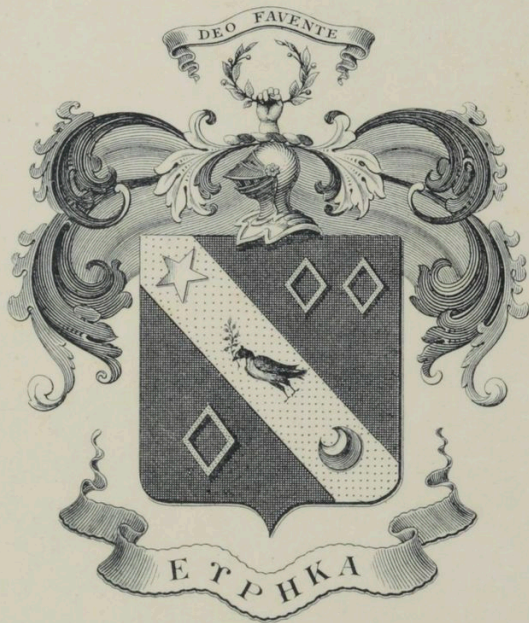


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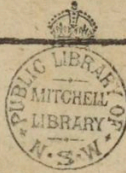
David Scott Mitchell.











VICE Reclaim'd :

OR, THE

Passionate Mistress.

A

COMEDY.

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NICE Reclam d

OR THE

Balliounat Millers.

A

COMEDY

7/6  
VICE Reclaim'd :

OR, THE

Passionate Mistress.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

---

Written by *Richard Wilkinson*, Gent.

---

—*Ipsæ Semipaganus*  
*Ad sacra vatum Carmen affero nostrum.* Perf.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in  
*Fleet-street.* 1703.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

VICE RECLAM'D :

OR THE

Passionate Melancholy.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the



THEATRE ROYAL.

By Her MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by Richard Wilkinson, Gent.

At Sale's Curium Common officers nequam. —  
— ipse Semipaganus

LONDON:

Printed for Edward Lintott at the Middle-Temple-Gate in

1704.

P R E F A C E

**I** would be as great a Folly in me to Condemn this Trifle, as Impudence to Defend it; the Town's the proper Judge, and must be in the Right; I have found an Indulgent Audience, that notwithstanding the time of Year, seem'd pleas'd, and not uneasie, and I confess the Success beyond my Expectation: I will endeavour to make amends in the next, and own the Obligation till I am able to discharge it.

I am beholding to the Actors in general for their Care and civil usage, but particularly to Mr. Wilks, who was very diligent during the time of Rehearsal, and has added Life to the Part, by a Genteel Sprightliness in the Action.

I have

# P R E F A C E.

I have made it my Care to avoid all manner of Reflections, either in publick or private Capacities, and have no one Character, that points at any particular Person: If it will divert the Reader for a leisure hour, (I mean such who will not judge too nicely) it will fully answer my Wishes.

Farewel.

PROLOGUE.



is grown so coarse, it can  
be understood by some  
The face of Nature  
Think not too lightly, nor be too severe,  
But judge according to the

# P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. Wilks.

**A** Scribling Tribe will still infest the Town,  
 And Sharper like, cheat you of half a Crown.  
 Poets are perfect Bullys grown of late,  
 Impose on all, and Coward like retreat.  
 As Gamesters, Poets do for want of Wit  
 Throw a Levant upon the Box and Pit.  
 There's nothing they can plead as an excuse,  
 But that the best Plays are now of little use,  
 Except French Dance or Song you do infuse.  
 Our Author modestly submits his Doom,  
 And hopes Amendment for the time to come:  
 There's nothing (that he knows,) can give Offence,  
 Nor does he boast of the least Excellence.  
 Humour, which once prevail'd, is laid aside,  
 And can't appear but by some Foreign Aid:  
 Singing and Dancing is the only Grace,  
 And Shakespear's well wrought Scenes will have no Place,  
 With Fam'd L'Epine, and great Greber's Base.  
 This shews a true Green-sickness of the Mind,  
 What was of old for English Hearts design'd,



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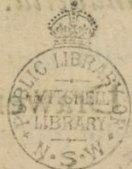


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 Friendship Improv'd.  
 Pastor Fido.  
 Sir Harry Wild-air.  
 Pilgrim.  
 Pisto's Conspiracy.



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir <i>Feeble Goodwill</i> , an old merry Gentleman, somewhat decay'd in his Fortunes.	}	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Wilding</i> , a brisk gay of the Town.		Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Gainlove</i> , his Friend.	}	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Fondle</i> , a rich obsequious Keeper of Mrs. <i>Haughty</i> .		Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Apish</i> , an affected Coxcomb, Pre- tender to Mrs. <i>Annabella</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Bickerstaff</i> .
<i>Ralph</i> , Servant to <i>Wilding</i> .		Mr. <i>Norris</i> .

## W O M E N.

Wid. <i>Purelight</i> , a rich Quaker.	}	Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .
<i>Lucia</i> , Daughter to Wid. <i>Pure-</i> <i>light</i> .		Mrs. <i>Temple</i> .
<i>Annabella</i> , Neice to Wid. <i>Pure-</i> <i>light</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
Mrs. <i>Haughty</i> , an imperious Mi- strefs to <i>Fondle</i> and <i>Wilding</i> .		Mrs. <i>Knight</i> .
<i>Malapert</i> , Maid to Mrs. <i>Haughty</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .
<i>Betty</i> , Maid to <i>Annabella</i> .		Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
Mrs. <i>Rhenish</i> .		Mrs. <i>Powel</i> .

Chairmen, Drawers, Waiters, &c.

S C E N E, London, Time Twelve Hours.

V I C E

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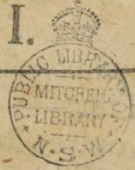
OR,

## The Passionate Mistress.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Chamber.

Ralph asleep at a Table.



Ralph  
awaking.

**H**Eigh-ho—heigh-o—heigh-o! —[*Looking out.*] past six a Clock! why where the Devil is my Master? perhaps at the Devil indeed, for no private House would entertain him at these Hours. —Well, for my part watching is grown as familiar to me as to the Beadle of the Parish. —Heigh-o! — I have been for these two Years last past so used to Tavern Benches and Kitchen Fires, that a Bed's an Afs to 'em for sound Snoring. —Nay, if I chance to dream, 'tis of nothing but —coming up, Sir, —Gentlemen d'ye call? —Sirrah, ye Son of a Devil, bring t'other Bottle, and such like. —Well, to serve one whose nightly Diversions are Love and the Bottle, is to be in a fair way of going to the Devil without the pleasure of committing the Sin. Oh I think I hear him coming.

[*Ralph opens the Door and Wilding enters, his Wig rough and dirty.*]

*Wild.* Why how now, *Ralph*, is thy Patience a'most tir'd?

*Ralph.* No, Sir, Custom has made it pretty easy to me.

*Wild.* Well, be content, —here's something to mollifie Censure and increase thy Diligence.

*Ralph.* Why truly this does mollify after the Fatigue of sitting up. —But pray, Sir, how long is this Trade to hold? —alas I shall be worn out, like an Inn's of Court Porter, in the Flower of my Age.

*Wild.* Why faith, for ought I know during Youth and Health.

*Ralph.* No longer? that's much. —Well, your Constitution's oblig'd to you, you try that to the utmost. Sir, without Offence

B

I hope

I hope I may presume the Bottle was not your Mistress last Night. — So wanting the Power of Wine to fortifie your Head, the little God made an attack on your Heart.

*Wild.* I confefs using 'em by turns, gives new Relish to each, and secures 'em lasting Pleasures — but to be devoted wholly to the one or the other, lays a Tax upon Inclination, and one had as good be —

*Ralph.* Ay, what good Sir?

*Wild.* Marry'd Sirra.

*Ralph.* Ah! wou'd to Heaven that were your Case. Your not complying with my old Master's Humour broke his Heart before his Time — How many Fortunes and fine Ladys were propos'd? yet you rejected all.

*Wild.* And would again renounce 'em all for Liberty — but peace, Fool, I'll hear no more — — hark some body knocks, see who it is: Who can this be thus early?

[*Ralph goes to the Door and Enters with Gainlove.*]

Dear *Gainlove*, — to see thee up at this early Hour, is as surprizing as to find thee out of a Tavern at Midnight.

*Ralph.* My Master says true in that, Sir, — but for himself, you must know he seldom comes home before Daylight — a sure Remedy against the Night-mare, which my Master is shrewdly troubled with when he goes to Bed early, or comes home sober.

*Gain.* In my Conscience, *Frank*, we're both guilty — thou hast been wenching as sure as thou'rt sober and dirty, and art turn'd out at this Hour to save Reputation. — Prithee what she Bayliff arrested thy Heart.

*Ralph.* Rather ask him what She-Fury has arrested his Conscience to keep these Hours.

*Wild.* Sirra, leave off your dry Jest, and be gone; I wou'd have something private with *Gainlove*.

*Ralph.* Heigh-o — I shall withdraw — something I suppose too modest for my Constitution. [Exit *Ralph*.]

*Wild.* Prithee let me examine thee — What can be the occasion of thy rising so soon?

*Gain.* Perhaps the same that kept you out so late — A Woman.

*Wild.* Ay there thou hast reason — but how and where? will you not communicate to your Friend?

*Gain.* How eager you are, — no, rest contented, I discover nothing.

*Wild.* Fie, fie, dear *Gainlove*, thou know'st I have hunted for thee almost on a cold Scent, and found the Game; and now you like a common Poacher would privately secure your own without hazarding the pleasure of a Chase.

*Gain.* No you are too fleet, and wou'd run it down before we cou'd have any. To be too hasty in Love, 's like being so in Anger, a Man often discharges his Passion without doing any Execution. — Faith I shou'd think you have Business enough already; that exquisite Mrs. *Haughty*, who, I hear takes so much of your ready Love, and *Fondle's* ready Money, I wish she don't leave ye both Bankrupts.

*Wild.* Why, I confess I have receiv'd some Favours, — but faith, I have protested such an immoderate Passion to her, that she believes me, and grows as imperious to me, as she is to the Coxcomb that keeps her, — so that —

*Gain.* She's become as indifferent to you as *Fondle* is to her.

*Wild.* Not altogether: She has a good share of Beauty and Wit, and tho' she can't confine a Man to Constancy, is a good *Pis Aller*, that must be granted — But tell me, dear Rogue, hast thou made any new discovery in the Land of Pleasure?

*Gain.* I have discover'd that which at once gives me Joy and Dispair, the Injoyment of which wou'd not add so much to my Happiness as my present Fears abate in it.

*Wild.* Now let it be any thing but downright Virtue and Matrimony, and I'll assist you; but who is this Miracle? for 'tis some Woman.

*Gain.* A Woman I think it is, but who she is, what she is, or where she lives, I know no more than thou dost, but she is such a Woman.

*Wild.* Faith your best way is to fashion a very lively Description of her, and put her in the Gazette, that's the best way I can advise you -- to be in love with you know not whom, nor what, nor where! hey the Devil! thou hadst as good tell me thou'rt in Love with a Picture, and thy Joy comes through the Strength of Imagination.

*Gain.* Why last Night, just as you parted from me, walking over the Park to take Coach at St. *James's*, I met two Ladies in the Mall, so Pretty, so Genteel, and such Airs, that I had nothing to defend me from downright falling in Love with one of 'em, had they not been Squir'd by that Coxcomb *Apish*, and seem'd fonder of him than they did of themselves.

*Wild.* That shou'd rather secure your Passion, and abate Suspicion; for Ladies use Coxcombs now-a-days only like a new Fashion, grow tir'd with it themselves, and give it over to their Maids. Have the Ladies Wit? Cou'd you hear 'em talk?

*Gain.* Yes more Wit than Beauty, if possible.

*Wild.* I wou'd no more doubt Success where my Rival is a Fool, than I wou'd rely on't where my Mistress is one. Folly and Affectation are Twins, or at least generally cohabit. But where did you leave 'em?

*Gain.* Why, they took Coach at St. James's Gate—I call'd the next, and bid the Fellow drive after; but the Rascal being drunk follow'd the wrong, and drove me into the City before I discover'd it.

*Enter Ralph.*

*Wild.* Well, what now?

*Ralph.* Sir, Mrs. Malapert with a Letter.

*Wild.* Prithee Gainlove, step into the Clofets, for she makes it a greater Nicety to keep that secret which every Body knows, than she wou'd her own, tho' no Body ask'd for it.

[Gainlove goes out.]

Go bring her in.

[Ralph Exit, and Enters with Malapert.]

*Mal.* Good morrow Mr. Wilding: E'faith you are a fine Gentleman, to let a sweet Lady languish for you a whole Afternoon, nay, when you had promis'd her too. Little do you think, how a Lady brooks a——disappointment. Gods my Life, I shou'd have taken it ill if you had us'd me so.

*Wild.* Not us'd you, you mean.

[Aside.]

*Mal. overhearing.* Good lack, Mr. Indifference, marry come up, I ha'n't lost my feeling in an Amour yet, tho' you think me insensible; wou'd you were to try, you shou'dn't find me like my Lady, I promise you.

*Wild.* That I dare believe, [Aside.] Prithee leave Reproaches, and tell me, for I fear thy Mistress is not well.

*Mal.* How shou'd she be well, when her Physician never comes near her?——There read, I hope she tells you your own.

[Gives Wild a Letter.]

*Wild. reads, Base and Perfidious—*so the Storm is nigh. [Aside. Goes on,] *You have trifl'd with my Love, and with a Passion, true as Truth it self—*[aside.] *that's false as Hell—*[goes on dally'd to my ruin, expect to Answer this Charge at 12. Fondle

Dines

Dines in the City, and will be engag'd, therefore give you this Opportunity to clear your Guilt, or yield to my Revenge,

Haughty.

*Wild.* So now I must be forc'd to turn all upon her. [*Aside.* This, I confess, is what I least expected. I rather think your Lady has taken this Opportunity to discard her Servant for some gayer thing that she has lately seen and lik'd. Tell her, to serve her Passion I'll submit, tho' 'tis with Violence to my self, I'll be there punctually.

*Mal.* Good lack, how ready you are to interpret things as you wou'd have 'em; true Man of the Town, excuse your self by casting your odious Reflexions on our Innocence — Well, I'll tell her what you say. [*Exit Mal.*

*Re-enter Gainlove.*

*Gain.* What! never without business! no breathing time! — But how do you think to get off this?

*Wild.* Easily — at first sight she breaks out in violent Passion, — I give way to it, she rails on, — I with an humble Silence give her leave. At last, when tir'd with Excess of Fury, the Storm abates with gentle Showers of Tears, and all is calm again. Then in my turn, with modest Contradiction, I vow my Innocence. Offer a Kiss, which she accepts, she takes me to her Bed-chamber to shew me two or three new Pictures. Gad — and — after we sit down to Dinner.

*Gain.* Very well concluded — but can't you guess the reason of this Jealousie?

*Wild.* Faith no; unless she has any ways discover'd my last Night's Intrigue, which I thought I manag'd with more Secresie than usual. Indeed I promis'd to see her Yesterday.

*Gain.* Jealousie is watchful, and imployes all its Vigilance upon the least Suspicion. Some body has betray'd you to her.

*Wild.* Well, let it fall how it will, I am prepar'd — But, *Gainlove*, thou wert interrupted, prithee go on with thy own Adventure.

*Gain.* Go on, Man! I wish I cou'd; I told you how I lost 'em, and despair of Intelligence unless from *Apisb*, whom I'll endeavour to be more particularly acquainted with for that only.

*Wild.* You will entail a Coxcomb upon your self at least — but if that will do you any Service, I'll introduce you, for this *Apisb* has been fond of me, and often visits my Levee, so shall you be sure of a Distemper you will hardly shake off again.

