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THE

BEAU'S DUEL:

OR, A

Soldier for the Ladies.

A

COMEDY.

Drawn from

THE

WORKS
OF THE CELEBRATED
Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. and R. TONSON, S.
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M.DCC.LXI.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Col. Manly, in Love with Clarinda.

Mr. Cory.

Capt. Bellmein, his Friend.

Mr. Booth.

*Toper, an Enemy to Matrimony,
and a Friend to the Bottle.*

} *Mr. Powell.*

*Sir William Mode, a Fop, in Love
with Clarinda, and countenanced
by her Father.*

} *Mr. Bowman.*

*Ogle, a Fortune-hunter, a
conceited Fellow that fancies
every Body is in Love with him.*

} *Mr. Pack.*

Carefull, Father to Clarinda.

Mr. Fieldhouse.

W O M E N.

Clarinda, in Love with Manly.

Mrs. Prince.

*Emilia, her Cousin, an Heiress, newly
come out of the Country.*

} *Mrs. Porter.*

Mrs. Plotwell, formerly a Mistress to Bellmein. *Mrs. Lee.*

Maid to Clarinda.

A Serjeant, Drummers, and Servants.

The SCENE LONDON.



THE

BEAU'S DUEL:

OR, A

Soldier for the Ladies.



THE

PROLOGUE.

By a GENTLEMAN.

*What Hazards Poets run, in Times like these,
Sure to offend, uncertain whom to please:
If in a well-work'd Story they aspire,
To imitate old Rome's or Athen's Fire,
It will not do; for strait the Cry shall be,
'Tis a forc'd heavy piece of Bombastry.
If Comedy's their Theme, 'tis ten to one
It dwindles into Farce, and then 'tis gone.
If Farce their Subject be, this Witty Age
Holds that below the Grandeur of the Stage.
Our Female Author, tho' she sees what Fate
Does the Event of such Attempts still wait;
With a true British Courage ventures on,*

*Thinks nothing Honour, without Danger won.
She fain wou'd shew our great Fore-Fathers Days,
When Virtue, Honour, Courage, wore the Bays;
Fain wou'd she kindle up those fading Fires,
That warmed their Noble Blood to fierce Desires.
When the Bold Hero, after tedious Wars,
With Bleeding Wounds adorn'd, and Glorious Scars,
From Conquest back returned with Laurels Crown'd,
Where from the Fair, their just Rewards they found.
She thinks't a Crime in any one to dare,
Or hope to gain a Conquest o'er the Fair, }
Who ne'er cou'd boast a Victory in War.
Let but your Arms abroad successful prove,
The Fair at home shall crown your Toils with Love.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Colonel Manly.

Colonel.

How do Men labour to fool themselves? What Pains did I spare, or Excuse did I not invent, to persuade my Friends I was going another Way, to get rid of their troublesome Ceremony,

that wou'd have waited on me Home; and all this for an Opportunity only of taking a Turn or two before this Window.

Oh Love! How powerful are thy Charms, thus to unman, and send me like a Boy, gaping after imaginary Joys.

Not all the Hazards of a Soldier's Life could so much affect me, as the dreadful Apprehension of displeasing this Girl.

Whatever I do, whether I eat or drink, whether I sleep or wake, whether I'm at Home alone, or abroad in Company, my Thoughts are still of her: She's always present, I can see nothing but her; I can hear nothing but her, I can think of nothing but her; and in short, I care for nothing but her.

'Tis Happiness enough for any Man to love and be beloved by such a Woman; she's so Beautiful, so Agreeable, and so Loving; yet so Virtuous, so Chaste, and so Constant, that if her Father's rigid Opposition were remov'd, nothing could add to the Blessing which lies in Store for me.

Enter Captain Bellmein, goes within two or three Yards of the Door, then stops short, looks up.

Capt. Ho, this must be the House—But what the Devil am I the better for't, the Doors are lock'd, Windows barr'd, my Mistress asleep, and I may return like an Ass as I came, without so much as being dream'd of—Can Love, that never fails its Votaries at a pinch, inspire no Stratagem now? Egad I was never more able to offer him a plentiful Sacrifice; and did my Mistress know with what warm desires I come, she'd meet me half Way,

or she deserves to die a Maid.

Col. The more I think I still perplex myself the more; like a poor Fly in a Spider's Web, by labouring to get loose, I work myself faster in the Toil.

And why should I struggle any longer with what I can't master? or desire to be without what I'm persuaded is the greatest Blessing in the World——

I am resolved I will love on——[*Turns short upon the Captain.*] Ha! a Man, and if I mistake not, mad *Bellmein*, whom I left at the *Rose*; he's upon some amorous Design, but is too open to hide any thing from his Friend. I'll accost him.

Good-morrow, Captain, I commend your early Industry, you are chusing some fortify'd Piece of Virtue to lay a manly Siege to.

Capt. Ha! Colonel, Good morrow to you with all my Heart: No Faith, I never stay the Formality of a Siege; 'tis your honourable Lovers are forced to undergo that Drudgery; whene'er I meet any, as I rarely do, that resist the Shock of my first Assault, I fairly draw off to the next, who are sure to surrender upon more easy Terms.

Col. So you take all by Storm, plunder the Garrison, fire their Quarters, and march off in Triumph.

Capt. What I do can't be comprehended by constant puling Lovers.

They can't bear those strong Joys we suck from our lusty Draughts of Love; like weak-sighted Birds, they fly about in Twilight of Pleasure, not able to bear the Meridional Heat and Pleasure of it.

One kind Glance crowns your Hopes, and raises you to the highest Happiness; but then a Frown, or sour Look, Colonel, throws you down again to Despair. So that——

Col. Have a care Captain, how far you launch out in this Strain, lest you be too like our modern Widows, who exclaim most against a second Husband, when they are just upon the Point of having one.

Capt. So that from my laughing at honourable Lovers as you call them, you would learnedly infer I am one myself.

Col. Nay Railery apart, it has been seriously observ'd that you are——

Capt. What?

Col. Very much alter'd of late.

Capt. How! Faith, I think myself the same Man, I have the same Appetites, the same Desires, that ever I had.

Col. Ay, but you saunter about in solitary Places, avoid your Acquaintance, and when you can't escape them, are more uneasy than a rich Miser with a borrowing Friend: And here now I find you out of your Way, addressing yourself to senseless Wood and Stone.

Capt. Ay, my Friend, but this senseless Wood includes a more beautiful *Daphne* than e'er the *Delian* God pursued; a Girl so bright, so sparkling, and what recommends her much more to me, so coming, [*Embraces him.*] that had she lived in the Days of *Venus*, she would have rival'd that Goddess and out-done her too in her own Attributes.

Col. Have a Care you don't misplace your Worship, for to my particular Knowledge no such Person lodges in this House.

Capt. To my more particular Knowledge such a Person does lodge in this House, and in the Room that looks out at that Window too.

Col. Ha! *Clarinda* lodges there, 'tis true; but that she's such as he describes is false——Yet she's a Woman, and where Dissembling grows so much in Use, Perfection must be a Stranger. I'll for a while lay by the implicit Lover for the more inquisitive jealous Man, and try him farther. [*Aside.*] Well, I may be deceived, but how do you know you are so too?

Capt. Why Faith, since I know you to be an honest Fellow, and a Man of Honour, I don't care if I trust you with the Secret, upon Condition your Assistance shan't be wanting upon Occasion.

Col. 'Slife I shall be drawn in to help him away with my Mistress [*Aside.*] If she be such as you describe, I believe you will have no great Occasion for help. But to the Purpose.

Capt. Why you must know that in this House lives a damn'd

positive ill-natured old Fellow.

Col. I know it too well, or by this Time his Daughter had been out of your Reach. [*Aside.*]

Capt. And that there's a young Lady, his Daughter, Niece, or something.—

Col. Ay, very probable, what then?

Capt. Why, that likes my Person, that's all.

Col. How do you know this?

Capt. Know it? I have infallible Signs of it; she makes Assignations with me, and keeps them; receives my Addresses, Letters and Songs, nay sings them too; and if these ben't Signs she likes me, the Devil's in't.

Col. Well, but her Name—I'll yet believe *Clarinda* innocent, and 'tis some one else he mistakes for her. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Nay, now faith, Colonel, you are unreasonable, you know 'tis not fair to tell Names.

Col. Not tell me her Name! then I shall think you trifled with me all this while, and scorn the Friendship I offer.

Capt. I'll rather tell you all I know, but as for her Name, Faith and Troth I know no more hers than she does mine; her desire to be unknown herself, made her the less pressing, I suppose, so that we freely pass among ourselves for *Celadon* and *Cloe*, as

you may see by this Song, if you'll be at the Pains of reading it? 'tis the last I sent her, and tho' inconsiderable in itself, receives from her Voice inestimable Value.

Col. O' my Soul, the very Song I heard *Clarinda* sing, 'tis she past all doubt.

Capt. What, at a stand, *Colonel!* Ha! What means all this Concern?

Col. 'Tis for you, my Friend; that Woman you admire I know to be the most cunning, treacherous, and false Dissembler, nay worse, if worse can be, in the World; I would advise you to proceed with Caution; for Husbands, *Captain*, too late repent, when they can't quit the Ill.

Capt. Ho, if it be only my Dangers that disturb you, I'll soon ease you of that Trouble; Marriage is not the Course I steer, we never admit so sour a Thought to turn our more pleasant Conversation.

Col. How, not marry! what then does all this tend to?

Capt. Phoo, that's unreasonable again; why nothing, nothing but a little harmless Mirth or so.

Col. On my Soul he designs to debauch her. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Ha! the Colonel in his Dumps again, there's something in't I don't understand. [*Aside.*]

Col. Harkee, Captain, I know you have Courage, and always

took you for a Man of Honour, therefore think it worth my while to tell you this Woman you have been so free with is one I have a long Time loved, therefore expect you'll give me unquestionable Proofs of what you have said, or meet me with your Sword, and so leave you to prepare yourself for which you think most proper.

[*Going.*

Capt. Hey day! Have I been all this while making a Confident of my Rival, and telling my Secrets to the only Man I ought to hide them from? Now I perceive what 'twas made him so testy, but he shan't part thus. Lookee, Colonel, to shew how much I value your Friendship, I'll consent to what you propose; and tho' Fighting may be of less Trouble, yet for your Ease I'll undertake to make out what I've said.

Col. Upon that condition I'll call you Friend again; but if you should fail, you had best look to it.

Capt. Here's some Company coming this Way, let's retire till they pass, then I'll tell you our whole Intrigue, and leave you to judge whether I have Reason to think as I do.

[*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir Will. Le Reviere.—

Le Rev. Sir.

Sir *Will*. Blister me if you don't speak plain *English*! I shall have the World think I'm such a Sloven as to keep an *English* Valet: do you hear, if you don't mimick 'em better I shall turn you away.

Le Rev. Me vil take al de Care imaginable, Sir.

Sir *Will*. Very well. Is the Musick all come?

Le Rev. Yes Sire, here be de Fidle, de Hautbois, de Courtel, and Base Vial, dey be all despose for to receive your Command.

Sir *Will*. 'Tis very well d'ye hear, do you marshal them in Order before this Window, and see they be ready to strike up as soon as I give the Word.

[*The Colonel and Captain appear.*]

Capt. What the Devil's here, another Lover? What think you now, Colonel; your Mistress must be more than Woman if she can hold out against such a formal Siege.

Col. This Fop I know too well to be jealous of, and know her so far from encouraging him, that her Father's Authority which countenances him, can scarce procure him common Civility from her.

Capt. Hist, the Thing opens.

Sir *Will*. Well 'tis an unspeakable Happiness we Men of Parts enjoy above the rest of Mankind: By our good Management we make our Access to every Thing we admire, easy and certain:

How many thick-skull'd Fellows are content to dream of their Mistresses, while I take a more secure Method, and wake her in the Morning with harmonious Music.

I wonder how the Ladies can suffer these idle Fellows that take no more Pains to please them; for my own part, I believe I have something extraordinary in me that makes me so acceptable to all the Women I come in Company with.—Well Music!

I hope you will all shew yourselves Masters in your Performance; come strike up: Ah! merciful *Apollo*, what a hideous Noise you make; there's a Sound fitter to storm a Breach with, than approach a Lady's Slumbers. Play some soft Air, a Concert of Flutes would have done well.

[While the Music plays he uses a great many odd Postures; seeing the Door open the Music ceases, and he runs to meet Clarinda's Maid.]

Col. How, the Door open?

Sir Will. Ha! my dear Angel, How does my Goddess receive my Morning Sacrifice?

Flo. As she does every thing that comes from the incomparable Sir *William Mode*, with particular Marks of Favour in private, tho' she's oblig'd to lay great Restraint on her Carriage in public, to appear cold to him.

Sir Will. But, methinks, she need not be reserv'd, since I have her Father's Consent.

Flo. Ay, 'tis that makes her so; for his cross Humour, shou'd she show the Affection she really has for you, wou'd make him run counter to what he so eagerly pursues now out of mere Opposition: For he never oppos'd Colonel *Manly*, till she express'd some liking for him; and now she fears, shou'd she own her Love for you, 'twou'd prove as fatal to her Hopes; therefore begs you, by me, to take all Indifference in public for particular Marks of Favour.

Sir Will. Well, I'll take your Advice; and sweet Mrs. *Flora*, let me intreat you to accept of this small Acknowledgment for Favours I have receiv'd by your means.

Flo. Oh! Lord, Sir, I vow I'm asham'd; but I shall be always ready to do you good Offices with my Lady. Sir, your Servant.

[*Exit.*

Sir Will. Adieu, Angel,—here Music, strike up a merry Ramble, and lead to my Lodgings.

[*Exit.*

Col. O Woman! Woman! Now Friend, I believe all you said, and a great deal more; yet who cou'd expect with so much Beauty, such ugly Falshood. For thee, or any Man, she might have some Plea; but this sign of a man! to fall so low argues a very deprav'd Appetite: S'death, I can't bear the Thoughts on't.

Capt. Have a little Patience, and every small Discovery will help you forward to your lost Liberty: Before To-morrow Night I'll lay such convincing Proofs before your Eyes, as shall

infallibly complete your Cure.

Col. What's here, another Serenade? More Lovers yet?

Enter Toper, Singing.

*The Devil a bit care I for a Wife,
So I have but Wine and a Fire;
A Wench when I please my Passion to ease,
The Devil a Wife I desire.*

Capt. Ha, ha, drunken *Toper*, reeling home after a Night's Debauch; sure he's no Lover, 'twou'd be impossible for the blind God to find his Heart for the Fumes of Wine; besides, 'tis so indifferent to every Thing else, there's no taking it but with a Bottle.

Col. Ha, *Toper*, thou holdest thy own yet, I see.

Top. *Colonel*, good Morrow, I wish you hold your own, Boy, for I met a thing in the next Street may chance undermine your Foundation, one who says he can do more in one Night than you in all the Days of the Week.

Col. What do you mean?

Top. Why I met Sir *William Mode* big with Success returning from *Clarinda*, who, he says, encourages his Addresses in private, and only favours you in public, to egg her Father on to Consummation with him; and this he purchas'd with a Serenade.

