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.

LONDON,
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Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Oliver Cockwood, and
Sir Joslin Jolley,
Mr. Courtall, and
Mr. Freeman,
My Lady Cockwood, Ariana, and
Gatty,
Mrs. Sentry,

Mrs. Gazette, and
Mrs. Trincket,
Mr. Rake-hell,
Thomas,

A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtall.

Two Country Knights.

Two honest Gentlemen of the Town.

Two young Ladies, Kinswomen of Sir Joslin Jolly's.

My Lady Cockwood's Gentlewoman.

Two Exchange-Women.

A Knight of the Industry.
Sir Oliver Cockwood's Man.

Waiters, Fidlers, 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. So, so, 'tis well; let the Coach be made ready.
Serv. It shall, Sir.
Court. Well, Franck, what is to be done to day?
Fre. 'Faith, I think we must c'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.

Fre. 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 higling 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 Difencouragement Of Trade and Industry.
Court. I know there are some wary Merchants,
Who never truft their Business to a Factour;
But for my part, I hate the Fatigue; and had

A 2
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.

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.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her, I am.

Franck; prithee let me put thee into this.

Enter Mrs. Sentry.

Court. Mrs. Sentry, this is a Happines
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 fad 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 Happines 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,
I'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 Servant.

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

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

Court. 's Death! why did you not tell him I was busy?

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!

Sir Oliv. Honeft Ned Courtall, by my troth, I think
Thou tak'ft me for a pretty Wench, thou
Hugg'ft me fo 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 Parfon of
The Parish, and leave a little Testimony of
His kindnefs behind him, there is presently
Such an Uproar, that a poor Man is fain to
Fly his Country; as for Drunkennefs, 'tis true,
It may be us'd without Scandal, but the Drink
Is fo 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 fure fo barbarously
Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these
Are Secrets fit only to be trusted to fuch
Honeft Fellows as th'art.

Court. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, fince
A Woman of fuch rare Beauty, fuch incomparable
Parts, and of fuch an unblemifh
She would if She cou’d.

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

Sir Oliver. To lay the truth, she is a Wife, that no Man
Need be ashamed of, Ned.

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

Sir Oliver. 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 couldst but persuade her
To love me less.

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

Sir Oliver. 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 Oliver. Because then, perchance, thou mightst have
Been a little sensible, what a damn’d trouble it is.

Court. As how, Sir Oliver?

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

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

Sir Oliver. 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 to, I am call’d to so strict
An account at night, that, for Quietness sake, I am
Often forc’d to take a Dole 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 Oliver. 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 footing in the Church.

Court. I do not conceive it to be much for their
Profit, Sir Oliver: for I dare lay a good Wager,
Let them but allow Christian Liberty, and they
She would if she cou’d.

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 swingly 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 Joflin 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 Kinswomen,
Heireffes 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 Joflin 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 couldst bring a fourth Man.

Court. What think you of Franck Freeman?

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better——well——

Servant, Ned; Servant, Ned!

Court. Your Servant, Sir Oliver.

Mrs. Sentry!

Sent. in the Hole.] Is he gone?

Court. Ay, Ay! You may venture to bolt 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 myself 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 myself
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 dissembling Man. How fair't
He carries it to my Lady's Face! But I dare not
Discover him, for fear of betraying myself.

Court. Well, Mrs. Sentry, I must dine with 'em,
And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass,
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.

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 could never have had the Face to have
Wheedled 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 imagine.

Free. Why, hast thou loft all sense of Modesty?
Dost thou think to pass these gross Wheedles 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. 's Lid, I know not how proud
You are, but I have thought my self very spruce

'Ere,
She would if she could.

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

Court. Freeman, I know in Cases of this Nature thou
Art an Infidel; but yet methinks the Knowledge
Thou haft 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 Ladyship 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.
False-----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. Courtal at the

Sirjo's 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 Ladyship.

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

And Honour.
She would if She cou’d.

Snd. 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 Joflin; Sir Joflin 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 Joflin, now you are a good Man, and
I shall trust you with Sir Oliver agen.

Sir Jof. 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.

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

Sir Jof. Kindly spoke, faith, Girl; I’ll give thee
A Puf’s for that.

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

Sir Jof. 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 Joflin.

Sir Jof. I seldom brag, Lady; but for a true Cock of
The Game, little Joflin dares match with the best of ’em.

