THE
Man of Mode,
OR,
S" Fopling Flutter.
A
COMEDY
Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

By Sir George Etherege.

LICENSED,
June 3, 1676.
Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Macock, for Henry Herringman, and are to
be sold by Jos. Knight, and Fr. Saunders, at the Sign
of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New-Exchange, 1684.
The Man of Mode

or

St. Evander's Fortune

A Comedy

AXSON
PR
3432
R.67
1684
TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
DUCHESS E.

Madam,

Oets, however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The World when it sees this Play Dedicated to Your Royal Highness, will conclude, I have more than my share of that Vanity. But, I hope, the honour I have of belonging to You, will excuse my presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, Madam, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the success it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are so ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be severe to what you are pleas'd to favour.

This universal submission and respect is due to the greatness of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illustrious Qualities, which are much more ingaging. Those wou'd but dazle, did not A 2 these
these really charm the Eyes and Understandings of all who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors on these occasions are never wanting to publish a particular of their Patrons Virtues and perfections; but Your Royal Highness's are so eminently known, that if I follow their Examples, I shou'd but paint those wonders here, of which every one already has the Idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Prose, which is so glorious a subject for Verse; in which hereafter if I show more zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much, since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

and most faithful Servant,

George Etherege.
PROLOGUE.

By Sir Car Scroope Baronet.

Like Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, therest in danger are;
This (one you'd think) should make our Authors wary,
But Gamester like the Giddy Fools miscarry.
A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave of Play till they're undone.
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with praise, by her good Will,
The Wanton Fool would never more lie still.
'Tis an old Mrs. you'll meet here to night,
Whose charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known yee,
A Mufe o'th' better sort's abham'd to own yee.
Nature well drawn and Wit must now give place
To gawdy Nonfence and to dulle Grimace;
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid that while to France we go,
To bring you home Fine Dresses, Dance and Show:
The Stage like you will but more Foppish grow.
Of foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the Scum,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thankt 'tis not so wise an Age,
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great Fear the soil
Should Barren grow by the too frequent toil;
While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of Dung-bill to manure the ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by Difeases live.
And as each year some new distemper Reigns,
Whose friendly poison helps it increase their gains:
So among you, there starts up every day,
Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why shou'd you; when we hold it; break the Glass?

Dramatis
Mr. Dormant, Mr. Medley,
Old Bellair,
Young Bellair,
Sir Fopling Flutter,
Lady Townley,
Emilia,
Mrs. Loveit,
Bellinda,
Lady Woodvil; and Harriet her Daughter,
Pert,
and Waiting Women.
Busy,
A Shoomaker.
An Orange-woman.
Three Slovenly Bullies.
Two Chair-men.
Mr. Smirk, a Parson.
Handy, a Valet de Chambre.
Pages, Footmen, &c.
THE MAN of MODE, OR, S'R Fopling Flutter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dressing Room; a Table Covered with a Toilet; Cloaths laid ready.

Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in his hand, made up, repeating Verses.

Dor. NOw for some Ages had the Pride of Spain, Made the Sunshine on half the World in vain. Then looking on the Notes.

For Mrs. Loveit.

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet doux written in Cold blood, after the heat of the busines is over? It is a Tax upon good nature which I have Here been labouring to pay, and have done it; But with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid: The Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill Have the same Fate I know that all my notes To her have had of late, 'Twill not be thought Kind enough. Faith women are i'the right When they jealously examine our Letters, for in them We always first discover our decay of passion. ——- Hay! ——- Who waits? ———

Handy. Sir. ———

Enter Handy.
Dor. Call a Footman.
Handy. None of 'em are come yet.
Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a Bed till Noon.
Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge 'em to.
Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty,
The next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an example.
What Vermin are those Chattering without?
Handy. Foggy Nan the Orange Woman,
And swearing Tom the Shoemaker.
Dor. Go; Call in that over-grown Jade with the Flasket of
Guts before her, fruit is refreshing in a Morning.

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay.

Enter Or. Wom.

How now double Tripe, what news do you bring?
Or. Wom. News! Here's the best fruit has come to Town
T'year, Gad I was up before Four a Clock this
Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.
Dor. The nasty refuse of your Shop.
Or. Wom. You need not make mouths at it, I assure you
'Tis all cull'd ware.
Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their
Walk to Totnam.
Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one, I never knew you
Commend any thing, Lord wou'd the Ladies had
Heard you talk of 'em as I have done: here
Bid your Man give me an Angel.
Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.
Or. Wom. Well, on my Conscience, there never was the
Like of you. God's my life, I had almost forgot
To tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman
Lately come to Town with her Mother, that is
So taken with you.
Dor. Is she handsome?
Or. Wom. Nay, Gad there are few finer Women I tell you
-But so, and a hugeous fortune they say. Here,
Eat this Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis
Better than any N ewington y'have tasted.
Dor. This fine Woman I'll lay my life
Is some awkward ill fashion'd Countrey Toad, who
Not having above Four Dozen of Black hairs
On her head, has adorn'd her baldness with
A large white Fruz, that she may look sparkishly

In
In the Fore Front of the King's Box, at an old Play.

*Or. Wom.* Gad, you'd change your note quickly if you Did but see her.