Col. S'death, does he boast of his Success, and must my Misfortune be the Subject of the Coxcomb's Rallery? Am I publish'd to the World as a Blind for his Designs? Hell and Furies, 'tis not to be borne: I'll after him immediately, and were every Vanity about him a *Hercules*, I'd force my Way thro' them all, to stop that foul Breath of his.

[*Going.*

Capt. Hold, hold, you will but widen the Sore you design to heal; 'twill be no hard Matter from the Coxcomb's fruitful Impertinence to take another Occasion for Quarrelling, and then pay old Scores; or if it be my Luck first to meet the Opportunity, you may be sure I'll throw in a hearty Thrust for you.

Top. Nay, Sir, you may save yourself the Labour of Quarrelling, for he won't answer Expectation, I assure you.

Capt. A Coward; Nay, then he shall dance a Minuet the length of the Street, while I beat Time on his Back-side.

Col. Hang him, he's not worth our Resentment: Pr'ythee *Toper*, what is he, for I have but barely seen him?

Toper. In the first Place, he's a mere Compound of Powder, Paint, and Affectation, so perfum'd, you may smell him a Mile; he thinks every Woman in Love with him, and will allow no Man to claim a share in ought above a Chamber-maid; or stand Competition with his Parts or Person.

Capt. And yet not fight, say you?

Toper. Fight! no, no, he hates the Sight of a drawn Sword, as much as I do that of an empty Bottle. He will sometimes pretend to Courage, as some Women will to Honour and Honesty, tho' their Inclinations tend to neither, no more than mine to Matrimony. He has 4000*l.* a Year, which he spends in Intrigues, fine Cloaths, and Musick. And he has always as many Fidlers at his Heels, as a General, Officers at his *Levee*.

Col. Whose Attendance is better rewarded, I fancy, no doubt they taste the Fruits of their Labours sweetly.

Toper. I'my Conscience, I believe they deserve it, for who becomes his Favourite, must use as much Flattery as wou'd purchase a Maidenhead, tho' the Woman's design was Marriage. Oh! that Fortune shou'd be so liberal to such a Fool, when so many honest Fellows sit in a Coffee-house all the Evening, for want of Money to go to the Tavern.

Col. Riches are the common Chance of Knaves and Fools, Fortune is rarely favourable to a Man of Sense; 'tis with Difficulty and Danger they purchase a Smile from that fickle Mistress, but Fools are still her Care.

I shall take more Notice of this Fellow the next time I see him.

Toper. Which may be this Morning if you will, for he just now invited me to an Entertainment of Music, that is to be perform'd at his Chamber, by some of the best Masters; there will be Champagne, Boy.

Capt. Will you go, Colonel?

Col. Not I; the Conversation of Town Ladies, who entertain you with the Opinions of fifty Fools of their Wit and Beauty, and how manag'd by them to their Ruin, wou'd be a thousand Times more acceptable to me, than the medley Chat of Fops and Fidlers.

Capt. Then you won't go?

Col. No, I'll expect you at my Lodgings.

[*Exit.*

Toper. But you will, there's Champagne, Pox o'the Company.

Capt. And Music too, if that be good, the Company be hang'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Clarinda's Lodging in her Father's House.*

Enter Clarinda, and her Cousin Emilia, undress'd, as wak'd by the Serenade.

Clar. Dear *Emilia*, you ask so many Questions, pr'ythee have some Pity, and spare me a little.

Em. Dear Cousin, do you pity me, and answer me a little.

Clar. I have answer'd you, these three Days you have been in Town, more Questions than all the Astrologers and Philomaths in *London* cou'd resolve in a Month.

Em. And I have as many more to ask before I can be satisfied: I'd fain know the Cause of all this Alteration, why so much Uneasiness, and so much Spleen? Never pleas'd but when you are displeas'd, nor like your Company; but when you are alone. In short, I have observ'd——

Clar. What have you observ'd Cousin?

Em. Why, that your Father is never well, but when talking of Sir *William*; nor you pleas'd, but when you are thinking of somebody else.

Clar. Oh, How inquisitive are Girls!

Em. Oh, How reserv'd are Lovers!

Clar. Pr'ythee, Cousin, learn to be more serious.

Em. Pr'ythee, Cousin, learn to be more free.

Clar. Then you positively believe I am in Love.

Em. Positively.

Clar. And with——

Em. Another guess Man than your Father designs for you.

Clar. And nothing——

Em. Will persuade me to the contrary.

Clar. Why then I am; and since 'tis in vain to hide it from you,

Emilia, I'll try you with that Confidence I hitherto thought you too young for.

Em. Alas, she little thinks I have as great Intrigues of my own as any she can trust me with, tho' I have been but three Days in Town. [*Aside.*]

Clar. I am as you see, Cousin, besieg'd Night and Day, by two as different as Night and Day; one in the Head of innumerable Fopperies and Insolencies attacks me with the Assurance of a Conqueror, before he enters the Field; being supported by the harsh Authority of a rigid Father. The other, after a thousand obsequious Demonstrations of Love at respectful Distance, courts to be admitted mine, rather than seeks to have me his.

Em. I'my Conscience, were it my Case, I shou'd not be at a Stand which to chuse, there being such apparent Difference.

Clar. Nay, there is more yet; for one is Generous and Brave, the other Cowardly and Pitiful; one Judicious, t'other Impertinent; one Constant, t'other Whimsical; one a Man of Sense, t'other a Blockhead; one admir'd by all, t'other ridicul'd by all.

Em. One, I suppose, is the Gentleman that gave the Serenade, Sir *William*, of whom I have heard so much since I came to Town; but t'other, *Clarinda*, I fear is no where to be found, such Men appear but as they say the Phœnix does, not above one in an Age.

Clar. And that ours has one in him, the judicious part of

Mankind bears Witness.

Em. Lovers, *Clarinda*, like People in Motion, fancy every thing they see, moves as they do; and may be from the Knowledge of your own Principles and Resolutions, you form your Notion of his——Now cou'd I almost find in my Heart to discover my own Intrigue, if 'twere only to let her see, there are Men that equal, if not exceed, hers, but that I'm asham'd of its Forwardness in so short a Time. [*Aside.*] But how comes it, Cousin, that we never see this Man?

Clar. Before you come to Town, my Father forbid him the House, with any farther Pretensions to me, upon Sir *William's* account, to whom his Honour was engag'd before he saw him, or else I believe his Follies wou'd have out-weigh'd his Estate; for he, you know——

Em. I know too much of him, for I have seen him.

Clar. So you have t'other too, he was one of the two that bow'd to us t'other Night from the Side-box, and of whom you have since been so inquisitive, tho' I never let you into the Secret till now.

Em. Of one of those? I know a Secret which I believe you are a Stranger to, and which I wou'd not for the World discover, till I know more on't. [*Aside.*] If that be he, I like him as well as you can; but I think a Gentleman of Sir *William's* Estate shou'd not seem so contemptible.

Clar. O dear Cousin, don't name him, for besides the

particular Aversion I have for him, 'twould beget in the World a very slender Opinion of my Sense, shou'd I encourage such a Fop.

Em. O quite contrary: Besides, Cousin, if you hate him, you can never get it in your Power to torment him, more than by marrying him.

Clar. That would be making myself uneasy, purely to trouble another: No, no, I must have some Contrivance to expose him, and our Neighbour Mrs. *Plotwell* shall help me in it.

Em. Does that Lady still continue her Persecution of Fops?

Clar. With as much Address and Success as ever; and her pleasant Accounts of her feign'd Intrigues, makes her very entertaining Company; she hates Sir *William Mode*, and I am sure will assist in any thing. I never had a stronger Temptation to Disobedience than now; Love and Merit plead on *Manly's* Side, Reason too approves my Choice; the other's an empty Nothing, a mere Talker; we'll shew his right Side, expose him, shall we not, my Dear?

Em. With all my Heart; I love Mischief so well, I can refuse nothing that fartherers that.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir William's Lodgings.*

Enter Sir William in a Night-Gown, looking in his Glass.

Sir *Will.* This rising early is the most confounded thing on Earth, nothing so destructive to the Complexion. Blister me, how I shall look in the Side-Box to Night, wretchedly upon my Soul. [*Looking in the Glass all the while.*] Yet it adds something of a languishing Air, not altogether unbecoming, and by Candle-light may do Mischief; but I must stay at home to recover some Colour; and that may be as well laid on too; so 'tis resolv'd I will go. Oh! 'tis unspeakable Pleasure to be in the Side-box, or bow'd to from the Stage, and be distinguish'd by the Beaus of Quality; to have a Lord fly into one's Arms, and kiss one as amorously as a Mistress: Then tell me aloud, that he din'd with his Grace, and that he and the Ladies were so fond of me, they talk'd of nothing else. Then, says I, my Lord, his Grace does me too much Honour——Then, my Lord,——Pox on this Play, 'tis not worth seeing; we han't been seen at t'other House to Night; and the Ladies will be disappointed, not to receive a Bow from Sir *William*. He, he, he, says I, my Lord, I'll wait upon your Lordship, Then says my Lord, Lead the Way Sir *William*. Oh, pray my Lord, I beg your Lordship's Pardon——Nay, Sir *William*——Pray my Lord——[*Enter La Reviere.*] Pray Sir *William*——Pray my Lord.

[*As he says this several Times, La Reviere enters behind him, but as he designs to pass by him, is still prevented by his turning from one side to t'other, as he acts himself or the*

Lord.

La Rev. Hey! What the Devil is he conjuring and talking with invisible Lords? He's in his Airs, some pleasing Imagination hurries him out of his Senses——But I must to my Cue. Hem, hem, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen below, come to wait upon you dis Morning; sal I show dem up?

Sir Will. No, my Lord, by no Means, I know better things.

La Rev. What then am I a Lord? Egad I never knew my Quality before. [*Aside.*]

Sir Will. Pshaw this Blockhead has rous'd me from the prettiest Entertainment in the World. [*Aside.*] Well, what would you, Sir?

La Rev. I vou'd tell you, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen wait upon you.

Sir Will. And let 'em wait till I have done—I had a thousand fine things to say upon that Occasion, but this rude Fellow has frighten'd 'em all out of my Head. [*Aside.*] Well, since my better Diversion is over shew 'em up.

La Rev. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit La Reviere.*]

Enter Captain Bellmein, and Toper.

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I'm your most humble Servant, Mr.

Toper, I am extremely yours, for the Honour you have done me in bringing your Friend; I lay under severe Apprehensions that nothing could engage you but a drinking Bout.

Top. Faith you were in the Right; for if your Champaign had not more Charms than your Music, your Fiddlers might have play'd by themselves for me.

Sir *Will*. Oh how unpolish'd! how barbarous that is!

Capt. *Bell*. Why do you expect any other from him! He admires no Music like Wine rattling in the Throat of a Flask, with a Chorus of Drawers at coming, Sir.

Sir *Will*. And that to me is the most nauseous thing under the Moon, impair my Vigour.

Top. Impair my Vigour! ha, ha, very pretty, Faith; Pr'ythee where did'st get that Affirmative?

Sir *Will*. 'Tis my own, at the Purchase of some Days Study; for to use another Man's Oath, is, in my Opinion, as indecent as wearing his Cloaths: And to be in the Road of the Vulgar, is beneath a Gentleman, who, in my Judgment, ought to be as much distinguish'd by his Expressions, as by his Coach and Livery.

Capt. *Bell*. Right, Sir; for since every Body that has Money enough, sets up an Equipage, a Gentleman ought to find out some other Way of distinguishing himself.

Sir *Will*. O'my Conscience, they will ape us in that too; for they are so proud of following their Betters, that they even tread

upon their Heels; not a formal Cit, or aukward Lawyer's Clerk, that won't court the Cook-wench a Quarter of a Year for Oil and Flower enough to garnish out his Wig for a Day, that he may impudently mimick a Beau; if 'twere not beneath me, I could kick such Animals to a Jelly.

Top. How! kick 'em to a Jelly——Why I have seen of that kind you talk of, brawny Fellows that cou'd kick and cuff too stoutly.

Sir Will. Ay, that may be, but 'tis not a Gentleman's Business, that always wears a Sword, and has some half Dozen of Footmen at his Heels, to kick and cuff; nor stand and consider whether the Mechanick be arm'd or not; 'tis enough that he is, or but thinks he is affronted, to atone for the Life of a Scoundrel.

Capt. Bell. Now wou'd this Ass, rank Coward as he is, if not curb'd by the Law, kill a hundred Men, honester and stouter than himself, only because they don't wear Swords, or are not so finical. [*Aside.*]

Top. I should think, *Sir William*, these honest People that wear no Swords, very harmless, because they carry no Instruments of Mischief about 'em.

Sir Will. Instruments! their very Hands, their dirty Cloaths, are Instruments of Mischief. Lookee, Sir, I'll make it very plain to you, I may lawfully kill a Man in my own Defence that comes arm'd *in Terrorem*, to rob me of fifty Pounds.

Capt. Bell. Right Sir.

Sir *Will*. You allow that?

Top. We do.

Sir *Will*. Then I'll prove the rest in an Instant; I have a new Suit on that cost me fifty Pounds, here comes thundering by a dirty Dray-man with his Cart, that puts me in bodily Fear, and rushing rudely by, daubs all my Cloaths, so that I can't wear them any more; now here's fifty Pounds lost by this Rascal's dirty Cloaths, if I don't prevent it by running him thro' the Body.

Capt. *Bell*. How! kill a Man for wearing dirty Cloaths, ha, ha, ha, the Law makes better Provision for Men's Lives.

Sir *Will*. The Law shou'd make better Provisions for Men's Cloaths too; for the Insolence of the Vulgar is insufferable, and if one or two of them were made Examples, the rest wou'd be more civil.

One Night after Play, I waited on a Lady from the Box to her Coach, comes a clumsy Cit with a paultry Mask out of the Gallery, rush'd against me, threw down the Lady's Page, brush'd all the Powder out of my Wig, then cry'd ha, ha, ha, we have ruin'd the Beau; had I been a Lord, I wou'd have run him thro' the Guts; but to be try'd by a *Middlesex* Jury is the Devil.

Top. Ay——these Vulgar, as you call them, have a greater Respect for one another than to suffer that Man to escape that kills one of them. But I suppose your principal Concern rises from your Loss of the Lady's Favour.

Sir *Will*. It had no such Effect on her, I assure you, Sir;

wherever I get footing in a Lady's Esteem, I stand too firm to be justled out by a Cit: As for Instance, I'll give you another Adventure of mine. Being engaged by Appointment to meet a Lady at *White's*, and detain'd by some extraordinary Business, the Lady chanc'd to be there in her Coach, as soon as I arrived in mine; so that lighting out of my Coach to go to hers, a nasty Fellow running just against me, almost beat me backward; and tho' he did it designedly, yet cried, Zounds, can't you see! Your Wig blinds you, does it! So taking one Side, gave it such a Toss over my Shoulder, that, had not the Lady been passionately in Love with my Person, the Disorder I appear'd in might have spoil'd my Amour.

Enter Servant, and whispers.

Capt. *Bell*. Incurrigible Coxcomb! Pox on him, I'm weary of him, there's no Variety in him. Come, shall we go?

