

# The Platonick Lady

Susanna Centlivre

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# The Platonick Lady

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# THE PLATONICK LADY.

A COMEDY

by

# SUSANNA CENTLIVRE

As it is Acted at the  
QUEEN's THEATRE  
IN THE  
*HAY-MARKET.*

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**PROLOGUE.**

By Captain *Farquhar*.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

*Rejoice, ye Fair, the British Warriors come  
Victorious o'er, to your soft Wars at home.  
Each Conqueror flies, with eager Longings fraught,  
To clasp the darling Fair, for which he fought.  
He lays his Trophies down before those Eyes,  
By which inspir'd, he won the glorious Prize.  
Prouder, when welcom'd by his generous Fair,  
Of dying in her Arms, than conquering there.  
O! cou'd our Bards of Britain's Isle but write  
With the same Fire with which our Heroes fight:  
Or cou'd our Stage but represent a Scene,  
To copy that on great Ramilla's Plain;  
Then we with Courage wou'd assert our Plays,  
And to your glorious Laurels join our Bays.  
But our poor Pegasus, a Beast of Ease,  
Cares not for foraging beyond the Seas:  
Content with London Provender, he flies,  
To make each Coxcomb he can find, a Prize:  
And after trudging long, perhaps he may  
Pick up a Set of Fools, to furnish out a Play,  
To make him eat, and you to entertain,  
That for his Safety fought beyond the Main.  
Your Courage there, but here your Mercy shew;  
The Brave scorn to insult a prostrate Foe.*

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## EPILOGUE I.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

*To you, the Tyrant Criticks of the Age,  
To you, who make such Havock on the Stage;  
Assault with Fury every coming Scene,  
Like Heroes arm'd at Ramillies, or Turin.  
Whilst vanquish'd Wit, shrunk from her native Glory,  
Like the cow'd Gaul, too weakly stands before ye.  
Since then the Poets play this Losing-game,  
I, a poor Suppliant in the Muses Name,  
Beg to avert our trembling Author's Fate;  
And, like the sad Bavarian Advocate,  
Resistance vain, we to your Mercy fly,  
And court you now to lay your Thunder by.  
Of slaughter'd Wits let the Effusion cease,  
We, like the humble Lewis, sue for Peace.*



## EPILOGUE II.

Design'd to be Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, but came too late.  
Written by the Author of *Tunbridge-Walks*.



*What mighty Pains our scribbling Sot has shewn,  
To ridicule our Sex, and praise his own,  
As if we Women muster'd all our Charms,  
To tempt an odious Fellow to our Arms.  
One Lady proves so fond, or rather mad,  
She'd fain confess a Child she never had.  
Alas! how many Nymphs about this Town,  
Have pretty Moppits, that they dare not own?  
Then a West-country Damsel trots to Town,  
And talks of Paint, false Hair, and Rump-up Gown,  
Things which to Men shou'd never be reveal'd,  
But equally with Cuckoldom conceal'd.  
Yet, tell me, Sirs, don't you as nice appear,  
With your false Calves, Bardash, and Favrite's here?*

[Pointing to her Forehead.

*Nay, in Side-Boxes too, I've often known,  
'Mongst Flaxen-Wigs, Complexions not their own;  
Who hiss good Plays, and to Camilla fly,  
Draw out their Pocket-glasses, squint, and cry,  
[Sings.] These Eyes are made so killing, &c.  
Young Templars too, with upstart forward Graces,  
When Pumice-stone has travell'd o'er their Faces,  
March hither, where Mobb'd-Hoods too often ply,  
And want a Lodging, tho' six Stories high;  
Where the fond Youth the modest Dame implores,  
And at Day-break ejects her out of Doors.  
Some Cheapside-Bobbs too trudge it to our Play,  
Faith Jack, this Hay-Market's a cursed Way,*

*What signifies the Quality or Wits,  
The Money, Daniel, rises from our Cits.  
Who, like Cock-Sparrows, hop about the Benches,  
And court, with Sixpences, fat Orange-Wenches.  
In short, you Men have more fantastick Ways,  
More Follies, than can e'er be stuf't in Plays:  
But since all Satire's for your Mirth design'd,  
Excuse all Errors, which to-night you find,  
And to this Play be generous, just, and kind.*

---

### **EPILOGUE III.**

*By Mr. Norris as Drawer.*

*Your Servant, Masters, I'm sent on a Message,  
From some desponding Ladies in the Passage,  
They wait your kind Approaches to the Rose,  
And want—Hark'e—a Supper I suppose; [Softly.  
And who this Day cou'd no Affair transact,  
Begg'd me, to pass my Word for the last Act,  
Assuring me, that when the Play was done,  
It shou'd be worth to me full half a Crown:  
We Drawers are Men of Parts in our Vocation,  
And countenance the crying Sins o' th' Nation,  
That is, since Vice first grew a Recreation:  
We imitate the hungry Lawyer too,*

*Take Fees on both Sides, and both Justice do,  
I mean, if we think proper to do so;  
Nay, we're in Fee with them, and on occasion,  
Are sent to witness some damn'd Obligation.  
Thus all the World by different Ways wou'd thrive,  
And foolish Poets think by Plays to live,  
They're the worst Customers that we receive;  
They score, and score, and brag of a third Day,  
And then they'll certainly—hum—never pay.  
Much more I have to say, but never stir— [Bell rings  
O lack, I'm wanted at the Bar—Coming up, Sir. [Runs  
off.*

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## **Dramatis Personæ.**

### **MEN.**

*Sir Thomas Beamont*, Uncle to *Beamont* and *Lucinda*,  
    *Mr. Betterton*.

*Sir Charles Richley*, contracted to *Isabella* when young,  
    *Mr. Booth*.

*Captain Beamont*, under the Name of *Belvil*, in Love with  
*Lucinda*,  
    *Mr. Wilks*.

*Sharper*, a Man of the Town,  
    *Mr. Cibber*.

*Robin*, Servant to *Belvil*,  
    *Mr. Pack*.  
*Equipage*, Servant to *Sharper*,  
    *Mr. Norris*.

## WOMEN.

*Lucinda*, Niece to Sir *Thomas*, in Love with *Beamont*,  
    *Mrs. Bracegirdle*.  
*Isabella*, an Heiress, in Love with *Beamont*, but contracted  
by her Father to Sir *Charles* in her Childhood,  
    *Mrs. Oldfield*.  
*Mrs. Dowdy*, a *Somersetshire* Widow come to Town to learn  
Breeding,  
    *Mrs. Willis*.  
*Toylet*, Woman to *Isabella*,  
    *Mrs. Bignal*.  
*Betty*, Maid to *Lucinda*,  
    *Mrs. Mills*.  
*Peeper*, Maid to *Mrs. Dowdy*,  
    *Mrs. Lee*.  
*Mrs. Brazen*,  
    *Mrs. Bullock*.

Mantua-Women, Milliners, Match-makers, Tire-Women,  
Singing-Masters, Dancing-Masters, Porters, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON*.





# THE PLATONICK LADY.

## ACT I.

*Enter Mr. Sharper, and Equipage his Man.*

*Equi.* As I was saying, Sir, I have advanc'd the Expences of our Summer's Expedition from *Epsom* to *Tunbridge*, from *Tunbridge* to the *Bath*, and from thence to *London* here; where instead of Board-wages, I have liv'd upon Hopes that some of these Places wou'd furnish you with a Bubble, and me with Money; but I see no Appearance of it: Therefore pray let you and I discount.

*Sharp.* Prithee, *Equipage*, have but Patience to see what this Winter produces.

*Equi.* No, Sir; the Affront you put upon me at *Tunbridge* I can't forget, when you had lost fifty Guineas to the Knight upon Honour, and pretended you had sent me Post to *London* to your Escutore for the Money, and that I had robb'd you and run away with your Keys; when you ordered me to keep out of the Way till he had left the Town.

*Sharp.* Thou know'st I had no other Quibble to avoid paying the Debt, and quitting the Place with Honour: Come, don't reflect upon my Misfortune; we have seen better Summers.

*Equi.* In troth, Sir, I thought *Bath* promis'd well; I am sure

'twas very full of Company; and if you had not fallen in Love, you might have paid me out of the Subscription.

*Sharp.* How must I have liv'd like a Gentleman then, Sirrah? I shall break your Head.

*Equi.* I have done upon that Subject, Sir; I only desire my Discharge and Wages; that's all.

*Sharp.* Do you know what you ask, *Equipage*? A Gamester and a Soldier are both Sons of Fortune; now to quit my Service, is directly to embroil yourself with Fortune.

*Equi.* I have been embroil'd with her from the first Day I enter'd into your Service: but I thank my Stars I am above Fortune, and design to forsake the World.

*Sharp.* Ha, ha! forsake the World.

*Equi.* Yes, Sir, I have lately made some Moral Reflections on the Uncertainty of worldly Pleasures. I am weary of being well beaten, and ill fed; of passing the Night at a Tavern Door, and the Day in carrying Messages from one Miss to another. In short, Sir, I am weary of the subservient Title, without the subservient Money, and resolve to marry; that is, when I can find a Woman that deserves me.

*Sharp.* A difficult Matter, truly.

*Equi.* So it is, Sir; but this Digression makes you forget that there is a small Rule in Arithmetick to be adjusted. I have serv'd you these eight Years at twenty-five Crowns a Year,

which in plain *English* is forty-two Pounds Sterling; of which I have received now and then a broken Pate: Nevertheless there remains two and forty Pounds; which I desire you'd give me immediately, Sir.

*Sharp.* Two and forty Pounds—a great deal of Money—eight Years Service; Mercy upon me! How have I had Patience to endure this Dog so long?

*Equi.* How have I had Patience to stay thus long for my Wages?

*Sharp.* Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah?

*Equi.* Yes, Sir.

*Sharp.* And deserve to be hang'd?

*Equi.* As Affairs stand now it seems. Whilst I was silent I was a very honest Fellow; but now I ask for my Wages, I'm fit for the Gallows: Faith, Sir, you might be a Duke by your Conscience.

*Sharp.* Well, Sirrah, you know I am good-natur'd; hang me if I am not very unwilling to part with thee: I will not turn thee away; go get my Cloak.

*Equi.* Turn me away! why, 'tis not you that turn me away; 'tis I that turn you away, if you go to that.

*Sharp.* Well, well, we won't dispute about that; thou shalt not leave me.



*Equi.* Be pleas'd to pay me then; for I design the Money for my Wife's Jointure: Look ye, Sir, here's the Receipt ready.

*Sharp.* The Devil's in the Fellow, I think; thy Noddle runs of nothing but thy own Business; prithee let's think a little of mine. Mrs. *Brazen* the Match-maker is to help me to a *Somersetshire* Widow worth fifty thousand Pounds; she's just come to Town.

*Equi.* But pray, Sir, just consider my Business.

*Sharp.* I tell you, I am in haste to see her.

*Equi.* 'Tis done in one Word, Sir; my Wages.

*Sharp.* Well, since you are so resolute, we will part, tho' it trouble me never so much. Give me the Receipt: Let's see how you have drawn it.

*Equi.* There, Sir. [*Gives it him.*]

*Sharp.* Now begone; I discharge you.

*Equi.* But my Wages, Sir.

*Sharp.* Ah, *Equipage*, *Equipage*, the parting with thee softens me even into Tears. If I stay I shall unman myself: Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

*Equi.* The Devil! did not I know him well enough not to trust him with the Receipt till I had the Money? But, egad, I'll be

even with him one Way, I'll have his cowardly Bones well beaten, if my Project takes.

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to Isabella's Lodgings.*

*Enter Isabella and Toylet.*

*Toy.* I can't imagine from whence proceeds the Change. You that us'd to love Parks, Plays, Balls, Drawing-Rooms, Picquet, Basset, and such nice Conversation: You'd not endure my Lady *Lockup*, because she entertain'd you with nothing but railing at her Servants; of their Waste, and her good House-wifry; nor Mr. *Self-love*, because he always got to the Glass before you? my Lady *Wrinkle* laid on too much White, and my Lady *Blouze* too much Red; and Mrs. *Coquet* engross'd the whole Company: My Lady *Prattle* fill'd your Ears with the Beauty and Wit of her Children.

*Isab.* And is there any thing so disagreeable on Earth, as the Sayings of Miss and Mass repeated? But what of all this?

*Toy.* Why, then, I wreck my poor Brain in finding out why you spend so much Time with your Country Cousin, Mrs. *Dowdy*: who is the very reverse of every thing you us'd to admire.

*Isab.* Charity, *Toylet*, perfect Charity. You know my aukward Cousin wants Instructions: She's left a rich Widow,

and comes to *London* on purpose to dress and make a Figure.

*Toy.* Born and bred in *Somersetshire*; never five Miles from Home before, wore the Cloth of her own spinning, deign'd to make her own Butter, paid the Labourers their Wages on Work-days, and took a Jigg with them on Holy-days. She will make a Figure indeed, by that Time the Fashion-mongers have done with her. Pardon me, Madam, if I can't help thinking you have some stronger Motive than Charity.

*Isab.* What does your Wisdom guess?

*Toy.* Why, truly, Madam, I should guess your Ladyship may have some small Pulse for the handsome young Officer that Mrs. *Dowdy* is so much afraid you should see, and thrust you into the Bed-Chamber, when he came into the Dining-Room: I remember with what Fury you catch'd up the red-hot Poker, and burnt a Hole through the Door to look at him: *Belvil*, I think they call his Name.

*Isab.* Upon my Life thou hast hit it, Girl; I'll not conceal my Plot, since I design thee chief Instrument. If you remember. I told you that five Years since I was in *France*; and my Mother's Sister being of the *Romish* Persuasion, had enter'd herself among the *Augustines* in *Paris*: She over-persuaded me to board there too, hoping (I suppose) from her Endeavours to make me quit my Religion, and make myself a Nun. During my Abode there, this very Gentleman us'd to make me frequent visits at the Grate; the first Time I saw him he came along with another that paid a Compliment to a young Lady of the same Convent: Our Acquaintance held near two Months. 'Twas then,

*Toylet*, that I felt the force of Love, but not without a thousand Protestations of the same from him. But my Father hearing of my Aunt's Design, and apprehending my Youth, (for I was then not full sixteen) might be prevailed upon to change my Faith, sent for me to *England* in such Haste, that I was not permitted to stay one Hour in the Monastery after the Messenger arrived; so had no Opportunity to inform *Belvil* of my Departure.

*Toy*. I presume you've kept a Correspondence ever since.

*Isab*. No, I knew not how to direct to him; he told me he had been bred in the *Spanish-Netherlands* and came to *France* only for his Pleasure: his Parents (he said) were *English*, and he spoke the Language very well.

*Toy*. Nor did not you inform him of your Family?

*Isab*. He often prest it, and I promis'd to satisfy him; but my Father's unexpected Commands broke all our Measures; and from that Day, till I saw him here, I never heard of him.

*Toy*. And what is your Design now, Madam? I fear he is a Man of Gallantry: besides you know he makes Love to your Cousin; you cannot love him still sure?