*Dor.* How came she to know me?

*Or. Wom.* She saw you yesterday at the Change, she told Me, you came and fool'd with the Woman At the next Shop.

*Dor.* I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did the say?

*Or. Wom.* Ay, I vow she told me Twenty things you said Too, and acted with head and with her Body So like you——

*Enter Medley.*

*Medley.* *Dorimant* my Life, my Joy, my darling Sin; how Doft thou.

*Or. Wom.* Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of Killing one another!

*Med.* Why do you suffer this Cart-load of scandal to Come near you, and make your Neighbours Think you so improvident to need a Bawd?

*Or. Wom.* Good now, we shall have it, you did but want Him to help you; come, pay me for my Fruit.

*Med.* Make us thankful for it Hufwife, Bawds are As much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; None but old Formal Ladies use the one, and None but Foppish old Stagers employ the other: Go, you are an insignificant Brandy Bottle.

*Dor.* Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary Is her business.

*Or. Wom.* What you please Gentlemen.

*Dor.* To him, give him as good as he brings.

*Or. Wom.* Hang him, there's not such another Heathen In the Town again, except it be the Shoomaker without.

*Med.* I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar Next Sessions for Murder, Hufwife; that Shoomaker can take his Oath you are in Fee With the Doctors to fell green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may breed Diseases.

*Or. Wom.* Pray give me my Money.

*Dor.* Not a penny, when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

*Or. Wom.* The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may be

B

As
As honest as your Sisters for ought as I know.
Pray pay me, Mr. Dorimant, and do not
Abuse me so, I have an honester way of living,
You know it.

Med. Was there ever such a raffy Bawd?
Dor. Some Jades tricks she has, but she makes amends
When she's in good-humour: Come, tell me the
Ladies' name, and Handy shall pay you.
Or. Wom. I must not, the forbid me.
Dor. That's a sure sign she wouldn't have you.
Med. Where does she live?
Or. Wom. They lodge at my House.
Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.
Or. Wom. Good Mr. Medley, say your pleasure of me, but
Take heed how you affront my House,
God's my life, in a hopeful way!
Dor. Prithee, peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?
Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman, Lord how
She talks against the wild young men o'the
Town; as for your part she thinks you an
Arrant Devil, she'd see you, on my Conscience
She wouldn't look if you had not a Cloven foot.
Dor. Does she know me?
Or. Wom. Only by hear sfay, a Thousand horrid Stories.
Have been told her of you, and she
Believes 'em all.
Med. By the Character, this should be the Famous
Lady Woodvil, and her Daughter Harriet.
Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing I think.
Dor. Do you know 'em?
Med. Both very well, the Mother's a great admirer of the
Forms and Civilities of the last Age.
Dor. An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to
Be out of humour at the freedoms of the present:
This is a good account of the Mother, Pray
What is the Daughter?
Med. Why, first she's an Heiress vastly rich.
Dor. And handsome?
Med. What an alteration a Twelve-month may have
Bred in her I know not, but a year ago
She was the beautifullest Creature I ever saw;
A fine, easie, clean shape, light brown
Hair in abundance; her Features regular, her
Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes.
But above all, a mouth that has made
Me kiss it a thousand times in imagination,
Teeth white and even, and pretty pouting
Lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them,
That look like the Province Rose
Fresh on the Bush, 'ere the Morning Sun has quite
Drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or, Wom. Nay, Gad he tells you true,
She's a delicate Creature.

Dor. Has she the Wit?

Med. More than is usual in her Sex, and as much malice.
Then she's as wild as you'd wish her,
And has a demureness in her looks that makes
It so surprising.

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot hear this
And not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her
Up to Town, an old doating Keeper cannot
Be more jealous of his Missress.

Or, Wom. She made me laugh yesterday, there was
A Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man
She told me did so stare upon her, and when he
Saluted her, smack'd so heartily; who would think
It of 'em?

Med. God a mercy Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe
Have not been wanting by their good Examples
To countenance the crying sin o'the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than
You imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoemaker, Handy.

Or, Wom. Good, Mr. Dorimant pay me, Gad I had
Rather give you my fruit than stay to be
Abus'd by that foul-mouth'd Rogue;
What you Gentlemen say it matters not;
Much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her Ten shillings, and be sure you tell
The young Gentlewoman I must be
Acquainted with her.

Or, Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty
Creature. Well, Heavens mend you

Med. Farewel Bogg. [Exit Or, Woman and Handy.

Dorimant, when did you see your
Mrs. Loveit?

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ado we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder, how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew fo violent a Creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the most extravagant in her Jealousie of Any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dor. No, but if you'll take the pains, you may.

Medley reads.

Med. I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two days. From seeing you, I intend to wait upon you in the afternoon, and in the pleasure of your conversation. Forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence. This business of yours Dorimant has been with a Vizard at the Play-house, I have had an Eye on you. If some malicious body should betray you, this kind note would hardly make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, would her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good understanding with a new Mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one, but the Devil's in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a woman so much as break her Fan, to be fullen, or forswear her self. These three days.

Med. A very great Misfortune, let me see, I love mischief well enough; to forward this business my self I'll about it presently, and though I know the truth of what you've done, will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a little with invention, leave her in a fit of the Mother, and be here again before you're ready.
Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the Labour,
The business is undertaken already by
One who will manage it with as much address, and
I think with a little more Malice than you can.