Top. No, pr'ythee stay a little till we see what becomes of the Music.

Capt. *Bell*. Of the Champagne you mean, *Toper*, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will*. Ah! Gentlemen, I'm the most unfortunate Man this Day alive.

Capt. *Bell*. Why, what's the Matter?

Sir *Will*. A curst Mischance has robb'd me——

Top. Not of your Wine, I hope.

Capt. *Bell*. Nor your Mistress?

Sir *Will*. No, but of Mr. *Quaver*.

Top. Why, is he dead?

Sir *Will*. Not quite dead, but an unlucky Accident has put it out of his Power to oblige us with his incomparable Voice.

Capt. *Bell*. Is he run thro' the Body?

Top. Or drunk before Dinner?

Sir *Will*. No, no, Gentlemen, but he has scalded his Mouth by drinking his Chocolate too hot this Morning, and can't sing.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, a sad Mischance indeed.

Enter Servant and whispers, then goes out and brings in a Letter.

Capt. *Bell*. Pr'ythee, *Toper*, who is this Fellow he laments so much? Some Rascal, that finding his Weakness, imposes on him.

Top. No, 'tis an intimate Friend of his, one as whimsical as himself, and truly fit for no other Company; he made shift in a Month's Time to purchase the Displeasure of most of the Quality in Town, in spite of some Excellence he has in Music; and now is become fit Entertainment for such Fops as this, who, after the strictest Engagement, will be put off with trifling Excuses.

[*Aside.*]

Sir *Will*. You see, Gentlemen, how I spend my Life, I divide the greatest Part of it between Love and Music: And, to make amends for the Disappointment of one, Fate has sent me some new Discovery in t'other. A new Amour enfeeble me; for, upon my Soul, Gentlemen, I never saw the Hand before; and to convince you of its novelty, I'll open it fairly before you. [*He opens, and Toper looks over his Shoulder.*] [*Reads.*] Sir *William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me——Ay, as I said, Gentlemen——Pr'ythee *Toper* read out.

[*While he reads, Sir William capers about.*]

Top. A Billet-doux do you call it? 'Tis the most masculine one I ever saw, and invites to rougher Entertainment than you imagine; 'tis a very pretty Billet-doux truly: Shall I read it out, Sir *William*?

Sir *Will*. Ay, pr'ythee, dear *Toper*.

Top. Sir *William*, I beg the Favour you'd meet me behind *Montague* House, at Six To-morrow Morning, with your Sword in your Hand, in order to answer what shall be alleg'd against you, by yours, as you use me, *Roughly*.

Capt. *Bell*. A Billet-doux, do you call it? Why 'tis a Challenge.

Sir *Will*. Ha! [*Taking the Letter, and looking upon it.*] 'Tis so, impair my Vigour; now blister me, if I did not think it as plain a Billet-doux as ever I read in all my Life. Where did the Porter say he brought this Letter from?

Serv. From *Will's* Coffee-house, Sir.

Sir *Will*. The Devil he did! Why, what have these Men of the Sword encroach'd upon our Privilege there too? What Business can they have amongst us Beaux and Poets——What shall I do? For in short, I won't fight a Man I don't know——and, Gentlemen, I vow I don't remember I ever saw this Mr. *Roughly* in my Life.

Top. Oh! he's a damn'd fighting Fellow, your only way is to send him word you'll meet him on *Calais* Sands: Duelling is unsafe in *England* for Men of Estates, he'll hardly be at the Trouble of going over; so that if he will fight you, he must draw upon you whene'er he meets you; if so, you'll have both the Mob and the Law on your Side; and if you kill him, you need not care a Souse.

Sir *Will*. Say you so, Sir, I'll take your Advice, and answer it immediately.

Capt. *Bell*. I think Mr. *Toper* has given you Counsel as nicely, as if you had given five Guineas for a Fee.

Sir *Will*. I'm infinitely oblig'd to him.

Capt. *Bell*. Sir *William*, I kiss your Hand.

Top. Good-by, Knight.

Sir *Will*. Gentlemen, your most obsequious Servant.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. Carefull's *House*, Ogle *looking up at it*.

Enter on the other Side Bellmein and Toper.

Bell. Who the Devil is that Fellow now? I think in my Conscience this Place is become the Parade of Lovers.

Top. What, don't you know him! Why 'tis *Ogle* the Fortune-hunter.

Bell. A Fortune-hunter! I shou'd sooner have taken him for a Sheep-stealer.

Top. He was an Attorney's Clerk, but his Father dying, left him a small Estate; he bought out his Time, and set up for a Fortune: There's scarce a Match-maker in the whole Town, but has had a fleece at his Purse; nor scarce a great Fortune in Town, but he'll tell you has receiv'd his Addresses. In short, he's a Medley of Fop, Fool, and Coward. Pr'ythee let's speak to him, he may divert us a little.

Bell. With all my Heart.

Top. Mr. *Ogle*, your Servant——

Ogle. Ha! Mr. *Toper*, I kiss your Hand——Sir, I'm yours. [*To Bellmein.*]

Top. What makes you sauntering here? In my Conscience I believe you are in love with the great Fortune of this House.

Ogle. Why, really Mr. *Toper*, to be ingenuous with you I am,

and not without some very good Grounds neither, I assure you.

Bell. How! this Coxcomb encourag'd too. [*Aside.*]

Top. I was in hopes to have wish'd you Joy ere now; I think the last time I saw you, you told me you was to be married to my Lady *Rich*.

Ogle. I did so; but sure I am the most unlucky Fellow living, the poor Lady died e're she could have an Opportunity of declaring her Mind to me; and truly I believe I may, without Vanity say, she died for Love.

Top. What, did you never speak to her?

Ogle. Never.

Bell. How! never speak to her, say you? Why how the Devil did you make Love then?

Ogle. By a third Person, Sir.

Bell. I beg Pardon, Sir—Great Persons, I remember, do court by Proxy.

Ogle. I had several Letters from her: Mrs. *Couple* was intimately acquainted with her: You know Mrs. *Couple*, Mr. *Toper*?

Top. Oh very well, Match-making is her Business.

Ogle. I'll show you what she us'd to write to me, [*Pulling out*

a Letter.] Here——no, hold, this is from a Baronet's Lady, with whom I had an Intrigue: This is it——no——this is from a Merchant's Wife, a City Animal, that pretends to a nicer Taste than those of her Level, and wou'd fain have a Child with the Air of a Gentleman: but I begg'd her Pardon, I left her to the Brutes of her own Corporation, for I will have nothing to do with the Body Politic.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ridiculous Monster!

Ogle. For if you observe, Sir, a Tradesman is the most litigious Cuckold living, he ne'er considers the Honour a Gentleman does him, but values himself upon his Charter, and moves for Costs and Damages, when he ought rather to be thankful for the Favour.

Bell. You are very severe upon the City, Sir, but where are the Letters you was about to shew us?

Ogle. Ha! Upon my Life, Gentlemen, I put 'em into my Scrutore this Morning. But, as I was saying, Mrs. *Couple* had a hundred Guineas of me, for the Management of that Business; and if the Lady had not died, I'm certain she had been my Wife. Well, I shall ne'er forget what languishing Looks she'd cast at me at Church; then put up her Fan to her Face and sigh, as much as to say, you are the only Man that can make me happy.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, extraordinary Symptoms, faith; 'twas very unlucky that you cou'd not come to the Speech of her.

Ogle. 'Twas my ill Fortune, but I'm so us'd to Disappointments, that I bear them the easier; what I have met with, wou'd have broke the Heart of some Men; the Lady *Wealthy* was perfectly forc'd from me by her Uncle; else I'm convinc'd she had now call'd me Husband.

Top. Why, what hopes had you of her?

Ogle. Hopes? why the greatest in the World; she prais'd me to every Body she thought knew me; she said I had the handsomest Foot and Leg she ever saw, the best manner of Dressing, and the genteelest Carriage——She said, she could hardly believe me an *Englishman*, without doing Violence to her Reason.

Bell. I shou'd be glad that every *English-born* Blockhead wou'd disclaim his Country. [*Aside.*] Truly, Sir, I'm partly of the Lady's Opinion.

Ogle. Sir, your very humble Servant——

Bell. But, Sir, was you not saying, you had some Reason to walk before this House?

Ogle. I was so, Sir.

Bell. Do you know Mr. *Carefull's* Daughter, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, very well, Sir; tho' I believe, not so well as she desires, and I hope to do, in a little time.

Bell. Say you so, Sir?

Top. Then you are very well acquainted, Sir.

Ogle. Yes, very well acquainted, Sir.

Bell. Pray, Sir, can you introduce me?

Ogle. Faith, Sir, not very well; for I never spoke to the Lady in my Life.

Bell. How! never spoke to her: Why, I understood you, that you was well acquainted, Sir, Ha, ha.

Ogle. Why, so I am, Sir——Why is it not possible to be acquainted without speaking, Gentlemen? Why a Friend of mine lay all night with a Lady, and never saw her Face, nor knows not who she is to this Moment; now I think seeing is of greater Consequence than speaking. But you shall hear how far I'm acquainted with this Lady; I lodge at her Milliner's, you must know, and I have several Times pass'd through the Shop when she has been in't, and as soon as my Back has been turn'd, she has always taken an Occasion to commend me, and say something extraordinary in my Praise, which my Landlady never fail'd to tell me, but with such an Air, as if she was desired to tell me. Then if she sees me walking here——as I generally do every Morning, she strait repairs to the Window——Thus do you see——stand you there——Now suppose me the Lady——you look up at my Window, and walk thus, do you see?——Then I run to the Window thus——clap my Arms across thus——and hang my Head thus——turn my Eyes languishing thus——as who shou'd say, if it were the Custom for Women to make the first Addresses, I wou'd now beckon you

up.

Bell. And is this all the Hopes you have?

Ogle. Why, is this nothing, Gentlemen?

Top. Nothing at all; and Six to Four the Lady never thinks on you.

Ogle. Not think on me——Egad if she don't marry me, she's the arrantest Jilt in Christendom.

Bell. How, Jilt!

Ogle. Jilt! Ay Jilt: Why what the Devil need she have made any Enquiry after me, prais'd, or look'd at me; if she wou'd not have me, why did she give me Encouragement.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Must a Woman be oblig'd to marry every Man she looks at?

Ogle. I am not every Man, Gentlemen——Egad I'm resolv'd I'll write to her; I'll know what she means by her insinuating Carriage, I'll to the *Rose* and write my Letter, if you'll go with me, Gentlemen, you shall see what Answer she'll send me.

Top. Egad I'm resolv'd to have good Diversion with this Fellow; pr'ythee, Captain, will you go with us?

Bell. I must pay a Visit to an old Mistress of mine that lodges

hard by, but I'll come to you.

Ogle. To be jilted! Egad I can't bear the Thoughts on't; come, Gentlemen.

The SCENE changes to Mrs. Plotwell's Lodgings.

Mrs. Plotwell sola.

Mrs. Plot. I grow weary of persecuting these Block-heads; the very Idea of a Gallant is nauseous to me: Oh! That all Women would but treat the Fools as they deserve, would they take my Advice, no Fop, whose Impertinence tended to the Prejudice of Virtue, shou'd 'scape unexpos'd.

*Their different Turns of Vice I'd show,
That this censorious Town might know
The greatest Monster in the World's a Beau.*

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. The Vanity of Fops you say you'd shew,
That all Intriguing Belles might know,
There's Danger in a noisy Beau.

Mrs. Plot. Ha! Who's this that Eccho's my Sound so justly, yet so much inverts the Sense?

Bell. One that omits no Pains to invert as many of your Sex as he can. A true try'd old Friend to Love.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. *Plot*. Ha! Captain *Bellmein*.

Bell. My charming *Plotwell*, as blooming, young, and fair as ever, as beautiful as Martyrs Visions, and full of Pleasure and Delight as Dreams of longing Boys.

Mrs. *Plot*. Oh Lord! Give me Breath——let me have a little Air, or I shall die——so——well, where have you been all this while? And how have you spent your Time? Lord I think I have a thousand Questions to ask in one Breath.

Bell. And I have as many to ask you, but can't spare Time now; some more pressing private Business wou'd take me wholly up, fitter for the next Room——Shall we retire?

[*Pulling her*.

Mrs. *Plotw*. No, stand off; if we retire, it must be upon Conditions agreed to before hand.

Bell. With all my Heart, Child; I was never better condition'd for a Lady's Service in all my Life, lookee here——here are Conditions, [*Shews a Purse of Gold*] Observe the Conditions, and let's be happy; tho' I never thought you mercenary till now.

Mrs. *Plotw*. I'm not so much displeas'd with your mistaking me, as I should be with any one else; for besides some Allowance for your Humour, your Absence from Town so long, may excuse you from the Knowledge of my present Principles and Designs; and as great a Libertine as you profess yourself, I know the awful Lustre of Virtue has always met with due Respect from you, and that Respect is the only Condition I

require you to observe.

Bell. Ha, ha, Why what the Devil is here, my old Mistress setting up for Virtue? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Madam?

Mrs. Plotw. As I say, Sir, that I am no more what you once knew me; since your Abode in *Ireland*, my Uncle, who kept me from my Estate, is dead, thank Heaven, and I am now Mistress of a Fortune sufficient for my Use; and, had I posses'd it sooner, I never had been what I was: But now, I scorn Mankind on Terms like those; all innocent Diversions I freely take; I keep the best Company, pay and receive Visits from the highest Quality. People who are better bred than to examine into past Conduct.

Bell. Hey! I find then that Reputation is never lost but in an empty Pocket; well then thou'rt grown virtuous, and I must never hope for the Blessing again.

Mrs. Plotw. Never; but talk as free as you will, do but observe the Rules of Modesty; I like your Company and Conversation as well as ever, I'm not so rigidly virtuous to appear a Saint, I can launch out and laugh with you sometimes, nay, perhaps contribute to your Mirth. I'll give you a short Account how I have pass'd my Time, in exposing to public View all the Follies of your Sex; that Part of them, I mean, whose Vanity brought them under my Lash, such whose tiffany Natures are so easily impos'd upon, to have the commonest Drabs in Town topt upon them for Women of Quality.

Bell. This Town does abound with such as you speak of.

Mrs. *Plot*. Oh! did you but see with what Variety 'tis furnish'd, and how universally all Men are infected with an Itch after Quality, you'd be convinced there's not one, from the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, down to the Groom in the Stable, but thinks himself sufficiently qualified to deserve the Favour of any Lady in St. *James's*. I pass'd upon one for a Countess, upon another for a Dutchess, another a Baronet's Lady, and so forth—ha, ha, the poor Fools were lost in a Cloud of Ignorance, rais'd by the Hurry of their own Expectations.

Bell. Why, truly it would surprize a Man that never convers'd with ought above a Pit-Mask, to be invited to a Lady's Bed, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Plot*. Such aukward Address, and the Means every Man finds to recommend himself by, one for Secrecy, t'other Wit, a third his Person, so every Fool finds something to think valuable in himself.

Bell. There's your weakly finicking, dancing, singing, witty Fop, who values himself upon writing Billet-doux.