## Vice Reclaim'd, or,

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir *Feeble Goodwill* returning from the Rainbow is come to wait on you.

Wild. Desire him to walk up—— You know him, *Gainlove*, he's a good humour'd old Gentleman, and tho' he can't drink so much as we, endeavours as much; loves young Company, and rather than disoblige it will suffer a Debauch in it.

Gain. An Excellent Humour, I have heard the same.

Enter Sir. Feeble Goodwill.

Wild. Sir *Feeble*, good Morrow. What! you have been solacing with your old Morning's Draught, Brandy and Coffee.

Sir *Feeb.* Morrow you young Wag—— but how—— up so early! I expected to have found you a Bed with a Wench, or the Head-ach. [*Seeing Gainlove.*] a Friend of yours? [*To Wilding.*

Wild. One who will be glad of your Acquaintance.

[Presents Gain. to him.]

Sir *Feeb.* Well said efaith. I love to see young Fellows herd together. I was Young and Gay, and I have—— go you're a Wag—— Mum—— Od I have drank my 6 Bottles, scour'd the Watch, and lain in the Compter.

Gain. Most Heroick: This is a tough old Sinner. [*Aside to Wild.*

Wild. His good Humour excuses all his Faults. Well my good Friend, how wears the World, you still enjoy your wonted Mirth and Jollity.

Sir *Feeb.* Why Faith as it us'd to do, e'en the wrong side outward. But what a Devil dost ask me?—— and what hast thou to do with the Affairs of the World?—— Od I thought thou woud'st have been bragging of the good Wine, or the obliging Woman thou enjoy'dst last Night,—— Matters of greater Moment.

Wild. Why faith, Sir *Feeble*, I am generously inclin'd to both; but *Gainlove* has been illustrating two Beauties, that I shall never desire to be acquainted with.

Sir *Feeb.* Why so?

Wild. Lest they should be too virtuous, or I fall in Love.

Sir *Feeb.* But who are these Ladies?

Wild. There's our Comfort, for neither he nor I know.

Sir *Feeb. to Gain.* Where did you see 'em and when?

Gain. Last Night about seven in the Park.

Sir *Feeb.* Alone?

*Gain.* No; they had with 'em the most exquisite Fool that ever Folly and Affectation made impertinent.

*Sir Feeb.* Ad! let me see, there was one of 'em — ay — Black-hair'd, fair Complexion, her Features regular, Roses on her Cheeks, her Teeth a Bank of Pearl, — od — her Breast two Hills of Snow, — her — Gad forgive me, what was I going to say — but it shall out — her Waste but a Span, her Age about Eighteen, and her Fortune 10000 *l.*

*Gain.* Just to your Description — do you know 'em — and 10000 *l.* say you, — you have the prettiest way of gracing a Beauty, — and then you close so harmoniously.

*Sir Feeb.* Why, look ye now — and I don't deal with the Devil neither. But as to the other — what shall I say to her, — Od she's a rare Wench if I'm not mistaken. Fair as the Morn, beautiful as the Goddess, sweet, tall, a little plumpripe, and I hope consenting — Gad, her Eyes are the Devil, that's certain — and her Fortune — Just the same to a single Penny; ye Wag — Od, my Blood's got round my Heart — Od, I am as Nimble as a *French Tumbler*, no thanks to *Mercury* neither.

[*Jumps about weakly.*]

*Gain.* Well, and dear *Sir Feeble*, where do they live, how to get a Letter convey'd to 'em? — That quickly.

*Sir Feeb.* Not a word — Ad I believe you take me for a Pimp. — Look ye Sir, I shou'd be glad to serve my Friend in a Civil way, as — you understand me — but — Ah! Confound your Liqueurish Chops, [*licking his Lips and smirking*] What nothing passes ye?

*Wild.* I confess, I stand much engaged to the fair Sex, and wou'd oblige 'em at the greatest hazard, provided they take my word.

*Sir Feeb.* That is with [*snuffing*] a Bastard, sweet Sir; and as for taking your word, where a Woman is to be had, I'd as soon believe Mr. *Fuller*.

*Wild.* Sir, I'm your most humble Servant. [To *Sir Feeble*.]

*Gain.* Prithee, *Wilding*, dear Rogue, beg to know where or who the Ladies are. Gad, I begin to be so much in Love that Liberty grows troublesome to me.

*Wild.* Faith, I have more respect to my Friend, I wou'd not lose him tho' he's so willing to lose himself — therefore if this shou'd prove a Plague to thee, let it be the Sin of thy own Diligence: So will I stand excus'd indeed *Gainlove*.

*Gain.* I wish you were to see the other, her Eyes wou'd warm you to Devotion, what think you, *Sir Feeble*?

*Sir Feeb.* Warm him, Od blow him up into a Blaze.

*Wild.* Therefore, I'll not come near 'em; for I guess their Virtue by their Fortunes——nothing under a Thumb——Ring and a Parson, which is as terrible to me, as if I was in the Dead Warrant. I, like a generous Merchant, wou'd exchange Love with every Nation, not be bound continually to one Factory.

*Sir Feeb.* And at last, as those Universal Tradérs do, find your self worth nothing, through the Multiplicity of your Business——Come I have known some Trade in *French Goods*, that have paid dear enough for Warehouse-Room——d'ye hear?

*Gain.* And oft lost their whole Cargo.——Since he is such an Infidel to Beauty and Virtue, make me happy with the Knowledge of the Charmers; for by Heaven, I never saw any thing more commandingly obliging than that dear, little, black——Gad, I cou'd eat her. [Hugging *Sir Feeble*.

*Sir Feeb.* Od he's very sharp set truly——Come keep your Stomach, I have Bowels, and may do you Service, here's my Hand.

*Gain.* You will ever bind me yours. [To *Sir Feeb*.

*Sir Feeb.* In short then, they are the Daughter and Niece of the Rich Widow *Purelight*, the Quaker, who (notwithstanding the old Jade's Endeavours) wou'd never be converted to her Nostril Piety; but enjoy all the Freedoms of their own Humours.

*Wild.* By my Life of noble Nature.

*Sir Feeb.* Now, will I trust you two with a Secret, for I suppose ye Men of Honour; you must know I have for some time courted Dame *Purelight*——Od and have had reasonable good Success, there being no Objection but a Vow she has made to marry none but of her own Persuasion.

*Gain.* Very well,——but pray go on.

*Sir Feeb.* Now, what do I intend this Afternoon, but to visit her, in order to which, I have hired a Coat, Hat and primitive Cravat of the Play-house, and have been this Morning practising the Cant; so that I will acknowledge my Conversion to be the Work of her Lips, and the Power of her Eyes.——Get fast marry'd, and then use her at Discretion.

*Wild.* Bravely resolv'd.

Sir *Feeb.* Ad, she's a fine Woman! Shall I give you a taste of her Perfection now? Ad her Nose is adorn'd with all the Colours of the Rainbow, —her Lips too, are as blew as Steel——and her Teeth, (those I mean she has remaining) do so straddle you may pick 'em with a Bedstaff.

*Wild.* Much good may she d'ye Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And much good may do you, Sir. —— Ad she has five hundred Pounds a Year Jointure, besides Money, which will support a Man of my Years better than all the young Baggages you hanker after, for all your bragging, young Gentleman.

*Gain.* That's below a Man of Honour.

Sir *Feeb.* Honour! What don't I know, that the young Coxcombs of this Town will swear Fifty Oaths in a Breath, they have been diverting themselves with an anonymous Person of Quality; Zookers, when they have seen none but their Landress. —— Well, ; but come ; —— ad one half Pint for a Whet, and then ye shall know all.

*Gain.* With all my Heart ; and then take a turn in the Park, 'tis a delicious Morning.

*Wild.* I'll beg your Patience while I change my Linnen, and then command me as you please. But if you think to fetter me, as you are like to do *Gainlove*, you'll find your self mistaken.

Beauty has subtle Charms, to draw us in,

But thoughts of Marriage cools that Heat agen.

C

ACT

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

## S C E N E St. James's Park.

*Several People walking cross the Stage.*

*Enter Lucia, and Annabella.*

*Anna.* 'Tis an inviting Morning, yet little or no Company.

*Lucia.* So much the better, I love Retirement; besides this Place is grown so scandalous, 'tis forfeiting Reputation to be seen in an Evening.

*Anna.* Thou saist true, Girl; for what between the rusty, Fur-bulo'd Commoners, and the Thread-bare Blew Disbands; there is such a Scene of Poverty and Lewdness, that you'd think Famine had been the Reward of their Iniquities.

*Lucia.* Look yonder, dost thou not see Sir *Thomas Thoughtful*, big with some Project to ruin the rest of his Estate?

*Anna.* Yes: And there, on that Bench, are a Company of French Refugees, *Sur la Politique*, all chattering together like the Confusion of *Babel*. *Ce la n'est pas vray, Le Diable m'im port, ouy par mal foy.* Settling the Nation, and lying for Subsistence.

*Lucia.* With busy Motion and active Nonsense—— but let us leave 'em to themselves, and talk of what more nearly concerns us.

*Anna.* I have a Question to ask you.

*Lucia.* What's that?

*Anna.* Did you rest well last Night?

*Lucia.* Yes, I think I did.

*Anna.* Did you dream of nothing?

*Lucia.* Not that I remember.

*Anna.* Nay, then you trifle with me, and i'll be angry——come tell me.

*Lucia.* I wou'd, but you'll laugh at me.

*Anna.* And, 'tis very like I may——*Gainlove* you nam'd in your Sleep, with more than common Accent.

*Lucia.* What! a Man that neither knows me, nor I him, but by seeing him at the Play.

*Anna.* Well I'll be condemn'd to a Nunnery if thou hast not a Months Mind to him. — Ah! do not, do not, do not, let me go. You did not repeat this last Night?

*Lucia.* Nay then you shall know all. — Gainlove the Man you nam'd, (I confess, I have no Aversion to him,) methoughts came to my Bedside, and kist me with such eagerness, I thought he wou'd have eat me — 'tis true my Lips gave way to the Impressor's Fury; then he caught me in his Arms, and prest me to his Bosom, and breath'd such Sighs—that so warm'd my foolish Inclination, that I vow I cou'd a deny'd him nothing.

*Anna.* And what Esteem may he have in your foolish Inclination now you're awake, pray?

*Lucia.* E'en as much as will justify this favourable Opinion of him; that he's a Gentleman, his Humour good, his Estate competent, but his Vices outweigh his Virtues, and to half the World are more perspicuous.

*Anna.* I know not what you mean by Vices: I have heard he has no more than Youth may excuse. I love a Man that has some Sparks of Fire in him that will break forth sometimes, and light me to his Virtues. —

*Lucia.* Nay I think I must agree with you.

*Anna.* Hang your incipid Coxcombs that do nothing but sigh and watch the Motion of the Eyes, waiting for a lucky Opportunity of the falling of a Fan; then let him with an odious blushing Face, but ravish a kiss from you, and the poor Fool's in Heaven. Oh, provoking! — No I am not for the Hopes of the Family, my Lady's eldest Son, — squeezing his Hat and bowing thus — who when my Lady asks him if he loves such a one, — Grins and replies — yes that he does with all's Heart. — I'm for the brisk, the gay, and witty Gallant; let him but play upon the square with me, and I shall never grudge whatever I lose to him.

*Lucia.* Wilding you mean.

*Anna.* Pish, how came you to name Him? you might as well have nam'd *Fondle*, that rich Blockhead. You know the Match was made up between my Aunt and he, there only wanted my Consent; which I refusing, and using him ill, he chang'd his Mind, and has ever since kept a Mistress of whom he's very fond and jealous.

*Lucia.* [*Aside*] She blushes. — Indeed, Cousin, I believe you love the Rake.

*Anna.* Indeed Coz. you may believe what you please. I am neither in Love with him, nor he with Matrimony.——And Marriage is at best but like a new Game, which we first admire, but afterwards 'tis so tedious playing the same thing over and over, that we can no more be pleas'd with it then, than before contented without it.

*Lucia.* Then let us resolve on nothing but to leave all to Fortune. Come we'll set down on this Bench, and you shall sing the new Song, there's no Body near us.

*Anna.* Thou know'st I have no Voice, but since we are alone I'll venture.

[Enter behind 'em Wild. Gain.

[Lucia and Anna rising in Confusion

## S O N G.

1.

OH! when will all the hateful Train,  
Of War and Desolation cease;  
Oh! when will Love return again,  
And bless the weary World with Peace.

2.

We've wish'd for Peace a tedious while,  
The Fates still give us new Allarms.  
Wou'd fair Maria please to smile,  
Success wou'd then attend our Arms.

After the Song Gain. speaks] Ten thousand Blessings to the dear charming Voice that utters so much Harmony; Ha! By Heaven the very Ladys I told you of.

*Lucia.* Gainlove here!

[To Anna.

*Anna.* Ay, and with him that agreeable Rake Wilding. [To Lucia.

*Lucia.* Come Cozen, let's be gone.

*Anna.* No Cozen, I love to see how very impertinent some Fellows will be, 'tis a great Diversion.

*Wild.* Nay Ladys, since you have so obliged us, give us leave to pay our Thanks.

*Anna.* Thank your Stars then once,——for I don't doubt but our Sex hath made ye curse 'em often.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Yes, ye little Wag——they have been cruel.

*Gain.* That cannot be where so much Beauty dwells. [To Lucia.

*Lucia.* Pray, Sir, give your self no farther trouble, for on my word you'll find it so.

*Gain.* 'Twere a Sin to doubt your Goodness, Heaven ne'er made ye fair to guild our Ruin : Nature fram'd you softer than Lovers Sighs, and only meant you as some bright Constellation, to guide us to our Happiness.

*Anna.* Gad, what an odious whining Puppy 'tis. [Aside.] Come, Sir, have You nothing to say on the same Subject? [To Wild.

*Wild.* Faith, not I; for if I had, I Question whether you'd believe me.

*Anna.* 'Tis positively two to one I shou'd not.

*Wild.* And 'tis just the same ods, that I shou'd not mean what I spoke, any more than your Ladyship does at your Devotion.

*Anna.* Frank and free.

*Wild.* Plain-dealing, Child——To what purpose shou'd I say you are Charmingly Fair, when your Pocket-glass indulges you in the same Opinion, which you refer your self to oftner than an Actress when she's studying the Airs of her new Part. To say your Shape's Divine, when 'tis the Encomium of your Taylor, whilst he's trying your Stays——or that your Humour's good, when it establishes your Reputation with your Chamber-maid. The Baits laid between her and the Squire's Valet; and the Squire's great Head is caught in a little Noose, no bigger than his Ring.

*Anna.* Very well, Sir.——And wou'd not you be angry if I shou'd hold the Glass to you? I'll try you for once——for you must know, I shall be very much pleas'd to see you out of Humour.

*Wild.* Which I desire you to do, thus arm'd with the most authentick Philosophy, Indifference.

*Anna.* Then, have at you.——Your whole Sex is a Composition of Folly and ill Nature, Flattery and Falshood, and that wholesome Ingredient, Self-conceit. ——'Tis true, you have a good full Wig that covers an empty Head——your Cloaths are fashionable, they set off your decay'd Carcass like an old Room new painted. Nay, through the Distempers of your Body, and the Confusion of your Mind, before ye are five or six and Twenty, ye Barter Love like City Merchants——by inch of Candle.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Very well.

*Anna.* In fine, your greatest Virtue is your Philosophical Indifference, and your Indifference, the most agreeable thing I can see in you, upon my word.

*Wild. going.* Your humble Servant.—Come along, *Gainlove*.

*Gain.* Why! what's the matter, Man?