*Isab*. Indeed I do; nay more, can love nothing else.

*Toy*. What will you do with Sir *Charles Richley* then? who your Father upon his Death-bed enjoin'd you to marry, whom he contracted you to in your Childhood.

*Isab.* I cannot love him; it was in my Nonage, and the Barter's illegal; and therefore I'll not mind it; besides I'm inform'd he is in Love elsewhere, and cares as little for me as I for him; and I would not be a Wife i'th' Mode.

*Toy.* In my Opinion, Sir *Charles* has all the Accomplishments of his Sex, and a fair Estate.

*Isab.* I own it; but I have a whimsical Heart, not to be touch'd with Jointures and Settlements.

*Toy.* And if I have any Skill in Faces, *Belvil* is a general Lover.

*Isab.* No Matter; my Conquest will be the greater to get him from them all; besides, I will run any Risk to break this unreasonable Contract.

*Toy.* What you please, Madam; I am ready to convey a Letter or a Message to him.

*Isab.* No, I have a Stratagem to try his Temper, and fathom his Inclinations. I do not intend to discover myself to him, till I have him within my Power, beyond a Possibility of Retreat. Come in with me and I'll give thee a full Relation, and prepare ourselves for my Design.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to Belvil's Lodgings; Belvil in a Night-*

*Gown playing on a Flute; he lays it down and looks upon his Watch.*

*Bel. Ha! 'tis time to dress. Robin!*

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob. Sir.*

*Bel. My Things.*

*Rob. Here's a Letter for you, Sir.*

*Bel. [Takes it and looks on it, then gives it him again.] Lay it by.*

*Rob. Won't you read it, Sir?*

*Bel. No, I know the Hand. Egad, it is as hard to get rid of a Citizen's Wife, when listed in her Service, as Substance out of the Hand of an Agent, who is just setting up his Coach: She's as troublesome as a Dun when our Stock's exhausted.*

*Rob. Here's another Letter, Sir; and the Footman stays for an Answer.*

*Bel. Lucinda's Character! Slave, how durst you defer my Joy so long?*

*Rob. Oh, Sir, ever whilst you live the sweetest Bit for the last.*

*Bel.* [*Reads.*]

*The Brightness of the Day tempts me to a Morning's Walk; if you've an Inclination, you'll find me in the Park at Twelve.*

Lucinda.

An Inclination! Yes, I have an Inclination; I wish you would gratify it. Bid the Footman wait; I'll send an Answer.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Peeper.*

*Rob.* So, Mrs. *Peeper*; what news from *Somersetshire*?

*Peep.* *Somersetshire*, *Manners*; you should have said *St. James's*; for my Lady is as great a Belle as the Best of 'em, I assure you that.

*Re-enter Belvil.*

*Rob.* A Belle! so is a Broomstick.

*Bel.* Carry this Letter to the Footman. Well, Mrs. *Peeper*, what Affair brings you?

*Peep.* I come from my Lady, Sir: She—

*Bel.* [*Dressing himself.*] *Robin*, my Coat.

*Peep.* Is impatient till she sees you: All the Trades in the

Creation are employ'd in her Dress; she spares no Art to charm you; there's Milliners, Mantua-Makers, Tire-women, and so forth.

*Bel.* My Watch.

*Peep.* Amongst a Crowd of Compleaters, a Match-maker has shuffled in, and proposes one Sir *John Sharper* to her; if you are cold you'll lose her, upon my Virginity you will.

*Bel.* My Sword.

*Peep.* Ha! how careless you are! what, not a Word? In truth, I don't know where you'll find such another Fool, as my Mistress, with fifty thousand Pounds.

*Bel.* My Perriwig.

*Peep.* Sure if you don't value my Lady, you might answer me.

*Bel.* My Handkerchief and Snuff-box. So, am I well now, Mrs. *Peeper*? [*Adjusting himself.*

*Peep.* Well: Ah! Nature has been but too kind to you. But, Sir, concerning my Lady; you know I am entirely in your interest.

*Bel.* Why then, to be sincere with thee, I never did, nor never shall care three-pence for her, without one thing.

*Peep.* But her Fortune, Sir.



*Bel.* Shall never tempt me to marry her at a Venture.

*Peep.* No! Why then to what purpose do you court her? 'Tis calling your Gallantry in question to suspect an Intrigue.

*Bel.* No! Faith, *Peeper*, my Design is quite another thing; and if thou wou'dst assist me—

*Peep.* In any thing, Sir, within my Power.

*Bel.* Say'st thou; there then [*Gives her Money.*] When we wou'd have a Lawyer plead heartily, we must not forget his Fee.

*Peep.* You are so generous, that to keep up the Simile, Law-like, I'll spare no Breath to serve you.

*Rob.* But don't you carry the Simile too far, and take Bribes on both Sides.

*Peep.* I scorn it. Instruct me, Sir.

*Bel.* Find some Way to persuade her to let me see the Writings of her Estate; tell her 'tis the only Way to fix me; for whatever we say in commendation of your Sex, Beauty, Shape, Wit, and so forth, is but the Fable; the Moral is the Money, Girl.

*Peep.* But you won't marry her, you say, Sir?

*Bel.* Not till I am satisfied what she's worth, my Dear; but these Writings must be seen: Upon Honour, it shall turn as

much to your Account, whether I marry her or not.

*Peep.* Nay then—Well, Sir, it shall be done; when will you prove it?

*Bel.* Two Hours hence.

*Peep.* Your Servant.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir Charles Richley.*

*Sir Cha.* What, just upon the Wing? I'm glad I've nick't the Time, and find you without Company.

*Bel.* Why, have you Secrets to impart? *Robin*, leave us. [*Exit Robin*] Come, come, disclose some warm, wishing, kind, consenting Fair: Or is it a plump, soft, wholesome Country Girl thou woud'st consign over to thy Friend? I'm not nice, nor care who plucks the Rose I smell to, provided it has not lost its Sweetness.

*Sir Cha.* Sure thou thinkest the Business of the World is converted into Wenching.

*Bel.* I'm sure there's no Pleasure in that Business where a Woman is not concern'd.

*Sir Cha.* A Woman is the Subject. But such a Woman.

*Bel.*

*Bright as the Morn, when first the World began,  
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man.*

*Sir Cha.* I fear so, *Belvil*.

*Bel.* Then she is in Love with me? Where does she live? what's her Name? how dignify'd or distinguish'd? by Mistress, Madam, or Right Honourable—Maid, Wife or Widow? Quick, quick, disclose.

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis *Lucinda*.

*Bel.* The Devil! have you raised my Expectation to this Height, then pall me with an Acquaintance? But what of her?

*Sir Cha.* You brought me into the Danger; I came wounded off, and have no Hopes of Cure, but from your roving Temper. You weigh the Sex alike, and without a Pang may give me leave to try my Fortune with her.

*Bel.* This comes of carrying a Friend to see one's Mistress. Why, I thought you had been engag'd from your Childhood. Come, will you be upon the Square? bring me to your Mistress; if I like her as well as I do *Lucinda*, perhaps we may agree upon the Change.

*Sir Cha.* I will: she cannot fail to charm thee; all Eyes, but mine, adore her: And sure 'twas the Malice of our Stars caus'd our Fathers to conclude the Match, where Interest only held the Scale, and gentle Love fled from either Side: But be serious. How far are you engag'd with *Lucinda*?

*Bel.* Faith, 'tis a kind of intricate Story, but you must be satisfied. I have been bred a Soldier of Fortune, and am to this Day ignorant who my Parents were. The Man who took care of me, always told me *England* was my native Country, taught me the Language; and for ought I know, some travelling Prince begot me: My Foster-Father was in Battle kill'd, and never gave me farther Light: I had still an Inclination to see this Country.

*Sir Cha.* This Story seems romantic—

*Bel.* You'll think it so before I have done: Being landed, and travelling with my Servant towards *London*, I lost my Way; Night came on; when, at a distance we discovered Lights and made up to 'em. It proved *Lucinda's* Country House: Her Uncle, *Sir Thomas Beaumont*, kindly receiv'd and entertain'd us.

*Sir Cha.* Lucky Chance!

*Bel.* So it prov'd to them; for that very Night her house was beset with Thieves: Their Number must have prevail'd but for our unexpected Aid; we beat them off, preserv'd their Wealth, and perhaps their Lives. The Lady express'd a thousand Thanks. The old Man grew inquisitive, who I was, and whence I came. I frankly told the Story of my Life: He stood amaz'd, and ask'd me fifty Questions, and seem'd surpriz'd at every Answer.

*Sir Cha.* Well; and what ensu'd upon that?

*Bel.* Why, he has ever since been mighty fond of me, and forc'd Money upon me, which I could scarcely make him take my Note for.

*Sir Cha.* You're establish'd every Way; his Kindness promotes your Interest with his Niece.

*Bel.* Quite contrary: His generous Carriage has oblig'd me to swear to him, never to attempt to marry her, if she should consent without his Leave, which he seems still averse to. I confess I love her beyond the rest of her Sex, except one I saw thro' a Grate in *France*, that I could never hear of since: yet this Restraint keeps me from pressing my Suit of Marriage, and I have too much Respect to attempt the other.

*Sir Cha.* Does she know the Injunction?

*Bel.* No: that he forbad me too—Besides, she is devoted to Platonick Notions.

*Sir Cha.* I never mind that in a handsome Woman: This generous Declaration draws another Question; Why do you address Mrs. *Dowdy*?

*Bel.* That's another Injunction of the old Gentleman's, to procure the Writings of an Estate out of her Hands, that her Husband cheated a Relation of his of. You see, *Sir Charles*, I have a World of Business cut out, and have made you entirely my Confident: No foul Play; do ye hear?

*Sir Cha.* There can be none with a Prince that aims at universal Monarchy. But setting Love apart, last Night after

you left us, there came a Fellow into the Chocolate-House, who pretended he had made a Campaign in the Nature of a Volunteer; and amongst a Number of palpable Lies, swore, at the Battle of *Blenheim* he pursu'd a *French* General over the *Danube*, and took him Prisoner on the other Side, then brought him over upon his Back; the Enemies Cannon playing at him all the while: The Company laugh'd: I confess it rais'd my Spleen, and I cou'd not forbear saying, that Action was too glorious in itself to want a Romance to illustrate it.

*Bel.* So I suppose you brought a Squabble upon your Hands.

*Sir Cha.* No; he swore, look'd big, bluster'd, and walk'd off.

*Enter Robin, and a Porter.*

*Rob.* *Sir Charles*, here's a Porter with a Letter.

*Port.* Sir, a Gentleman that saw you come in here, bid me give you this.

*Sir Cha.* [*Peruses the Letter.*] Very well, I'll come to him: Ha, ha, ha!

*[Exit Porter.]*

*Bel.* Him! what, 'tis not a Challenge I hope? I must go with you.

*Sir Cha.* Suppose it true, 'tis not fair to carry a Second when the Inviter names none. But 'tis no such thing: Adieu.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

*Bel.* If this shou'd be a Duel now—I cou'd never forgive myself for letting him go alone, especially if he comes to any Harm.

*Rob.* Why; suppose he should be kill'd, Sir.

*Bel.* Rascal, I had rather suppose you hang'd, Sir.

*Rob.* A sudden Death prevents a great deal of Vexation, Sir, sometimes.

*Bel.* How do you make that out?

*Rob.* Why, when a Man takes his sick Bed, the sad Formalities that attend it, are more dreadful than death itself: His Friends and Relations all weeping round his Bed; a Lawyer, brib'd by his Spouse to urge the Will: That made, the Sorrow is finish'd; each then enquire after their Legacy: and the disconsolate Wife having borrowed a Weed of her Neighbour, is consulting her Glass to see how it becomes her. Her Thoughts are where to find another Husband; the Servants Heads full of their Mourning: So that if the dying Man calls for a Cordial; slap, they give him a Bolus—He desires to be rais'd—they pull away the Pillow.

*Bel.* Ha, ha!

*Rob.* The Doctor, whose Prescription has poison'd him, orders a double Dose of Opium, to smooth his Passage to the other World; takes his two Guineas Fee, throws himself into

his Chariot, and bids his Coachman drive on to the next Patient. Now, Sir, a Bullet, or an Oilet-hole in the Guts prevent all this.

*Bel.* You must preach this when we are raising Recruits, Sirrah; Ha, ha! But I must to the Park to meet *Lucinda*.

*Enter Isabella and Toylet, mask'd.*

*Isab.* Oh, Sir! if you are a Gentleman protect me.

*Bel.* Ha! from what, Madam? Egad, I shall be famous for delivering distress'd Damsels.

*Isab.* Pursu'd by an old jealous Husband, whom I married by my Friends Command, when I had given my Heart and Vows to another; he begg'd for one kind parting Hour; which I, in Pity, granted: But, Oh! the ill-fated Moment brought both my Husband and my Father to be Spectators of our Meeting; they call'd for Help to seize him, but he leapt the Balcony; and in the Bustle I escap'd with my Woman, but know not whither.

*Toy.* Bless me! what a Story has she patch'd up?

*Bel.* Fear not, Madam, I'll defend you against all the Fathers and Husbands in *Christendom*.

*Rob.* And I will take your Ladyship's Woman into my Protection.

*Bel.* If your Face answers your Shape and Mien, I cannot blame your Husband's Fears: Convince me, Madam.



*Isab.* After what I have told you, if you are generous, you will not ask to see my Face. Give me but Sanctuary here till Night shall favour my Escape to a Friend's House.

*Bel.* Command it, Madam—*Robin*, a Curse of Fortune, to send me a Collation at home, when I'm engag'd abroad: But I must not disappoint *Lucinda*. Madam, Business of the last Consequence calls me out; but my Return shall be sudden. Can I serve you, by enquiring if the Storm be over?

*Isab.* By no means: Enquiry wou'd ruin me. At your Return, perhaps I may inform you more.

*Bel.* Humph! that was kindly insinuated—*Robin*, give Orders that no Person be admitted into my Lodgings in my Absence. Madam, your most humble.

[*Exit.*

*Toy.* Well, Madam, what's your next Project? The Gentleman shew'd but little Curiosity. 'Tis certainly an Assignment that hurried him hence—or he had been more pressing to have seen your Face; and if he had, he would infallibly have remember'd you, and then your Plot wou'd have been spoil'd.

*Isab.* 'Tis impossible: For having had the Small-Pox since, I am persuaded he will not know me. He says he will return instantly; in the mean time I'll view his Lodgings.

*Toy.* To what end will you stay? 'Tis ten to one if he comes back these six Hours.

*Isab.* No matter; I resolve to finish what I once begin. I'll

*Pursue his Steps, and trace 'em with such Art,  
Discover all the Secrets of his Heart,  
The petty Tyrants by my Plots dethrone,  
And there erect an Empire of my own.*



## ACT II.

SCENE *the Park.*

*Enter Lucinda and Betty.*

*Luc.* What shou'd be the Reason of *Belvil's* Stay, *Betty*? I wish I had not sent to him, I'm very uneasy: How calm my Hours were before I knew this Man!