Mrs. *Plot*. And thinks his Company so very agreeable, that he persecutes People to Death, before they can get rid of his troublesome Impertinence.

Bell. His chiefest Talent consists in the Repartee of an Intrigue. But then there's your old harden'd Sinner.

Mrs. *Plot*. Ay, he cries up Secrecy and Security, his Years, Wrinkles, and distorted Body, are sufficient Defence against a

slandrous Tongue; he values himself more for what he has been, than for what he is, recommending himself upon his Knowledge and Experience.

Bell. And his great Judgment in the happy Management of an Intrigue. But the Man of Sense.

Mrs. Plot. Him all Women ought to shun, that fear coming under his Power; he approaches securely.

Bell. Addresses cunningly.

Mrs. Plot. Insinuates himself slyly into a Lady's Favour.

Bell. Then seizes his Prey at once.

[*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Plot. Oh Lord, hold off.

Enter Plotwell's Maid, and whispers her.

Bell. Pox take her for coming so unluckily, this Denial of her's gives me as much Desire as a new Face that she should grow so unreasonably Virtuous. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, you have Business I see, I'll take my Leave, some other Time I'll hear it out——

Mrs. Plot. My Business, at present, is for the good of your Friend *Manly*, and I don't know but we may have Occasion for your Head to help us out.

Bell. My Head, together with the rest of my Body, is at your Service, Madam, whenever you please to command your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Plot. *Clarinda* desires to speak with me at her Father's House, say you?

Maid. Yes, Madam, instantly.

Mrs. Plot. I'll wait on her.

SCENE *changes to a Tavern.*

Toper and Ogle sealing a Letter.

Ogle. Here, Porter, carry this Letter as 'tis directed, and bring me an Answer.

Porter. Yes, Sir.

[*Sir William Mode within.*]

Sir Will. Here, Drawer, shew a Room, and send your Master to me.

Top. Ha, that's *Mode's* Voice, a good Hint, I'll have rare Sport with these two Puppies. [*Aside.*]

Ogle. I think I heard *Sir William Mode's* Voice, Pr'ythee *Toper* desire him to walk in.

Top. Not for the World!

Ogle. No, Why pray?

Top. I know not, but some Body has told him that you are his Rival, and he swears he'll cut your Throat where-ever he sees you.

Ogle. How, I his Rival? Where, pray you?

Top. In *Clarinda*, I suppose.

Ogle. But is it possible Sir *William Mode* shou'd be my Rival, and never tell me on't? But he's such an egregious Coxcomb, that he gives me no Pain.

Top. He call'd you Fop, Blockhead, Baboon——and said he'd make Mince-meat of you.

Ogle. Oh, impossible, Sir, he cou'd not mean me.

Top. Do you think I lye, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, by no means, Sir.

Top. Had any Man said so much of me, I wou'd have made the Sun shone through him; and I think you ought to send him a Challenge.

Ogle. What, challenge my Friend! By no means, Sir: Why, Sir, he's my Friend.

Top. So much the worse; you ought to resent an Affront from him the more for that.

Ogle. Oh, Sir, you don't know us, we never mind what we say of one another: I dare swear he never meant it an Affront.

Top. You Lye, Sir, he did mean it an Affront.

Ogle. Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon; I believe he did, because you say it, Sir, else I should not believe it.

Top. Sir, I say you must fight him, and I'll carry the Challenge.

Ogle. That's a sure Way that I challenge him, but how to come off as sure, hang me if I know: Look you, Mr. *Toper*, I have not the ready Use of both my Legs, for, Dancing at a private Ball t'other Night, I cut something higher than usually, and pitch'd upon a Cherry-stone, which turn'd my Foot so violently, that I vow I have been lame ever since, so that positively I can't fight.

Top. Zounds, I believe you dare not fight him.

Ogle. Pardon me, Sir, I dare fight any Man, that will but give me Time to prepare myself for a Duel; for I think there should be a Diet us'd for fighting, as well as Running.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, well, I find what you hint at; I'll engage to bring you off safe.

Ogle. As how pray?

Top. Why as thus; do you challenge him, and, when you meet,

draw your Sword.

Ogle. But suppose he draws again.

Top. Then I'll step in and part you, so you are good Friends; for I don't design you shall fight in Earnest. [*Aside.*]

Ogle. A very good Project.

Top. Come, come, write three Words to him upon this Paper.

Ogle. But you'll be sure to part us.

Top. Ay, certainly. [*Ogle writes.*] Now I wish *Bellmein* was here to share the Diversion.

Ogle. There, Sir, there's enough.

Top. Let me see——

Sir, you must resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*, or fight me immediately, I wait in the next Room for your Answer.

Ogle.

So, very well; do you stay here, I'll be back in a Minute.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Sir William and the Tavern-Man.

Sir Will. This Hermetage is not brisk.

Lan. Upon my Word, *Sir William*, there's no better in *London*.

Sir *Will*. It is not so good as the last you sent me.

Lan. It is the very same, Sir.

Sir *Will*. Well send me in four Dozen.

Lan. And how much Champagne, Sir *William*?

Sir *Will*. Four Dozen of that too, and four of *Burgundy*.

Lan. You shall have it, Sir.

[*Exit*.

Enter *Toper*.

Top. Sir *William*, I'm your humble Servant.

Sir *Will*. Mr. *Toper*, your Servant: Pray how did you know I was here? I am not usually found in a Tavern.

Top. I heard your Voice, Sir *William*; just as you enter'd, I was engaged in a Quarrel of yours.

Sir *Will*. Of mine?

Top. Ay: Sir *William*, 'tis a damn'd foolish Business; I wou'd have made it up, but I found it impossible; so that being your Friend, I undertook to deliver you this.

[*Gives him the Letter*.

Sir *Will*. How's this! A Challenge from *Ogle*? Certainly the

Fellow's drunk, or he'd never do this.

Top. No, that he is not I'll promise you, he's sober enough, but in a damn'd Passion; he says you're a Fop, Fool, nay Coward; if I might advise you, you shou'd fight him instantly; 'Zdeath, were I in your Place, Sir *William*, such a Dog shou'd not dare to look, nay, think of a Woman I design'd to marry.

Sir *Will.* I hate fighting, but dare not tell this blustering Fellow so. [*Aside.*] Nay, I know he's a Blockhead, and a Coward too, but what Courage Love may have infus'd into him I know not—Why what the Devil he said not a Word of his Passion to me Yesterday, he din'd with me.

Top. He did not know it then, but now he swears he'll spoil your handsome Face.

Sir *Will.* Oh Lord! I had rather be run through the Body, enfeeble me; O' my Soul I wonder what makes Men so stout!

Top. I'll tell you Sir *William*, Courage is nothing, nothing at all; now if you look big, talk loud and be very angry, you'll frighten a Man that can't do so as well as you, so you are reckon'd a stout Man; and he that can do it better, is a stouter Man than you, that's all.

Sir *Will.* Is that all? Why then I'm resolv'd to be stout, enfeeble me: But suppose he should draw?

Top. Why then I'll step in and part you.

Sir *Will.* A very good Piece of Contrivance, impair my Vigour.

Top. Be sure you get the first Word, for there's Advantage in having the first Word.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Top. Ay: Is Mr. *Ogle* below?

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

Top. Hold, I'll fetch him myself.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Now am I confoundedly afraid lest this Fellow should let us fight in earnest.

Re-enter Toper and Ogle, to whom he speaks at entering.

Top. Be sure you speak angrily, as if you would not hear what I say.

Ogle. Be sure you part us then——Sir, I say I will hear of no Reconciliation, except he resign *Clarinda*.

[*Toper runs to Sir William.*

Top. He's in a damn'd Passion, your Hand to your Sword quickly, Sir *William*, fear nothing, I'll stand by you.

[*As soon as they see one another, they run and embrace.*]

Sir *Will*. Mr. *Ogle*!

Ogle. Sir *William*!

Sir *Will*. Dear Mr. *Ogle*, I'm glad to see you.

Top. Zounds have I taken all this Pains for this——Harkee, Sir *William*, Damn you, draw upon him, or I'll draw upon you; do you hear, no Reply, but draw, do you hear.

Sir *Will*. Oh Heaven! I must draw in my own Defence; and I'm sure there's less Danger in *Ogle*, than in this Fellow [*Draws.*] I think, Mr. *Ogle*, you sent me a Challenge just now by Mr. *Toper*, and having paid the Ceremony due to Friends and Acquaintance, you must draw, Sir, and return my Compliment. I'll be sure to have somebody to part us tho'. [*Aside.*]

[*Runs and knocks at the Door with his Foot.*]

Top. Harkee, *Ogle*, you have ruin'd yourself by letting him get the Advantage; draw, draw Sir.

Ogle. Draw, Sir; why, Sir, my Passion was over upon my Faith. Ho, here's Folks enow, I'm resolv'd to draw now. [*Draws.*]

Enter two Drawers, one runs to Sir William, t'other to Ogle, and holds 'em.

Sir *Will*. Ah, stand off, I had rather be run thro' the Guts than you should touch me with your dirty Apron, t'will daub all my Cloaths; off Scoundrel.

[Toper *holds* Ogle.]

Ogle. Let him come, let him come, one Thrust will decide our Dispute.

Sir *Will.* Pray give us Way, 'twill soon be ended.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Hey-day, what's here, Swords drawn? Nay, then I'll make one in the Number. [*Draws.*] Why, what the Devil do you hold the Gentlemen for? Let 'em go, and give one another Satisfaction. Z'dearth, I'll fight that Man that shall but offer to hold 'em. [*Takes off the Drawers and Toper.*] Why don't you fight now, Gentlemen?

Sir *Will.* A Pox take him for his brutish Civility. [*When they are at Liberty they stand and look at one another.*] Harkee, Mr. *Ogle*, do you come along with me, and we'll contrive some way to make these Fellows believe we dare fight. [*He goes to Ogle, and speaks in a low Voice.*]

Ogle. Agreed.

Sir *Will.* Come, Mr. *Ogle*, you shall go along with me, we'll find a more convenient Place to decide this Business in, where Friends shall not interrupt; you shall hear of a Duel, Gentlemen, tho' it is not proper to see it. Your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*]

Ogle. With all my Heart, I dare fight you any where——

Top. That's a Lye; pr'ythee order thy Footman to watch 'em, I fancy they'll have some comical Stratagem to deceive us. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. With all my Heart; d'ye hear, be sure you take Notice where they go, and bring me Word. Pr'ythee, how did'st work 'em up to this?

[*Exit Servant.*]

Top. With a World of Pains and Difficulty, I assure you; but there is no fear of their doing one another any Harm in a fighting Way. Is not that Colonel *Manly* yonder?

Bell. 'Tis, and I have some Business with him: Will you walk?

Top. My Business, at present lies another way, else I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with him.

*For tho' we roar and rake and Broils commence.
Yet give me for a Friend, a Man of Sense.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Carefull's* House.

Carefull *solus*, with Ogle's *Letter*.

Caref. Very fine, I see my Daughter is resolv'd to have Strings enow to her Bow; Death, to give Encouragement to a Dog that has neither Wit nor Money to recommend him; good Mr. *Ogle*, if I catch you ogling there, I'll hamstring you, I can tell you that for your Comfort; I'm glad I got the Letter before her; my Spark's very familiar, methinks; [*Reads.*] *Madam, I'm inform'd you entertain Sir William Mode; if so, I desire to know the Reason why you encourage me. I am not to be fool'd*——(who the Devil is this Coxcomb) *if you clear not this Imputation, I shall believe you design to jilt me.*—Very Complaisant, truly——*answer per Bearer, as you value your Admirer, Ogle.* Yes, I have answer'd *per Bearer* with a broken Pate, and I wish yours had been in his Place. Lord, Lord, who would be plagu'd with Children? I'm resolv'd she shall marry Sir *William* To-morrow; why, she'll have as many Fellows at her Heels, as her Colonel has Soldiers waiting for their Pay, why, what a Medley of Suitors has she? Fighters, Fools, and Fops. Well, since you are so fickle, Mistress, I'll fix you presently, or marry myself. Mr. *Toper* was wishing me to a Cousin of his, who will be in Town To-day; adod, if this perverse Baggage make one Scruple of obeying my Will, I'll have her, and try if a Mother-in-Law won't hamper her; but I'll in, and send for Sir *William* immediately.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to another Room in the same House, Clarinda and Emilia dressing in Boy's Cloaths, Mrs. Plotwell

with them.

Clar. Here, here, on with your Manhood quickly.

Emil. I fear *Clarinda*, this Masquerade will not be reputable for Women of nice Honour.

Plot. Oh, don't fear that, since you only wear it to do yourselves Justice: for Justice can never be dishonourable.

Clar. You are not insensible, Cousin, how resolutely my cruel Father persecutes me with this Fop; therefore, since poor *Clarinda* is in all this Danger, I, my own Knight-Errant, and thou my trusty 'Squire, will march *En cavalier*, and deliver the distress'd Damsel, by beating the Giant into a Pigmy; then be our own Heralds, and proclaim our Victory to my Father, and hollow the Coward so loud in his Ears, that we will shame him out of all Thoughts of this Fool.

Plot. If that don't do, my Plot shall; *Toper* has broke it to him, as I told you.

Clar. I readily submit to any Proposal of yours, and will rely on your Contrivance.

Plot. You may command me,——but be quick and dress; who told you of this Duel?

Clar. Sir *William's* Valet makes love to my Woman, thro' him we discover'd the Time and Place, but I know not the Grounds of this Quarrel.

Plot. That, I suppose, is your Ladyship; for Mr. *Ogle* publickly declares you are in Love with him.

Clar. Ogle! who is he?

Plot. A foolish Fellow about Town, he lodges at Mrs. *Commode's*, your Milliner.

Clar. Oh Heavens! I believe I have seen him pass thro' the Shop, but never had Curiosity enough to ask his Name. In Love with him! I should as soon be in Love with a Weasel. Ha, ha, ha, why, is he Sir *William's* Antagonist? I fancy we shall have rare Sport.

Plot. They are as like two Peas in every Thing but Estate, and in that Sir *William* out-does him.

Clar. He is the very Quintessence of Foppery; his Name and Nature suits exactly, for he's a nice Observer of the Modes; his Valet is forc'd to counterfeit a *Frenchman*, or he would turn him away.

Emil. Ha, ha, ha, Ridiculous enough; well, thus drest, now what are we to do?

Clar. Why, when we are sated with their sordid Foppery, we'll kick 'em into better Manners.

Emil. How, kick, *Clarinda*? if they should return our Compliment, I shall quickly discover my Manhood to be counterfeit.

Plot. Never fear it, they won't fight with a Mouse, I dare swear, if it were out of a Trap.

Clar. I know Sir *William's* a Coward, I had been often told so, and to prove it, I sent him a Challenge, as from one Mr. *Roughly*; his Man said it put him into such a Consternation he should never forget him, he sent me word that he'd meet me on *Calais* Sands, and give me Satisfaction, Ha, ha, ha.

Plot. Ha, ha, ha, a good Excuse——Indeed, he's fit for nothing, but to set upon one's Cabinet, to watch one's China. Well, I wish you good Sport, and am your humble Servant.