Med. Who is the Devil's name can this be!

Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you saw
Me with.

Med. Does he love mischief so well, as to betray
Her self to spight another?

Dor. Not so, neither, Medley, I will make you comprehend
The mystery; this Malque for a farther
Confirmation of what I have been these two days
Swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Play-house
Make her a promise before her face, utterly to break off
With Loveit; and because she tenders my reputation,
And would not have me do a barbarous thing, has
Contriv'd a way to give me a handsome occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends about an hour before me, this
Afternoon, to make Loveit a visit, and (having
The privilege by reason of a professed Friendship
Between 'em to talk of her concerns)

Med. Is she a Friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend!


Dor. She means intemibly to intreat me a
Discourse of me, and artificially raise her Jealousie
To such a height, that transported with the
First motions of her passion she shall fly
Upon me with all the Fury imaginable.
As soon as ever I enter, the Quarrel being
Thus happily begun, I am to play my part,
Confess and justify all my Roguery,
Swear her impertinence and ill humour makes
Her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop
That comes into my head, and in a huff
March away, flight her and leave her
To be taken by whosoever thinks it worth
His time to lie down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a spark, and has a Genius that
Makes her worthy of your self, Dorimant.

Enter Handy, Shoomaker, and Footman.

Dor. You Rogue there, who sneak like a Dog that
Has flung down a Dish, if you do not mend
Your waiting, I'le uncage you, and turn you
Loose to the Wheel of Fortune. Handy,
Seal this, and let him run with it presently.

[Exit Handy and Footman.

Med. Since ye'are resolv'd on a Quarrel, why do
You send her this kind note?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business.

How now you drunken Sot? [To the Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have
Not had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly
This Fortnight.

Med. The Orange Woman says, your Neighbours take
Notice what a Heathen you are, and
Design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd
For an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, Dung-hill, if her Husband does
Not remove her, he stinks so, the Parish
Intend to indite him for a Nuisance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your
Life, you have brought the envy of the World
Upon you, by living above your self.
Whoring and Swearing are Vices too gentle
For a Shoomaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow
As unreasonable as the Women; you would
Ingross the sins o'the Nation; poor Folks
Can no sooner be wicked, but th'are rail'd
At by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the Pillory
For this Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure, there
Are so many of 'em, that our Journey-men now adays
Instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing
But your damn'd Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue?

Shoom. Nay, Good Master, why shou'd not you
Write your own Commentaries as well as Caesar?

Med. The Rascal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, Ale and History.

Dor. Draw on my Shoos, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shooe.

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are
In an Angry Bullies Forehead.
"Zbud, as smooth as your Mistresses skin
Does upon her, so, strike your foot in home.
"Zbud, if e're a Monsieur of 'em all
Make more fashionable Ware, I'll be content
To have my Ears whip'd off with my own
Paring Knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a Ragout, instead of
Coxcombs to a Company of French Shoomakers
For a Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em Catterpillars, let 'em
Feed upon Cabbage; Come Master, your health
This Morning next my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family better;
Do not let your Wife follow you to the
Ale house, beat your Whore, and lead you.
Home in Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'th' Town lives more like
A Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do.
I never mind her motions, she never inquires
Into mine, we speak one to another Civilly,
Hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar
To lie and soak together, we have each of us
Our several Seettle bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'the Eye of the World for my
Masters honour, Robin.

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an
Ale house from a Hovel.

Exit Shoomaker.

Enter Bellair.

Med. Where shall we dine to day?

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good

Third man.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you answer this
Visit to your honorable Mistress? 'tis not
Her interest you shou'd keep Company
With men of fence, who will be talking reason.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but
Grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miserable by the
Want of your good Company; to shew you
I am free from all resentment, may the.
Beautiful cause of our misfortune,
Give you all the joys happy Lovers
Have fair’d ever since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe
Me on my Journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong Faith, and that may contribute
Much toward your Salvation. I confess I am
But of an outward Constitution, apt to have
Doubts and Scruples, and in Love they are no less
Distracting than in Religion: were I so near
Marriage, I should cry out by fits as I ride
In my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no less fury than
The mad Fanatick does glory in Bethlehem.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad,
Must I live an Atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a man
Of Credit, who may have money enough on
His Word, to go and deal with Jews; who for
Little sums make men enter into Bonds,
And give Judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am
Determined, and there is no hope of my Conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary idling; a Wasp
That’s buzzing about a Man’s Nose at
Dinner is not more troublesome than thou art.

Hand. You love to have your Cloaths hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress’d, Sir; and think it
No scandal to my understanding.

Hand. Will you use the Essence or Orange-Flower Water?

Dor. I will smell as I do to day, no offence

To the Ladies Noses.

Hand. Your pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a man’s excellency should lie in
Neatly tying of a Ribbond, or a Crevat! how
Careful’s nature in furnishing the World
With necessary Coxcombs!

Bell. That’s a mighty pretty Suit of yours, Dorimant.

Dor. I am glad ’t has your approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better fancy in
His Cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick I hear in these matters
Lately arriv’d piping hot from Paris.