*Wild.* Why, I do not know whether 'twas with her Eyes or her Tongue, but I have just now receiv'd a Slight Wound,—and if *Haughty* don't apply some present Remedy, for ought I know it may grow worse and worse.

[*Wild. makes a Sign of talking with Anna.*

*Gain.* Indeed, *Wilding*, I am wounded too, and can never be cur'd, unless she please who gave the Smart? [*Turning to Lucia.*

*Lucia.* I see your Gallantry wou'd impose on my Discretion.

*Gain.* By all that's good, I have not said one Syllable but what my Heart first coin'd.

*Lucia.* If this is the only Subject you are pleas'd to rally on, I can hear no more. You make hot Love with a cold Inclination, only to be in the Fashion, which is as disagreeable as a Beau in Winter, with his Bosom naked to the Waste, and his Hands in his Muff.

*Enter Ralph running, almost out of Breath.*

*Ralph.* Sir, Sir; Mr. *Injunction*, your Clerk in Court, has sent word, if you don't presently enter your Appearance in *Haughty* against *Wilding*, there will be an Attachment seal'd this Afternoon by a private Seal, and Mrs *Move-lodging's* Demurrer is to be argued to morrow Morning at ten a Clock.

*Wild.* This 'tis to be in Equity. Prithee, *Gainlove*, entertain the Ladies, I must be gone; anon I'll send to thee,——nay, don't look at me.

[*To Anna, he stares at her, and she at him, till he bows and goes off.*]

Gad, if thou hast done me any harm look to't, I'll be reveng'd on those dear bewitching Fires—Ladys, your Servant. [*Exit.*

*Anna.* Come, *Cozen*, let us go; I don't doubt but this Gentleman has some Suit or other depending too.

*Lucia.* I wait on you.

*Gain.* Madam, give me but the least Hopes of seeing you again, and if I don't demonstrate the Reality of my Passion, scorn me more than I adore you.

*Lucia.* I never make Assignations, and shall have a better Opinion of your Love and Honour, if you don't offer to dog us; if you do, they shall be ever forfeited.

*Gain.* I will obey, but Heaven knows with what Reluctancy I do it.

*Anna.* Now the Devil take that dear, false, agreeable,—what shall I call him? *Wilding.* But I'll go home and pray heartily that ——— we may meet again to Morrow.

[*Exeunt Lucia and Anna.*

*Gain.* She's gone, and left me in as much Confusion as Merchants when they fear their Treasure's lost; 'tis plain I love her, and 'tis as plain I am an Ass; but how to help it! — has she not all attractive Excellence, perfect Beauty, Shape divine, every thing that Art or Nature can produce to make her lovely, ——— then where's the fault? ——— By Heaven I will persist, tho' to the hazard of my downy Quiet;

Love with ambitious Wings aloft does soar,

And only is subdu'd by it's own Power;

For once my Reason shall to Love give way,

I am Love's Subject, and I will obey.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II. *Haughty's Lodgings.*

*Enter Haughty.*

*Hau.* The bitter Pangs of Jealousie exceed the Pleasure of Intrigue; Oh! I cou'd tear my Hair, my Heart, lay open every Vein to heighten my Revenge, till I had laid my self as level to the Earth, as is this Traytor's Falshood plainly seen. ——— To be rejected with a cold Indifference — Death! who can bear it? ——— and only wait the Leavings of his Love — Confusion seize him! ——— Since not mine ——— Whose there?

*Enter Malapert.*

*Mal.* Did you call, Madam?

*Hau.* What Answer to my Letter ——— tell me again ——— for I've forgot, and wish that Memory had no being to Echo back my Torture ——— what said he?

*Mal.* He seem'd to say 'twas your decay of Passion, look'd concern'd, yet bid me tell you he'd punctually obey your Commands.

*Hau.*

*Han.* Cunning Villain, to palliate with Concern what met his Wishes; be gone, and wait. — [Exit Malapert.]

But, why shou'd I in this Whirlwind of my Passion betray a Weakness that my very Soul, when Reason holds the Reins, wou'd blush, nay scorn to own. — Be calm a while, my swelling Heart; down, down, till ripe Revenge, blest with Opportunity, o'erwhelm us both.

*Enter Wild. and runs to kiss Haughty.*

*Wild.* My dearest Life.

*Han.* My Plague.

[Turns away.]

*Wild.* Nay then I'll wait on you in better Humour. [Offers to go.]

*Han.* Stay, stay, thou perjur'd Monster. [Pulls him back.]

*Wild.* Now to my thinking, I'm as true to the Sex as any young Fellow in Town [Aside.]

*Han.* How canst thou look me in the Face after this vile affront?

*Wild.* Which I am insensible of, as I hope to be ———

*Han.* I never doubted your denying it — and might have been again that credulous Fool, had not these Eyes beheld your Treachery.

*Wild.* Pray, Madam, explain your self, for till I know the Crime I stand accus'd of, how can I plead my Innocence?

*Han.* Innocence! Blot not the Name with thy infectious Tongue. ——— Where was you yesterday?

*Wild.* So, she has found me out. [Aside.] Why to tell you the truth, I found my self melancholy for want of your Company — and so went to the Play.

*Han.* Foolish Evasion ——— Why did you not come according to your Promise?

*Wild.* Nay now I see you are in Jest, ——— should I ha' come when *Fondle* was with you, and ruin'd all my Hopes and yours, by one rash Act of Love?

*Han.* I saw him not — nor think to be believ'd; this slight Invention has no room for Credit, base Man.

*Wild.* Why then may I never hope to be happy again — if my Man *Ralph*, whom I sent as usual to give notice if the Coast was clear, did not return immediately, and told me he saw *Fondle* going up the Street, towards your Lodgings, which you must know, put me into a deep Concern for your Honour ——— but if I do not turn away the Rascal immediately.

*Han.*

*Han.* As false as Hell, as thou thy self art; who was that you waited on to a Coach—Masqu'd and in a Furbelo'd Scarf?

*Wild.* Why there again——she might be Furbelo'd all over for ought I know——I took so little Notice of her——but was forc'd out of my Friendship to *Gainlove* to offer that small Service to his Relation.

*Han.* A Service you often do one another.——Relation!

*Wild.* Ay! *Gainlove's* marri'd Sister——but since I find you doubt my Love or Honour——by this intemperate Jealousie——I will offend no more,——think on the happy Minutes that I lost in being absent from my Soul's best Wishes——what soft Endearments in a mutual Love—and then if Gratitude, for Love like mine be banish'd from your Breast, tear me thence too.

[Offers to go.

*Han.* Once more I conjure you stay,——how fain wou'd I believe!

*Wild.* Calm but your Passion, 'twill be easy.

*Han.* [*Aside.*] *Fondle's* Carriage, yesterday Morning, now I think on't, shew'd Disturbance, and he might watch hereabout, nay, I have known him do it before upon Suspicion: I must believe him.——Well, my easy Nature can forgive you, tho' all was true.

[Calmly

*Wild.* Which if it is not, may I——

*Han.* Nay hold, you know my Heart streams with excess of Love——and if I thought amiss, do you forgive——I am o'th sudden seiz'd with such a Giddiness in my Head, I mustly down——'twill presently be over,——you may divert your self with Reading:

*Wild.* I have read the Chapter over so often, I have it all by heart. I have some Spirit of Heartshorn, Madam.

[*Aside.*

*Han.* Then bring it after me, if you think it no trouble. [*Exit.*

*Wild.* alone. I know the Hint——So I'm drawn in again——Well there is more trouble in being belov'd by one Woman, than there is admiring the whole Sex.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E, *the Street before Haughty's Lodgings.**Fondle in a Chair.*

*Fond.* So, so, there's half a Crown for you——that's six pence above your Fare.

*Chairmen.* Bless your good Worship. [*Exeunt Chairmen.*]

*Fond.* Well, these City Feasts are the prettiest things,——and, *Four and Twenty Fiddlers all in a Row,* [*Sings ridiculously.*] By *George*, I begin to grow tipsy,——Ad, I found a fit of Love coming upon me, and I slunk away to my Sweeting——Well, I am happier than an Eastern Monarch——to Love——and then to be so belov'd again.——By *George*, I wou'd not change my

Condition, to be the great *Turk*.——Let me see, my Sweeting stands me in *Communibus Annis*, as the *Grecians* have it, a 1000l.

——pugh a Trifle——but I must desire her to be a little more careful, for she has every now and then a piece of Plate stole, or else loses her purse of *Guineas*, which I am forc'd to recruit as often as it happens.——Now shall I find her perhaps in Tears,

——for she was mighty loath to let me go——but I shall surprise her with my Presence. A surprise is so pretty to a Woman, [*Goes to the Door.*] The Door's open! this *Malapert* is a careless Baggage? [*Exit, shuts the Door.*]

*Enter Malapert.*

*Mal.* I left the Door a Jarr, whilst I went to the Corner of the Street: I hope nothing has happen'd in my Absence——[*Goes to the Door, and finds it shut.*] The Door's shut!——I'll knock softly, perhaps the Landlady is come Home. [*Knocks.*]

*Fond.* from above. Who's there?

*Mal.* Unlucky Accident! *Fondle* return'd!——What can this mean? 'Tis I Sir, pray make haste down, 'tis Matter of great Concern, delay not a Minute.

*Fond.* Hey day, the Wench is *Mandlin* I think——well I come. [*Goes down.*]

[*Fondle opens the Door, they both enter as above.*]

*Fond.* Are not you a forgetful Fool, to leave the Door open, when you know your Mistress has lost so many things?

*Mal.* Indeed Sir, I beg Pardon——but how long have you been come in?

*Fond.*

*Fond.* Why, I was but just got up to the Staircase Window as thou knock'dst.

*Mal.* I am glad of that, [*Aside.*] Oh Sir, since you went, my Mistress has had the strangest fit!—had she and you no words?

*Fond.* No, none, but that she seem'd concern'd at my going.

*Mal.* Why, then there 'tis——she's always uneasie when you are from her; as soon as you went she fell into Tears, which continu'd till the Fit seiz'd her, which held her a long half Hour; but, when she came with much ado to her self, she was advis'd to compose her self to rest. So she's lain down upon the Bed, but I'll go and tell her.

*Fond.* I say, stay you here, I'll go my self——poor Sweeting!  
[*Weeps.*]

*Mal.* Indeed but you sha'n't.——Such a surprizing Joy just as she awakes, may throw her into her Fit again thro' Excess.

*Fond.* Ad, and so it may.——Ay do thee go. [*Exit Mal.*] I am mighty glad my good Fortune put it into my Head to come away. Poor Sweeting!——[*Cries.*] Well she does love me——nay I vow too much for her own Quiet.——

*Enter Haughty in her Night Gown.*

*Hau. runs to Fondle.*] O my Dear! this is kind, I did not expect you this three Hours, whom shall I thank? your Love?—[*Pointing her Hand to Wild. to go. Wild. kisses her Hand and Exit.*] or my blest Fortune——[*Huggs him till Wild. crosses the Stage and goes out.*] Nay struggle not, I'll hold you fast now I have you, you sha'n't leave me——How of a sudden am I quite compos'd, and all my Illness eas'd! my Sorrows, which so late clouded my Reason, is clear'd to shining Joy.

*Fond.* Hold a little, dear Sweeting,——ad thou hast almost stiff'd me with Kindness——*Malapert* has [*Puffing and blowing.*] told me all that happen'd,——I am very glad to see thee so well again——poor Sweeting!——  
[*Kissing her.*]

*Hau.* I took something for the Vapours, that has done me good.

*Fond.* I'm glad of that too——What Doctor had you?

*Hau.* One whom I always use on these Occasions.

*Fond.* And you find great benefit by him?

*Hau.* Oh immediately.

*Fond.* [*Smiling.*] Come let us go in and taste one Flask of the Shampaign I sent you last; and then——

Han. I'm all Obedience——

For thee all other Pleasures I'd deny,

Nay Life it self——[Fond. Poor Sweeting, so wou'd I.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Chamber, discovering the Widow Purelight and Sir Feeble in his Quaker's dress, at a Table.

Sir Feeb. Hum——

Wid. Hum——

[They hum and sigh several times.

Sir Feeb. Hum——

Wid. Hum——

Sir Feeb. Widow arise, let not thy Heart be hardn'd like the wicked ones.

Wid. Truly, I am in exceeding great doubt.

Sir Feeb. I say both yea and verily, 'tis the evil Spirit of Contradiction, that waxeth strong in thee——as I may say——a perverseness of Heart——hum——

Wid. I am amazed, yea confounded in my Intellectuals, at thy sudden Conversion, and doubt of the truth thereof——hum——

Sir Feeb. The Wicked doubt indeed, but thou Widow hast worked a Work.—I have renounced the heathenish Superstition, and am become thy Creature; I love thee in Sincerity, and thou shalt have substantial proof of my Ability, according to the Works of Nature——so please thee.

Wid. Thou dost take me for a carnal Woman, I fear. [Drawing nearer.] I profess my Zeal waxeth warm. [Aside.] What wou'dst thou that I shou'd do?

Sir Feeb. That thee and I, may out of Brotherly Affection, be joined in the Bands of Matrimony, and be made one.

Wid. I shall gainsay——why dost thou make a Scoff?——and utter false intentions?——Truly this pleaseth me. [Aside smiling.]

Sir Feeb. I do cordially profess my liking to thy Person.——And thus I seal my Contract on the one part——[Kissing her Hand.]

Wid. How humble the good Man is!

Sir Feeb.

*Sir Feeb.* I wou'd have raised my self up to thy Comeliness, but feared to displeafe.

*Wid.* No, surely, I shou'd not have been angry——for I conceive no harm therein.

*Sir Feeb.* Then on thy Lips let me taste of the Grapes of *Canaan*. [*Kisses her.*] She stinks worse than rotten Cheefe— [*Aside.* [*Licking his Lips.*] Sweeter than Hony——let me again receive the Gift of Satisfaction.

*Wid.* No, surely I may not again. [*Turns away.*

*Sir Feeb.* That my Affections yearneth to thee is true; [*Pulls out a Bottle.*] or may I ever want this dram of Support, when fainting in my Pogrers [*Drinks.*]——Taste, it is of comfort, and refresheth exceedingly.

*Wid.* Plainly I am loath.——[*She Drinks.*] they say the Seeds of Dissention ly at the bottom.

*Sir Feeb.* No, this is called the Brethren's Reconciler, prepared by *Rebecca*, the Daughter of *Aminadab*, near unto Turner's Hall, and is of a delicious flavour. [*Drinks.*

*Wid.* I wou'd not willingly mistake.——[*Drinks.*] I think the Creature is good, nay exceeding good,——and surely I will remember thee. [*Drinks again.*

*Sir Feeb.* You may by way of remembrance, but Healths are a prophanation; the Wicked drink Healths and become unclean as the Beast.

*Wid.* I think there remaineth nothing in the Vessel.——

*Sir Feeb.* Verily, but little, it rattleth in the Throat, like a departing Friend.

*Wid.* I will supply thee from my secret Place, my Closet, whither if thou wilt go, thou mayst open freely and declare.

*Sir Feeb.* I shall——therefore give me thy Hand much whiter than Snow, and let us walk together even as one Flesh. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Annabella just as they go off.*

*Anna.* So, the Lovers are retir'd; well that old Knight is a Dissembler, but what care I? For my Life, I cannot get this *Wilding* out of my Head——Lord, how my Thoughts ramble!——Let me consider, have I a Tender for the Fellow?——No——Has he for me?——No——Then we are agreed——But why shou'd he run in my Mind, more than another?——Why commonly the greatest Impertinencies are uppermost in our Thoughts; yet certainly there must be Reputation in converting the Infidel—*B t y.*

*Enter*

Enter Betty.