*Betty.* I thought Platonick Love never disturb'd the Mind, Madam.

*Luc.* Yes, when the Friendship is nice and particular.

*Betty.* Nay, nay, I never knew Friendship in different Sexes but came to Particulars at last: See here he is.

*Enter Belvil and Robin.*

Bel.

*So the bright Cyprian Goddess moves,  
When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,  
She rides to meet the War-like God she loves.*

[Embraces her.]

*Luc.* Hey! what Lady have you lavish'd your Wit upon this Morning, that you are forc'd to trade upon other Mens Stocks?

*Bel.* Hang these poetical Rogues, they publish every pretty Thought, that a Gentleman's forc'd to borrow to express his own Notions.

*Luc.* Pray how do ye apply the last Line, *Belvil*?  
—To meet the warlike God she loves.  
You may be vain enough to think yourself a *Mars*—  
But when did I betray the Weakness of a *Venus*?

*Bel.* 'Slife Madam! I ask your Pardon, this villainous

Love is got into my Heart, and dictates so fast to my Tongue,  
I had quite forgot your Platonicks.

*Luc.* And our Articles last Night too I suppose.

*Bel.* Ah! the Study's as crabbed as the Law—And the Practice as unpleasant as Penance. *Imprimis*, that I must take Pains to make the World understand that our Conversation is only Friendship, and tho' nobody will believe me—swear I admire the Beauties of your Mind—without regarding those of your Person—Protest I have no Desire to kiss those rosy Lips

—press that soft white Hand—and sigh my Soul out in your Bosom—

*Luc.* The Devil! how the Fellow talks—[*Aside.* All this you must positively observe—But then consider the Freedoms I allow ballance the Restraint: I promise you all publick Marks of my Favour; my Conduct is sincere and open, I hate a false Prude that won't know a Gentleman in Company, tho' three Hours before she had held private Conference with him in her Bedchamber; that solemnly declares she never writ or receiv'd a *Billet doux* in her Life, and knows at the same time she keeps a Woman on purpose for the Business.

*Bel.* Like your reforming Ladies, who all the while they are giving a young Fellow Advice against Wenching, their Looks slyly insinuate a liking to his Person.

*Luc.* Or Mrs. *Prim* the Poetical She-Philosopher, whose Discourse and Writings are fill'd with Honour and strict Rules of Virtue; that vows she cou'd not sleep if she was guilty of one criminal Thought—yet terribly wrong'd if she has not twice slipt aside for a natural Tympany.

*Bel.* Oh! how I hate the noise of Virtue in my Ears from a Woman—whom I know lives by Vice; and 'tis a Maxim with me—That she who rails most, yields soonest.

*Luc.* I have the same Opinion of those Men who boast much of their Secrecy, only for an Opportunity to gain something to betray—Well, I think our Sentiments agree, therefore I hope you submit to the Conditions.

*Bel.* When one has given a Tyrant Power, 'tis Prudence to obey.

*Luc.* Hold; one Thing more; during this League you must address no other Woman.

*Bel.* The Devil! You'll next prescribe my Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Walking—Nay, even Thinking! Madam, I suppose you have read of *Æsop's Ox*. 'Sdeath! Madam I am of *Cowley's* Mind, when I am all Soul, I shall keep your Rules.

*Luc.* Nay, don't believe I am jealous; but it wou'd touch my Pride, to have it said the Man I esteem'd worthy to be seen with—was Mistress Such-a-one's Conquest—

*Bel.* So by what I can discover, you'd have no other Affair upon my Hands, but waiting upon you to no purpose.

*Luc.* To no purpose! Is not Friendship the noblest Aim of human kind?

*Bel.* Had your Parents thought so, the World had never known your Charms; Ha, ha, ha! Well, but when I have sworn all this, what Tie have I upon you?

*Luc.* Oh you need not fear me—I have an Indifference to your whole Sex.

*Bel.* Heigh, ho! [*Sighs.*

*Luc.* Why do you sigh?

*Bel.* Only reflecting upon the desperate Case of a Friend of mine, who confess'd to me half an hour ago he was dying for Love of you.

*Luc.* Dying for me! Who is it, *Belvil*?

*Bel.* Ha, my Platonick Lady, hang me if I tell you—

*Luc.* Nay, let it alone—I care not—I think I am weary with walking; you have often importun'd me to see the Collection of Pictures you brought over. Come, my Maid's with me, I'll go now and drink some Tea with you.

*Bel.* Oh the Devil! What a Time has she chose now—*Robin*, Zounds—what shall we do with the Woman that is at home?  
[*Aside* to Robin.

*Rob.* Ah pox of Ill-luck; choak me if I know, Sir.

*Luc.* What's that Whisper? he shan't stir a Step before me—I'll have nothing but Tea.

*Bel.* Dear Madam, let him go, he, he, he, he, sha, sha, shall only get a little Jelly or Sweet-meats or so—*Robin*, Sirrah, lock her into your Garret. [*Aside* to Robin.

*Rob.* It shall be done, Sir.

*Luc.* I say it shall not be done, Sir.

*Rob.* Then we are all undone, Sir. [*Aside.*

*Luc.* I hate Sweet-meats in a Morning, 'twill spoil my Dinner—There's something more; I read Confusion in his Face.  
[*Aside.*

*Bel.* But Mrs. *Betty* does, I'm sure—Pray let him go.

*Luc.* I tell you no Scout shall go before—

*Rob.* What shall I do?—Oh, Sir, why you forget Sir *Charles*, whom you resolv'd to prevent fighting the Duel.

*Luc.* This is a new-born Lye—I'll humour it, but resolve to find it out. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* True, but this Lady makes me forget all other friends.—

*Luc.* To preserve Sir *Charles* is of greater consequence than my Visit, I'll defer that till some other Time: you'll see me to my Coach.

*Bel.* The Rogue has brought me off—Tho' I hope Sir *Charles* is in no Danger. [*Aside.*] I wou'd not lose the Pleasure of your kind Intention: Let it be to-morrow, Madam.

*Luc.* I'll think on't. Come—

[*Exit.*

*Rob.* So, here's a Guinea slap; for my Master always rewards my Politicks.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Sharper.*

*Sharp.* The Devil! Never Man was so drawn into a Kicking certainly—Ah Hang Dog—

*Enter Equipage.*

Are you there? You are always out of the Way when you shou'd do a body any Service.

*Equi.* Service, Sir?

*Sharp.* Ay, Service, Sir; I was appointed to meet a pretty Lady in *Hyde-Park*, and being there before her Hour, comes me up a blustering Fellow, who pretending I had sent him a Challenge, drew upon me, so I was oblig'd to fight him; and egad if I had not understood Fencing very well, I had been whipt thro' the Lungs, for he had a cursed long Reach—but I closed in with him, tripp'd up his Heels, took away his Sword, and gave him his Life.

*Equi.* Oh the damn'd Lie—This was a Plot of my Contrivance, and I have seen him fairly kick'd. [*Aside.*

*Sharp.* What's that you mutter?

*Equi.* I was saying to myself, Sir, 'twas very unfortunate, for ten to one but you'd lost the Lady by it.

*Sharp.* Egad and so I did, for she shriek'd out, and drove away like the Devil, when she saw us engag'd.



*Equi.* Where will his Lies end? [*Aside.*] She was very hard-hearted, Sir, not to send her Coachman to part ye.

*Sharp.* And discover our Intrigue.

*Equi.* True, I'd forgot that—Well, Sir, you know I still follow in Hopes of my Wages.

*Sharp.* I owe you none, Sirrah; han't I a Receipt to shew—however because you are sometimes an useful—Rascal you shall stay with me, and partake my good Fortune; I expect an Emissary with News about the rich Widow I was telling you of.

*Equi.* Shall I believe him or no?—if there were any Hopes I'd stick close. [*Aside.*] Nay, Sir, you know what an Affection I have for you.

*Sharp.* Yes, you Dog, I know it full well—but Conveniency sometimes make a Man of Honour pocket Affronts.

*Equi.* What have I done, Sir?

*Sharp.* Sirrah, you might have kept me out of the Chocolate-House when I was drunk last Night, and brought this Quarrel upon my Hands.

*Equi.* Oh Sir! but as long as you conquer'd your Man—

*Sharp.* Peace, here comes Mrs. *Brazen*.

*Equi.* A fit Companion by my Troth.

*Enter Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* Good-morrow noble Squire.

*Sharp.* My Genius, my better Angel! well! how fares my  
buxom Widow, ha?

*Mrs. Braz.* Fortune smiles upon my Lad of Iron. I have been  
with her this Morning, and I have prais'd thee from Head to  
Foot—I have set her a-gog I'll warrant thee Boy.

*Sharp.* Did you touch upon my Courage!

*Equi.* His Courage! Ah, in what Latitude does that lie?  
[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Braz.* Thy Valour, Boy! I said thou wert a meer  
Hercules, Man, both in Love and War! I told her you had a  
large Estate, and you were of the ancient Family of the  
*O'Sharpers in Ireland*, dear Joy.

*Sharp.* Pox, why in *Ireland*?

*Mrs. Braz.* Oh! because the *Irishmen* carry away all the  
Fortunes—I said you kept your own Coach too.

*Sharp.* I hope you said I left it in my own Country then—

*Mrs. Braz.* No, no, here Man—I can help thee to a Coach,  
Boy, from the Knight's to my Lord Duke's: Why, 'tis my  
Business I tell thee; if there were occasion I can have half a  
dozen Footmen in Liveries too.

*Equi.* Hark ye Mistress—observe my Stature—Humph—A'n't I a handsome Fellow? [*Setting himself out.*] Help me to a Fortune now, and you shall go halves.

*Mrs. Braz.* Say you so? I'll put you down in my Book; you are not the first Servant I have rais'd to a Lady's Bed—as 'tis well known in this Town.

[*Puts him down in her Book.*]

*Sharp.* But when must I see her, Mrs. *Brazen*? I am impatient.

*Mrs. Braz.* See her?—but look ye Squire, you know the Conditions, when shall we sign and seal?—for you'll grant I must live out of my honest Endeavours. I'm sure I take a great deal of Pains for my thousand Pounds—up early and down late—then Mercy on me, how do I stretch my Conscience when I am setting out one of you young Rogues!

*Sharp.* But are you sure she'll have me?

*Mrs. Braz.* Sure? I can persuade them to any thing let me come at 'em. Hark ye under the Rose, 'tis a Receipt of mine has prevailed with all the old Women to marry of late—

*Sharp.* Away! Let's to the Tavern, and over a Cup of mull'd Sack seal to thy Demands.

*Mrs. Braz.* With all my Heart—Come, Sirrah, hold up your Head, you are in my Book you Rogue, and that's the high Road to Preferment, Sirrah.

*Equi.* Along then. A hey for little *Equipage*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Belvil's Lodgings.*

*Enter Isabella and Toylet.*

*Toy.* What think you now, Madam—cou'd any thing but a Mistress make him guilty of such Ill-manners, to leave a Lady in Distress so long.—

*Isab.* Most certain—my Patience is quite worn out—I must go.

*Toy.* Dear Madam, since we have escap'd hitherto undiscover'd, think of him no more.

*Isab.* Don't you trouble yourself about that, I shan't give him over thus—but do you get me a Chair.

*Toy.* Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Let me examine myself a little. What have I undertaken here?—A duce of too much Liberty—If my old Dad had been alive, I durst not have gone a Rover-hunting thus. Do I value Reputation?—Yes, as much as any body does—that follows their Inclination—Ay, but whither will that Inclination carry

me? Why, not beyond the Rules of Honour; and then—a Fig for the Censure of the World, I say—Oh! here he comes.

[Claps on her mask.

*Enter Belvil and Robin.*

*Bel.* Now, Madam, I am entirely yours, pray oblige me with your Commands. I hope you have not been disturb'd.

*Isab.* No Way but by my Grief, Sir—

*Bel.* I long to see her Face. [*Aside.*] Banish Grief, you are here secure; lay by Constraint—and venture to unmask—Sparkling Eyes—Lovely Hair—I shall run mad. [*Aside.*

*Isab.* I thought I had had your Promise not to ask that.

*Bel.* Promise, Madam!—'Sdeath, I, I, I, faith Madam, I won't tell your Husband, if I happen to know him.

*Isab.* Indeed—indeed, I shan't put it in your Power.

*Bel. Robin,* run, call out Fire—Thieves, or the Devil—That she may drop her Mask in the Surprize. [*Aside to Rob.*

*Rob.* Yes Sir, yes Sir. [*Goes and comes back.*  
Sir, here's Sir Charles coming up.

*Isab.* Sir *Charles!* I am undone. [*Aside.*] For Heaven's sake, Sir, give me leave to retire; if I am seen, I am ruin'd.

*Bel.* In, in quickly. [*Runs in.*

*Enter Sir Charles.*

Oh! Sir *Charles*, I have been in some Apprehensions for you, tho' you seem'd to disguise the Matter; it was a Duel; Ha!

Sir *Cha.* Something like it.

*Bel.* I see thy Sword has not fail'd thee.

Sir *Cha.* No, nor my Shoes neither! I have us'd them pretty fairly since I went out—

*Bel.* In walking?

Sir *Cha.* No, in kicking—'twas the very numerical Coward I told thee of—at the Chocolate-House—When I bid him draw, he swore he came to meet a Lady and was not prepar'd for fighting—deny'd the Challenge, and provok'd me to a warm Breathing. And this was the End of my Adventure.

*Bel.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if 'twas not Mr. *Sharper*.

Sir *Cha.* The very same—a Gentleman told me so as I came out of the Park. But prithee *Belvil* let me go into thy Dressing-Room, to put myself a little in Order after this Heat; Come, *Robin*, help me. [*Going in.*

*Bel.* Hold, hold, hold! [*Stops him.*

Sir *Cha.* Why, what's the Matter? You han't a Wench there,

have you?

*Bel.* No, then I wou'd not stop you. But 'tis a Woman of Condition.

*Sir Cha.* How my Blood chills—'tis *Lucinda*.

*Bel.* The same; she had a mind to see my Pictures, I know not if she is willing to be seen.

*Sir Cha.* You are a happy Man—Adieu.

*Bel.* Your Servant.

[*Sir Charles going off meets Lucinda and Betty, they both start.*]

*Luc.* *Sir Charles*, I am glad to see you in Safety; *Belvil* left me abruptly—to prevent a Duel he said you were engag'd in—I resolv'd to follow and enquire after it.

*Sir Cha.* I am happy if I created the least Concern in you, Madam. Hark ye, *Belvil*, doubtless you mistook the Lady's Name within. [*Aside to Belvil.*]

*Bel.* Confusion! she here? then I am caught.

*Luc.* Well, *Sir Charles*, all Danger over, now for the Pictures.

*Bel.* What the devil shall I say? [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, you have surpriz'd me a little; Batchelors Lodgings are seldom in Order—please to take one Turn in the Garden, and they shall

be prepar'd for you. Dear *Charles* bring me off this once, and I'll tell thee all hereafter.

