are, Sir.

Cogd. I am at the fairest only; [*Throws out the Dice.*] Come, and that little Silver too.

Box-K. Four to Seven.

1st Rake. Mr. *Cogdie*, to three a Crown, shall I?

2d Rake. To three and eleven Guineas, if you please.

1st Sharp. Here's three Crowns to eleven, and if I lose, by all

that's good I know not where to eat.

Cogd. [*To 1st Rake.*] You go to three a Crown [*To 2d Rake.*] you to three, and eleven Guineas. [*To Sharper.*] You shall go yours to eleven *Jack*.

Box-K. Pray, Sir, throw away, don't hold the Box all Night.

Cogd. There, [*Shakes the Box and throws three.*] you're in once, Gentlemen.

Both Rakes. We go again.

Cogd. With all my Heart.

[*Shakes the Box again and
throws Four.*]

Box-K. Four, Trey-Ace.

Cogd. There, Gentlemen, I have brought you off again. [*To the Rakes.*]

Val. You did not throw out your Dice fair, and I'll not yield it.

Cogd. Judgment, Gentlemen.

1st Gent. I think 'twas fair enough.

2d Gent. Ay, ay, a Man may throw his Dice how he pleases.

Val. Sir, I say this Hat's white. [*In a Passion.*]

Cogd. I say so too.

Val. 'Tis false, 'tis black.

Cogd. As you say, I think it is black.

Val. No Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Cogd. Nay, very likely, Sir——He has lost his Money and now he grows mutinous.

Box-K. Come, pray Gentlemen don't quarrel, and I'll ask it round.

Cogd. Ask what, you Blockhead? whether his Hat's black or white?

[*Tosses a Pair of Dice in his Face.*]

Box-K. No, Master, whether you won the Money or not.

2d Gent. He won it fairly. Come *Valere*, I'll lend thee ten Pieces, set boldly, set boldly, I warrant thee Luck, Boy.

1st Gent. Ay, ay, come whose is the Box?

Cogd. 'Tis mine——

2d Gent. Throw a Main then.

Cogd. Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. There——take all.

1st Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Cogd. Where I was last. Now little Dice.

Val. Shake your Dice.

Cogd. There, Sir. [*Shakes the Dice and throws Duce Ace.*]
Oh, burn 'em.

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Val. Out——Give me the Box——Six.

Box-K. Six is the main.

Cogd. There, Sir, if you dare throw at it.

1st Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Val. At you all——

[*Shakes the Box and throws Quatre Duce.*]

Box-K. Six. Quatre Duce, you've won it, Sir.

Cogd. Um! [*Seems disorder'd.*]

Val. Come, Seven. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

Cogd. A hundred Guineas.

Val. Now little Dice——

Cogd. Not another Nick sure.

[Speaks as Valere is going to throw the Dice.]

Val. Nick by *Juno*——

Box-K. Cinque Duce.

Cogd. Oh! Blood! and death and Fire!

[Rises and walks about in a Passion.]

Val. Nine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, I'll set you two hundred Guineas upon that Note.

Val. Note, Sir! Whose Note is it pray?

Cogd. Why 'tis very good, Sir, 'tis upon Sir *F—s Ch——d.*

Val. At it Egad. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Cinque and Quatre, the Box is due.

Cogd. Um [*Throws away the Dice, Breaks the Box.*] Sir, I bar that Throw.

Val. Sir, I did not see you,—and I won it fairly.

Cogd. The Devil, I that understand Play so well, to be bubbled of my money—Sir, I say this Hat's white—Who dare say the contrary?

Val. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Cogd. I say 'tis black.

Val. Why, as you say, I think 'tis black.

Cogd. I say, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Val. Then it shall be green, blue, red, or yellow, or what you please, Sir. I have more Manners than to quarrel now I'm on the winning Side, Ha, ha, ha.

1st Gent. Prithee don't quarrel with him, you'll get nothing by it. *Valere* will fight, you know.

Cogd. And so will I, Sir. You are all a Parcel of—If ever I play upon the Square again—I'll give 'em Leave to make Dice of my Bones.

Val. Ha, ha, ha, hold, let me pay my Debts. There Sir—[*to 2d Gent.*]

Box-K. You owe a Box, Sir, an't please you.

Val. There—[*Gives a Shilling.*]

Box-K. You owe me a Teaster for a back-hand Tip, a little while ago, Master.