Bell.
Bell. Sir Fopling Flutter you mean.
Med. The same.
Bell. He thinks himself the Pattern of modern Gallantry.
Dor. He is indeed the Pattern of modern Foppery.
Med. He was Yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves Up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly Curl'd Then a Ladies head newly dress'd for a Ball.
Bell. What a pretty lip he has!
Dor. Ho, that he affects in imitation of the people of Quality of France.
Med. His head stands, for the most part, on one side, And his looks are more languishing than A Ladies, when she loll's at stretch in her Coach, or leans her head carelessly against the Side of a Box i'the Playhouse.
Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquired Follies.
Med. He is like many others, beholding to his Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; many a Fool had been lost To the World, had their indulgent Parents Wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor Good breeding on 'em.
Bell. He has been, as the sparkish word is, Brisk Upon the Ladies already, he was yesterdays At my Aunt Towleys, and gave Mrs. Loveit a Catalogue of his good Qualities, Under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman, Who according to Sir Fopling, ought to drefs well, Dance well, Fence well, have a genius for Love Letters, An agreeable voice for a Chamber, Be very Amorous, something discreet, But not over Constant.
Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplisht Person.
Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon Loveit.
Bell. How so?
Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this Is as pat as may be.
Bell. I am confident she loves No man but you.
Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, But that I am in my nature modest.
Bell. Hark you Dorimant, with your leave Mr. Medley, 'Tis
"'Tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding Sir, gives you too much trouble, You might have whisper'd without all this Ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with Bellinda of late?  [To Dorimant,

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.  

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but She's ne're the worse for your purpose; she was With you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak To one another more.

Bell. The Occasion?  

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young Women apprehend loving, as much As the young Men do fighting at first; But once enter'd, like them too they all Turn Bulles straignt.  

Enter Handy to Bellair.

Handy. Sir, Your man without desires to speak with you.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately.  

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.  

Dor. He's handfome, well-bred, and by much the most Tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.  

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and Seldom impertinent; you and he are grown Very intimate I see.  

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it Makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass upon some for A man of very good sense, and I upon others for a Very civil person.  

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing that he would fain have known, But I did not think it fit to tell him; It might have frighted him from his honourable Intentions of Marrying.  

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the best reputation Of any young Woman about the Town; who Has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her Carriage Is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all cenorious, Nor pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.  

Dor. She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can Corrupt her but a Husband.
Med. A Husband?

Dor. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women make
A difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who
Have afterwards made none of making a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration I am apt to think
Has made you confirm poor Bellair in the
Desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in
The state she was in, has made me by my
Advice, contribute something towards the
Changing of her condition.

Dear Bellair, by Heavens
I thought we had lost thee; men in love
Are never to be reckon’d on when we would
Form a Company.

Bell. Dorimant, I am undone, my man has brought
The most surprizing news i’the World.

Med. Some strange misfortune is befaln your love.

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and
Lodges i’the very House where Emilia lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without
Some officious Sot has betray’d me.

Dor. Your Aunt Townley is your Confident, and favours
The business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her.
I have received a letter, in which I am commanded
By my Father to meet him at my Aunts this Afternoon;
He tells me farther, he has made a match for me, and bids
Me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to
Be disinherited.

Med. Now’s your time, Bellair, never had Lover such
An opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how I pray?

Med. Why, hang an Estate, marry Emilia out of hand,
And provoke your Father to do what he threatens;
’Tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self
To a pair of Goloshoes, being out of countenance
When you meet your Friends, pointed at and pitied
Where-ever you go, by all the Amorous Fops
That know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou’d find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint
The well-natur’d Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell.
bell. the storm I have so long expected, hangs
O're my head, and begins to pour down upon me;
I am on the Rack, and can have no rest till I'm
Satisfied in what I fear; where do you dine?

Dor. At Longs, or Lockets.

Med. At Longs let it be.

Bell. I'll run and see Emilia, and inform my self
How matters stand; if my misfortunes are not
So great as to make me unfit for Company,
I'll be with you. [Exit Bellair.

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir.

Dor. The Superscription's right; For Mr. Dorimant.

Med. Let's see the very scrawl and spelling of a
True-bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand, the style is admirable I assure you.

Med. Prethee read it.

Dor. Reads.

I told a you you did not love me, if you did,
You would have seen me again before now; I
Have no money and am very malicously
Pray send me a Guynie to see the Operies.

Your Servant to Command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable
Answer, that she may spark it in a Box,
And do honour to her profession.

Dor. She shall; and perk up i'the face of Quality.

Is the Coach at the Door?

Hand. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy offers to go out.

Hay Sot.——

Hand. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Hand. I have sense, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a Fly in Winter:

How did you come, Medley? —

Med.
Med. In a Chair.
Footm. You may have a Hackney Coach if you please, Sir.
Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir;
Call another Chair, and let my Coach follow to Longs.
Be calm ye great Parents, &c.

[Ex. Singing.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady Townly, and Emilia.