[*Aside to Sir Charles.*

Sir *Cha.* Come, Madam, there's as many Curiosities in the Garden, as in the Gallery; let him set his Things in Order, ha, ha! [*Slyly.*

*Luc.* Make haste then, for my Uncle will stay Dinner.

[*Going.*

*Enter Toylet mask'd, running to Lucinda.*

*Toy.* Madam, there's a Chair—I was stop'd—

*Luc.* Sweet-heart, I want no Chair, my Coach is here.

*Toy.* Oh wretched! What have I done now? [*Amaz'd.*

*Bel.* Ah! the Devil wou'd not let me 'scape—thus—  
[*Aside confounded.*

*Luc.* So, I apprehend the Disorder of your Rooms now, Sir—

Sir *Cha.* Ha! sure 'is *Toylet's* Voice—then she within shou'd be *Isabella*—if I must marry her my Honour is concern'd, and I shall have occasion for my Sword in earnest—I'll to her House this Moment, ere I upbraid him.

[*Exit.*



*Luc.* Perfidious Man—to use such Artifices to me.

*Bel.* I confess it has a Face against me, but give me leave,  
and I will tell you the whole Story—

*Isab.* Say you so, but I'll prevent that—

[Isabella *peeping*.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Luc.* No, Sir, you need not, herself will do it.

*Bel.* Gad, with all my Heart—[*Walking about in a Passion.*]  
Let her tell the plain Truth—How came you here, Madam?

*Isab.* How came I here, why was it not your own  
Appointment? Are you false? Did you not come with Haste  
and Rapture, and tell me what Excuses you had made—to get  
an Hour the happiest of your Life?

*Bel.* 'Sdeath and Hell! What's the meaning of this? Did you  
not tell me, Madam—

*Luc.* Go, you are base, what Confusion you are in? Pray,  
Madam, what was your Business here?

*Isab.* My Business, Madam, the same with yours I suppose;  
if I had not lov'd him, I had not come hither; and if you had not  
been jealous you had not followed us—My Chair waits—and  
so farewell, your Servant.

[Exit.

*Luc.* Distraction! Affronted too—very well, Sir.

[Walking about.

*Bel.* Upon my Faith, Madam, 'tis all a Trick—they are two Devils; was ever Man thus abused? *Robin*, run, force them back—I'll unmask them before your Face, and make them confess their damn'd Design. [*Passionately.*

*Rob.* Yes, yes, I'll bring them back with a Vengeance; put their Shams upon Gentlemen!

[Exit Robin.

*Bel.* Madam, hear me but speak—

*Luc.* No! nor ever see thee more—for now I am convinc'd there is not one of all thy cursed flattering Race—that is not perjur'd in his turn.

*Bel.* By all the burning Passion in my Breast, which I feel your Anger blow yet higher, these Women came—

*Luc.* No matter why nor whence they came—since I have seen them here—Our Conversation ends, approach me not; for by all the torturing Pangs of jealous Love—for I do find it Love, had I a Dagger I'd fix it in thy Heart or mine, sooner than think of being reconcil'd.

[Exit.

*Bel.* 'Tis in vain to follow her. So, I thought by myself, what our Platonicks wou'd come to. But who can this Woman be? She is either set on, or else egad she's another Platonick, that has taken a liking to my Person too.

*Enter Robin.*

Well Sirrah, where are they? what said they? what were they?

*Rob.* Devils, Sir, Devils! I believe they vanish'd—for I cou'd not find them—

*Bel.* Sirrah, you look as if you ly'd.

*Rob.* Faith, and so I do; I got a Guinea to hold my Tongue.  
[*Aside.*

*Bel.* Rascal! tell me who they are. [*Takes him by the Shoulder.*

*Rob.* Upon my Faith, Sir, I don't know; but to confess the Truth, Sir, the Maid pull'd her Mask off, she was very pretty—and said she was in love with me; and her Lady was a great Fortune, and desperately taken with you, Sir: So I thought 'twas pity to hurt them, Sir, and let them go—

*Bel.* You did so Villain, have they stole nothing? Find them out again you Dog, or I'll cut your Ears off—I will be justify'd—in love with you, Vermin—I shall have a Surgeon's Bill to pay I suppose before next Campaign; these are common Jilts; Call me a Chair, I'll to *Lucinda's* and use her Uncle's Interest for my Peace—To be thus plagued for nothing, 'twou'd vex a

Stoick—'Sdeath, had it been a real Intrigue, there had been some Consolation in't. I find *Lucinda's* Rage gives me real Pain.

*Ask him who most affects the Rover's Part,  
Caressing every Fair that will be kind,  
If some one Woman reigns not in his Heart;  
And is the sovereign Mistress of his Mind.*

[Exit.



### ACT III.

*Enter Mrs. Dowdy, Mrs. Brazen the Match-maker, Mrs. Wheedle the Milliner, Mrs. Turnup the Mantua-maker, Mrs. Crispit the Tire-Woman, and Peeper her Maid—They all seem talking to her.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* We'l, we'l la you now, la you now; Shour and Shour you'll Gally me.

*Turnup.* Here's your Ladyship's Mantua and Petticoat.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ladyship, why what a main difference is here between this Town and the Country—I was never call'd above Forsooth in all my Life—Mercy on me, why you ha spoil'd my Petticoat mun! zee *Peeper*, she has cut it in a thousand Bits.

*Peep.* Oh, that's the Fashion, these are Furbelows Madam—'tis the prettiest made Coat—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Furbelows, a murrain take 'em, they spoil all the Zilk—good strange, shour *London* Women do nothing but study Vashions, they never mind their Dairy I warrant 'em.

*Turnup.* Ladies have other Employment for their Brain—and our Art lies in hiding the defects of Nature—Furbelows upwards, were devised for those that have no Hips, and two large ones, brought up the full-bottom'd Furbelows.

*Millin.* And a long Neck and a hollow Breast, first made use of the Stinkirk—And here's a delicate one for your Ladyship—I have a Book in my Pocket just come from *France*, intituled, *The Elements of the Toylet*—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Elements, mercy on me! what do they get up into the Sky now?

*Peep.* A learned Author to be sure—let me see that, Mrs. *Wheedle*.

*Millin.* Here, Mrs. *Peeper*, 'tis the second Volume; the first only shews an Alphabetical Index of the most notable Pieces which enter into the Composition of a Commode.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I shall ne'er mind these hard Names; Oh Sirs, *Peeper*, what swinging Cathedral Hedgeer is this?

*Peep.* Oh, modish *French* Night-cloaths; Madam, what's here—all Sorts of Dresses painted to the Life—Ha, ha, ha! Head-

cloaths to shorten the Face—Favourites to raise the Forehead—to heighten flat Cheeks flying Cornets—four Pinner to help narrow Foreheads and long Noses, and very forward, to make the Eyes look languishing.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, that *Peeper*, double it down; Oh, I love languishing.

[*Puts on an awkward Languish.*

*Peep.* Take it and read it at your Leisure, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I shall never ha done shour zeeing all my vine things. [*Tumbling her things over.*] Hy day, what's these two Pieces of Band-Box for?

*Turnup.* 'Tis Pasteboard, Madam, for your Ladyship's Rump.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A Rump, ho, ho, ho! has Cousin *Isbel* a Rump, *Peeper*?

*Peep.* Certainly, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* If Cousin has one, as I hope to be kiss'd—I'll have it, Mrs. *Turnup*.

*Crispit.* Will your Ladyship sit down and let me shape your Eye-brows?

[*She nips her Eye-brows, she flies up and roars out.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ods Flesh, the Devil's in you, I think, what will you tear all the Hair off, a murrain take ye, an this be your shaping.

*Millin.* Be pleased to put on the Addition, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* What does she mean now? To pull my Skin off mehap next; ha, *Peeper*, are these your *London* Vashions?

*Peeper.* No, no, Addition is only Paint, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Paint, Mistress, od I've a good mind to hit you a dows o'th' Chops, zo I have, what de ye take me for a Whore, because I'm come to *London*, ha? Paint quotha.

*Peep.* Fie, fie, Madam, Women of the first Rank think it no Crime to help Nature in the Complexion.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zay you so? Nay, my Skin was ever counted none of the best—well we'll zhut the Door then.

*Millin.* There you are in the wrong again, Madam; our Ladies make no scruple of letting all the World see 'em lay it on—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, in my Conscience and Zoul, they care not what they zhow here—

*Peep.* Madam, your Dancing-Master.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* O lack, get all you into the next Room, and stay for me there.

*Mrs. Braz.* Madam, you promis'd to hear a Word from me about Sir *John Sharper*—

[*Exit. Mrs. Brazen.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zo I will by and by.

*Enter Caper the Dancing-Master.*

*Caper.* Will your Ladyship please to take a Dance?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Pshaw, I hate your One, Two, Three, teach me a *London Dance* mun.

*Caper.* I'll lead you a *Courant*, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, a *Rant*, with all my Heart, I dan't understand the Names, let en be a Dance, and 'tis well enough. [*He leads her about.*] Hy, hy, do you call this Dancing? ads heartlikins, in my Thoughts 'tis plain Walking; I'll shew you one of our Country Dances; play me a Jig.

[*Dances an aukward Jig.*]

*Caper.* Oh dear, Madam, you'll quite spoil your Steps.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Dan't tell me that—I was counted one of the best Dancers in all our Parish, zo I was.

*Peep.* Ay, round a *May-pole*—There are Fellows now in this Town so wretched, that to purchase this Woman's Wealth, wou'd to her Face swear she's an Angel.



[Exit.

*Turnup.* True; but if they had her once, would use her like the Devil—

[*This while the Dancing-Master is setting her Arms and Breast.*

*Enter Peeper.*

*Peep.* Madam, your Singing-Master.

[*Exit Dancing-Mast.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* O la, I can dance no more now.

*Enter Singing-Master, [Preparing his Papers.]*

*Singing-Mast.* Are you ready, Madam?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, mun.

*Singing-Mast.* Fa, la, mi, sol.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Louk you Friend, I can't speak Out-landish, but I intend to learn; I'm to have a Master come.

*Singing-Mast.* This is not Out-landish, Madam, 'tis only the Notes to try your Voice.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, nay, and that be all, I'll zing you a Zong de ye see, and show you my Voice shour.

SONG.

*As I walk'd forth one May Morning,  
I heard a pretty Maid sweetly sing  
As she sat under the Cow a milking,  
Sing I shall be marry'd a Tuesday;  
I mun look smug upon Tuesday.*

*I Prithee Sweet-heart what makes thee to marry,  
Is your Maiden-head grown a Burthen to carry?  
Or are you afraid that you will miscarry?  
I prithee now tarry till Wednesday.*

*I pray good Sir, don't wish me such ill,  
I have kept it these seven Years against my own Will;  
I have made a Vow, and I will it fulfill,  
That I will be married on Tuesday,  
So I mun look smug upon Tuesday.*

*A Tuesday Morn it will be all my Care  
To powder my Locks and to curl up my Hair,  
And two pretty Maids for to wait on me there;  
So I mun look smug upon Tuesday,  
So fine and so smug upon Tuesday.*

*Then two young Men to the Church will me bring,  
Where my Husband will give me a gay Gold Ring,  
But at Night he will give me a far better thing.  
So I mun look smug on Tuesday,*

So fine and so smug on *Tuesday*.

*Peep*. Madam, you'll not be drest in your new Cloaths by that Time Captain *Belvil* comes.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Ods Flesh well thought on, I can learn no more this Morning. [*Exit Singing-Master.*] But *Peeper*, when did he zay he'd come?

*Peep*. In two Hours, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Well, I shall charm him zure—odso, but where's Cousin *Bell* to-day; you must vetch her mun to zee my vine Things, she'll tell me an they be vite or not—

*Peep*. Bless me, Madam, she's gone away to the Bath, in my Lady *Flounce's* Coach this Morning.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. How! gone a hundred Miles and ne'er bid one good-bye.

*Peep*. Oh dear, Madam, *London Ladies* ne'er stand upon Ceremony—Why, Sir *Charles Richley* that is to marry her, knew nothing of it—he was here just now to enquire for her, and was extremely surpriz'd.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Ad she'll make a rare Wife I'll warrant her—and she has such Frolicks—Well, but you say the Captain will come; but an he don't come soon, Mrs. *Brazen* will bring me a Squire, or a Knight, I tell you that.

*Peep*. Oh Madam, *Belvil* is the sweetest, noblest Gentleman;

besides, we should encourage those that defend us.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, for that Matter I dan't mind, I like a Zouldier, but not for that Reason, de ye zee, there's Conveniency in't, for now I have learn'd to be a Gentlewoman, I'll do as the Gentle Volk do, I'll not have another Husband dangling at my Tail, like our *Roger*, that I could ne'er spend a Shilling at a Wake or a Gossiping, but I must be call'd to an Account for't; but methinks he hangs off mainly.

*Peep.* Shall I tell you, he is reckon'd the handsomest Man in Town, all the Ladies are in Love with him; if you don't mind your Hits, you'll lose him. The only Way for a Widow to secure a young Gentleman, is to let him into her Estate; now, Madam, did he once see the Writings I have seen, I'd engage him yours.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* But I dan't know if it be safe or no, for I remember *Roger* wou'd never let me zee 'em in all his Life, but now he's dead—why what care I who zee'n; I'll carry him to my Trunk and shew him all—

*Peep.* Oh Madam, do it decently, I'll fetch out your Trunk, and you shall pretend to be looking over some Mortgage, and ask his Advice in't.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, Wench, that will do, vetch 'em—[*Exit Peeper.*] Well, I long till I am dizned, zo I do—come, come.

*Re-enter Peeper with the Trunk.*

Zetten down, and let me put on my vine Rigging, Wench,

Hark! zomebody knocks—

*Peep.* Odso Mr. *Belvil's* here—he's come sooner than he promis'd, which shews the greater Passion.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A murrain take these People, they staid chattering so long, or I might have been dress'd now; hold away.

*[Runs to the Trunk and takes up the Papers.]*

*Enter Belvil.*

*Peep.* I have kept my Word, Sir, there are the Papers display'd. *[Aside to Belvil.]*

*Bel.* Honest *Peeper*—now to keep my Word with this old Gentleman, who has once more reconcil'd me to his Neice—Ha! Widow, how dost thou do Widow?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Do you understand Law, Captain?

*Bel.* No Faith, the Sword's my Profession, yet there are some Cases I understand; pray what is yours, Widow?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Louk ye, I can't read these Lawyers crampt Hand de zee, and I'd pray you look 'em over a little, they may be your own another Day.

*Bel.* A long Day first, if thou art an Incumbent upon it—with all my Heart; this industrious Wench has wrought her to my Purpose. *[Aside.] [Sits down.]* Let me see. *[Reads.]* An

Account of the Estate of um, um—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Did not I do it right now?

*Peep.* Oh, excellent, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, let me alone for Trivance, and siche—

*Bel.* A Deed of Trust for *James Beaumont* Esquire, Ha, the very Writing Sir *Thomas* mention'd—this must along with me—[*Puts it up.*] Why, you are a Fortune for a Lord, Widow.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nay, nay, dan't joak—I have something to trust to you zee, Captain; you shall have warm Winter Quarters, Captain; Ho, ho—

*Bel.* Well said, Widow, I'll kiss thee for that I'faith.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Pshaw, zee now how you all white a body, but your Breath is zo zweet—

*Bel.* I wish I cou'd say the same by yours. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od in my Mind a smells like a Nosegay—pray, Captain, let me smell it again.