Val. There you Dog. [*Gives him Six-pence.*]

Box-K. Thank you Master—I'll thank any Gentleman that will put that Shilling in the Box.

Enter Angelica in Man's Cloaths.

Ang. Ay, here he is.

Val. Come Seven.

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1st Gent. That——

2d Gent. That——

Val. 'Tis mine.

Box-K. Eleven.

2d Gent. I never saw such Fortune.

1st Gent. Here's the last of a Hundred, if Luck turn not I'm broke.

Ang. Save you Gentlemen——may one fling off a Guinea or two with you?

[This while Cogdie sits disordered and plays by himself at another Table.]

Val. Ay, a hundred if you please, a pert young Bubble this, flung Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Fifty Pieces, Sir.

Val. Well said Stripling—Down with 'em—Six or a Dozen Dice—Duce Ace—Ah split it——

[Throws down the Box.]

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Ang. Out, Sir, give me Fifty Guineas, Sir.

Val. There 'tis, Sir.

[Cogdie rises and comes to Angelica.]

Cogd. *[To Angelica.]* Sir, will you do me the Favour to let me go two Pieces with you; I am just stript.

Ang. With all my Heart, Sir. Come Gentlemen *[Throws.]* set boldly.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. A hundred Guineas.

Ang. Along [*Throws.*] 'tis mine. [*Sweeps the Money.*]

Box-K. Five, Trey, Duce.

Ang. [*To Cogdie.*] There's your two Pieces, Sir.

Cogd. I go the four, Sir, if you please.

Ang. By and by, Sir, you shall.

1st Gent. I'm broke; but I'll be here again instantly.

[*Exit.*]

2d Gent. I'll throw off this Stake—If Luck turn not I must home for Recruits too.

Ang. Come on then, Sir, six. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Val. In my Conscience, I believe this young Dog will strip us all. There, Sir.

Ang. And there, Sir.

[*Sweeps the Money.*]

Box-K. A Dozen.

2d Gent. I hope you'll stay till my Return?

[*Exit.*

Ang. If these Gentlemen can hold me play.

Box-K. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't stay late, for Fear of the Press-masters, here was two Gangs last Night before twelve o'Clock.

[*All the Sharpers sneak off, and leave Angelica and Valere together.*

Ang. Pshaw, hang the Press-masters, come, Sir, Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. That upon Five.

Ang. Nick——

Box-K. Five, Quarter Ace, you owe me a Box, Sir.

Val. Confusion! Did ever Man see the like! That Watch at twenty Guineas.

[*Sets a Gold Watch.*

Ang. Done, Sir, Nine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Ang. 'Tis mine. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Six, and Three, a Main above a Box.

Val. Furies and Hell—That Ring at ten Guineas.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, with all my Heart, Sir, Six again. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Nick again, Ha, ha, ha.

Box-K. Six, Cinque Ace, two Mains above a Box.

Val. The Devil—I'll set you a hundred Guineas upon Honour, Sir.

Ang. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I never play upon Honour with Strangers—If you have nothing else to set, your humble Servant.

Val. Death—shall he carry off my Money thus—Hold, Sir, Friends will be here presently, I'll borrow some of them.

Ang. That's baulking my Hand—I can't stay, Sir, have you nothing else?

Val. Yes, one Thing, but that is dearer to me than my Life.

[*Takes out the Picture.*]

Ang. What can that be pray?

Val. 'Tis a Picture, the Original of which is nearest to my Soul—

[*Kisses it.*]

Ang. Pish—a Trifle——Oh my Heart——Yet you shan't say I'm ungenerous—whate'er you value it at, I'll answer it.

Val. Value it at—It is not to be valued.

Ang. Then you'll not set it; Sir, your Servant.

Val. Stay, Sir—Luck may turn—I'll set the Diamonds at two hundred Guineas.

Ang. Oh Villain—Well, Sir, Seven——

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

[*Angelica throws at the Picture.*

Box-K. Four or Seven.

Val. I bar the first Throw.

Box-K. Bar.

[*Angelica throws two or three Times, and then wins it.*

Ang. 'Tis mine, Sir.

Box-K. Four, Trey, Ace; you owe me Three Boxes, Sir.

Val. Eternal Furies——lost——He shall restore it, or I'll cut his Throat——Well, Sir, take the Diamonds, but I must have the Picture.

Ang. The Picture, Sir.

Val. Ay, the Picture, Sir.