Sir Oliv. Sir Joflin’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 Jof. Faith, Madam, you must give my
Brother Cockwood leave to dine abroad to day.

La. Cock. I protest, Sir Joflin, 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 Jof. Come, come; your Discipline is too
I z She mud if She could.'
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. Prithhee, my Dear, be not angry,
Sir Joseph was fo earnest in his Invitation, that none
But a Clown could have refus'd him.

Sir Jof. Ay, Ay; we dine at my Uncle

Sir Joseph Jolt's Lady.

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

Sir Jof. 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, villt, and be merry.

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

Sir Jof. 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 John singing.

La. Cock. to Sentry aside.] Sentry, is the New Point
Bought, come home? and is everything in a Readines?
Sent. Every thing, Madam.

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

Aria. Doft 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 aget.

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

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

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gatty. Why, haft 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 Losses 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
Maw’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
Under 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 Wizards, 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.
She wou'd if She cou'd.

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 Couratall and Freeman.

Court. W'as there ever a Couple 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 Confort.
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 Cases, 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 Ladyship 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?
She would if She could.

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 affur'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'nes, 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 Busines so
Handsomely, 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:
Prithree 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.
She would if She could.

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 cruizing 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. 's Death, how fleet they are! whatsoever Faults
They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Court. Sure, by that little mincing step, they
Should 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
Crofs-walk and meet 'em.

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

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. 's Life, their Tongues are as nimble as their Heels.

Court. Can you have fo 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
She would if She cou'd.

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 bellow 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
Publicly.

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 Cape:
And yet, on my Conscience, you are both
Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfy 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 rating 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.

Fre. 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.

Fre. Must we then despair?

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

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

Fre. 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.

Fre. 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 troubled 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 Country 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.

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 ashamed 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 another's Inclinations, And so grow quarrelsome.

SCENE II. Sir Oliver's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflicted 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 Happinefs, 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
Importunity of one Sir Joflin 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 unblemihed, you
Your self can witnefs.

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great Tryals
Of your Generofity, 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 Face a little, but a little,
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 unfeensible
Of your generous Passion.

_Court._ Ay, ay; I am a very passionate Lover!

Indeed this Escape has only given me leisur
To look upon my Happines.

_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.

You speak of, to morrow he will be very submislive,
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 obliquingly
Thought on, Madam.

_La. Cock._ Now if you will be pleas'd,
Make an Affignation, 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 Happines 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.

_Edit._

_Sentry—— why, Sentry—— Where are you?_
Enter Sentry.

*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 again, 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 Infirmitv
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'lt 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 virtuous
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!


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
In sensible of it; but this is a strange cenforious Age,
I assure you.

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

[Exeunt.

Sir Jof. 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.

Free. to Court. These are the very self-same 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.
La. Cock. Dear Sir Oliver!

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, fluff'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 Affignations, to my Lady.

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

Sir Oliv. Thou dost not know her, Franck; I have
Had a Delign 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 Pharaoh; for every Night she's a putting
Me upon making Brick without Straw.

Court. I cannot see a virtuous 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 Happines. [To Court. aside.

Enter Sir Joflin, with Ariana and Gatty in each
hand; dancing and singing.

CATCH.

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

Sir Joflin. Here they are, Boys, 'faith; and now little
Joflin'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 seldom in good
Humour alone, there are few want the Discretion
To dissemble it in Company.

[Sir Joflin, 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 Conjurer,
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, Sifter?

Gat. I vow, I innocently believ'd they had some
Pre-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, Sifter; for had we once
Been deluded into an Opinion they had been
Faithful, who knows into what Inconveniences
That Error 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 poultry 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 Jollies? — 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 Jollies, '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
Beft, 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 Perfon 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.

Aria. Well, your Servant, then.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies.

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!

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. Trincket: What d’ye buy? What d’ye lack, Gentlemen?
Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences; Ribbons,
Gloves, and Essences?

Enter Mr. Courtall.

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.

Mrs. Gazette, this Happines 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.

Mrs. Gazette. 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.

Mrs. Gazette. And have not you reason to be so too?

Court. Not that I know of.

Mrs. Gazette. Yes, you hear the good News.

Court. What good News?

Mrs. Gazette. How well this disguising becomes you?

But now I think better on’t, it cannot
Concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than

To
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 Houswifing
A Lover, and can spin an Intrigue out a great
Deal further, than others are willing to do.

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

Gaz. When Trade-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! 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
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 Case.