*Bel.* With all my Heart. [*Kisses her again.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I like him mainly; wou'd it was over once, that I might have'n all to myself. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* Oh, the monster grows so loving, that if *Robin* comes

not to my Rescue, as I ordered him, I shall be smother'd.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zhour, and zhour, you have bewitch'd me, Captain; I'm all in a trembling Fit, and my Flesh glows like an Oven, zo it does.

*Peep.* Oh, her Condition is easily to be guess'd; I have been in such a Twitter myself before now.

*Enter Robin hastily.*

*Rob.* Sir, Sir! the General stays in his Coach to speak with you.

*Bel.* My dear Widow I must beg your Pardon at this Time.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* But when will you come again, Captain? they zay 'tis very unlucky to be long a wooing. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* I'll speak to the Man in black this Evening Widow, and then—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, ay, I know what's to be done then as well as e'er a Londoner of 'em all. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* [to *Peeper.*] Hark ye, I don't think her rich enough, manage your Affairs with Sir *John Sharper*, do you hear! But there's thy Fee—

[*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I shall carry a handzomer Man into

*Zomersetshire* than the High-Sheriff of the County; Come, *Peeper*, come in and let me dress, for zhour if I had had all this vine Gear on, a would ha married me now—

[*Exit.*

*Peep.* As much as ever—

[*Exit.*

SCENE *the outside of Lucinda's House.*

*Enter Isabella dress'd like a Country-maid with Toylet.*

*Toy.* A tight Country Lass, hang me, Madam, if I shou'd know you.

*Isab.* I wou'd not have you, I ought to be disguis'd for my Purpose.

*Toy.* But, Madam, do you think *Lucinda* does not know her Tenant's Daughter that is coming up to *London*, which you are to personate?

*Isab.* No, no, she never saw her; her Taylor has inform'd me of every Circumstance; him I have brib'd to my Interest; here he comes, get you gone, you have *Belvil's* Key, be ready for all my Orders; act as I directed, and preserve your Acquaintance with *Robin*.



Toy. Fear me not—

[*Exit.*

*Isab.* Well, Mr. *Shread*, do you think you can manage this Affair?

*Shread.* Manage it, Madam! What is it I can't do for this Purse! Why, Madam, I can work Miracles! I can steal as much out of a Pair of Breeches as will make a Coat; and for telling a Lye with an honest Face, let little *Shread* alone.

*Isab.* I have been so much with my Cousin *Dowdy* since she came to Town, I warrant I hit the Country Dialect—Come, knock at the Door. [*He knocks.*

*Enter Footman.*

*Shread.* Sir, pray let your Lady know here's a young Country-maid, Farmer *Rentland's* Daughter, come to wait on her.

*Foot.* Come in and I'll acquaint my Lady—

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Isabella and Shread as into the House.*

*Isab.* She's coming, and *Belvil's* here, I see his Footman: now if I'm but receiv'd I shall be a Spy upon their Actions, watch all their Turns, and break their Measures.

*Enter Lucinda.*

*Luc.* How de do Mr. *Shread*—is this the Daughter of Farmer *Rentland*, that he writ to me about?

*Isab.* Yes, and please you forsooth, Madam, and I have another Letter from Vather in my Pouch—

*[Looking for a Letter.]*

*Shread.* Madam, the Girl is a little clownish, her Father's my Cousin, he writ to me to meet her at the Carrier's and bring her to your Ladyship.

*Luc.* Very well, your Father's an honest Man, he desires me to let you be in my House till he comes up to Town in order to put you to the Change—you are welcome—she is very pretty. Sweet-heart don't you wonder at this fine City?

*Isab.* I kno'nt how vine 'tis yet, for one can zee nought for Crowd; I suppose 'tis Vair Time, there's zuch—thrusting and squeezing.

*Shread.* She appears rough to your Ladyship, but the Girl has good-natural Parts, and apt to learn—

*Luc.* I like her Plainness, leave her with me, I'll take great Care of her.

*Shread.* Yes, Madam; good-bye Cousin.

*Isab.* Good-bye—you'll bring my Bundle and my Box—be

sure you wait without for my farther Orders. [*Aside.*

*Shread.* I will—your Servant. Madam.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* What's your Name, fair Madam.

*Isab.* *Dorothy*, and please you.

*Luc.* And do you think you shall be contented to stay with me till your Father comes to Town, Mrs. *Dorothy*!

*Isab.* Contented forsooth! od zhour, and zhour, I ne'er saw nought zo handsome in all the Days of my Breath. Zhour I cou'd look at you all Day.

*Luc.* Does the Country teach Flattery too?

*Enter Belvil.*

*Bel.* Madam, where are you? we shall be too late for the Show.

*Isab.* Zhow! Oh dear forsooth take me with you to zee the Zhow—How my Heart beats! [*Aside.*

*Bel.* What pretty Country Girl is this?

*Luc.* One of my Tenant's Daughters; we'll take her with us to your Lodgings.

*Isab.* To his Ladgings, mum—now a Dispatch to *Toylet*. I'll

fit you there. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* With all my heart, there's Innocence and Beauty in her Face; if you please to get ready, Madam, I have only two Words to dispatch with your Uncle, and I'll attend you.

*Luc.* Here he comes, Sir—we'll leave you; Come. Mrs. *Dorothy.*

*Isab.* Yes, forsooth—

*Thus conceal'd, if none my Plot discover,  
This Country Girl may cheat you of your Lover.*

[Exit.]

*Enter Sir Thomas.*

*Bel.* Ha, Sir *Thomas*, what wou'd you reward the Man with, that shou'd bring you the Writings you desir'd? ha, Friend?

*Sir Tho.* Say'st thou, my Boy! I wou'd give him, let me see, what wou'd I give him—I wou'd give him as much as I have given to the Lawyers to no Purpose, which is full fifteen hundred Pounds. But hast thou got 'em my Hero?

*Bel.* Fifteen hundred Pounds, pish; will you give me your Niece?

*Sir Tho.* Fie, fie, fie, a Wife! Why the Devil should a young Fellow's Head run of Marriage?

*Bel.* Because a young fellow is very much in Love.

*Sir Tho.* Why, love her, Boy, I wou'd have thee love her, but prithee talk no more of Marriage—but let me see the Writings.

*Bel.* Love! Why, what does he mean?—he wou'd not have me lie with her sure—See 'em! why here they are—but I must know what Right you have to these Papers, *Sir Thomas*, ere I part with them, for I wou'd not be guilty of a base Action; besides, the Widow and the whole Estate is at my Service—I can marry her.

*Sir Tho.* I had rather see thee hang'd—I'll give you my Honour that nothing shall redound to your Disgrace in this Affair. Surely you may take my Word, young Man.

*Bel.* It never shall be scrupled by me; there, take 'em.

*Sir Tho.* Most joyfully: Ay, these are they, let me embrace thee, my Boy, for this good Service—But hark ye, don't you marry that ill-manner'd Jug, the Relict of a cheating old Rogue, that has not left a Foot of Estate but what he deserv'd to be hang'd for.

*Bel.* In my Conscience, this old Fellow wou'd have me marry nobody; what a Devil does he pretend to? Egad, I wish he does not lay Claim to me for his Son at last.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

Ha! *Sir Charles*, what say'st thou, wou'd not Matrimony agree with thee, if thou lik'd the Woman?

Sir *Cha*. Or with any Man certainly.

Sir *Tho*. Why don't you marry then, Sir *Charles*?

Sir *Cha*. Because I can't get the Woman I like, Sir *Thomas*, and she that I'm destin'd for, neither likes me, nor I her; and to shew the true Nature of a Wife before she wears the Title, she's gone to the *Bath* this Morning without taking Leave.

Sir *Tho*. Nay, if she has such an early Inclination to the *Bath*, thank thy Stars thou art not marry'd Boy, for the *Bath* is a pregnant Place; I know a Virgin that went there to be cur'd of the Green-sickness, and came back with a Tympany, ha, ha, ha!

*Bel*. Why, hark ye, Sir *Charles*, how will you keep your Word then? no Pretensions to *Lucinda*, since you can't produce your Mistress.

Sir *Tho*. How's that? how's that? hast thou a mind to my Niece, Knight? she's a witty Baggage, I tell you that, and a weighty one too, twenty thousand Pounds besides my Blessing; court her, win her, and wear her.

*Bel*. The Devil, what, because he has a Title?

Sir *Tho*. And a good Estate, *Belvil*, put in that.

*Bel*. Sink the Estate, the Brave despise it.

Sir *Tho*. Yet the Bold fight for't.

*Bel.* No, 'tis for Honour we hazard Life, and Ease, to preserve ungrateful Men like you; in what does he merit *Lucinda* more than I—nor shall he dare to think of her while I wear this.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*]

*Sir Cha.* How, not dare! such Language, Sir, I shall not take, tho' from a Friend.

*Bel.* Nor a Friend shan't take a Mistress from me, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Mettled Lads i'faith—A Mistress, Sir! pray what Hopes have you had relating to that Affair?

*Bel.* Hopes, Sir, did you not give me leave to love her?

*Sir Tho.* But as I take it, that was not leave to marry her.

*Bel.* Did you not take Pains to reconcile us to-day?

*Sir Tho.* True, because I thought her in the Wrong.

*Bel.* And have you not promis'd she shall come to my Lodging to see the Ambassador go by? Do you make any Scruple of letting her be seen in my Company?

*Sir Tho.* No, for I don't think thee scandalous, and she shall come to thy Lodgings, and I'll come with her; yet this is nothing to the Purpose—Thou art a pretty Fellow faith—but a little too impudent to expect twenty thousand Pounds, with nothing but a red Coat and a Commission.

*Bel.* Is this your Probity? I shall begin to suspect every thing; I find why you extorted the Promise from me, never to marry her without your Consent.

*Sir Tho.* You shall have no Cause to blame me: I am, and will be thy Friend—*Sir Charles*, you are out of Humour, never mind the young Warrior; by *Mars* the God of War, thou hast my Consent; address her, Man.

*Bel.* So has all the Creation, I think—What a Pox does this old Fellow aim at!—

*Sir Cha.* I am not to be deter'd by his Threats; but 'tis *Lucinda* must decide this.

*Bel.* No, even if she consent, you shall dispute the Prize with me.

*Sir Cha.* Let it come to that, ye Fates, and see how gladly I wou'd meet thee.

*Bel.* If you are so hot, let us dispatch it now.

[*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*]

*Sir Cha.* With all my Heart—

*Sir Tho.* Hold, hold, I'll have no Fighting this Day, to-morrow as you please.

*Bel.* Well then, to-day we have done.



Sir *Cha.* I am always to be found; Farewel—

[*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* Come, put off your ill Humour, and let's go see the Show, Boy—

*Bel.* Egad, this is a strange unaccountable old Gentleman.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT IV.

*Enter Mrs. Dowdy drest extravagantly in French Night-Cloaths and Furbelows, with Peeper.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* La yee now, la yee now, stand away from the Glass, will you, loke, loke, I shall ne'er adone staring at my zelf, I'm zhour I'm viner than any of our Volk in *Taunton*; good Sirs, if old *Roger Dowdy*, were alive, and seen me thisen, he wou'd zwear I was going to fly away.

*Peep.* Ah, Madam, he understood no better—I think you look as well as any Lady at Court.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Nea, nea, I always thought I should look like other Volk an I was clad as vinely, and zo I us'd to tell *Roger*;

well, and do I zeem zo vitty, *Peeper*, don't thik Band-box thrust out ones Tail rarely? Od one one might carry a Grist to Mill on't, as well as on a Pack-jadde; ho, ho, ho!

*Peep*. You are exact from Head to Foot.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Ay, an't I mun, zee my Shoes; [*Pulls up her Coat a little.*] But these zilken Hose are woundy cold; han't I got too many Beauty-spots on; in my Mind now my Vace louks just like a Plumb-cake var all the World—Zhour I shall ne'er like thik Head-gear, one must always louk vore-right, vor the Duce a bit one can zee of either Zide—Faugh, I hate this red Stuff upon my Lips, I can't vorbear licking 'em, and it may be Poison for ought I know.

*Enter Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* Good-morrow to your Ladyship; bless me, sure I'm mistaken, 'tis not the same!

*Mrs. Dowdy*. The very zame *Mrs. Brazen*; but am I zo chang'd indeed now?

*Mrs. Braz.* Chang'd! why you are a Cherubim.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. 'Parel Sheaps you know.

*Mrs. Braz.* Why you'll kill Sir *John* at first Sight, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy*. Oh dear, I hope not.

*Mrs. Braz.* He waits without, poor Gentleman, but little

knows the Danger he is in—Shall I admit him, Madam?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why really now, *Mrs. Brazen*, I am zorry the Person of Quality shou'd lose his Labour, but I can't help it—He shou'd ha com'd zooner, de yee zee, for I'm engag'd.

*Mrs. Braz.* How, Madam, you han't serv'd me so I hope!—Make a Fool of a Gentleman of his Fortune, that keeps his Coach, and four Footmen, besides a Valet-de-Chambre, it's a Shame—He cou'd have made you a Lady, Modam—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* His own Coach, and a Lady, zay yee; nay, nay, don't be in a Passion—Od I shou'd like a Coach, and Ladyship hugely—Shall I zee him, *Peeper*?

*Peep.* By all means see him, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay, but won't the Captain think me valse hearted then?

*Peep.* False hearted, Madam! Why Ladies here are distinguish'd by the number of their humble Servants—

*Mrs. Braz.* And scarce know two Hours before they marry which to chuse—There was my Lady *Waver* had three Gentlemen fancied her Wedding-cloaths, and then threw Dies which of the three shou'd have her—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ha, ha, ha! by the Mass that's very pretty; why let him come then—But do you really think the Captain won't break his Heart?

*Peep.* Oh, no, no, you need not fear that, perhaps he has two or three Mistresses.

*Mrs. Braz.* My dear Lady, I'll fetch him this Minute—

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zay you zo? nay an it be the Vashion, I'm resolv'd to have as many Zweet-hearts as I can get—Here, put up my Ban-Box, zet my vorettop, and brush my Gown and make me vity—

*Peep.* So, so, you are exact now, Madam.

*Enter Mrs. Brazen, and Sharper.*

*Mrs. Braz.* There's the Lady, Sir *John*.

*Sharp.* You need not tell me which is she, such Beauty is remarkable, her Eyes cast a Lustre, bright as the Meridian Sun, which dazzles all Beholders.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Mercy on me, what high Speaking is this?—Zo I suppose they talk at Court—Oh dear Sir, you Gentlemen are zo vull of your Jears, that we Country Volk don't know what to zay to you.