Ang. I won it, Sir, and I shan't restore it, I assure you.

Val. But you shall restore it, Sir, e'er you and I part.

Ang. If I should draw a Duel upon my Hands here—I'm in a fine Condition—[*Aside.*] Nay, Sir, if you are angry, good by——

Val. Nay, nay, nay, [*Runs between her and the Door.*] you shan't carry off the Picture, by *Hercules*—Look'e Sir, either take my Bond, or fight me for't. [*Draws.*]

Ang. Sir—[*Trembling.*] What shall I do? I must be obliged to discover myself—— [*Aside.*]

Enter 1st and 2d Gentlemen.

1st Gent. Hold, *Valere*.

2d Gent. What's the Meaning of this?

[*Lays hold of Valere.*]

Ang. Ha! A lucky Escape——

[*Runs off.*]

Val. Away; stand off; or I shall make my Passage through you, Traytor, Dog—Oh I could tear my Flesh—Cut off these Hands that laid the Jewel down, and stab my Heart for having once

consented——

[*Walks about raving.*]

1st Gent. What can be the Cause of this Passion?

2d Gent. Ho, he has lost his Money—Pr'ythee don't let that trouble thee, I'll lend thee more—Come let's throw for the Box.

Val. Throw for the Devil—No, henceforth a Gamester is my Foe; nor should the *Indies* bribe me even to touch a Die; nor, after this Moment, will I e'er set Foot in such a House again.

1st Gent. The Man is mad.

2d Gent. Pr'ythee let's go seek out better Company.

[*Exeunt.*]

Val. Now I behold what a Monster this darling Sin has made me, and loath myself for my long Race of Folly.

*Now I repent, but oh it comes too late,
And 'tis but Justice now that she should hate:
He that flies Virtue still to follow Vice,
'Tis fit, like me he lose his Paradise.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V.

SCENE, Valere's Lodgings.

Valere *solus*.

Val. What shall I do? There's no going near *Angelica*. The Action I have done carries such a Face that she can ne'er forgive me.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Another 'scape, Sir, another 'scape. Your Father was just at the Gaming-House Door upon the Hunt for you,—but Thanks to my Wit, I found a Way to send him packing. He's gone to *Angelica's* with a Lawyer. Follow him, follow him, Sir,—If he gets there before you, the old Gentleman will believe me no more—for I told him you staid for him there——Ha; he minds me not. Sir, Sir; don't you hear me?

Val. No: I'll neither hear, nor see, nor eat, nor drink, nor ever rest again.

Hect. Ah, the Devil! I shall be as slender as a Hazel-Switch in a little Time then; for I suppose I must keep you Company in that thin Diet——Ah! what I dreaded is come to pass—What then is all the Money lost?

Val. Money! My Life, my Soul is lost.

Hect. Hey day! What's the matter now?

Val. The Picture.

Hect. The Picture, Sir—— [*With a frightful Look.*] Mercy on us; shake your Pockets, shake your Pockets, Sir.

[*Runs to Valere, and shakes his Coat Pockets.*]

Val. Hold off: I tell thee I've lost it at Play.

Hect. Why then you have play'd fair—Why what will you do now, Sir?

Val. Cut your Throat, Sirrah, and then my own.

[*Clapping hold of Hector.*]

Hect. 'Twas none of my Fault, Sir.

[*Half weeping.*]

Val. O no! it was my own: For had I taken thy Counsel, this Curse had been prevented.

Hect. Ay, Sir, but a Gamester's Life was the most genteel of any——their Fob was a Fund, and their Hands Philosopher's Stones. Ay, Sir.

Val. No more—go fetch me a Book—

[*Sits down.*]

Hect. What Book, Sir?

Val. The first that comes to your Hand, no Matter which.

[*Exit Hector, returns with a Book.*

Hect. Here's *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Well, read—Was ever Man so unfortunate!

[*Walking about in a thinking Posture.*

Hect. Who, I read *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Why not?

Hect. I seldom read any Thing, Sir, but Almanacks.

Val. Oh, read, read at a Venture——To lose upon Seven when the Chance was Four! Confusion! [*Stamps.*]

Hect. [*Reads.*]—Be not taken with the glittering Dreams of Riches, their Possession brings Trouble: Tranquility is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress. If his Fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it.

Val. The Devil was in me, that I could not leave off when I was a Winner.