Court. Why, this Ravenous Kite is upon Wing already,
Is 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. _Trincker_'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 buie just before the Door,
Where we have made our Appointment: But if this
Long-wing'd Devil should chance to trus me
Before they come.

_Gaz._ I will only step up, and give some Directions
To my Maid, about a little Bus'nes 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 fray 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 fo 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'nes
Will go well forward; but, I am afraid,
This last unlucky Bus'nes has so dislafted
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 piquee, who shall
Tame him: That which troubles me most, is, we
Loft the hopes of Variety, and a single Intrigue
In Love, is as dull as a single Plot in a Play,
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 Perriwig with a little Essence of Oranges,
Or Jefferson; and when you see us all together
At Mrs. Gazette's Shop, put in as it were by chance:
I protest, yonder comes the old Haggard, to your
'Poof quickly! 'sDeath! where's Gazette and these
Young Ladies now?

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 Happinefs as you bring with you:
La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir Oliver
His due Correction for those unfeemly 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 Glass-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 Ladyship 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 to
Good a Customer as your Ladyship 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. 's Death, 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 Ladyship 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 fancy a Suit of Knots or two
At this Shop, and buy a little Essence; and wait
Upon your Ladyship 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 Courtall, and Lady Cockwood.

Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

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

La. Cock. My Overy-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.
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 Ladyship, and your Young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat, and A Fiddle; you make some little difficulty at First, but upon earnest Persuasion 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 Happiness, 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.


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.
She would if She could.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir,
And submit to your Discretion———
Have you gratif'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.] 's Death! what shall I do?

Now out comes all my Ruggery.

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

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

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

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

Serv. This is a Day of Humiliation, Sir, with him.

For last Night's Transgression.

Sir Jof. I have Bus'nes 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 Jof. The same, the same; come away, Boy.

Sir Oliv. without.] For some secret Reaons

I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jof. I have such a Deign 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 Sir.

Sir Jof. What, in thy Gown and Slippers yet! why,

Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd

Mr. Rake-hell, 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, dres'f 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.

[They follow.]
She wou'd if She cou'd.

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, 'faith; He that has Terra firma
In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

For he that would have a Wench kind,
Never snugs up himself like a Ninny;
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'ft 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, '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 seduced me,
But I shall look to untowardly.
Sir Jos. Again art thou at it? In, in, and make
All the haste that may be; Rake-hell 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
SCENE III.
The BEAR.

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!

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 Joflin 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 flit abroad to day?

Sent. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but I have often told you this Sir Joflin 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.

Fre. 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 Joflin?
She wou'd if She cou'd.

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

La. Cock. Oh, Sentry! Sir Oliver disloyal!
My Misfortunes come too thick upon me.
Court. aside. Now is she afraid of being
Disappointed on all hands.

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

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

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.

[Exit Waiter.

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 courageous: But it is not
Necessary these Strangers should know this is
My Penitential Suite, Brother.

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

You,
She would if She could.

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 readiness, Sir.
   *Sir Jof.* If Mr. *Rake-bell*, 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.

Enter *Rake-bell*.

   *Sir Jof.* Ho, here’s my little *Rake-bell* 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 Joflin*, 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-bell*.
   *Sir Oliv.* Where are the Damsels you talk’d of,
Brother *Jolly*? I hope Mr. *Rake-bell* 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-bell*, we are
Both mighty Men at Arms, and thou shalt see us
Charge anon, to the Terror of the Ladies.
   *Rake.* Methinks that Dres, *Sir Oliver*, is a little
Too radical 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-bell*, 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.*
She would if She could.

*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: 'slife, 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 *Jofin,* take him in your hand, and draw
A Comb through him, there is not such
Another Friz in Europe.

Sir *Jof.* '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 *Jof.* 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 Hector humble: And, since I nam'd a Hector,
Here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, sa, sa; try him, Sir *Jofin,*
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 *Jof.* '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 Caftor, 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 persuaded To play the Fool upon good Terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Jof. Worthy Mr. Freeman!

Sir Oliv. Honest Franck, how cam’st thou to find us out, Man?

Free. By meer chance, Sir; Ned Courtaill 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 Jof. 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 Joflin.

Sir Joflin sings.

And if she comes, she shall not escape,
If Twenty Pounds will win her;
Her very Eye commits a Rape,
’Tis such a tempting Sinner.
Enter Courtall.