[*Exit Plotwell.*]

Clar. I'm resolv'd, ere I'll be forc'd into the Arms of a Person I loathe and despise, the Passion I have for Colonel *Manly* will tempt me to make him my Sanctuary.

Emil. I must tell her of his Falshood, the Thoughts of which have turn'd all the foolish Passion I had conceiv'd. [*Aside.*] Take Care, *Clarinda*, you ben't deceiv'd in him.

Clar. What mean you *Emilia*?

Emil. That he is false.

Clar. False! Impossible, how know you this?

Emil. I have the best Proof in the World of it, ocular Demonstration. He makes Love to me; nay, don't start; had I not been too much your Friend, *Clarinda*, I had not let you into the

Secret; for upon my Word, I don't think him disagreeable.

Clar. Oh Heavens! she's in Love with him! and therefore would slyly persuade me into an ill Opinion of him. [*Aside.*] How know you 'tis he, Cousin?

Emil. I am sure that Gentleman that bow'd to us in the Side-box, the first Night I came to Town, has ever-since pursued me with most violent Love; and I must confess I lik'd his Humour so well, that I could not be displeas'd with his playing the Fool.

Clar. Where did you see him next? How got he an Opportunity?

Emil. You know the next Night I went out with only my Woman.

Clar. I remember.

Emil. Why then I went to the Play in a Mask, on purpose for a little Diversion, and 'twas my Fortune to sit next him in the Pit, where during the Play-time, he entertain'd me with the prettiest Discourse in the World, and when 'twas done he wou'd not part with me till I had promis'd to write to him, and I could not help keeping my Word, if I was to be hang'd,—But finding him false to you, I hate him; this Letter I have writ to upbraid him.

[*Shews a Letter.*]

Clar. How's this, For Mr. *Celadon*?

Emil. Ay, we pass upon one another for *Celadon*, and *Chloe*;

for my Part I did not enquire his Name because he shou'd not ask mine.

Clar. Did he never ask your Name, nor tell you his?

Emil. No, and I suppose that was his Policy to prevent a Discovery to you.

Enter Clarinda's Maid, giving her a Letter.

Clar. Ha! 'Tis from *Manly*——What's this, [*Reads.*] *The private Encouragement you give that Fop Sir William, is not so closely managed to escape a jealous Lover's Eye that sees you every where; to be deceiv'd touches my tenderest Part, especially from one I thought my own; but we are subject to Mistakes; I find that I am so in you, my Eyes, my Ears, are all Witnesses. I shall take what Care I can not to be troublesome to you, since I find you no longer value the Peace of Manly.*

Oh! monstrous, perfidious Mankind! Oh, I perceive your Drift, he charges me with this Fool, on Purpose to find Pretence for his own Falshood——It is a poor Excuse,——but what won't Men fall into, when they quit their Honour; Oh that I had but an Opportunity of upbraiding him to his Face.

Emil. That you shall; he knows not yet of the Discovery, I'll write to him to come here, I have no Reason to suspect his disobeying the Summons, no more now, than formerly.

Clar. Did he use to meet you then?

Emil. Most punctually——But I'll in and write to him, and be

here in a Minute.

[*Exit.*

Clar. Well, it is impossible to dive into the Heart of Man, for sure he has the Face of Truth, nay, I can hardly believe he's false yet, so deep an Impression did his seeming Honesty stamp upon my Soul.

Re-enter Emilia.

Emil. I have sent it away, and I doubt not but to convince you of the Truth of what I say; but come don't think on't now, but let's begone, methinks I long to bully these Cowards, pray Heaven they prove so——

Clar. Duce on't, this will destroy half the Satisfaction I promis'd myself from this Frolick; but come.

*If we succeed in Proteus' artful School,
The World shall say, a very Beau's a fool.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Hyde-Park.*

Enter Sir William and Ogle, with Files, Pumps, and Night-caps.

Sir Will. Here's a Weapon, Mr. *Ogle*, will decide the Quarrel as well as e'er a Sharp in Christendom, and without Danger.

Ogle. An admirable Contrivance, Sir *William*; for now they'll hear of a Duel, and we reckon'd such skilful Artists, that neither cou'd o'ercome.

Sir *Will.* Right, I think a Gentleman ought to wear a Sharp, for a Terror to the Vulgar, and because 'tis the Fashion; but he shou'd never use it but as an Ornament, and Part of his Dress. I hope to see it as much a Fashion to fight with Files, as 'tis to fence with them. If I was a Member of Parliament, I'd bring in a Bill against Duelling; I'm sure the Clause would pass, for there's a Majority in the House of my Constitution. Come, approach, Sa, sa.

Enter Clarinda and Emilia with their Swords drawn.

Clar. Hold, Gentlemen, I'm bound in Honour to part you; ha, what's this?

Emil. Files, upon my Honour, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Why do you laugh, Gentlemen? I think this the nicest way of deciding a Quarrel, the other is fit for none but Bullies and Soldiers, that get their Bread by't; 'tis easily seen this way who has the most Skill; and pray, what is got by the other more rude Method, but a scandalous Character or a shameful Death.

Ogle. And by my Consent, he that draws a Sword out of the immediate Service of the King, should be hang'd.

Clar. Say you so, Sir! Now hear my Sentiments, he that would not draw a Sword upon any just Account, should be kick'd thus, and thus, Sir.

[Kicks him.]

Sir *Will*. What do you mean, Gentlemen?

Emil. Only to rub your Courage a little.

Ogle. What's that, Sir?

Emil. You don't hear well, Sir, I'll lengthen your Ears a little.

[Pulls him by the Ears.]

Sir *Will*. I wonder that you, who look so like a Gentleman, should be guilty of such ill-bred Actions; Fye! kick and cuff! Exercises for Footmen; Pray learn better Carriage of us.

Clar. I'd as soon learn Manners of a *Muscovite*.

Sir *Will*. Pray Sir, who are you? And what Affairs led you hither?

Clar. I'm a Servant to *Clarinda*, and consequently a Rival of yours.

Ogle. O Lord! a Rival of mine too. [*Aside*.]

Clar. I came hither to kick you, and expose you when I had done; the first, you are sensible I have perform'd, and from that Instance of my Honesty, you may take my Word for the rest.

Sir *Will*. I'm undone, blister me, if the very shadow of a Duel be not unfortunate. [*Aside*.]

Enter Colonel Manly, and Captain Bellmein.

Man. Why how now, young Gentlemen, are you breathing yourselves, or giving Lessons in the Stoic Philosophy to those patient Disciples.

Bell. Or have you a Journey to ride, that you are getting your Backside harden'd for it.

Sir Will. *Manly* here! I'd compound for half my Estate, blister me! [*Aside.*]

Emil. Ha! *Manly* here! We must retire, Cousin, lest it spoils our Plot, as doubtless it will, if he knows us.

Clar. Methinks, I could even here reproach him.

[*Exit Clarinda and Emilia.*]

Bell. This is hearing of a Duel, indeed,——Files! Ha, ha, ha, you was resolv'd to prevent Murder; you need never fear the Exaltation of the Gallows, for your Courage reaches but to a chance Medley, at most.

Man. Pr'ythee, who were those Gentlemen, *Sir William*; methinks, they us'd you very familiarly.

Sir Will. Men of no Honour you may conclude, Colonel, else they would not have affronted Gentlemen, when they found them defenceless.

Man. Right, but why wou'd you be defenceless? Faith, Sir

William, if this News reaches your Mistress's Ears, it will ruin you in her Favour. Take this for a Rule, the less Regard you have for your Honour, the more you sink in Esteem with your Mistress; for all Women hate a Coward; you ought to be forbid the Habits of Men, who can be guilty of Effeminacy, that even Women would blush at.

Sir Will. Why, Gentlemen, I think passive Valour sits well enough upon Men that have Estates, and have a Mind to live and enjoy them.

Man. Damn him for a cowardly Blockhead; pr'ythee let's go, I'm sick of their Folly; besides you said you would convince me of *Clarinda's* Falshood.

Enter Bellmein's Man, and gives him a Letter.

Serv. I have run, Sir, all the Way; for the Porter told me it must be given you that Moment.

Bell. Ha! there's a lucky Hit, Colonel; she invites me to come to her Lodging, and her Servant should be ready to convey me into her Apartment. Here, read it, Man, now you may convince yourself.—Egad if I were not a damn'd honest Fellow to my Friend, now cou'd I pass three Hours the most agreeably in the World. Pox on me for a prating Coxcomb, could not I have held my Tongue. Well, what think you of it, Colonel?

Man. It is not her Hand, but that's nothing, she might disguise that to conceal it from me. I know not what to think, but I'm resolv'd to go, and if I find her false, 'twill cure me effectually.

Bell. Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*

Ogle. I have been considering all this while upon what the Colonel said, and I am resolv'd to be valiant; for if Ladies don't like a Coward—I shall never get a Fortune; for ought I know, I may fight as well as any Body, I'm resolv'd to try. Harkee, Sir *William*, our Servants are here by, let's send for our Swords, and fight in earnest.

Sir *Will.* Not I, Mr. *Ogle*, I declare against fighting positively.

Ogle. But I declare for fighting, and so shall you, or resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*; for I design to marry her myself, therefore don't think of her, do you hear.

Sir *Will.* You marry her, ha, ha, ha.

Ogle. 'Zound, Sir, dare you laugh at a Gentleman, yet dare not fight? Take that, Sir, [*Strikes up his Heels.*] and the next time I hear you speak a Word more of her I'll cut your Throat, and so good by.—So this is one Step towards Courage; I am resolv'd to challenge every Man that pretends to a Fortune, 'till I have got one myself; and now my Hand's in, I'll challenge this Colonel the next Time I see him, tho' at the Head of his Regiment.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Will.* Rat this Blockhead, what a Metamorphosis is here; 'tis well I fell upon my Cloak, or I had daub'd all my Cloaths, blister me. Well, to sing, dance, or court a Lady, or any such

Gentleman-like Employments I'll turn my Back to none; but for this slovenly Exercise of fighting, I shall never be brought to endure it, impair my Vigour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE Carefull's *House*.

Carefull *pulling in* Emilia in Boy's Cloaths.

Caref. Who the Devil have we here? Nay, nay, Sir, I must see your Face; another Gallant of my Daughter's, I warrant; Who are you, Sir, from whence come you, what Business have you in my House, ha?

Emil. Oh Lord, what shall I say to this old Fellow? he'll certainly know me.

Caref. What are you studying for a Lie, Sir? Adod I shall make you find your Tongue, speak quickly, or I'll cut your Throat, you Dog you. [*Draws.*]

Emil. Ah! Oh Lord a Sword! For Heaven's Sake, Sir, Oh Lord, Sir, don't you know me?

Caref. Know you, Sir? Who the Pox are you, Sir, ha? *Emilia*, Why what Masquerade's this? Where's my Daughter?

Enter Clarinda.

Ho Sir, your humble servant, Why what a Pox, are you going into the Service? You are two pretty Volunteers, faith.

Clar. Ha! my Father, what shall I say?——I'll e'en face it out, since he has catch'd me. We have done a Friend of yours some Service, Sir.

Caref. A Friend of mine! As how, pray forsooth?

Clar. Why you must know, Sir, I was inform'd of a Duel between Sir *William Mode*, and a Brother Beau of his; the Concern I knew you had for Sir *William's* Safety engag'd my Care for the Prevention; I was unwilling to expose him, by sending any Body else; so that my Cousin and I, by the help of this Disguise, parted them: But we should not need to have made such Haste, for the Puppies were trying their Valour safely, with a Couple of Files, ha, ha.

Caref. Ha, ha, ha; and this was the Occasion of your being in Breeches, ha?

Emil. And I think it a good Project too, Uncle.

Caref. You do,——Well, Daughter, pray let's have you in your feminine Capacity again; for tho' you bully in Breeches, I hope you'll marry in Petticoats.

Clar. Marry, Sir!

Caref. Yes forsooth, I have sent for Sir *William*, in order to have the Settlement completed To-night, and To-morrow your Honour shall rise with the Sun; that is to say, you shall be my Lady *Mode*.

Clar. Honour, Sir, Where's the Honour of such a Husband? I

hope, Sir, you will not marry me to a Coward; why there's not a needy Bully about Town but will beat a Maintenance out of him; and where is the Reputation of such a Marriage?

Caref. But he'll make a swinging Jointure; and if you don't like him when you have him, you may live apart——

Clar. O Heaven, what shall I say?——Sir, I beg you'll but delay your Purpose for a Month.

Caref. Not for a Day.——

Clar. Sir, I have sworn not to marry this Month.

Caref. Have you so; pray who have you sworn to, Mistress, to Mr. *Ogle*, ha?

Clar. *Ogle!* Who is he, pray Sir?——Heaven, has my Father got this Story too!

Caref. You don't know such a Person, I'll warrant you, as Mr. *Ogle*?

Clar. I have seen such a Fellow, Sir, but never spoke to him.

Caref. No——look in my Face——You never spoke to him, that is, encourag'd his Love?

Clar. No——Upon my Honour.

Caref. ——You lye, you have no Honour, read that [*Throws the Letter.*] and do you hear, resolve to marry Sir *William To-*

morrow by Six, or I'll marry myself before Twelve; so take your Choice. I'll *Ogle* you, and Soldier you, with a Pox to you.

[*Exit.*

Clar. Oh Impudence from *Ogle*! I'll have the Rascal tost in a Blanket; see *Emilia* what an audacious Letter 'tis, bless me, I have no Patience; I encourage such a Rascal——

Emil. He is very familiar, methinks——hang him, the Fool's below your Anger, never think on't; Come pr'ythee think which Way to turn yourself if the Colonel be false, as I dare swear he is. What think you of marrying Sir *William*, he is Master of a fair Estate, which you may make subservient to your Pleasures, to make Life's rugged Journey pass the smoother. If he be true, as you have but little Reason to think he is, you may yet find some Way to accomplish your Desires. Come, the Time draws on, in which you'll be convinc'd of his Truth or Falshood.

*Come what will, resolve to be content,
And trust to Fortune for the wish'd Event.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Carefull, Toper, and Mrs. Plotwell, drest like a Quaker.

Caref. Mr. *Toper*, your Cousin is welcome, my House is at your Service, Madam.

Plot. I thank thee, but pray thee do not Madam me, my Name is *Anne*.

Caref. A very handsome Woman, and very modestly drest.

Top. I have us'd all the Arguments in my Power to convert her from this Formality, but in vain, she's as averse to the Fashions, as other Women are fond of 'em; but I hope your Niece and Daughter will work a Reformation in her.

Caref. I rather hope she'll work one in them, I'll assure you I'll recommend her as a Pattern. Is this the Woman you would recommend to me for a Wife, Mr. *Toper*?

Top. The same, Sir.

Caref. I protest I like her exceedingly, she seems cut out on purpose for me; her plain Way of Living will improve my Estate, and her Morals will hamper my Daughter, I like a religious Woman.

Top. You can't be better match'd, if she has not too much; Yesterday I carried her to wait on a Relation of ours that has a Parrot, and whilst I was discoursing about some private Business, she converted the Bird, and now it talks of nothing but the Light of the Spirit, and the inward Man. Ha, ha.