Lady Townly. I was afraid, Emilia, all had been discover'd.
Emil. I tremble with the apprehension still.
Town. That my Brother should take Lodgings in the Very House where you lie.
Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the People to be secret, he seems to be a mighty good Humour'd old man.
Town. He ever had a notable finerking way with him.
Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me;
And does so bepat me.
Town. On my word you are much in his favour then.
Emil. He has been very inquisitive I am told about my Family, my Reputation, and my Fortune.
Town. I am confident he does not the least suspect You are the Woman his Son's in Love with.
Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself so particularly of me?
Town. He was always of a very loving Temper himself;
It may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.
Emil. It cannot be.

[Enter Young Bellair.
Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did You leave your Father?
T. Bell. Writing a Note within; Emilia, this early visit Looks as if some kind Jealousie wou'd not let you Rest at home.
Emil. The knowledge I have of my Rival, Gives me a little cause to fear your Constancy.
T. Bell. My Constancy! I vow —
Emil. Do not vow — Our love is frail as is our life, and Full as little in our power, and are you sure you shall Out-live this day?

T. Bell.
I. Bell. I am not, but when we are in perfect health, 'twere
An idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of
Sudden death.

Town. Pray what has past between you and your Father
I the Garden?

T. Bell. He's firm in his resolution,
Tells me I must marry Mrs. Harriet,
Or swears he'll marry himself.
And disfurnit me. When I saw I could not
Preuail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled
An Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his passion,
And will give us time, and I hope opportunity to
Deceive him. [Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his hand.

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. Harry, take this, and let your man carry it for me
To Mr. Fovrbes Chamber, my Lawyer in the Temple.
Neighbour, a Dodo I am glad to see thee here, [To Emilia.
Make much of her Sister, she's one
Of the best of your acquaintane; I like her
Countenance and her Behaviour well, she has
A Modesty that is not common in this Age, a Dodo,
She has.

Town. I know her value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her
Face, a Dodo she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

Old Bell. Nay, a Dodo, I like her ne're the worse,
A Melancholy Beauty has her Charms,
I love a pretty sadness in a Face, which varies
Now and then, like changeable Colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, Brother.

Old Bell. I am but Five and Fifty, Sister, you know, an
Age not altogether unsensible! cheer up sweet [To Emilia.
Heart; I have a secret to tell thee, may
Chance to make thee merry, we three will make
Collation together anon, i the mean time
Mum, I can't abide you, go, I can't
Abide you.—— Harry, Come, you [Enter Young Bellair.
Must along with me to Lady Woodvills.
I am going to flip the Boy at a Mistress.

T. Bell. At a Wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so glum, Sir,
A Wife is no Curse when she brings the Blessing
Of a good Estate with her, but an idle Town

Flurt,
Flurt, with a painted Face, a rotten Reputation,  
And a crafty Fortune, a Dod is the Devil and all,  
And such a one I hear you are in League with.  

Y. 'Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.  
Old Bell. Out, a pife o’their Breeches, there are  
Keeping Fools enough for such flaunting  
Baggages, and they are e’ne too good for ’em.  
Remember Night, go y’are a Rogue, y’are  
A Rogue; fare you well; come, come,  
Come along, Sir.  

Town. On my Word the old man comes on apace;  
I’ll lay my life he’s smitten.  

Emil. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.  
Town. I know him better than you, let it work,  
It may prove lucky.  

Page. Madam, Mr. Medley has sent to know  
Whether a Visit will not be troublesome  
This Afternoon?  

Town. Send him word, his visits never are so.  
Emilia. He’s a very pleasant man.  

Town. He’s a very necessary man among us Women;  
He’s not scandalous i’the least, perpetually  
Contriving to bring good Company together,  
And always ready to fill up a gap at Ombre,  
Then he knows all the little news i’the Town.  

Emilia. I love to hear him talk o’the Intrigues,  
Let ’em be never so dull in themselves, he’ll  
Make ’em pleasant i’the relation  

Town. But he improves things so much, one can take no  
Measure of the Truth from him.  
Mr. Dorimant swears a Flea or a Maggot is  
Not made more monstrous by a magnifying  
Glass, than a story is by his telling it.  

Emilia. Hold, here he comes.  

[Enter Medley.  

Town. Mr. Medley.  
Med. Your Servant, Madam.  

Town. You have made your self a Stranger of late.  
Emilia. I believe you took a Surfeit at Ombre.  

Last time you were here.  

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that Tormagant  
Lady Dealer; there never was so unSatiable  
A Carder, an old Gleeker never lov’d to fill  
To’t like her; I have plaid with her now at  
Least a dozen times; till she’s as worn out all.  

Ex. Old and Y. Bellair.  

Enter a Page.
Her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd
Keep in Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not poor Woman, she loves nothing
So well as a black Ace.

Med. The pleasure I have seen her in when she has had hope
In drawing for a Matador.

Emilia. 'Tis as pretty sport to her, as persuading
Masks off is to you to make discoveries.

Town. Pray where's your Friend, Mr. Dorimant?

Med. Soliciting his affairs, he's a man of great
Implyment, has more Mistresses now depending,
Than the most eminent Lawyer in England
Has Causes.

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. Loveit, so uneasie and
Out of humour these two days.

Town. How strangely Love and Jealousie rage.

In that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil
Upon Earth so proper to torment her,
Has made her break a dozen or two of
Fans already, tare half a score Points in pieces,
And destroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave
Her t'other Night.