Betty. Your Pleasure, Madam?

Anna. Where's my Cozen?

Betty. In her Chamber.

Anna. Tell her I wou'd speak with her. [Exit Betty.] Whether my Inclinations are debauch'd or not, I'm sure *Gainlove* is the Centre of hers.

Enter Lucia.

Your Servant Cozen, did you see the Brethren?

Lucia. Yes, and believe 'twill be a Match, since he has taken this sanctifi'd Cloathing ——— but neither you nor I are admitted into her Cabinet. ——— Nay, methinks I'm better reconcil'd now than I us'd to be.

Anna. Because he's intimately acquainted with *Gainlove* ——— ha, have not I hit it?

Lucia. You might rather have said *Wilding*, for that has been of longest standing ——— Come I have found you out.

Anna. Shall we both confess?

Lucia. Do you begin.

Anna. Why then, I find I do love that dear deceitful *Wilding*, and I will have him whatever it cost me ——— and I think I have something more attractive than a Loadstone ——— ten Thousand Pounds, Girl, has more Charms than the Boy and his Mother ever thought of. Come, now what say You?

Lucia. Why ——— I ——— but ——— you'll ———

Anna. Never stand humming and hawing.

Lucia. — I do love *Gainlove* with all my Heart — I'm glad 'tis out.

Anna. So now we have exchang'd Secrets ——— which I dare swear we both knew before. ——— How shall we contrive to secure 'em, without letting 'em know our own Weakness?

Lucia. Why, if this Match goes forward, which on my Conscience is by this time agreed on. *Sir Feeble* will be the properest Instrument to work with.

Anna. That may be too long for Impatience — Your's is already at your Feet ——— but mine is a hot fiery Rake, and has a sort of Salamander Love, he can live in Flames.

Lucia. Let us retire to our Chamber, and consult.

Anna. Agreed. I know he is intrigu'd with Mrs *Haughty*, who Lodges in the next Street, for I had him dog'd; and to shew my Love, I am resolv'd to begin with a little Mischief.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mr. Apish is come to wait on you. [To Anna. and your Mother desires to speak with you presently [To Lucia. Exit.

Anna. I will endeavour to dispatch this Coxcomb, and be with you presently. [Exit Lucia.] I must keep him in Suspence, it may be of use to me; now must I change my Humour to his, and mimick the Puppy in his own Blindness.

Enter Apish.

Ap. Your Ladiship's most very humble Servant: Pardon, fair Creature, this tedious Absence——an Age is past, since I beheld those Eyes, the break of Day——at which the Clouds disperse and Pleasure fills the Scene.

[Screwing and bending the Body ridiculously.

Anna. That happy Fair (who e'er you mean) must been tirely blest to have that great Addition to her Beauties by your Commendation.

[Imitating him.

Ap. La Belle Langueshante, [Aside.] Beauty like yours commands our Adoration, but like the Sun dazles the weak Beholders——the Happiness I long have wish'd for, makes me approach with this assiduous Diligence, to beg what's infinitely beyond my little Merit.——Good—— [Aside.

Anna. That Modesty, as ill becomes a Person of your Gallantry, as a faint denial does the Mouth, when we wou'd only seem to fly our Wishes——what cou'd you ask?

Ap. Your Love——your kind Consent——your very humble Servant——A good Conceit and handsomely brought off. [Aside sneering.] [Taking out his Snuff Box.

Anna. [Aside.] By the help of that Snuff Box, he'll make ten empty words, the Complement of half an Hour——Lord, how that Raillery becomes you!

[Laughs ridiculously.

Ap. Why, does your Ladiship take it for Raillery? [Laughs.

Anna. Upon my word.——

Ap. Upon my Soul——

[Both laughing.

Anna. Your Reason for being in Love?

Ap. That is but a foolish Question [Aside.] Your Wit, your Beauty, your Agreeableness, your every thing in the World:——besides, every Morning what between the indigested Fumes of Sophisticated Wine, and the Solicitations of impertinent Women——I have had no more ease than a Secretary of State——and therefore am resolv'd to sacrifice both——to your commanding Excellence.

Anna.

*Anna.* I Beauty! egad, ha, ha, ha——I Wit! ha, ha, ha.

*Ap.* Oh! the whole Town allows that—for speaking t'other Day with some Gentlemen——you was presently nam'd, and your Humble Servant so happy to be in Comparison——Lord, *Apish*, says he, when do you conclude that Match?—For as I always said, you had too much Sincerity for a Courtier——so I find the Lady has too much Wit for a Politician in delaying this Affair.

[*Taking Snuff very often.*]

*Anna.* Oh good, you make me blush—I wonder a Man of your Wit is never troubled with that agreeable Amusement—the Spleen.

*Ap.* More than any private Gentleman in *England*, (I except Quality) Why Madam I very often Breakfast, Dine, and Sup of the Spleen: Nay, go to Bed and Sleep four and Twenty Hours together purely out of Spleen.—I confess, it swells a Man to a disproportion, [*Screwing his Body.*] and is of greater Indulgence than your Ladieship's Couch.

*Anna.* Your Pardon, ha, ha, ha. I can't forbear, ha, ha, ha,——tho' I confess 'tis rude.——

[*Laughing affectedly.*]

*Ap.* By Heaven, it becomes you, [*Laughs.*] I had three Persons with me to day, that never fail to give me a fit of it; My Taylor, Barber, and Bookfeller.

*Anna.* That may be.——'Tis as impossible for the Taylor and Barber to mend his shape and Complexion, as it is for the Bookfeller to increase his understanding.

[*Aside.*]

*Ap.* Dear Creature, a Kiss for your Thought.

*Anna.* A little envelop'd in Contemplation.

*Ap.* Might I presume to hope, I cou'd the least engage you?

*Anna.* No.——

*Ap.* You kill me.

*Anna.* I'm glad on't.

*Ap.* Barbarous Beauty.

*Anna.* Kind Invader——no I mean——

*Ap.* Dearest Creature!

*Anna.* Adieu, so if I stay one Minute longer, I vow and swear I shall discover the Secret.

[*Runs out.*]

*Ap.* Kindly hinted however,——I'll after her——well I shall be happy; I stand fair in her Aunt's Opinion, and upon my Soul I think she discovers her Love the more in endeavouring to conceal it, as the Ladies in the Boxes do, in declining their Heads from a double Entendre.

[*Exit.*  
*Enter*]

Enter Wilding and Ralph.

*Wild.* Well, let the Opinion of the World be what it will, Women are vain fantastick Creatures, — all Delusion; and he that trusts 'em is in danger of splitting on the Rock of his own Inadvertency. [*Aside.*] Did you carry the Letter?

*Ralph.* Yes Sir, but cou'd see no Body but *Malapert*, who brought this Answer, that her Mistress desir'd to see you an Hour hence: I suppose the Dragon was there; she wou'd have you look whether the Closet Window be shut or not; which if it be, you may March into the Cittadel without fear of Ambush, provided you come with Sword in Hand.

Enter Gainlove.

*Gain.* *Wilding*, well met — I was going to your Lodgings.

*Wild.* A sure place not to have found me — I was just sending to you. Well what price bears *Lucia* since the last interview.

*Gain.* In Estimation, she is a Treasure not to be valu'd.

*Wild.* So thou hast run thy self out of thy Wits with more expedition than a City Projector.

*Gain.* Prithce hold thy Tongue.

*Wild.* Why I must be free with my Friend; she has found thy blind Passion, and so thinks to catch you by a reserv'd Modesty, as Counterfeit as their Complexions; otherwise Women are as prodigal of their Favours, as Fools are of their Impertinence; both certain Plagues, and only to be remov'd by a severe Resentment.

*Gain.* She has Beauty to arrest the Eyes of a Hermit, — and is such a Constellation of Virtue —

*Wild.* For ought thou knowest.

*Gain.* Say Ice is wanton, or Snow unchast, but prithce indulge me in this only.

*Wild.* Why shou'd Women, whom Nature has been liberal to, study to abuse it — as they all do, (no reflection on your Goddess, *Gainlove*;) both in Face and Shape.

*Gain.* There are that do so — but you ought to have more Charity than to believe it of the whole Sex.

*Wild.* To see a Lady in Difabillee, with her Night Cloaths pleated about her Face, like a Fortification at a Pastry-Cooks, and another forbelo'd from top to toe, like a friecland' Hen — Why, we gaze indeed because Nature's brought to Bed of a Monster.

*Gain.* Why, this makes me more in Love ——— to think, at least to hope she's guilty of none of these.

*Wild.* Why, out of Friendship I thought to have preserv'd you, but since you are so bent on your ruin ——— I must confess I have a pretty good Genius at Mischief, and will do you what disservice I can, I can term it no otherwise.

*Gain.* Assist me but to reach this Happiness, and command my Life.

*Wild.* That is, endeavour to raise you to that Precipice which will make your Head ach to look down. ——— Well, you may command me. ——— But I wonder what's become of Sir *Feeble*, for as he thrives, you may hope to succeed; he must be consulted ——— and see where he comes in Metamorphosis.

*Enter Sir Feeble.*

*Wild.* You're the Man we wish'd for.

*Gain.* Welcome, dear Sir *Feeble*.

*Sir Feeb.* Avant, I will fly from thee, as I wou'd from the dark Visions of Idolatry ——— I am no more the prophane Sir *Feeble Goodwil*, I am changed in a twinkling, ——— and am become *Rabsheka* the pure. [In a canting tone.]

*Wild.* Prithee leave of this stuff.

*Sir Feeb.* Are we alone? [Looking about.]

*Gain.* We are.

*Sir. Feeb.* Why then I am as willing to be a little wicked as any of ye ——— but ——— ah ——— I cannot do as I have done. [Changing his Voice.] I us'd like a good Instrument to be always in tune, but now I am either too flat or lose my time.

*Gain.* 'Tis but the other Hands in Confort humouring you a little, and you may make tolerable Musick.

*Wild.* How stand your Affairs with the Widow, ——— are you prosperous?

*Sir Feeb.* As Heart can wish ——— Boy ——— I am now come to invite you both to my Wedding. ——— Ad I had much ado at first, but I settled her with a dram of the Bottle ——— which made her incline to Reason. I have been opening a Matter of Importance besides.

*Gain.* What's that?

*Sir Feeb.* Why I have lay'd down the true value of your Estates, and propos'd a Match between you two, and the young Ladys.

*Wild.* The Devil you have?

Sir *Feeb.* The Devil take me if I have not,——and she is well pleas'd with it, that is as I have set you out for two of the hopefullest young Gentlemen in Town. Especially you, Sir.

*Wild.* I may modestly confesse that.

*Gain.* Generous Sir *Feeble*!

*Wild.* And how do you intend to keep your Word?

Sir *Feeb.* By your Compliance, sweet Sir, that's all—[*Looking about.*] ad so,——yonder's your Rival, just come from *Annabella*.

*Enter Apish.*

*Wild.* He has spy'd us, there's no avoiding him,——'twou'd mad me he shou'd have her of all Men. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Feeb.* Now I must return to my Purity again, lest he discover me.

*Ap.* Dear *Wilding*, positively yours.——*Gainlove*, your Servant.——Sir *Feeble*, I kiss your Hand.

Sir *Feeb.* Thou may'st not call me so, I am of the Reformed. [*In the canting Tone,*]

*Wild.* Yours Sir, without Ceremony.

*Ap.* With all my Heart.—Ceremony is as injurious to Friendship as Love, and only serves to delay a Happiness.——Sir *Feeble*, I hear you have prevail'd with the Widow.

Sir *Feeb.* I have out of a brotherly Love, promised to inspect the Widows Concerns, and assist her as a tender Yokefellow, truly.

*Ap.* I may own without Vanity, that I have gain'd some small Conquest too; but when I name it, I blush to think 'tis more the Lady's Goodness, than any Perfection of mine. [*ha, ha, laughs gravely.*]

*Wild.* Oh fie, Mr. *Apish*, I thought you had been one of my Humour and defy'd Bondage; shou'd the Town hear of your being married, 'tise the Coffee-houses wou'd be fill'd with Censure instead of Politicks.

*Ap.* With all my Heart, I am positively resolv'd to venture——*Gainlove*, I wou'd fain have thee of the Family.

*Gain.* I am oblig'd to you, but will consider of it.

*Ap.* Banish Consideration, 'tis as inconsistent with the Gentlemen of this Age, as Devotion,——and practis'd with as much regret. Sir *Feeble* and I will speak a good word for you.

Sir *Feeb.* Verily I will be no Match maker, lest the Blessing should be inverted by the wickedness of the Parties, and they live to the disquiet of their own Consciences. I will retire,——anon I'll send to you. [*To Wilding.*] Farewel. [*Exit. Wild.*]

*Wild.* You that have known the Town so well, and devoted your self to the Pleasures of it so long ——— 'tis strange.

*Ap.* Why I have been so mortify'd with the Accidents that attended that, I'll hazard no more, ——— besides what a Scene of Desolation is a Strumpet's Lodgings. Things lye in as much Confusion as before the Creation; if you look in the Closet, (which must be by Surprize) you find here, half a Bottle of dead small Beer, there two or three Candles, a peck of Coals, half a two-penny Loaf, a Crust of Cheshire Cheese, a dab of Soap, and a broken Chamber-pot. ——— ha, ha, ha.

*Gain.* A good Discription of *Drury-Lane*. [Aside to *Wild.*

*Wild.* He was formerly a Mercer's Apprentice in *Covent Garden*, and so u'd to divert himself, when Shop was shut in.

[Aside to *Gain.*

*Ap.* In the Table-drawer, a Toothless dirty Comb and Brush, some Boxes with Pills or Pomatum, perhaps a little Brick-dust to scowr the Teeth, a paper of Patches, some sowl Milk for a Wash. In the Window a piece of Looking-glass, with the Quicksilver half off, and underneath the Bed, the foul Linnen.

*Wild.* But here at this end of the Town, they pass for Quality, and are never without Coaches, Chairs and Footmen at the Door, that the Equipage below, may discover the Coxcomb above.

*Ap.* I have try'd both, and find no great difference, only that the Landlords here exact great Rents, and are never paid, and there they are as low priz'd as you please, because I presume they never expect it.

*Gain.* You are Satyrical, *Apish*.

*Ap.* I vow 'tis as familiar to me sometimes as Ratafia to a Lady, [*Grinning.*] so all things consider'd my Thoughts centre in Matrimony.

*Enter a Porter.*

*Wild.* How now, who have we here?

*Porter.* I have a Letter for one Mr. *Wilding*, and was told I might find him hereabouts.

*Wild.* I am the Man.

*Porter.* There 'tis, Sir, it requires no Answer. [Exit *Porter.*

*Ap.* A Billet deaux! you are a lucky Man, *Wilding*. I'll take my leave, and wish you both as happy as my self. [Exit.

*Gain.* Thou art so in thy own Conceit, I dare believe, Nature design'd

design'd the Fellow a Man, but Affectation makes him a Monster.  
What's the Matter? [Wild. seems disturb'd.]

Wild. Nothing, but what I suspected.——Why Haughty's  
a Gilt, and so are all Women; yet I wish I cou'd find her Spark.

Gain. Why, what if you cou'd?

Wild. I'd cut his Throat to be reveng'd on her. I'll instantly  
to her, and shew her with what Indifference I can bear it; at  
least endeavour to turn it to a good use.

Gain. As how?

Wild. It will be a good Colour for our parting, which I have  
sometime wish'd for. We shall have Order from Sir Feeble to appear  
at the Wedding——where you'll have an Opportunity of seeing  
your Mistress, and what I can serve you in, command.

Gain. 'Till then adieu. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E Haughty's Lodgings.

Enter Haughty.