Court. Well said, Sir Joflin, I fee you hold up still,
And bate not an Ace of your good Humour.
Sir Jof. 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, fend 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 Veil 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 Cases,
Out of pure Love, in hopes to reclaim me, and
To keep me from doing myself 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 Mulick,
For our Entertainment.

Free. ’Twas luckily thought of.

Sir Oliv. Hark, the Mulick comes.

Sir Jof. 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 Jof. Hey! Boys———
Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come 'en Masquerade, Mr. Rake-hell?
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 Joflin. Let them be what they will.
Sir Jof. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha.

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 Joflin; 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 Joflin, 'tis.
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 squeaking Fiddle, than I do in fumbling
On that Domefllick 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.
"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 Difi, of which if a Man once forfeit, he shall Have a better stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a Shape is here, Ned! So exact and Tempting, ’twould persuade 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 segue ’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 fanie.

Sir Jof. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Court. and Free. A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey--------Boys!

[Exit Sir Joflin.

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

Help, help! Sir Oliv. What’s here? Sentry and my Lady!

’s Death, what a Condition am I in now, Brother Jolly? You have brought me into this Premunire: For — Heavens fake run down quickly, and send the Rogue And Whores away. Help, help! Oh help!

Dear Madam, sweet Lady!

Free. Give her more Air.

Court. Fetch a Glass of cold Water, Freeman.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, speak.

[Exit Sir Joflin.

[Sir Oliver kneels down by her.
Sent. Out upon thee, for a vile Hypocrite! thou
Art the wicked Author 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 Meanwell'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
Deferv'd this; but I, who out of a scrupulous
Tendernefs to my Honour, and to comply with thy
Bafe 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 would if She could.

[Sir Oliver running up and down.

Sir Oliv. Ned Courtall, Franck Freeman, Cousin Ariana, and dear Cousin Gatty,
For Heavens fake, 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 you, 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 yourself a little, pray, Madam;
All this was mere 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 again 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 again; 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 Josf. Unless seguing 'em with a Beer-glafs,
Be included in the Statute. Come, Mr. Courtall, to

Satisfie
She would if she could.

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 kids,
But 'tis with a Bottle we segue her.

Sir Jof. 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 Joflin.

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 Cenfure of both our Honours?

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

Sir Jof. Faith, I muft 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 fo 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 Mistrefs 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 Jof. I have appointed 'em to meet us at fix a Clock,

[To Sir Joflin.
She would if She cou'd.

At the New Spring-Garden.

Sir Oliv. Then will we yet, in sight 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, 'fainth; since you have found the way
To the Bear, I'll fegue you.

Sing's.

When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kifs;
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 faithles 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 Message 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. Courtall, 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
Wisht it: What did you do with the Letter to Mr. Freeman? For I thought fit to deceive 'em both, to make my Policy less suspicions to Courtall.

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


Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam, I went my self to the Play-house, and sent in for Mr. Courtall, who came out to me immediately; I told him your Ladiship presented your humble Service to him, and that Sir Oliver was going into the City with Sir Jofin, to visit his Brother Cockwood, and that it would add much more to your Ladiship's Happines, 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. Bles's me! I tremble fill to think upon it! I could not have imagin'd he had been fo wicked; He counterfeited the greatest Passion, railed at His Fate, and swore a thousand horrid Oaths, That since he came into the Play-house, he had Notice of a Business, that concern'd both his Honour and Fortune; and that he was an undone Man, if he did not go about it presently; Pray'd me to defire your Ladiship to excuse Him this Evening, and that to morrow he Would 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 Ladiship.

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

Sent. I obey you, Madam.

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

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. 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 shal never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shal
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 with 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 promife
Me you wou'd not be fo 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:

G
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 bless'd with such a
Vertuous Lady! Yet cannot I forbear going
A ranging agent. Now must I to the Spring-Garden,
To meet my Brother Jolly and Madam Rampant.

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.

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.
False 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 Masks.

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 Ladi'ship
Have such an ill Opinion of us?

La. Cock. The Truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd
It meery 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, Sisster
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. Was Mr. Courall in the Mulberry-Garden, last night?
Aria. Yes, Madam.
La. Cock. And did he speak to you?
Gatty. There pass'd a little harmless Malady
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 loft 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 fakes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Cousins.
Gatty. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladyship for this timely notice.
La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins———
In the Mulberry-Garden last night! when I late languishing,
And vainly expecting him at home: This has
Incess'd me so, that I cou'd kill him. I am glad
These Girls are gone to the Spring-Garden,
It helps my Delign; the Letters I have counterfeited,
Have appointed Courall and Freeman to meet
Them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm
All I have said: I will daily poison these Girls
With fuch Lies, as shall make their Quarrel to
Courall 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 Bear, 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. Courall 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 fuch fearful Apprehensions of my Honour.

[Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

SCENE 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-hell?

Rake. A foolish Accident; jesting at the Fleece

This Afternoon, I mistook my Man a little, a dull Rogue that could not understand Rallery,

Made a sudden Repartee with a Quart-pot, Sir Joslin.

Sir Jof. Why didnst thou stick him to the Wall, my little Rake-hell?

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 Balson.

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-hell?

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon, They were unwilling any more to set a Certainty At hazard: 'Tis Term-time, and they have Severely 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-hell.

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

SINGS.

She's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,

Never aw'd by a foolish Punctilio;

She'll not start from her Place,

Though thou nam'st a black Ace,

And will drink a Beer-glass to Spudilia.
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
Puss, 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'ft
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 Cheefe-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
Dis appoint her of her breaking one.

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

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

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

Free. 's Death! the sight of thee will make my
Woman believe me the fallest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling till we are both.

Free, 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 lots, and part fairly.

Court. I do not like that way; for talk is only
allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and
should never be used at the beginning of an Amour,
for fear of frightening a young Lady from
her good Intentions—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
Cenfuring of me——

Court. Word for word.

Free. Now do you read again.

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 'era.

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 shou'd 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
Confidets 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 feals 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
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 Arrefts 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 Cases,
Though it were to save the Forfeit of a Man's
Estate, or reprieve the Life of her own natural Brother.

_Free_. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like
A Gentleman with her; thou shoul'dst 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 contented to that, _Franck_;
Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such
A Jade, but I shoul'd 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 Flesh 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.* Who be to the Daughter or Wife of some
Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now;
For you seldom row to Foxhall, without
Some such Plot against the City.

*Free.* You wrong us, Ladies, our business
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 Mistress, 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
Happiness to see her.

*Gatty.* I suppose your Mistress, 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, 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 Jockey of
His Horse; and a Gallant of his Mistress.

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

Court. Whate’er 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 Mistress, 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 Mistress 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. ’s Death! 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 Mistress, 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 ridiculously 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, 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 fly off now.

Gatty. Challenge! Oh Heavens! this confounds me! Were I a Man, I would kill thee for the Injuries thou hast already done me.
She would if She cou'd.

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


Court. aside.] Hey, jilts! they are as good at it.

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

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.


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

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

Free. This is Madam Machiavel, 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 Ladyship.

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
Safe 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;
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 accessory to his Wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay, Sentry, 'tis a Miracle if my Honour
Escapes, considering the Acces 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 shew 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. 's Death! 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 Joflin, 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-Potion

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

He draws.

In. Cock
La. Cock. For Heavens sake, 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!

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 Carelesnes 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 fleering Girls: Did you speak
To Mr. Freeman unperceiv'd in the Hurry?
Sent. I did, Madam; and he promis'd me to dis-ingage
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 Inconveniences
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 suspicions 
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 Busineses, 
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.

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

Sent. I fly, Madam.

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. 
Tendernefs of her Affections.
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 a-gen, 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 ingage 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, wondering 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 allure 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 suspe& I use any secret Means, To hinder him from justifying his Reputation honourably to the World.
Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam! Here is Mr. Courtall below in The Entry, discharging a Coachman; I told Him your Ladyship was busy, but he wouldn't Not hear me, and, I find, do what I can, He will come up.

La. Cock. I would not willingly suspect you, Sir.
Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming Hither, and am as unwilling he shou'd find me Here, as you can be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent business With you, but will raife a new Scandal on my Honour, and publish it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him step in the Closet, Madam.
La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick, I beseech 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 House, and without my Approbation, rudely prefs upon my Retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my Business.

La. Cock. Thy Business is maliciously to pursue My Ruine; thou comest with a base design to have Sir Oliver catch thee here, and destroy the Onely Happiness 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 Confcience 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 sure, 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 deserv'ft to Be poyn'd for what thou haft done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my Fault.

La. Cock. I blush to think upon't: Sir Oliver, since We came from the Bear, has heard something Thou haft said concerning me; but what it is
I could not get him to discover: He told me 'twas
Enough for me to know he was satisfied
Of my Innocence.

