



THE
SELF-RIVAL:

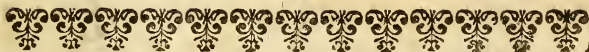
COMEDY.

As it should have been Acted

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

In *Drury-Lane.*



Vol. I.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

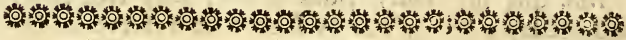
<i>Sir Ephraim Purchase</i> ;	A Good Old Knight.
<i>Young Purchase</i> , his Son ;	A <i>Cambridge</i> Scholar.
<i>Colonel Bellamont</i> ;	A Fine Gentleman.
<i>Verjuice</i> ;	A Cross Old Batchelor.
<i>Barnaby</i> ;	The Colonel's Man.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Camphire Lovebane</i> ;	An Affected Old Maid.
<i>Maria</i> ;	<i>Sir Ephraim's</i> Daughter.
<i>Mrs. Fallow</i> ;	A good-natur'd old Maid.
<i>Kitty</i> ;	<i>Maria's</i> Maid disguised.



ACT I.



SCENE, *London*, in *Sir Ephraim's House*.

Enter Sir Ephraim and Maria.

Sir Eph.



Is it be not very repugnant to your Ladyship's Inclinations, I shou'd be glad to know what Company you had last Night; you were greatly diverted, I hear.

Maria. You know, Sir, what Company you allow me; I had *Lady Camphire Lovebane*, my old stiff Aunt, and that Reverse of all Good-Nature and Manners, *Mr. Verjuice*.

Sir Eph. Nobody else, *Maria*?

Ma. No, Sir, nobody else, till *Mrs. Fallow* came in accidentally, and brought a Gentleman of her Acquaintance along with her.

Sir Eph. Colonel *Bellamont*, I suppose.

Ma. The same, Sir, do you know him?

Sir Eph. No, *Hussy*, nor never shall, unless you undertake to bring us acquainted; but if he lays siege to any Fort under my Care, I shall beat up his

Quarters, and surprize him when he little thinks the Enemy so near him.

Ma. Sir, you have too many Fears about you, to make a good General; but one would think Colonel *Bellamont* should give you none, because he is one of those sort of Men I don't like.

Sir Eph. Well, Girl, look to it, your Fate lies in your own Management; if you take a Husband of my chusing, Twenty Thousand Pounds attends it; but if you cater for yourself, not a Souse, by *Jupiter!* I am now going to meet your Brother, who is coming from *Cambridge*; and I hope his Behaviour will be a Spur to your Duty.

Ma. Sir, my Duty rides a very easy free pace, and needs no Spur; but as I have no reserve in favour of any particular Person, I here promise, whenever I marry, it shall be by your Command.

Sir Eph. Well, you know what you have to trust to; so consider on't. [Exit *Sir Eph.*

Ma. Indeed, my dear Dad, Consideration is not my Talent; and 'tis well if I have not promis'd and vow'd more than I am able to perform: for Colonel *Bellamont's* a charming Fellow, that's certain. Here, *Kitty!*

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

Ma. Yes, where's my Aunt?

Kitty. In her Closet, Madam; praying, I suppose, for what will never be granted her.

Ma. What's that, prithy?

Kitty. A Husband, Madam; old Maids never pray for any thing else.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! No, *Kitty*, I fancy you're mistaken; Lady *Campfire* has declaim'd so long against that frightful Creature, Man, that she could not for shame marry now, tho' ever so much to her Advantage. Well, she's safe then; but where's my t'other *Argus*, that old Crab-Stick, *Verjuice?*

Kitty.

Kitty. He's lock'd up too; but his Devotions turn upon another thing, I guess: and if ever he prays at all, it is to be deliver'd from Matrimony.

Ma. Do you know who it was told my Father Colonel *Bellamont* was here last Night?

Kitty. I believe it was he, Madam; for I saw him with my Master in the Garden this Morning, and he look'd as if he was doing mischief.

Ma. So he does always; prithy help me to contrive some Revenge against the Monster.

Kitty. My Invention's very barren, Madam; but I saw Mrs. *Fallow's* Chair coming down Street, she will help you out presently.

Ma. Tell her where I am. [*Ex. Kitty.*] Bless me, this Colonel runs strangely in my head; if he attacks again, I fear I shall give ground: for the most potent Adversary we Women can meet with, is an eloquent Tongue, and a plausible Temper.

Enter Fallow.

Fal. I begin, my Dear, to reckon it among my Misfortunes, that I lodge in the same House with Colonel *Bellamont*; he has been just bribing me with his *Dutch* Mastif to be his Advocate.

Ma. The best way to get rid of him, is to say nothing in his favour.

Fal. If I be silent, he'll speak for himself; he hears your Father's gone abroad, and intends you another Visit.

Ma. He keeps excellent Scouts, they bring him early Intelligence; but my Father's not behind-hand with him for Information; that Spawn of Spight, old *Verjuice*, has told him all.

Fal. Oh the filthy Beast! how shall we be reveng'd on him?

Ma. Let's go this minute and contrive it.

Fal. Nay, nay, not now; the Colonel will be here presently, and interrupt us.

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Ma. Lard, what does the Fellow come for? Sure he has not Vanity enough to think I have any Inclination for him; I believe I shall learn Discretion from you and Lady *Campfire*, and resolve to live single: O Ged! The Thoughts of a Husband sets me a quaking like an Ague-Fit.

Fal. Airs, Airs, my Dear, don't I know that Women of your Years wish for nothing more? and Marriage is certainly a State of the greatest Happiness, where Tempers unite.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! I'll swear this is very good Doctrine to come out of your mouth.

Fal. Why I'll tell you, *Maria*, when I was as young as you are, I had the very same Fancies, which you, and all young Ladies of Fortune have; was fond of my Power, and thought Submission a very strange thing, till Time stole on me unawares, and now 'tis too late.

Ma. Pish, how you talk, don't I know you have at this time as many Lovers as ever *Penelope* had?

Fal. Aye Child, Women of Fortune can never want followers, that we may see by Mrs. *Fulsome*, whose only Charm is Sixteen Thousand Pounds; for tho' she has a deform'd Body, a Face scarce Human, and a Soul more despicable than either, there's not a Beau at Court, an Officer in the Guards, or a Merchant in the City, who does not constantly pay their Devoirs at her Levee.

Ma. O Ged, what depraved Appetites those Men have, but Madam, your Qualities and her's are very different.

Fal. No matter, Madam, a Woman who is once turn'd of Forty, and then puts herself under Covert Baron, in my opinion forfeits all Pretensions to Discretion; for if she marries a young Man, she's in the Decline of her Years, before he comes to the Prime of his; and what Comfort there is in an old one, daily Experience will tell us.

Ma.

Ma. As you say, an old Woman married to a young Man is a most ridiculous Sight, as witness poor Lady *Would-be-young*, who when she was a Widow of Fifty-Five, must needs marry Squire *Lusty* of Five and Twenty; he is now turn'd of Thirty, and she upwards of Threescore, yet would fain be thought as young as he, appears in publick dress'd in blush-colour'd Satin, and as airy as one of Sixteen, tho' her Head noddles like a piece of *German* Clock-Work, and her feeble Legs will scarce bear the Weight of her tottering Body.

Fal. For which Reasons, if you intend to marry at all, do it while you are young; beside, you will then avoid the odious Name of old Maid, which you see me labour under.

Ma. Were I sure to behave myself as well under that Denomination as you do, I would live single on purpose, for I have often thought you have brought a new Character on the Stage of Life, and you are certainly the first good-natur'd old-Maid I ever saw.

[*a Knocking at the Door very hard*]

Fal. So so, here comes the Colonel, I think he beats a Point of War instead of a Parley; but I'll go take a Walk in the Garden, and leave you together.

Ma. I am resolv'd I won't be left alone with the filthy Fellow; if you go, I'll go too.

Fal. You'll meet with a Repulse and be beaten back again, so you had as good stand your Ground.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Re-enter Maria, the Colonel after her.

Col. Nay Madam, why do you run away?

Ma. Because, Colonel, I know 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to you to pursue a flying Enemy.

Col. True Child, but I wou'd not put you into that Number, — I would —

Ma. What wou'd you? I'll swear you are one of

the most troublesome Men upon Earth; Lard what wou'd you have?

Col. Your Eyes and Ears a while, my Charmer.

Ma. One to read your silly Billets, and t'other to listen to your whining Complaints; no, I thank you, I have better Business for both.

Col. Nay, Madam, Whining's quite out of fashion, but methinks you might listen to an honest Truth, and look with some pleasure on my assiduous Care to please you.

Ma. Hum! — an honest Truth and out of the Mouth of a Soldier, 'tis so great a Rarity it must be worth hearing; prithee what is it?

Col. That I love you, my Angel, and would give you the last Proof of it by marrying you.

Ma. There's a Truth indeed for a Woman of my Years to listen to! Oh Ged! If I were to be confin'd to one Man, I should think my Charms were withering, and stand Knee-deep in Water all day to keep 'em fresh. No, no, Colonel, Liberty and Property's the *English* Cry, *I'll rove and I'll range, I'll love and I'll change*——till——high——ho——Thirty, and then he that holds out longest shall have me.

Col. Till Thirty! why a Man might take *Troy* in less time. Egad Child, your Lovers had need to be Soldiers, and used to long Sieges; but you don't consider, that one of your greatest Charms is Youth, and when that ceases, Admiration will do so to. Come, *Maria*, lay by those foolish Airs, and take an honest Fellow while you may have him.

Ma. Well said Impudence! While I may have him! Why you talk as if I were at my last Prayers already, and instead of Thirty were turn'd of Fifty; beside, what have you ever done to merit my Favour? You love Trophies of Victory, so do I, and as you hang up your tatter'd Standards in *Westminster-Hall*, I surround my Chamber with the Spoils of
dead

dead, or dying Lovers; 'tis much the best Furniture I have in't.

Col. That ever Mankind shou'd bring themselves to this! [*aside.*] Madam, how often have I told you, I love you better than Life, Liberty, or——

Ma. Plunder. But suppose you do love me, what's that to me who am told so by a thousand more? Can any thing in Nature have more Assurance than a Man in full Health and Strength with a fresh Colour and in perfect good Humour, to come and tell a young Lady he's in Love: No no, Colonel, when you approach me with pale lean Cheeks, languid dying Eyes, a Temper sour'd by ill Usage, and not one civil Word to come out of your mouth, but what is said to me; I may then, perhaps, believe some Part of your Tale, and give you leave to throw off a little Money at Cards with me now and then.

Col. Aye, but I shall bring you to my Lure upon easier Terms, or I'm mistaken. [*aside.*] And you really think to make such a thing of me as you have describ'd! Now do I know it would tickle that pretty little Heart of yours, and fill it as full of Vanity as it could hold, to see me in this Condition; but upon my Soul I can never bring myself to this, so beg you won't expect it; I will not say I deserve you, but as much as any one can, I do. Oh, how that Frown becomes you now! [*She frowns*]

Ma I should be glad, Colonel, to have a short Catalogue of your Deserts from yourself, it would really be very novel to hear an Encomium of your Parts and Person out of your own Mouth.

Col. I am sure, Madam there's something in both which does not displease you; I am a likely young Fellow, in an honourable Post, which may justify my Pretensions to you: 'tis true, you are a fine young Lady, and may no doubt marry a Lord, but if ever he loves you half so well as I do, I'll be branded with Cowardice, and turn *Mahometan*, *Ma.*

Ma. No matter, I shall have a Title to make a-
mends; besides, Colonel, you know my Father hates
a Soldier; O Lud, if he should come and catch you
here, I shou'd have a Life like a Dog.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Madam, my Master is just come in. [*Exit*
[*Kitty.*

Ma. Oh! What shall I do?

Col. Go you down the back Stairs, and leave me
to get off as well as I can. [*Exit Ma.*

Enter Sir Eph.

Sir Eph. *Maria*, where are you Child?

Col. *Sir Ephraim Purchase*, I am your most humble
Servant.

Sir Eph. I thank you, Sir, with all my heart; but
by my Troth I know not how I came to merit your
Favour.

Col. I have the Misfortune, Sir, of being an entire
Stranger to you myself, but my present Business with
you is from an Uncle of mine, Lord *Pastall*.

Sir Eph. Lord *Pastall*, I have heard much of
that Family, 'tis a very large one, and I believe I
am something a-kin to it myself.

Col. I believe, *Sir Ephraim*, you may be a Branch
of it, but my Lord has a mind to be nearer related.

Sir Eph. As how, pray Sir?

Col. Why, Sir, the Fame of your beautiful Daugh-
ter has reach'd his Ears, and he begs to be admitted
an humble Adorer; his Lordship has Ten Thousand
Pounds a Year, and will give you leave to name
the young Lady's Jointure; but as he is pretty well
in Years, he is a little positive, and bid me tell you he
will not make above two or three Visits before he is
married.

Sir Eph. By my Troth he's very hasty, pray how
old may his Lordship be?