Med. A Danish Serenade with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.

Emilia. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, whose
Ears are grown so delicate since our
Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing
But Flute doux, and French Hoboys.

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any
New Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an
Eminent Author, call'd the diversions of
Bruxells, very necessary to be read by all
Old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves
At Questions and Commands, Blindmans Buff,
And the like fashionable recreations.

Emilia. Oh Ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of affectation, written
By a late Beauty of Quality, teaching you how
To draw up your Breasts, stretch up your neck,
To thrust out your Breech, to play with your Head,
To toss up your Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn
Up your Eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of
A Voice, and use all the Foolish French Words,
That will infallibly make your person and
Conversation charming, with a short apologie
At the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies,
Who notoriously wash, and paint, though they
Have naturally good Complexions.

*Emilia.* What a deal of stuff you tell us?

*Med.* Such as the Town affords, Madam.
The **Russians** hearing the great respect we
Have for Foreign Dancing, have lately sent
Over some of their best Balladins, who are
Now practising a famous Ballat, which will
Be suddenly danc'd at the **Bear-Garden**.

*Town.* Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us
An account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

*Med.* Truly there has been some revolutions in those
Affairs, great chopping and changing among the
Old, and some new Lovers, whom malice,
Indiscretion, and misfortune, have luckily
Brought into play.

*Town.* What think you of walking into the next Room,
And sitting down before you engage in this business?

*Med.* I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women
Are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of
Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good
Content, Ladies.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**

*Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.*

[Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket Glass, and looking in it.

*Loveit.* Pert.

*Pert.* Madam.

*Loveit.* I hate myself, I look so ill to day.

*Pert.* Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man

Mr. **Dorimant**, who makes you torment and
Vex your self continually.

*Loveit.* He is to blame indeed.

*Pert.* To blame to be two days without sending,

Writing,
Writing, or coming near you, contrary to
His Oath and Covenant; 'Twas too much
Purpose to make him swear; I'll lay my
Life there's not an Article but he has broken,
Talk'd to the Vizars i'the Pit, waited upon the
Ladies from the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind
The Scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignifican
Creatures, the Players; 'tis impossible for a man
Of his inconstant temper to forbear I'm sure.

Lov. I know he's a Devil, but he has something of the
Angel yet undefac'd in him, which
Makes him so charming and agreeable, that
I must love him be he never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to see your spirit
Tamed to this degree, who banish'd poor
Mr. Lackwitt but for taking up another Ladies
Fan in your presence.

Lov. My knowing of such odious Fools, contributes to the
Making of me love Dorimant the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. Dorimant, in my mind,
Shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Loveit. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter?

Loveit. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms wou'd not have
Been a currant excuse for another ;
A Modish Man is always very busie
When he's in pursuitt of a new Miftress.

Loveit. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him;
He had business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never
Forgive him his turning me into Ridicule,
As I hear he does.

Loveit. I perceive you are of the number of those
Fools his Wit had made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd
to rally, Madam, and if we may believe
Mr. Wagfan, and Mr. Caperwell, he sometimes
Makes merry with your self too, among
His Laughing Companions.

Loveit. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men,
As ugly Women are to the handsome; 'tis
Their Interest, and they make it their business
To defame 'em.
Perr. I wish Mr. Dorimant would not make
It his business to defame you.
Loveit. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous
By him, than owe my reputation to the dull
Discretion of those Fops you talk off.
Bellinda!

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.
Loveit. You have been unkind of late.
Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!
Loveit. I cou'd chide you,
Where have you been these two days?
Bell. Pity me rather my dear, where I have been
So tired with two or three Countrey Gentlewomen,
Whose conversation has been more
Unsufferable than a Countrey Fiddle.
Loveit. Are they Relations?
Bell. No, Welsh acquaintance I made when I was last
Year at St. Winifreds, they have asked me a thousand
Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town,
And I have told 'em almost as many things for news
That hardly were so, when their Gowns were in Fashion.
Loveit. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?
Bell. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but love
Cou'd make me capable of so much falsehood;
'Tis time to begin, left Dorimant shou'd
Come before her Jealousie has stung her;

[Aside, Laughing, and then speaks on.

I was yesterday at a Play with 'em,
Where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the
Man at Westminster does the dead. That is
Mrs. such a one, admired for her Beauty,
This is Mr. such a one, cry'd up for a Wit;
That is sparkish Mr. such a one, who
Keeps reverend Mrs. such a one, and there
Sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately
Cas'd off by my Lord such a one.
Loveit. Did you see Dorimant there?
Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him,
And have no mind to own it.
Loveit. what shou'd make you think so?
Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty dishabillie.
Whom Dorimant entertain'd with more
Respect, than the Gallants do a common Vizard.

Loveit. Dorimant at the Play entertaining a Mask,

Oh Heavens!
Bell. Good!

Loveit. Did he stay all the while?
Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her
Out, which confirms me it was you.

Loveit. Traytor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and
You may forgive him too.

Loveit. Ingrateful, perjur'd man!
Bell. You seem so much concern'd, my Dear;
I fear I have told you unawares what I
Had better have conceal'd for your Quiet.

Loveit. What manner of shape had she?
Bell. Tall and slender, her motions were very gentile,
Certainly she must be some person of condition.