*Sharp.* What a Shape is there!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* That's my Ban-Box— [*Aside.*

*Sharp.* What a Complexion!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* That's my Paint—Vor they zay my Complexion was but zo zo. [*Aside.*

*Sharp.* What Ruby Lips!

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I'm glad to hear that—I was afraid I had licked it all off. [*Aside.*

*Peep.* I swear he is a well bred Gentleman.

*Mrs. Braz.* A Courtier every Inch of him.

*Sharp.* Oh *Mrs. Brazen*, if you have brought me to the Sight of all these Charms, and she shou'd prove inexorable.

*Mrs. Braz.* Goodness forbid.

*Sharp.* Oh I'm a dead Man, *Mrs. Brazen*—No Compassion, Madam, for a poor dying Lover—

*Mrs. Braz.* Speak Comfort to him, Madam, he is just ready to swoon.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why, what can I zay, *Mrs. Brazen*?—Will the Gentleman drink a little Cherry-Brandy?

*Mrs. Braz.* Brandy, Madam, ads heart, is that a Cordial for a dying Lover—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Why 'tis my Cordial when I'm not well, *Mrs. Brazen.*

*Mrs. Braz.* A Word, a Look, a Smile revives him.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Good Sirs, is it possible you can be zo zmitten, Sir?

*Sharp.* It is the first Wound I e'er received, tho' I have given thousands, and met my Enemies in Clouds of Smoak, and Sheets of Fire, and with this good Sword have made my Way.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ah dan't draw it good Sir—He is a brave Souldier I warrant him.

*Peep.* I protest, Madam, I begin to pity him—You can never let such a great Man die.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Ay but then the Captain will die, what shall I do?

*Mrs. Braz.* Do, Madam? let's go into your Closet, and taste some of your Cherry-Brandy; oh dear, oh dear—I am very faint, take her by the Hand, Sir *John*.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Indeed I can't, for to tell you the Truth, I am promis'd—

*Sharp.* Promis'd! I'll hunt the World but I will find my Rival out, rip up his Breast, and upon my Sword's Point send you the Heart you doat on.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Oh hold you, hold you, good Sir *John*—What zhall I do to prevent Murder?

*Mrs. Braz.* Give him your Hand, and take him into your Closet, I Say, there we'll appease him I warrant you.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, well, come into the Closet then? mercy on me, I was never zo lov'd before zhour.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Braz.* Now for my thousand Pounds—

[*Exit.*

*Peep.* Pretty well for the first Time; now to try how generous he'll be to me—If you don't disburse, Sir *John*, for all your go-between, I'll sooner match my Mistress to your Valet, I promise you that.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE Belvil's Lodgings.

*Enter* Belvil, Sir Thomas, Lucinda, Isabella and Robin.

Sir *Tho.* Well, and what hast thou got to treat us, Boy? ha!

*Bel.* You shall have what you will, Sir *Thomas*, this Lady shall name.

*Luc.* Uncle, you retain the old Country Custom, all for eating and drinking; I am for the Show.

Sir *Tho.* But what says my little *Somersetshire* Lass, I warrant a Cheesecake wou'd go down with you now.

*Isab.* No I thank you, Zir, my Belly's full evads, my thinks this is a huge vine House.

Sir *Tho.* And in troth thou art huge pretty; are all the Farmers Daughters in *Somesetshire* thus handsome?

*Isab.* Yes indeed, and handsomer too.

Sir *Tho.* Niece, I'll gather your Rents next Year in that Country myself—I will.

*Luc.* So, Mrs. *Dorothy*, I think you have made a Conquest here.

*Isab.* I don't know what you mean, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* I'faith this is a pretty Rogue.

*Luc.* But this Room does not look upon the *Pall-Mall*.

*Bel.* No, Madam, but the next does; open the Door, Robin.

*Rob.* [*Aside to him.*] I never saw the Key since the strange Women were here.

*Luc.* What, whispering again!

*Bel.* You careless Rascal, here, take my Key.

*Rob.* The Devil, the Devil—



[Robin goes to open the Door, flies back, and cries out

*Enter Toylet richly drest, and mask'd.*

*Toy.* Inhuman Monster, must I be expos'd—

*Luc.* Expos'd! 'tis I am expos'd; Confusion, another Woman.

*Sir Tho.* How, how's this, *Belvil*?—What, forgot to let your Mistress out this Morning? ha!

*Bel.* My Mistress! s'death, Hell and Furies—

*Luc.* Do not counterfeit Surprise; this is a palpable Abuse.

*Sir Tho.* Why truly Niece it does appear a sort of an Abuse as a Man may say; but let's hear what Defence he can make—

*Bel.* Defence!—I hope it needs none; what End cou'd I have in this?—I'm sure it looks more like a Trick upon me.

*Luc.* What mean you, Sir, do you suspect I'd give myself the Trouble to put a Trick upon you—Oh audacious!

*Sir Tho.* Hold, hold, no hard Words before we know for what!

*Isab.* [*Going up to Toylet.*] Get you off, get you off.

*Rob.* Nay, nay, egad I'll see whether you be Flesh or Blood, Spirit, or the Devil. [*Stops her.*

*Toy.* Ah, if this Fool persists we are discover'd—I must shew

him my Face—You know not what you do, 'tis I.

*Rob.* I! and how came I hither?

*Toy.* I long'd to see you, and that I might charm you the more, I drest myself in my Mistress's Cloaths, and came in hopes to meet you alone; being caught, I was forc'd to say any thing; let me go, or we shall never meet again.

*Rob.* Get you gone, if my Master finds it out, my Bones will pay for it.

[*Exit Toylet.*

*Luc.* Absurdity! It has indeed a Face of Truth to have People haunt your Lodgings that you know nothing of.

*Isab.* Nay, now I zee 'tis true what we Country Volk zay, that the *London Men* are all as valse as the Devil.

*Bel.* What, gone again—Rascal, which Way went she? Why did not you stop the Fiend, for 'twas a Fiend I am sure.

*Rob.* If you think so, Sir, why should you be angry? For who cou'd stop the Devil?

*Bel.* I'll make you fetch the Devil, Sirrah, if she be gone. [*Looking about.*

*Rob.* I'll try, Sir. [*Going.*

*Isab.* Nay, nay, that's sending the Devil after his Dam, as we

zay in *Zomesetshire*; my poor Judgment tells me, he's no vit  
Person to zend after her zhour.

*Luc.* Right, his Man doubtless is in the Secret—Even this  
Innocent can find out your Deceit.

*Bel.* Deceit! Stay here, Dog.

*Rob.* With all my Heart.

*Bel.* Madam, send who you please—'sdeath! [*Stamps, and  
seems to persuade Luc.*

*Isab.* Let me go forsooth, I'm zhour I know her Gown agen—  
I minded her when she sliv'd off.

*Sir Tho.* Ay, ay, let little Rosy Cheek go—Why what a  
Bustle there is about Gipsy—But thoul't not find the Way back  
my Girl.

*Isab.* Oh never vear me, I've an English Tongue in my Head  
—I've vound the Way over Heaths, Copses, and Commons  
you'd be maz'd in.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Your Words are vain, back to the Nations you have  
been bred in, where Women are so coming to your Wishes,  
there needs no Truth nor Constancy.

*Bel.* Truth—I think Truth's my Foe, for I never made so  
much Use of her to so little Purpose in my Life. I believe you

wish'd a Quarrel, and wanted only Opportunity, else what I have said wou'd have convinc'd you.

*Luc.* Believe so still, and see my Face no more.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Tho.* Why, Niece, Niece, won't you stay for little *Somersetshire*—She's gone—Look ye now, did not I tell you Matrimony wou'd not agree with you, yet you wou'd marry I warrant—Take my Word for't, you are not made for one another.

*Bel.* I wish we had never seen one another.

[*Walking about disordered.*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* I ha vound her ifaith.

*Bel.* Ha, and who is she?

*Isab.* A very vine Lady I assure you that, but where's Mistress? var I shan't tell you what zhe zaid to me.

*Sir Tho.* Oh she's gone stark mad, Child—Prithee tell us reasonable Folks—

*Bel.* Said! why didst thou speak to her?

*Isab.* Yes marry did I, and she got into a huge vine Coach, zo

zhe did, and call'd me into her, and pull'd off her Vizard, and zhow'd me the vinest Vace that ever I zaw; zhour and zhour, 'twas as bright as the Zun, she zaid she was in Love with you to distraction, mun, and vow'd she wou'd have you whatzomever it cost her.

*Rob.* What a confounded Lye has this Country Toad told? And egad I dare not contradict her. [*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Why, hark ye, *Belvil*, don't your Chops water at the Story, ha? My Hero! adod thou wert wrapt up in thy Mother's—Faith thou wert I faith Boy—

*Bel.* Pshaw, she does not know a Woman of Condition from an Orange Wench—Some tawdry Drab in a Hackney-Coach.

*Rob.* He makes very bold with my Mistress truly. [*Aside.*

*Isab.* Nay, this was no Stage Coach, I'm zhour, it was as rich and as full of Tossels, as Squire *Pensilly's* last *Exeter Zize*.

*Sir Tho.* What, not warm yet? Why, it may be a Dutchess for ought yon know—

*Bel.* The Devil—*Sir Thomas*, either reconcile me once more to your Niece, or by *Jove* I'll discover the grand Secret, and set the Widow upon your Back.

*Sir Tho.* Here's a Dog now; in my Conscience, I believe you'd make a good Statesman—Sirrah, what the Action you do in the Morning, will you be such a Rogue to peach in the Afternoon?

*Isab.* I'm out at all this—Sure he was born without Curiosity—or is grown constant to torment me. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, zhant we go home to my Lady? Mahap zhee may be zick she's vext zo.

*Bel.* And, pretty Creature, won't you speak for me?

*Isab.* No by my Troth shan't I, I believe you are valse, zo I do.

*Sir Tho.* Come along *Dolly*. [*Takes her by the Arm.*] Ah such an Eye, an such a—Come along *Dolly*—Let me see you in the Evenings, de you hear, *Belvil*, and if the Lady comes again with Squire *Pensilly's* Coach, strike her Boy, strike her.

[*Exit.*

*Isab.* Your Zervant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* What will be the Event of this?—What Woman cou'd this be?

*Rob.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bel.* Why do you sneer, Sirrah?

*Rob.* Ah Sir, I wou'd tell you, if I durst—

*Bel.* What is't you wou'd tell me? Out with it.

*Rob.* Ay, but will you forgive me, Sir?

*Bel.* If thou can'st explain this Riddle, I will.

*Rob.* Why then, Sir, all that this Country Wench has told you, is a notorious Lye.

*Bel.* How do you know that?

*Rob.* Because, Sir, the Woman that was here is a Mistress of mine, who lodges at the next Door.

*Bel.* A Mistress of yours, Sirrah, in that Garb!—What was her Business, and how do you know it?

*Rob.* Sir, she shew'd me her Face, and told me she came to see me; the Cloaths she said were her Lady's; I suppose she had a Mind to captivate me; 'tis the very Maid to that very Lady that you left in your Lodgings to-day, Sir; and she told me too by the by, Sir, that her Mistress is no more marry'd than you are.

*Bel.* There must be something in this more than I can find out—Egad, I'll endeavour to see her at least—Hark ye, Sirrah, fetch me this Woman instantly.

*Rob.* Od so, yonder she goes—

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* They may talk what they will of *Spain*, but for my Part, I think the *English* Women can manage an Intrigue with the best

of them.

*Enter Robin and Toylet.*

*Rob.* Here she is, Sir, trembling ripe; answer for yourself now.

*Bel.* Pray, tell me, Mistress, why is my Lodgings your Rendezvous, and what do you design by those Appearances?

*Toy.* Dissembling Varlet, to betray me to thy Master—Look ye, Sir, since I'm caught, the Truth shall out; for my Part I only obeyed the Commands of my Lady, as we Servants must, you know.

*Bel.* Very good, but prithee, who is your Lady, Child?

*Rob.* Ay, there's the Query—

*Toy.* It's my Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore*, a great Heiress, and very beautiful; but I can't help saying, I think her a little mad to run after you, when there's fifty dying for her.

*Bel.* Humph!—And is she so very handsome dost thou say?

*Toy.* A reigning Toast—admir'd even by her own Sex, and then you must allow she's handsome indeed—

*Rob.* Now I question if it would not puzzle *Partridge* the Almanack Maker, to find out whether this Wench lyes ar not?

*Bel.* And where does this beautiful Lady of thine live, ha?



*Toy.* In *Golden-Square*, the third House of the Right-Hand.

*Rob.* There I have trapt you Gentlewoman, don't you lodge at next Door.

*Toy.* Yes, what then? Can't my Lady lodge me at any Door that she pleases, when 'tis a-propo.

*Bel.* This is a whimsical Tale; however I resolve to see the End of it; name your Time when I may see this fair Incognita; I'm not obdurate faith, she shan't die, assure her that.

*Rob.* If she does he must have chang'd his Nature with the Country.

*Toy.* A Messenger in the Evening shall bring you to the House.

*Bel.* I'll expect it; 'tis in vain for me to think of Constancy, the Devil is sure to throw something in my Way, to hinder my pious Resolutions.

*Rob.* I'm of your Mind, Sir, and for my Part I have not found this singular Passion turn to any Account with me; since you begun, therefore, Sir, if you'd take my advice, e'en arm yourself with a Bottle of Burgundy, that you may attack your new Mistress with the better Courage.

*Bel.* But Pox! I find *Lucinda* still sticks here—

[*Pointing at his Heart.*

*Rob.* Nothing like a Glass to wash her away, Sir.

*Bel.* It shall be so—

I'll sing, and drink, and drown her in Champaign,  
Then warm'd with Wine, I'll break the slavish Chain,  
And she shall sue to conquer me again—

*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lucinda's House.

*Enter* Lucinda and Betty.

*Luc.* Good Heavens, who wou'd wish to be a Woman?  
Nature's unerring Laws are still the same as when she form'd  
the Order of the World—But Custom has debauch'd her Rules,  
and given Tyrant Men Pretence to glory in their Falshood—  
What Libertine e'er lost a Friend for being so; Nor stands he  
less in fame for perjur'd Vows, that has betray'd a thousand  
trusting Maids, whilst we for every trifling Fault condemn'd,  
become the Subject of licentious Tongues, yet sure our Crimes  
are register'd alike in the great impartial Book above—

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Madam, Sir *Charles Richley* to wait on you.

*Luc.* Bring him up— [*Exit Foot.*] tho' I'm in no Humour to  
entertain—

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* Do I not invade your Privacy, Madam? There seems a Melancholy settled on your Brow.

*Luc.* I confess, *Sir Charles*, I'm under some Disorder. [*Sighing.*

*Sir Cha.* Happy the Man for whom those Sighs are paid, as I am wretched in Despair.

*Luc.* Ha!

*Sir Cha.* Oh, *Belvil*, unworthy of such Love or Beauty.

*Luc.* Fam'd you not *Belvil*, Sir? What of him?

*Sir Cha.* I did—May not a Wretch that's raving in a Fever express his eager wishes for the Bowl, which he sees his healthful Friend pass by untasted.

*Luc.* I understand you not.