Hau. 'Tis within half an Hour of the Time I appointed Wilding  
to come. How slow the Minutes pass to impatient Love? I must  
first dispatch Fondle, which will be without Difficulty, he being  
obliged particularly to meet at 5. tho' his Jealousie won't let me  
know it——here he comes.

Enter Fondle and Malapert.

'Tis hard to counterfeit a true Love where there's a real Aver-  
sion. Dear Fondle! [Runs to him.] Malapert, get some Candles  
ready in the Sconces, and all things as I order'd. This is kind,  
to bestow the whole Evening with me.——Lord, I am so  
melancholy without my Dear, that I vow in thy Absence my  
Thoughts grow desperate, and I weary of living.

Fond. Poor Sweeting——By George it breaks my Heart to think  
I must disappoint her. [Aside.] Yes Sweeting, I am come to spend  
the Evening with thee.

Hau. I hope he's not in earnest, [Aside.] What will you have  
for Supper——I have Crawfish Soope——a Chair, Malapert,  
you are strangely forgetful——don't you grudge me this happi-  
ness——Jacky? [Patting his Cheeks with her Fan.]

Fond. No by George——I don't know how I shall get off.

[Aside.]

Hau.

*Han.* Don't you indeed?

*Fond.* No Faith — I am come as full charg'd with Affection, as a City Captain with Courage. — Ad I shall grant thee no Quarter.

*Han.* Pugh, I wonder at you, sure you think me a strange Creature — why, indeed I do not require —

*Fond.* No, I know thou dost not.

*Han.* So much — but really I have a small Fancy to the Ear-Rings — but if you do not think it convenient, I am easy — 'tis but fourscore Pounds — but 'tis no Matter.

*Fond.* Why, thou shalt have 'em, tho' there was never another pair in Town, and in the Hands of a Jew.

*Han.* I am asham'd to be so troublesome.

*Fond.* Come to my Arms and hide thy blushing Cheeks, more beautiful than Roses newly blown [*Mimiking Tragedy.* Faith they do speak so prettily at the Play-houses. — Look here, Sweeting, [*Pulls out a Purse and shakes it.*] I receiv'd a Summ of Money, and pick'd out these odd Pieces for thee.

*Han.* Nay, I swear I will not, do you think my Love is to be brib'd — well *Jacky*, if I did not Love thee tenderly — I protest you have made me half Angry. [*Frowning a little.*]

*Fond.* Pugh, prithee leave fooling, Sweeting — [*Aside.*] Gad I have vext her — Here, here's an *Elizabeth*, and a Medal of Gold of *James* the first, — which I took for ten Shillings less than it weighs, two *Carolus's*, and this is — let me see — oh this is, [*Pulls out his Spectacles.*] Now you must know, Sweeting, I wear these more for the saving my Eyes than helping the Sight — Oh! 'tis a very fine new Medal of the King of *France*, at the Head of his Army in *Italy* — and on the Reverse, the Triumphs at *Vigo*, Coin'd out of the Spanish Flota. This is a very scarce Piece, for to tell thee the Truth, there's none of 'em yet come over.

*Han.* Well, you have a strange persuading Face — but I won't take 'em. [*Holding her Hand out and looking another way.*]

*Fond.* Efaith but thou shalt. [*Making Grimaces.*] Well, I can forbear no longer — she looks so tempting. — Come, Sweeting, come, give me a Bus. [*Kisses.*] Faith 'tis as sweet as — prithee give me another.

*Han.* Nay, now you're so —

[*Kisses again.*]

*Fond.* Well! shou'd she be false — 'twou'd break my Heart, I have been to blame to suspect sometimes, but then, she has so convinc'd

convinc'd me of her Innocence——Ad my Heart has melted in my Belly ——like Ice in the Sun, [*Aside.*]——Come, I'll go to thy Closet, and drink a Dram by way of Cordial, and I'll give thee a Cordial, a Pearl Cordial, I value not what it costs me——Come, prithee let's go.

*Hau.* Indeed you sha'n't.

*Fond.* By George, I will——I wou'd not break my Oath for a hundred Pounds.

*Hau.* I won't let you.

*Fond.* You won't? [*Laughing.*]

*Hau.* I mean, drink strong Waters to prejudice your dear Health.

*Fond.* Why, then I swear.——May all yon Marble Roof meet like the Hand of *Jove*, and crush me if I do not.

*Hau.* You know how to soften me to any thing——well go——I'll follow you, I'll but speak to *Malapert*.

*Fond.* You won't stay long? [*Smiling.*]

*Hau.* No, nor you neither [*Aside.*]——not a Minute.

*Malapert.* [*Exit Fondle, singing Happy I of Humane Race.*]

*Mal.* Your Pleasure?

*Hau.* Be you on the Watch lest *Wilding* come, and be sure send the Porter with the sham Message as I order'd, if *Fondle* goes not presently.

*Mal.* I shall Madam.

*Hau.* Perhaps the Fool's Love fit may last.

*Mal.* Here's a Letter just now left for you. I wanted an Opportunity to give it.

*Hau.* From whom shou'd it be? I can bear any Disappointment but in Love, [*Opens and reads.*]

**M** Adam, permit me tho' a Stranger to tell you you're abus'd most basely by that inconstant *Wilding*, who is intrigu'd with three several Women to my Knowledge, besides one whom he pretends to Court honourably, with whom I saw him last Night at the Play: If you use this as I intend it, you'll excuse this Liberty from

Your unknown Friend and Servant.

The Play-house! 'tis as I suspected. O Insupportable!——Lightning blast him, Thunder rivet him to Earth; That Vulture Conscience prey upon his Heart, and rack him

to Despair. ——— Grant me, ye Powers, one lucky hint for  
Mischief.

With just Revenge, I'll dissipate my Care,  
And cool this Rage as Thunder does the Air.

## A C T I V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E A Table and great Chair.

Haughty's Lodgings.

*Enter Haughty in Passion, follow'd by Wilding.*

*Hau.* 'T'hou art a very Devil.

*Wild.* Of your own making——but what are you?

*Hau.* A most unthinking Fool, to be perswaded Man's Breast  
cou'd harbour Gratitude.

*Wild.* Why, truly Madam, if I have lost my way——'twas  
with steering by Your Compass. [*Carelessly.*]

*Hau.* Can you upbraid me? And with such Majestick Insolence  
as wou'd insinuate your want of Guilt.

*Wild.* Faith, Madam, you do carry it with a very important  
Air, a Face of considerable Assurance. [*Sings, but to scold, to  
scratch and bite, &c. carelessly.*] What may you be fit for now?—  
Let me see——a Milliner's Shop in the City, where you may sell  
Ribbons and Gloves by retail, and Iniquity by the whole Piece.

*Hau.* S'death! can I bear this, and let the Aggressor live? He  
that a Thousand Times has sworn he loved me, declin'd his Head  
upon my panting Bosom, and with warm Sighs kindled a fierce  
Desire, whilst Love triumphant stood in every smile, and the  
gay God seem'd pleas'd with the Excess.——Unworthy Man! can  
You forget?——Oh! That I had been burid quick, [*Crys.*  
e'er known a Certainty to sinking Hopes. [*Crys.*]

*Wild.* Pray, Madam, will you give me leave to ask you one  
Question? Was you never a Player? [*Carelessly.*]

*Hau. in Rage.*] Destruction on thee.

*Wild:*

*Wild.* Why, truly, I thought you might.——You do act a Part of Dissimulation so naturally. [*Sings toll, toll, de roll.*] I'll rove and I'll range, &c.

*Hau.* Do not urge me to an Extravagance which may make you soon repent this foul Reproaching.

*Wild.* Madam, your very humble Servant.——I see you are dispos'd to be very merry, which at present don't suit my Temper——So your Servant.

*Hau.* Stay, one Word before you go. [*Cries.*] Will you not think of the past happy Minutes? (to me indeed, they were) tho' perjur'd you wou'd talk, and sigh, and wish, and swear, with artful Cunning,——O that that Heart was truly purg'd from the black Deeds of thy Dishonour! I cou'd again betray my self to love thee [*Calmly.*] gaze on thee with devouring Eyes, temper our kisses with a balmy Sweetness, think of no pleasure but within thy Arms, nor wish for ought but to preserve you mine. [*Cries.*

*Wild.* What can this mean? [*Aside.*] Madam, I must go.

*Hau.* I'll sign your Passport,——your false Heart shall bleed.

[*Pulls out a Dagger and offers to stab. Wilding,*

*Wild. disarms her.*] Madam, your humble Servant again.——The Proverb is true, *Too much Familiarity breeds Contempt.* I think 'tis high time to part——a very pretty piece of Steel,——well pointed, and very suitable to the use intended. I wou'd not willingly rob you, you don't know but you may have Occasion for it your self.——I am not so far gone to enter into a steel Course.

*Hau.* Curse on the Hand that cou'd perform no better. Villain! were it in my Power, thou shou'd'st not live a Moment to repent.

*Wild.* I know your Generosity, and since we were Partners in Iniquity, let us draw off and part stock fairly; we have been extravagant, but our greatest expence (as I thought) was Love; I'm sure I always endeavour'd to pay my Club; but some People are never easie but when they are treated, and wou'd have Love dress'd as many ways as a Raggoust or Fricasse.

*Hau.* I am resolv'd to haunt thee thro' the World, till glutted with Revenge, and my light Head reels with excess of Joy, then will I, in the frantick Moment, act prevention to that deadly Foe, Relapse.

*Wild.* Imperious! what may I say? 'tis I have reason to expose what you extenuate. My Love, your Slave, that waited for your

Summons, wing'd with desire and keener Appetite, flew eagerly to your Embraces? and must I be the property of hasty Lust, a Drudge for what was meant to please another? Now we will part, and that my Reason may have Force and Credit to justify my Honour, read that. [Gives a Letter.]

*Hau.* And that thy Baseness now may strike thee Dumb, read that.

[Throws him a Letter.]

*Wild.* Read it! ay with all my Heart ——— come let's see what farther Stratagem.

*Hau.* The very same with mine, only the Name chang'd! [Aside.]

*Wild.* Word for word, by this light ——— only *Wilding* instead of *Haughty* ——— How the Devil can this be? [Aside.]

*Hau.* [Aside.] If I have wrong'd him, [Both stand looking earnestly at one another.] by unjust Suspicion, how shall I make atonement for my Fault?

*Wild.* This is very intricate to me, I can't tell what to make of it, unless some dear, young, sweet, pretty Creature has seen and lik'd me, and grows jealous upon hearing of this Intrigue ——— Ah that I had her in my Custody, I'd make her smart for this Mischief [Aside.] You see, Madam, we are both impos'd upon, they are word for word the same, the Hands if you compare 'em the same too; this is some industrious piece of Malice, to separate our kinder Inclinations, or else 'tis what you wish might come to pass.

*Hau.* If I have been uneasie to my self. Rack'd with that foul tormenting Devil Jealousie, Pardon the Crime, caus'd by my too much Love, And take me, take me, once more to your Arms.

*Wild.* [Aside.] Pox on't, how she softens into Love! and I have such a damn'd amorous Whim just now in my Head that I can deny her nothing. ——— the Devil is industrious and seldom fails of his part. [To her.] Come give me your Hand, and promise me to curb this wild Intemperance, and with this Kiss we'll seal Oblivion. [They kiss.]

*Hau.* Take a thousand more, and entertain no other Thought but Love.

*Wild.* So when the threatenng stormy Clouds are gone, The Day again is gilded by the Sun.

[Both going off, Fondle calls without.]  
*Fond. without.]* Sweeting, Sweeting.

*Hau.*

*Hau.* What shall we do, 'tis *Fondle's* Voice, he's unexpectedly return'd, and will ruin all. My Passion was so great I cou'd not think of what might happen.

*Mal. without.*] I tell you, Sir, my Mistress is just set down in the great squabb Chair to sleep.

*Wild.* What! no Conveniency, no back Stairs or Trap-door?

*Hau.* None, none; what shall I do? follow me into the next Room.

*Wild.* Ay, any where to save thy Reputation, my Dear.

[*Exit with Wilding, and re-enters.*

*Fond. without.*] I tell you I will go in.

*Hau.* I heard *Malapert* say, I was asleep. I'll set down in this Chair and Counterfeit. [*Sets as asleep.*] [*A Book on the Table.*

*Enter Fondle.*

*Fond.* Look if poor Sweeting be not as fast as an old Woman in Sermon time. Ad, I'll steal a Pair of Gloves——let me see, I will first salute that pouting under Lip——then the tip of her Nose,——then her pretty Pigs Neyes——and then——but I will leave that till anon. [*Fondle kisses her.*

*Hau.* For Heaven sake don't Murther me. [*She wakes as frightned.*  
I have nothing, pray——

*Fond.* 'Tis I, Sweeting, 'tis I. What wast in a Dream?

*Hau.* Who, Mr. *Fondle*? I was just a dreamt that Rogues broke into the House and were going to kill me——Lord, how prodigiously I sweat with the Fright!

*Fond.* O good! immoderately Faith——

*Hau.* Well! and how came Dear to be so good to return? I did not expect thee to Night.

*Fond.* Why, there was no body met according to appointment.

*Hau.* Indeed, I'm glad of it.

*Fond.* Faith so am I, upon second Thoughts.——Come, let us go into the next Room.

*Hau.* My Heart misgives me——where you please. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE a Chamber. A Press standing.

Re-enter Fondle and Haughty.

Fond. Come give me a Buss, Sweeting.

Hau. I won't, 'cause you're Naughty, and han't brought me my Cornelian Seal, which the Man said shou'd be done three Days ago.

Fond. Ad so, well remembred ——— I have it in my Pocket, and forgot to give it thee. ——— [*Searches his Pocket.*] I can't find it, ——— sure I han't lost it ——— let me consider ——— good lack, that I should be so forgetful! ——— 'tis in the Press in my new Coat-Pocket, ——— thou shalt have it presently.

[*Going to unlock the Press.*

Hau. Unfortunate Demand! [*Aside.*] Nay you shan't trouble your self now, anon will do as well, ——— I did but jest.

Fond. And thou shalt have it in earnest, this Minute.

Hau. You shan't open it now, ——— My Lady *Highmode* was visiting me since you went, and came with such a surprize *Mala-pert* was forc'd to thrust all the foul Linen in there, which lay ready for the Washer-woman.

[*She holds him, he breaks from her, and opens it.*

Fond. Pish, I shan't trouble my self with the foul Linen. I swear thou shalt have it now.

[*Opens the Press, and discovers Wilding in it.*

Hau. All, all is ruin'd by my Heedlessness. [*Aside.*

Fond. *starts.* Blood! ——— Fire! ——— Woman! ——— what have I done? Thou perjur'd Fair! to use me thus! [*Crys.*] The *Anthropophagi* (as I have read) who devour'd the Flesh of Man were civiliz'd to thee, thou ——— Cormorant! [*To her.*] Sir, I hope without Offence, I may ask you one civil Question or two, for you look indeed to be a very civil Gentleman, ——— much a Gentleman I dare swear ——— pray Sir, how came you hither? and for what came you hither? and why did you not like a Gentleman return before you came to do me this Injury?

Wild. Three pretty Interrogatories ——— and deserve longer time to be answer'd: But why are you thus transported? I have done you no Injury.

Fond. O Lord, Sir! none at all, not in the least, Sir, ——— but I'm

I'm a little Cholerick or so Sir, for which I ask your Pardon.

*Hau.* What shall I do? Invention has left me, and poor *Wilding's* at a stand, kind Fortune help me but this once.

*Fond.* Love and Jealousie rend my Brain. ——— Ah Sweeting, thou hast abus'd me much, ——— the foul Linen was in the Press, ——— I doubt this worthy Gentleman has sadly rump'd thine.