Col.

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Col. O, Sir, for that, we'll let it pass; he follow'd the wife Maxim of being old when he was young, which makes him young now he is old: but all the danger lies, I fear, in the young Lady's Consent.

Sir Eph. Her Consent, ha! ha! ha! if I can't order my own Children, I have liv'd too long in the World. When, Sir, will my Lord honour me with a Visit?

Col. He only waits my Return, Sir, to know if his Visits are acceptable.

Sir Eph. And are you of the Family of the *Pastalls*, Sir?

Col. By the Female-Side, Sir *Ephraim*; but my Name is *Fainwell*.

Sir Eph. Oh dear! well, Sir, pray give my humble Service to my Lord, and tell him I wait his farther Commands; in the mean time, I shall lay mine upon my Daughter, to receive him as his Quality deserves.

Col. Sir, I kiss your Hand, and fly with the joyful News. [Exit Col.]

Sir Eph. solus. Well, if I can but get this Girl married to my mind, the greatest Trouble of my Life will be over; I'll try to bring her to it by fair means; but if that won't do, the Authority of a Parent shall.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. I thought my Lady had been here, Sir.

Sir Eph. No, but do you go find her, and tell her I want her. [Ex. Kitty.] This Girl too is another of my Plagues; and tho' I am ashamed to own it, even to myself, am forced to love her against all Resistance. What a troublesome thing is Old-Age, when the Follies of Youth pursue it? Have you found her?

Enter

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Yes, Sir, she is just set down with Mrs. *Fallow* to her Tea, and bid me tell you, if your Commands are not very urgent, she should be glad to be excused for a quarter of an Hour; if they are, I am to let her know forthwith.

Sir Eph. No, let her drink her Tea. [*Kitty going.*] Stay, *Kitty*, I think I have something to say to you. — Ouns, what am I going to do? No, you may go; [*Kitty going*] yet stay: *Kitty*, I have observed for this Fortnight you have been with my Daughter — Gads-bud, sure I am running mad — Who is with your Mistress, I say?

Kitty. Mrs. *Fallow*, Sir; nobody else.

Sir Eph. Is the Devil in me, to think of marrying a Chamber-Maid? No, no, it must not be. Go tell your Mistress I would speak with her.

Kitty. I think the old Gentleman's in a Dream. Must I call her before she has drank her Tea, Sir?

Sir Eph. No, I think you need not call her.

Kitty. I am afraid, Sir, you are not well.

Sir Eph. Not very well in my Senses, I think; but it is in vain to struggle with a Passion which has been too strong for Men of twice my Vigour. In short, *Kitty*, I have observ'd something in your Person and Temper which gives me the greatest Satisfaction: and I believe I shall marry you. [*Kitty aside.*] I don't believe a word on't.

Sir Eph. I know there is some Disparity in our Years, but you must balance that with your Family and want of Fortune: I shall very soon dispose of your Mistress; my Son, who will be here presently, intends to travel; and for my own Person, I design to bestow it upon you

Kitty. A goodly Present, I promise you. [*Aside.*] Sir, you were pleas'd to say just now you were not very well in your Senses; and I begin to take
you

you at your word : Sure you forget I am your Servant, and that such an imprudent Action must of course bring you the Hatred of your Children, as well as the Contempt of all the World beside. No, Sir, my Advantage shall never interfere with the Duty I owe to so good a Mistress; and therefore hope you will think of this Project no more.

Sir Eph. If you have so little of the Chamber-Maid in you as to despise Profit, it adds to your Worth, and makes you still deserve all that I can give you ; I expected one Denial from your Modesty, but now I expect a Compliance from your Prudence.

Kitty. I should be glad of an Example of that good Quality from you ; I remember you read my young Lady a Lecture t'other day, in which you told her, Happiness did not consist in the present Gratification of our Passions, but in a thoughtful Reflection upon Futurity : Now, Sir, if she at Eighteen must not indulge those Passions, sure you, who are in your grand Climacterick, should find it no hard matter to subdue 'em. [*A Bell rings.*] Sir, my Lady rings ; I hope you will please to let me wait upon her.

Sir Eph. Go, [*Ex. Kitty.*] and may thy Sauciness prove an Antidote for my Folly. Death ! Do I live to be slighted by a Chamber-Maid !——Oh for *Medea's* Art of growing young again !

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*]

Enter Maria and Fallow.

Ma. What, the old Gentleman's gone ; I wonder how the Colonel got off.

Fal. Oh, Colonel *Bellamont's* a good Soldier, and knows how to make an honourable Retreat.

Ma. Nay, the Man has Wit enough ; but I hate him because I can give him no pain : the Wretch is so very indolent, he makes me no manner of sport.

Enter

Enter Sir Eph. not minding them.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud, this is not to be borne. Do I live to turn Fool, and be used like an Ass?

Ma. Hey-day! what's the matter now? Did you want me, Sir?

Sir Eph. Want you, Sir; what if I did, Sir? you thought fit to come when you pleas'd.

Ma. Sir, I sent my Maid.

Sir Eph. I know you sent your Maid; but you had better have kept her.

Ma. Sir, if she has said any thing to disoblige you, I won't keep her another Hour.

Sir Eph. I must be calm, or I shall discover myself. [*Aside.*] No, no, she has said nothing to me; but I am vex'd upon another account.

Fal. *Sir Ephraim*, I heard you were gone to meet your Son from *Cambridge*; is he come yet?

Sir Eph. Yes, Madam, he is come; but so strangely alter'd, I had much ado to know the Boy: I left him to drink a Bottle with his Companions that came in the Coach with him; he'll be here presently.

Ma. Sir, here was a Gentleman in the Dining-Room; I fancied he wanted you; did you see him?

Sir Eph. Yes; but his Business was as much with you as me.

Ma. Sure he has found out who it is. [*Aside.*] With me, Sir! I wonder he did not ask for me, then. May I know what his business was?

Sir Eph. That I shall tell you by-and-by; but, *Mrs. Fallow*, I have a small Request to beg of you.

Fal. I am sorry, *Sir Ephraim*, it is a small one; there will be the less thanks due, when granted; however, pray let me hear it.

Sir Eph. Why, as I believe you had no design in bringing Colonel *Bellamont* here last Night, I beg you will introduce him no more.

Ma.

Ma. Aye, aye, it must be so; he has certainly found him out. [*Aside.*]

Fal. If that be all, *Sir Ephraim*, I here give you my word I will oblige you.

Sir Eph. Madam, I thank you; but I hear a Coach stop, 'tis my Boy, I believe. [*Ex: Sir Eph.*]

Ma. Now is my Curiosity up in Arms to know what this Creature has done.

Fal. Done! for my part, I believe he has ask'd your Father's Consent.


Ma. If he has, I'll give him my word he shall never have mine; for then the next thing will be my Confinement.

*And Woman's Will can never bear the Rein;
I'll have my Freedom, or I'll break my Chain.*



ACT II.

Enter Sir Eph. Young Purchase and Maria.

Sir Eph.  *E*thinks, *Frederick*, I could consent to this travelling Proposal of yours, were I sure Improvement were your Design; but to me it rather look'd with an Air of Discontent than Curiosity.

Young Pur. Sir, I must own I despise the World, yet have a mind to see it.

Ma. Now will I be hang'd if this ben't some Love-Qualm; for *Cambridge Air*, they say, makes People very amorous. *Sir*

Sir Eph. Why, what a pize, ar't fallen out with the World before thou art well got into't? By my Troth, Boy, thou art too young of all Conscience for a *Stoick*. Gads-bud, at this rate, you'll grow old before your Father: why, I can drink my Glass, crack my Jest, make one in a Country-Dance, and laugh as heartily at a good Comedy as I could have done forty Years ago; and I protest I can look at a pretty Girl with as much Pleasure as ever I did in my Life.

Ma. Look at her! aye, in my Conscience, and that's all. [*Afidé.*]

Sir Eph. Well, Boy, if you are resolv'd to take a Ramble, I won't hinder you; but you shall stay and dance at your Sister's Wedding first.

Ma. At my Wedding, Sir! why am I going to be married then?

Sir Eph. Yes, forsooth, you are; and that very suddenly too.

Ma. I hope I shall have the Pleasure of a little Courtship first: May I know his Name?

Sir Eph. I warrant thee, Girl, thou shalt have Courtship and Ladyship; but it is time enough to know his Name when you are going to lay down your own.

Young Pur. I hope, Sir, you don't design to force my Sister's Inclinations.

Sir Eph. Not force 'em! by my troth but I will, if they don't comply without it: we should have a fine World indeed, if young Wenches were to be their own Carvers.

Enter a Maid-Servant.

Maid. Madam, Mrs. Kitty is gone away.

Sir Eph. Gone! where is she gone?

Maid. I don't know, Sir; when she was at the Door, she bid me tell my Lady she could stay no longer, and she would let her know the Cause in a little time.

Sir,

Sir Eph. Ads-bobs I'll have her found, if she be within the County of *Middlesex*. Come and show me which way she went. [Exit *Sir Eph.*

Young Pur. What *Kitty* is this that has put the old Gentleman in such a Rage?

Ma. A Girl I have not had above a Fortnight, I am amazed at her sudden Departure. I always used her well for your sake; tho' she was no more fit for my Servant than I was for her's.

Young Pur. I don't understand you, *Maria*; is your Maid's Interest mix'd with mine?

Ma. No, but she came recommended to me from your Friend young *Hartfree's* Sister, the fair *Emilia*, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Young Pur. Oh name her not! did you but know what I daily suffer for that lovely False-one, you would pity your poor despairing Brother, and save his Ears a Sound that rends his Heart.

Ma. Is it possible you can be so weak as you make yourself? and whine thus for another Man's Wife? You sent me word she was married.

Young Pur. Ah! *Maria*, you talk like a happy Novice, like one a Stranger to the Pains I feel; had you the least Notion of Love, or had ever seen her blooming Youth and Beauty; had you heard her sprightly lively Wit, and been a Witness to her soft, sweet, engaging Temper; you wou'd then own with me, her Charms are irresistible.

Ma. And is this the Logick and Ethicks, as you call it, you have been studying all this while? O Ged! how I could laugh at you now! but *Sir Ephraim* has put me out of humour with this Wedding he tells me of; I wonder who it is he would sacrifice me to, if I were fool enough to comply?

Young Pur. 'Tis pity we should both be unhappy; but I can tell you; Lord *Pastall* has sent to be admitted, and my Father seems resolv'd to give you to him.

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Ma. Lord *Pastall* ! is he the Man ? Why he's Colonel *Bellamont's* Uncle.

Young Pur. The same ; but what have you done with the Colonel ?

Ma. Why, I disbanded him, to please the House ; but believe I shall lift him again, if this News prove true.

Young Pur. Well, I know not how to advise ; there's a Father's Commands, and a Woman's Inclinations to clash, both perhaps very resolute : so I'll leave you, to prepare for my Journey. [*Going, but turns back.*] Do you expect your Maid again ? methinks I would fain see her, because you say she came from *Emilia*.

Ma. I am so much at a loss to find out why she went, that I know not what to think ; but if I see her again, you shall. [*Ex. Young Pur.*]

Enter Mrs. Fallow.

Fal. I wonder what the Colonel's Man wants with Mr. *Verjuice* ; he's below enquiring for him.

Ma. Now you talk of the Colonel, I am going to be married, Child.

Fal. When ?

Ma. I don't know.

Fal. To whom ?

Ma. I can't tell.

Fal. Pugh ! you banter me.

Ma. I don't indeed ; 'tis true, neither my Father nor I have ever seen him ; but I am to have him for all that : nay, for ought I know, I am married already by Proxy : You know all Stations of Life imitate those above them ; which we may see by the *Cobler's Wife* in her Velvet Scarf, and the *Chimney-Sweeper's Daughter* with her Gold-Watch.

Enter Young Purchase.

I wonder Sir *Ephraim* has never found out some aged Piece of Quality for my Brother here. Old Folks dearly love to prefer one another.

Young

Young Pur. He's for a tenderer Morfel himself, or I'm mistaken.

Fal. That, Sir, is because his Teeth are not so good as your's.

Young Pur. But, Madam, if he should make me live upon Whit-Leather, my Teeth would soon be as bad as his own; he is so strangely ruffled about my Sister's Maid that's gone away, I can't get one word out of him about my own Affair.

Ma. I believe he has made love to her, and she's run away for fear: I'll swear it would look with an air of great Prudence, to see him marry me to an old Man, and chuse a Girl for himself. How Nature laughs at such Contrivances! But where's his great Adviser, Mr. *Verjuice*?

Young Pur. Gone out with a Fellow in Red. Prithee what is this *Verjuice*? his Name sets my Teeth on edge.

Ma. Oh! a very honest Fellow; one that would at any time pawn either Body or Soul for Mischief, or Money: my Father pick'd him up at the *Sparws*, and brought him home, I suppose, to be a Spy upon me.