*Sir Cha.* Why shou'd I conceal the burning Pain, when perhaps another Opportunity may never offer—I love you, Madam, not with a loose unguarded Flame, but all the Faculties of my Soul are center'd in you.

*Luc.* How—Wou'd you supplant your Friend? Is this like a Man of Honour?

*Sir Cha.* Oh I had died in Silence, had not he, the happy he

provok'd me; he threaten'd me like a Boy, he threaten'd me, if I presum'd to own my Passion—

*Luc.* Then 'tis me he loves above the rest; alas! how apt are we to flatter our Disease. [*Aside.*] And cou'd you hope, that I shou'd listen to an ungrateful Man?

*Sir Cha.* Alas! too much you do—and since when next *Belvil* and I meet—Fate only knows the Consequence—Let me beg this Favour, tho' I confess 'tis Boldness, to ask if you design *Belvil* for your Husband?

*Luc.* You take indeed a Liberty beyond which I expected from you; but I'll not disguise the Truth, of all Men living, *Belvil* made the first Impression in my Heart, and cou'd he clear himself of this late Accident, I think I shou'd prefer him.

*Sir Char.* Now who's ungrateful, he or I? Had I such Hopes, what Crowns shou'd bribe me to forswear the Marriage? [*Half aside.*]

*Luc.* How's that? Take heed how you traduce him; am I so cheap, that he shou'd Swear he wou'd not wed me! Confusion! 'tis false, and were he here, you durst not for your Soul affirm it.

*Sir Cha.* Yes, since you have heard me, if a thousand Points were levell'd at my Breast, I wou'd maintain it, and in the Face of Death proclaim he said, he had Sworn never to marry you.

*Luc.* Sworn! oh Impudence! Oh Weakness in myself to listen to an unknown Villain; his mercenary Soul ne'er harbour'd

generous Thoughts: he shou'd have been with Gold rewarded for the Business of his Sword, and the Defence he made against Midnight Robbers paid with Money, not a Heart. What, did his base degenerate Soul hope I shou'd yield to loose Desires? And durst he make his Friend his Confidant? Distraction! The bare Idea warms me to Revenge, and turns me all to Fury.

Sir *Cha.* What have I said? Oh let me, Madam, tho' against myself, attest, that in all our Conversation from our first Acquaintance, I never knew him swear from Honour, whate'er his Reasons were to swear it—

*Luc.* Revoke not what thou hast said, but, hence begone, and leave me to myself; for Tygers, Wolves, and Serpents are less hurtful than thy barbarous Kind.

Sir *Cha.* Your Commands do like the Hand of Fate forbid my Stay—But oh! remember 'tis the faithfulest of your Slaves obeys you.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* So, Sir *Charles* is gone—His *Exit* is my Cue, may his Love succeed I say—I'll keep it as forward as I can—What an Air she gives herself—The very bare Imagination of slighted Love is the Devil I find—Oh vorsooth an't you well? will you pleasen that I shall get you zomewhat—

*Luc.* Alas, poor Innocence, 'tis not in thy Power to assuage

the Torment of my Mind—Didst thou e'er meet with an ungrateful Swain?

*Isab.* No, no, they are all true in our Country, I heard of but one valse, and he had been at *London*—But you don't ask me about the toping Lady I vollow'd from the vine Gentleman's Lodgings.

*Luc.* I had forgot, didst thou see her—

*Isab.* Did I? yes I did zhour.

*Luc.* And what was the Creature?

*Isab.* Nay, he can tell you that vorsooth better than I, for they are mainly well acquainted, I vound that—

*Luc.* Ha! how didst thou find it? Did the ugly thing tell thee?

*Isab.* Nay, in troth, she is not ugly vorsooth—tho' I hate her for your Sake—

*Luc.* Faithful, kind, good-natur'd Creature.—

[*Hugs her.*]

*Isab.* She gin me this Silver Book, and writ down where she lives, and desires you of all Love to let her zee you this Evening, and she'll tell you all; I did not zay one Word to him on't.—

[*Gives her the Book.*]

*Luc.* A plain Direction—I thought never to have concern'd myself with this vile Man's Affairs, but I'll detect him thoroughly—then throw him from my Heart for ever—

*Isab.* I hope so ere I have done. [*Aside.*

*Luc.*

How blest, how happy, is this rural Maid?  
All Cares are banish'd from thy peaceful Breast:  
Thou never wert to luckless Love betray'd,  
Unknowing of the Racks that break my Rest.  
Thou ne'er the flattering Wiles of Men believ'd,  
Deceiving none, thou art by none deceiv'd.

[*Exit leaning upon her arm.*

SCENE *changes to Mrs. Dowdy's Lodgings.*

*Enter Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, Mrs. Brazen, Peeper, and Equipage.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, I protest you are a waggish Man, Lord how you have rouzl'd and touzl'd one?—All my Rigging hangs as if 'twas zhaked on with a Zhed Vork, as the old Zaying is—

*Mrs. Braz.* Ay, there's a Man for you now, Widow; ah, wou'd I were in your Place! a brisk young Dog I'faith; I ask your Pardon, Sir *John*, I'm a little free—But 'tis my Way, and Madam's Cherry-Brandy was so good—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Will you have t'other Cup, *Mrs. Brazen*? Ads  
lid my Heart's open.

*Sharp.* Nay then take a Soldier in that will defend the Breach,  
Widow. [*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zhow you spoil all one's Rump, you zqueeze  
one zo—In troth I think him main handsome— [*Aside.*]

*Equi.* Matters go rarely; if no Devil cross it, I shall come in  
for my Wages at last.

*Enter Belvil drunk, and Robin.*

*Bel.* [Sings.]

*If a Nymph proves peevish and coy,  
Turn off thy Glass, never mind her:  
Take Bacchus in Room of the Boy.  
Drink till the Goddess grow kinder.*

How stands *Taunton Dean* now, Widow? [*Hickups.*] What's  
here, a Rival?

*Sharp.* Oh the Devil! this fighting Fellow here! we are all  
unravell'd I doubt.—[*Aside to Mrs. Brazen.*]

*Mrs. Braz.* I fear so too—I hate this Spark, he has too much  
Sense for me to get anything by him. [*Aside.*]

*Bel.* Let me see who are you? [*Hickups.*] What do you  
pretend to, ha? Hold up your Head, ha, ha, ha, ha!



*Peep.* Oh dear Sir, what do you do, you'll spoil all, did not you say— [*To Belvil.*

*Bel.* Look ye [*Hickups.*] I don't care what I said, I'll take care of the Widow.

*Sharp.* Ah dear *Belvil*, don't prevent my Fortune.

*Bel.* Don't tell me of your Fortune, was not you kick'd this Morning? [*Hickups.*] Answer me that.

*Equi.* So, if my Contrivance ruins all now, I shan't come in for a Souce. [*Aside.*

*Peep.* A duce take you for bringing your drunken Master here, when we were upon the point of concluding. [*Aside to Robin.*

*Rob.* What wou'd you have me do with him?

*Bel.* Widow, why Widow I tell you [*Hickups.*] this Scoundrel shan't have you, Widow.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Stand away, Mrs. *Brazen*; look yee, Sir, matters are gone varder than you think vor, and don't zhow none of your drunken Frolicks here, de yee zee, for I value them not a Rush—What zhour I ne'er broke Gold with yee—

*Bel.* No matter for that, I'll show you your Bargain, Widow, and then I have done—He is—

*Sharp.* A Plague of Ill-luck.

*Bel.* He is, Widow— [*Hickups.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* What is he? uds lid dan't you affront any civil Gentleman in my House, I dan't love yee well enough de yee zee to bear that; what is he now, what is he? he is Man I hope.

*Sharp.* Sweet Captain. [*Softly.*  
'Sdeath, Sir, what do ye mean? [*To Belvil in a loud Voice.*]

*Bel.* Don't exalt your Voice, Sirrah; [*Hickups.*] don't I know you for a very Poltroon, noted for your Cowardice, and kick'd you out of Conversation for your Lying? —So, Widow, I have warn'd ye—Now, *Robin*, I'll go Home and sleep to the Hour of Assignment—

[*Exit Singing, If a Nymph, &c.*]

*Mrs. Braz.* A Rival's Rage, stark mad, he has lost you, Madam.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Come, how de yee, Sir *John*, od my Heart goes apit apat, I was woundy afraid yee wou'd have fit.

*Sharp.* No, no, he knew your Presence hindered me from drawing, else I'd ha made a Cartridge of his Skin, and pounded his Flesh into Gun-Powder.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A dod he has a World of Courage.

*Mrs. Braz.* Ah, Madam, you'd say so, if you had seen what I have seen.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od I am glad I 'scap'd this drunken Rogue; but hold yee, hold yee, he can't ha no Claw upon my Estate, can ha, 'cause ha kept him Company?

*Mrs. Braz.* He?—Marry Sir *John*, Madam, I'll engage ye secure.

*Sharp.* Come, Madam, speak a kind Word, my Coach waits at the Door, let's go take the Air.

*Mrs. Braz.* And a Glass of good Canary.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Of all Liquors indeed Zack Wine pleases me best. For the Air, de yee zee that's but little, it all zmells of Zea-Coal.

*Equi.* So, there's Hopes again.

*Peep.* Do, Madam, go.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* I don't know how to deny them, they are such courteous Volk.

*Peep.* Mrs. *Brazen*, before the Marriage is over, you must secure me my hundred Pounds.

*Mrs. Braz.* I will, I will.

Thus by our Art are Women bought and sold,  
They run the Hazard, but we share the Gold—

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## ACT V.

SCENE Isabella's *new House*.

*Enter Isabella in a rich Night-dress, with Toylet.*

*Toy.* Well, my Wit will let me no farther into this Design; when you have brought 'em hither, do you imagine it possible to deceive 'em any longer, Madam?

*Isab.* If I please it is—But my Plot draws towards an End—If when I discover myself, he shou'd still retain his Love for her—I have reap'd this Advantage however by it, I shall get rid of that odious Contract, for I can prove that Sir *Charles* made violent love to *Lucinda*, and will force him to release me; on that Pretence I'll fix the Reason of my Frolick, if *Belvil*'s false, but never think of Love again.

*Toy.* I wish the Pains you have taken to get free from one, and get the Constancy of the other, does not cast a Reproach upon your Fame.

*Isab.* That I weigh'd before; the Censure of the World is guided by Prejudice, or Partiality, and not worth my Care; I depend on none, and can justify my Conduct to myself—

*Toy.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart, I fancy you'll have a Tryal of Patience, for I dare swear *Belvil* and *Lucinda* are

reconcil'd again; they will find you out, Madam, in your Roguery.

*Isab.* If they be, I fancy I shall break the Peace once more, and make the Breach yet wider. Is every thing in order? have you told my Footman what Name I wear at present?

*Toy.* Yes, Madam, and they have put on all their strange Liveries, and stare, and ask a thousand Questions, but I seal'd their Mouths with your Ladyship's Gratitude.

*Isab.* Very well, be ready to admit her, for I know she'll instantly be here, I left her upon the Teaze.

*Toy.* Bless me, Madam, she's coming.

*Isab.* Now for my Tragical Face.

*[Runs and Sits down on a Couch.]*

*Enter Lucinda and Betty.*

*Luc.* She appears indeed no common Beauty. *[Aside.]*

*Isab.* I doubt not, Madam, your Surprize at my Desire to see you here, but when you shall know the Ties I have to that false Man, ungrateful *Belvil*, I'm sure you will forgive me.

*Luc.* Our Sex are too apt to credit the Appearances of Truth from the protesting Tyrants—I have Reasons to suspect *Belvil* base, and long to know your Story—Sure my Eyes deceive me, or she resembles much the Country-Maid I have at Home—

But 'tis impossible; *Betty*, take the Coach and fetch *Dorothy* hither. [*Aside to Betty.*]

*Bet.* Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* I ask your pardon—Some Orders to my Maid; and now I'm all Attention.

*Isab.* Humph, I guess those Orders, but no matter. [*Aside.*] Madam, I was born many Leagues from hence, in *Flanders*; my Name is *Donna Clara*; 'twas my hard Fate to see this Captain *Belvil*, there he conquer'd me, as few I think can make Resistance to his Charms; I marry'd him, gave him my Heart and Fortune, the last was I'm sure too great to be despis'd.

*Luc.* Marry'd! oh the harden'd Villain!

*Isab.* Nay, and what shou'd have endear'd him more to me, my Wedlock Joys were blest with a lovely Boy, his perfect Image, in his Parents Time become a Orphan.

*Luc.* Oh the detested Monster! What a Precipice have I escap'd!—Go on thou injur'd Fair, and be assur'd I will assist thee.

*Isab.* He said his Business called him to this Country, and left me with the firm Promise of his endless Faith—I writ, and writ, but still no Answer came; at length, directed by my headstrong Love, I follow'd him; but oh how cold was my Reception! He forthwith charg'd me I should change my Name,

and as I priz'd my Life, not to declare my Marriage—I obey'd in all, nay even supply'd him to my own undoing; but being inquisitive to find the fatal Cause of this sad Alteration, I learnt 'twas you.

*Luc.* Oh how I hate myself for being the innocent Author of such Wrongs.

*Isab.* 'Twas I caus'd that Disturbance in his Lodgings, nor durst I shew my Face, dreading his Rage; I have no Friend in *England*, and am most forlorn— [*Weeps.*

*Luc.* Methinks there's Sympathy in Woes like these which melt me into Pity—Which Way can I retrieve me in your lost Opinion, or how repress your anxious Sorrows?

*Isab.* He sent me Word he'd instantly be here; tell him the Ills he has committed, but reproach him gently.

*Luc.* Be sure I'll tell him. *Isab.* And doubtless he'll deny it with Imprecations, but I'll be near to second you.

The Devil's in him now if he don't long to see the Woman has made all these Stories on him— [*Aside.*

*Enter Toylet.*

*Toy.* Madam, my Master—

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* The perfidious Traytor shocks me.

*Isab.* A Trembling seizes me all o'er, permit me to retire till you have taxt him.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Do, and compose yourself.

*Enter a Footman shewing Belvil in.*

*Bel.* Well, where's this loving Lady of yours?

*Luc.* Ay, too loving for you, base Man.

*Bel.* Ha, *Lucinda*—trapt again—now sparkling Champaign assist me—Why this is kindly done—and yet faith 'tis not fair neither, why did not you send your own Name? I did but gallop now, I shou'd have flown then.

*Luc.* Oh unparallel'd Confidence, how cam'st thou by that honest looking Form? hast thou not a cloven Foot?

*Bel.* Humph ha! egad I think not. [*Looking on his Feet.*

*Luc.* Stand off thou vile Contagion, bear to thy injur'd Wife thy boasted Passion.

*Bel.* Wife!

*Luc.* She well deserves whatever thou canst pay.

*Bel.* The Devil she does.

*Luc.* Nor can thy future Life attone the Wrongs thou hast



done her.

*Bel.* Done her! who a Pox is she?—Wife!—Death, what do you mean, Madam?

*Isab.* [*Peeping.*] Ay he may well ask that Question.