Caref. Good lack, Good lack.

Plot. Well, well, thee wilt never leave thy ridiculous Jests; I say that Mankind were not made for Foppery and Pride, but to do good in their Generation,—Pr'ythee shew me one Text of Scripture for the Fashions, or where Jewels are commanded, or what Holy Matron ever had a Valet to dress 'em, as they say the *French* Ladies have, Oh monstrous Fashion!—No, no, our

devoutest Women wore coarse Linen, or rather none at all.

Top. Ay, such Saints as wore their Congregations without-side, and swarm'd with Christian Vermin, it must be them, ha, ha, ha; but you hold every handsome Garment a Sin.

Plot. Handsome Garment! Verily I believe, if we are punish'd with Taxes again to carry on another War, 'twill be a just Judgment upon this sinful Land for their long Wigs, hoop'd Coats, Furbelows, false Teeth, and Patches.

Caref. Truly I'm of her Opinion, she speaks like an Oracle; for the Devil was never so proud as our Women are now a-days, [*Aside.*] I'm resolv'd, if my Daughter shew the least Reluctance to my Will, to marry her out of hand. I'll motion it to her, and try how she likes me——[*Aside.*] What think you of a Husband forsooth; for to be plain with you, your extraordinary Qualities have rais'd a great Desire in me of becoming such?

Plot. I doubt, Friend; thou'lt expect a larger Fortune than I am Dame of.

Caref. I protest I don't care if you have not a Groat, your Virtue's a wealthy Dowry to me; say you'll but have me and 'tis enough.

Plot. But it may be thou'lt be against my Course of Life; I love Retirement, must have Time for my Devotion in my own Way; I'm not us'd to the Ceremony of Visits, and hate Tea-Table Vanity, and Card-Play, as they call it.

Top. Our Plot takes rarely.

Caref. This makes me love you the more.

Plot. One Thing more; thou hast a Daughter they say, a topping Gallant, which I desire to see, and try if good Admonitions, together with Example, won't reform her; for plainly, I don't care to come under the Roof where Children are, if they be not dutiful; so I must see her first e'er I can give thee my Answer.

Caref. That you shall presently——Here, carry this Gentlewoman to my Daughter, and tell her she must entertain her as her Mother that is to be, tell her so from me, d'ye hear.

[*Exit Mrs. Plotwell and Servant.*]

Really Mr. *Toper*, your Cousin is a profound Christian; if my Daughter refuse to marry Sir *William*—I'll jointure her in my whole Estate.

Toper. For aught I know, you can't do better than marry; for who would be plagu'd with a disobedient Child?

Caref. Especially when they depend upon us for their Fortunes; the Devil a young Fellow would care a Souce for their Persons, did not our Purse-strings draw. Here forsooth my Daughter is running mad after a Soldier, a Fellow whose Fortune depends upon his Sword, and here we are going to Wars again, and six to four but a Cannon Bullet takes his Head off, and then the Wife is turn'd Home to her Father again, and in such Cases a Father has never disposed of his Children entirely, and all the Jointure she'll bring, will consist of Housings, Holster-Caps, Pistols, Swords, and so forth.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Sir *William Mode* below, Sir.

Caref. Tell him I'll wait on him presently. Come, Mr. *Toper*, you shall be Witness of our Agreement; I sent for him to compleat the Business, Sign, Seal to Night, and To-morrow we'll have a Dance.

[*Exit.*

Toper. I fancy we shall drive Dancing out of your Head, old Gentleman.

[*Exit.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clarinda, Emilia, and Mrs. Plotwell.

Clar. Well in my Conscience, the first Sight of you frighted me horribly, though I knew your Plot. I vow you make a sanctified Figure.

Plotw. Might I pass upon the Brethren, think you?

Em. Ay, and hold forth too, I'll warrant you, without being discover'd. But is my Uncle so hot upon Matrimony, say you?

Plotw. As a Hound upon the Scent, tho' he'll share no more of the Pleasure, than the Dog of the Game he runs down, ha, ha.

Clar. I vow I can't help laughing to think what a Trick we shall put upon him,——but the duce on't I cannot be heartily merry till I see the Event of this Meeting; I long till the Colonel comes.

Em. So do I as much as you, to upbraid him with his Treachery.

Enter Maid and whispers them.

In my Conscience he's here——show him into my Chamber, tell him I'll wait on him presently,——Now, *Clarinda*, you shall go in my Place.

Clar. Heavens! How I tremble. Oh, the perfidious Wretch, sure he's quite lost to Virtue, that he dares thus impudently venture into the very House. Oh give me Patience, Heaven, and Power to back my Resolution, and Scorn enough to shew my deep Resentment.

[Exit Clarinda.]

Plotw. I'll to the old Man, and keep him in Discourse, that he mayn't interrupt you.

[Exit.]

Em. Do so,——I must listen a little to hear what Reception she gives him.

[*Exit.*

Enter Colonel Manly, solus.

Manl. This Love makes Men the errantest Asses in the World; what blustering *Mars* with all his steely Garniture of War cou'd never do, this blind Boy does with a feather'd Reed. Oh my Soul, I think I'm grown a Coward, and begin to fear, my Heart beats faster than a raw Soldier's in his first Engagement, or a longing Maid in the Arms of a Man she likes when Opportunity creates her Fears. Sure it cannot be *Clarinda*.

Enter Clarinda.

Ha! By Heaven the very Crocodile. [*Aside.*]

Clar. By all my Hopes of Happiness the very Monster.
[*Aside.*]

Manl. Madam, you are surpriz'd I believe, not to meet the Man you expected; I beg your Pardon for this Disappointment.

Clar. Oh Indignation! No, Sir, I have met the Man I expected, tho' you are disappointed in your Woman.

Manl. What does she mean!——Have you a Stratagem, Madam, to bring you off,——come, I'll help you; say, you happened into this Room by Chance; and had no Knowledge of the Plot, expected no Gallant.

Clar. Oh unheard of Impudence! A Gallant! No thou Monster of Ingratitude; have I refus'd all Mankind for thee? Nay, broke in upon the Rules of my Obedience, that I might keep my Faith inviolate, and am I thus rewarded? Is it not enough that you are false, and that I see you so, but you must add to your Barbarity, and throw a Scandal on my Fame, to hide your base Proceeding. Marry thee, No! From this Moment I resolve to hate, and to put it out of thy Power ever to deceive me a second Time, I'll marry instantly.

[Bellmein *peeping*.

Bellm. I must hear how the Colonel succeeds in my Place.

Manl. It is enough I know thee guilty of that very Crime thou would'st impose on me; know that you writ to my Friend to come here, with whom you have had many private Conferences, tho' I, Heaven knows, would not believe it, till my Eyes convinced me; but now thy Crimes are obvious to my Sight, and I take thee at thy Word, and from this Moment I'll never see you more: Confusion on your Sex.

[*Exit.*

Clar. Ha, his Friend! What can he mean,——sure there's some Mistake in this, yet I cannot call him back.

Enter Emilia pulling in Bellmein.

Em. What have we Eaves-droppers;——Oh Heavens! Why, was not you with my Cousin?

Bellm. Hey day! Why was not you with the Colonel?

Emil. Why, are not you the Colonel?

Bellm. No faith, and now I begin to suspect you are not
Clarinda.

Em. You are in the Right indeed, I am not.

Clar. Oh Heavens, I'm undone, *Manly's* innocent.

Bellm. No, no, Madam, I'll call my Friend back immediately, he shall beg Pardon upon the Spot.—Why, what a damn'd Mistake is here; faith he's gone, but here's an old Gentleman coming up.

[Goes to the Door and returns quickly.]

Clar. O Lord, my Father, I'm undone if he finds a Man here; what shall I do? This was your Project *Emilia*.

Bellm. Ha! 'Zdeath, Madam, where shall I run? For, methinks, I would not do any more Mischief; what shall I do Ladies?

Em. Ha, a lucky Thought comes into my Head; here, here, here, lie down upon this Mat.

Bellm. With all my Heart: Pox on't, to be thus put to't for nothing. If I had but got a Maidenhead, or made a Cuckold, it would not have vex'd me.

[Lies down, and they rowl him up.]

Enter Carefull, and tumbles over the Mat.

Emil. There, there, lie still.

Caref. A Pox on your Pride, we must have Matts with a Vengeance, but I'll turn over a new Leaf with this House, I'll warrant you; I'll have no Mats, but such as lie under the Feather-Beds: Here I might have broke my Neck.

Enter Toby.

Sirrah, remove that Mat, and do you hear, throw it into the Horse-Pond; I'll have no more Mats in my House.

Toby. Mat, 'tis damn'd heavy; come out here, I believe the Dog is got into it.

Clar. O Lord what shall I do? [*Aside.*]

[*The Man goes to take up the Mat, and finds it heavy, shakes it, and out drops Bellmein.*]

Bell. The Horse-Pond! Nay then, 'tis time to shift for myself.

Emil. Here, here, There's a Guinea for you *Toby*; bring him off some Way or other.

[*Runs to Toby.*]

Caref. Ha, what was that?

Toby. Bark, Sir, bark; only the great Dog, Sir, was crept in the

Mat.

Bell. Wough, wough, wough, wough.

[Creeps off quick.

Emil. Rarely done; expect a better Reward for this, *Toby.*

Caref. The Dog was it? I protest I thought it had been a Thief.

Toby. No Sir, nothing else.

[Exit with the Mat.

Caref. Why, how now? Methinks, you are mightily prink'd up. Mercy upon me, what a Bush of Hair is there furz'd out; in my Conscience, I believe you have got the Fore-top of some Beau's Wig.

Emil. That's the Fashion Uncle, you wou'd not have us dress like my Quaking Aunt that is to be Ha, ha, ha.

Caref. How now, Sauce-box; your Quaking Aunt, quotha.

Clar. Sir, I hope you don't design to marry that Thing.

Caref. Thing do you call her? I cod you shall marry Sir *William* immediately, or call that Thing Mother, I can tell you that.

Clar. Oh Heavens, what shall I do?

Enter Sir William and Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Here, Sir *William*, I give her to your Arms; I'll have my Coach harness'd, and to Church this Moment.

Sir *Will.* Madam, tho' I don't pretend to be a Beau, yet I hope the World will distinguish the Difference between a rough, unhewn Soldier, and a polish'd Gentleman; I don't, in the least, hint at *Manly*.

Clar. Insipid Coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

Emil. to *Plot.* For Heaven's Sake invent some Way to give her an Hour's Time to consider, or she's undone.

Mrs. *Plot.* Friend, shall I speak one Word with Thee?

Caref. Twenty, if you please.

Plot. Let me advise thee, do not be so passionate with thy Daughter; the little Discourse I had with her, shew'd her to be tractable; if thou think'st fit, I'll read her t'other Lesson upon her Duty, and I don't doubt but she'll comply.

Caref. With all my Heart; for whatever thou say'st, must be for her good, I'm convinc'd. Sir *William*, we'll go take a Glass in the next Room till the Bride be ready, and then——

Sir *Will.* And then, Madam, I shall be the happiest Man alive; if I would change Conditions with the Czar of *Muscovy*, may I be condemn'd to the Smoak of Tobacco, and never know the Pleasure of taking Snuff.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. A very Courtly Wish indeed.

Plot. Come don't trifle away the Time I have given you, but write to *Manly*, and beg him to protect you, and Rescue you from the Arms of this Fool.

Clar. Oh, how can I write to him whom I have abus'd?

Plot. And did he not pay you in the same Coin! Come, come this little Mistake rather serves to increase his Love than diminish it, when he finds you true, as no doubt but *Bellmein* has told him e'er this, he'll be glad to accept the Conditions. Come, come, write to him, *Toper* is within, and he shall carry it.

Clar. Well, it being my last Shift, I'll follow your Advice.

[*Exit.*

Plot. Ay, ay, do so, I'll warrant you a Fortune, and the old Man's Consent before I have done with him.

A Drum beating up for Volunteers. Bellmein crosses the Stage, and a Serjeant after him.

Serj. Captain, Captain.

Bell. Ha, Serjeant.

Serj. I have got the finest Volunteer, a Beau, Captain.

Bell. A Beau! Nay, if the Beaus begin to list, let the *French* look to't. Where is he, Serjeant?

Serj. He's coming, Sir.

Bell. I can't stay now, but I'll be here in a Moment, and I'll bring the Colonel with me.

[*Exit.*

Serj. I'll wait on you here, Sir.

Enter Ogle.

The Captain will be here in a Moment, Sir; but pray Sir, why will you go for a Soldier, methinks, you might get a Commission?

Ogle. Because I dreamt, Sir, I should be a General,——and I have a Mind to rise gradually, I hate jumping into Honour at once.

Serj. Sir, I honour you; no Doubt but your Dream will come true.

Ogle. Sir, I dreamt last Night that I saw two Armies join Battle; and, methought, in the Scuffle, my Brains were knock'd out, and when I wak'd, I wonder'd to find myself with all my Limbs; I straight felt for my other Leg, and suspected my Eyes when they inform'd me I had both Hands.

Serj. A very good Dream, and signifies your Advancement.

Ogle. Nay, after that, I had the strangest Dream, my Man found me scaling my Curtains for a Fort, killing my Pillow, and

entering Duel with my Breeches. Methought, all the *Trojan* Faces in the Hangings were turn'd *Frenchmen*, and a Famine raging amongst 'em they resolv'd to eat me; so casting Dice what Part of me to devour first, the Lot fell upon my Head. Now, Sir, all these Dreams I interpret quite contrary, I know I shall be a great Man.

Serj. No doubt on't, Sir——I'm afraid all this Fellow's Courage lies in his Sleep. I'm resolv'd to sound him a little.
[*Aside.*]

Ogle. Pr'ythee *Serjeant*, tell me, what Sort of a Thing a Camp is?

Serj. Why truly, Sir, a Camp would be a pleasant Place, did the Fields produce Feather-Beds; or if the Streams like those of the Golden Age, did run pure Wine; or if Camp Meals wou'd every Twelve and Seven observe due Hours!——But, Sir, to be half-starv'd on scarce fresh green Sod, just so much Earth, to Earth; and then to live the Life of Nature; or as some do call it, The Life of the hardy; to quench one's Thirst at the next Spring, coffin up one's self each Night in Turff, and thence come forth, like one of *Cadmus's* Soldiers, sown with Serpents Teeth, and start forth arm'd from a Furrow, is a Course of Life, I fear will never suit with your Constitution.

Ogle. 'Tis something hard, truly, but no Matter, I'm resolv'd.

Serj. Oh! This is nothing, Sir; here comes on a Troop, and your Honour can't but lose an Eye; an Engine there goes off, and you will shew yourself a Coward, unless you lose an

Arm——Here you are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring more than one Shoulder off.

Ogle. [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Ha! I don't like it. [*Aside.*]

Serj. Nay, Sir, consider e'er you go.——For 'tis a damn'd Discredit to have a Nose after a Battle, or to walk the Streets upon your own Legs.

Ogle. Humph?——I feel myself already partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood. Methinks I hang between two Crutches, like a Man in Chains, tost by the Wind, I don't like this slicing into Reputation.