*Enter Malapert and whispers* Haughty.

*Mal.* I have heard all, now for good luck. Dear Madam, forgive me this once, and if ever I commit so great a fault again—

*Hau.* Ha, ha, ha, ——— ha, ha, ha. ——— ha, ha.

[Laughs immoderately.]

*Fond.* Oh Impudence!

*Hau.* Ha, ha, ha, ——— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he.

*Wild.* If she brings this off handsomely, I shall admire her Wit.

*Fond.* Very pretty, truly.

*Hau.* Ha, ha, ha, ——— oh! support me, or I shall dye with laughing — ha, ha, 'tis so comical ——— ha, ha, ha.

*Fond.* So comical! the Devil take me if I can find any Comedy in it.

*Hau.* Prithee tell it thy self ——— I want Breath. ha, ha, ha.

*Mal.* I will, if you'll forgive me.

*Hau.* Being the first time, ——— but have a care of doing so again.

*Mal.* Having first beg'd my Lady's Pardon, Sir, I must humbly entreat yours for being the cause of all this Disorder. ——— You must know, this Gentleman for some time past has honour'd me with his Addres'ses.

*Wild.* Confound you ——— but it shall be so for this time.

[Aside.]

*Mal.* I confes too, I have given him some encouragement, — but was much afraid his Design was only to debauch me, which I have swore a thousand times I wou'd dye rather than suffer. Have I not, Sir? pray speak the truth.

*Wild.* 'Tis but reason I shou'd do her that Justice. ——— She has upon my Honour.

*Mal.* Your very humble Servant. ——— Truth may go bare fac'd, I wou'd not tell you a lye for the whole World, for all I'm a Chambermaid ——— but Pray, Sir, hear. [To Fondle.] This Gentleman to whom I am [Fond. stares as amaz'd all this while] oblig'd to for honouring me with a Visit, ——— tho' I hate and loath his Intentions,

tentions, if not honourable, came just as you went away, immediately after came my Lady *Highmode* to wait on your Ladiship; I was in great Trouble to know how to dispose of this Gentleman, knowing if he was found here you wou'd either laugh at me for my Folly, or condemn me for my Impudence. —

What think you, Sir?

[*To Fondle.*

*Fond.* In troth I know not what to think. — I am amaz'd, — I am confounded. — I am —————

*Mal.* Nay, pray hear me out, — and having no Opportunity to convey him down Stairs, desir'd his humble Condescension to repose a while in that Press — for which I ask your Pardon a thousand times, Sir. — I had discharg'd you sooner, but this Gentleman [*Pointing to Fondle.*] came, by way of Interruption, and spoil'd some good Intentions.

*Fond.* If this shou'd be true now I have done finely; well, hang me if I don't believe it. [*Aside.*] One Question more, and I have done. — Pray, what made you make that Excuse about the Linen?

[*To Haughty.*

*Hau.* Nay, let her answer for her Wickedness.

*Mal.* Indeed, Madam, I'll never do so again, 'tis the first Lie I have told this half Year. — When you was going to the Press for your Night-Gown, fearing you should catch cold by sleeping, I dissuaded you from it, by telling you 'twas sultry hot, and that I had hid the Linen there.

*Fond.* May I believe this?

*Hau.* Can you suspect me? Oh unhappy Woman!

*Fond.* Well, I will believe thee. — Ad, it pleases me mightily that I have been extremely cholerick without the least cause. [*Smiles.* Tho' Faith I did not know what to make of this at first.

*Mal.* Sir, I don't doubt but you long to be releas'd, if you please, I'll shew you the way.

*Fond.* I am very sorry I shou'd disturb you, and henceforward will learn to be more civil.

*Wild.* I am glad this Lady's Honour's clear'd; and how far my Inclinations serve for Mrs. *Malapert*, you suddenly shall know.

*Fond.* Nay, for that let her look to't, I shan't trouble my Head about it.

*Wild.* Madam, your Servant; Sir, I am yours.

[*Exit with Malapert.*

*Fond.* Sir, your Servant again. — A whoring Dog I'll warrant him.

# The Passionate Mistress.

him. — Sweeting, bid *Malapert* take care of ——— You understand me. ——— He may be a Tenant at Will, but if he takes a Lease for a Month, I'll be bound to take one for ninety nine Years, and stand to all Repairs.

*Hau.* Well, this Wench hath provok'd both my Anger and Mirth, but 'if ever I find ———

*Fond.* Prithee be quiet. ——— I shou'd be glad she was well rid of her, for — [*Aside.*] Come, Sweeting, we'll play a Game at Cribbage till Supper's ready.

*Hau.* With all my heart. ——— [*Aside.*] Fortune thus far has favour'd, but still Security's the safe Repose; even just this very Moment

A happy Thought persuades me to give o'er,  
And trust her fickle Ladiship no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E, *Widow Purelight's House.*

*Enter Annabella in Man's Cloaths, and Lucia.*

*Anna.* Well, Cousin, how d'ye like me? Don't I look like a young, hot, madbrain'd Puppy, that values his Reputation as little as the fashionable Rakes of the Age? In this Dress of Snuff, Powder, and Assurance, I'll be hang'd if I did not bully the Box-keeper out of three Acts of the Play.

*Lucia.* I vow I wou'd persuade you to desist, and not pursue this uncertain mad Frolick any farther.

*Anna.* Prithee never trouble your self, thus arm'd with a seeming Courage, a great deal of Impudence, some ten thousand Lies, and no Money, I don't doubt but I shall return triumphant like a young Voluntier from *Rodondella*.

*Lucia.* But there may be Danger in it, and you surpriz'd before you are aware.

*Anna.* Fear not that, if he shou'd draw his Sword, I have consulted that that will soon turn the Point against himself.

*Lucia.* Well, thou'rt a mad Girl, and wilt have thy own way.

*Anna.* I was born free as Air, and will use my Liberty while I have it, tho' I fear the time draws nigh that I shall part with it, ——— that makes me melancholy. ——— But then again there are Ways and Means, without the help of an Act of Parliament,

liament, to make it easie ——— that pleases me very much.

*Lucia.* Well, here will be great Enquiry after you, all things are prepar'd, and Sir *Feeble* instantly expected. My Mother just now declar'd her Intentions, and as soon as he comes, *Jephur-neh*, hum, and haw, the zealous Holder-forth is to do the Execution.

*Anna.* There will be your Spark, and my roving Devil of Inconstancy. Take you no notice of me, say you have not seen me since such a time. I must begin with *Apish*, I'll leave things to your Discretion, and you shall see or hear from me anon; by this I shall see if he does love me however.

*Lucia.* I wish you good Success, but 'tis a mad Project.

*Anna.* Success is the only true Merit that is extant, Child.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

## SCENE, the Street.

*Enter Sir Feeble and Gainlove.*

*Gain.* I have sent to *Wilding's*, to meet us at the Widow *Purelight's* presently.

*Sir Feeb.* That's well. ——— Ad, I'm not above five and thirty. I have taken a Strengthner, the true Elixir for the Family of the *Feebles*. ——— The Quintessence of five Game Cocks, ten dozen of Sparrows, 2 Knuckles of Veal, Potato Roots, Marrow, Currel, and Ambergrease, which will make an old Fellow of fifty five make Love like a Nobleman's Chaplain in Lent.

*Gain.* *Sir Feeb.* when you find an Opportunity draw off the Company, for I wou'd speak once more to *Lucia*.

*Sir Feeb.* I will. ——— Come let us be gone. ——— Ad, I am as vigorous as a Sailor after an *East-India* Voyage. ——— I will get upon her Body such a parcel of puritannical Whelps as shall new stock *Pensilvania*.

SCENE, A Chamber.

Apish at a Table.

Ap. Hey, who waits there? [*Enter a Footman.*] Bid *Cæsar* bring his Account. [*Exit Footman.*] And then for my dear *Annabella*. — 'Tis a charming Creature, and loves me, that's Pafs: — But how long shall I love her? Till we're marry'd. — But what does Fruition breed? — Brats and Indifference. — And when it comes to Indifference, a Gentleman must be very ill-natur'd to make himself easie. — Why then shou'd I marry? — Why I have try'd all the Fashions of the Town but that; besides, when I am married, and hate my Wife heartily — I shall think my self a very great Man.

*Enter a Black Servant with a long white Wigg.*

Serv. Here is the Bohe your Honour ordered me to make.

Ap. Take it away, I drink none. — I am to be in the Company of Ladies — 'tis too diuretick. — Where's your Account?

Serv. Here, an please you.

Ap. Read it.

Serv. Laid out for the last Month, at several times, for Powder and Pulvileo, three Pounds.

Ap. Very cheap.

Serv. For Cassia, Eringoe, and scented Lozenges to sweeten the Breath, four Pound ten.

Ap. Very great Necessaries in Conversation.

Serv. For *Warham's* Paste for the Hands, and *Povey's* Powder for the Teeth, two Guineas.

Ap. Go on.

Serv. For Complexion Waters, as Lemon, Orange, Cittern, Rosa Solis, Spirit of Clarey, and the like, ten Pounds.

Ap. Very reasonable.

Serv. Ten Guineas given, by your Order, to Orange *Betty* at the New Play-house, for the *Suffex* Virgin she brought you.

Ap. Damn'd extravagant.

Serv. And five more to the little Scrivener in *Fetter-Lane*, for setting Matters to rights again.

Ap. Two damn'd Items, ————— and have put me out  
G of

of Humour. ——— I'll hear no more. ——— Is the Balance right?

*Serv.* To a Farthing.

*Ap.* Thou art fit to be trusted for making Accounts so even ——— Go you to *Will's* Coffee-House and wait.

*Serv.* Till your Honour comes?

*Ap.* No, I shan't be there to day. ——— But your Livery looks well and fresh. ——— Be gone, and if any body ask for me, tell 'em I'm not there. [*Exit.*] If one was to keep nothing about one but what was absolutely necessary, we shou'd lose half the Magnificence of a Person of Quality. For why shou'd not I keep a Man-Cook in my House, because I never dine at home, ——— or a Coach and Six, because one generally goes in a Hackney? The Thought's ignoble, and gives me Disturbance.

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Here's a Gentleman desires to speak with your Honour.

*Ap.* Admit him.

*Re-enters with Annabella.*

*Anna.* Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Ap.* I'm yours.

[*Carelessly.*]

*Anna.* I suppose you don't know me.

*Ap.* Sir, you guess very well.

*Anna.* I shall endeavour to make my self known.

*Ap.* You'll much oblige me in not being long about it.

*Anna.* I have had the Honour to do her Majesty some Service in the late Expedition.

*Ap.* Very like, Sir.

*Anna.* And tho' I say it, I think I can live in Fire and Smoak as well as another.

*Ap.* Of a Lady's Bedchamber, perhaps.

*Anna.* Blood and Thunder! d'ye mock me?

[*Laying Hand to Sword.*]

*Ap.* Not I, Sir, pray go on. ——— By Heaven a Bully of the Foot Guards.

[*Aside.*]

*Anna.* I'll be interrupted no more, that's the word.

*Ap.* You shan't, Sir. ——— This Fellow's Impertinence will detain me from *Annabella*.

[*Aside.*]

*Anna.* In short, my Name is *Granada Wildfire*, my Coat the three Mortars, and my Motto *Sanguis & Vulnera*.

*Ap.* Of a noble Family indeed.

*Anna.* Next

*Anna.* Next, to my Business. ——— I am inform'd that since I have been pushing for Honour abroad, you have been endeavouring to spring a Mine to blow up my Reputation here, and debauch the Inclination of my dearest Mistress, *Annabella Richmore.*

*Ap.* A very odd Face of Affairs, ——— What shall I say? [*Aside.* Pardon me, Sir, you are misinform'd.

*Anna.* Slaughter and Desolation! d'ye give me the lye?

[*Offers to draw.*

*Ap.* Oh! no Sir, by no means ——— give you the lye, Sir! I am more a Gentleman, ——— I must confess I have had a tender for the fair *Annabella.*

*Anna.* Then one of us must dye. ——— Come, Sir, let one of your Servants call a Coach:

*Ap.* My own, Sir, is at your Service if you're in haste to go any where.

*Anna.* No trifling, you know my meaning, I must have Satisfaction.

*Ap.* What Satisfaction would you have? ——— I swear I never lov'd any Woman so well to fight for her ——— propose Sir.

*Anna.* Why, Sir, you must renounce all farther thoughts of my Mistress, and forget all that's past.

*Ap.* Will that suffice?

*Anna.* For once it shall.

*Ap.* Then damme if I don't with all my Heart.

*Anna.* Here sign this Paper then.

[*Gives him a Paper.*

*Ap.* 'Tis done, ——— not that you, [*Writes.*] force me to this ——— but as I hope to be fav'd I ever hated her.

*Anna.* 'S death! he that hates whom I adore, tho' he'd a thousand Lives, they were too little for Revenge.

*Ap.* Not hate her, Sir, I did not mean hate her.

*Anna.* You had not best, Sir, and so farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Ap.* What a Heat the Devil has put me into?

*Enter Servant and Exit.*

Heigh bid the Coach be ready, I'll take the Air. Now I'm alone, I don't love her at all, the Terms being so hard. Marriage and Love are as inconsistent as Honour and Poverty, the Obligation's so great one can never pay it; and who would for the Pleasure of the first Night, be condemn'd to lye in the Queen's Bench of Matrimony all his Life after.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *Widow Purelight's House, Enter Sir Feeble with the Widow in his Hand follow'd by Lucia, Gainlove, Wilding, &c.*

*Sir Feeb.* The great work is done, verily 'tis finished, and Consummation approacheth like the joyfulness even of Joy; I will cleave unto thee with the Bowels of sincerity, till the frailty of Nature passeth away, and we both steal to Heaven, *Nemine Contradicente.*

*Purel.* Heigh-ho. I shall not be able to bear it.

*Sir Feeb.* Fear nothing, I will be thy support. I am transported even as it were at the receiving of Instructions.

*Purel.* Thou sayst indeed, but may I depend upon thee? thy outward Man I fear will prevail, and thou wou't return as I may say, to Corruption. Ah! how shall I do to keep thy Feet from falling.

*Sir Feeb.* Once more I say, fear nothing. I will have fear to fly, that is to fly before thee like the Clouds of darkness, and thou shalt shine upon me, I say thou shalt shine upon me like the pure Light. I have a warm Zeal, which heateth me exceedingly, yea inclineth me to good Works, and causeth me to bid open defiance to Bell and the Dragon.

*Purel.* Verily I think thou speakest with the Voice of Instruction, and I have not edify'd more since the Day; I will hide myself in thy Bosom, and be not far from thy Heart of Grace. I will receive from thee Consolation, that is whereby we may be comforted, I say that is concorporated even as the Ivy and the Oak——hum.

*Sir Feeb.* Hum, —— repose thy self a while, —— and ye my Friends, I have provided an Entertainment on this Occasion full of innocent Diversion, and to be performed by the Brethren themselves in Unity and Meekness.

*A Dance of five Quakers.*

*Then rise and Speak.*

*Sir Feeb. to Gain.]* Now is your time [*Aside.*] Come, Friends, we will retire into the innermost Chamber, and Solace our selves in pure Affection.

*Purel.*

*Purel.* Lucia, hast thou no Tydings of thy Cozen Annabella?

*Lucia.* Her Maid told me she went out in a Hackney-Coach about an Hour ago and is not return'd.

*Purel.* Truly she is hairbrain'd, and wanteth a Yoakfellow to guide her Understanding. Verily there is a Perverseness which abideth in our Earth [*Wild. Aside.*] I'm glad she's abroad; for methinks I never see her, but my Heart is ready to turn Rebel.