Hect. What is the End of Ambition and Avarice? We are but Stewards of what we falsely call our own. All those Things

which we pursue with so much Hazard, for which we break Faith and Friendship, what are they but the mere Depositor of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master.—Now will I be hang'd, if *Seneca* himself was not given to Gaming.—Sir, don't you think this looks like a moral Reflection after a Loss.—In my Conscience, I'm half in the Mind that he play'd away a Mistress's Picture too——

Val. Ha! Name it not, for if thou dost, I'll shake thee into Atoms.—

[*Shaking him.*

Hect. Ah, Sir, I've done, I've done.—But, Sir, this *Seneca* was a wonderous Man—Was he ever in *London*, Sir?

Val. No, he lived at *Rome*.——Not one in ten, Oh, wretched Luck.

Hect. That's a long Way off—I thought indeed 'twas something made his Morals so little minded——Come, Sir, Courage.

Val. Yes, I'll to the Camp, there, in the Service of my Country, expiate my Follies.

Hect. To the Camp, Sir, what do you mean? Odsbud, Sir, go to *Angelica*, this Minute, and marry her out of Hand, she does not know you have lost the Picture, and when once she's secure, if she asks for it, stop her Mouth with Kisses, Sir.

Val. Well, I will go, if but to take my Leave of her—For I much fear she'll read Guilt in my Face—

*This I resolve, whatever Fate's in Store,
To touch the curst infectious Dice no more.*

Hect. Ay, stick you but there, and I warrant we prosper.

SCENE, *The Lady Wealthy's House.*

Enter Lady Wealthy, Mrs. Betty to her.

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Lovewell* to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Weal. How shall I see him! Shame and Confusion rises in my Face, yet it is not in my Temper to own myself in the wrong, if he upbraids me, this is his last Visit, bring him up——

Enter Mr. Lovewell.

I suppose you come triumphant, but know, I give Account of my Actions to no Man. Am free, and will so remain.

Lov. 'Tis my hard Fortune still to be mistaken, my Love's too blind to think you do amiss—I have since been with *Valere*, sworn to him the Letter was a Plot of mine, the Hand and Bill all counterfeit, to satisfy my jealous Scruple, if there were Affairs between ye, he believed it, and your Honour's free from all ill Tongues—And the Wretch doom'd to be hated still,—Am come to take my everlasting Leave.

L. Weal. This Generosity shocks me—[*Aside.*] Farewel, you have clear'd me to your Rival, but to yourself can say she was

ungrateful and despised me: Love without Esteem is a forc'd Plant and wants its Root, therefore my ill Conduct parts us, and thank your generous Carriage for this Confession,—Great Spirits hardly yield themselves to blame.

Lov. Nor are you; I have not watch'd so many Years your Temper, each Turn and Sally of your Mind, but I can judge it right, Honour is center'd in your Soul, nor would you wrong it in an essential Part. All your little Affectations are but the Effects your Glass produces, which tells ye, Beauty like yours, may take ten thousand Liberties.

L. Weal. You have chose a cunning Way to move my Heart, when I was arm'd with Accusations to extenuate my Faults. And if I could persuade myself to trust a Man, I think it would be you.

Lov. Oh cherish that kind Opinion, and if ever you do repent it, proclaim me to the World a Villain.

L. Weal. This I resolve in favour of your noble Usage, to banish from my House that senseless Train of Fop Admirers, which I always laugh at, and only kept to feed my Vanity.

Lov. On my Knees I thank you; but do not, do not dash my Transports by Delay.—Your Year of Widowhood is just expir'd—reward my constant Love, and make me happy. A Husband will fright the Fool Pretenders from approaching, and these fond Arms secure you ever mine.

L. Weal. Bless me, is the Man mad? Here would be a strange

Leap indeed, from Mortal Odds into Matrimony. No, no; a little longer Time must try you first.

Lov. If Time be now required, you may defer my Joys till Age has strew'd my Head with hoary Hairs; for from my very Infancy I have ador'd you—'Tis but a Month ago when my auspicious Stars inclin'd you to a Fit of Mercy.—I flew, got a Licence, came with eager Hopes, and you deny'd to see me. The same Authority will do now.—Nor will I leave you, till your Hand is mine.

Enter Betty.