Loveit. Shame and confusion be ever in her
Face when she shows it.
Bell. I shou'd blame your discretion for loving that
Wild man, my Dear, but they say he has a way
So bewitching, that few can defend their hearts
Who know him.

Loveit. I will tear him from mine, or die in the attempt.
Bell. Be more moderate.

Loveit. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts or poys'd Arrows
In my Breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts
Of him from thence.

Bell. Fie, fie, your transports are too violent, my Dear;
This may be but an accidental Gallantry,
And 'tis likely ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be,
The Conduct Mr. Dorimant affects, will
Quickly make you know your Rival, ten to one
Let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd
To the Town, a happiness none will envy her
But your self, Madam.

Loveit. Who e're she be, all the harm I wish her, is, may
She love him as well as I do, and may he give her
As much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curse, Madam!

Loveit. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected
Love, Jealousie, Indignation, Slight and Thirst of
Revenge,
Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do
Now in mine. [Walks up and down with a distracted air.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Dorimant ——
Loveit. I will not see him.
Page. I told him you were within, Madam.
Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door;
Say any thing.
Page. He's here, Madam. [Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.
What, dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?

[Offers to catch her by the hand,
She flings away and walks on.

I fear this restlesness of the body, Madam, [Pursuing her.
Proceeds from an unquietness of the mind.
What unlucky accident puts you out of
Humour; a Point ill-washed, Knots spoil'd i'the
Making up, Hair shaded awry, or some
Other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable
Than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. Pert, I never knew you fullen enough
To be silent; come, let me know the busines;
Pert. The busines, Sir, is the busines that has taken you.
Up these two days; how have I seen you
Laugh at men of busines, and now to become a man
Of busines your self!

Dor. We are not Masters of our own affections, our
Inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and
Anon we shall doat on busines; humane
Frailty will have it fo, and who can help it?

Loveit. Faithles, inhumane, barbarous man ——

Dor. Good, now the Alarm itrikes ——

Loveit. Without sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude,
Tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd she was, you were with at the Play yesterday?

Dor. Faith, I resolv'd as much as you, but the
Devil was oblitinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Loveit. Falfe in this as in your Vows to me, you do know!

Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Loveit.
Loveit. And dare you own it to my Face?  

Hell and Furies!  

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot,  
And will want it to cool you.  

Loveit. Horrour and distraction seize you, Sorrow and  
Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your  
Perjuries to me.  

Dor. So Thunder breaks the Clouds in Twain,  
And makes a passage for the Rain.  

Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais’d  
This storm; you were at the Play yesterday,  
And have been making discoveries to your Dear.  

Bell. Y’are the most mistaken Man i’the World.  

Dor. It must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve  
To pursue, and perfecute you more impertinently  
Than ever any Loving Fop did his Mistress, hunt  
You i’the Park, trace you i’the Mail, Dog  
You in every Visit you make, haunt you at  
The Plays, and i’the Drawing Room, hang my  
Nose in your neck, and talk to you whether  
You will or no, and ever look upon you with such  
Dying Eyes, till your Friends grow jealous of me,  
Send you out of Town, and the World suspect  
Your reputation.  

[In a lower voice.]  
At my  

Lady Townley’s when we go from hence.  

Bell, I’ll meet you there.  

Dor. Enough.  

Loveit. Stand off, you ha’not stare upon her so.  

[Dorimant away.]  

Dor. Good! There’s one made jealous already.  

Loveit. Is this the constancy you vow’d?  

Dor. Constancy at my years! ’tis not a Vertue in  
Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the  
Autumn ripens, i’the Spring.  

Loveit. Monstrous Principle!  

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, shou’d  
I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg’d at,  
I shou’d never have arriv’d at the happinefs I now enjoy.  

Loveit. Dissembler, damn’d Dissembler!  

Dor. I am so I confefs, good nature, and good manners  
Corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and  
Wou’d not, wer’t not to avoid offence, make  
A Lady a little in years believe I think her young, willfully  
Mistake
Miftake Art for Nature; and seem as fond of a thing
I am weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest.

**Loveit.** False Man.

**Dor.** True Woman.

**Loveit.** Now you begin to show your self!

**Dor.** Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things
To one another for a time, but soon the Gold
Wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

**Loveit.** Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Protestations.

Perjur'd Man!

**Dor.** I made 'em when I was in love.

**Loveit.** And therefore ought they not to bind?

Oh Impious!

**Dor.** What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof
Of a present passion, but to say truth, in Love there is
No security to be given for the future.

**Loveit.** Horrid, and ingrateful, be gone,

And never see me more.

**Dor.** I am not one of those troublesome Coxcombs,
Who, because they were once well receiv'd, take the
Priviledge to plague a Woman with their Love ever
After; I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self
Some Violence. [He offers to go, and Loveit pulls him back.]

**Loveit.** Come back, you sha'nt go.

Can you think mine sickly?

**Dor.** Oh! 'tis desperately ill! what worse symptoms,
Are there than your being always uneasie when
I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on
Slight occasions, and in my absence kindly listening.
To the impertinences of every fashionable Fool
That talks to you?