[*Exeunt Omnes præter Gain. & Lucia.*

*Gain. pulls Lucia.]* Pardon, dear Madam, that I shou'd presume  
*by the Sleeve.]* To ask one Moment's stay, but if you weigh  
The Cause, your Goodness must forgive.

*Lucia.* What is it you wou'd ask me, Mr. Gainlove?

*Gain.* That's what I fear, — because 'tis of more value  
Than Life, or any other Happiness.

*Lucia.* Then your Address is wrong, for 'tis not in  
My power to dispose of things so pretious.

*Gain.* The harder Fate to poor precarious Lovers  
That you shou'd have the immediate power to wound  
Yet want the Will to heal that Wound you give.

*Lucia.* Love in the Mouth of one of your Gallantry  
Inclines me to Suspicion, not Belief;  
The many Arts you have to palliate  
A loose Desire, are sufficient Grounds  
To make me think you misinterpret Love.

*Gain.* A vertuous Love has no disguise, but flows  
Like the pure Chrystal Stream, and is  
Transparent to the bottom.

*Lucia.* So it may then appear, but once the Soil  
Disturb'd by accidental Violence  
Polluted grows, and cannot for a time  
Be what it was; then who wou'd madly trust  
To what th' officious Wind can fully with a Breath.

*Gain.* Chaste as the Phoenix shall my Flame endure  
And Life and Love, both equally decay  
My Soul, my all is yours; believe but this  
And use me as you please.

*Lucia.* I must be gone; we shall be mist.

*Gain.* May I but hope?

*Lucia.* I can no more but this. — Cou'd I believe you —

*Gain.*

46  
*Vice Reclaim'd, or,*

*Gain. Kisses.*] By this Kifs,  
More sweet than all the Odours of the *East*,  
By your dear Self, brighter than *Phæbus* Rays,  
My Liberty, my Peace is cheaper far  
Than the least Smile from that fair Face of yours.

*Lucia.* Nay now you force me from you——  
I wish I had not seen you.

[*Exit.*

*Gain.* For Heaven's sake, Madam——She's gone.  
And what have I to hope? For she wish'd she had not seen me,  
suffer'd a Kifs with modest Negligence, sigh'd as by Mistake, this  
fills my Heart with Joy. I will proceed,

For soft endearing Kisses do forerun  
Another business that is to be done.

[*Exit.*

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A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E A Tavern.

*Mrs. Rhenish in the Bar, several Drawers and Waiters.*

*Mrs. R.* Speak in the Lion——What a Pox, are ye all a-  
sleep?

*All together.*] Coming up, Sir.

*Mrs. R.* Why in my Conscience these Fellows are mad. What  
all run together headlong as if the Devil in Hell was in you? Ye  
herd of Swine.

*I Draw.* A Bottle of Mergus in the Dolphin, score.

*Mrs. R.* And do but see what a Bottle the Blockhead has  
brought——Sirrah break me this Bottle, or I shall make bold to  
break your Head——What, wou'd ye give my Wine away?  
That Bottle holds near a Quart.

*Enter Cook.*

*Dash.* Cook, Cook speak in the Pomgranet——Nay your  
Knife won't protect you; Captain *Bluster* has discover'd three  
Thigh Bones in the Chicken you fricass'd for him, and swears  
louder than the blowing up of a Powder-Mill.

*Cook.*

*Cook.* Why, Madam, 'twas your Fault—you wou'd have me tofs up what my Lord what d'ye call him left.

*Mrs. R.* Get thee gone, and mind thy Kitchin—I'll speak to him my self.—Why where a Plague are ye——d'ye think this will do when the House is so full——must they call their Hearts out in the Vine before you'll go to 'em?

*All bauling.*] Coming up, Sir, coming up my Masters.

*Mrs. R.* Yelp, yelp——One and all, like a pack of Whelps as you are——work more with your Head, and less with your Heels, and I'll be flea'd if business don't go on better.

3 *Draw.* A Quart of Red Port in the Mitre, a Bottle of Pontack in the Griffin, a Pint of Palm in the Bull-Head, score.

*Enter two Gentlemen drunk as going out of the House.*

*All the Draw.*] Welcome, Sir, welcome Gentlemen, ye are very welcome, Sir.

1 *Gent.* Rot me if I don't love thee *Jack*, [*Hickup.*] come——kiss me, dear Boy, and be damn'd. [*Hickup.*

2 *Gent.* Thou art a very——ho——honest Fellow d'ye see, [*Hickup.*] and to do thee service, I did not care if I drank to——tother Bottle——but you are drunk, [*Hickup.*] very drunk.

1 *Gent.* Look'ye, I don't love quarrelling, but he that says I am drunk, d'ye see, lyes; for I am no more drunk than he that can't stand. [*Falls down.*

2 *Gent.* Why, did not I tell thee that thou wert drunk?——Now will I set thee again upon thy Legs.

*[Goes to help him, and falls himself.*

*Mrs. R.* Here *Dash* and *Sly*, see these Gentlemen in a Coach and take care they lose nothing. [*Take 'em up and lead 'em out.*

*Enter a Woman Masqu'd.*

*Masque.* Madam, have any Gentlemen left Number Three?

*Mrs. R.* Show up in the Maidenhead.

1 *Draw.* Madam, they find fault with the Wine, in the Feathers.

*Mrs. R.* Draw a Bottle of the same, and tell 'em you have peirc'd a fresh Piece to oblige 'em.

2 *Draw.* A Beef-stake presently, in the Maidenhead, for the Lady that is just gone up.

*Mrs. R.* I thought the Whore was fasting, her Breath was so strong.

2 *Draw.* And pay the Coachman.

Mrs. R. What must you have, Coachman?

Coach. What you please above a Shilling.

Mrs. R. Whence came you?

Coach. From *Coulson's Court in Drury-Lane*, where I have been often bilk'd——and that made me follow so close now.

Mrs. R. There's your Money.

[Exit.

Who speaks in the half-Moon?

3 Draw. I have the Wine in my Hand. Coming up, Sir. A Bottle of *Hermitage* in the half-Moon, a Flask of *Obrion* in the Castle, score.

Mrs. R. Make haste, you Sot. I lie scoring, and scoring, and no Wine carry'd up; they'll think much when the Bill comes to be paid.

*Enter Wilding and Dash.*

Wild. Your Servant Mrs. *Rhenish*.

Mrs. R. Sweet Mr. *Wilding*, yours.

Dash. Your Servant Master, Master please to walk into a Room, upon my word Master, I'll shew you a very good Room and very private, if you have any Body coming to you.

Wild. Truly, *Dash*, I have no great occasion for privacy now, but however I thank thee, *Dash*.

Dash. Oh Master! you don't know but you may when the Play's done, Master, [*Bowing.*] tho' truly, Master, my own natural Father us'd to say, a lewd Woman was like a pair of *St. Martin's Shoes*.

Wild. How so, *Dash*?

Dash. Why, Sir bought more for Necessity, than Service. The only Convenience is in finding 'em ready made, ready made, Sir.

Wild. Prithee shew where thou wou't. } *A great noise and ringing the Bell: Drawers running up and down in Confusion.*

All Draw. Coming up, Coming up, Sir. [*Ex. Wild. and Drawer.*

*Re-enter as in a Room, Wilding, and Drawer lays a clean Cloth upon the Table.*

Dash. What Wine will you please to drink, Master?——  
Coming up, Sir.

Wild. Thou know'st I'm for Red, honest *Dash*.

Dash. I'll bring you a Bottle of such Wine, shall out-smell and stain a Raspberry——upon my Faith I will, Master——

Coming up, Sir.

[Exit.  
*Wild.*

*Wild. Alone.*] I wonder *Gainlove* does not come, 'tis past the time appointed: Perhaps he and his Mistress are at cross purposes. Well in my Opinion 'tis a very unprofitable Diversion, to play at a Game where both are sure to lose.

*Re-enter Dash with a Bottle of Wine, fills a Glass and sets it on the Table.*

*Dash.* Master, here's a Lady in a Coach asks if you are here, I told her I cou'd not tell positively, but I'd enquire——Now if you han't a Mind to be here, I have it at my Tongue's end.  
[*Bowing.*

*Wild.* May be some strowling Strumpet that has been driving about all day and wants me to discharge her Coach.

*Dash.* Nay, Sir, by her Rigging, one wou'd think she was able to keep her own; tho' that might come from the Mans too. Her Face I cou'd not see, but she has a curious white Hand——and a very engaging Diamond Ring on her Finger. [*Bowing.*

*Wild.* Ha! go wait on her up, be who she will, with respect.

*Dash.* I shall Sir.——Coming up.——

[*Exit, and Enters with Mrs. Haughty Masqu'd.*

*Wild.* Now am I between hope and fear, like a Pilot that has lost his Course. [*Haughty makes signs to Wild.*

Go, begone. [*To Dash.*

*Dash. Aside to Wild.*] Did not I tell you, Master, you might have occasion for a private Room.——You shall always find *Timothy Dash* your most humbe Servant. Coming up Sir.  
[*Exit.*

*Wild.* My dear *Haughty!*—— [*They embrace.*

*Hau.* My dear *Wilding*——are not you surpriz'd to see me here?

*Wild.* 'Tis a happiness I did not expect so suddenly.

*Hau.* 'Tis such I mean it both to you and me.

*Wild.* I shall be glad to act in any thing that may oblige you.

*Hau.* Who d'ye think's below and has dog'd me hither?

*Wild.* I cannot guess.

Vice Reclaim'd, or,

Hau. Fondle.

Wild. Fondle!

Hau. Yes indeed, and I'm glad of it. Nay 'tis according to my design, for I pretending to be out of Humour, took a Hackney Coach and bid the Fellow drive softly, that he might have the opportunity of discovering where I went.

Wild. *Aside.*] What does she mean?

Hau. Tho' he seem'd pacifi'd with *Malapert's* excuse, he has been so jealous and ill humour'd ever since, that I believe he wou'd gladly break all farther intimation.

Wild. I hope she does not intend to throw her self upon me. [*Aside.*] Fondle disloyal! Incredible.

Hau. Now to convince him of an Intrigue between you and me; you must lead me down, that he may see us together. I'll seem to be very Fond, and pray do you seem to be very Familiar.

Wild. This looks strangely to me——Why this will entirely ruin your Interest with him.

Hau. Why there you're mistaken——for 'tis in Order to establish it upon a much firmer Foundation.

Wild. Still more perplext————but guide me as you please.

Hau. Come then, take me by one Hand.——So, throw the other round my Waste, and lead me to the Coach.——So——the rest leave to me and I dare warrant Success. [*Exeunt.*

[*Re-enter and cross the Stage laughing.*

Enter Fondle.

[*Seeing 'em go off.*

Fond. I am convinc'd, and Woman is the Devil.——Now do not I know whether I shall have the Heart to Hang, Drown, or Shoot my self, take a Dose of Opium or some deadly Poyson——Well I'll consider on't——I'll first go and have that Witch *Malapert* flea'd alive, and her Skin stuff'd with her own Iniquity to hang up in *Gresham* College; obdurate Woman one shou'd soften as one does Iron, Burn 'em.

Enter



Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Here's a Letter for you, Sir, the Porter said it requir'd a speedy Answer. [Exit.]

Fond. Opens and reads.] Humph——[Smiles and goes on.] good, [Smiles.] better, [Smiles.] best of all. [Laughs.] Yes, yes, 'tis her Hand. Well how sweet is Revenge, and how kind is Fortune in this nick of time, to bring that about which I least thought of! Mistress and Maid shall starve or foot Stockings for a Livelihood, I will have no more Mercy on 'em, than a Jew has of a Christian that owes him Money.——I'll about it instantly.——Well, I am the happiest Rogue, I won't delay a Moment. [Runs out laughing.]

Re-enter Wilding with Gainlove.

Wild. Where's Sir Feeble?

Gain. I have just now laid a Wager with him——ha, ha, ha. [Laughing.]

Wild. Of what?

Gain. Of forfeiting a Supper, and a dozen Bottles of Wine, if he can bring his Spouse to the Tavern, which he has undertook to perform in half an Hour, and bid me bespeak what I thought convenient.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha,——I doubt he'll lose.——I am oblig'd to stay till I hear from *Haughty*, who is working something to both our satisfactions (as she says) but what that is I know not——but how stands it now between you and *Lucia*?

Gain. Very well, as I cou'd wish. I do not doubt but to be happy.

Wild. Alas! poor *Gainlove*.

Gain. To be rich in her Love, is to have all the various Treasures of the *East*.

Wild. Very well——you'll hardly think so twelve Months hence——then I doubt 'twill be, prithee *Wilding* let's have

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*Vice Reclaim'd, or,*

tother Bottle.—Pox 'tis time enough to go home.

*Gain.* That you'll easily grant.

*Wild.* Rather than you shou'd offer violence to your Self.

*Enter Annabella.*

*Anna.* Gentlemen, your Servant.—I think your Name's  
*Wilding.*

*Wild.* Yes, Sir, it is.

*Anna.* I wou'd speak with you in private.

*Wild.* I can make bold with my Friends, Sir.—Pray  
*Gainlove,* step into the next Room for a Moment.

*Gain.* With all my Heart.—I hope 'tis no Quarrel.  
[*Aside.*]

*Anna.* Sir, you have much injur'd a fair Lady in her Honour.

*Wild.* 'Twas her own fault then, and she may thank her self  
for trusting it in such Hands.

*Anna.* I thought a Gentleman wou'd have excus'd his Faults,  
rather than aggravated the Folly.

*Wild.* Sir, I neither know you, nor who you mean—nor do  
I use to be question'd.

*Anna.* Nor I to make preamble, Sir, but in this Case. Know  
you Mrs. *Annabella Richmore,* the Widow *Purelight's* Neice.

*Wild.* I have seen her. [*Carelessly.*] By Heaven 'tis she her self!  
If I don't fit her before I have done, it shall go hard. [*Aside.*]

*Anna.* Is she not Fair?

*Wild.* 'Tis granted.

*Anna.* I am in Love with her to Distraction, and am come to  
call you to a strict Account for your Indiscretion.

*Wild.* Sir, this Quarrel will soon be made an end of—  
for I am not in love with her, and will give you all my Inter-  
est.

*Anna.* So I'm like to succeed [*Aside.*] But what amends for  
the past Idle Words, so cheaply thrown abroad to blast that  
Springing Flower, which I wou'd crop and wear for ever in my  
Bosom next my Heart?

*Wild.* Reap you the fancy'd Pleasure then—but for igno-  
noble

noble Thoughts, or lavish Words of that fair Lady you make mention of, I stand excus'd. No Pardon can I ask, except I had offended, or if I had, my conscious Honour wou'd Reflection make, and bid me do what Fear cou'd ne'er exact. Be satisfied with this, and tempt no farther Danger.

[Laying his Hand to his Sword.

Anna. Well, I am sure I cou'd beat him at another Weapon. [Aside.] There can be no Danger when arm'd with her Commands. I cannot live without her, and if I die, she's sure to die that Minute.

Wild. So that ye are only fit for one another——if this be all, your Servant.

Anna. I'm afraid this won't do. [Aside.] Well, Sir, I find the shortest way's the best, few Words and a well pointed Sword. I am satisfied the Lady must be in the right, for what I have said came from her own Mouth——therefore draw.

Wild. Draw! Why sure you're in jest, ye little Smock-Fac'd Rogue.

Anna. In jest?——I am sure, Sir, you won't find me so.

Wild. No! I thought you had.——Well, then have at you. [Draws.

Anna. What shall I do now?——I have carry'd the jest too far.

Wild. Come let us shake Hands, and cut Throats civilly, [He shakes Hands with Annabella, takes her round the Neck and kisses.] and like Gentlemen, faith I'll kiss you, ye pretty Knave,——you kiss more like a Woman than a Man.