L. Weal. *Betty*, come to my Aid; here's an audacious Man will marry me, in spite of my Teeth, this very Instant.

Betty. O Madam, the luckiest Moment in the World. I have been just looking on *Erra Pater*, and there's the happiest Conjunction—And the Chaplain sauntering about the Gardens ready for Employment.

Lov. Nay, look not back, your Eyes consent, and I'll have no Denial.

L. Weal. Well, this is the maddest Thing.

Lov. The happiest Thing—Thus—

*The wand'ring Fair are by long Courtships kind,
And constant Love does luckiest Minutes find.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Lovewell and my Sister; happy Pair!—I am only curst in a loose Reprobate, whom no Chance, no Obligations can fix. I must resolve to blot him from my Soul—but how hard 'tis to efface the first Impression.—*Valere*, if I can part with thee, Mankind will be upon the Square. Thy Uncle may succeed; Old or Young: For I shall never look with loving Eyes again—Let me think—To lose my Picture—O unpardonable Fault.

Enter Dorante and Mrs. Favourite at a Distance.

Fav. Now, Sir, is your Time; she is horridly out of Humour. I know 'tis with *Valere*, for nothing else makes her so.

Dor. Madam, I hope you will pardon my Intrusion, when 'tis to warn you of approaching Danger. I can prove to you my Nephew has broke all his Oaths, and played with the veriest Rakes the Town affords, in a public Gaming-House.

Ang. Malice, Malice all.

Dor. As this is true or false, may I your Love enjoy.

Ang. Suppose it true, am I confin'd to make my Choice in your Family—or indeed to choose at all——Perhaps I'll never marry——

Dor. O say not so; let not so much Beauty lose the End of its Creation—You should bless the World with your Increase.

Ang. Methinks you are too much in the Wane to think of

Increase—However, I am yet resolv'd on nothing—and desire to be freed from Importunity—'Tis well you

Enter Valere and Hector.

are come; Your Uncle has been using all his Rhetoric to supplant you.

Hect. The Day's our own: She's in a pure Humour. [*Aside.*]

Val. No clandestine Dealings, Uncle, I beseech you; Give me fair Play and let the Lady choose——

Ang. With what Assurance he approaches. [*Aside.*]

Dor. However her Choice may go, I know who deserves her most—I'm no Gamester, Sir—her peaceful Hours of Rest shall ne'er be broke by me.

Hect. That I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Val. No Reflections, Sir, on former Follies. You in your Youth doubtless had your Share—though now you are past 'em, and only rail at what you can't enjoy——But I in my full Strength and Vigour give 'em over, resolving never to indulge the tempting Vice again.

Dor. This you have often swore, and as often broke your Vows.

Val. I have; but 'tis not in the Power of Fate to make me do't again; and what's past this Lady has forgiven.

Ang. To end your disputes, Mr. *Dorante*, I'll now own to you, that my Heart has been long since given to *Valere*——and this Morning I renew'd my Vows.

Val. O Transport! Now, Uncle, I hope you are satisfied.

Dor. No, Sir, I am not satisfied——Nor can I believe what she says real, without condemning her Judgment.

Ang. A strange positive old Man this——*Valere*, pray clear his Understanding——Shew him the Present I made you to Day; then let him judge who I design my Heart for.

Val. Ha! What shall I say? [*Aside.*]

Hect. O, I'm thunder-struck! [*Aside.*]

Val. O spare his Age, Madam, I forgive him. He is my Uncle, and I would not triumph——'Twould make him mad, should I produce the Picture.

Ang. No, no, fear not: 'tis rather Charity: For since he refuses to believe my Words, 'tis but Reason he should have ocular Demonstration.

Val. He that doubts what's utter'd by that Tongue, is unworthy of your farther Care——Therefore pardon me, Madam; a Thing so sacred as your Image, never shall convince him.

Hect. Well hinted, I'faith. [*Aside.*]

Ang. But when I desire it, methinks you should not refuse.

Obedience becomes a Lover.

Hect. Lost again. [*Aside.*]

Val. You ever shall command me——

[*Feeling first in one Pocket, then in t'other.*]

Ha! Where did I put it?

Hect. Humph.

[*Lifting up his Eyes.*]

Ang. I'm amaz'd at his Impudence. [*Aside.*]

Val. Bless me! sure I did not leave it in the Bed.—Which Way shall I come off?—[*Aside.*]—*Hector.*

Hect. Sir——

[*Looking very simply.*]

Val. Did you not see a Picture any where to Day?