Young Pur. Is not Lady *Camphire Lovebane* a sufficient Guard for you, with her Affectation and Ill-nature?

Fal. Which Qualities are, generally speaking, the constant Attendants of us old Maids; tho' being peevish, is telling the World how much we repine at our Condition: and, for that reason, I always speak well of Matrimony.

Mar. How unlike to this is my good Aunt within, who pretends to hate the very name on't; and, for fear of being put in mind, has tore it quite out of her Common-Prayer Book, says 'tis a very usefess Part of the Liturgy, and should be in nobody's Book but the Parson's.

Young Pur. That's because she would not be tantaliz'd ; but see ! she's coming.

Ma. Let us vex her a little.

Enter Lady Camphire.

Fal. I am sorry your Ladyship did not come a little sooner to share my Mortification ; this cruel Niece of your's says she's sure no Woman ever liv'd single till thirty, who had it in her power to be other-wise.

Lady Cam. Sadness, I wonder at my Niece ; her Tongue is always running on what she does not understand.

Ma. I only judge of other People by myself, Madam ; I own it would give me the height of Chagrin, if I thought the Men did not think me worth court-ing.

Lady Cam. Faugh ! how can you desire a Man's Company upon any Terms ? I am amazed, Mrs. *Fallow*, you should have employ'd your time on so filthy a Subject, as all must needs be, where the Men are concern'd. Oh ! what sweet Lives did the *Amazons* lead ? a whole Nation of Women, govern'd by their own Laws ! Oh happy People ! that there were such a State now !

Young Pur. Sure, Madam, if there were, your Ladyship would not be a Member of it, because of the Custom of going sometimes to filthy Man.

Lady Cam. That, Nephew, was Necessity ; and since Nature has been so improvident, as to provide no other way of propagating our Species, 'tis a Duty incumbent on us all.

Fal. If that be your Ladyship's Opinion, I wonder you have been so remiss in your Duty that way yourself.

Lady Cam. There are People enough in the world to excuse me ; but I must own I have been a little too cruel.

Ma.

Ma. I dare swear no body but yourself ever thought so. [*Aside.*]

Lady Cam. How many Men of Quality have I had at my feet, whom I did not regard! There was poor Lord *Sippington* fretted himself into a Consumption upon my account; and that great Sportsman, Sir *Noisey Rockwood*, not able to bear my Scorn, went in a Fit of Despair, and married Mrs. *Sarah Maidenly*; tho' he always said he could love nobody but me.

Ma. [*to Mrs. Fal.*] Was ever any thing so ridiculous! I have heard my Mother say, she was never ask'd to marry in her Life; but was so fond, that if she had not been strictly watch'd, she had run away with the Butler.

Lady Cam. What does my Niece say, Mrs. *Fallow*?

Fal. That she has heard her Mother say, your Ladyship had always such an Aversion to Men, that she has known you keep your Chamber for Months together, because you could not bear the sight of the Butler and Footmen, when they waited at Table.

Lady Cam. Well, that's very true, I own it was carrying the thing a little too far, but I could not help it; I never spoke to a Man, unless my Father, till I was turn'd of Two-and-twenty: the Gentlemen who used to visit at our House, always call'd me the inaccessible Lady.

Young Pur. I never heard of anybody in my life that had such strict Notions of Modesty; your Ladyship would have made an excellent Nun.

Lady Cam. I have oft lamented the Misfortune of our Nation, that we have not that agreeable Society among us; could I get the Parliament to consent to it, I would build a Nunnery myself, and settle my whole Fortune upon it.

Ma. And be Lady Abbess yourself, Madam; but I hope your Nuns must not observe such strict Rules as they do abroad; I doubt, perpetual Confinement,

Penance, and Midnight-Prayer, will never agree with our *English Ladies*: if you expect those of them, I fancy you will gain but few Profelytes.

Lady Cam. Dear Niece, that you should think I would have any of the strict part abated! Penance, indeed, our Church does not allow of; but for every thing else, I would have it most religiously observ'd: and this would hinder all desire of things which the Order would not admit of. I would have *Plato's* Rules of Love only practis'd.

Young Pur. Mad, as I live! stark mad!

Ma. I find, Madam, I shall never be one of your Society; my Notion of Things is not so very abstracted; I own I have a little more of the gross in me: and what they call *Platonick* Love, is to me the greatest Jest in Nature, and seems as inconsistent with our Nature as being invisible.

Lady Cam. I extremely wonder at your Taste, Child, when I consider from what Blood you are sprung; you have too little of your Mother's Family in you, which was always so remarkable for that Purity I find you want: Our great Grandfather, Sir *Frosty Lovebane*, married Dame *Chastity Camphire*, who was Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, and he was knighted by that glorious Virgin, and was the first of our Family who was ennobled; for King *James*, at his Accession to the Crown, created him Baron *Iceby*, and afterwards Earl of *Snowington* in the Highlands of *Scotland*: He liv'd to be Ninety-five Years of age.

Ma. For goodness sake interrupt her, or she will never have done, now she has begun with her Family: I have known her tell a Tale of it three Hours long, and then had not got to the Union of *York* and *Lancaster*.

Young Pur. Come, Ladies, who's for the Play to-night? I believe 'tis almost time.

Lady Cam. Sadness! that ever People should give their minds to such vain empty things! Come, *Mrs. Fallow*, if you will go along with me, we'll first drink a Dish of Tea, and then I'll read you a little Treatise I writ myself upon Vanity.

Fal. Madam, you can write nothing but what must be worth hearing. I attend you.

Lady Cam. Come then. [Exeunt Ambo.]

Young Pur. The worst-match'd Pair in Christendom; one all Good-Humour, Ease, and Freedom; t'other all Ill-Nature, Pride, and Affectation.

Ma. A just Remark, I confess; but let us go and see whether the old Gentleman be reconciled to his Loss.

You. Pur. I wish I could be reconciled to mine. [Ex. Ambo.]

[Scene changes to Colonel Bellamont's Lodgings; the Col. and Verjuice set at a Table with Wine before 'em.]

Col. Come, *Mr. Verjuice*, why don't you drink your Wine?

Ver. Because I don't love it, Sir,

Col. I'm sorry for't; I thought every honest Fellow had lov'd his Bottle.

Ver. Ha! ha! ha! If none but honest Fellows were to drink Wine, one Vintage would serve till the Resurrection; I don't believe there's an honest Man betwixt *Nova Zembla* and the Streights of *Magellan*.

Col. I hope, *Mr. Verjuice*, you exclude yourself.

Ver. Sir, I exclude nobody.

Col. That's hard; I was in hopes to have made you my Friend.

Ver. Lockye, Sir, I have no Notion of what the World calls Friendship; nor do I take it for any thing but Sound, mere Sound! Draw up a Catalogue of all those who call themselves your Friends, and ten to one whether in five hundred Persons, there is one single Mortal who will do you the least

Service, but promise like the Devil, tho' they are not half so honest in performing. No, Colonel, I neither have, or desire any Friend but Money; and if ever I do any Man a piece of service, that must be my Inducement.

Col. I wonder, Mr. *Verjuice*, you should say you are not an honest Man; upon my Soul, I never heard an honefter Declaration in my Life: Come, Sir, I love plain Dealing as well as you do; and, without any farther Preamble, I must tell you I have a design upon the Daughter of Sir *Ephraim Purchase*; [*pulls out a Purse, and lays it down by him*] I have address'd her for some time: but as Women of her Coquet Temper encourage all Men alike, I have not gain'd that ground I expected; for which reason, I intend to try another Expedient, but can do nothing without your assistance.

Ver. [*Eying the Purse.*] Why, I believe I shall be inclined to serve you, when you have told me how.

Col. That I shall do very briefly; and, by way of Preludium, desire you will accept of this Purse; 'tis lined with something that will please you; and when the work is over, I believe I can tell where to find a fellow to it.

Ver. Well, Sir, I have already told you this is the Friendship I like; and if I can return it in something that will please you as well, why you will, I suppose, be satisfy'd.

Col. True, Sir, and now to the purpose: In the first place, you are to know I am a younger Brother, and have not much more than my Commission to trust to; and how soon I may be reduced to Half-Pay, I know not; for which reason, I would secure *Maria* and her twenty thousand Pounds, which will be a comfortable Recruit whenever t'other happens.

Ver. I won't say 'tis impossible to get the Girl, but how will you secure her Fortune?

Col. I'll run the hazard of that ; Time will reconcile all things ; and Sir *Ephraim*, when he dies, will certainly leave his Money behind him : beside, if I marry her with his own Consent, there will be no great difficulty.

Ver. True ; but how the Devil do you expect to get it ?

Col. That I am now to tell you ; I intend to disguise myself, and pass for the old Lord *Pastall*, who is my own Uncle, and has a good Estate, part of which I may one day possess : neither Sir *Ephraim* or his Daughter have ever yet seen him, tho' they both know there is such a Peer, and that he intends to address *Maria*.

Ver. Does she know any thing of the matter ?

Col. No, nor do I design she shall, till I am forc'd to discover myself ; for if she likes an old Man with an Estate and Title, better than a young one with neither, she'll close with her Father's Proposals, and marry me as such ; if she likes the other better, 'tis but letting her into the secret at the last pinch ; and she will then be pleas'd it is no worse.

Ver. But I don't see how I am to serve you all this while.

Col. Why 'tis very probable Sir *Ephraim* will desire to be satisfied I am the very Man I personate ; and your part in this Affair is to own me as an old Acquaintance, and say I am to your knowledge the very numerical identical Lord *Pastall*.

Ver. Hum—Well, I find I am to act no very reputable part ; for I see I am to be little better than a down-right Cheat : but why should I be ashamed of being in particular what all Mankind are in general ? One word more, and I have done ; Are you not afraid *Maria* should know your Voice ?

Col. I'll disguise it as well as I can ; but you know such near Relations may speak alike.

Ver. Well speed the Plow ; when must I expect you ?

Col. In half an hour precisely ; my Man is gone to provide the Disguise, and in that time you may expect me.

Ver. I'll be at home. Fare you well. [*Ex. Ver.*]

Col. So, now have I put myself into the power of one who has Villany enough to betray me the first thing he does ; but as he has no notion of either Friendship or Honour, the Bribe already given, and that promis'd, will secure me ; else let him look to his Bones, for they pay for every slip of his Tongue.

Enter Barnaby with a Bundle.

Well, have you forgot nothing ?

Bar. No, Sir, no ; here's every thing in order, from the narrow-brim'd Beaver to the Roses in your Shoes ; if my Lord dresses as your Honour is like to be, by my troth he's a queer figure.

Col. Are all the Footmen ready ?

Bar. Yes, Sir, Coach and Equipage are all at the door ; but will your Honour give me leave to ask how you managed Mr. *Verjuice* ?

Col. By the Magick Art of Gold, Sirrah ! the Dog's run away with a whole Month's Pay.

Bar. Aye, Sir, there's nothing to be done without it, either in Love or Politicks ; to attempt a Design in either without Generosity, is like besieging a Town without Ammunition.

Col. The Rascal's in the right for once.

Bar. That ever People should be so fond of a little white and yellow Earth ! Now could I philosophize much, and wonder in my Conscience who it was that first set a value on it. Oh Gold, Gold ! I may say as my Friend *Castalio* did of Women :

What mighty Ills have not been wrought by Gold ?

What is the Cause the gaming Lady spends

At Cards or Dice her sleepless Nights ? nor thinks

How

*How much late Hours prey on her Damask Cheeks,
And spoil her blooming Charms?—Gold.*

*What makes the Sailor plow the Azure Main,
While Spouse and Babes at home neglected mourn
His tedious Absence?—Gold.*

*By thee betray'd, how many Maids lament
Their Honour lost, and rail at faithless Man!*

Col. Ha! ha! ha! you're extremely eloquent, Sir.

Bar. Aye, Sir, you may please to remember, when we were at *Cambridge* how differently we spent our time; while you were at the *Tuns* over your Bottle, I was in your Study over your Books, and there I read the Force of Gold; it once made *Demosthenes* dumb, and 'tis that now which makes me speak.

Col. Your most humble Servant, Sir! I would have you turn Poet.

Bar. No, I thank you, Sir; that would be the way to have little enough of the Metal I have been just talking of: for I'll engage that Trade starves more People than the seven Years of Famine did.

Col. Well, Sir, no more of your Wit at present; but carry up the things, for I must dress, and be there immediately.

Bar. I go, I go, Sir; but I hope when you have taken the Town, you will be pleas'd to remember 'twas I that sprung the Mine, and reward me at least with some of the Plunder. [Ex. Bar.]

Col. Now, Fortune, be propitious, and crown my Wishes with Success!

*The Gods in borrow'd Forms committed Rapes,
'Twas they first taught us how to change our Shapes;
And if by their Example 'tis we move,
What Mortal would not mimick mighty Jove?*



A C T III.



Enter Verjuice.