Anna. In my Conscience so I do.——What's the meaning of this?

Wild. I will kiss thee again, prithee let's defer this quarrel——nay kiss thee I must and will, never struggle.

[Kisses her and shakes her Perrewig off.

Anna. So now I'm discover'd.

Wild. Ha! a Woman! and a lovely Woman.——Nay now I can't forbear. [Kisses again.

Anna. Hold, hold, Sir, be not rude.

Wild. No, but I'll be very Civil, and that's the same thing. She kisses sweeter than Nature just refresh'd by Heaven, when opening

opening Buds lavish their grateful Odours. [*Aside.*] What the Devil am I doing?—Methinks I cou'd wish——pox on't I shall be in love presently. [*Aside.*]

*Anna.* I have made a very pretty business of this. I had better have taken my Cousen *Lucia's* advice. [*Aside.*] Now am I asham'd of this Miscarriage; and what's worse, must lie at his Mercy. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I suppose you know me?

*Wild.* Not I, Madam, but you kifs so prettily——pray let me have one more. [*Offers to kifs.*]

*Anna.* Hold——to kifs a Woman when she is out of humour is as provoking as to laugh at a Funeral.

*Wild.* Why then I'll kifs you till you are in humour again.

*Anna.* Ye all promise largely——but do like most Poets now a Days, flag and grow very insipid in the last Act——you seem strange as if you did not know,——but I know you do——and as a Man of Honour let this Folly sleep,——your Servant. [*Offers to go.*]

*Wild.* Let me view you again——Madam *Annabella!* upon my Soul, Madam, I ask your Pardon ten thousand times, sure I can't be mistaken.——*Gainlove*, your Opinion here.

*Anna.* Why sure, Sir, you won't expose me.

*Enter Gainlove.*

*Wild.* No, no, Child, let me alone. *Gainlove*, did you never see this Face before?

*Gain.* I have seen one much like it.

*Wild.* Why 'tis Madam *Annabella Richmore*, come on purpose to take a Bottle with you and I incog. and shan't we gratifie her?

*Gain.* By all means.

*Anna.* The Fellow makes me mad. Hark ye, Sir, in your Ear, with this red Coat I will strait for *Flanders*, and be familiar with all the Collonels of the Army, but I will have your Throat cut.

[*Aside.*  
*Wild.*]

*Wild.* Never fear that, my bed will hold two very well. Every look, she gives strikes to my Heart. I cannot help it, I must love her. [*Aside.*

*Gain.* What means that pause. ——— In my Conscience he's caught. [*Aside.*

*Anna.* Well, Sir, I have had a better Opinion of you than you have deserved, and from this time by all that's good I'll never see ———

*Wild.* Hold, hold, no protestations ——— I find I must have her, let what will be the Consequence ——— dear witty, pretty, charming Creature! [*Aside.*] Well cou'd I think I had the least Favour in your Affection, or that this was meant as a Respect to me, from this Hour I'll date my self your Servant, nor all the World shou'd separate us. Follys I have promiscuously shewn, Vices alternately have sway'd me, but till now, never till now was I e'er warm'd by virtuous Constancy, or felt the sacred fire of real Love.

*Anna.* Ay, now the Man talks reason. [*Aside.*

*Wild.* *Gainlove* be Witness what I say; this Moment I wish to make you mine.

*Anna.* And are you really so mad of a sudden, to put it into my Power to be reveng'd of you?

*Wild.* I'll leave my Fate to you.

*Anna.* Then here's my Hand, I will be yours and only yours. I must confess I love, and shall only want Power, but not the Will to oblige you ever. But d'ye hear, my Friend, if ever I catch you straggling in other Peoples Inclosures, I shall tedder you down to your own lawful Pasture. I must have no more visiting of Mrs. *Haughty*, that I may have no more Occasion to write Letters, to create Jealousie.

*Wild.* Did you write 'em? 'Twas very kindly done of you, but you shall have no reason to mistrust me. I was an Infidel, till you converted me.

*Gain.* Stay, who have we here? More Witnesses to the Contract? Even Sir *Feeble* and the good Woman, the Wager's lost. She comes as unwillingly to a Tavern as she wou'd to Church.

Enter Sir Feeble, Widow, Lucia and Apish.

Sir *Feeb.* Nay, nay, never hang an Arse, Spouse. I tell thee there is no harm in this, and I'll prove it *Decimo quarto Henrico Octavi.*

*Wild.* Why utterest thou the Language of the Unclean? Oh! the Evil of the good Days that I have seen are gone and past, surely thou hast broken thy promise——hum.——

Sir *Feeb.* I tell thee I have not.——Well, how d'ye do my merry Lads? fill me a Glass,——what's the Wine out? I will knock down Sedition with a fresh Bottle and a half pint Glass, and defie the French King in a Bumper of his own Revenue. Zooks I wou'd I had him here to pledge me. [Drinks.]

*Wild.* Sir *Feeble*, welcome; you, Madam, are welcome too; but where's your fair Neice?

*Wid.* Truly I know not.

*Anna.* Fear not, Madam, to my Knowledge she is well.

*Wid.* Dost thou know her then?

*Anna.* Why she and I are all one, nor (tho' in your House) have I lain without her these three Months.

[Aside to the Widow.]

*Wid.* Oh the filthy Jezabel! [Aside.] Who wou'd have thought it?

*Lucia.* So, so, I long to know what she has done. [Aside.]

*Ap.* How! the little Devil that frightn'd me so just now?

Sir *Feeb.* Od a pretty Fellow that——whom is it *Gainlove*?

*Gain.* You'll soon know.

*Anna.* to Apish.] As for you, Sir, you have renounc'd your Love, and I have resign'd all my Title and Interest to this Gentleman.

[To Apish.] You know your Hand Sir? [Shews a Paper.]

*Ap.* 'S death! I shall be laugh'd at, but let them laugh that win. I have lost nothing but a little Reputation, and what's that to a Gentleman of my Estate? Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* How! *Apish* decline his Love rather than fight?

*Ap.* Yes for a very substantial Reason, because I have vow'd

to keep my Estate from my younger Brother as long as ever I can.

Sir *Feeb.* A very substantial Reason, I promise you.

*Anna.* Now, Madam, your Approbation is only wanting to make this Gentleman happy, which gain'd, I will produce your Neice immediately.

Sir *Feeb.* Give it, give it I say, my Pearl of *India*, that we may have no intruding Thoughts of Discontent to mingle with our Joys. Methinks I long to be in Bed, I have Matters to unfold in mistick Sence, my brightest Ruby, and Arguments to confute thee in dumb speaking Eloquence.

—Come thou shalt consent, I swear by all—

*Wid.* Oh hold, I pray thee,—truly if thy Friend is willing to heal her Backslidings, I shall approve.

*Anna.* Then thus I clear her Honour.

[Pulls of her Wigs]

*Omnes.* How! a Woman!

*Wid.* Verily I am exceeding glad.

*Anna.* Once more your Neice. — I have dispos'd of my self, and all I have to this Gentleman, — now judge you, Sir, if you are worthy of a Woman, when you are afraid to draw your Weapon, tho' a meer Woman challenges.

*Ap.* Death! what a Blockhead was I? [Laughs] Ha, ha, ha, as if I did not know that all this while.

*Anna.* No I am very well satisfy'd you did not.

*Ap.* Why if I did not, may I never wear Hat under Arm more. — Knew you as well as if I had been under your Petticoats, and was willing to humour your frolick in Favour to my self; for thought I, if this Lady is — your Pardon, Madam, — is so dextrous at wearing the Breeches before Marriage, I don't doubt but she'll have a great respect to every thing in 'em ever after.

[ha, ha.

*Wild.* Forbear, Fool — or I shall spoil your Mirth.

*Ap.* Why truly, *Wilding*, I am so much a Philosopher to bear the loss with a great deal of ease; ha, ha, ha. Now

when I am taking the serene Air of Liberty, you may divert your self with the Spleen or your Wife, which is only the Spirit of Spleen rectify'd. Ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* Want of Merit makes Fools blind to it in others.

*Anna.* Pray what Remedy wou'd you prescribe?

*Ap.* None, there is none, but he may grin ——— and have a great deal of Patience, that's the best I know. Prithee excuse me, *Wilding*, you gave me advice ——— pray take it back again. 'Tis all in rallerie. Ha, ha, ha.

*Wild.* Well, well, I'll take it so for once.

*Gain.* *to Lucia.*] I beseech you, Madam, follow your Cozens Example, and give me your Consent, while I have so many Friends to engage your Mother's.

*Lucia.* What because my Cozen has plaid the Fool, you wou'd persuade me to bear her Company.

*Gain.* Do not play the Tyrant with a Heart you may command with Gentleness, sweet *Lucia*.

*Anna.* You may be sure she won't, lest you shou'd hurt hers, for you have had it ever since yesterday tho' you did not know it.

*Lucia.* Eie, Cozen, you make me blush to hear you say so.

*Anna.* Sir *Feeble*, you must say the Word and the Business will be done.

*Sir Feeb.* Spouse, you must say *Amen* once more. This is the Gentleman I told you of, a modest Man, a Man of great Parts and worthy to execute a fair Lady's Commands to her own Satisfaction; he loves your Daughter, and she likes him; and the next News you'll hear ———

*Ap.* They'll be as indifferent [*Aside.*] ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Feeb.* A chopping Boy shall laugh at thy Puritanical Pinner, and pull precision from thy Downy Chin.

*Wild.* Here, take her, Friend.

*Sir Feeb.* Well said, my Queen of *Sheba*.

*Gain.* Upon my Knees let me receive the Bounty, greater I cannot ask nor you bestow than my *Lucia's* Love; ten thousand Blessings on your Goodness too [*To Lucia.*] And

when

when I cease to love you next to Heaven, may Heaven forget me.

*Lucia.* Then I am happy.

*Sir Feeb.* So now give me another Bumper. — Nay — thou, my radiant Princess of Delight, shalt pledge me too.

*Wid.* I will not defile my earthly Tabernacle, thou art turning thy Day into Night, as in the darkness of Apostacy, as the zealous Brethren say.

*Sir Feeb.* In this they are right,  
We turn Day into Night.  
But they lye if they say,  
That we wou'd e'er wish to turn Night into Day.  
Fill her a Glas. — Nay fuller, — and she shall drink it,  
tho the Pope had dipt his great Toe in it. — Nay take it  
or by the greatness of —

*Wid.* Swear not at all — I will take it. But let the  
evil Spirit that forceth it upon me — bear the blame.  
[Drinks.] Truly it is not so bad as I thought. — It warm-  
eth the Stomach. [Licking her Lips.]

*Sir Feeb.* Well done, my white leg'd Chicken. — What,  
more Company! — the more the merrier I say.

*Enter Fondle with Haughty veil'd.*

*Fond.* Dear Widow and Aunt, I have follow'd your Direc-  
tions to a Tittle, I am just now marry'd to your Neice —  
'twas the prettiest frolick. — I can't get her to unveil  
yet. [Laughing.]

*Wid.* He hath tasted largely of the Creature — Friend  
*Fondle,* thou hadst better lay thy Head down to sleep —  
here is my Neice.

*Fond.* Humph. — My Heart misgives me plaguily.  
I fear I have done amiss.

*Han.* Not in marrying her you love, I hope. [Unveils.]

*Wild.* Haughty!

[Annabilla goes and pulls Wilding by the Sleeve to her side.]

*Fond.* The Devil!——I'll hang my self at full Change, in terror to all Merchant Adventurers; [*In rage.*] or drown my self in my own briny Tears. [*Crying.*] Bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire. [*Sings.*] *This is the State of Man.*

*Han.* Pray hear me, Mr. *Fondle.*

*Fond.* I will never hear again, never Eat, Drink, or Sleep: [*in rage.*] I will out Curse a broken Collonel, out lye a City Stock-jobber, and openly profess no more Honour or Honesty than a Nobleman's Steward——or a Country Attorney.

*Han.* Hear me but make one sacred solemn Vow to Heaven and you, then do your pleasure.

*Fond.* Well, come, I will——if it shou'd be to make away with your self, I'll endeavour to bear it with a Christian patience.

*Han.* Hear me, sweet Heaven, and punish or reward me  
As I do violate or keep my wish;  
If ever I transgress the Rules of Modesty,  
Or entertain the Thoughts of lawless Love,  
That raging Flame of Inconsiderate Lust  
That sullies Virtue as the Smoak the Light;  
May all the Vengeance of offended Heaven,  
And all the Sorrow that Affliction bears  
Pursue me here, and kill my Peace hereafter.

*Fond.* Ah wou'd I cou'd believe you. [*Crying.*]

*Sir Feeb.* We'll all engage for her, zooks, I believe she's a very good Woman.

*Fond.* Why, as I hope to be fav'd I never was so mistaken in all my Life.——I verily thought this had been your Hand. [*To Widow.*]

*Han.* Your Pardon, Madam, for the Counterfeit, 'twas I that writ it, knowing some years past a Marriage was propos'd 'twixt him and your fair Neice.

*Fond.* Well, the Devil take me if ever I'm married in the Dark again.

*Han.*

*Hau.* Forgive what's past and I'll offend no more. My Life to come I'll spend in true Contrition, and study to oblige with dutious Love.

*Fond.* Well, I will be contented——since there's no remedy.——Come give me your Hand and stick to what you say, and all shall be forgotten.

*Wild.* Sir, if the least Suspicion yet remains that I have injur'd you, lay it aside, for on my Word I have done you no dishonour, whatever was intended.

*Anna.* Tho' I know the Rogue lyes, I can't blame the Excuse. [*Aside.*

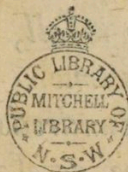
*Fond.* Sir your humble Servant, and I thank you for the intended Favour, but shall endeavour to keep her as far from you as I can.

*Wild. to Hau. Aside.]* What you have done obliges me——but from this time we must be ever Strangers.

*Hau* Heaven knows for ever.

*Sir Feeb.* Come *Gent.* before Supper, be pleas'd to take part of an Entertainment I have prepar'd.

SONG and DANCE.



## SONG,

Set and sung by Mr. Leveredge.

I.

**Y**OU laugh to see me fond appear,  
 Of one not worth the Part,  
 A Wretch by Nature unsincere  
 And amorous by Art :  
 Wrong not a well mean't honest Flame,  
 To Lais undesign'd :  
 'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am  
 So ardent and so kind.

2.

Where's now the mighty diff'rence shewn  
 In what we diff'rent do,  
 One feigns alike to all, and one  
 To all alike is true :  
 As both have Hundreds done before,  
 Each other we caress,  
 Impartial she, no Man love's more,  
 Nor I no Woman less.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

*Draw.* Supper's on the Table Gentlemen.

*Wild.* Lead on, Sir *Feeble*.

*Sir Feeb.* With all my Heart.——Come, my shining Lamp of Refulgency, if thou can'st have patience but a little longer, I'll make you full payment in the current Coin of pure Affection.

*Wid.* Away, away.

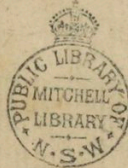
[*Smiling.*

*Wild. to Anna.*] To you I owe this happy ease of Mind,  
Beauty and Virtue have at last prevail'd,  
Like bounteous Heaven, that dispences Blessings  
To the Unworthy that ne'r think to ask.

As sickly Vapours rising from the Earth  
Are strait exhal'd by the Sun's early Birth,  
So loose Desires vanish quite away,  
When Virtue's brighter Sun puts forth a Ray.

[*Exeunt.*

H.  
a.



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FINIS.











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Vice reclaim'd, or, The  
passionate mistress : a  
comedy ; as it is acted at  
the Theatre-Royal by Her  
Majesty's servants

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