Enter Bellmein and Colonel Manly.

Ogle. But these Men that you raise, Serjeant, are they to go against the *French* or *Spaniards*?

Serj. Why do you ask, Sir?

Ogle. Because I cannot in Honour draw my Sword against the *French*.

Serj. How so, pray? You're no *Jacobite*, I hope.

Ogle. Oh? Sir, my Scruples are not founded upon Religion; but I'll tell you, the last long Vacation I made the Tour of *France* and *Lorrain*, where I receiv'd such extraordinary Marks of Civility, particularly from the Duke of *Berry*, the Duke of *Burgundy*, and the Chevalier de St. *George*, and from the Governor of *Calais*, such extravagant Obligations; But above all

from the Governor's Daughter——That upon my Soul, I cannot descend so far from the Punctilio's of Honour, to go against 'em; but against *Spain*, I——Ha, the Colonel, I'm resolv'd to fight him however, Death, Hell and Furies: Draw, Sir?

Col. Draw, Sir, For what, Sir?

Ogle. Sir, I say Draw Sir, or else resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*.

Bell. Why what a Metamorphosis is here? Is this your Volunteer, Serjeant?

Serj. Yes, Sir; but if you had not come as you did, he had been gone; for I found his Courage began to sink.

Col. [To *Clarinda*!] How dares such a Coxcomb as you name *Clarinda*? [Draws and Disarms him.] Now learn more Wit, or get more Courage.

Ogle. Courage, Sir, Z'ddeath, Sir, I'll box with you [Pulling off his Neckcloth.] you have got my Sword, but no Matter for that, I'll fight it out at Fists; lose a Fortune for Want of fighting, No!

Col. I'll Box you, you Dog; give me the Cane. [To the *Serjeant*.] Sirrah, I'll make Mummy of your Bones; I'll make you forswear sauntering after Fortunes, nay you shall not dare to look towards the House where they live, or so much as think of them.

[Beats him all this Time.]

Ogle. O Lord, Sir, for Heaven's Sake! Sir, I'll observe the Conditions.

Bell. Nay now, you are too rigid, I dare promise for Mr. *Ogle*.

Ogle. I will indeed Sir, only let me think of them; for who can help thinking, Sir?

Col. No; here Serjeant, take this Fellow, and let him run the Gantelope, I'll think you, Sirrah.

Ogle. Oh Lord, Sir! spare that, and I will not think of 'em, upon my Faith, Sir.

Col. Nay, one Thing more you must promise, which is, to resume your wonted Cowardice, and betake you to your Desk again. Go, take Money of the Men you mean to cozen; talk little, except when you are paid for't, 'tis an Antidote against Beating; keep your Hand from your Sword, and your Laundress's Petticoats, and you'll live at Peace.

Ogle. I will, Colonel——Give me Wisdom that is beaten into a Man; for that sticks to him, Egad. I'm wiser than a Justice of Peace: your Precepts are very learned. Sir, I'm your humble Servant——Farewell Sword, and welcome Tongue again. Now can't I positively tell, whether 'tis best to be courageous, or to have no Courage at all; Beaten if I Fight, and Beaten if I do not——Now I think I know something of the Law, and yet if the Question was put to me I could not resolve it?

But for my own Part, I'll lay Courage down,

*As all Men do, when they take up the Gown;
Cloak'd with the Law, I may securely baul,
And who affronts me then, shall pay for all.*

[*Exit.*

Bell. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Toper, and gives the Colonel a Letter.

Toper. Ha! Colonel, opportunely met; I bring an Express from the Queen of Beauty, her Orders are in that Paper.

Col. Ha! 'Tis *Clarinda's* Hand—[*Reads.*] I hope by this Time, you are satisfied of my Innocence, as I'm of yours; if not, I beg you by all the Tyes of Honour, to rescue me from this foolish Knight, to whom I am this Moment to be married, by the rigid Command of my barbarous Father; and if I don't clear your Censures, use me as you please. Yours, *Clarinda*.——Rescue thee, yes, the Fool shall quit all Pretensions to thee, unless this Arm deceive me.

Bell. If it does, Boy, here's another at thy Service.—

Toper. You may seize her at the End of the Street as she passes; be sure you marry her as soon as you have got her; let me alone to bring her Fortune; the Captain must help our Plot forward, as soon as he has help'd you away with her.——

Bell. With all my Heart, I love Mischief; I have a plaguy hankering Mind after this Cousin tho', e'er since *Manly* told me she has Ten Thousand Pounds.

Toper. The Yoke should be well lin'd, or 'twill be very uneasy at best.——

Bell. Ay, there must be Gold proportionable to the Alloy, or t'wou'd not be current Coin, Ha, ha.

Toper. Ha, ha, Well, I'm a good-natur'd Fellow now, to spend my Time in your Business when I have an Assignment with one of the prettiest Girls about Town, Faith.

Bell. Some old o'erworn Drab, I'll warrant, cast off by all the Beaus in Town, and now is become a new Face to the Drunkards.

Toper. No Faith, she's a kept Mistress, she costs me not a Souce.

Col. Thou art still labouring between two Tides, Wine and Women: Wilt thou never take up till thou art confin'd by a Doctor to dry Diet?

Toper. Dry Diet? You don't mean a Wife, I hope; catch me at that Meat and choke me with it, that's just as a Confinement to Sea-Bisquit at Land; tho' I'd do you all the Service I can, Colonel, in helping you to your Mistress, yet I can't help lamenting the Loss of a Friend.

Col. Why, will Matrimony lose me to my Friends? I shall love them as well as ever, I assure you.

Toper. Ay, but your Friends won't care that for you. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] for e'er the second Bottle, you'll be calling What's

to pay? Your Wife won't go to Bed till you come Home; this makes Company uneasy, and what makes us uneasy decreases our Value for't; For my Part, I had rather be confin'd to Sea-Men in a Storm, or the malicious Conversation of a *Jacobite* Club, than the Company of a married Man; for at every Mouse stirring I shou'd think the Comforts of Matrimony were coming, with all their commanding Retinue: A Wife! Egad, I'd rather want Wine, the only Support of the Body.—

Col. Well, you declare for a Bottle, I for a Wife, which I think the greater Pleasure far.

Toper. Where shall we find you?

Col. At the *Rose*.

[*Exit.*

Toper. Adieu; *Bellmein* shall come to you there.

*Let Fools be fettered to that Clog, a Wife,
Whilst free, I reap the Pleasure of my Life;
And Heaven grant I may no longer live,
Than I can taste the Joys which Wine does give.*

[*Exit.*

[*A Clash of Swords, Sir William cries Murder, Colonel and Clarinda, Bellmein, and Emilia cross the Stage.*

Col. Haste, my Fairest, and let us tye that Knot, which nought but Death can loose.

[*Exit.*

Enter Carefull.

Caref. Certainly, I heard Sir *William's* Voice cry Murder.

Enter Sir William.

What's the Matter, Sir *William*? Where's my Daughter?

Sir *Will.* Enfeeble me, if I know; you had best send after her immediately, or she'll be married to *Manly*, who drew upon me; and if I had not quitted her, he had run me quite thro' the Body, impair my Vigour.

Caref. This was her Project of going on Foot, she wou'd not have the Coach under Pretence of Notice being taken, forsooth; and your Persuasion made me go before to get the Parson ready. Ods-flesh, had I been there, this had not happen'd; old as I am, they shou'd not have escap'd so easily. Z'death! Let a Man take your Mistress from you! In my Conscience, young Fellows are so rotten now-a-days, they are afraid of every Scuffle, lest they drop in Pieces. Zounds, I cou'd curse the Minute I got this Bastard, to think what a Fortune she has lost. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Will.* Do you take my Breeding to have been at a Bear-Garden, Sir, or in Bedlam, to endanger my Life for your Daughter? No, let her go, I'd marry an Actress sooner, and have more Hopes of her Virtue.

Caref. Say you so, Mr. Dirty Crown? Adod, I cou'd find in my Heart to dash the Powder out of your Whore's Hair for you.

Sir *Will*. Your Age protects you, Sir.

[*Exit*.

Caref. Well, if I don't fit the Baggage, I'm mistaken, Egad. I'll marry *Toper*'s Niece immediately.

Enter Toper.

Mr. *Toper*, you came luckily; I am resolv'd to marry your Cousin this Moment. Nay, I'll settle all I have upon her, I'll hamper my Daughter, I'll warrant her.

Top. I came to inform you, Sir, that I saw Colonel *Manly* and your Daughter enter the Church; the Parson met them at the Door, and I'm much afraid they will be married before you can get to 'em.

Caref. Let her marry and be pox't; I'll not give her a Farthing, I'm resolv'd. Let her go a Soldiering with her Husband, and carry his Knap-sack, like a Trull as she is. If there be any Favour or Interest to be had in an *English* Parliament, I'll have the Parson turn'd out of his Place, for a Jacobite, that coupled them.

Top. I have a Friend of mine at the *Rose*, just come from *Oxford*; if you please, Mr. *Carefull*, I'll fetch him, and you may be marry'd in your own House.

[*Exit Toper*.

Caref. With all my Heart. Adod, methinks I'm brisk and young

again. This audacious Wench——

*My Blood boils high, and all my Spirits move,
Revenge gives Strength to Age as much as Love.*

[*Exit.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Carefull's House.

Carefull *leading in* Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Well, my dearest *Anne*, I think myself the happiest Man alive since I espous'd thee: I have settled my whole Estate upon thee, which, with this Kiss, I do confirm to thee again.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Plot. Pray forbear, Sir——

Caref. How Wife! refuse to kiss me?

Plot. Yes, except a sweeter Air come from you——Faugh, you've turn'd my Stomach; I wonder you can ask me, knowing

your Lungs are perish'd.

Caref. Mercy upon me! Why what have I marry'd?—

Plot. Here, Where are my Servants?

Enter a Maid.

Run to the *Exchange*, fetch me a *French* Night-gown, and *French* Head, set my Dressing-Table in order, Do you hear? Let my Paint, Powder and Patches be ready.

Caref. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Paint, Powder and Patches; Why harkee, Mistress, are you not a Quaker?

Plot. No, Sir, I only made use of that Disguise to catch you in, but you have Money enough to equip me after the Fashion, and that was the only Motive of my Sanctity.

Caref. Oh! undone, undone!

Plot. Look you, Sir, I shall never endure your Conversation, I must have two Beds, two Chambers, and two Tables, it was an Article of our Agreement, you know, that I shou'd live retir'd——That is, apart, Sir.

Caref. A Curse on that Agreement——but harkee Wife, you are not in earnest sure?

Plot. In earnest? Why, do you think I jest with Age?

Caref. And you won't Bed with me?

Plot. Did ever Man of your Hairs ask such Questions? I vow I blush at your Unreasonableness.

Caref. O monstrous!

Plot. Is it fit I shou'd be bury'd? For to bed with you were a direct Emblem of my going to my Grave!

Caref. Mercy upon me! Where is this Rogue, this *Toper*? What damn'd *Succubus* has he topt upon me?

Plot. I'll have your Picture set in my Wedding-Ring; to put me in Mind of Mortality; Do you think I'll come within your Winding Sheets? For what?

Caref. I am married!

Plot. Pray why did you marry? In my Conscience, you're as youthful as a Coffin, and as hot as the sultry Winter that froze over the *Thames*; they say, the hard Time did begin from you. Ha, ha, ha.

Caref. Oh Heavens! I am made the Curse of all Mankind! O Patience! Patience!——Harkee, Mistress, you that have a Fever and Dog-Days in your Blood; if you knew this, why did you marry me?

Plot. That your experienc'd Achs, that have felt Springs and Falls these forty Years, shou'd ask such a Question, as if I could not find Friends to supply your cold Defects: Do you think a young Woman high in her Blood——

Caref. And hot as Goats and Mormosets. [*Aside.*]

Plot. Apt to take Flame at any Temptation.——

Caref. And kindle at the Picture of a Man. [*Aside.*]

Plot. Wou'd wed Dust and Ashes unless she were——

Caref. Crack'd, try'd, or broken up, ha!

Plot. Right, Sir; or lack'd a Cloak.

Caref. Mischief and Hell: Was there none to make your Cloak but me?

Plot. Not so well lin'd, Sir, Ha, ha.

Caref. Oh! You staid for a wealthy Cuckold, did you?

Plot. Your tame Beasts should have gilded Horns!—Besides, Sir, I thought your Age wou'd wink at stolen Helps, if I took Comfort from abroad.

Caref. Yes, yes, You shall have Comfort——I'll deliver Letters for you, or hold the Door!——

Plot. No, Sir, I'll not give you that Trouble, I'll have a Maid shall do that——

[*Making a Curtesy.*]

Caref. Oh Impudence! unheard of Impudence!

Plot. But, Sir, I look your Coffers shou'd maintain me at my Rate.

Caref. How's that, pray?

Plot. Why, like a Lady: I must have you knighted, for I don't like Mistress——My Lady, wou'd sound better.

Caref. Yes—I shall rise to Honour. [*Aside.*]

Plot. I must have six Horses in my Coach, four are fit for those that have a Charge of Children, you and I shall never have any.

Caref. If we have, all *Middlesex* will be their Fathers—

Plot. I'll have four Footmen, and this House clear'd of all this old Lumber, and new wainscotted, and lin'd with Looking-Glass, have Cabinets, Scrutores, and China.

Caref. Mercy upon me—Harkye, Mistress, you told me you lov'd Retirement, hated Visits, and bargain'd for Hours of Devotion.

Plot. Right, Sir, but what Woman speaks Truth before she's married?

Caref. Politickly answer'd, and like one perfect in the sinning Trade.

Plot. Well, Sir, don't discompose yourself, 'twill signify nothing; I'll in and examine your Jewels, chuse some for every

Day, and some for Masks and Balls.

[*Exit.*

Caref. The Devil go with you: Oh that I had my Daughter again! Two Days more of this, and I shall grow mad, or to redeem myself, dash out my Brains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Plotwell's Lodgings.*

Enter on one Side, the Colonel, Clarinda, and Emilia; on the other Bellmein and Toper.

Top. We have done your Business, Colonel; *Bellmein* here has tack'd 'em together.

Bell. I canted out the Form of Matrimony as gravely as if I had taken my Degree at *Edinburgh*.

Col. And how does it take?

Top. Oh! admirably well, I listen'd awhile, and found she managed it rarely.

Clar. She'll drive my Father out of his Wits.

Top. Well, Captain, you'll observe what I told you; I'll follow you with another Project, I warrant you, will give the old Fellow enough of Matrimony. Colonel, do you be ready when I call to come in, do you hear? I fancy they are in such Confusion

that it would be no hard Matter for all of you to get into the House unseen.

Clar. We'll endeavour it.

Bell. But harkye, Madam, there's something more to be said before you and I part, Have you the Conscience to let your Friend launch into the Sea of Matrimony alone?

Emil. To chuse, Sir; for if the Voyage prove dangerous, one at a Time is enough to be lost.

Clar. Would you have her surrender upon the first Summons, Captain? You must expect some Fatigue in Love, as well as War; the little Disquiet of Hopes and Fears do but enhance the Value of a Mistress, when gain'd! Soldiers and Knight-Errants shou'd court Danger, and despise an Enterprize that had no Difficulty in it.