Hect. A Picture, Sir——

[*In a Kind of Fright.*]

Val. Ay, a Picture, What makes you look so, Sirrah? Ha! I suspect your Rogueship has done something with it.

Hect. O dear Sir.——[*Trembling.*]

Val. Where is it? Speak, Rascal, or I'll cut your Ears off.
[*Draws.*]

Hect. Oh Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth.

[*Falls on his Knees.*]

Ang. What means the Fellow? [*Aside.*]

Val. What will you tell me, Sirrah?

Hect. Why, Sir, fearing that your Pocket might be pick'd, or your Lodgings robb'd, and you might lose the Picture, and that I thought would break your Heart, knowing how much you did esteem the Piece, I took it, Sir, to a famous Painter of my Acquaintance to have it copied, Sir, that's all.

Ang. A well invented Tale. [*Aside.*]

Val. Fly, Sirrah, and fetch it.

[*Slaps him on the Back.*]

Hect. Yes, Sir. [*Going.*]

Ang. Oh you may spare your Pains, Sir—the Picture is already here—[*Pulls it out.*] now, Sir, do you blush.

Val. I am amaz'd to think how she came by it. [*Aside.*]

Hect. Ruin'd past Redemption——Oh, oh, oh,——that such a compleat Lye should turn to no Account. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Ungrateful Man.

Dor. How, how's this?

Ang. Is this the Price you set upon my Favours——the Sight of this would mind you of your Duty—if I remember, those were your Words—But I presume you meant it should remind you of a last Stake—How have I been deceiv'd.——Is it possible thou couldst be so base to expose my Picture at a common Board, amongst a Crew of Revellers.

Val. Madam——

Ang. Be dumb, and make no impudent Excuses.

Dor. Dol, dol, dery dol, dery dol. [*Sings.*]

Val. No, Madam, I shall not study to excuse myself, only this, I am not Guilty of all your Charge, for there was none in Presence when I lost it, but the Youth that won it. Who had not liv'd to have brought it you, had not an unlucky Chance prevented me.

Ang. Then to conceal your Treachery, you would have committed Murder,—excellent Moralist——But, Sir, the Privacy of the Act you boast of—Does not in the least extenuate your Crime; I told you whilst you kept that Picture, my Heart was yours, but you grew weary of the Trifle, and restored it back, and now I have Liberty to give it to whom I please.

Dor. I hope you are satisfied now, Nephew, ha, ha, ha.

Val. I am with every Thing this Lady is pleased to inflict, I

know she can use me no worse than I deserve.—I own the Foulness of my Guilt, and will not hope for Pardon.

Enter Sir Thomas Valere, with a Lawyer.

Hect. Nay, then we are friendless, indeed,—Sir, Sir, shall I see what *Seneca* says upon this Head?

[*Aside to Valere.*

Val. Away, and plague me not—Ha, my Father.—

Sir Tho. I'm blest, beyond Expression blest.—Madam, I wish you Joy: My Son, I have brought Mr. *Demurr* the Lawyer——I'll reserve but Five Hundred a Year for myself——the rest is Thine, Boy,——full Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*.

Ang. Sir *Thomas*, your Words carry a Meaning in 'em—which I am a Stranger to.

Sir Tho. Meaning, Madam,—I hope my Son and you understand one another's Meaning,——and I understand it too, Madam.——Come, Mr. *Demurr*, where are the Writings of my Estate?——He shall make thee a swinging Jointure, my Girl.——

Ang. You must pardon me, Sir *Thomas*,—my Mind's alter'd.——

Sir Tho. How! Did you not promise?

Ang. Suppose I did. When a Man breaks all his Oaths to me, I know no Reason I should keep my Word with him.

Hect. Ah *Hector, Hector*, what will become of thee? [*Aside.*]

Sir Tho. Why I understood these Quarrels were made up——and as a Token of your being reconcil'd, you made him a Present of your Picture.——

Ang. True,—And that's the Thing that parts us.

Sir Tho. What do you mean?

Dor. He gam'd it away, Brother; now do you understand her?

Sir Tho. Malice and Marriage, Brother, ill becomes your Years.—She does not mean it so.

Ang. Indeed but I do.—

Sir Tho. Say you so, Madam,—then I'll do you Justice immediately. [*Draws.*] Sirrah, I'll save the Hangman a Labour,—I will you Bastard.