Ver. T O talk of Honour and being nicely virtuous, is like a Girl eaten up with Green-Sickness and Romance; 'tis true, indeed, Sir *Ephraim* may meet with Vexation, his Daughter with Ruin, or the Colonel with Disappointment, but what's all that to me, who am like to get both Sport and Profit by it? [*Enter Sir Ephraim.*

Sir Eph. I am glad you are here, Mr. *Verjuice*, I want a little of your Advice; my Son, you must know, has a mind to travel, and if I should let him go, and he should bring me home some *French Whore*, or *Venetian Strumpet*, to get Heirs for my Estate, Gads-bud, 'twould make me mad.

Ver. But if he should marry an *English Whore*, the thing is so very common, that it would not disturb you, I suppose: Lookye Sir *Ephraim*, if I were in your place, I should rather think of disposing of my Daughter than my Son; for as he grows older, he'll get more Wit; but as she does so, she'll grow more head-strong.

Sir Eph. Aye, may be so, but I have dispos'd of her already.

Ver. Have you so? to whom, pray?

Sir Eph. To one I expect every minute, 'tis Lord *Pastall*, if you ever heard of such a one.

Ver.

Ver. Heard of him! Why he's my old Acquaintance, my particular Friend, an excellent Match, I assure you: but I would have you close with him as soon as possible, for he's a little whimsical, and not very steady in his Resolutions; catch him Sir *Ephraim*, catch him as soon as you can, for he's worth a prodigious deal of ready Money, beside an Estate of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud I'm glad to hear it, by my Troth I am glad to hear it.

Ver. Aye, but Sir *Ephraim*, will your Daughter like him? For he's pretty old.

Sir Eph. I shall never once give myself the Trouble to ask her, whether she does or no; if I like him, 'tis sufficient; and if she does not like him, she shall take him for her pains. [*A knocking at the Door.*]

Ver. I believe he's come.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a strange sort of an old Gentleman below, they call him Lord *Pastall*, and I believe they are in the right. He's here.

Enter Colonel disguis'd and dress'd in a very old-fashion'd Habit, Sir Ephraim and he make a great many ridiculous Bows to one another.

Ver. Ouns what a Figure he makes! [*Aside.*]

Col. Sir *Ephraim*, I sent my Business to you to-day by my Nephew, for I am a Man that cannot away with a great deal of Trouble. How! my Friend Mr. *Verjuice* here!

Ver. My good Lord *Pastall*, I am glad to see you. Why I think in my heart you grow young again?

Sir Eph. Young again! He may be an Antediluvian by his Dress; by my troth the Girl will never like him, nor I don't know how the Devil she shou'd,

[*Aside.*]

Col. Well, Sir *Ephraim*, to our Business; come, I have

have a good Estate, and I begin to think of getting Heirs for it.

Sir Eph. Why, truly my Lord, I think 'tis almost time, if you design it at all; my Daughter's young enough, if we can but get the Baggage to like your Lordship.

Ver. I see you have Business, my Lord, so I take my leave. [Exit Verjuice.]

Col. Like me! Cot-so, how shou'd she chuse but like me? [gets up and struts] Why I am as likely an old Fellow as ever got over Seventy Three, since the Siege of *Jerusalem*.

Sir Eph. And I believe he can remember it, for my part. [Aside.] But my Lord, I beg your Lordship will not be too free in telling your Age.

Col. Away, away, let me see the young Gentlewoman, and leave me to do my own Business: Cot-so, I can moufel a young Girl, I warrant you.

Sir Eph. Well my Lord, I'll go and fetch her. By my Troth I can hardly forbear laughing myself.

Aside & Ex.

Col. solus. Ha! ha! ha! If this does not mortify *Maria*, and bring her to a better Opinion of her young Lover, the Devil's in her Taste, I think.

Enter Sir Ephraim and Maria.

Sir Eph. Here my Lord, here's my Girl; if you can get her Consent, I freely give you mine, you say you can do your own Business, so I leave you together. [Exit Sir Eph.]

Col. Come my pretty Maid, sit you down, and I'll talk a little with you. [Maria looks at him, and bursts out a laughing.] Cot-so, my little Wag, what do you laugh at me? but that's a Sign you're pleas'd, and I'll please you better, my little Wag, before I have done with you.

Ma. My Lord, you have but one way of pleasing me.

Col. Which way is that, prithee?

Ma.

Ma. To make me a very good Jointure, and marry me to-night, then kick up your heels and die to-morrow Morning.

Col. Cot-so, why you unconscionable little Baggage, but one Night, Huffy, but one Night!

Ma. No, but one Night, and enough too, all things consider'd. I warrant, my Lord, you carry an Organ to bed with you every night, but I hate Serenades.

Col. Say you so, my little Wag, Cot-so; try me, and if you do not find me better than you expect; I'll give you a good separate Maintenance, and we'll part like any fashionable young Couple.

Ma. I shou'd know that Voice; [*she looks earnestly at him.*] Aye! in my Conscience, 'tis Colonel *Bellamont*, he has forgot to cover the Mole on his Forehead; but if I don't play him Trick for his Trick, may I never marry a younger Husband than he represents.

Col. Come, come, venture upon an old Fellow for once, here's Two Thousand Pounds a Year Jointure, a Title, with a Coach and six; Cot-so, my little Wag, what wou'd you be at?

Ma. I must own, my Lord, your Offers are very powerful, almost too strong for a weak Woman to resist; but I have made a firm Resolution never to marry any Man, who will not first promise me to chastise the Insolence of a young saucy Lover I have.

Col. Do but name him, and he dies tho' he had the Lives of ten Cats.

Ma. Nay, I believe he's but a Coward, tho' he's a Field-Officer, and I fancy it wou'd be no hard matter to lead him in Triumph like a tame Bear.

Col. 'Sdeath that's unsufferable. [*Afide.*]

Ma. But you know, my Lord, if you can't manage him yourself, you may call in some of your Bull-Dogs; poor Gentleman, he's no *Almanzor*, but plain Colonel *Bellamont*.

Col. How! my little Wag! Colonel *Bellamont*! why he's my Nephew, Child; and that would be an un-

unnatural Quarrel indeed : Fy upon't ! I hate every thing that's unnatural.

Ma. Why then, my Lord, do you desire to marry a young Woman ? I think you ought to sacrifice every thing to my Inclination.

Col. By my troth he's a very honest Fellow ; and I love him as well as I do myself : but to let you see I love you better than either, I'll go this minute and bring him an humble Suppliant at your Feet, where he shall renounce all his Pretensions, and resign you wholly to me.

Ma. But then, my Lord, I expect you should bring him yourself.

Col. Myself !—ay, ay. That would be a little hard, if she knew all. [*Aside.*]

Ma. Be sure, my Lord, tho' he's your Nephew, use him like your Rival ; and believe his ill Treatment gives you a title to the best in my power.

Col. Why then he falls, tho' he were as fix'd as the Poles that support the Globe. Here, where are my Rogues ? [*Exit blustering.*]

Ma. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I think the Creature acts the old Man better than the young one ; but I fancy I have humbled him pretty well, and shall hardly receive any more Addresses from him as Colonel *Bellamont* ; tho' I like his Contrivance of all things : for now I can mortify him as a young Man, and marry him as an old one ; can oblige a resolute Father, and please myself too : for, to say the truth, *Bellamont* has receiv'd a lavish share of Nature's Bounty, tho' Fortune has play'd the niggard.

Enter Sir Ephraim.

Sir Eph. Hussy, what have you done to my Lord, that he's gone away in such a plaguy stickle ?

Ma. Sir, all Ladies in Romance expect their Lovers to kill a brace of Giants, a Dragon, or a Monster,

fter, before they think them worthy of their Favours; and I have sent mine to catch a *Myrmidon*.

Sir Eph. A what? a Mermaid?

Ma. No, Sir, a more formidable Creature by half.

Sir Eph. By my troth I don't believe he can catch any thing swifter than a Snail. [*Aside.*] Well, *Maria*, how do you like him?

Ma. Like him, Sir? very well as Lord *Pastall*; but don't suppose you would have me like him as a Husband.

Sir Eph. Not as a Husband! by my troth but I would. Why, you silly Jade, would any body in their Senses refuse a Man of his Substance, and so old too?

Ma. Pray, Sir, do you reckon his Age among his Charms?

Sir Eph. Yes, Huffy, I do; for the older he is, the sooner he will die, and then——

Ma. There's something in that I confess; but, however, I shall always prefer my Duty to my Inclinations: and if you command, I'll obey.

Sir Eph. By my troth I'm overjoy'd: And wilt have him, *Moll*? wilt have my Lord?

Ma. Sir, I am yours, and you may dispose of me as you please.

Sir Eph. Why then thou'rt a very good Girl; and I'll promise thee I'll throw thee in a Brace of Thousands more for thy Obedience. Here, *Frederick*!

Enter Young Purchase.

Come, Boy, and rejoice with me; thy Sister has promis'd to have my Lord.

Young Pur. Sir, you will please to pardon me, if I say my Aversion was always very great to unequal Matches; and I cannot but think you are going the ready road to my Sister's Ruin.

Sir Eph. Why how now, Sirrah! have I sent for you from your Tutor, to come and be mine? Gadsbobs, no more of your Advice, or—or—

Enter a Maid running.

Ma. Madam, Madam! here are Gypsies coming.

Sir Eph. Who? who? give me my Sword; who's coming?

Ma. Only a poor Woman or two that tell Fortunes; pray, Sir, let's have 'em in, to make us a little sport.

Sir Eph. Apox on 'em! and so we shall have our Pockets pick'd. But you have lately humour'd me, and for once I'll try to please you. Go, bring 'em in.

Enter Kitty, disguised like a Gypsy, with a Patch upon one Eye.

Kitty. So! so! here's one, two, three great Lovers.

Sir Eph. [*in her Tone*] Why then here are one, two, three great Fools.

Kitty. I warrant you thought yourself one, when you were making Love to a certain Person this morning. Come, Sir, cross my Hand with a Piece of Silver, and I'll tell you more.

Sir Eph. Hussy, stand farther off, or I shall cross my Cane over your Shoulders, for what you have told me already.

Kitty. No matter for that, I'll tell you more for nothing; if you don't make haste and send away your Son there, he will prove a dangerous Rival, and rob you of your Mistress.

Sir Eph. Apox confound your Lyes! I have not patience! if I stay, I shall kick the Jade out of doors.

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*

Kitty. [*to Maria.*] Now for you, Madam; the Stars give a very confused account of your Fortune, and are somewhat various in their Decrees for you; here's a Lord and a Soldier, whose Interests are so
in-

interwoven, that it is not possible for the Stars themselves to tell which they are most inclin'd to; you will marry both, yet have but one Husband, and with him be very happy.

Ma. The Devil! the Devil! [*runs out.*]

Kitty [*to Young Pur.*] Come, Sir, you stand as if you were grown careless of your Fortune; but have a good heart, you have a Day of Jubilee coming.

Young Pur. I hope you will not take it ill, if I don't believe what you say.

Kitty. If you don't, I shall have *Cassandra's* Fate; but since you seem to doubt my Skill, answer me one Question: Didn't you renounce your Love for your Friendship? and because the Brother desired you to desist, who had promis'd his Interest to another, you most ungenerously left the Sister, who lov'd you more than Life.

Young Pur. If the Lady had any value for me, she deny'd me the Pleasure of knowing it; yet sure what I did was far from an ungenerous Action, since to please my Friend, I ruin'd myself.

Kitty. Had you ruin'd yourself only, the Action had indeed been generous, tho' not very natural; but you ruin'd the Lady too.

Young Pur. Who the Devil can this be? [*Aside.*] Prithee what's your Name?

Kitty. Caldesse.

Young Pur. And were you born in *Egypt*?

Kitty. Yes, an *Egyptian Magi's* Daughter.

Young Pur. I rather take thee for an *Egyptian Hieroglyphick*.

Kitty. Sir, I am a perfect Mistress of my Trade. [*pulls out a Snuff-Box.*] Here, Sir, one Pinch of this Snuff will immediately represent to your eyes the Face you like best.

Young Pur. No, I have left it off. [*Kitty holds the Box nearer to him.*] One Pinch, Sir, and no more.

Young Pur. [*snatching the Box.*] Ha! *Emilia's* Picture!

ture! what Angel convey'd this Treasure into thy Custody? [*looking at the Picture.*] Thou lovely Likeness of a most beautiful Face to a more beauteous Mind! thou shalt along with me; and while *Emilia* lies incircled in a happy Husband's Arms, (Oh Death to my Repose!) I'll lay thee to my broken Heart, a senseless Witness of my Sighs and Tears! [*Kitty turns, and wipes her Eyes.*]

Kitty. Perhaps, Sir, I have made a deeper Scrutiny into your Fate than you may think me capable of; and dare affirm, *Emilia* is not married.

Young Pur. Alas! thy Good-Nature carries thee too far; and I see thou would'st divert my Trouble, even to the Subversion of thy own Skill: for her Brother——

Kitty. Sent you word she was; I know it: but his whole Design was to put a stop to your Proceedings, and the Fact intirely false.

Young Pur. Suppose I were Fool enough to believe thee, how should I reconcile her present Behaviour to her future Design? Had she the least intention to make me happy, she would doubtless e'er now have found some way to let me know it.

Kitty. My Art tells me she writ three Letters to you, but her Brother intercepted them: I'll go and consult my Familiar, and in an hour's time I'll return, and tell you when you are to see her, and never part again. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Young Pur. This is a little odd. [*Pauses.*] S'death! what a Blockhead am I! My Sister, I remember, told me, her Maid came recommended from *Emilia*, and this Woman has certainly been set on by her; should it be true—Oh that it were but true! So, here come the old Ladies; they shall have my place, whilst I go to indulge Hope.

[*Exit Young Pur.*]

Enter

Enter Lady Camphire and Fallow.

Lady Cam. Then, Madam, you think my Niece is no way inclined to the rakish Officer.

Fal. I hope not, Madam, for your sake; she says not: but we Women are sometimes, like our Dreams, to be taken by the Rule of Contraries.

Lady Cam. I am extremely concern'd to find her Taste so depraved; I wish she would contemplate on, and imitate my Vertues: but, alas! she's too much in love with sensual Pleasures, to relish intellectual, tho' they pall the Appetite, and weary even in the Enjoyment.

Fal. I fancy, Madam, if you had been a Man, you would have run into very deep Philosophy.

Lady Cam. Natural Philosophy, I believe I should; for I had always an exceeding desire to pry into the Secrets of Nature.

Fal. Bless me, what Stuff she talks! [*Aside.*]

Enter Verjuice with a Pipe in his Mouth.

Ver. Ouns! these Women, like a Man's evil Genius, are every where, I think.

Fal. I wonder, Mr. *Verjuice*, how you come to be such an Enemy to our Sex.

Ver. [*in her Tone.*] Because, forsooth, I have a natural aversion to Impertinence.

Fal. A body would expect then you should be always silent yourself.

Ver. I generally am so in Womens Company, especially among the old ones.

Lady Cam. Rude and unmanner'd! to whom do you unjustly fix that Epithet?

Ver. To nobody unjustly; for I think your Ladyship and that Mrs. *Termagant* may very well come under that Denomination.

Fal. To what end is all this Ill-nature shown? Sure you don't think it in the power of one scarce worth laughing at, to give us any Uneasiness?

Ver. Yes, when I show my Skill in Painting, and draw your Pictures to the Life!

Fal. Where there's neither Wit enough to say things entertaining, or Good-nature enough to keep a Man within the Bounds of good Manners; I think one may venture to despise such a Person, and bid him do his worst.

Lady Cam. And for my part, my un sullied Vertue is a sufficient guard against the most virulent Railer.

Ver. Five-and-fifty's a better guard than all your Vertue; a Man must have a vast deal of Desire that can attempt a Person with no more Charms than a Skeleton, one that would damp his Desires more than the sight of a Charnel-House.

Lady Cam. How! I'd have you to know I have refused the best Matches in the Kingdom.

Ver. If your Ladyship was ever offer'd Love, (which is a very great question) it was when that Face was forty Years younger; before it had destroyed more Paint than would have daubed all the Signs betwixt *Aldgate* and *Temple-Bar*——tho' tolerable it never was.

Lady Cam. This Usage is not to be borne; one would think Sir *Ephraim* kept you on purpose to affront his Friends: but I'll know the meaning of it.

[*Ex. Lady Cam,*

Ver. What do you fly for't? nay, then I'm Conqueror. And now for you, Madam.

Fal. Mr. *Verjuice*, I am not very fond of a *Bil-linggate* Dialogue; but I have too much of the Worm in me, not to turn again.

Ver. Nay, I know you can outdo me in scolding; for your Tongue is as nimble as the Fingers of a *German* Artist, and as loud as the new Clock at *St. Paul's*; then thou hast impudence enough to outdo *Mrs. Hardenfaced Brazen*, who put a whole Regiment of the *Guards* out of countenance.

Fal. Why all this is very well now; from a Man whose Compound is Spight, Malice, Avarice, and Ill-nature; in my conscience, I begin to believe the *Rosicrucian* Philosophy, and fancy some infernal Spirit has had private Dealings with thy Mother; for Man and Woman could never beget such a Monster.

Ver. To enquire how thou wert begot, would be raking too far into so bad a Subject; but I dare say thy Nurses were puzzled to tell whether thou wert Male or Female; and if thy Maid did not lay a Plaister to thy Chaps every Night, of Honey, Tar, Treacle, and Album-græcum, thou would'st have a Beard as blue as an Ale-Wife's Apron; and there's not a Yeoman of the Guards, or a *Swiss*-Officer, that has a more masculine Phiz.

Fal. Well, I have still the advantage of you, by looking like a Human Creature, while you resemble an *Egyptian* Mummy, swaddled up in Sear-Cloth every Night, lest you should drop in pieces, when your Iron Bodice are pull'd off.

Ver. Have a care how you say this in publick; People may think I have favour'd you with a Night's Lodging, by your being so very knowing.

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! I had rather have the Favour from a Pole-Cat, and should have a sweeter Bed-fellow.

Ver. A pox o' your tart Tongue, it has set my Teeth on edge. [Exit Verjuice.]

Fal. *Victoria! Victoria!*

Enter Maria and Young Pur.

Ma. What's the matter, Madam?

Fal. Only a few sparring Blows betwixt Mr. *Verjuice* and I; but if I come not even with him for his civil Treatment, may I never converse with any thing better-humour'd than himself.

Young Pur. Then pray take your Revenge as soon as you can; for if that Curse falls to your share,

share, I know but few Blessings can make amends for't.

Fal. I am just going to lay the Scheme, before I have time to cool. Madam, I am yours.

Ma. I hope you'll let me share the Pleasure, because you know I have an old grudge to him myself.

Fal. Or it would be none to me. [Exit Fallow.

Young Pur. Sure, *Maria*, you don't design in earnest to marry this silly, old, doating Lord.

Ma. Nay, I don't know; perhaps, when it comes to the push, I may marry nobody: but if I do, I am resolv'd to please my Father; beside, I really like my Lord.

Young Pur. For what, prithee?

Ma. His Wit, his Humour, his Air, his Behaviour; nay, in my conscience, he is very handsome too.

Young Pur. Sure you think you're describing Colonel *Bellamont*.

Ma. Pish! a fiddle on Colonel *Bellamont*! I tell you, if ever I do play the fool, and marry, it shall certainly be Lord *Pastall*; then I shall have Title, Grandeur, Jointure, Equipage, and every thing a Woman loves—

Young Pur. But a Man, *Maria*.

Ma. Pugh! my Lord's no Cypher.

Young Pur. You make me think of the Gypfy; 'tis well if there be not some Mystery in this Matter.

Ma. O Lud! I wish you were hang'd for putting me in mind of her; the very thoughts on't makes my Hair stand an end; I never convers'd with the Devil before: but my Lord will be here presently; I must go and order the Tea-Kettle to be set on. [Ex. *Maria*.

Young Pur. solus. How I envy this Girl's happy Temper; she can be easy under any Circumstance, while my Thoughts are confin'd entirely to one Subject.

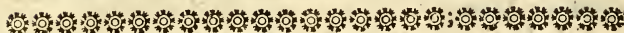
Lovers, like me, continually oppress'd

With strange Emotions, never are at rest,

Till with the Object of their Wishes bless'd.



A C T IV.



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

Enter Mrs. Fallow and Barnaby.

Fal. **Y**OU say your Master is gone out, *Barnaby*?

Bar. Yes, Madam.

Fal. Why then I'll tell you my Business with you: Mr. *Verjuice* has this day given me some gross Affronts, which, as I did not deserve, I cannot easily pass by. There is something too grateful in that thing call'd Revenge, tho' mine does not run very high; a little drubbing will satisfy me, but you must be my Assistant.

Bar. Ah Madam, how willing shou'd I be to serve your Ladyship if I durst! but at present my Master lies under some Obligations to him, and it is as much as my Life is worth to touch him.

Fal. But it may be possible to put you in a way of touching him, and making him feel you too, without any manner of Hazard to yourself.

Bar. Why then, Madam, you shall find I do not want Inclination; ad-zucks my Fingers itch already to be at him.

Fal. I intend to dress you in a Suit of my Maid's Clothes, and then you shall go to Sir *Ephraim's* and enquire for him, tell him you have a Letter and Business

ness of some Consequence to deliver to him, but it requires the greatest Secrecy; he will then take you into the Garden, as he does every body when he wou'd not be heard; and when you have him in the Summer-House——

Bar. Leave the rest to me, Madam, I shall easily pick a Quarrel with him, and then Discipline's the Word; by *Jove* I'll give him enough to-day to serve him to-morrow too, unless he loves Beating as well as Mischief or Money.

Fal. In such a case, *Barnaby*, I doubt you wou'd be weary first; here, I have provided you a Cudgel, which you must walk with, under pretence of being lame.

Bar. And he shall have a plentiful Share of the Sweets on't, for I owe him a Grudge upon my own account. But, Madam, how shall I get out again? For I doubt he'll raise the *Posse* upon me.

Fal. *Maria* has given me a Key to the Back-Door, I will be there myself to let you out; in the mean time, take this as a Reward for your future Service.

[*Gives Money.*]

Bar. I'll assure you, Madam, Mr. *Verjuice* shall reap the Fruits of your Generosity, and I'll give him penny-worths for your penny; but if you please, I wou'd be dress'd and gone, for fear my Master shou'd come home and want me.

Fal. This Minute.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

[*Scene changes to Sir Ephraim's.*]

Maria, sola. What Pains the old Gentleman takes to persuade me to follow my own Inclinations; ha! ha! ha! I wonder how he will behave himself when he finds he is deceiv'd! Well, I am safe however, and he cannot be angry with me for what is his own Act and Deed. Oh, here comes the Colonel unmetamorphosed; now for another Scene of Dissimulation.

Enter

Enter Colonel.

Col. Thus when from Wintry Signs the joyous Sun
Returns, and drives away th'unkindly Frosts,
The Earth again receives th'enlivening Beams,
And a new Bloom o'erspreads its languid Face.

So I, Madam, who so long absented from you have been as dull and heavy as a Day in *December*, do by your Presence receive so much Sprightliness and Vigour, that *May* in all its Glory can scarce compare with me.

Ma. What! Flights, Colonel! nay, if once you turn Poet, Mercy upon you I say.

Col. 'Tis all to please you Ladies, Madam, for we know you love Verse.

Ma. Tho' perhaps we don't understand it.

Col. Oh Madam! That's too hard upon you Ladies, you are generally speaking very knowing, and understand every thing—

Ma. But the Heart of Man, Colonel; and that's past finding out.

Col. Nay Child, I should have said that, and apply'd it to the other Sex: how cou'd you be so cruel, as not only to take away your dear Self from me, and give what shou'd be mine to a superannuated Lover, but set him to assassinate me in the Street; nay, he wou'd fain have made a *Bajazet* of me, and brought me to you in a Cage: but I consider'd I cou'd not sing, so begg'd my Liberty to go and make a voluntary Confession of my Disgrace.

Ma. I hope, Sir, with your Confession you'll make a Resignation too.

Col. Why sure, *Maria*, you don't prefer my Uncle to me.

Ma. Indeed I do, and think Lord *Pastall* in every respect as agreeable as yourself, but intend to marry neither.

Col. Then there's a happy third Man you love better.

Ma.

Ma. No, no! Lard you are so impertinent, I'll marry no body; here am I, a fine young Lady, have a good Fortune, and admired and address'd by every body, and you wou'd have me such a Fool as to leave all this Pleasure to be a Wife forsooth, to spend my Evenings at home with my Maids, making Patch-Work or mending my Husband's Night-Caps, whose coming I must patiently expect till Midnight; and if he comes then, perhaps so fuddled, that I shou'd have but little Comfort of his Company.

Col. This is painting Matrimony in its worst Colours; you are in no Danger of such Usage, but may have a Man who entirely loves, admires, nay adores you, who will never be from you, but when Necessity obliges him, and then our Meeting will be so much sweeter for that little Absence.

Ma. Is this your Resignation? I'll assure you, Colonel, I'll tell your Uncle of you.

Enter Sir Ephraim and young Purchase.

Young Pur. Colonel *Bellamont*, I am your most humble Servant.

Col. So, how the Devil shall I come off now?

[*Aside.*]

Young Pur. I think, Sir, you have forgot me.

Col. Now Impudence assist me! [*Aside.*] Forgot you, Sir! I never had the Honour of being known to you.

Young Pur. How so, Sir! is not your Name *Bellamont*?

Col. No, Sir.

Sir Eph. Why, what a Pox, is this Colonel *Bellamont* at last? Sir, did not you tell me you were Lord *Pastall's* Nephew, and that your Name was *Fainwell*?

Col. Yes, Sir.

Ma. Don't believe him, Sir; his Name is *Bellamont*, and his Business here is to circumvent my Lord, and draw me from my Obedience to you. *Col.*

Col. The Devil, nay then my Hopes are at an end.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Eph. Are not you an unnatural young Dog now, to rival your own Uncle?

Col. Sir, I wou'd rival my ownself rather than lose the Woman I love.

Sir Eph. The Fortune you love, I suppose you mean: but do you hear, Sir! pray do me the Favour to walk down Stairs, and come no more here till your Uncle invites you to his Wedding.

Ma. Which I promise you, Colonel, he shall do, tho' it cost me a pair of Gloves and a Favour.

Col. Gentlemen your most obedient; Madam, I am yours.
[*Exit Col.*]

Ma. O Ged! How it vexes me to see with what Indifference the Fellow bears all this? I think 'tis impossible to mortify him.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Eph. By my Troth this Fellow has a good Stock of Assurance; if his Courage does but come up to a fourth Part of his Impudence, one Regiment of such Men, wou'd put a whole Nation to the rout.

Young Pur. I cannot enter into Maria's Designs, but sure I am they wear a Mask.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Eph. As soon as my Lord comes again, I will have your Jointure settled, and you shall be married forthwith, there may be Danger in Delay.

Ma. O Lud, Sir, I wou'd have him with all my heart, but——

Sir Eph. But what, Hussy?

Ma. He's so old, Sir.

Sir Eph. Aye, this comes of your entertaining young Fellows! Did not you promise you wou'd do whatever I desir'd you?

Ma. Must I have him then?

Sir Eph. Or nobody: come, be a good Girl, and don't vex thy poor Father, who intends to give thee a great deal of Money, and be very merry at thy Wedding: But hast heard nothing of thy Maid yet?

Ma.

Ma. No Sir, but shall, I fancy, some time or other.

Sir Eph. 'Tis well if you do; by my Troth a Man may as well guard the Furnace, when the Philosopher's-Stone is in Projection, as one of those Eel-tail'd Wenches.

Young Pur. I hope, Sir, you have no private Reason for being concern'd at her Loss.

Sir Eph. Suppose I have, Sir, am I to give you an account of my Proceedings? You have a mind to travel, I give you leave, and I hope, Sir, [*pulling off his Hat*] if I have a mind to marry, you will be as kind to me.

Young Pur. If you marry, Sir, I am oblig'd to submit to it, but must own I cou'd never consent to it. Do you consider, Sir, how just a Cause the World has to despise us, when we rack Nature, and strive to act Twenty at Threescore?

Sir Eph. Why, Sir, do you think I have out-liv'd all my Passions?

Young Pur. No, Sir, some of our Passions grow stronger by Age, such as Fear and Anger; but some again grow weaker, such as Hope and Love. How industrious is every Parent in advising their Children to make Reason the Touch-Stone of all their Actions! and yet—pray, Sir, consider, none of the four Elements are greater Opposites than Age and Youth.

Ma. So, that's partly design'd for me. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant to young Purchase.

Serv. One Mr. Brightly from Cambridge, Sir, desires to kiss your Hand.

Young Pur. I wait his Commands, pray Sister order us a Pot of Tea. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Eph. solus. From whence does it arise, that we are hurried into Folly by our own Consent? Is it implanted in our Nature? Or is there a Fatality constantly waiting upon Mankind, to hurry him into his

his own Ruin? No, it must proceed from that Complacency we have for our dear selves, who we are loth to disoblige, or deny any thing, tho' by granting it we are for ever ridiculous. Here am I, a Man of a very plentiful Fortune, am blest'd with two dutiful Children, want for nothing this World can give me, but——a Wife forsooth: and tho' I know I should be despis'd by them, the World, and even myself; yet could I find this Girl again, I should certainly marry her; tho' her Fortune, Family, and Years, are so unsuitable. The Boy's in the right on't:

*So many Passions do our Reason sway,
That what we ought to conquer, we obey.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Porter, Sir, brought this Letter. [*Gives it, and Ex.* *Sir Ephraim opens and reads it.*]

S I R,

AS I had the honour of being related to your deceased Lady, I cannot bear any thing to the prejudice of her Offspring, without letting you know, I am credibly inform'd there is a young Officer who intends to take away your Daughter Vi & Armis: Be advised, and dispose of her as soon as you can. Yours.

By my troth, and so I will; this must be that impudent Colonel: but if I don't do his Errand to my Lord——Gads-bobs, he's just here!

Enter Colonel as Lord Pastall.

Col. Come, come, where's this Dad of mine, and my little Wag? Cotso, I have not seen her this age; where is she? where is she? By my troth, the very thoughts of her fills my Veins with young Blood. Prithee, *Sir Ephraim*, let us be married to-night.

Sir Eph. The sooner the better; my Lord; for I can tell you, you have a dangerous Rival in your own Family. Read that Letter.

Col. I think I had best tell him I writ it. [*Afide.*] [*He reads.*] Hum—hum—Aye, aye, this must be my ungracious Nephew: Would you believe it? the Rogue had the impudence to tell me to my face, he would cheat me of her.

Sir Eph. The Devil he did! and could you bear it, my Lord? could you bear it?

Col. No, no, bear it! I have cudgel'd the Jackanapes about her two or three times already; but he's a damn'd resolute Rascal, so I would fain have it over. But where is she? where is she?

Sir Eph. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Where's my Daughter?

Serv. In the Garden, Sir, with Mrs. Fallow.

Sir Eph. Bid her come here.

Col. No, no, we'll go to her: Cotso, 'tis very pretty to court in shady Groves, if we had but some purling Streams to 'em; we shall so bill and so coo, till we teach the little Birds to make love.

Sir Eph. A very cranky romantick old Gentleman. [*Afide.*] Come, then, my Lord; but first I'll take you into my Closet, and give you a Dram of Clary-water; we old Men want it sometimes, to chear our Spirits.

Col. Old! *Sir Ephraim*, I protest I wonder you should talk so; why I am as brisk and as jolly as— as—by my troth, as my Nephew himself. But let us have a Dram however, and then for my little Wag.

[*Ex. Sir Eph. and Col.*

[*Scene changes to the Garden; Maria, Mrs. Fallow, and Barnaby behind.*]

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder'd as I came by his Chamber-door, to hear him groaning like a despairing

ing

ing Lover, and cursing like a *Dutchman* after an Inundation. But prithee, *Barnaby*, let us have the Particulars.

Bar. As soon, Madam, as I had whisper'd in his Ear, that I had a Money-Concern with him, he tipt the wink upon me to follow him, which I did, into the Garden here; and when I had got him into yonder Summer-House, I turn'd and lock'd the Door: upon which he grew pale, tho' I believe it was rather fear of Ravishment than Chastisement; but when he saw me pull a Rope out of my Pocket, which I had prepared ready, with a Noose at the end on't, to pinion down his Arms, he cry'd out, and ask'd me if I was going to hang him: I told him yes, if he did not come to good Terms with me. He ask'd what I would be at; I told him he had got me with Child, and I expected a Maintenance for it and myself.

Fal. There, I suppose, his Patience was try'd to the quick.

Bar. Ay, Madam, and his Bones too: When I told him I was with Child by him, he stared and gaped at me as if he had taken a Vomit, call'd me a thousand hobbling Bitches and two-handed Whores, threatned me with the Stocks, *Bridewell*, and a Cart's Tail; all which I return'd with the kind Salutes of my Cudgel, till I made him as patient as a suffering Martyr: 'Twould have done one good to hear how the Stick and his Bones jarr'd one against t'other.

Ma. Well done, *Barnaby*; you have reveng'd at least a hundred Quarrels in this one single Drubbing: But are you sure he did not know you?

Bar. No, Madam, no; he took me for nothing but a limping lying Harridan.

Fal. No matter, *Barnaby*; if he ever should find you out, he knows the Strength of your Arm too well, to dare either to return it, or complain.

Ma. Well, *Barnaby*, since I have had my share both of the Pleasure and Revenge; it is but reasonable I should contribute towards the Reward. [*Gives Money.*]

Bar. Madam, 'tis the highest Reward that you are pleas'd with my Performance. [*Takes the Money and Ex.*]

Fal. Well, my Dear; can you give any better account of your Wedding-Affair yet?

Ma. Yes, yes, Sir *Ephraim* talks hard of an old Lord; but I am resolv'd to marry nobody. O Ged! to be tied to one Man all one's life, and sworn to obey him too, tho' the Creature should prove tolerably obliging, is a terrible thing; but if he should be cross and perverse—I should never endure it, that's certain.

Fal. Oh! you don't know what you can do, till you try; you will think very different then from what you do now; Marriage alters Folks strangely.

Ma. But it is always for the worse; have you not observed yourself, that married People are only fit Company for one another.

Fal. Why, since you press me to speak my mind, I own I have.

Ma. Who can bear the Company of Lady *Tender*, when Sir *William* is out of the way? her whole Conversation is on him, tormenting herself, and all about her, with her ridiculous Fears for his Safety; as if the Man were not at Years of Discretion to take care of himself.

Fal. I rather think her Company more intolerable when he's present; for then she's always hanging about his Neck and kissing him, and he all the while looking Babies in her Eyes, and fiddling his Hand in her Bosom: then the filthy silly Names they call one another; as Lovey, Honey, Deary, and Sweetheart.

Ma. O Ged! the fulsome things! I hate to hear of 'em.

Fal.

Fal. Or what think you of Lady Breeder? who constantly entertains her Visitors with the Ingenuity of her Children: Master has a profound Invention, and has made a Scoop: Miss is so very witty, that she puzzles the Parson: then she gives you Receipts for the Rickets, sore Eyes, and——

Ma. Oh horrible! no more I beg of you.

Fal. And yet those two Ladies have I known as gay, pleasant, well-bred Company as any in *England*: So that you don't know what you may come to.

Ma. I would first renounce every thing in Breeches; and yet I believe I shall marry some time or other.— Hey-ho!—well if it should be my Fate——

Fal. Aye, if it should, who can help it? You must know I am a sort of a Predestinarian in that Affair; and have seen so many Men and Women go together, that, in all probability, could never have met, that I often think the thing unavoidable.

Ma. Why truly I am almost of your mind; or else Lady *Brawnlove* would never have married her Coachman; nor Mrs. *Wealthy*, the rich Heiress, run away with a Joiner's Prentice. But here comes my Father, and Spouse that is to be; look at him, and tell me how you like him.

Fal. Mercy on me! pray let me out at this Door; for I have enough of him.

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! what must poor I do then, who am like to spend my Days with him?

Fal. Why sure you never intend to have him?

Ma. Yes, if ever I marry at all, I believe it will be him.

Fal. Nay, Child, you know your own Inclinations best; I am sure he would never suit with mine.

[*Ex. Fl.*

Enter Sir Eph. and Col.

Sir Eph. Come, *Maria*, my Lord and I have settled Matters, and there is nothing wanting but drawing your Jointure, and your Consent.

Ma. Two very material things, I think; but I hope, Sir, my Lord is not in haste.

Col. By my troth but I am; and in very great haste too.

Sir Eph. Lookye, Girl, since you have promised to be disposed of as I please; go a little farther, and let it be when I please.

Ma. Well, Sir, if my Lord must have me, my Lord must take me, I think: But, Sir, I hope you will always remember it is your own intire Work; and if any thing should happen hereafter to make you uneasy, don't blame me for what is your own absolute Command.

Col. Cotso, my little Wag, do you think we shall ever have cause to repent? Come, come, Father-in-law *Sir Ephraim*, go and send for your Lawyer, and leave us young Folks together, we are best alone: By my troth I grow young again, I protest I am very young.

Sir Eph. I'll have the Jointure drawn to-night, and you shall be married to-morrow Morning.

[*Ex. Sir Eph.*

Col. Well, has that ungracious Traitor to his own Flesh and Blood, my Nephew, been to make his resignation yet? I little thought the Dog would have had the impudence to rival me: by my troth, I began to be afraid of him at last.

Ma. O Lud! how could you have any apprehensions of that Wretch! Sure your Lordship could not think me so lost to all Ambition as to marry a Soldier.

Col. I was in hopes you would not have him; for what can be more despicable than a Soldier's Wife?

Ma. To follow one's Husband from Town to Town on a Pacing-Horse and a red Side-Saddle, with one dirty Maid, and a couple of clumsy Granadiers, instead of two spruce Footmen.

Col. Aye, and if there should be another War, go with him beyond Sea, or stay at home, and live half the Year a married Widow.

Ma. O Lud! the very thoughts on't makes me sick; but then, my Lord, to marry an old Man, always coughing, spitting, and finding fault; beside, if one did not keep a Gallant, the World would say one did: so that, all things consider'd, I think it will be best to have neither you nor your Nephew. But if your Lordship be fully resolv'd to marry, if you please, I will try what I can do with Lady *Camphire*, she would make a very suitable Wife for you.

Col. Damn her. [*Aside.*] No, no, my little Wag, I'll either have you or nobody: Come, let us cheat Sir *Ephraim*, and get married before he comes with the Lawyer. Cotso, it would be a pretty Frolick, and we may steal a Night's Lodging, and get an Heir.

Ma. Before you have an Estate for it. [*Aside.*] No, my Lord, I am resolv'd I will have no Children; for I am sure nobody will believe you get 'em.

Col. Cotso, what a sad thing it is to be turn'd of Forty; nay, come, my little Baggage, let us go and secure ourselves from Danger.

Ma. Methinks I almost hate him, because he would cheat me. [*Aside.*]

Col. Come, you are silent, Chicken.

Ma. A little thoughtful, my Lord, upon this weighty Affair; but now I have conquer'd it, and resolve to run my Fortune with yours.

Col. What can I expect from this dear Creature, but her eternal Hatred, when she comes to find herself deceived? I am resolv'd to discover the Cheat, tho' I lose her by it. [*Aside.*] Well, my little Wag, I have a very great Secret to communicate to you, before we proceed any farther.

Ma. My Lord, I will hear none of your Secrets, till I have a right to know as much as you do.

This minute is the Crisis of your Fate, that, once over, my Mind may change, and I may never see you more.

*From common Observation you may find,
The only way's to take us in the mind.*


[Exeunt Ambo.]



A C T V.

SCENE changes to the Colonel's Lodgings.

Enter Verjuice and Barnaby.

Ver.  Say, Sir, either comply, or this Minute is the last of your Master's Quality, for I will immediately to Sir *Ephraim*, and discover his whole Design.

Bar. Here's a treacherous Dog now, oh for t'other Bout at his Bones. [Aside.]

Ver. I expect your Resolution this Moment.

Bar. Nay, Sir, my Master must not suffer, whatever I do; so pray give me your Commands in full.

Ver. I have already told you how inhumanly I was used by a masculine Quean in the Garden.

Bar. Aye, Sir, a cruel Jade, I wish I had been there.

Ver. Now as I am thoroughly satisfied Mrs. *Fallow* set her on, I wou'd, nay will be reveng'd on her.

Bar. Bless me, Sir, if you wou'd give me a Thousand Pounds, I cou'd not beat a fine Lady. *Ver.*

Ver. Beat her, you Fool, I don't design you shall ; a Woman's Tongue shou'd be used like a House on Fire, ply it with Water till the Flames are quenched ; ducking for scolding has been a Custom long in Use, and there's a convenient Horse-Pond at the Back of Sir *Ephraim's* Garden-Wall.

Bar. True, Sir, but if she shou'd tell my Master, I shall lose my Place, beside having my Bones broke ; I hope in such a Case you'll pay the Surgeon, and take me into present pay.

Ver. Thou art a very talkative impertinent Puppy, and all the Service I desire of you, is to procure me a Couple of sturdy Fellows without being seen in it yourself.

Bar. Oh, Sir ! If that be all, I'm your very humble Servant, and I'll about it forthwith. [*Going, but turns again.*] But, Sir, must they drown her, or only duck her ? for I fancy they will be better paid for Murder.

Ver. I wou'd not stand upon the Price, if I were sure you wou'd not discover me among you ; but you are all such Rogues and Villains, that there's no trusting any of you : No, no, let 'em only douce her till the damn'd Scing in her Tongue drops out, and there's a Shilling for you to encourage Expedition.

Bar. Oh dear, Sir ! 'Tis too much in Reason, if you please I'll give you Change.

Ver. No, no, not a Farthing, in half an Hour I'll contrive to get her down : Ouns ! what noble Sport 'twill be to see her nice Ladyship, dabbling, and like a Statue on a Fountain, throwing the Water on all sides of her. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Ex. laughing.*]

Bar. Ha ! ha ! ha ! How pleas'd the Brute is ! Well, I have got a Shilling to encourage Expedition, sure he thinks as Money rises, Villany falls, and a Rascal may be had at any Price. By this time I hope my Master is out of his power, and now I'll go and tell the Lady what she has to trust to.

Enter Fallow.

Fal. You need not, *Barnaby*, for I have by chance heard all ; and tho' I escape his barbarous Usage, there is some Return due to his Design. I know, tho' the Villain wou'd part with his Money to purchase Murder, there is nothing but Wickedness he loves so well ; and for the Fellow of that Shilling he gave you, he'd renounce Religion, give up the Laws, betray his Country, hang all Mankind, and sell his own Soul to the ———

Bar. Lord bless us ! not the Devil I hope.

Fal. Yes, if the Devil were Fool enough to make such a needless Purchase ; but his Crime shall be his Punishment, and if I can but compass my Design, I'll put him in a fairer way of hanging himself, than he was of drowning me.

Bar. Ah ! Madam, you wou'd deserve the thanks of all Mankind, if you cou'd rid the World of such a Viper ; but can I do your Ladyship no Service ? methinks I long to be employ'd again.

Fal. Aye, *Barnaby*, and I shall want your Assistance but 'twill require more than a common Application to bring our Matters to bear : you must know, he is going this Afternoon to put in Four Hundred Pounds to the Bank.

Bar. And your Ladyship wou'd have somebody pick his Pocket ?

Fal. No, my Design against him is not so bad as that neither ; but you know there is a gaming Ordinary hard by, and if we cou'd by any Stratagem get him into the House, a Friend of your Master's shou'd draw him in to play, by letting him win at first, so rook him of all his Money.

Bar. Oh, Madam, I know who you mean, he is a Man of too much Honour to keep his Money.

Fal. I know it, nor wou'd I have him ; all the Pleasure I propose in the Scheme, is to see him fret
and

and gaul himself for a suppos'd Loss, which you, for the Reward of Twenty Pieces and no Questions ask'd, shall restore to him again; but the cunning is to get him into the House.

Bar. Hum——Twenty Pieces; by *Jove* I'll crack my Brains but I'll gain my ends——let me see——I have it, I'll dress me again in the very Clothes I thrash'd him in, then stand in the Street till he is just upon me; then seem frighted and surpriz'd, and run in there to hide myself; I warrant he follows me, and then——

Fal. That will do, leave the rest to me, I'll send him one shall do his Business; but be sure you strip as soon as you get into the House, for fear he finds you out. [*Exit Fal.*]

Bar. solus. Sure when this Man was born the Stars and Planets were all together by the ears, for he loves nobody, nor nobody loves him. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to Sir Ephraim's.

Enter Colonel and Maria.

Col. Now, Madam, you will give me leave to discover that Secret, which you refus'd to hear before we were married; tho' I tremble at your approaching Frowns, and dread the Consequence of my Confession.

Ma. You are grown very courtly, my Lord, and methinks your Voice is alter'd too; but to be plain with you, I have a Confession to make as well as you, I hope you won't be angry with me, but I have made a Promise, and intend to be very just to it, that the first Night I lie with a different Sex from my own, it shall certainly be with Colonel *Bellamont*.

Col. How, *Maria*?

Ma. 'Tis very true, my Lord, he is the only Man upon Earth, I ever did or ever shall love.

Col. Do you know what you say, Madam?

Ma.

Ma. Yes, and what I have done too: Lard, Colonel that you shou'd think me so short-sighted, as not to see thro' your Disguise all this while!

Col. Am I then so happy? And are you mine by your own Consent?

Ma. You see, Colonel, I have acted like an imprudent Governour, who surrenders the Town before he considers of the Articles; but you had not only gotten Possession of the Out-works, but had corrupted the very Centinels that stood to guard my Heart; and you know when the Treason comes so near one, there is little Resistance to be made.

Col. Then, Madam, to let you see how generous I can be, you shall make your own Conditions after Surrender, shall march out with Drums beating, Colours flying; nay, shall command as before, so I may but have the Name of your superior Officer.

Ma. Well then, the Peace is concluded betwixt you and I, the next great Work will be to bring Sir *Ephraim* in for one of our Allies.

Col. Let him draw up the Articles, and I'll sign them whatever they be; he's a Man of Reason and Good-nature; one will tell him, 'tis very natural for a young Fellow to procure his own Satisfaction, tho' the Method may be a little indirect——

Ma. And t'other, you think, will make him forgive it, and so all the Trouble's over; well, e'en take it betwixt you, I am glad I have nothing to do with either.

Col. It is not the first time I have been set in the Front of a Battle, tho' I confess he is the most formidable Enemy I ever faced.

Ma. Here he comes, I will be very much out of humour.

Enter Sir Ephraim.

Sir Eph. Come, my Lord, I have got the Lawyer below.

Ma.

Ma. Sir, I believe we have no great Occasion for him.

Sir Eph. How! Gads-bud what's the matter now? What a pox wou'd this sullen Jade be at?

Ma. Oh, Sir! my Obedience has been my Ruin, and this Gentleman here, is no more a Lord than a Lobster.

Sir Eph. Why then he shall be no more thy Husband than thy Hangman, and so there's no harm done.

Ma. Ah, Sir! but you gave me up so entirely to him, that he took me away that Minute, and he is my Husband already.

Sir Eph. The Devil he is! hearkye, you old Son of a cheating Whore, who are you? What are you? Whence come you? Ouns and Confusion, the Devil and so forth, I have ruin'd my Child!

Col. *Sir Ephraim*, I am very sensible this Affair requires all the Philosophy you are Master of, to make you easy; I confess I have used a Stratagem to possess myself of your Daughter, which I wou'd not have done, had I seen any Prospect of gaining her without it: but when I found you were set upon Wealth, and she upon her Duty, and that I knew I cou'd not live without her, Self-Preservation put me upon what I have done, and on my Knees I beg your pardon. [*Kneels.*]

Sir Eph. A pox confound you, Sir; if that wou'd do, we shou'd have our Houses robb'd, our Wives ravish'd, and our own Throats cut with no other Redress than I beg your pardon, Sir: But once more, who the Devil are you? [*Goes to pull the Colonel by the Beard, and pulls it off.*]

Col. Sir, I am the unfeign'd Nephew of the Person I have represented, and my real Name is *Bellamont*.

Sir Eph. How! Nay then I doubt I am trick'd indeed; *Maria*, are you an Accomplice in this Matter or no? *Ma.*

Ma. Sir, as I hope for your Blessing when you die, he never told me one Word of it, till after I was his Wife.

Enter Young Purchase.

Young Pur. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Eph. Nothing, Sir, but your Sister's undone, that's all: Lookye, *Maria*, if you are really cheated as well as I, you will never see him more; I presume you are not bedded, and without Consummation you lie under no Obligation.

Ma. Sir, I have already declared my Innocence, but must own, had I been left to the Dictates of my own Inclinations, I shou'd have preferr'd Colonel *Bellamont* to Lord *Pastall*; and since I was willing to sacrifice my Satisfaction to my Duty, and take the latter to oblige you, I hope, Sir, since Fortune has thrown me into the Arms of the other, you will give me leave to keep what I have got, and love *Bellamont* as a Husband.

Sir Eph. Oh! Mrs. Crocodile, then 'tis plain: and now, Hussy, I'll tell you what I'll do, as soon as I can find your Maid I'll marry her, get Sons and Daughters for my ready Money, give my real Estate to your Brother there; and you and your old Rogue of a Spouse may go and starve together.

Enter Kitty.

How now, Impudence! who sent for you? How dare you intrude into this House, you, lying cheating, good for nothing Whore?

Kitty. Sir, as civil Language wou'd better become a Gentleman of your Gravity, so it wou'd do you more good. I came to you on an Errand from *Kitty*, but you're in such a Passion there's no speaking to you; when you are better humour'd, I'll come again.

Sir Eph. Stay, prithee stay, where is *Kitty*? Poor Girl, I long to see her.

[*Going.*

Kitty.

Kitty. That you shall do, Sir, in three Minutes, provided you grant me one small Request; but that deny'd, you never see her more.

Sir Eph. Tho' I don't much care to deal with the Devil, I'll hear however what it is; for I am so impatient to be reveng'd on those two Lumps of Sugar-Candy yonder, that I will deny thee nothing, but taking a Journey with thee to the Devil when thou goest.

Kitty. Why then, Sir, in few Words, will you bestow your Son upon me?

Sir Eph. My Son! Prithee what wou'dst do with him? Carry him beyond Sea in an Egg-Shell, or hast thou rais'd a Devil that will be laid by nothing but some of the Blood of the *Purchases*?

Kitty. No, Sir, the worst Design I have upon him is to marry him.

Sir Eph. Marry him! to whom I beseech you?

Kitty. To myself, Sir, I never court for anybody else.

Sir Eph. Confound the Fury! to my selfquoth-a!

Kitty. Come, Sir, don't demur, for upon that Condition and no other shall you ever see *Kitty* again while you live.

Sir Eph. I believe the Jade has kid-nap'd the poor Girl; but harkye, Forsooth, you will not have my Son whether he will or no, I hope?

Kitty. No, Sir, if he be not full as willing as I, the Bargain shall be void.

Sir Eph. And the Devil's in him if he be. Come then, here, *Frederick*, hast a mind to be married?

Young Pur. Married, Sir! to who? [*Kitty goes to him, Sir Ephraim interposes.*]

Sir Eph. Nay, hold, no Wages till your Work's done, where's *Kitty*?