Bell. Ay, Madam, if I had but the Hopes of a Carnaval after this Lent, 'twould be a sufficient Recompence; but Expectation and Uncertainty is the worst Food in the World for a Fellow of my Constitution.

Col. Come, Madam, be generous; you cannot have an honester Fellow, I'll say that for him.

Bell. Lookye there, Madam, he'll vouch for me, if you don't think my own Word sufficient.

Emil. I shall trust no Body's Judgment but my own, and that tells me you are too much a Libertine for a Husband; why, you

have not the least Resemblance of a Lover.

Bell. No Resemblance! Why I'm a perfect Skeleton, do but see how pale and wan I look! my Taylor shall swear I am fall'n away six Inches in the Waist, since this Day Sevensnight; and if these be no Signs of being in Love, the Devil's in't.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Emil. Very violent Symptoms, truly.—Have you any more of them, Sir?

Bell. A Thousand; do but feel here the Palpitation of my Heart, the Irregularity of my Pulse, the Emotion of my Brain——In short, my whole Frame's disorder'd; and without immediate Help, I'm a dead Man—I'm quite out of Breath, I hope she won't put me to the Expence of any more Lyes; for certainly I have told enow to deserve any one Woman in *Christendom*. [*Aside.*]

Emil. Poor Gentleman; Well! if your Distemper continues, I'll consult my Pillow for a Remedy.

Bell. Take me with you to that Study, Madam, the Sight of me there will very much improve your Understanding.

[*Embracing her.*]

Col. Come, I hope to see thee blest as I am—— And now, my Fairest, my whole study shall be to make you happy.

[*To Clarinda.*]

Bell. Well, Madam, you had as good give me my Answer.

Emil. Not till I see the Event of your Plot upon my Uncle.

[*Exit.*

Top. Come, come, she's thine, Boy.

*For tho' at first the Sex our Suit deny,
Press 'em but Home and they will all comply.*

SCENE, Carefull's House.

Carefull solus.

Caref. Mercy upon me! What shall I do?—Well, thou'rt right enough serv'd, old Boy—Eh—Pox of thy old doating Head. [*Beats his Head.*] Thou must marry for Revenge, must thou—I am reveng'd with a Witness.—

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Sir, your Servant, I come, Sir, to do you a Piece of Service, if it be not too late; I heard just now, that one *Toper* had lodg'd a Woman, under Pretence of a Cousin, in your House.

Caref. Oh Heavens! I'm become the Town-Talk already—Well, Sir, and what then?

Bell. She's a common Strumpet, Sir.

Caref. How, Sir? Have a Care what you say.

Bell. I'll prove it, Sir; she's of known Practice, the Cloaths she wears are but her Quarters Sins——She has no Lining but what she first offends for.

Caref. Oh! I sweat, I sweat.

Bell. Sir, she has known Men of all Nations, and lain by two Parts of the Map, *Africa*, and *America*.

Caref. Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Bell. What ails you, Sir; are you not well?

Caref. Oh undone, undone, I am married, Sir!

Bell. Nay then, Heaven help you——Why wou'd you trust *Toper*, the debauchedest Fellow in Town; she was once his Mistress; Money falling short, I suppose, he has topt her upon you, and is to be maintain'd out of your Bags.

Caref. Oh, I have settled all I have in the World upon her! That damn'd Rascal. Oh, that I could see him stretch'd upon a Rack now, I'd give a thousand Pounds for every Stretch that shou'd but show him Hell, and then recal his fleeting Soul, and give him Strength to endure his Torment often. I'd have him as long a dying as a chop'd Eel.

Enter two Footmen bearing in a Frame of a Picture with a Curtain before it.

What have we here?

Footm. My Lady has sent your Wife a Present, Sir.

Caref. Who is your Lady?

Footm. My Lady *Manlove*.

Caref. Pray what is it?

Footm. A Picture for her Bed-chamber, Sir.

Caref. For her Bed-chamber? There are but one Sort of Pictures will please my Wife there——Pray draw back the Curtain.

Footm. My Lady charg'd that none shou'd see it but your Wife, Sir.

Caref. Say you so, Sir; but I will see it. [*Draws the Curtain and Topper comes out of the Frame.*] Hell! and Damnation! Are you there, Bawd, Pander, Sirrah? I'll cut your Ears off.

[*Draws, Bellmein holds him.*]

Bell. Hold, Sir, I must prevent your running into further Mischief; if you kill him the Law pursues you.

Caref. The Law? who wou'd scruple hanging to be reveng'd on such a Dog——Sirrah, you are a Villain.—

Top. Sir, you are rude, and shou'd be beaten; can't a Man come

in private, on Business to your Wife, but you must be inquisitive——

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Why this is beyond Example; Why do you hold me, Sir? Z'death, I shall be cuckolded before my Face.

Top. Ho! Are you come! I thought your Husband, to keep you chaste, had set a Guard of Eunuchs over you, or shut you up in a Room, where no male Beast is pictur'd; for I find he is as jealous already as an *Italian*.

Plot. I wonder, Sir, who licens'd you to pry, or spy out my Friends that come to me in private; it wou'd be more to your Reputation to trust to my Management, than to be peeping; but it shows your unbred Curiosity, which I shall correct.

Caref. Zounds! This is beyond the Suffering of a Saint; let me go and I'll slit her Nose——Thou Woman double stamp.

Plot. You'll dare to break up Letters shortly, and examine my Taylor when he brings home my Gown, lest there be a Man in't. I'll have you to know, Sir, I'll have whom I please, and in what Disguise I please, and not have your Eyes, so saucy, to peep, as if by Prevention, you meant to kill a Basilisk.

Caref. Mercy on me! I shall lose my Understanding.

Plot. Cousin *Toper*, I'll fetch you the hundred Pound immediately.

[*Exit.*

Caref. A hundred Pound! Oh, oh, oh.

Bell. I vow, Sir, I am very much concern'd at your Misfortune; if I was in your Place, I'd take my Daughter Home; the Colonel is a Man of Honour, and will at least secure you from such Affronts as these.

Caref. Ah poor Girl! But I have not a Farthing to give her——This damn'd Woman has got all.

Bell. Suppose, I contrive a Way to null your Marriage, wou'd you forgive your Daughter?

Caref. With all my Soul.

Toper. What wou'd you give for such a Project, ha?

Caref. As much as I'd give to see you hang'd——Which is all I am worth——

Toper. Ha, ha, ha, well, you wou'd forgive me too, wou'd you not?

Caref. Ay, tho' thou hadst murder'd my Father, and debauch'd my Mother.

Toper. Say you so, Sir—Well, I'll be with you in an Instant.

[*Exit.*

Caref. But which Way will you do it, Sir?

Bell. Why you have not consummated yet, have you?

Caref. No, thank Heaven.

Bell. Well then, take you no Care; you'll give your Daughter the same Fortune you design'd for the Fop Knight?

Caref. Ay, that I will, and 500*l.* more.

Bell. Come, in Lovers; the Scene's chang'd.

Enter Colonel, Clarinda, Emilia *and* Toper.

Col. Your Blessing, Sir. [*Kneels.*]

Clar. And with it your Pardon.

Caref. You have it, provided I get unmarried again.

Bell. We'll now call for your Lady; Oh, here she comes.

Enter Mrs. Plotwell.

Caref. Zounds, I tremble at the Sight of her.

Plot. You shan't need, Sir; for my Fury is over: I wish you Joy, Madam, and Sir, I here resign you up your Settlement again.

[*Gives him Papers.*]

Caref. How's this? Ha, pray unfold this Mystery.

Toper. Why, Sir, this is Mrs. *Plotwell*, your Neighbour, who only put on this Disguise to be serviceable to your Daughter.—This honest Gentleman here, was the Parson that coupled you.

Bell. Now, Sir, I think, I have kept my Word with you.

Caref. Very well.

Plot. Why, truly, Sir, being loth to see this young Lady thrown away upon a Fool, when she had the Prospect of such a worthy Match as Colonel *Manly*, I undertook to reduce you to your Reason, and I don't doubt but you'll own I have done you a Piece of Service, in forcing you to exclude a Blockhead out of your Family, and in his Stead receive a Man of Sense and Honour.

Col. Tis now, Madam, my Turn to pay my Acknowledgments for this unexpected Goodness; instruct me, pray, which Way I may be grateful.

Plot. If I have done Good, it rewards itself; and if Mr. *Carefull* pleases to pardon the Frolic, I shall be over-paid.

Caref. With all my Heart, I' faith, the Frolic was a pretty Frolic——Now 'tis over.

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir Will. I heard you was married, Mr. *Carefull*, I wish you Joy.

Caref. You are mistaken, Sir *William*, 'tis my Daughter that is

married.

Sir Will. Ha, the Colonel married to my Mistress? [*Aside.*]

Clar. Sir *William* I desire all Quarrels between you and I may be cancel'd.

Col. Pray include me in that Treaty too, Sir *William*.

Caref. Here has been strange juggling, Sir *William*, I have been trick'd out of my Consent, I hope you'll pardon me too.

Sir Will. I'm in such Confusion, that I know not what to say, but I must shew 'em that my Soul's above an Affront, and that nothing can disorder the Serenity of my Temper. [*Aside.*] Ay, we are all Friends, Gentlemen, and I forgive the Lady too, for she has done more honestly by me than most Women wou'd, she has married the Man she lik'd, tho' tis the Fashion to take the rich Husband they don't like, and make a Friend of the Man they do.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Will. One Thing I desire you'd make clear to me, Madam, which is, why did you give me Encouragement by your Woman?

Clar. I give you Encouragement by my Woman! What do you mean?

Maid. I beg your Pardon, Madam, his Gold prevail'd upon me, and I thought what I said would signify nothing; I hope you will forgive me.

Clar. Never: Out of my Doors, I suppose thro' your Management, *Ogle* was so familiar with me too——Out of my Sight.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Col. Indeed, my Dear, I cannot intercede in her Behalf, since thro' her Means my first Suspicion came, that made us both uneasy; but as to *Ogle*, I sufficiently reveng'd your Quarrel; for I'll engage he never sets up for a Beau again.

Sir Will. Confound your whole Sex, you're all not worth a Gentleman's Anger; I'll to my Lodgings, and send for the Music, and think no more of you nor Matrimony; if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into an Hautboy and blow me out at the Holes; impair my Vigour.

[*Exit.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well, Madam, what say you? Have you a Mind to see me swing to *Elizium* in my Garters, and hear me sung about in a Ballad to a doleful new Tune, call'd, The Gentleman's Farewell to his unkind Lady——Or will you take Pity on me?

Emil. Well, Sir, to prevent such sad Disasters, I don't care if I give you my Hand; and as you deserve, my Heart shall follow.

Bell. Ay, give me but the Body, and I'll warrant you I'll get the rest.

Caref. Hey Day! What a Wedding chopt up there too! Well, I never shall believe common Report again, That all Women are *Jacobites*, since I find them so ready towards the Soldier's Service to the Nation with their Persons and Fortunes.

Emil. I wish every brave Man was rewarded according to his Merit, I'm certain Captain *Bellmein* deserves more than I can give him.

Bell. Don't compliment your Husband, Madam, you don't know half my Deserts yet.

Caref. Brave Boys, brave Boys.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's the Music without come to congratulate your Marriage.

Caref. Bid 'em come in, we'll have a Dance.

[Here a Dance.]

Toper. Well, Gentlemen, I wish you Joy, if there can be any such Thing in a Wife; but for my Part, it shall always be my Maxim not to part with my Liberty, till I can't help it; What Bird would be confin'd in a Cage, when it can skip from Tree to Tree? Colonel, I'll come and take a Bottle with you by and by.

[Exit.]

Clar. Madam, you deserve our best Thanks for this exemplary

Piece of Justice; and, be assured, you have laid an eternal Obligation on me.

Plot. I am pleas'd that I have done you Service, and henceforth shall devote myself to Virtue, and I hope Heaven will pardon the Follies of my past Life.

Col. *Blest in my Love, I envy no Man's Fate,
Content alone is the true happy State.*

Plot. Virtue, thou shining Jewel of my Sex——Thou precious Thing, that none knows how to value as they ought, while they enjoy it, but like spendthrift Heirs, when they have wasted all their Store, wou'd give the World they cou'd retrieve their lost Estate: Therefore beware, you happy Maids, how you listen to the deluding Tongues of Men, 'tis only they have Power to betray you.

*Oh happy she, that can securely say
Folly be gone, I have no Mind to Play.
My Fame is clear, I have not sinn'd to-day.* }



THE
EPILOGUE.

By the AUTHOR.

*You see Gallants 't has been our Poet's Care,
To shew what Beaus in their Perfection are,
By Nature Cowards, foolish, useless Tools,
Made Men by Taylors, and by Women, Fools:
A Fickle, False, a Singing, Dancing Crew,
Nay now we hear they've Smiling Masters too;
Just now a Frenchman in the Dressing-room,
From teaching of a Beau to Smile, was come,
He shew'd five Guineas—Wasn't he rarely paid,
Thus all the World by Smiles are once betray'd;
The States-man Smiles on them he wou'd undo,
The Courtier's Smiles are very seldom true,
The Lover's Smiles too many do believe,
And Women Smile on them they wou'd deceive;
When Tradesmen Smile, they safely Cheat with Ease;
And smiling Lawyers never fail of Fees.—
The Doctor's Look the Patient's pain beguiles,
The Sick Man lives, if the Physician smiles:
Thus Smiles with Interest Hand in Hand do go,
He surest strikes, that Smiling gives the Blow;
Poets, with us this Proverb do defy,
We live by Smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief Endeavour,
And all we ask, is but your Smiles for ever. [Going.*

*Hold—I forgot, the Author bid me say,
She humbly begs Protection for her Play:
'Tis Yours—She Dedicates it to you all,
And sure you're too generous to let it fall;*

*She hopes the Ladies will her Cause maintain,
Since Virtue here has been her only Aim.
The Beaus, she thinks, won't fail to do her Right,
Since here they're taught with Safety how to fight.
She's sure of Favour from the Men of War,
A Soldier is her darling Character;
To fear the Murmurs then wou'd be absurd,
They only Mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I see she does your Fury dread,
And like a Prisoner, stands with Fear half dead,
While you are Judges, do her Sentence give,
If you're not pleas'd, she says she cannot live.
Let my Petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous Claps her Pardon seal.*

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Hyphenation and spelling are inconsistent throughout; the latter includes such examples as "Rallery" (raillery) and "Flower" (flour) as well as both "Music" and "Musick". Overall, spelling conventions have been retained, including the capitalisation of nouns. In one instance (first entrance of Sir William Mode in Act 1), the layout was changed to clarify the situation; the word "Laric" was replaced here by the abbreviated character name "La Rev."

The prologue and epilogue, which both preceded the cast list in the original, have been moved to the beginning and end of the play respectively. The spelling of one character name (which appears in the original as both Carefull and Careful), has been harmonised in keeping with the way it appears in the Dramatis Personæ.

No substantive changes have been made.

[The end of *The Beau's Duel* by Susanna Centlivre]