**Loveit.** What fashionable Fool can you lay to my charge?

**Dor.** Why, the very Cock-fool of all those Fools,

Sir Fopling Flutter.

**Loveit.** I never saw him in my life, but once.

**Dor.** The worse Woman you, at first sight to put on
All your charms, to entertain him with that softness
In your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your
Eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design

A Conquest.
Lovel. So damn’d a lie did malice never yet invent;
Who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I shou’d love a Woman that
Can doat on a fenfeles Caper, a Tawdry French
Riband, and a Formal Cravat.

Lovel. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much,
Go on, be the Game-Mistrefso’ the Town, and
Enter all our young Fops, as faft as they come
From travail.

Lovel. Bafe and Scurrilous!
Dor. A fine mortifying reputation ’twill be for
A Woman of your Pride, Wit, and Quality!

Lovel. This Jealoufie’s a meer pretence, a cursed trick
Of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you can, I wou’d
Not have a Woman have the leaft good thought
Of me, that can think well of Foping; farewel,
Fall to, and much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Lovel. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [Ex. Dorimant.

Lovel. Call him again.

Pert. E?ne let him go, a fair riddance.

Lovel. Run I say, call him again, I will have him cal’d.

Pert. The Devil shou’d carry him a way firft,
Were it my concern.

Bell. ’Sas frighted me from the very thoughts of
Loving men; for Heav’n’s sake my dear,
Do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue
As much as you ought to have done his Friendship.

Pert. He’s gone, Madam. [Enter Pert.

Lovel. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you defired him to come back,
He smil’d, made a mouth at me, flung into his
Coach, and said ______

Lovel. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated Verses.

Lovel. Wou’d I had made a Contract to be a Witch
When firft I entertain’d this greater Devil,
Monster, Barbarian; I could tear my self in pieces.
Revenge, nothing but Revenge can eafe me; Plague,
War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring universal ruin
And misery on mankind, with Joy I’d perish to
Have you in my power but this moment. [Ex. Loveit.

Pert.
(27)

Pert. Follow Madam, leave her not in this outrageous passion

Bell. He has given me the proof which I desired of
His love, but 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;
I wish I had not seen him use her so:
I sigh to think that Dorimant may be
One day as faithless, and unkind to me.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE Lady Woodvils Lodgings.

Enter Harriet, and Busy her Woman.

Busy. Dear Madam!
   Let me set that Curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy. Will you never leave this Wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy Officious Fingers?

Busy. Ah! the difference that is between
You and my Lady Dapper? how uneasy she is
If the least thing be amiss about her?

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting
To make her ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering people say so!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in
Publick to draw the tongues and eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite
Of nature, as some men have done for Wit.

Busy. I hope without offence one may endeavour
To make oneself agreeable.

Har. Not, when 'tis impossible. Women then
Ought to be no more fond of dressing, than Fools
Should be of talking; Hoods and Modesty,
(28)

Masques and Silence, things that shadow and conceal;
They should think of nothing else.

Bus. Jefu! Madam, what will your Mother think is
Become of you? for Heav'n's sake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Bus. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever
You did in your life, to leave her and a Gentleman
Who is to be your Husband.

Har. My Husband!

Haft thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant
When I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtly,
And what you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient.

Bus. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London!

Nothing else: I assure thee.

Bus. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man!

Har. The man indeed wears his Cloaths fashionably, and
Has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly,
And much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles
So agreeably as he thinks.

Bus. I never saw any thing so gentle!

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many
A Blockhead makes a tolerable show

Bus. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is
All a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband, but
There is duty i'the case — and like the haughty Merab, I
Find much aversion in my stubborn mind,
Which is bred by being promised and design'd.

Bus. I wish you do not design your own ruin! I partly
Guess your inclinations, Madam — that Mr. Dorimant——

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song or other.

Bus. I will, the Song you love so well ever since you
Saw Mr. Dorimant.

SONG.

When first Amintas charm'd my heart,
My heedless Sheep began to stray;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a prey.

Ah, let not love your thoughts possess,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
The dangerous passion you must shun,
Or else like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a purchase? I need no Land; no I'll lay my self out all in love.
It is decreed ——

Enter Y. Bellair.

T. Bell. What generous Resolution are you making, Madam?
Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.
T. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that——
Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should have given you mine so willingly. Here I Harriet.——
T. Bell. And I Har——
Har. Do solemnly protest——
T. Bell. And vow——
Har. That I with you——
T. Bell. And I with you——
Both. Will never marry——
Har. A match!
T. Bell. And no match!
How do you like this indifference now?
Har. You expect I should take it ill I see!
T. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for young Women to be a little Angry, you miss a Conquest, though you wou'd flight the Poor man were he in your power.
Har. There are some it may be have an Eye like Bart'لومew, Big enough for the whole Fair, but I am not of the Number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread, 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady, Whose dear Image it wears, Sir.
T. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the Fair.
Har. You own then you are in love——
T. Bell. I do.
Har. The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost Find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.
T. Bell. Are you in Love?
Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that Degree, I can scarce endure The Countrey in Landskapes and in Hangings.
T. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be To be hurried back to Hampshire!
Har. Ah—name it not!——

T. Bell.
T. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough! would we could do something to deceive the grave people! 
Har. