



She wou'd if She cou'd;
A
COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATER-ROYAL,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by

Sir *GEORGE ETHEREGE.*

L O N D O N,

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be Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*,
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Dramatis Personæ.

- SIR *Oliver Cockwood*,
and
Sir *Joslin Folley*,
Mr. *Courtall*,
and
Mr. *Freeman*,
My Lady *Cockwood*,
Ariana,
and
Gatty,
Mrs. *Sentry*,
- } Two Country Knights.
- } Two honest Gentlemen of the
Town.
- } Two young Ladies, Kinswomen
of Sir *Joslin Folly's*.
- } My Lady *Cockwood's* Gentle-
woman.
- } Two *Exchange-Women*.
- } A Knight of the Industry.
Sir *Oliver Cockwood's* Man.
- A Servant belonging to Mr. *Courtall*.
- Waiters, Fiddlers, and other Attendants.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

*Enter Courtall and Freeman, and a Servant
brushing Courtall.*

Court. **S**O, so, 'tis well; let the Coach be made ready.

Serv. It shall, Sir.

Court. Well, *Franck*, what is to be done to day?

[*Ex. Servant's*

Free. 'Faith, I think we must e'en follow the old

Trade; eat well, and prepare our selves with

A Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our
Old Acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes:

For, for ought as I see, there is no hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was
Otherwise in my Memory; a Gentleman
Should not have gone out of his Chamber,
But some Civil Officer or other of the Game,
Wou'd have been with him, and have given him
Notice, where he might have had a Course or
Two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly, a good motherly Woman of my Acquaintance
T'other day, talking of the Sins of the Times,
Told me, with Tears in her Eyes, That there are a
Company of higing Rascals, who, partly
For themselves, but more especially for some
Secret Friends, daily forestall the Markets;
Nay, and that many Gentlemen, who formerly had
Been Persons of great Worth and Honour, are, of late,
For some private Reasons, become their own Purveyors,
To the utter Decay and Discouragement
Of Trade and Industry.

Court. I know there are some wary Merchants,
Who never trust their Business to a Factour;
But for my part, I hate the Fatigue, and had

Rather be bound to back my own Colts, and man
My own Hawks, than endure the Impertinencies
Of bringing a young Wench to the Lure.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below
Desires to speak with you.

Court. Ha, *Freeman*, this may be
Some lucky Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Court. And did not you say Ay?

Serv. I told her, I would go see.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her, I am
Franck; prithee let me put thee into this
Closet awhile.

Free. Why, may not I see her?

Court. On my life, thou shalt have fair play,
And go halves, if it be a purchase that may with
Honour be divided; you may over-hear all:
But for decency sake, in, in, Man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee.

Enter Mrs. Sentry.

Court. Mrs. *Sentry*, this is a Happiness
Beyond my Expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. I hope your Lady's come to Town?

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family.
Well! we have had a sad time in the Country:
My Lady's so glad she's come to enjoy the Freedom
Of this place again, and, I dare say, longs to have
The Happiness of your Company.

Court. Did she send you hither?

Sent. Oh no; if she should but know, that I did such a
Confident trick, she'd think me a good one,
P'faith: the Zeal I have to serve you, made me
Venture to call in my Way to the *Exchange*,
To tell you the good News, and to let you know
Our Lodgings are in *James's-street*, at the Black Posts,
Where we lay the last Summer.

Court. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Sent. But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady,
That you came to the knowledge of this by some
Lucky chance or other; for I would not be discover'd
For a World.

Court. Let me alone, I warrant thee.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*, Sir, is come to wait on you.

Sent. Oh, Heaven! my Master! my Lady, and my self
Are both undone, undone-----

Court. 'sDeath! why did you not tell him I was busie?

Sent. For Heavens sake, Mr. *Courtall*,
What shall I do?

Court. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the
Wood-Hole here.

[*She goes into the Wood-Hole.*]

Enter Sir Oliver.

Court. Sir *Oliver Cockwood*!

[*Embraces him.*]

Sir Oliv. Honest *Ned Courtall*, by my troth, I think
Thou tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou
Hugg'st me so very close and heartily.

Court. Only my Joy to see you, Sir *Oliver*,
And to welcome you to Town.

Sir Oliv. Methinks, indeed, I have been an Age absent,
But I intend to redeem the time; and how, and how
Stand Affairs 'prethee now? Is the Wine good?
Are the Women kind?

Well, faith a Man had better be a Vagabond
In this Town, than a Justice of Peace in the
Country: I was e'en grown a Sot, for want
Of Gentleman-like Recreations; If a Man
Do but rap out an Oath, the People start
As if a Gun went off; and if one chance
But to couple himself with his Neighbour's
Daughter, without the help of the Parson of
The Parish, and leave a little Testimony of
His kindness behind him, there is presently
Such an Uproar, that a poor Man is fain to
Fly his Country; as for Drunkenness, 'tis true,
It may be us'd without Scandal, but the Drink
Is so abominable, that a Man would forbear it,
For fear of being made out of love with the Vice.

Court. I see, Sir *Oliver*, you continue still
Your old Humour, and are resolv'd to break
Your sweet Lady's Heart.

Sir Oliv. You do not think me sure so barbarously
Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these
Are Secrets fit only to be trusted to such
Honest Fellows as thou art.

Court. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since
A Woman of such rare Beauty, such incomparable
Parts, and of such an unblemish'd

Reputation,

Reputation, is not able to reclaim you from
These wild Courses, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. To say the truth, she is a Wife, that no Man
Need be asham'd of, *Ned*.

Court. I vow, *Sir Oliver*, I must needs blame you,
Considering how tenderly she loves you,

Sir Oliv. Ay, Ay; the more is her Misfortune,
And mine too, *Ned*: I would willingly give thee
A pair of the best Coach-Horses in my Stable,
So thou could'st but perswade her
To love me less.

Court. Her Vertue and my Friendship, sufficiently
Secure you against that, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. I know thou wert never married;
But has it never been thy Misfortune to have
A Mistress love thee thus entirely?

Court. It never has been my good Fortune, *Sir Oliver*.
But why do you ask this Question?

Sir Oliv. Because then, perchance, thou might'st have
Been a little sensible, what a damn'd trouble it is.

Court. As how, *Sir Oliver*?

Sir Oliv. Why look thee, thus: For a Man cannot be
Altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd
To kiss, and fawn, and toy, and lie fooling an hour
Or two, when a Man had rather, if it were not for
The Disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory,
Paulted with rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Court. This is a very hard case indeed, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. And then the Inconvenience of keeping
Regular Hours; but above all, that damn'd Fiend,
Jealousie, does so possess these passionate Lovers,
That I protest, *Ned*, *Under the Rose be it spoken*,
If I chance to be a little prodigal in my Expence,
On a private Friend, or so, I am call'd to so strict
An account at night, that, for Quietness sake, I am
Often forc'd to take a Dose of *Cantharides*,
To make up the Summ.

Court. Indeed, *Sir Oliver*, every thing consider'd,
You are not so much to be envy'd,
As one may rashly imagine.

Sir Oliv. Well, a Pox of this tying Man and Woman
Together, for better, for worse! Upon my Conscience,
It was but a Trick, that the Clergy might have
A feeling in the Cause.

Court. I do not conceive it to be much for their
Profit, *Sir Oliver*: for I dare lay a good Wager,
Let 'em but allow Christian Liberty, and they

Shall get ten times more by Christnings,
Than they are like to lose by Marriages.

Sir Oliv. Faith, thou hast hit it right, *Ned*;
And now thou talk'st of Christian Liberty,
Prithee, let us dine together to day,
And be swingingly merry, but with all Secrecy.

Court. I shall be glad of your good Company, *Sir Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom
I left here hard by, making a visit, *Sir Joslin Jolly*,
A Kinsman of my Wife's, and my Neighbour in the
Country: We call Brothers, he came up to Town
With me, and lodgeth in the same House;
He has brought up a couple of the prettiest Kinfwomen,
Heiresses of a very good Fortune: Would thou
Hadst the instructing of 'em a little.
Faith, if I am not very much mistaken,
They are very prone to the Study
Of the Mathematicks.

Court. I shall be beholden to you
For so good an Acquaintance.

Sir Oliv. This *Sir Joslin* is in great Favour with my
Lady, one that she has an admirable good
Opinion of, and will trust me with him
Any where; but to say truth, he is as arrant
A Sinner as the best of us, and will boggle at
Nothing that becomes a Man of Honour.
We will go and get leave of my Lady;
For it is not fit I should break out so soon,
Without her Approbation, *Ned.*

Court. By no means, *Sir Oliver.*

Sir Oliv. Where shall we meet about an hour hence?

Court. At the *French House*, or the *Bear*.

Sir Oliv. At the *French House* by all means.

Court. Agreed, Agreed.

Sir Oliv. Would thou could'st bring a fourth Man.

Court. What think you of *Franck Freeman*?

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better-----well-----
Servant, *Ned*; Servant, *Ned*!

[*Ex. Sir Oliver.*]

Court. Your Servant, *Sir Oliver.*

Mrs. Sentry!

Sent. in the Hole.] Is he gone?

Court. Ay, Ay! You may venture to belt now.

Sent. crawling out.] Oh, Heavens! I would not
Endure such another Fright.

Court. Come, come, prithee be compos'd.

Sent. I shall not be my self again this Fortnight;
I never was in such a taking, days of my Life.

To have been found false, and to one, who, to
Say truth, has been always very kind
And civil to me : but above all, I was concern'd
For my Lady's Honour-----

Court. Come, come----- there's no harm done.

Sent. Ah ! Mr. *Courtall*, you do not know *Sir Oliver*
So well as I do ; he has strange Humours sometimes,
And has it enough in his Nature to play the
Tyrant, but that my Lady and my self
Aw him by our Policy.

Court. Well, well, all's well ; Did you not hear
What a tearing Blade *Sir Oliver* is ?

Sent. Ah ! 'tis a vile-disssembling Man. How faintly
He carries it to my Lady's Face ! But I dare not
Discover him, for fear of betraying my self.

Court. Well, Mrs. *Sentry*, I must dine with 'em,
And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glafs,
Or two, if I can, I will slip away,
And pay my Respects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not question your welcome,
I assure you, Sir----- Your Servant, Sir.

Court. Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry* ; I am very sensible
Of this Favour, I assure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my power
To oblige you, Sir.

[Exit Sentry.]

Court. *Freeman* ! Come, come out of thy Hole ;
How hast thou been able to contain ?

Free. Faith, much ado, the Scene was very pleasant :
But, above all, I admire thy Impudence,
I cou'd never have had the Face to have
Wheadled the poor Knight so.

Court. Pish, Pish ; 'twas both necessary and honest :
We ought to do all we can to confirm
A Husband in the good Opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if, without offence, a Man may
Ask you ; Have you been in good Grace with this Person
Of Honour ? I never knew you had that
Commendable Quality of Secrecy before.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman* ; things go not
As you wickedly imagin.

Free. Why, hast thou lost all sense of Modesty ?
Dost thou think to pass these gross Wheadles on
Me too ? Come, come ; this good News shou'd make
Thee a little merrier. 'Faith, though she be an old
Acquaintance, she has the advantage of four or five
Months Absence. 'sLid, I know not how proud
You are, but I have thought my self very spruce

She wou'd if She cou'd.

Ere now in an old Sute, that has been brush'd
And laid up awhile.

Court. Freeman, I know in Cafes of this Nature thou
Art an Infidel; but yet methinks the Knowledge
Thou hast of my sincere dealing with my
Friends should make thee a little more confiding.

Free. What devilish Oath could she invent to
Fright thee from a Discovery?

Court. Wilt thou believe me, if I swear, the Preservation
Of her Honour, has been my Fault, and not hers?

Free. This is something.

Court. Why then, know that I have still been as
Careful to prevent all Opportunities, as she has been to
Contrive 'em; and still have carried it so like
A Gentleman, that she has not had the least suspicion
Of Unkindness. She is the very Spirit of Impertinence,
So foolishly fond and troublesome, that no Man above
Sixteen is able to endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Court. Some Conveniences which I had by my
Acquaintance with the Sot her Husband, made
Me extraordinary civil to her, which presently
By her Ladiship was interpreted after the manner
Of the most obliging Women. This Wench came
Hither by her Commission to day.

Free. With what Confidence she deny'd it!

Court. Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you;
Now is it expected I should lay by all other
Occasions, and watch every Opportunity to wait
Upon her; she would by her good Will give her
Lover no more rest, than a young Squire that
Has newly set up a Coach, does his only Pair of Horses.

Free. Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much
Blame the Hardness of thy Heart. But did
Not the Oaf talk of two young Ladies?

Court. Well remember'd, *Franck*, and now I think
On't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my Business
With the old one, that we may the better have
An Opportunity of being acquainted with them.
Come, let us go, and bespeak Dinner, and by the
Way consider of these weighty Affairs.

Free. Well, since there is but little ready Money
Stirring, rather than want Entertainment,
I shall be contented to play awhile upon Tick.

Court. And I, provided they promise fair, and we find
There's hopes of Payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

SCENE II.

*Sir Oliver Cockwood's Lodgings.**Enter Lady Cockwood.*

La. Cock. 'Tis too late to repent : I sent her, but yet I cannot but be troubled to think she stays so long : Sure, if she has so little Gratitude to let him, he has More Honour than to attempt any thing to the Prejudice of my Affection----- Oh-----*Sentry*, are you come

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam ! there has been such an Accident !

La. Cock. Prithee do not fright me, Wench-----

Sent. As I was discoursing with Mr. *Courtall*, in came Sir *Oliver*.

La. Cock. Oh!----- I'm ruin'd----- undone for ever !

Sent. You'll still be sending me on these desperate Errands.

La. Cock. I am betray'd, betray'd----- by this Falfe----- what shall I call thee ?

Sent. Nay, but, Madam----- have a little patience-----

La. Cock. I have lost all Patience, and will never More have any ----

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well-----

La. Cock. Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman !

Sent. Mr. *Courtall* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

La. Cock. And did not Sir *Oliver* see thee ?

Sent. He had not the least Glimpse of me-----

La. Cock. Dear *Sentry*----- and what good News ?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the Afternoon, Madam-----

La. Cock. I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam----- I'll warrant you I did every Thing much to the Advantage of your Honour.

La. Cock. Ah, *Sentry* ! if we could but think of some Lucky Plot now to get Sir *Oliver* out of the way.

Sent. You need not trouble your self about that, Madam, he has engag'd to dine with Mr. *Courtall* at the *Green*-House, and is bringing Sir *Joslin Jolly* to get Your good Will ; when Mr. *Courtall* has fix'd 'em With a Beer-Glass or two, he intends to steal

Away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Truly, he is a Person of much Worth And Honour.

Sent.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

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Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have Over-heard Sir *Oliver's* Discourse, he would have Made you bless your self ; there is not such another Wild Man in the Town ; all his Talk was of Wenching and swearing, and drinking, and tearing.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, *Sentry* ; I know he'll talk of Strange Matters behind my back ; but if he be not An abominable Hypocrite at home, and am not I a Woman easily to be deceived, he is not able To play the Spark abroad thus, I assure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin ; Sir Joslin singing.

My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee
To come home agen thus quickly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any
Just Cause to accuse me of Unkindness.

La. Cock. Sir *Joslin*, now you are a good Man, and
I shall trust you with Sir *Oliver* agen.

Sir Jos. Nay, if I ever break my word with a Lady,
I will be deliver'd bound to Mrs. *Sentry* here,
And she shall have leave to carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a Heart cruel enough
For such a bloody Execution.

Sir Jos. Kindly spoke, i'faith, Girl ; I'll give thee
A Puff for that.

[*Kisses her.*

La. Cock. Fie, fie, Sir *Joslin*, this is not seemly in my
Presence.

Sir Jos. We have all our Failings, Lady, and this is
Mine : A right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear
Running after a Hare, when he sees her, as I can
Mumbling a pretty Wench, when she comes in my way.

La. Cock. I have heard, indeed, you are a parlous Man,
Sir *Joslin*.

Sir Jos. I seldom brag, Lady ; but for a true Cock of
The Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best of 'em.

Sir Oliv. Sir *Joslin's* merry, my Dear.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay ; if he should be wicked, I know
Thou art too much a Gentleman, to offer an Injury
To thine own dear Lady.

Sir Jos. Faith, Madam, you must give my
Brother *Cockwood* leave to dine abroad to day.

La. Cock. I protest, Sir *Joslin*, you begin to make
Me hate you too ; well you are e'en grown as bad
As the worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of
The sweet Society of Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Jos. Come, come ; your Discipline is too

Severe, i'faith, Lady.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir ;
He knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, be not angry,
Sir Joseph was so earnest in his Invitation, that none
But a Clown could have refus'd him.

Sir Jos. Ay, Ay ; we dine at my Uncle
Sir Joseph Jolly's Lady.

La. Cock. Will you be sure now to be a good Dear,
And not drink, nor stay out late ?

Sir Jos. I'll engage for all, and if there be no
Harm in a merry Catch, or a waggish Story-----

Enter Ariana, and Mrs. Gatty.

Ha, Ha ! Sly-Girl, and Mad-Cap, are you got up ?
I know what you have been meditating on ;
But never trouble your Heads, let me
Alone to bring you Consolation.

Gatty. We have often been beholden to you, Sir ;
For every time he's drunk, he brings us
Home a Couple of fresh Servants.

Sir Oliv. Well, farewell, my Dear, prithee do not
Sigh thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

La. Cock. I shall receive most Satisfaction
In my Chamber.

Sir Jos. Come, come along, Brother : Farewel
One and all ; Lady and Sly-Girl, Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap ;
Your Servant, your Servant-----

[Exeunt Sir Oliver, and Sir Joshn singing.]

La. Cock. to *Sentry* aside.] *Sentry*, is the New Point
I bought, come home ? and is every thing in a Readiness ?

Sent. Every thing, Madam.

La. Cock. Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and
Dress me.

[Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.]

Aria. Dost not thou wonder, *Gatty*, she should be
So strangely fond of this Coxcomb ?

Gatty. Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still
Be discover'd when I do ; didst thou not see how
Her Countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their
Backs were turn'd, and how earnestly she whisper'd
With her Woman ? there is some weighty Affair
In hand, I warrant thee : My dear *Ariana*, how
Glad am I we are in this Town agen.

Aria. But we have left the Benefit of the fresh
Air, and the Delight of wandering in the
Pleasant Groves,

Gatty. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman
To bemoan the Loss of indeed, that's newly come to
A Relish of the good things of this World.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gatty. Why, hast not thou promis'd me
A thousand times to leave of this Demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Gatty. Why, would it not make any one mad to hear
Thee bewail the Loss of the Country? Speak
But one grave Word more, and it shall be my daily
Prayers thou may'st have a jealous Husband, then
You'll have enough of it, I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your Tongue be not altogether
So nimble, I may be conformable: But I hope
You do not intend we shall play such mad Freaks
As we did last Summer?

Gatty. 'sLife, dost thou think we come here to be
Mew'd up, and take only the Liberty of going from our
Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the
Dining-Room to our Chamber again? and like a
Bird in a Cage, with two Perches only, to hop
Up and down, up and down?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Gatty. Would'st thou never have us go to a Play
But with our grave Relations, never take the Air but
With our grave Relations? To feed their Pride,
And make the World believe it is in their Power
To afford some Gallant or other a good Bargain?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Gatty. Pish! the Men were only acquainted with
Our Vizards, and our Petticoats, and they are wore
Out long since: How I envy that Sex; Well! We
Cannot plague 'em enough, when we have it in
Our Power, for those Privileges which Custom
Has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The truth is, they can run and ramble here
And there, and every where, and we, poor Fools,
Rather think the better of 'em.

Gatty. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house,
And if they like neither the Play, nor the Women,
They seldom stay any longer than the combing
Of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with
A Friend; and then they cock their Caps, and out they
Strut again.

Aria. But whatsoever we do, prithee now let us
Resolve to be mighty honest.

Gatty. There I agree with thee.

Aria. And if we find the Gallants like lawless
Subjects, who the more their Princes grant,
The more they impudently crave.

Gatty. We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive
'Em of all the Privileges we gave 'em-----

Aria. Upon these Conditions I am contented to trail
A Pike under thee----- March along, Girl.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Mulberry Garden.

Enter Courtall and Freeman.

Court. WAS there ever a Couplet of Fops better match'd,
Than these two Knights are ?

Free. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so
Tun'd 'em, as if she intended they should
Always play the Fool in Consort.

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* secure ; for he dares not go
Home 'till he's quite drunk, and then he grows
Valiant, insults, and defies his sweet Lady ;
For which, with Prayers and Tears, he's forc'd
To feign a bitter Repentance the next Morning.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry Garden ?
Why do not we make this Visit then ?

Court. Now art thou as mad upon this Trail, as if
We were upon a hot Scent.

Free. Since we know the Bush, why do we not start
The Game ?

Court. Gently, good *Franck* : First, know that the Laws
Of Honour prescrib'd in such nice Cafes, will
Not allow me to carry thee along with me ; and next,
Hast thou so little Wit to think, that a discreet
Lady, that has had the Experience of so much humane
Frailty, can have so good an Opinion of the Constancy
Of her Servant, as to lead him into Temptation ?

Free. Then we must not hope her Ladiship shou'd
Make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

Court. Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an
Old Rook should bring a young Snap acquainted
With his Bubble ; but Advantages may be
Hereafter made, by my Admission into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then ?

Court.

Court. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it: Sir *Oliver*, when I began to grow resty, that he Might incline me a little more to Drunkenness, In my Ear discover'd to me the Humour of His dear Friend Sir *Joslin*: He assur'd me, that When he was in that good natur'd Condition, To requite their Courtesie, he always carried The good Company home with him, and Recommended them to his Kinswomen.

Free. Very good!

Court. Now after the fresh Air has breath'd on us Awhile, and expell'd the Vapours of the Wine We have drunk, thou shalt return to these Two Sots, whom we left at the *French House*, According to our Promise, and tell 'em, I am A little stay'd by some unlucky Bus'ness, and Will be with 'em presently; thou wilt find 'em Tir'd with long fight, weak and unable to observe Their Order; charge 'em briskly, and in a moment Thou shalt rout 'em, and with little or no damage To thy self, gain an absolute Victory.

Free. Very well!

Court. In the mean time, I will make my visit to the Longing Lady, and order my Business so Handfomely, that I will be with thee again immediately, To make an Experiment of the good Humour of Sir *Joslin*.

Free. Let's about it!

Court. 'Tis yet too early; we must drill away a little Time, that my Excuses may be more probable, And my Persecution more tolerable.

Enter Ariana and Gatty with Vizards, and pass nimbly over the Stage.

Free. Ha, Ha--- How wantonly they trip it! there is Temptation enough in their very Gate, to Stir up the Courage of an old Alderman: Prithee let us follow 'em.

Court. I have been so often balk'd with these Vizard-Masks, That I have at least a dozen times Forsworn 'em; they are a most certain Sign Of an ill Face, or what is worse, an old Acquaintance.

Free. The truth is, nothing but some such weighty Reason, is able to make Women deny themselves The Pride they have to be seen.

Court. The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet
There is but little Company.

Free. Our Course will be the better; these Deer
Cannot Herd: Come, come, Man, let's follow.

Court. I find it is a meer Folly to swear any
Thing; it does put make the Devil more
Earnest in his Temptation.

[*They go after the Women.*]

Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.

Aria. Now if these should prove two Men of War
That are cruising here, to watch for Prizes.

Gatty. Would they had Courage enough to set upon
Us. I long to be engaged.

Aria. Look, look yonder; I protest they chase us.

Gatty. Let us bear away then; if they be truly valiant
They'll quickly make more Sail, and board us.

[*The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door.*]

Enter Courtall and Freeman.

Free. 'sDeath, how fleet they are! whatsoever Faults
They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Court. Sure, by that little mincing step, they
Shou'd be Country Fillies, that have been breath'd
At Course a Park, and Barley Break: We shall
Never reach 'em.

Free. I'll follow directly; do thou turn down the
Cross-walk and meet 'em.

*Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtall at the lower Door, and
Freeman at the upper, on the contrary side.*

Court. By your Leave, Ladies-----

Gatty. I perceive you can make bold enough
Without it.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies-----

Aria. Or any other Ladies that will give themselves
The trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'sLife, their Tongues are as nimble as their Heels.

Court. Can you have so little good Nature to dash
A couple of bashful young Men out of Countenance,
Who came out of pure Love to tender
You their Service?

Gatty. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

Aria. Indeed, methinks they look as if they never
Had been flipp'd before.

Free. Yes, faith, we have had many a fair Course

In this Paddock, have been very well flesh'd,
And dare boldly fasten.

[They kiss their hands with a little force.]

Aria. Well, I am not the first unfortunate Woman
That has been forc'd to give her hand, where
She never intends to bestow her Heart.

Gatty. Now, do you think 'tis a Bargain already?

Court. Faith, would there were some lusty Earnest
Given, for fear we should unluckily break
Off again.

Free. Are you so wild, that you must be hooded thus?

Court. Fie, fie; put off these Scandals to all good Faces.

Gatty. For your Reputations sake we shall keep 'em
On: 'sLife, we should be taken for your Relations,
If we durst shew our Faces with you thus
Publickly.

Aria. And what a Shame that would be to a Couple
Of young Gallants! Methinks you should blush
To think on't.

Court. These were pretty Toys, invented, first, merely
For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive
The jealous, and to blind the malicious; but
The proper use is so wickedly perverted,
That it makes all honest Men hate the
Fashion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as seldom cover'd with a Vizard-Mask,
As a good Hat with an oyl'd Case:
And yet, on my Conscience, you are both
Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to fatisfie a foolish
Scruple.

Aria. This is a just Punishment you have brought
Upon your selves, by that unpardonable
Sin of Talking.

Gatty. You can only brag now of your Acquaintance
With a Farendon Gown, and a Piece
Of black Velvet.

Court. The truth is, There are some vain Fellows
Whose loose Behaviour of late, has given
Great Discouragement to the honourable Proceedings
Of all vertuous Ladies.

Free. But I hope you have more Charity, than
To believe us of the Number of the Wicked.

Aria. There's not a Man of you to be trusted.

Gatty. What a Shame is it to your whole Sex,
That a Woman is more fit to be a Privy Counsellour,
Than a young Gallant a Lover?

Court. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for Men that are idle ; but you must bid
A little fairer, if you intend to keep us
From our serious Bus'ness.

Gatty. Truly you seem to be Men of great Employment, that are every moment rattling from The Eating-Houses to the Play-Houses, from the Play-Houses to the Mulberry-Garden, that Live in a perpetual Hurry, and have little Leisure for such an idle Entertainment.

Court. Now would I not see thy Face for the World ; if it should be but half so good as thy Humour, Thou would'st dangerously tempt me to dote Upon thee, and forgetting all Shame, become Constant.

Free. I perceive, by your fooling here, that Wit and Good Humour may make a Man in Love with A *Black-a-moor*. That the Devil should contrive it so, that we should have earnest Bus'ness now.

Court. Wou'd they wou'd but be so kind to meet us Here again to morrow.

Gatty. You are full of Bus'ness, and 'twould but Take you off of your Employments.

Aria. And we are very unwilling to have the Sin to Answer for, of ruining a Couple of such Hopeful Young Men.

Free. Must we then despair ?

Aria. The Ladies you are going to, will not be so Hard-hearted.

Court. to *Free.* On my Conscience they love us, And begin to grow jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier Adventure of the two ?

Court. Come, come, we know you have a Mind to Meet us : We cannot see you blush, speak it out Boldly.

Gatty. Will you swear then, not to visit any other Women before that time ?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but because we would Not have you tir'd with the Impertinent Conversation of our Sex, and come to us dull And out of Humour.

Court. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid : 'Twould make an Atheist start to hear it.

Free. And I will swear it readily, that I will not : So much as speak to a Woman, till I .
Speak to you again.

Gatty. But are you troubl'd with that foolish
Scruple of Keeping an Oath ?

Free. O most religiously !

Court. And may we not enlarge our Hopes upon a
Little better Acquaintance ?

Aria. You see all the Freedom we allow.

Gatty. It may be we may be intreated to hear
A Fiddle, or mingle in a Countrey Dance, or so.

Court. Well we are in too desperate a Condition
To stand upon Articles, and are resolv'd to
Yield on any Terms.

Free. Be sure you be punctual now !

Aria. Will you be sure ?

Court. Or else may we become a Couple of credulous
Coxcombs, and be Jilted ever after.

-----Your Servant, Ladies.

[*Ex. Men.*]

Aria. I wonder what they think of us !

Gatty. You may easily imagine ; for they are not of
A Humour so little in Fashion, to believe the best :
I assure you, the most favourable Opinion they can
Have, is, That we are still a little wild, and stand in
Need of better Manning.

Aria. Prithee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em ?

Gatty. Faith, so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Would I had never seen 'em !

Gatty. Ha ! Is it come to that already ?

Aria. Prithee, let's walk a Turn or two
More, and talk of 'em.

Gatty. Let us take care then we are not too particular
In their Commendations, lest we should discover
We intrench upon one anothers Inclinations,
And so grow quarrellsome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus
Unreasonably ; I dare lay my Life, it is not want
Of Devotion, but Opportunity that stays him.

La. Cock. Ingrateful Man ! to be so insensible
Of a Lady's Passion !

Sent. If I thought he were so wicked, I should
Hate him strangely----- But, Madam-----

La. Cock. Do not speak one word in his behalf,
I am resolv'd to forget him ; perfidious Mortal,
To abuse so sweet an Opportunity !

She wou'd if She cou'd.

Sent. Hark, here is some-body coming up stairs.
La. Cock. Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtall.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. starting. Mr. Courtall, for Heav'n sake—
 How came you hither ?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam-----
 Your Servant, Mrs. Sentry.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir ; I protest you made
 Me start too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

La. Cock. I did not imagine it could be known
 I was in Town yet.

Court. Sir *Oliver* Did me the Favour to make me
 A Visit, and dine with me to day, which brought
 Me to the Knowledge of this Happiness, Madam ;
 And as soon as I could possibly, I got the
 Freedom to come hither and enjoy it.

La. Cock. You have ever been extreme obliging, Sir.

Sent. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual
 He is to my Directions !

La. Cock. Will you be pleas'd to repose, Sir ?
Sentry, set some Chairs.

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke
 Out of my Company, and was forc'd by the
 Impertunity of one Sir *Joslin Jolly*, I think they
 Call him, to engage my Honour, I would
 Return again immediately.

La. Cock. You must not so soon rob me
 Of so sweet a Satisfaction.

Court. No Consideration, Madam, could take
 Me from you, but that I know my stay at this
 Time must needs endanger your Honour ; and how
 Often I have deny'd my self the greatest Satisfaction
 In the World, to keep that unblemished, you
 Your self can witness.

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great Tryals
 Of your Generosity, in those many Misfortunes
 That have attended our innocent Affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive it,
 Was got near that Pitch of Drunkenness,
 Which makes him come reeling home, and
 Unmanfully insult over your Ladyship ; and how
 Subject he is then to injure you with an unjust
 Suspicion, you have often told me ; which makes
 Me careful not to be surpriz'd here.

La. Cock. Repose your self a little, but a little,

[*Aside.*]

[*Ex. Sent.*]

Dear Sir : These vertuous Principles make you worthy to be
Trusted with a Lady's Honour : Indeed Sir *Oliver*
Has his Failings ; yet, I protest, Mr. *Courtall*, I love
Him dearly, but cannot be altogether unfeisible
Of your generous Passion.

Court. Ay, ay ; I am a very passionate Lover !
Indeed this Escape has only given me leisure
To look upon my Happiness.

Aside.

La. Cock. Is my Woman retir'd ?

Court. Most dutifully, Madam.

La. Cock. Then let me tell you, Sir----- yet we
May make very good use of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in agen.

Aside.

La. Cock. If Sir *Oliver* be in that undecent Condition
You speak of, to morrow he will be very submissive,
As it is meet for so great a Misdemeanour ; then
Can I, feigning a desperate Discontent, take
My own Freedom, without the least Suspicion.

Court. This is very luckily and obligingly
Thought on, Madam.

La. Cock. Now if you will be pleas'd,
Make an Assignation, Sir.

Court. To morrow about Ten a Clock in the
Lower-walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which
We can quickly pop into my Coach.

La. Cock. But I am still so pester'd with my Woman,
I dare not go without her ; on my Conscience
She's very sincere, but it is not good to trust our
Reputations too much to the Frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam,
That will hold but two.

La. Cock. O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir ! For,
By that means, I shall have a just Excuse to give her
Leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay
There till I call her

Court. It grieves me much to leave you so soon ;
Madam ; but I shall comfort my self with the
Thoughts of the Happiness you have made me hope for,

La. Cock. I wish it were in my power eternally
To oblige you, dear Sir.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

[*Exit Court.*

Sentry----- why, *Sentry*----- Where are you ?

*Enter Sentry.**Sent.* Here, Madam.*La. Cock.* What a strange thing is this ! will you Never take warning, but still be leaving me alone In these suspicious Occasions ?*Sent.* I was but in the next Room, Madam.*La. Cock.* What may Mr. *Courtall* think of my Innocent Intentions ? I protest, if you serve me So agen, I shall be strangely angry : You should Have more regard to your Lady's Honour.*Sent.* If I stay in the Room, she will not speak Kindly to me in a Week after ; and if I go out, she Always chides me thus : This is a strange Infirmary She has, but I must bear with it ; for on my Conscience, Custom has made it so natural, She cannot help it.*La. Cock.* Are my Cousins come home yet ?*Sent.* Not yet, Madam.*La. Cock.* Do'st thou know whither they went This Evening ?*Sent.* I heard them say, they would go take The Air, Madam.*La. Cock.* Well, I see it is impossible with vertuous Counsel to reclaim them ; truly, they are so careless Of their own, I could wish Sir *Joslin* would remove 'Em, for fear they should bring an unjust Imputation on my Honour.*Sent.* Heavens forbid, Madam !*La. Cock.* Your Servant, Cousins.*Enter Ariana and Gatty.**Amb.* Your Servant, Madam.*La. Cock.* How have you spent the Cool of the Evening ?*Gatty.* As the Custom is, Madam, breathing the Fresh Air, in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.*La. Cock.* Without the Company of a Relation, Or some discreet Body, to justify your Reputations To the World----- You are young, and may be yet Insensible of it ; but this is a strange censorious Age, I assure you.[*Noise of Musick without.*]*Aria.* Hark ! What Musick's this ?*Gatty.* I'll lay my Life my Uncle's drunk, and hath Pickt us up a Couple of worthy Servants, And brought them home with him in Triumph.*Enter*

Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver strutting, and swaggering, Sir Joslin singing and dancing with Mr. Courtall and Mr. Freeman, in each hand: Gatty and Ariana seeing Courtal and Freeman, shriek, and -----

[Exeunt.

Sir *Jos.* Hey-day ! I told you they were a Couple of Skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle At a Man before ; I'll fetch 'em agen, I warrant You, Boys.

[Exit after them.]

Free. to *Court.* These are the very self-fame Gowns And Petticoats.

Court. Their Surprize confirms us it must be them.

Free. 'sLife, we have betray'd our selves Very pleasantly.

Court. Now am I undone to all Intents and purposes, For they will innocently discover all to my Lady, And she will have no Mercy.

Sir *Oliv.* Dan, Dan, Da-ra, Dan, &c. Avoid my Prefence, the very sight of that Face Makes me more impotent than an Eunuch.

[Strutting

La. Cock. Dear Sir *Oliver* !

[Offering to embrace him.]

Sir *Oliv.* Forbear your Conjugal Clippings, I will have a Wench, thou shalt fetch me a Wench, *Sentry.*

Sent. Can you be so inhumane to my dear Lady ?

Sir *Oliv.* Peace, Envy, or I will have thee executed : For Petty Treason ; thy Skin flay'd off, stuff'd, and Hung up in my Hall in the Countrey, as a Terrour to my whole Family.

Court. What Crime can deserve this horrid Punishment ?

Sir *Oliv.* I'll tell thee, *Ned* : 'Twas my Fortune T'other day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's Wife in the Countrey, and this malicious Slut Betray'd the very Ditch where we us'd to Make our Assignations, to my Lady.

Free. She deserves your Anger indeed, Sir *Oliver* : But be not so unkind to your Vertuous Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* Thou do'st not know her, *Franck* ; I have Had a Design to break her heart ever since the First Month that I had her, and 'tis so tough, That I have not yet crack'd one String on't.

Court. You are too unmerciful, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* Hang her ; *Ned*, by wicked Policy she Would usurp my Empire, and in her heart is a :

Very

Very *Pharaob* ; for every Night she's a putting
Me upon making Brick without Straw.

Court. I cannot see a vertuous Lady so afflicted,
Without offering her some Consolation :
Dear Madam, is it not as I told you ? [*Aside to her.*]

La. Cock. The Fates could not have been more
Propitious, and I shall not be wanting to the
Furthering of our mutual Happiness. [*To Court. aside.*]

*Enter Sir Jostlin, with Ariana and Gatty in each
band ; dancing and singing.*

C A T C H.

*This is sly and pretty,
And this is wild and witty ;
If either stay'd
Till she dy'd a Maid,
I'faith 'twould be great Pity.*

Sir Jostlin. Here they are, Boys, i'faith ; and now little
Jostlin's a Man of his Word. Heuk ! Sly-Girl and
Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, Alou !

[*Flings 'em to Courtall and Freeman, who
kiss their hands.*]

What's yonder, your Lady in Tears, Brother *Cockwood* ?
Come, come ; I'll make up all Breaches.

[*He sings---- And we'll all be merry and frolick.*]

Fie, fie ; though Man and Wife are feldom in good
Humour alone, there are few want the Discretion
To dissemble it in Company.

[*Sir Jostlin, Sir Oliver, and Lady, stand
talking together.*]

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith, I thought this Conjuring to be but
A meer jest till now ; and could not believe the
Astrological Rascal had been so skilful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how
Punctual he was in his Directions to apprehend 'em !

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjuror,
Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies ; the Loss of
Our Hearts was so considerable, that it may well
Excuse the indirect means we took to find out
The pretty Thieves that stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what Men of business

These were, Sister ?

Gat. I vow, I innocently believ'd they had some
Præ-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon,
And wish'd 'em so well, that I am sorry
To find 'em so perfidious.

Free. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholden to Providence.

Gatty. But we are more, Sister; for had we once
Been deluded into an Opinion they had been
Faithful, who knows into what Inconveniences
That Errour might have drawn us ?

Court. Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies,
To expect that from us, we should scarce
Have hop'd for from you ? Fie, fie ; the keeping
Of ones Word, is a thing below the Honour
Of a Gentleman.

Free. A poor Shift ! Fit only to uphold the
Reputation of a paultry Citizen.

Sir Jos. Come, come ; all will be well agen,
I warrant you, Lady.

La. Cock. These are insupportable Injuries ; but I will
Bear 'em with an invincible Patience, and to morrow
Make him dearly sensible, How unworthy he has been.

Sir Jos. To morrow my Brother *Cockwood* will
Be another Man---- So, Boys ; and how do you like
The Flesh and Blood of the *Follies* ? ---- Heuk, Sly-Girl ----
And Mad-cap, Hey---- Come, come ; you have
Heard them exercise their Tongues awhile ; now
You shall see them ply their Feet a little ! This is
A clean Limb'd Wench, and has neither Spavin,
Splinter, nor Wind-gall ; tune her a Jig, and play't roundly,
You shall see her bounce it away like a nimble
Friggat before a fresh Gale ---- Hey, methinks
I see her under Sail already.

[*Gatty dances a Jigg.*]

Sir Jos. Hey, my little Mad-cap----- Here's a Girl,
Of the true Breed of the *Follies*, i'faith---- But hark you,
Hark you ; a Consultation, Gentlemen----- Bear up,
Brother *Cockwood*, a little : What think you,
If we pack these idle Houfwives to Bed now,
And retire into a Room by our selves, and have
A merry Catch, and a Bottle or two of the
Best, and perfect the good Work we have
So unanimously carry'd on to day ?

Sir Oliv. A most admirable Intrigue----- Tan, dan,
Da, ra, dan ; Come, come, march to your several
Quarters : Go, we have have sent for a civil Person or two,

And are resolv'd to fornicate in private.

La. Cock. This is a barbarous Return
Of all my Kindness.

Free. } Your humble Servant, Madam,
Court. }

[*Ex. La. Cockwood and Sentry.*]

Court. Hark you! Hark you! Ladies, do not harbour
Too ill an Opinion of us, for faith, when you have
Had a little more Experience of the World, you'll
Find we are no such abominable Rascals.

Gatty. We shall be so charitable to think no worse
Of you, than we do of all Mankind for your
Sakes, only that you are perjur'd, perfidious,
Inconstant, ingrateful.

Free. Nay, nay; that's enough in all Conscience, Ladies;
And now you are sensible, what a shameful thing
It is to break one's Word, I hope you'll be more
Careful to keep yours to morrow.

Gatty. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid-----

Court. Nay, nay, it is too late for Raillery, i'faith, Ladies.

Gatty. } Well, your Servant, then.
Aria. }

Free. } Your Servant, Ladies.
Court. }

Sir Oliv. Now the Enemy's march'd out -----

Sir Jos. Then the Castle's our own, Boys----- Hey.

*And here and there I had her,
And every where I had her,
Her Toy was such, that every Touch
Would make a Lover madder.*

Free. } Hey, brave Sir *Joslin*!
Court. }

Sir Oliv. Ah, my dear little witty *Joslin*,
Let me hug thee.

Sir Joslin. Strike up, you obstreperous Rascals, and
March along before us.

[*Exeunt Singing and Dancing.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The New Exchange.

Mrs. Trincket sitting in a Shop, People passing by as in the Exchange.

Mrs. *Trim.* **W**Hat d'ye buy? What d'ye lack, Gentlemen?
Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences; Ribbons,
Gloves, and Essences?

Enter Mr. Courtal.

Mr. *Courtall!* I thought you had a Quarrel
To the *Change*, and were resolv'd we should never
See you here again.

Court. Your Unkindness indeed, Mrs. *Trincket*, had
Been enough to make a Man banish himself
For ever.

Enter Mrs. Gazette.

Trinck. Look you, yonder comes fine Mrs. *Gazette*,
Thither you intended your Visit, I am sure.

Gaz. Mr. *Courtall!* Your Servant.

Court. Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazette*.

Gaz. This Happiness was only meant to
Mrs. *Trincket*, had it not been my good fortune
To pass by, by chance, I should have lost
My share on't.

Court. This is too cruel, Mrs. *Gazette*, when all the
Unkindness is on your side, to rally your Servant
Thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious Absence of yours, made
Me believe you intended to try an Experiment
On my poor Heart, to discover that hidden Secret,
How long a despairing Lover may languish
Without the sight of the Party.

Court. You are always very pleasant on this
Subject, Mrs. *Gazette*.

Gaz. And have not you reason to be so too?

Court. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good News.

Court. What good News?

Gaz. How well this dissembling becomes you?
But now I think better on't, it cannot
Concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than

To have an *Amour* last longer than an *Easter Term* with a *Countrey Lady*; and yet there Are some, I see, as well in the *Countrey*, as in The *City*, that have a pretty way of *Houfswifing* A *Lover*, and can spin an *Intrigue* out a great Deal farther, than others are willing to do.

Court. What pretty Art have they, good *Mrs. Gazette*?

Gaz. When *Trades-men* see themselves in an ill Condition, and are afraid of *Breaking*; can they do Better, than to take in a good substantial Partner, to help to carry on their *Trading*?

Court. Sure you have been at, *Riddle me, riddle me*, Lately, you are so wondrous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my *Lady Cockwood* is so *Haughty*, she had rather give over the *Vanity* of an *Intrigue*, than take in a couple of young Handsome *Kinswomen* to help to maintain it.

Court. I knew it would out at last; indeed it is the Principle of most good *Women* that love *Gaming*, When they begin to grow a little out of *Play*.

Themselves, to make an Interest in some Young *Gamester* or other, in hopes to rook A *Favour* now and then: But you are quite out of In your *Policy*, my *Lady Cockwood* is none of These, I assure you——

Hark you, *Mrs. Gazette*, you must needs bestir Your self a little for me this morning, or else Heaven have Mercy upon a poor *Sinner*.

Gaz. I hope this wicked *Woman* has no *Design* upon your *Body* already: Alas! I pity your *Tender Conscience*.

Court. I have always made thee my *Confident*, and Now I come to thee as to a *Faithful Counsellor*.

Gaz. State your *Cafe*.

Court. Why, this *Ravenous Kite* is upon *Wing* already; 's fetching a little *Compass*, and will be Here within this half hour to swoop me *Away*.

Gaz. And you would have me your *Scar-Crow*?

Court. Something of that there is in't; she is still Your *Customer*.

Gaz. I have furnished her, and the young *Ladies*, With a few fashionable *Toys* since they came To *Town*, to keep 'em in *Countenance* at a *Play*, or in the *Park*.

Court. I would have thee go immediately to the Young *Ladies*, and, by some *Device* or other,

Intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came juſt now from taking meaſure of 'em
For a Couple of Handkerchiefs.

Court. How unlucky's this !

Gaz. They were calling for their Hoods and Scarfs,
And are coming hither, to lay out a little Money
In Ribbons and Eſſences: I have recommended
Them to Mrs. *Trincket's* Shop here.

Court. This falls out more luckily than what I had
Contriv'd my ſelf, or could have done; for here
Will they be buſie juſt before the Door,
Where we have made our Appointment: But if this
Long-wing'd Devil ſhould chance to truſt me
Before they come.

Gaz. I will only ſtep up, and give ſome Directions
To my Maid, about a little Buſ'neſs that is in
Haſte, and come down again and watch her; if you
Are ſnapp'd, I'll be with you preſently, and reſcue
You, I warrant you, or at leaſt ſtay you, till
More Company come: She dares not force you
Away, in my ſight; ſhe knows I am great with
Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the beſt
Of 'em---- Your Servant, Sir.

[*Ex. Gazet.*]

Enter Freeman.

Court. Freeman! 'Tis well you are come.

Free. Well! what Counter-plot? What hopes of
Diſappointing the Old, and of ſeeing the Young
Ladies? I am ready to receive your Orders.

Court. Faith, things are not ſo well contriv'd as
I could have wiſh'd 'em, and yet I hope, by
The help of Mrs. *Gazet*, to keep my word,
Franck.

Free. Nay, now I know what Tool thou haſt made
Choice of, I make no Queſtion, but the Buſ'neſs
Will go well forward; but, I am afraid,
This laſt unlucky Buſ'neſs has ſo diſtaſted
Theſe young Trouts, they will not be ſo eaſily
Tickl'd as they might have been.

Court. Never fear it; whatſoever Women ſay, I am ſure
They ſeldom think the worſe of a Man, for
Running at all; 'tis a Sign of Youth, and high
Mettle, and makes them rather picquee, who ſhall
Tame him: That which troubles me moſt, is, we
Loſt the hopes of Variety, and a ſingle Intrigue
In Love, is as dull as a ſingle Plot in a Play,

And

And will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does
An Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without some Under-plots
In this Town, let this be our main Design,
And if we are any thing fortunate in our Contrivance,
We shall make it a pleasant Comedy.

Court. Leave all things to me, and hope the best :
Be gone, for I expect their coming immediately ;
Walk a turn or two above, or fool awhile
With pretty Mrs. *Anvil*, and scent your Eye-brows
And *Ferriwig* with a little Essence of Oranges,
Or *Jessimine*; and when you see us all together
At Mrs. *Gazett's* Shop, put in as it were by chance :
I protest, yonder comes the old Haggard, to your
Post quickly ! 'sDeath ! where's *Gazette* and these
Young Ladies now ? [*Ex. Freem.*]

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.

O Madam, I have waited here, at least, an hour,
And time seems very tedious, when it delays so great
A Happiness as you bring with you:

La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir *Oliver*
His due Correction for those unseemly Injuries
He did me last Night. Is your Coach ready ?

Court. Yes, Madam : But how will you dispose of
Your Maid ?

La. Cock. My Maid ! For Heavens sake, what do you
Mean, Sir ? Do I ever use to go abroad without her ?

Court. 'Tis upon no Design, Madam, I speak it,
I allure you ; but my Glas-Coach broke last Night,
And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold
But two.

La. Cock. O Heaven ! You must excuse me, dear Sir ;
For I shall deny my self the sweetest Recreations
In the World, rather than yield to any thing that
May bring a Blemish upon my spotless Honour.

Enter Gazette.

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam.
Your Servant, Mr. *Courtall*.

Lady }
and } Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazette*.
Court. }

Gaz. I am extreme glad to see your Ladiship here ;
I intended to send my Maid to your Lodgings

This Afternoon, Madam, to tell you, I have
A Parcel of New Lace come in, the prettiest Patterns
That ever were seen ; for I am very desirous fo
Good a Customer as your Ladiship should see 'em
First, and have your Choice.

La. Cock. I am much beholden to you, Mrs. Gazette,
I was newly come into the *Exchange*, and intended
To call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana and Gatty, Gazette goes to them.

Court. 'sDeath, here are your Cousins too ! now there
Is no hope left for a poor unfortunate
Lover to comfort himself withal.

Aria. }
Gatty. } Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. I am newly come into the *Exchange*, and
By chance, met with Mr. Courtall here, who will needs
Give himself the trouble, to play the Gallant, and
Wait upon me.

Gatty. Does your Ladiship come to buy ?

La. Cock. A few Trifles ; Mrs. Gazette says she has
A Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look
Upon 'em ?

Aria. We will only fanse a Sute of Knots or two
At this Shop, and buy a little Essence ; and wait
Upon your Ladiship immediately.

Gat. Mrs. Gazette, you are skill'd in the Fashion,
Pray let our Choice have your Approbation.

[All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but Courtail, and Lady Cockwood.

Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

Court. 'sDeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony,
But stept into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this
Mischief.

La. Cock. My Over-tenderness of my Honour, has
Blasted all my Hopes of Happiness.

Court. To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height
Of all our Expectation, leaves me no Patience.

La. Cock. Moderate your Passion a little, Sir ? I may
Yet find out a way.

Court. Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't
Now you have been seen with me ; to leave 'em upon
Any Pretence will be so suspicious, That my Concern
For your Honour will make me so feverish and
Disordered, that I shall lose the Taste of all the
Happiness you give me.

La. Cock. Methinks you are too scrupulous, Heroick Sir,

Court. Besides the Concerns I have for you, Madam ;
You know the Obligations I have to Sir *Oliver*,
And what Professions of Friendship there are on
Both Sides ; and to be thought perfidious and ingrateful,
What an Affliction would that be to a generous Spirit !

La. Cock. Must we then unfortunately part thus ?

Court. Now I have better thought on't, that is not
Absolutely necessary neither.

La. Cock. These words revive my dying Joys,
Dear Sir, go on.

Court. I will, by and by, when I see it most convenient,
Beg the Favour of your Ladiship, and your
Young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat, and
A Fiddle ; you make some little difficulty at
First, but upon earnest Perswasion comply, and
Use your Interest to make the young Ladies
Do so too : Your Company will secure their
Reputations, and their Company take off from
You all Suspicion.

La. Cock. The natural Inclination they have to be
Jigging, will make them very ready to comply :
But what Advantage can this be to our
Happinefs, dear Sir ?

Court. Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or
Mrs. *Gazette*, have any Doubts upon their surprizing
Us together, our joining Company will clear 'em all ;
Next, we shall have some Satisfaction
In being an Afternoon together, though we enjoy
Not that full Freedom we so passionately
Desire.

La. Cock. Very good, Sir.

Court. But then lastly, Madam, we gain an Opportunity
To contrive another Appointment to morrow,
Which may restore us unto all those Joys
We have been so unfortunately disappointed
Of to day.

La. Cock. This is a very prevailing Argument
Indeed ; but since Sir *Oliver* believes I have
Conceiv'd so desperate a Sorrow, 'tis fit we
Should keep this from his Knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies secret ?

La. Cock. They have the good Principles not
To betray themselves, I assure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a House that is
Not haunted by the Company, and we are secure,
And now I think on't, the *Bear* in *Drury-lane*
Is the fittest place for our purpose.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir,
And submit to your Discretion-----
Have you gratifi'd your Fancies, Cousins?

[*To them Ariana, Gatty, and Gazette, from the Shop.*

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gatty. I never saw Colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they set off one another, and
How they add to the Complexion!

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtal*, your most humble Servant.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour
To wait upon you and these young Ladies,
Till I see you in your Coach.

La. Cock. Your Friendship to Sir *Oliver* would
Engage you in an unnecessary Trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from
Your serious Business; good Sir.

Gatty. I should rather have expected to have seen
You, Sir, walking in *Westminster-Hall*, watching
To make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to
Dine with a Parliament-Man, than to meet
You in such an idle Place as the *Exchange* is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well
Acquainted with me upon the first Visit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you
Know, Sir, in the *Mulberry-Garden*, upon Oath.

Court. aside.] 'sDeath! what shall I do?
Now out comes all my Roguery.

Gatty. Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was
Some malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd
Himself, on purpose to make us have an
Ill Opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some rash Men would be apt enough
To enquire him out, and Cut his Throat, Ladies;
But I heartily forgive him whosoever he was;
For, on my Conscience, 'twas not so much out
Of Malice to me, as out of Love to you he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtall* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Mrs. *Gazette*.

La. Cock. Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy
Fellow, I warrant him; Mr. *Courtall* is known
To be a Person of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam,
And gave but very little Credit to what he said.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe
Nothing to the Disadvantage of a Stranger-----
What a Couple of young Devils are these?

La. Cock. Since you are willing to give

Your self this Trouble.

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[*Exeunt all but Ariana and Gatty.*]

Aria. How he blush'd, and hung down his Head !

Gatty. A little more had put him as much out
Of Countenance, as a Country Clown is
When he ventures to compliment
His Attorney's Daughter.

[*They follow.*]

S C E N E II.

Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Sir Joslin, and Servant severally.

Sir Jos. How now, old Boy ! where's my
Brother *Cockwood* to day ?

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

Sir Jos. Why, what's the matter, Man ?

Serv. This is a Day of Humiliation, Sir, with him,
For last Night's Transgression.

Sir Jos. I have Bus'ness of Consequence to impart
To him, and must and will speak with him-----
So, ho ! Brother *Cockwood* ?

Sir Oliv. without.] Who's that, my Brother *Jolly* ?

Sir Jos. The same, the same ; come away, Boy.

Sir Oliv. without.] For some secret Reasons
I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a Design on foot, as would
Draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it :
Therefore I say, come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entering in a Night-Gown, and Slippers.

Sir Oliv. There is such a strange Temptation
In thy Voice, never stir.

Sir Jos. What, in thy Gown and Slippers yet ! why,
Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd
Mr. *Rake-bell*, the little smart Gentleman I have
Often promis'd thee to make thee acquainted
Withal ; to bring a whole Bevy of Damfels,
In Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffeta's.
Come, come, dress thee quickly ; there's to be
Madam *Rampant*, a Girl that shines, and will drink,
At such a rate, she's a Mistrefs for *Alexander*,
Were he alive agen.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out !

Thomas, what Clothes have I to put on ?

Serv. None but your Penitential Sute, Sir ;

All the rest are secur'd.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh unspeakable Misfortune! that I
Should be in disgrace with my Lady now!

Sir *Jos.* Come, come, never talk of Clothes;
Put on any thing; thou hast a Person and a
Mind, will bear it out bravely.

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, I know my Behaviour will show
I am a Gentleman; but yet the Ladies
Will look scurvily upon me, Brother.

Sir *Jos.* That's a Jest, i'faith; He that has *Terra firma*
In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

*For he that would have a Wench kind,
Ne'er smugs up himself like a Nimmy;
But plainly tells her his Mind,
And tickles her first with a Guinny.*

Hey, Boy-----

Sir *Oliv.* I vow thou hast such a bewitching
Way with thee!

Sir *Jos.* How lovely will the Ladies look,
When they have a Beer-Glass in their Hands!

Sir *Oliv.* I now have a huge Mind to venture;
But if this should come to my Lady's Knowledge.

Sir *Jos.* I have bespoke Dinner at the *Bear*, the
Privat'st Place in Town: there will be
No Spies to betray us, if *Thomas* be but secret,
I dare warrant thee, Brother *Cockwood*.

Sir *Oliv.* I have always found *Thomas* very
Faithful: but, faith, 'tis too unkind, considering
How tenderly my Lady loves me.

Sir *Jos.* Fie, fie; a Man and kept so much under
Correction by a Busk and a Fan!

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, I am in my Nature as valiant
As any Man, when once I set out; but, i'faith, I
Cannot but think how my dear Lady will be
Concern'd, when she comes home and misses me.

Sir *Jos.* A Pox upon these Qualms.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, thou hast seduc'd me;
But I shall look so untowardly.

Sir *Jos.* Again art thou at it? In, in, and make
All the haste that may be; *Rake-bell* and the
Ladies will be there before us else.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, thou art an errant Devil----- hey----
For the Ladies, Brother *Jolly*.

Sir *Jos.* Hey for the Ladies, Brother *Cockwood*.

[*Ex. singing----- For he that wou'd, &c.*

SCENE III.

*The B E A R.**Without.* Ho, *Francis*, *Humphrey*, show a Room there !*Enter* Courtal, Freeman, *Lady Cockwood*,
Ariana, *Gatty*, and *Sentry*.*Court.* Pray, Madam, be not so full of Apprehension ;
There is no fear that this should come to
Sir Oliver's Knowledge.*La. Cock.* I were ruin'd if it shou'd, Sir ! Dear, how
I tremble ! I never was in one of these Houses before.*Sent.* This is a Bait, for the young Ladies to
Swallow ; she has been in most of the Eating-houses
About Town, to my Knowledge.*Court.* Oh, *Francis* ![*Aside.*]*Enter* Waiter.*Wait.* Your Worship's welcome, Sir ; but I
Must needs desire you to walk into the next
Room, for this is bespoke.*La. Cock.* Mr. *Courtall*, did not you say, this
Place was private ?*Court.* I warrant you, Madam :
What Company dines here, *Francis* ?*Wait.* A couple of Country Knights ; *Sir Joslin Jolly*,
And *Sir Oliver Cockwood* ; very honest Gentlemen.*La. Cock.* Combination to undo me !*Court.* Peace, Madam, or you'll betray
Your self to the Waiter.*La. Cock.* I am distracted ! *Sentry*, did not
I command thee to secure all *Sir Oliver's* Clothes,
And leave nothing for him to put on, but his
Penitential Sute, that I might be sure he
Could not stir abroad to day ?*Sent.* I obey'd you in every thing, Madam ; but
I have often told you this *Sir Joslin* is a wicked Seducer.*Aria.* If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what
Will he think of us ?*Gatty.* We come but to wait upon her Ladiship.*Free.* You need not fear ; you, Chickens, are secure
Under the Wings of that old Hen.*Court.* Is there to be no Body, *Francis*,
But *Sir Oliver*, and *Sir Joslin* ?*Wait.*

Wait. Faith, Sir, I was enjoin'd Secrecy ; but You have an absolute Power over me : Coming Lately out of the Country, where there is but Little Variety, they have a Design to folace Themfelves with a fresh Girl or Two, as I Underftand the Bufinefs.

[*Exit Waiter.*

La. Cock. Oh, *Sentry!* Sir *Oliver* difloyal ! My Misfortunes come too thick upon me.

Court. afide.] Now is ſhe afraid of being Difappointed on all hands.

La. Cock. I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtall* ; I would not be surpriz'd here my felf, and yet I would prevent Sir *Oliver* from profecuting His wicked and perfidious Intentions.

Aria. Now ſhall we have admirable Sport, What with her Fear and Jealoufie.

Gatty. I lay my Life, ſhe routs the Wenches.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. I muſt needs deſire you to ſtep into the next Room ; Sir *Joflin*, and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

La. Cock. I have not power to move a foot.

Free. We will conſider what is to be done, Within, Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come ; I have a Design in my Head, which ſhall ſecure you, ſurprize Sir *Oliver*, and free you from all your Fears.

La. Cock. It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it : *Francis*, you may own Mr. *Freeman* and I are in the Houſe, if they ask for us ; But not a word of theſe Ladies, as you tender The wearing of your Ears.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Joflin, Sir Oliver, and Waiter.

Sir *Jof.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, Prithee be brisk,

Sir *Oliv.* I ſhall diſgrace my ſelf for ever, Brother.

Sir *Jof.* Pox upon Care, never droop like a Cock In moulting time ; thou art Spark enough in all Conſcience.

Sir *Oliv.* But my Heart begins to fail me, When I think of my Lady.

Sir *Jof.* What, more Qualms yet ?

Sir *Oliv.* Well, I will be couragious : But it is not Neceſſary theſe Sangers ſhould know this is My Penitential Sute, Brother.

Sir *Jof.* They ſhall not, they ſhall not. Hark

You,

You, old Boy, is the Meat provided? Is the Wine
And Ice come? And are the Melodious Rascals
At hand I spoke for?

Wait. Every thing will be in readines, Sir.

Sir Jof. If Mr. *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full, or two,
Of *Vizard-Masks*, and Silk Petticoats, call at the
Door, usher 'em up to the Place of Execution.

Wait. You shall be obey'd, Sir.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir Jof. Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come!
Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious
Gentleman to your Acquaintance; he is a Knight
Of the Industry, has many admirable Qualities,
I assure you.

Sir Oliv. I am very glad, Sir, of this Opportunity
To know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your
Servant. Hark you, *Sir Jofin*, is this *Sir*
Oliver Cockwood, in earnest?

Sir Jof. In very good earnest, I assure you,
He is a little fantastical now and then, and dresses
Himself up in an old Fashion: but that's all one
Among Friends, my little *Rake-hell*.

Sir Oliv. Where are the Damfels you talk'd of,
Brother *Jolly*? I hope Mr. *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the Ran-counter.

Sir Jof. What, tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even so, and will be here immediately.

Sir Oliv. They need not make themselves so
Full of Temptation; my Brother *Jolly* and I can
Be wicked enough without it.

Sir Jof. The truth is, my little *Rake-hell*, we are
Both mighty Men at Arms, and thou shalt see us
Charge anon, to the Terrour of the Ladies.

Rake. Methinks that Drefs, *Sir Oliver*, is a little
Too rustical for a Man of your Capacity.

Sir Oliv. I have an odd Humour, Sir, now, and
Then; but I have wherewithal at home,
To be as spruce as any Man.

Rake. Your Perriwig is too scandalous, *Sir Oliver*,
Your black Cap and Border is never
Wore but by a Fiddler or a Waiter.

Sir Jof. Prithee, my little *Rake-hell*, do not put my
Brother *Cockwood* out of conceit of himself;
Methinks your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and
Makes a Man look both Polite and Politick.

Rake.

Rake. I will allow you, 'tis a grave Ware, and fit
For Men of Business, that are every moment bending
Of their Brows, and scratching of their Heads, every
Project would claw out another Perriwig; but a
Lover had better appear before his Mistress with a
Bald Pate; 'twill make the Ladies apprehend a Savour,
Stop their Noses, and avoid you: 'sife, Love in a
Cap is more ridiculous than Love in a Tub, or Love
In a Pipkin.

Sir Oliv. I must confess your whole Head is
Now in Fashion; but there was a time when
Your Calot was not so despicable.

Rake. Here's a Perruque, Sir.

Sir Oliv. A very good one.

Rake. A very good one? 'Tis the best in *England*.
Pray, *Sir Joslin*, take him in your hand, and draw
A Comb through him, there is not such
Another Friz in *Europe*.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Rake. Pray, *Sir Oliver*, do me the Favour to
Grace it on your Head a little.

Sir Oliv. To oblige you, Sir.

Rake. You never wore any thing became you half
So well in all your Life before.

Sir Jos. Why, you never saw him in your Life before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible.
Here's a Beaver, *Sir Oliver*, feel him; for Fineness,
Substance, and for Fashion, the Court of *France*
Never saw a better; I have bred him but a
Fortnight, and have him at Command already.
Clap him on boldly, never Hat took the Fore-Cock,
And the Hind-Cock at one motion so naturally.

Sir Oliv. I think you have a Mind to make
A Spark of me before I see the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the Meen of a true Cavalier,
And with one Look may make a Lady kind, and
A Hectour humble: And, since I nam'd a Hectour,
Here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, fa, fa; try him, *Sir Joslin*,
Put him to't, cut through the Staple, run him
Through the Door, beat him to the Hilts, if he
Breaks, you shall have the liberty to break my Pate,
And pay me never a Groat of the Ten for't.

Sir Jos. 'Tis a very pretty Weapon, indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true *French* wrought, and
Doree by the best Workman in *France*. This Sword,
And this Castor, with an embroider'd Button and
Loop, which I have to vary him upon occasion,

Were sent me out of *France* for a Token, by my elder
Brother, that went over with a handsome Equipage,
To take the Pleasure of this Campagne.

Sir Oliv. Have you a Mind to sell these things, Sir ?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman ; yet if a Person
Of Honour, or a particular Friend, such as I esteem
You, *Sir Oliver*, take at any time a Fancy to a Band,
A Cravat, a Velvet-Coat, a Vest, a Ring, a Flajolet,
Or any other little Toy I have about me, I am
Good-natur'd, and may be easily perswaded
To play the Fool upon good Terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Jos. Worthy Mr. *Freeman* !

Sir Oliv. Honest *Franck*, how cam'st thou to
Find us out, Man ?

Free. By meer chance, Sir ; *Ned Courtall* is without,
Writing a Letter, and I came in to know, whether
You had any particular Engagements, Gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. We resolv'd to be in private ; but
You are Men without exception.

Free. Methinks you intended to be in private,
Indeed, *Sir Oliver*. 'sDeath, what Disguise have
You got on ? Are you grown grave since last
Night, and come to sin *incognito* ?

Sir Oliv. Hark you in your Ear, *Franck* ; this is
My Habit of Humiliation, which I always put on
The next day after I have transgressed, the better
To make my Pacification with my incens'd Lady-----

Free. Ha, ha, ha-----

Rake. Mr. *Freeman*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Free. Oh, my little dapper Officer ! Are you here ?

Sir Jos. Ha, Mr. *Freeman*, we have bespoke all the
Jovial Entertainment, that a merry Wag can wish for,
Good Meat, good Wine, and a wholesome
Wench or two for the Digestion, we shall have
Madam Rampant, the Glory of the Town ;
The brightest she that shines, or else my little *Rake-bell*
Is not a Man of his Word, Sir.

Rake. I warrant you she comes, *Sir Joslin*.

Sir Joslin sings.

And, if she comes, she shall not 'scape,

If Twenty Pounds will win her ;

Her very Eye commits a Rape,

'Tis such a tempting Sinner.

Enter Courtail.

Court. Well said, Sir *Joslin*, I see you hold up still,
And bate not an Ace of your good Humour.

Sir *Jos.* Noble Mr. *Courtall*!

Court. Bless me, Sir *Oliver*, what, are you going
To act a Droll? How the People would throng
About you, if you were but mounted on a
Few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

Sir *Oliv.* Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my
Lady's Indignation for my last Night's Offence;
Do not insult over a poor sober Man in Affliction.

Court. Come, come, send home for your Clothes;
I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not
To learn at these Years, how absolutely necessary
A rich Vest and a Perruque are to a Man
That aims at their Favours.

Sir *Oliv.* A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Lady's gone abroad,
In a damn'd jealous, melancholy Humour,
And has commanded her Woman to secure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir *Oliv.* Ay, ay, Man; 'tis usual in these Cafes,
Out of pure Love, in hopes to reclaim me, and
To keep me from doing my self an Injury,
By Drinking two days together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir *Oliv.* There are Sots that would think themselves
Happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true-bred
Gentleman, all lawful Solace is Abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Industry,
I am glad to see you in such good Company.

Free. *Courtall*, hark you, are the Masking-Habits,
Which you sent to borrow at the Play-house, come yet?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd:
This Design will add much to our Mirth, and give
Us the Benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick,
For our Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir *Oliv.* Hark, the Musick comes.

[*Musick.*

Sir *Jos.* Hey, Boys----- let 'em enter, let 'em enter

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An't please your Worships, there is a Mask
Of Ladies without, that desire to have the
Freedom to come in and dance.

Sir *Jos.* Hey! Boys-----

She wou'd if She cou'd.

Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come 'en Masquerade, Mr. *Rake-bell* ?

Rake. No ; but *Rampant* is a mad Wench ; she Was half a dozen times a mumming, in private Company, last *Shrove-tide* ; and I lay my life she has Put 'em all upon this Frolick.

Court. They are mettled Girls, I warrant them, *Sir Joslin*, let them be what they will.

Sir Jof. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys —

Enter Musick, and the Ladies in an Antick, and then they take out ; my Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver ; the Young Ladies, Courtall and Freeman : and Sentry. Sir Joslin ; and dance a Set Dance.

Sir Oliv. Oh, my little Rogue ! have I got thee ? How I will turn and wind, and fegue thy Body !

Sir Jof. Mettle on all sides, Mettle on all sides, I'faith ; how swimmingly would this pretty little Ambling Filly carry a Man of my Body !

* S I N G S.

*She's so bonny and brisk,
How she'd curvet and frisk,
If a Man were once mounted upon her
Let me have but a Leap,
Where 'tis wholesome and Cheap,
And a fig for your Person of Honour.*

Sir Oliv. 'Tis true, little *Joslin*, I'faith.

Court. They have warm'd us, *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Now am I as rampant as a Lion, *Ned*. And could love as vigorously as a Sea-man, that Is newly landed after an *East-India* Voyage.

Court. Take my Advice, *Sir Oliver*, do not in your Rage deprive your self of your only Hope Of an Accommodation with your Lady.

Sir Oliv. I had rather have a perpetual Civil War, Than purchase Peace at such a dishonourable rate. A poor Fidler, after he has been three days persecuted At a Country Wedding, takes more Delight in scraping Upon his old squeeking Fiddle, than I do in fumbling Upon that Domestick Instrument of mine.

Court. Be not so bitter, *Sir Oliver*, on your own dear Lady.

Sir Oliv. I was married to her when I was young, *Ned*, with a Design to be baulk'd, as they tye Whelps To the Bell-Wether ; where I have been so butted.

'Twere enough to fright me, were I not pure
Mettle, from ever running at Sheep again.

Court. That's no sure Rule, *Sir Oliver*; for a
Wife's a Dish, of which if a Man once surfeit, he shall
Have a better Stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a Shape is here, *Ned!* so exact and
Tempting, 'twould perswade a Man to be an
Implicite Sinner, and take her Face upon Credit.

Sir Jof. Come, Brother *Cockwood*, let us get 'em
To lay aside these Masking Fopperies, and then
We'll fegue 'em in earnest: Give us a Bottle, *Waiter*.

Free. Not before Dinner, good *Sir Joflin*—

Sir Oliv. Lady, though I have out of Drollery
Put my self into this contemptible Dress at present,
I am a Gentleman, and a Man of Courage, as you
Shall find anon by my brisk Behaviour.

Rake. *Sir Joflin!* *Sir Oliver!* These are none of our
Ladies; they are just come to the Door in a Coach, and
Have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir Jof. Hey-----Boys! more Game, more Game!
Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir Oliv. Why, what a Day of Sport will here be,
Ned?

[*Exit Rake-hell.*]

Sir Jof. They shall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir Oliv. And we will match our selves, and make
A Prize on't; *Ned Courtall* and I, against *Franck Freeman*
And you, Brother *Jolly*, and *Rake-hell* shall be
Judge for Gloves and Silk Stockings, to be
Bestow'd as the Conquerour shall fantasie.

Sir Jof. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. and *Free.* A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey-----Boys!

[*Lady Cockwood counterfeits a Fit.*]

Sentry pulling off her Mask. O Heavens! my dear Lady!
Help, help!

Sir Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady!
'sDeath, what a Condition am I in now, Brother *Jolly?*
You have brought me into this Premunire: For
Heavens sake run down quickly, and fend the Rogue
And Whores away. Help, help! Oh help!
Dear Madam, sweet Lady!

[*Exit Sir Joflin.*]

[*Sir Oliver kneels down by her.*]

Sent. Oh, she's gone, she's gone!

Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a Glafs of cold Water, *Freeman.*

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, speak.

Sent. Out upon thee, for a vile Hypocrite ! thou Art the wicked Authour of all this ; who but such a Reprobate, such an obdurate Sinner as thou art, Could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady ?

Sir Oliv. Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy Words, But stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here Dye a Sacrifice at her Feet, for all my disloyal Actions.

Sent. No, live, live, to be a Reproach and a Shame To all Rebellious Husbands ; ah, that she had but My Heart ! but thou hast bewitch'd her Affections ; Thou should'st then dearly smart for This abominable Treason.

Gatty. So, now she begins to come to her self.

Aria. Set her more upright,
And bend her a little forward.

La. Cock. Unfortunate Woman ! let me go, Why do you hold me ? would I had a Dagger at My Heart, to punish it for loving that ungrateful Man.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, were I but worthy Of your Pity and Belief.

La. Cock. Peace, peace, perfidious Man, I am too Tame and foolish----- Were I every day at the Plays, The Park, and Mulberry Garden, with a kind Look Secretly to indulge the unlawful Passion of some Young Gallant ; or did I associate my self with the Gaming Madams, and were every Afternoon at my Lady *Brief's*, and my Lady *Meanwel's* at *Umbre*, And *Quebas*, pretending ill Luck to borrow Money of a Friend, and then pretending good Luck to excuse the Plenty to a Husband, my suspicious Demeanour had Deserv'd this ; but I, who out of a scrupulous Tenderness to my Honour, and to comply with thy Base Jealousie, have deny'd my self all those blameless Recreations, which a vertuous Lady might enjoy, To be thus inhumanely revil'd in my own Person, And thus unreasonably robb'd and abus'd in thine too !

Court. Sure she will take up anon, or crack her Mind, or else the Devil's in't.

La. Cock. Do not stay and torment me with thy sight ; Go, graceless Wretch, follow thy treacherous Resolutions, Do, and waste that poor stock of Comfort, Which I should have at home, upon those ravenous Cormorants below : I feel my Passion begin to Swell again.

Court. Now will she get an absolute Dominion over Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

[She has a little Fit again.

[*Sir Oliver running up and down.*]

Sir Oliv. *Ned Courtall*, *Franck Freeman*,
Cousin *Ariana*, and dear Cousin *Gatty*,
For Heavens sake, join all; and moderate her Passion—
Ah, *Sentry*! forbear thy unjust Reproaches, take pity
On thy Master! thou hast a great Influence over her,
And I have always been mindful of thy Favours.

Sent. You do not deserve the least Compassion,
Nor would I speak a good Word for yon, but that
I know, for all this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady.
Dear Madam, do but look up a little;
Sir Oliver lies at your Feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

Gatty. I dare say he counterfeited his sin,
And is real in his Repentance.

Court. Compose your self a little, pray, Madam;
All this was meer Raillery, a way of Talk, which
Sir Oliver, being well bred, has learned among
The gay People of the Town.

Free. If you did but know, Madam, what an odious
Thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good
Company, you would easily forgive him.

La. Cock. No, no; 'twas the mild Correction which
I gave him for his insolent Behaviour last Night,
That has encourag'd him agen thus to insult
Over my Affections.

Court. Come, come, *Sir Oliver*, out with your
Bosom-secret, and clear all things to your Lady;
Is it not as we have said?

Sir Oliv. Or may I never have the Happiness to be
In her good Grace agen; and as for the Harlots,
Dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtall*, and *Franck Freeman*,
That have often seen me in Company of the Wicked;
Let 'em speak, if they ever knew me tempted
To a disloyal Action in their Lives.

Court. On my Conscience, Madam, I may more
Safely swear, that *Sir Oliver* has been constant to
Your Ladiship, than that a Girl of Twelve years old
Has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

Enter Sir Joslin.

Sir Oliv. Here's my Brother *Jolly* too can witness
The Loyalty of my Heart, That I did not intend
Any Treasonable Practice against your Ladiship,
In the least.

Sir Jos. Unless seguing 'em with a Beer-glass,
Be included in the Statute. Come, Mr. *Courtall*, to

Satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little good Humour,
Let us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was
Made by a Country Vicar on my Brother *Cockwood* and me.

They Sing.

*Love and Wenching are Toys,
Fit to please Beardless Boys,
Th' are Sports we hate worse than a Leaguer,
When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kiss,
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.*

Sir Jos. Come, come, Madam, let all things be
Forgot; Dinner is ready, the Cloth is laid in the
Next Room, let us in and be merry; there was no
Harm meant as I am true little *Joslin*.

La. Cock. *Sir Oliver* knows I can't be angry with
Him, though he plays the naughty Man thus: But
Why, my Dear, wou'd y' expose your self in this
Ridiculous Habit, to the Censure of both our Honours?

Sir Oliv. Indeed I was to blame to be over-perswaded;
I intended dutifully to retire into the Pantry,
And there civilly to divert my self at Back-Gammon
With the Butler.

Sir Jos. Faith, I must even own, the Fault was mine;
I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir Oliv. How the Devil, *Ned*, came they to find
Us out here?

Court. No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous Woman.

Sir Oliv. I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful:
Prithee, Ned, speak to my Lady, That there may be
A perfect Understanding between us, and that *Sentry*
May be sent home for my Clothes, that I may no
Longer wear the Marks of her Displeasure.

Court. Let me alone, *Sir Oliver*. [*He goes to my Lady Cockwood.*]
How do you find your self, Madam, after
This violent Passion?

La. Cock. This has been a lucky Adventure,
Mr. Courtall; now am I absolute Mistress of
My own Conduct for a time.

Court. Then shall I be a happy Man, Madam:
I knew this would be the Consequence of all,
And yet could not I forbear the Project.

Sir Oliv. How didst thou shuffle away *Rake-hell*,
And the Ladies, Brother?

Sir Jos. I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a Clock,

[*To Sir Joslin.*]

At the New *Spring-Garden*.

Sir *Oliv*. Then will we yet, in spite of the Stars
That have cross'd us, be in Conjunction with
Madam *Rampant*, Brother.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir *Jos*. Ha! Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap, I'll enter
You, i'faith; since you have found the way
To the *Bear*, I'll fegue you.

S I N G S.

*When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kiss;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.*

[*Exeunt singing.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. *Cock*. **A** Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servants
Love, this faithless and inconstant Age:
His amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to day,
Though he pretends it was to blind Sir *Oliver*,
I fear, will prove a certain Sign of his revolted
Heart: the Letters I have counterfeited in these Girls
Name will clear all; if he accept of that Appointment,
And refuses mine, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters
And Messâge been deliver'd, as I directed?

Sent. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be
Found at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter
First with the Letter to Mr. *Courball*, who
Was at the King's-house, he sent for him out
By the Door-Keeper, and deliver'd it into
His own Hands.

La. *Cock*. Did you keep on your Vizard, that
The Fellow might not know how to describe you?

Sent. I did, Madam.

La. *Cock*. And how did he receive it?

Sent. Like a Traytour to all Goodness, with
All the Signs of Joy imaginable.

La. *Cock*. Be not angry, *Sentry*, 'tis as my Heart

Wifht it: What did you do with the Letter to Mr. *Frceman*? For I thought fit to deceive 'em both, To make my Policy lefs fufpicious to *Courtall*.

Sent. The Porter found him at the Duke's houfe, Madam, and delivered it with like care.

La. Cock. Very well.

Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam, I went my felf to the Play-houfe, and fent in For Mr. *Courtall*, who came out to me immediately; I told him your Ladifhip prefented your humble Service to him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going into the City with Sir *Jofin*, to vifit his Brother *Cockwood*, and that it would add much more To your Ladifhip's Happinefs, if he would be pleas'd To meet you in *Grays-Inn* Walks this lovely Evening.

La. Cock. And how did he entertain the Motion?

Sent. Blefts me! I tremble ftill to think upon it! I could not have imagin'd he had been fo wicked; He counterfeited the greateft Paffion, rail'd at His Fate, and fwore a thoufand horrid Oaths, That fince he came into the Play-houfe, he had Notice of a Bufeinefs, that concern'd both his Honour and Fortune; and that he was an undone Man, if he did not go about it prefently; Pray'd me to defire your Ladifhip to excufe Him this Evening, and that to morrow he Wou'd be wholly at your Devotion.

La. Cock. Ha, ha, ha! he little thinks how Much he has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding Him with his Ingratitude to your Ladifhip.

La. Cock. Poor *Sentry*! be not concern'd for me, I have conquer'd my Affection, and thou fhalt find It is not Jealoufie has been my Counfellour in this. Go, let our Hoods and Masks be ready, That I may furprife *Courtall*, and make the Beft Advantage of this lucky Opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam.

[*Exit Sentry.*]

La. Cock. How am I fill'd with Indignation? To find my Perfon and my Paffion both defpis'd, And what is more, fo much precious Time Fool'd away in fruitlefs Expectation: I wou'd poison My Face, fo I might be reveng'd on this ingrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. My Deareft!

La. Cock. My Deareft Dear! prithee do Not go into the City to Night.

Sir Oliv. My Brother *Jolly* is gone before,
And I am to call him at Counsellour *Trot's*
Chamber in the *Temple*.

La. Cock. Well, if you did but know the fear
I have upon me, when you are absent, you would
Not seek Occasions to be from me thus.

Sir Oliv. Let me comfort thee with a Kiss;
What should'st thou be afraid of?

La. Cock. I cannot but believe that every Woman
That sees thee, must be in Love with thee, as I am :
Do not blame my Jealousie.

Sir Oliv. I protest, I wou'd refuse a Countess
Rather than abuse thee, poor Heart.

La. Cock. And then you are so desperate upon
The least Occasion, I shou'd have acquainted
You else with something that concerns your Honour.

Sir Oliv. My Honour ! you ought in duty to do it.

La. Cock. Nay, I knew how passionate you wou'd
Be presently ; therefore you shall never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shall
Suspect every one I look upon ; I will kill
A Common-Council-Man or two, before I come
Back, if you do not tell me.

La. Cock. Dear, how I tremble ! Will you
Promise me you will not quarrel then ? If you tender
My Life and Happiness, I am sure you will not.

Sir Oliv. I will bear any thing rather than be
An Enemy to thy Quiet, my Dear.

La. Cock. I cou'd wish Mr. *Courtall* a Man of better
Principles, because I know you love him, my Dear.

Sir Oliv. Why, what has he done ?

La. Cock. I always treated him with great Respects,
Out of my Regard to your Friendship ; but he, like
An impudent Man as he is, to day misconstruing
My Civility, in most unseemly Language,
Made a foul Attempt upon my Honour.

Sir Oliv. Death, and Hell, and Furies ! I will
Have my Pumps, and long Sword !

La. Cock. Oh, I shall faint ! did not you promise
Me you wou'd not be so rash ?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will not kill him, for fear of
Murdering thee, my Dear.

La. Cock. You may decline your Friendship, and
By your Coldness give him no Encouragement
To visit our Family.

Sir Oliv. I think thy Advice the best for this once indeed ;
For it is not fit to publish such a Bus'ness :

But if he should be ever tempting or attempting,
Let me know it prithee, my Dear.

La. Cock. If you moderate your self according
To my Directions now, I shall never conceal
Any thing from you, that may increase your
just Opinion of my Conjugal Fidelity.

Sir Oliv. Was ever Man blest'd with such a
Vertuous Lady ! Yet cannot I forbear going
A ranging agen. Now must I to the *Spring-Garden*,
To meet my Brother *Jolly* and Madam *Rampant*.

[Aside.

La. Cock. Prithee be so good to think how
Melancholy I spend my time here ; for I have
Joy in no Company, but thine ; and let that
Bring thee home a little sooner.

Sir Oliv. Thou hast been so kind in this Discovery,
That I am loth to leave thee.

La. Cock. I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

Sir Oliv. Ay, that's it: Farewel, my vertuous Dear.

[Ex. Sir Oliv.

La. Cock. Farewel, my dearest Dear. I know
He has not Courage enough to question *Courtall* ;
But this will make him hate him, encrease his
Confidence of me, and justifie my banishing that
Falsè Fellow our House: It is not fit a Man that
Has abus'd my Love, should come hither, and pry
into my Actions ; besides, this will make his
Access more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

Enter Ariana and Gatty with their Hoods and Mask.

Whither are you going, Cousins ?

Gatty. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for variety, to walk a Turn or two
In the New *Spring-Garden*.

La. Cock. I heard you were gone abroad
With Mr. *Courtall*, and Mr. *Freeman*.

Gatty. For Heaven's sake, why should your Ladiship
Have such an ill Opinion of us ?

La. Cock. The Truth is, before I saw you ; I believ'd
It meerly the vanity of that prating Man ;
Mr. *Courtall* told Mrs. *Gazette* this morning,
That you were so well acquainted already, that you
Wou'd meet him and Mr. *Freeman* any where ;
And that you had promis'd 'em to receive
And make Appointment by Letters.

Gatty. Oh impudent Man !

Aria. Now you see the Consequence, Sister,
Of our rambling ; they have rais'd this false Story
From our innocent fooling with 'em in the *Mulberry-Garden* last night.

Gatty. I cou'd almost forswear ever speaking to a Man agen.

[La. Cock.]

La. Cock. Was Mr. *Courtall* in the *Mulberry-Garden*, laſt night ?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. Cock. And did he ſpeak to you ?

Gatty. There paſſ'd a little harmleſs *Paſſillery*
Betwixt us ; but you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any Man cou'd be thus unworthy.

La. Cock. He has quite loſt my good Opinion too :

In Duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto ſhow'd
Him ſome Countenance ; but I ſhall hate him

Hereafter for your ſakes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Couſins.

Gatty. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for this timely notice.

Aria. Gatt. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Aria. and Gatt.*]

La. Cock. Your Servant, Couſins———

In the *Mulberry-Garden* laſt night ! when I ſate languiſhing,
And vainly expecting him at home : This has
Incens'd me ſo, that I could kill him. I am glad
Theſe Girls are gone to the *Spring-Garden*,
It helps my Deſign ; the Letters I have counterfeited,
Have appointed *Courtall* and *Freeman* to meet
Them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm
All I have ſaid : I will daily poiſon theſe Girls
With ſuch Lies, as ſhall make their Quarrel to
Courtall irreconcilable, and render *Freeman*
Only ſuſpected ; for I would not have him
Thought equally guilty : He ſecretly began
To make an Addreſs to me at the *Beer*, and
This Breach ſhall give him an Opportunity
To purſue it.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here are your things, Madam.

La. Cock. That's well : Oh *Sentry* ! I ſhall once
More be happy ; for now Mr. *Courtall* has given
Me an Occaſion, that I may, without Ingratitude,
Check his unlawful Paſſion, and free my ſelf
From the trouble of an Intrigue, that gives me
Every day ſuch fearful Apprehenſions of my Honour.

[*Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.*]

S C E N E II.

New Spring-Garden.

Enter Sir Joſlin, Rake-hell, and Waiter.

Wait. Will you be pleas'd to walk into an *Arbour*, Gentlemen ?
Sir Joſ. By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir *Jof.* Nay, he will not fail, I warrant thee,
Boy; but what's the matter with thy Nose, my little *Rake-bell*?

Rake. A foolish Accident; jesting at the *Fleece*
This Afternoon, I mistook my Man a little, a dull
Rogue that could not understand Raillery,
Made a sudden Repartee with a Quart-pot, Sir *Joslin*.

Sir *Jof.* Why didst not thou stick him to the
Wall, my little *Rake-bell*?

Rake. The truth is, Sir *Joslin*, he deserv'd it;
But look you, in case of a doubtful Wound,
I am unwilling to give my Friends too often the
Trouble to bail me; and if it shou'd be
Mortal, you know a younger Brother has
Not wherewithal to rebate the edge of a
Witness, and mollifie the Hearts of a Jury.

Sir *Jof.* This is very prudently consider'd indeed!

Rake. 'Tis time to be wise, Sir; my Courage has
Almost run me out of a considerable Annuity.
When I liv'd first about this Town, I agreed
With a Surgeon for Twenty pounds a Quarter,
To cure me of all the Knocks, Bruises, and
Green Wounds I shou'd receive; and in one half Year
The poor Fellow begg'd me to be releas'd
Of his Bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him
Else in Lint and Balsom.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Jof.* Ho! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come-----

Sir *Oliv.* I, Brother *Jolly*, I have kept my word,
You see; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my
Lady, I have had such a Proof of her Vertue,
I will tell thee all anon.

But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of
The Ladies, Mr. *Rake-bell*?

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon,
They were unwilling any more to set a Certainty
At hazard: 'Tis Term-time, and they have
Severally betook themselves, some to their
Chamber-practice, and others to the Places of Publick Pleading.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, Brother *Jolly*, let us e'en go into
An Arbour, and then fegue Mr. *Rake-bell*.

Sir *Jof.* With all my Heart, wou'd we had Madam *Rampant*.

S I N G S.

*She's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a foolish Puntilio;
She'll not start from her Place,
Though thou nam'st a black Ace,
And will drink a Beer-glass to Spudilio.*

Hey, Boys ! Come, come, come ! let's in,
And delay our Sport no longer.

[*Ex. singing, She'll not start from her, &c.*

Enter Courtall and Freeman, severally.

Court. Freeman !

Free. Courtall, what the Devil's the matter with thee ?
I have observ'd thee prying up and down
The Walks like a Citizen's Wife, that has dropt her
Holiday Pocket-Handkercher.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither ?

Free. I believe a better-natur'd Devil than yours,
Courtall, if a Leveret be better Meat than an old
Puff, that has been cours'd by most of the young
Fellows of her Country : I am not working my Brain
For a Counter-plot, a Disappointment is not my bus'ness.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman* : Prithee be
Gone, and leave me the Garden to my self, or
I shall grow as testy as an old Fowler that is put
By his shoot, after he has crept half a mile upon his belly.

Free. Prithee be thou gone, or I shall take it as
Unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st
Kick down his Limbeck in the very minute
That he look'd for projection.

Court. Come, come ; you must yield, *Freeman,*
Your business cannot be of such consequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadst a bus'ness of such
Consequence in thy Life as mine is, I will condescend
To be made incapable of Affairs presently.

Court. Why, I have an appointment made me,
Man, without my seeking, by a Woman, for
Whom I wou'd have mortgag'd my whole Estate,
To have had her abroad but to break a Cheese-Cake.

Free. And I have an Appointment made me without
My seeking too, by such a she, that I will break the whole
Ten Commandments, rather than
Disappoint her of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jest, *Freeman* ; a forsaken Mistress
Cou'd not be more malicious than thou art : prithee be gone.

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

Court. 'sDeath ! the sight of thee will scare my Woman for ever.

Free. 'sDeath ! the sight of thee will make my
Woman believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling till we are both
Undone, and I know not how to help it.

Free. Let us proceed honestly like Friends,
Discover the truth of things to one another, and ..

If we cannot reconcile our Business, we will
Draw Outs, and part fairly.

Court. I do not like that way ; for talk is only
Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and
Shou'd never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour,
For fear of frightening a young Lady from
Her good Intensions—— yet I care not, though I
Read the Letter, but I will conceal the Name.

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content to do the same.

Court. reads. Sir, in sending you this Letter,
I proceed against the Modesty of our Sex-----

Free. 'sDeath, this begins just like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then-----

Free. reads. But let not the good Opinion I have
Conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your
Censuring of me-----

Court. Word for word.

Free. Now do you read agen.

Court. reads. If you give your self the trouble to be
Walking in the New *Spring-Garden* this Evening,
I will meet you there, and tell you a Secret, which
I have reason to fear, because it comes to your
Knowledge by my means, will make you hate
Your humble Servant.

Free. *Verbatim* my Letter ; Hey-day !

Court. Prithee let's compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'ems.*]

Free. 'sDeath, the Hand's the same.

Court. I hope the Name is not the same too-----

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd ; prithee do
Thou show first, *Freeman.*

Free. No----- But both together, if you will.

Court. Agreed.

Free. *Ariana.*

Court. *Gatty*----- Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are masculine in their
Proceedings, and have made one another
Confidants in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether so well,
Franck ; I wish they had appointed us several
Places : For though 'tis evident they have
Trusted one another with the bargain, no
Woman ever seals before Witness.

Free. Prithee how didst thou escape the snares
Of the Old Devil this Afternoon ?

Court. With much ado : *Sentry* had set me ; if her

Ladiship had got me into her clutches, there
Had been no getting me off without a Rescue,
Or paying down the Money; for she
Always Arrests upon Execution.

Free. You made a handsome Lie to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know she's angry; for she
Thinks nothing a just Excuse in these Cafes,
Though it were to save the Forfeit of a Man's
Estate, or reprove the Life of her own natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like
A Gentleman with her; thou should'st fast thy
Self up to a Stomach now and then, to oblige
Her; if there were nothing in it, but the hearty
Welcome, methinks 'twere enough to make thee
Bear, sometimes, with the Homeliness of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp,
Where there were no other Woman; but I shall
Hardly in this Town, where there is such Plenty,
Forbear good Meat, to get my self an Appetite to Horse-flesh.

Free. This is rather an Aversion in thee, than any
Real Fault in the Woman; if this lucky Bus'ness
Had not fallen out, I intended, with your good leave,
To have out-bid you for her Ladiship's Favour.

Court. I should never have consented to that, *Franck*;
Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such
A Jade, but I should strain if another rid against me;
I have 'ere now lik'd nothing in a Woman,
That I have lov'd at last in spite only,
Because another had a mind to her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping towards us.

Court. 'Tis they, i'faith.

Free. We need not divide, since they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd
Letters, they had put a Trick upon us; but now
I am confirm'd they are mighty honest.

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gatty. Let us dissemble our Knowledge of their
Bus'ness a little, and then take 'em down in
The height of their Assurance.

Court. Free. Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen,
To walk without you, as without our Shadows;
Never were poor Women so haunted by the
Ghosts of their self-murder'd Lovers.

Gatty. If it shou'd be our good Fortunes to have

You in Love with us, we will take care you
Shall not grow desperate, and leave the
World in an ill Humour.

Aria. If you shou'd, certainly your Ghosts
Would be very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you shou'd have your Curtains
Drawn in the dead of the Night, and your pleasing
Slumbers interrupted by any thing but Fleish and Blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a Turn ?

Aria. By your selves, if you please.

Gatty. Our Company may put a constraint upon you ;
For I find you daily hover about these Gardens,
As a Kite does about a Backside,
Watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

Aria. Wo be to the Daughter or Wife of some
Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now ;
For you seldom row to *Fox-ball*, without
Some such Plot against the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies, our bus'ness
Has happily succeeded, since we have the
Honour to wait upon you.

Gatty. You could not expect to see us here.

Court. Your true Lover, Madam, when he misses
His Mistrefs, is as restless as a Spaniel that has
Lost his Master ; he ranges up and down
The Plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and
Never stays long, but where he has the
Happinefs to see her.

Gatty. I suppose your Mistrefs, Mr. *Courtall*, is
Always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that false
Measure of my Acquaintance, which Poets have
Of their Verses, always to think the last best.
Though I esteem you so, in Justice to your Merit.

Gatty. Or if you do not love her best, you always
Love to talk of her most ; as a barren Coxcomb,
That wants Discourse, is ever entertaining
Company out of the last Book he read in.

Court. Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam ;
Who, the Devil, that has common sense, will go
A Birding with a Clack in his Cap ?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame, Gentlemen,
Every one in their way ; a Huntsman talks of his
Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jocky of
His Horse ; and a Gallant of his Mistrefs.

Gatty. Without the allowance of this Vanity, an
Amour would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot Believe you think us Men of such abominable Principles.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as ingrateful To boast of the Favours of a Mistrefs, as to deny The Courtesies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his Life in The Field to serve me, deserves but equally with A Mistrefs that kindly exposes her Honour to Oblige me, especially when she does it as Generously too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I would no more betray the Honour Of such a Woman, than I would the Life of a Man that thou'd rob on purpose to supply me.

Gatty. We believe you Men of Honour, and know It is below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

Aria. You are so generous, you seldom insult after a Victory.

Gatty. And so vain, that you always triumph before it.

Court. 'sDeath! what's the meaning of all this?

Gatty. Though you find us so kind, Mr. *Courtall*, Pray do not tell Mrs. *Gazette* to morrow, that we came Hither on purpose this Evening, to meet you.

Court. I would as soon Print it, and see a Fellow To post it up with the Play-bills.

Gatty. You have repos'd a great deal of Confidence In her, for all you pretend this ill Opinion Of her Secrecy now.

Court. I never trusted her with the name of A Mistrefs, that I should be jealous of, if I saw her Receive fruit, and go out of the Play-house With a Stranger.

Gatty. For ought as I see, we are infinitely Oblig'd to you, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so Much Goodness, Madam.

Gatty. What Goodness, pray, Sir?

Court. Come, come, give over this Raillery.

Gatty. You are so ridiculouly unworthy, that 'twere A Folly to reprove you with a serious look.

Court. On my Conscience, your Heart begins to Fall you now we are coming to the point, at a Young Fellow's that was never in the Field before.

Gatty. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your self sent the Challenge, You must not in Honour file off now.

Gatty. Challenge! Oh Heavens! this confirms all. Were I a Man, I would kill thee for the Injuries thou hast already done me.

Free. to *Aria.* Let not your suspicion of my Unkindness, make you thus scrupulous; was ever City ill treated, that surrendred without Assault or Summons?

Aria. Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us hither? I never met with so much Impudence in my Life.

Court. aside.] Hey, hilts! they are as good at it. Already as the Old one's faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your Wit enough; you wou'd not venture Letters Of such consequence for a Jest only.

Gatty. Letters! Bless me, what will this come to?

Court. To that none of us shall have cause to Repent, I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flie 'em, Sister, they are Devils, And not Men, they could never be so malicious else.

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Court. starting. Ho, my Lady *Cockwood*! My Ears Are grown an inch already.

Aria. My Lady! She'll think this an Appointment, Sister.

Free. This is Madam *Matchiavil*, I suspect, *Courtall*.

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtless: Now am I As much out of Countenance, as I should be if Sir *Oliver* Should take me making bold with her Ladiship.

La. Cock. Do not let me discompose you, I can walk alone, Cousins.

Gatty. Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think We have any business with 'em?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet them here, And nothing could be so lucky as your Coming, Madam, to free us from 'em.

Gatty. They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. Cock. Never trouble your selves, Cousins, I have heard this is a common practice with such Unworthy Men: Did they not threaten to divulge Them, and defame you to the World?

Gatty. We cannot believe they intend any thing less, Madam.

La. Cock. Doubtless, they had such a mean Opinion Of your Wit and Honour, that they thought to Fright you to a base compliance with their wicked Purposes.

Aria. I hate the very sight of 'em.

Gatty. I could almost wish my self a Disease, To breathe Infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty? we have carried on our designs Very luckily against these young Ladies.

Free. We have lost their good Opinion for ever.

La. Cock.

La. Cock. I know not whether their Folly or their Impudence be greater, they are not worth your Anger ; they are only fit to be laugh'd at, and despis'd.

Court. A very fine Old Devil this !

La. Cock. Mr. *Freeman*, this is not like a Gentleman, To affront a couple of Young Ladies thus ; but I Cannot blame you so much ; you are, in a manner, A Stranger to our Family : But I wonder how that Base Man can look me in the Face, considering How civilly he has been treated at our House !

Court. The truth is, Madam, I am a Rascal ; but I fear you have contributed to the making me so : Be not as unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor Sinner.

Sent. Did you ever see the like ? Never trust Me, if he has not the Confidence to make my Vertuous Lady accessary to his Wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay, *Sentry*, 'tis a Miracle if my Honour Escapes, considering the Access which his Greatness With Sir *Oliver* has given him daily to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not counterfeit these Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mine from a Porter at the King's Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may See if you know the Hand.

La. Cock. *Sentry*, are you sure they never saw Any of your Writing ?

Court. 'sDeath ! I am so discompos'd, I know Not where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam ! now I remember my self, Mrs. *Gatty* help'd me once to indite a Letter to my Sweet-heart

La. Cock. Forgetful Wench ! then I am undone.

Court. Oh, here it is — Hey, who's here ?

[*As he has the Letter in hand, Enter Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Rake-hell, all drunk ; with Musick.*

They Sing.

*She's no Mistress of mine,
That drinks not her Wine,
Or frowns at my Friends Drinking-Motions :
If my Heart thou would'st gain,
Drink thy Bottle of Champaign,
'Twill serve thee for Paint, and Love-Poisons*

Sir Oliv. Who's here ? *Courtall*, in my Lady's Company ! I'll dispatch him presently ; Help me, Brother *Jolly*.

La. Cock. For Heavens fake, Sir *Oliver* :

Courtall drawing.] What do yo mean, Sir ?

Sir *Oliv*. I'll teach you more manners, than
To make your Attempts on my Lady, Sir.

La. Cock. and *Sent*. Oh Murder ! Murder !

[*They shriek.*]

La. Cock. Save my dear Sir *Oliver*, Oh my
Dear Sir *Oliver* !

[*The Young Ladies shriek, and run out ; they all draw to part them ; they
fight off the Stage ; she shrieks, and runs out.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood, Table, and Carpet.

La. Cock. I Did not think he had been so desperate in
His drink ; if they had kill'd one another,
I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my Fears-----

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, your Carelesness and Forgetfulness
Some time or other will undo me ;
Had not Sir *Oliver*, and Sir *Joslin*, came so luckily
Into the Garden, the Letters had been discover'd,
And my Honour left to the Mercy of a false Man,
And two young fleeing Girls : Did you speak
To Mr. *Freeman* unperceiv'd in the Hurry ?

Sent. I did, Madam ; and he promis'd me to dis-engage
Himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait
Upon your Ladiship with all Secrecy.

La. Cock. I have some reason to believe him
A Man of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very Look, Madam,
Speaks him to be much more a Gentleman
Than Mr. *Courtall* ; but I was unwilling before
Now to let your Ladiship know my Opinion, for
Fear of offending your Inclinations.

La. Cock. I hope by his means to get these Letters
Into my own hands, and so prevent the Inconveniencies
They may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what should be
Sir *Oliver's* Quarrel to Mr. *Courtall*.

La. Cock. You know how apt he is to be suspicious
In his Drink ; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. *Courtall*
Betray'd him at the *Bear* to day.

Sent. Pray Heaven he be not jealous of your
Ladiship, finding you abroad so unexpectedly ; if
He be, we shall have a sad hand of him when
He comes home, Madam.

La. Cock. I should have apprehended it much
My self, *Sentry*, if his drunkenness had not unadvisedly
Ingag'd him in his Quarrel ; as soon as he grows
A little sober, I am sure his Fear will bring him
Home, and make him apply himself to me, with
All Humility and Kindness ; for he is ever under-hand,
Fain to use my Interest and Discretion to
Make Friends to compound these Businessses,
Or to get an Order for the securing his
Person and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily, Mr. *Courtall* wou'd have
Been so rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. *Freeman* and
The rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. Cock. Heavens forbid ! though he be a wicked
Man, I am oblig'd in duty to love him : Whither
Did my Cousins go after we came home, *Sentry* ?

Sent. They are at the next door, Madam,
Laughing and playing at Lantrelou, with my old
Lady *Love-youth* and her Daughters.

La. Cock. I hope they will not come home then
To interrupt my Affairs with Mr. *Freeman*.

[Knocking without.

Hark ! some body knocks ; it may be him :
Run down quickly.

Sent. I fly, Madam.

[Exit *Sentry*.

La. Cock. Now if he has a real Inclination for my
Person, I'll give him a handsome Opportunity
To reveal it.

Enter Sentry and Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Oh, Mr. *Freeman* ! this unlucky Accident
Has robb'd me of all my Quiet ; I am almost distracted
With thinking of the danger Sir *Oliver's* dear
Life is in.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will
Be reconcil'd again to morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's
Apprehensions, did you but know the
Tenderness of her Affections.

La. Cock.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall* is a false and merciless Man.

Free. He has always own'd a great Respect for Your Ladiship, and I never heard him mention You with the least Dishonour.

La. Cock. He cannot, without injuring the truth; Heaven knows my Innocence: I hope you did Not let him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I shou'd never merit the Happiness To wait upon you agen, had I so abus'd This extraordinary Favour, Madam.

La. Cock. If I have done any thing unbecoming My Honour; I hope you will be just, Sir, and Impute it to my Fear; I know no Man so proper To compose this unfortunate Difference, as Your self; and if a Lady's Tears and Prayers Have power to move you to compassion, I know you will imploy your utmost endeavour, To preserve me, my dear Sir *Oliver*.

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much; I dare engage my Life, His Life and Honour shall be both secure.

La. Cock. You are truly Noble, Sir; I was so Distracted with my Fears, that I cannot well Remember how we parted at the *Spring-Garden*.

Free. We all divided, Madam, after your Ladiship And the Young Ladies were gone together; Sir *Oliver*, Sir *Joslin*, and the Company with them, Took one Boat, and Mr. *Courtall* and I another.

La. Cock. Then I need not apprehend their Meeting again to Night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. *Courtall* in His Chamber, wondring what should make Sir *Oliver* draw upon him; and fretting and Fuming about the Trick that was put upon us With the Letters to day.

La. Cock. Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I assure you, Sir, those Letters were sent by one, That has no Inclination to be an Enemy of yours.

[Knocking below.]

Some Body knocks.

If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me mortally, If he does but suspect I use any secret Means, To hinder him from justifying his Reputation honourably to the World.

[Exit Sentry.]

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam ! Here is Mr. *Courtall* below in
The Entry, difcharging a Coachman ; I told
Him your Ladifhip was bufie, but he wou'd
Not hear me, and, I find, do what I can,
He will come up.

La. Cock. I would not willingly fufpect you, Sir.

Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming
Hithér, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me
Here, as you can be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent bufinefs
With you, but will raife a new Scandal on my
Honour, and publifh it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him ftep in the Clofet, Madam.

La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick, I befecch you, I will
Send him away again immediately.

Enter Courtall.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall* ! Have you no fenfe of
Honour nor Modesty left ? after fo many Injuries,
To come into our Houfe, and without my
Approbation, rudely prefs upon my
Retirement thus ?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my Bufinefs.

La. Cock. Thy Bufinefs is maliciously to purfue
My Ruine ; thou comest with a bafe design to have
Sir *Oliver* catch thee here, and deftroy the
Onely Happinefs I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your pardon for
The Fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know
Of you the reason of Sir *Oliver's* Quarrel to me.

La. Cock. Thy guilty Conscience is able to tell
Thee that, vain and ungrateful Man !

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all things that
May offend him ; and I am fure, if you wou'd
But hear me, I shou'd remove the Justice
Of your Quarrel too.

La. Cock. You are mistaken, Sir, if you think
I am concern'd for your going to the *Spring-Garden*
This Evening ; my Quarrel is the fame with
Sir *Oliver*, and is fo juft, that thou deferv't it to
Be poyfon'd for what thou haft done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my Fault.

La. Cock. I blufh to think upon't : Sir *Oliver*, fince
We came from the *Beak*, has heard fomething
Thou haft faid concerning me ; but what it is

I cou'd not get him to discover: He told me 'twas
Enough for me to know he was fatisf'd
Of my Innocence.

Court. This is meer Passion, Madam.

La. Cock. This is the usual Revenge of fuch base
Men as thou art, when they cannot compafs
Their Ends, with their venemous Tongues
To blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a fudden alteration, Madam; within
Thefe few hours you had a kinder Opinion of me.

La. Cock. 'Tis no wonder you brag of Favours
Behind my back, that have the Impudence to
Upbraid me with Kindnefs to my face; doft
Thou think I cou'd ever have a good thought of
Thee, whom I have always found fo treacherous
In thy Friendfhip to Sir *Oliver*.

[*Knock at the door.*

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh, Madam! here is Sir *Oliver* come home.

La. Cock. O Heavens! I fhall be believ'd guilty
Now, and he will kill us both.

[*He draws.*

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend your Life.

La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder;
For Heaven's fake, Sir, hide your felf in fome
Corner or other.

Court. I'll ftep into that Clofet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir; by no means: his Pipes
And his Tabacco-box lie there, and he
Always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. Cock. Your malice will foon be at an end:
Heaven knows what will be the fatal Confequence
Of your being found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table,
The Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. Cock. Have you good Nature enough to
Save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

[*He goes under the Table.*

Lady Cockwood running to the Clofet.

La. Cock. Be fure you do not ftir, Sir,
Whatfoever happens.

Court. Not unlefs he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady fpeaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir *Oliver*-----

Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this Kindnefs, Madam.

La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your

Naughtiness anon ; but I cannot chuse but hug
Thee, and kifs thee a little firft ; I was afraid
I shou'd never have had thee alive within
These Arms agen.

Sir *Oliv.* Your Goodness does so increase my
Shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

La. *Cock.* Well, I am glad I have thee safe at
Home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber,
And will not so much as trust thee down stairs,
Till there be an end of this Quarrel.

Sir *Oliv.* I was so little my self, I knew not what
I did, else I had not expos'd my Person to so
Much danger before thy Face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing
Concerns my Lady has for you.

La. *Cock.* If Mr. *Courtall* had kill'd thee, I was
Resolv'd not to survive thee ; but before I had
Dy'd, I wou'd have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir *Oliv.* As soon as I had recollected my self
A little, I could not rest till I came home to give thee
This satisfaction, that I will do nothing without
Thy Advice and Approbation, my Dear : I know
Thy Love makes thy Life depend upon mine,
And it is unreasonable I shou'd, upon my own
Rash Head hazard that, though it be for the
Justification of thy Honour.

Uds me, I have let fall a *China-Orange*, that
Was recommended to me for one of the best
That came over this Year ; 'sLife, light the Candle,
Sentry, 'tis run under the Table.

[*Knock.*

La. *Cock.* Oh, I am not well !

[*Sentry takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the door,
she runs away with the Candle.*

Sent. Oh Heaven ! who's that knocks
So hastily ?

Sir *Oliv.* Why, *Sentry* ! bring back the Candle ;
Are you mad to leave us in the dark, and your
Lady not well ? How is it, my Dear ?

La. *Cock.* For Heaven's sake run after her, Sir *Oliver*,
Snatch the Candle out of her hand, and teach
Her more Manners.

Sir *Oliv.* I will, my Dear.

La. *Cock.* What shall I do ? Was ever Woman
So unfortunate in the management of Affairs !

Court. What will become of me now ?

La. *Cock.* It must be so ; I had better trust my

Honour to the Mercy of them two, than be
Betray'd to my Husband : Mr. *Courtall*, give
Me your Hand quickly, I beseech you.

Court. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now ?

La. Cock. I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Court. He'll be coming in for his Tabacco-box
And Pipes.

La. Cock. Never fear that, Sir.

[*Freeman out of the Closet-door.*

Free. Now shall I be discover'd ;
Pox on your honourable Intrigue ;
Wou'd I were safe at *Gifford's*.

La. Cock. Here, here, Sir ; this is the door :
Whatsoever you feel be not frightened ; for
Shou'd you make the least disturbance,
You will destroy the Life, and what is more,
The Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Court. So, so ; if you have occasion to remove
Agen, make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sentry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir Oliv. Here is the Candle ; how dost thou,
My dear ?

La. Cock. I cou'd not imagine, *Sentry*, you had
Been so ill-bred, to run away, and leave your
Master and me in the dark.

Sent. I thought there had been another Candle
Upon the Table, Madam.

La. Cock. Good ! you thought ! you are always
Excusing of your Carelessness ; such another
Misdemeanor——

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, forgive her.

La. Cock. The truth is, I ought not to be very
Angry with her at present ; 'tis a good-natur'd Creature :
She was so frightened for fear of
Thy being mischief'd in the *Spring-Garden*,
That I verily believe she scarce knows
What she does yet.

Sir Oliv. Light the Candle, *Sentry*, that I
May look for my Orange.

La. Cock. You have been at my Lady *Love-youth's*,
Cousins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gatty. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir Oliv. So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it
Home on purpose for thee.

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed ! Thank you, My Dear ; I am so discompos'd with the Fright I have had, that I wou'd fain be at rest.

Sir Oliv. Get a Candle, *Sentry* : Will you go To bed, my Dear ?

La. Cock. With all my heart, *Sir Oliver* : 'Tis late, Cousins, you had best retire to your Chamber too.

Gatty. We shall not stay long here, Madam.

Sir Oliv. Come, my Dear.

La. Cock. Good night, Cousins.

Gat. and Aria. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Exeunt Sir Oliver, Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.*

Aria. I cannot but think of those Letters, Sister.

Gatty. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Frceman*, Sister ; I perceive he runs in thy head as much as A new Gown uses to do in the Country, the Night before 'tis expected from *London*.

Aria. You need not talk, for I am sure the Losses Of an unlucky Gamester are not more his Meditation, than Mr. *Courtall* is yours.