Court. This is mere Passion, Madam.
La. Cock. This is the usual Revenge of such base
Men as thou art, when they cannot compass
Their Ends, with their venomous Tongues
To blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a sudden alteration, Madam; within
These 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 Kindness to my face; dost
Think I cou'd ever have a good thought of
Thee, whom I have always found so treacherous
In thy Friendship to Sir Oliver.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh, Madam! here is Sir Oliver come home.
La. Cock. O Heavens! I shall be believe'd guilty
Now, and he will kill us both.

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend your Life.
La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder;
For Heaven's sake, Sir, hide your self in some
Corner or other.

Court. I'll step into that Closet, 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 soon be at an end:
Heaven knows what will be the fatal Consequence
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 Closet.

La. Cock. Be sure you do not stir, Sir,
Whatever happens.

Court. Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.
Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir Oliver-------
Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this Kindness, Madam.
La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your

Naughtiness
She would if she could.

Naughtiness anon; but I cannot choose but hug thee, and kiss thee a little first; I was afraid I should never have had thee alive within these Arms again.

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 myself, 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 would have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected myself, 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 should, 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; 's life, 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.
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 Tobacco-box

And Pipes.


[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 frighted; 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.

Sentry. 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 frighted 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.
She would if She could.

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed! Thank you, My Dear; I am so discompos'd with the Fright I have had, that I would 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.

Gatty. 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. Freeman, 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 impression 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 should 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 suspicion, 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. Courtaul, 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 Fever, 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 would undo me!

Aria. Fie, Sifter, 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're 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 Mistrefs
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.
She would if She cou'd.

'Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Guitar, out of
The Closet, 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 Closet, Courtall and Freeman come out.

Court. Ha, Freeman! Is this your Bus'ness
With a Lawyer? Here's a new Discovery, 't'faith!

Free. Peace, Man, I will satisfy your Jealousie
Hereafter! since we have made this lucky
Discovery, let us mind the present busineses.

Courtall and Freeman catch the Ladies, and
bring them back.

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you,
There is no escaping till we're 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!

Gatty. We are almost scared out of our Wits,
My Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the
Closet, 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 Surprize 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 affianç'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'несis 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'несis
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'несis, 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 Confidence, 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.
She would if She could.

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
Tendernefs to your Reputations, counterfeit
These Letters, in hopes to fright you to that
Reservednefs 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
Counfel I gave you, puts me upon this
Business.

Gatty. Pray, Madam, what was it Mrs. Gazette
Told you concerning us?
You of Mr. Courtall, was meer Invention, the better
to carry on my Design for your Good.
Court. Freedom! Pray, what brought you hither?
Free. A kind Summons from her Ladifhip.
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 resolved to have counterfeited
Two Contracts under your Hands, and have
Suborn'd Witneffes to swear 'em.
Aria. That had been a full Revenge; for I know
She would if She cou'd.

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 Promife; we have
Now and then Courage enough to venture so far
For a valuable Consideration.

Gatty. The truth is, such experience'd Gentlemen
As you are, seldom mortgage your Persons
Without it be to redeem your Estates.

Court. 'Tis a Mercy we have 'scap'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 Promife.

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 Necelbaries
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.
She wou'd if She cou'd.

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.

SING S.

A Catch and a Glass,
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 wife, he's but grave.

Sir Jof. Hey, Boys! {Dance.

SINGS.

A Catch and a Glass,
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 wife, 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 scound,
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 drest’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 disalter,
Take Rampant with you, and be going quickly.

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir.

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.
She wou'd if She cou'd.

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, 'tfaith, 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 Protestations, 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 assist'd them in the removing those Difficulties that delay'd their Happiness.

Sir Oliv. Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guineys prevail'd upon your fair Nature.
She wou'd if She cou'd.

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.
Sir Oliv. ’s Life, 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, you'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 kijs.

Play away, Boys.
Court. to Gatty. Now shall I sleep as little
Without you, as I shou'd do with you:
Madam, Expectation makes me almost
As reliſhs as Jealousie.

Free. Faith, let us dispatch this Bus'ness:
Yet I never cou'd find the pleafure 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 Jof. Never trouble your Heads further;
Since I perceive you are all agreed on the
Matter, let me alone to haften 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,
'Th' 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 encreafe,
And when we are a-bed, we'll sign the Peace.

[Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.