[*Kitty pulling off her Disguise.*] Here she is, Sir, and claims your Promise which nothing but Death shall dissolve.

Sir

Sir Eph. What a pox! is this *Kitty*?

Young Pur. *Emilia* here! Amazement strikes me dumb.

Ma. How, Brother, is this *Emilia*?

Emil. Yes, Madam, and ask your Pardon for imposing on your easy Belief.

Ma. And I your's, Madam, for using you unlike yourself.

Sir Eph. Hey-day! What the Devil have we got now? What more Juggling? Hearkye, good Madam *Emilia*, if that be your Name; since you have trick'd me out of my Son, as my very good Lord *Pastall* there has of my Daughter, will you be pleas'd to let me know what you are?

Emi. That is but reasonable, Sir, and you shall have a satisfactory account at a more convenient time; till then, be pleas'd to know I am no way inferior to your Son, either in Quality or Fortune: and therefore hope, tho' I have procured your Consent by a Wile, you will now confirm it with satisfaction.

Sir Eph. O yes, Madam! the greatest satisfaction an old Fellow can possibly have, is to give away a young Girl he likes himself. [*Aside.*] But ads-bobs I see no help for't.

Col. [*to Maria.*] This falls out luckily enough; the old Gentleman is so busy with them, he'll forget us, I hope, till his Fury is a little over.

Young Pur. [*to Emilia.*] Hopes and Fears, like Fire and Ice, are the two greatest Opposites; one puts the Fancy into a fever, the t'other freezes it to death. May I believe, Madam, you are still unmarried?

Emi. My being here is enough to convince you I am, or you must think very much to the prejudice of my Conduct, which at best may be a little blameable, because of the Dress and Employment I assum'd; but I could only vouch for my own Heart, and knew not how yours might stand affected towards

wards me, I knew not but Absence might have remov'd your Love, and was resolv'd to be satisfy'd in Person, without being known: Had I found it so, I had gone off undiscover'd; but I find your generous honest Heart is still the same; and therefore, *Frederick*, I am yours.

Sir Eph. By my troth, the truest Fortune-teller I ever met with in my life!

Young Eph. Sir, this Lady was Daughter to *Sir John Heartfree* deceased, who left her a Fortune of Eighteen Thousand Pounds; which, I hope, you will think answerable to my Estate, and confirm the Promise you made by chance.

Sir Eph. [*pulling off his Hat.*] Your Estate, Sir! pray whereabouts does this Estate of yours lie? somewhere about *Terra Incognita*, I suppose. Lookye, Madam, this Fellow has not a Groat; but if you will have me, you shall eat Ambrosia, drink Nectar, wear Pearls and Diamonds, have a fine Coach and Equipage, go to Court, play at Cards, keep a Monkey; Gads-bud, you shall do every thing you have a mind to, but cuckold me, Child.]

Col. And if I were in his place, I should expect that would be her very first work. [*Aside.*]

Emi. Sir, your Offers are extremely kind, and what Good-Manners oblige me to thank you for; but I prefer your Son to all the Pleasures of Life, because I should relish none without him.

Young Pur. And how little I have relished even Life itself, since I thought you lost, my sleepless Nights, my restless Days, and despairing Resolutions can tell you.

Ma. [*to the Col.*] Pray, Colonel, what was the reason I could never bring you to this whining Condition? I protest my Brother's a perfect *Oroondates*.

Sir Eph. [*to his Son.*] Sir, I suppose your Journey to *Ferico* is at an end before 'tis begun, I should be glad to see you prepare for't.

Young Pur. No, Sir, I have now too great an Attractive to keep me here; and sure you will not blame me for having your own Taste, and liking a Lady you thought worthy of your own Affections.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud it would be a pity to part 'em, tho' 'twere in my power. [*Aside.*] [*To Emilia.*] Come, Madam, you have told me my Fortune; let me, in my turn, tell you yours: In a very few days you will marry as honest a young Fellow as ever cheated old Father of a Mistress; and the good-natur'd old Fool will give him Two Thousand Pounds a Year now, and Two more when he dies; so get you together, and provide Heirs for it.

Ma. So, so, now the old Gentleman's got into the Road of Good-Nature, I hope he will call upon us as he goes by.

Sir Eph. Come, *Maria*, I promis'd to be very merry at thy Wedding; and since I have had a hand in the matter, and that every Fool is Philosopher enough to know, that what is past, is out of our power to prevent, in pity to my own ease, I shall strive to forget all. Had you married a Man of a good Estate, I intended to have given you Twenty Thousand Pounds; but since *Bellamont's* is less than I expected, I'll throw in two or three more, to help its Improvement.

Ma. Sir, I always had reason to think you the best of Fathers, but now you have outdone even yourself.

Sir Eph. [*to Col.*] For your part, Sir, you are a cheating young Dog, with your *Where is she? where is she?* and I am forc'd to summon up all my Good-nature to forgive you: but I consider 'tis the way of the World, and all young Fellows will make their Fortunes if they can. So, since you have contrived to rob me of my Girl by my own Consent, pray use her well, and make her as happy as you can.

Col. I should be doubly a Brute, if I did not make it my chiefest Care to contribute to her greatest Happiness; and for Love, I will strive to outdo all Mankind; so that all who are remarkable for conjugal Affection, shall be said to take their Example from Colonel *Bellamont*.

Sir Eph. Be but half as good as your Promise, and the Girl may still be happy, tho' she wants the Estate and Honour you promis'd her.

Col. Part of which may one day fall to her share; the Uncle whom I represented is now very old, and has no Child; and nobody stands fairer for his Estate than I do: beside, Sir, the Good-Fortune which is now fallen to my share, will encourage him to do more than perhaps he design'd.

Ma. [to *Emilia*.] Madam, I remember when you were under the Circumstances of a Fortune-Teller, you spoke as if you were acquainted with the Colonel's Designs; will you do me the Favour to let me know how you came by your Information?

Emil. Madam, I met *Barnaby* by chance as he was going home with his Master's Disguise, and after some Questions ask'd, and many Promises of Secrecy, being a Favourite of *Barnaby's* I was let into the whole Affair.

Enter Lady Camphire.

Lady Cam. I hope, Sir *Ephraim*, this News is not true, I hear you have married your Daughter to a Soldier.

Ma. Madam, we are all reconcil'd to the News, and hope you will be so too.

Lady Cam. Oh base and degenerate Girl! Stain to our noble Family! I always saw with Grief your Cogitations were set upon filthy Man; but to marry without a Title—a Soldier too! Oh! I had rather have been defil'd and married him myself.

Ma. I am much oblig'd to you, Madam, 'tis better as it is ; but I wonder to hear you speak so contemptibly of one of the finest Callings upon Earth: Why, all Kings are Soldiers, or shou'd be so, and they are generally speaking Men of Bravery, Gallantry and Honour.

Lady Cam. This comes of your upstart Acquaintance, Sir *Ephraim*, your Bosom Friend Mr. *Verjuice*; I always told you how he wou'd serve you at last, but you were so civil as to tell me I talk'd like an old Lady, and now he has fitted you with an old Lord. Nephew, I wish you and this Lady Joy, and wish your Sister had acted with your Prudence; I am just going into the Country, where I shall be glad to hear from you. [Exit Lady Camphire.]

Sir Eph. And I shall send my Bosom Friend; as you call him, after you; the Rogue shall herd no longer here.

Enter Mrs. Fallow.

Ma. Bless me, Child, where have you been all this while?

Fal. Laughing at poor Mr. *Verjuice*, who in pursuit of a Woman that beat him soundly, charged headlong into a Gaming-House, and has lost Four Hundred Pounds he was going with to the Bank.

Sir Eph. Gads-bud I'm glad on't, by my Troth I'm glad on't.

Young Pur. [to *Fallow.*] There's some Revenge for you, Madam; I hear he was so very courtly, he intended to make you his Toast.

Fal. Yes, and I dare say, cou'd eat me too: But hark! I hear him raving; let us stand close, he'll certainly beat us all.

Ver. [within.] Stand out of my Way, you Dog, or I'll throttle you. [Enters.] Damn the whole Sex and my own too; Murder, Treason, Ruin, Ruin, Ruin!

Sir Eph. What's the matter, poor Mr. *Verjuice*?

Ver. Ruin'd, my Money, my Money, ruin'd; Oh wou'd the World were all on fire! *Sir.*

Sir Eph. What have you lost any Money?

Ver. Zouns! I have not a Threepenny Piece to purchase a Halter.

Sir Eph. [*pulling out Sixpence.*] Here, here, I'll take care to supply your Wants so far, and there's Sixpence for you, that you may be sure of one strong enough; but I forget to introduce you to your very good Friend and old Acquaintance Lord *Pastall* here, he will make up your Losses, no doubt. Ha! ha! ha! by my Troth I'm glad on't, by the Lord *Harry* I'm glad on't.

Ma. Poor Mr. *Verjuice*, come here and I'll pity it.

Fal. Mr. *Verjuice*, I wou'd fain give you a little good Advice before we part, tho' you know you don't deserve it from me; wou'd you avoid all future Misfortunes, lay aside your Cynical Humour, use other People well, and it will be a certain means to make them use you so.

Col. Mr. *Verjuice*, the Lady advises you well, and I wou'd have you take it.

Ver. Damn her Advice, an infernal Fury; may Plague, Pox and Poverty light upon you all, and a double Portion upon her. [*Exit Verjuice stamping.*]

Sir Eph. The Devil go with thee, for an egregious Villain.

Fal. [*to Maria.*] Well but, Madam, am I to wish you Joy? I hear you're married.

Ma. Ask the poor Colonel there, don't you think he looks like a married Man?

Sir Eph. [*to Emilia.*] Come, Madam, now let me convey you to a better Apartment, and as a Lover's Warmth declines, a Father's Fondness shall increase:

I own 'tis time to lay by all Desire,

Col. *And let your Children warm at Cupid's Fire:
Where Wit and Beauty calls, the Young may fly,
But Age, in the Pursuit, must faint and die.*



PROLOGUE.



HEN Women write, the Criticks, now-a-days,
 Are ready, e'er they see, to damn their Plays ;
 Wit, as the Men's Prerogative, they claim,
 And with one Voice, the bold Invader blame.
 Tell me the Cause, ye Gallants of the Pit,
 Did Phœbus e'er the Salique Law admit ?
 Look into ancient Authors, and you'll find
 The Muses all were of the Female Kind ;
 They fix'd their Seats upon the Phocian Hill,
 And ever drank of Helicon their Fill.
 Nine merry Girls, which in the Laurel Shade
 Fiddl'd and rhim'd, and sung and danc'd, and play'd :
 In this I must confess that they miscarry'd,
 That not one Soul of all the Nine were marry'd ;
 'Twas Want of Wealth—their Lovers quickly found
 Their whole Possessions lay in barren Ground ;
 This Poverty with Wedlock ill agrees,
 Their Bays and Laurels were not fruitful Trees :
 But what of that ! they liv'd the easier Life,
 Not clogg'd with the dull Duty of a Wife :
 They had more Time to sport, and so we find
 They wrote and did—whate'er they had a mind :
 Now as they're gone sans Issue, it appears
 That the whole Female Sex are left their Heirs.
 Ye Fair-ones then, this Comedy defend,
 And for the Sex's sake, the Bard befriend :
 These Lordly Sirs at your Approach will fly,
 Who at your Feet have been so us'd to die ;
 To you our Author sues, if you'll but back her,
 She dares the boldest of them all t' attack her.



EPILOGUE.

W
*HEN Rakes by Cards, or more destructive Dice,
 Have Patrimony spent, repent the Vice,
 Sadly reflect on every idle Hour,
 And wou'd be frugal, when they've lost the Power ;
 So fares it with our Scribe, who finds too late,
 Her own and her Production's dismal Fate ;
 In which sad Case the Trifler, Forsooth :
 Has drawn me in to set her Folly forth :
 So traitorous Authors of seditious Verse,
 Give it some poultry Villains to disperse ;
 Pleas'd with the Service, the officious Fools
 Father their Treason, and are made their Tools.
 Excuse I've none, for if you damn the Play,
 It nothing matters all that I can say ;
 She hopes to please, and so does every Wight,
 Or else what mortal Man wou'd ever write ?
 The Criticks Censure, Poets all have pass'd,
 And tho' some live, the greatest Part are cast.
 She asks but Neighbour's Fare, yet fain wou'd be
 Set on that Side, where there's least Company ;
 But use her as you will, she'll gain this End,
 That if it does not please, it can't offend.*



INDEX

The following is a list of the names of the persons mentioned in the text, arranged in alphabetical order of their surnames.

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 Davis, Robert
 Edwards, George
 Foster, Henry
 Green, Richard
 Hall, John
 King, Charles
 Lee, Thomas
 Miller, James
 Moore, John
 Parker, Thomas
 Reed, John
 Smith, James
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 White, John
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 Young, John