Val. Do, kill me, Sir; you shall find I will not vent one Groan,—for my Soul has ta'en its Flight already,—My base Ingratitude has deeper stabb'd my Heart, than now your Sword can do——

Sir Tho. Say you so, Sirrah,—then I hope you'll live to want Nothing, for I'll take Care you shall have Nothing to support your Extravagance.—*Mr. Demurr*, I desire you to make my Will this Minute,—and put the ungracious Rogue down a

Shilling—Sirrah, I charge you never to come in Sight of me or my Habitation more; nor, do you hear, dare to own me for your Father.—Go, Troop, Sirrah, I shall hear of your going up *Holbourn-Hill* in a little Time.—

Hect. So, there's all my Wages lost.—[*Aside.*]

Ang. Ha! this Usage shocks me. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I promise you to obey you to a Tittle,——and this undutiful Child shall ne'er offend you with his Presence more.—You but enjoin, but I before had chose, for *England* now would be the worst of Fates.

Ang. My Heart beats as if the Strings were breaking. [*Aside.*]

Val. Madam, there is but one Request that I will make—then take my Leave for ever, and if you grant it not, I shall be so much more unhappy.—My being disinherited weighs not a Hair, compar'd with what I've lost in losing you, whom my Soul prefers before all Wealth, Friends, or Family.—Then, where should I ask Pardon but where I most have injur'd?—Thus on my Knees, I beg you not to hate my Memory, nor suffer the Follies which I have now cashiered for ever from my Breast;—(but oh too late) to drive my Name as distant as my Body from you, sometimes vouchsafe to think on lost *Valere*.

Ang. There is Nothing so indifferent but we think of it sometimes——

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah—begone I say. [*Pushes him.*]

Val. I have done.—Now Madam, eternally adieu.

Ang. Shall I see him ruin'd—no—that would be barbarous beyond Example——*Valere*, come back, should I forgive you all—Would my Generosity oblige you to a sober Life.—Can you upon Honour (for you shall swear no more) forsake that Vice that brought you to this low Ebb of Fortune?

Val. Ha! Oh let me fold thee in my repenting Arms—and whisper to thy Soul, that I am intirely chang'd—[*Embraces her.*] Yes, my Love, I swear the Course of Life that I've run hitherto—is grown more hateful to me than Toads or Adders; and I would as soon keep those Animals in my Bosom, whose Sting I know would kill me, as once indulge my former Follies.

Ang. Then I am happy.—Know I was the Youth that won the Picture, and you parted with it to myself.

Hect. I shall die with Joy, that's certain—[*Aside.*]

Val. Then I did not break my Oath entirely, you were excepted, Madam.

Sir Tho. How lucky a Turn is this! Madam, your Example is too good not to be followed.—*Valere*, I forgive thee, and confirm my first Design:—Bless you both——Now Brother, I hope you'll believe you can't get my Boy's Mistress from him. Ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Nor he shan't get a Penny of my Estate, Brother, remember that.——

Sir *Tho.* He wants it not.—Ha! Who have we here——my Lady *Wealthy* and her old Lover.

Enter Lovewell and Lady Wealthy.

Love. Wish me Joy, Friends, wish me Joy.

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart, for in my Conscience thou deserv'st her.—

Ang. I wish you Joy, Sister; here let all Quarrels cease.

[*Salutes her.*

L. *Weal.* I over-heard your Reconciliation,——and I wish you the same.

Love. Oh my Friend! Sure never Man was blest like me.

[*To Valere.*

Val. Yes, I can boast a Happiness beyond thee,—I that merited her endless Scorn, am, by her sweet forgiving Temper, rais'd to lasting Joy.—

Enter Marquis of Hazard.

Marq. I understand you are married, Madam; and come to wish you Joy.—I do it with a *bon cœur, le Diable m'en porte*——

L. *Weal.* O Monsieur *Marque*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you

e'er since your Knight-Errantry with *Valere* in Defence of my Honour.

Marq. A Duce of that unlucky Story.—No Words on't now, Madam, I beseech you.

Val. How's that?

Marq. By the Honour of *France* I shall be discover'd.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. *Security* has brought a Pair of very fine Diamond Ear-rings to shew you, they were lost in Pawn, she says,—and therefore she can afford them an extraordinary good Pennyworth.

L. Weal. Bring her in.—

Enter Mrs. Security.

Well, Mrs. *Security*, are they very fine ones.