*Luc.* Oh Assurance! You don't know *Donna Clara*, whom you espous'd in *Flanders*?

*Bel.* *Donna Clara!* *Donna Fury*, Madam, this is too much.

*Luc.* Too much indeed thou steel'd Impostor? could'st thou abandon so much Beauty in her blooming Pride, even when Nature to augment thy Joys had blest thee with a Son.

*Bel.* Death, Madam, you make me mad; a Son! it may be so, tho' hang me if I know any thing of the Matter.

*Luc.* Nor you don't know that you're in her House I suppose neither.

*Bel.* Not I faith—I don't know whose House it is, nor do I care three Farthings; go on with your Banter—*Donna Clara!*—A Son! Wife! and the Devil!

*Luc.* Come forth, Madam, and confront the Traytor. Now, Sir, do you start?

*Enter Isabella.*

*Bel.* Ha! who's this—What does she intend?

*Isab.* [*Kneels.*] Forgive me, Sir, that I have reveal'd the Secret! but my impatient Love no longer cou'd endure a Rival.

*Bel.* Secret, what does she mean? Egad she's very handsome; pray, Madam, who are you, *Donna Clara*, or the Lady *Elizabeth Lovemore*?

*Isab.* Oh wretched! am I then forgotten?

*Bel.* Sink me if I remember you.

*Luc.* Oh that my Uncle now were here, that I at once might blast his Hopes, and banish him our House forever—Rise, Madam, he is not worth your tender Care—Does not thy Soul reflect upon thy Actions, and shew thy Guilt as black as Hell?

*Bel.* Damnation! Madam, what design ye by these Pretences?

[*Walks about in a Passion.*]

*Luc.* What did you design, base Man, in your Addresses to me?

*Isab.* 'Twas your Beauty, Madam, made him false; oh do not chide him, cruel as he is I love him still.

*Bel.* 'Gad I'll have some Revenge for her Plot. [*Aside.* Do'st thou so my dear pretty Creature; well, thy Virtue has overcome me; here, where are my [*Hugging her.*] Servants? let the Bed be made this Minute, I'm impatient till I have thee in my Arms, Madam; you'll fling the Stocking? I'll fancy it is again my Wedding Night, and my beauteous Wife not yet

enjoy'd.

*[Kissing and embracing her all the while.]*

*Luc.* Oh! you know her now, Sir.

*Isab.* Heavens! what shall I do now, what have I drawn upon myself here?

*Bel.* And how does my charming Boy, is he with you?

*Isab.* Sir, I, I, I.

*Luc.* Ha, she stammers and blushes.

*Bel.* By all my Joys thou art more charming than when I first embrac'd thee, thy Breath is Jessamine, thy Bosom sweeter than Beds of Roses. *[Embracing her.]*

*Isab.* For Honour's sake stand off, hear me and I'll confess the Truth.

*Luc.* Ha!

*Enter Betty.*

*Bet.* Oh Madam! *Dorothy's* gone, the Servants tell me she call'd for a Coach in another Air, and away she flung like Lightning—

*Luc.* More Riddles.

*Bet.* But here's your Uncle and Sir *Charles*.

*Enter Sir Thomas and Sir Charles.*

*Isab.* Ha! *Sir Charles*, I shall be expos'd—but must resolve to bear it out. [*Turns away.*]

*Luc.* Oh Uncle, I am glad you are come to prove the Baseness of your Favourite.

*Sir Tho.* How, how, my Boy base?

*Luc.* He's marry'd, yet impudently deny'd it to her Face; she follow'd him from *Flanders*; there she stands, and I believe you'll think she merited kinder Usage.

*Sir Cha.* Then, Madam, he is not quite so culpable as you imagin'd, he had Reason for his Oath.

*Sir Tho.* And hast thou shot the Gulf of Matrimony my Lad, ha?

*Bel.* So it seems, *Sir Thomas*.

*Sir Tho.* Why let me see thy Wife then—What, do ye turn your Back? You need not be asham'd of my Boy, my Hero, Madam.

*Sir Cha.* How, *Isabella*! [*Turns her about.*]

*Isab.* Yes, *Isabella*, I hope you have no Pretensions to *Isabella*?

*Bel.* Pshah, you mistake Man, this is *Donna Clara*.

Sir *Tho.* Who the Devil's *Isabella*?

*Luc.* I'm surpriz'd; pray explain this to me, for only I am in the Dark.

Sir *Tho.* Why, did not you say it was his Wife?

*Luc.* I thought so—

*Isab.* He does not or he will not know me— [*Aside.*] I own I have gone beyond my Sex and Quality, but it was to purchase Liberty, and break a forc'd Contract with that perfidious Man who paid his Vows to you.

Sir *Cha.* I shou'd not have put you to this Trouble, Madam, if you had let me known your mind sooner.

*Luc.* What, am I then a Property, am I a Person fit to be abus'd?

Sir *Tho.* Why then thou art not marry'd, Man—Have Patience, Niece.

*Luc.* I can have none, and will renounce Mankind.

Sir *Tho.* Faith and troth but thou shalt not.

*Bel.* What Devil has possess thee with such Indifference for a Woman so charming, Sir *Charles*? had not *Lucinda* engross'd my Heart, I cou'd adore this Beauty, and make my only Request to be what but now she call'd me, Husband.

*Isab.* Some kind Angel inform him who I am, and save my Blushes. [*Aside.*

*Sir Cha.* She never thought me worth her Conquest.

*Isab.* Nor ever will—

*Sir Tho.* Short and pithy—

*Bel.* Now, Madam, I hope my Innocence is clear'd.

*Luc.* I am convinc'd—I suppose, Madam, you were my Farmer's Daughter too—

*Enter Toylet.*

*Isab.* I was indeed, Madam, at your Service—*Toylet*, and this was the Lady in your Lodgings; when we were there, I keep my Word with you, Sir, you see I confess all.

*Bel.* Now, Madam, since your Uneasiness has discover'd Love, pray let the Parson make an End of our Platonicks.

*Isab.* What do I hear? [*Aside.*

*Luc.* I see a real Passion cannot be disguis'd—

*Sir Tho.* Hold, hold, I forbid the Banns.

*Isab.* Blest Sound. [*Aside.*

*Bel.* What! do you know of another Marriage, Sir *Thomas*, ha?

Sir *Tho.* No, but I know that which you don't know, Boy—  
Why I'll hold you fifty Pound you don't know your own Name  
—

*Bel.* No? that's very hard indeed.

Sir *Tho.* As hard as it is, 'tis true—What's your Name now?

*Bel. James Belvil;* I never had any other Name that I know of.

Sir *Tho.* Why look ye there now, did not I tell you you did not know your Name; then there's the Writings again, you young Dog you, which entitles you to two Thousand a Year, and *James Beaumont*, ha, ha!

*Luc.* How's this, my Name?

Sir *Tho.* Ay as sure as he's thy own Brother, Girl.

*Luc.* My Brother!

*Bel.* My Sister!

*Luc.* What, is this he I have so often heard you lament? Why did you conceal it from me thus long!

*Isab.* Her Brother! oh lucky Turn? [*Aside.*

Sir *Tho.* Because I was resolv'd he shou'd get the Writings of his Estate before he was known, that he might not be plagu'd with Law as I have been.

Sir *Cha.* Then *Lucinda's* free. Oh Transport—Dear Sir *Thomas* unfold.

Sir *Tho.* Thus then; my Brother was a Merchant, a thriving Man, there were not so many Privateers abroad in his Time, nor the *French* so powerful.

*Bel.* Very well, go on Sir *Thomas*—I shall have a Father at last—

Sir *Tho.* This Daughter upon his Death-Bed he bequeath'd to me; you, his Son, he did not think fit to trust in my Hands, being wheedled by that old Rogue *Roger Dowdy* his Steward, who insinuated that I being next Heir, was not proper for your Guardian, so prevail'd with my Brother to let him have you, and with you the Writings, Care and Management of the Estate —

Sir *Cha.* Happy Story.

*Bel.* Then you are my Uncle, Sir—

Sir *Tho.* Certainly, Boy.

*Luc.* But how are you sure this is my Brother, Sir?

Sir *Tho.* If you'll give me Leave, dear Madam, you shall hear. [*Slyly.*] Your Father left effects in *Spain*, whither *Dowdy* went to adjust 'em, and with him took this proper Fellow then an Infant; at his Return pretended he was dead, and produc'd a forg'd Will, wherein he was left my Brother's Heir in Case of your Death; but I had private Intelligence from *Spain*, that he



had boarded you there, and changed your Name to *Belvil*—I have ever since been in Law with him till he dy'd: I got him into *Chancery*, which we call the Court of Equity, but 'tis the Court of the Devil, for the Old Rascal brib'd the Lawyers so high, that I have hung there these twenty Years.

*Isab.* Oh how my Heart leaps at this Relation. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tho.* I sent for you several times, but the Distance of Place, and the Man that had the Care of you being a Soldier, you was still remov'd: at last I lost intelligence of you in the *Spanish Netherlands*, till that lucky Night that brought you to our House, and being weary of Law, I put you upon that Stratagem to get the Writings.

*Bel.* It agrees with every Circumstance of my Life; thus let me pay you a Son's Duty for your Care; [*Kneels.*] and now Sister, let me embrace you with a Brother's Love.

*Luc.* And all my Passion shall be turn'd to a Sister's Fondness—Whilst what I as a Lover lik'd, I recommend to fair *Isabella*.

*Bel. Isabella!* oh that Name rouzes a Thought within my Breast, which I cou'd wish for ever lost, since the Cause is never to be found.

*Isab.* You do not wish to find it, I presume; our Inclinations may possibly alter with the Air, we do not breathe the same in *London* which we did in *Paris*.

*Bel.* Ha!

*Isab.* You have learnt from the *Beau-mond*, that the Conversation of a Drawing-Room is beyond that of a Grate.

*Bel.* By Heaven 'tis she, my *Isabella*, [*Runs and embraces her*] for whom I've searcht, and sigh'd so long; now I am blest indeed.

Sir *Tho.* What, another Turn?

*Luc.* Pray unriddle this, Brother.

*Bel.* You shall know it all at large within; let this suffice at present, this Lady is my Wife by Promise, five Years ago in *France* we plighted Faiths, and nothing now shall part us.

*Isab.* You must own I have deserv'd you.

Sir *Cha.* With this Embrace take my Consent, [*Embrace*] so thou'lt advance my Interest here.

*Bel.* With all my Soul.

Sir *Tho.* and mine, with all my Spirit.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* Oh, Sir, Mrs. *Dowdy*, and a whole Coach full of Folks; she has been hunting you all the Town over she said, and seeing me at the Door knew you were here, Sir.

*Bel.* Will you give me Leave, Madam, to bring 'em into your House? [*To Isabella.*

*Isab.* With all my Heart, my Time's short in this House, I only hir'd it for this Purpose.

*Toy.* Oh *Robin!* your Master is found Heir to two thousand a Year.

*Rob.* Say'st thou so? then you and I must talk more of the Business; we shall live rarely, Girl, for he's generous as a Prince.

*Bel.* Go, bring 'em up.

[*Exit Robin.*]

*Re-enters with Mrs. Dowdy, Sharper, Brazen, Equipage, and Peeper.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Oh Captain! have I vound you? Z'dslid give me my Writings you stole from me, you cheating Knave you, or I'll zet Sir *John* upon your Back.

*Isab.* I am afraid, my dear Country Cousin, the right Owner has got 'em into his Hands, and won't easily return 'em.

*Bel.* Sir *John*—Ha, ha, ha! how long has he been a Knight? Why this is *Sharper*, a Fellow not worth two Pence; if thou art marry'd to him, Widow, much good may do thee—

Sir *Cha.* The very honourable Gentleman I met this Morning.

*Sharp.* Pox on her for bringing me here, wou'd I were well out again. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Well, well, an he be no Knight, I don't care, de ye zee, he is my Husband, and for all you have chouc'd me out of two thousand Pounds a Year, I have enough to maintain him, and make him a Gentleman too, mun.

*Sir Tho.* Hark ye, hark ye, take me along with you—Chouc'd you, did you say? Have a Care, don't you remember a Child named *James Beamont*, your Husband carried into *Spain*, ha?

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Od, and it troubled his Conscience mainly zo it did—But what of him?

*Bel.* Nothing, only I am that Child it seems, and have made bold to secure my Estate, and henceforth will manage it myself.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zay you zo! nay then 'tis best to be quiet.

*Luc.* I find, Mistress your Husband was a great Knave—

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Zo may your Husband vor ought I know vorsooth—I can't zay much for his Honesty truly, but I'm zhour I was a good Gentlwoman born, as Cozen *Isbell* here can testify.

*Isab.* Don't call me for a Witness; for my Part I was told I was related to you, but our Acquaintance began in *London*.

*Sharp.* How, two thousand Pounds a Year lopt off? wou'd I were unmarried again.

*Sir Cha.* There's too much for you Rascal yet—

Sir *Tho.* Come, *Jemmy*, you shall go in, and sign Releases this joyful Day, and forgive her all that's past.

*Bel.* With all my Heart.

*Mrs. Braz.* But hark ye, hark ye, Sir, [*To Sharper,*] how must I have my thousand Pounds?

*Sharp.* When you can secure the Estate you promis'd me, you unconscionable Jade: Your Judgment, Gentlemen? do's she deserve a thousand Pounds for making the Match between us?

Sir *Tho.* I'm afraid she rather deserves to have her Bones broke.

Sir *Cha.* Not a Groat, when the Marriage is over your Business is done.

*Mrs. Dowdy.* A thousand Pounds! oh you graceless Puss—Ad's Life, I gin her a hundred zo I did; let me come at her, I'll pull her Nose off—

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Luc.* This is good Diversion.

*Mrs. Braz.* A hundred Pounds! I shou'd have a rare Trade on't if every old Woman was as sneaking as you in the Matches I have made lately.

*Equi.* Don't let your Clack walk here, *Dol Do mischief*; out, out—[*Turns her out.*] I shall get my Wages. [*Aside.*

*Peep.* 'Tis best for me to hold my Tongue, lest I be serv'd the same Sauce. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Dowdy.* Come, Spouse, let's down in the Country, 'fore George, I ha paid woundy dear for learning *London* Vashons.

[*Noise of Fiddles without.*

*Sir Tho.* Ha, the Fiddlers smell a Wedding, let's have a Country Dance.

## A DANCE.

*Bel.*

Thus for our Good, kind Providence provides,  
Unseen by us through every Labyrinth guides:  
'Twas that which kept me from a Sister's Arms,  
And gave me back to *Isabella's* Charms.

## THE END

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## TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

The play as printed appears to have only four acts. The point at which a fifth begins is, however, indicated by the customary bold line across the page and a couplet at the end of the preceding scene. The headline "ACT V" was accordingly added.

Otherwise, minor typographical and punctuation errors have been silently corrected, although contemporary spelling and other conventions, e.g. long dashes and capitalisation of nouns, have been preserved.

[The end of *The Platonick Lady* by Susanna Centlivre]