Gatty. He has made some slight impresson on my Memory, I confess ; but I hope a night will Wear him out again, as it does the noise Of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like some stains, will wear out of it Self, I know, but not in such a little time as You talk of, Sister.

Gatty. It cannot last longer than the stain of a Mulberry at most ; the next Season out that goes, And my Heart cannot be long unfruitful, sure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd these Letters ; What shou'd be their End ?

Gatty. That you may easily guess at ; but methinks They took a very improper way to compass it.

Aria. It looks more like the Malice or Jealousie Of a Woman, than the Design of two witty Men.

Gatty. If this should prove a Fetch of her Ladiship's Now, that is playing the loving Hypocrite Above with her dear *Sir Oliver*.

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted, When they were going to show us the Hand !

Gatty. That might have discover'd all : I have a Small suspision, that there has been a little Familiarity between her Ladiship and Mr. *Courtall*.

Aria. Our finding of 'em together in the *Exchange*, And several passages I observ'd at the *Bear*, have

Almost made me of the same Opinion.

Gatty. Yet I wou'd fain believe the continuance
Of it is more her Desire, than his Inclination :
That which makes me mistrust him most, is her
Knowing we made 'em an Appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. Courtall, she
Wou'd not be jealous of Mr. Freeman too ; they
Both pretend to have receiv'd Letters.

Gatty. There is something in it more than we are
Able to imagine ; time will make it out, I hope,
To the Advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I would gladly have it so ; for I believe,
Shou'd they give us a just cause, we should find it
A hard task to hate them.

Gatty. How I love the Song I learn'd t'other day,
Since I saw them in the *Mulberry-Garden* !

She Sings.

*To little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the Plays ;
For ne'er in my Rambles, till now, did I prove
So lucky to meet with the Man I cou'd love.
Oh ! how I am pleas'd, when I think on this Man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can !*

2.

*How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fewer, when I shou'd be well.
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I wou'd give all the World he did know it :
But oh, how I sigh, when I think, shou'd he wooe me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me !*

Aria. Fie, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Gatty. I hate to dissemble when I need not ;
'Twould look as affected in us to be reserv'd
Now w'are alone, as for a Player to maintain
The Character she acts, in the Tyring-Room.

Aria. Prithee sing a good Song.

Gatty. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal,
Compos'd by some amorous Coxcomb, who
Swears in all Companies he loves his Mistress
So well, that he wou'd not do her the Injury,
Were she willing to grant him the Favour,
And it may be is Sot enough to believe he
Wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar, out of
The Clofet, to take thee off of this Subject.

Gatty. I'd rather be a Nun, than a Lover at
Thy rate ; Devotion is not able to make
Me half so serious as Love has made
Thee already.

[*Ariana opens the Clofet, Courtal and Freeman come out.*

Court. Ha, *Freeman!* Is this your Bus'ness
With a Lawyer ? Here's a new Discovery, i' faith !

[*They shriek and run out.*

Free. Peace, Man, I will satisfie your Jealousie
Hereafter ! since we have made this lucky
Discovery, let us mind the present businessses.

[*Courtall and Freeman catch the Ladies, and bring them back.*

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you,
There is no escaping till w'are come to a right
Understanding.

Enter Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver, and Sentry.

Free. Come, never blush, we are as loving as
You can be for your hearts, I assure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to
Have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have
Had ill Nature enough to dissemble with
Us at least a fortnight longer.

La. Cock. What's the matter with you here ?
Are you mad, Cousins ? Bless me, Mr. *Courtall* and
Mr. *Freeman* in our House at these
Unseasonable hours !

Sir Oliv. Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*,
I lay my Life *Courtall* has been tempting the
Honour of the young Ladies.

La. Cock. Oh, my Dear !

[*She holds him.*

Gatty. We are almost scared out of our Wits,
My Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the
Clofet, and found 'em both shut up there.

La. Cock. Come, come, this will not serve your
Turn ; I am afraid you had a Design secretly
To convey 'em into your Chamber : Well,
I will have no more of these doings in my
Family, my Dear ; Sir *Joslin* shall remove
These Girls to morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam ;
Their Surprise shews their Innocence.

Court. If any body be to blame, it is Mrs. *Sentry*.

Sent. What mean you, Sir ? Heaven knows

I know no more of their being here-----

Court. Nay, nay, Mrs. *Sentry* you need not
Be aham'd to own the doing of a couple of
Young Gentlemen such a good Office.

Sent. Do not think to put your tricks upon me, Sir.

Court. Understanding by Mrs. *Sentry*, Madam,
That these young Ladies would very likely
Sit and talk in the Dining-Room an hour before
They went to bed, of the Accidents of the
Day ; and being impatient to know, whether
That unlucky bus'ness which happen'd in
The *Spring-Garden*, about the Letters, had
Quite destroy'd our hopes of gaining their
Esteem ; for a small Summ of Money, Mr. *Freeman*
And I obtain'd the Favour of her to shut us
Up where we might over-hear 'em.

La. Cock. Is this the Truth, *Sentry* ?

Sent. I humbly beg your pardon, Madam.

La. Cock. A Lady's Honour is not safe, that keeps
A Servant so subject to Corruption ; I will turn
Her out of my Service for this.

Sir Oliv. Good ! I was suspicious their bus'nesses
Had been with my Lady, at first.

La. Cock. Now will I be in Charity with him
Agen, for putting this off so handsomely.

Sir Oliv. Hark you, my Dear ; shall I forbid
Mr. *Courtall* my House ?

La. Cock. Oh ! by no means, my Dear :
I had forgot to tell thee, since I acquainted thee with
That bus'ness, I have been discouraging with my
Lady *Love-youth*, and she blam'd me infinitely
For letting thee know it, and laugh'd exceedingly
At me, believing Mr. *Courtall* intended thee
No injury, and told me 'twas only a harmless
Gallantry, which his *French Breeding*
Has us'd him to.

Sir Oliv. Faith, I am apt enough to believe it ;
For on my Conscience, he is a very honest Fellow.

Ned Courtall ! How the Devil came it about,
That thee and I fell to Sa, Sa, in the
Spring-Garden ?

Court. You are best able to resolve
Your self that, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Oliv. Well, the Devil take me, if I had the
Least Unkindness for thee----- Prithee let us
Embrace and kifs, and be as good Friends
As ever we were, dear Rogue.

[*Aside.*

Court. I am so reasonable, Sir *Oliver*, that I will
Ask no other Satisfaction for the Injury you
Have done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sister, look here, do you know this Hand ?

Gatty. 'Tis *Sentry's*.

La. Cock. Oh Heavens ! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gatty. She has been the contriver of all this Mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her Charge
In this ; she was but my Lady's Secretary, I
Assure you, she has discover'd the whole
Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean ?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last ?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely
Vertuous, is, it seems, offended at the innocent
Freedom you take in rambling up and down
By your selves ; which made her, out of a
Tenderness to your Reputations, counterfeit
These Letters, in hopes to fright you to that
Reservedness which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my Opinion
Of his Honour.
Cousins, the little regard you had to the good
Counsel I gave you, puts me upon this
Business.

[*Aside.*

Gatty. Pray, Madam, what was it Mrs. *Gazette*
Told you concerning us ?

La. Cock. Nothing, nothing, Cousins : What I told
You of Mr. *Courtall*, was meer Invention, the better
To carry on my Design for your Good.

Court. *Freeman* ! Pray, what brought you hither ?

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladiship.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me ?

Free. I was afraid thy peevish Jealousie might
Have destroy'd the design I had of getting an
Opportunity to clear our selves to the
Young Ladies.

Court. Fortune has been our Friend in that
Beyond expectation.

[*To the Ladies.*] I hope, Ladies, you are satisfi'd
Of our Innocence now.

Gatty. Well, had you been found guilty of the
Letters, we were resolv'd to have counterfeited
Two Contracts under your Hands, and have
Suborn'd Witnesses to swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full Revenge ; for I know

You would think it as great a Scandal to be
Thought to have an Inclination for Marriage,
As we shou'd to be believ'd willing to take
Our Freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had
Been only to pretend a Promise; we have
Now and then Courage enough to venture so far
For a valuable Consideration.

Gatty. The truth is, such experienc'd Gentlemen
As you are, seldom mortgage your Persons
Without it be to redeem your Estates.

Court. 'Tis a Mercy we have escap'd the mischief
So long, and are like to do Penance only for
Our own Sins; most Families are a Wedding
Behind-hand in the World, which makes
So many young Men fool'd into Wives, to pay
Their Fathers Debts: All the Happiness a
Gentleman can desire, is to live at Liberty,
Till he be forc'd that way to pay his own.

Free. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant
Of the good Intentions you have towards Us;
Pray let us treat a little.

Gatty. I hope you are not in so desperate
A Condition, as to have a good Opinion
Of Marriage, are you?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpose to treat with us,
Of any thing under that, as it is for those kind
Ladies, that have oblig'd you with a valuable
Consideration, to challenge the Performance
Of your Promise.

Sir Oliv. Well, and how, and how, my dear *Ned*,
Goes the business between you and these Ladies?
Are you like to drive a Bargain?

Court. Faith, *Sir Oliver*, we are about it.

Sir Oliv. And cannot agree, I warrant you;
They are for having you take a Lease for Life, and you are
For being Tenants at Will, *Ned*, is it not so?

Gatty. These Gentlemen have found it so convenient
Lying in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the
Trouble of taking a House of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-Seat, Madam, with a
Handsome Parcel of Land, and other Necessaries
Belonging to't, may tempt us; but for a Town-Tenement,
That has but one poor Conveniency,
We are resolv'd we'll never deal.

Sir Oliv. Hark! my Brother *Jolly's* come home.

[*A noise of Musick without.*

Aria.

Aria. Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to
Your selves, and come to an Agreement with us
Quickly; for I'll lay my Life my Uncle has
Brought home a couple of fresh Chapmen,
That will out-bid you.

Enter Sir Jollin with Musick.

Sir *Jof.* Hey, Boys!

[*Dance.*

S I N G S.

*A Catch and a Glafs,
A Fiddle and a Lafs,
What more wou'd an honest Man have?
Hang your temperate Sot,
Who wou'd seem what he's not;
'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.*

Sir *Jof.* What's here, Mr. *Courtall* and Mr. *Freeman*!

Sir *Oliv.* Oh, Man! here has been the prettiest,
The luckiest Discovery on all sides! We are
All good Friends again.

Sir *Jof.* Hark you, Brother *Cockwood*,
I have got Madam *Rampant*; *Rake-hell* and she are without.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh, Heavens! Dear Brother *Jolly*, send
Her away immediately; my Lady has such an aversion
To a naughty Woman, that she will ffound,
If she does but see her.

Sir *Jof.* Faith, I was hard put to it, I wanted
A Lover, and rather than I would break my old
Wont, I dress'd up *Rampant* in a Sute I bought
Of *Rake-hell*; but since this good Company's here,
[*Enter Rake-hell.*

I'll send her away. My little *Rake-hell*, come
Hither; you see here are two powerful Rivals;
Therefore for fear of kicking, or a worse disaster,
Take *Rampant* with you, and be going quickly.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir. [Ex. *Rake-hell and Rampant.*

Court. You may hereafter spare your self this
Labour, Sir *Jollin*; Mr. *Freeman* and I have vow'd
Our selves humble Servants to these Ladies.

Free. I hope we shall have your Approbation, Sir.

Sir *Jof.* Nay, if you have a mind to commit
Matrimony, I'll send for a Canonical Sir,
Shall dispatch you presently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the humour?
Consideration may be your Foe, Ladies.

Aria. Come, Gentlemen, I'll make you a fair Proposition; since you have made a discovery Of our Inclinations, my Sister and I will be content To admit you in the quality of Servants.

Gatty. And if after a Month's experience of your Good Behaviour, upon serious Thoughts, you have Courage enough to engage further, we will accept Of the Challenge, and believe you Men of Honour.

Sir Jof. Well spoke, i'faith, Girls; and is it A Match, Boys?

Court. If the Heart of Man be not very deceitful, 'Tis very likely it may be so.

Free. A Month is a tedious time, and will be a Dangerous Tryal of our Resolutions; but I Hope we shall not repent before Marriage, What-e'er we do after.

Sir Jof. How stand matters between you and Your Lady, Brother *Cockwood*? Is there Peace on all sides?

Sir Oliv. Perfect Concord, Man: I will tell Thee all that has happen'd since I parted from Thee, when we are alone 'twill make thee laugh Heartily. Never Man was so happy in a Vertuous, and a loving Lady!

Sir Jof. Though I have led Sir *Oliver* astray This day or two, I hope you will not exclude me The Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. Cock. The nigh Relation I have to you, And the Respect I know Sir *Oliver* has for you, Makes me forget all that has pass'd, Sir; but pray Be not the Occasion of any new Transgressions.

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Courtall*, since my Endeavours To serve you, have ruin'd me in the Opinion of My Lady, you will intercede for a Reconciliation.

Court. Most willingly, Mrs. *Sentry*----- Faith, Madam. Since things have fallen out so luckily, you must Needs receive your Woman into Favour again.

La. Cock. Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon solemn Proteftations, Madam, that The Gentlemens Intentions were honourable; And having Reason to believe the young Ladies Had no Aversion to their Inclinations, I was Of Opinion I should have been ill-natur'd, if I Had not assisted them in the removing those Difficulties that delay'd their Happiness.

Sir Oliv. Come, come, Girl, confes how many Guineys prevail'd upon your easie Nature,

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.

Sir Oliv. 'sLife, a Summ able to corrupt an honest Man in Office! Faith, you must forgive her, my Dear.

La. Cock. If it be your pleasure, *Sir Oliver*, I cannot but be obedient.

Sent. If *Sir Oliver*, Madam, shou'd ask me to See this Gold, all may be discover'd yet.

La. Cock. If he does, I will give thee Ten Guineys out of my Cabinet.

Sent. I shall take care to put him upon't; 'Tis fit, that I who have bore all the Blame, should have some reasonable Reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me The Happiness I am to enjoy with your fair Relation.

La. Cock. Your Ingenuity and Goodness, Sir, Have made a perfect Atonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your Bus'ness With Mr. *Freeman*?

La. Cock. Only to oblige him to endeavour A Reconciliation between you and *Sir Oliver*; For though I was resolv'd never to see your Face agen, it was Death to me to think Your Life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous come off is this, Madam!

La. Cock. It has made me so truly sensible of Those dangers, to which an aspiring Lady Must daily expose her Honour, that I am Resolv'd to give over the great Bus'ness of This Town, and hereafter modestly Confine my self to the humble Affairs of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis a very pious Resolution, Madam; And the better to confirm you in it, Pray entertain an able Chaplain.

La. Cock. Certainly Fortune was never before So unkind to the Ambition of a Lady.

Sir Jos. Come, Boys, Faith we will have A Dance before we go to bed----- Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap, give me your Hands, that I may Give 'em to these Gentlemen, a Parson shall Join you 'ere long, and then you will have Authority to dance to some purpose: Brother *Cockwood*, Take out your Lady, I am for Mrs. *Sentry*.

*We'll foot it, and side it, my pretty little Miss,
And when we are weary we'll lye down and kifs.*

Play away, Boys.

K 2

[They Dance.
Court..

Court. to Gatty. Now shall I sleep as little
Without you, as I shou'd do with you :
Madam, Expectation makes me almost
As restless as Jealousie.

Free. Faith, let us dispatch this Bus'ness :
Yet I never cou'd find the pleasure of waiting
For a Dish of Meat, when a Man was heartily hungry.

Gatty. Marrying in this Heat wou'd look as ill
As fighting in your Drink.

Aria. And be no more a proof of Love,
Than t'other is of Valour.

Sir Jos. Never trouble your Heads further ;
Since I perceive you are all agreed on the
Matter, let me alone to hasten the Ceremony :
Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to their Chambers ;
Brother *Cockwood*, do you shew the way
With your Lady.
Ha, Mrs. *Sentry* :

S I N G S.

*I gave my Love a green Gown,
Pth' merry Month of May,
And down she fell as wantonly,
As a Tumbler does at Play.*

Hey, Boys, Lead away, Boys.

Sir Oliv. Give me thy Hand, my Vertuous, my Dear ;

*Henceforwards may our mutual Loves encrease,
And when we are a-bed, we'll sign the Peace.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