Mrs. Sec. As fine a Pair as ever your Ladyship saw in all your Life, Madam.— [*Gives her the Ear-rings.*] Bless me,—What do I see, my Cousin *Robin Skip*? I'm glad to see thee with all my Heart.

[*To the Marquis.*

L. Weal. Do you know what you say, Mrs. *Security*?—That is a *French Nobleman*.

Mrs. *Sec.* A Nobleman,——What do you think I don't know my Brother's Son?——

Marq. A Pox of such Kindred—Now all will out—

Mrs. *Sec.* Why how long hast thou been in *England*, *Robert*?——I heard thou wert Footman to the Prince of *Conti*.——Thy old Master, Sir *William*, asks mightily how thou dost.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. How's this, the Marquis of *Hazard* a Footman? Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Brother, give me thy Hand——Hold, now I think on't keep your Distance, Friend,——for a *Valet de Chambre* is above a Footman.—— [*Struts.*]

L. Weal. My Footman, Sir, will shew you into the Buttery; a Horn of small Beer may quench your Thirst of Honour. Ha, ha.

Val. This Morning he boasted of his Royal Blood at my Lodgings,—but his Cowardise confirm'd me what he is.—

L. Weal. He told me he was at your Lodgings, and presented you with a Tweague by the Nose——

Val. How, Scoundrel, beneath my Sword, and therefore take this.

[*Kicks him.*]

Marq. Very fine, very fine Breeding, Gentlemen, truly.—Well this is my Maxim still——

*Who once by Policy a Title gains,
Merits above the Fool that's born to Means.*

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Sec. 'Tis dirtily done of you, *Mr. Valere*, so it is, to kick a Man for nothing;—His Father, though I say it, was as honest a Man as ever broke Bread, and I could find in my Heart to——

L. Weal. No more of your Noise,——Wait without there.——

[*Exit Mrs. Security.*

Sir Tho. Come, come, enough of this Nonsense,——Let's have a Dance.

A Country Dance.

Val. Now Virtue's pleasing Prospect's in my View,
With double Care I'll all her Paths pursue;
And proud to think I owe this Change to you [*To Ang.*
Virtue that gives more solid Peace of Mind,
Than Men in all their vicious Pleasures find;
Then each with me the Libertine reclaim,
And shun what sinks his Fortune, and his Fame.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. SANTLOW.

*As one condemn'd, and ready to become
For his Offences past, a Pendulum,
Does e'er he dies, bespeak the learned Throng.
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I, though doubtful long which Knot to choose,
(Whether the Hangman's or the Marriage Noose)
Condemn'd good People, as you see, for Life,
To play that tedious, juggling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to say,
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.*

*You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rattling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears:
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You're Fortune's sporting Footballs at the best,
Few are his Joys, and small the Gamester's Rest:
Suppose then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play; yet, who that's wise,
Would to the Credit of a faithless Main,
Trust his good Dad's hard-gotten hoarded Gain?
But then such Vultures round a Table wait,
And hov'ring watch the Bubble's sickly State;
The young fond Gambler covetous of more,*

*Like Æsop's Dog, loses his certain Store.
Then the Spunge squeez'd by all, grows dry,—And now
Compleatly wretched turns a Sharper too;
These Fools, for Want of Bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the Square;
So Whores the Wealth from numerous Culls they glean,
Still spend on Bullies, and grow poor again.*

*This Itch for Play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid, drawn the Ladies in,
A Thousand Guineas for Basset prevails,
A Bait, when Cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the Fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin does Sterling Beauty pay.*

*In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song, nor Dance can bribe your Presence here, }
You fly this Place like an infectious Air.
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town,
You croud; and your own fav'rite Stage disown;
We're like old Mistresses, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like Tantalus, 'midst Plenty thus to starve.*



TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Occasional missing punctuation has been added. Where speeches ended on a comma, this has been replaced by a full stop. Hyphenation is inconsistent throughout.

Character name abbreviations have been regularised. Contemporary spellings have generally been retained, although one instance of "Wain" was changed to "Wane" to prevent misunderstanding. The term "angerly" in stage directions is an archaic form of "angrily".

The following specific change was made and can be identified in the body of the text by a grey dotted underline:

witness the many Years of awful
Servitude I paid your **Vigin**-beauty,

witness the many Years of awful
Servitude I paid your **Virgin**-beauty,

[The end of *The Gamester* by Susanna Centlivre]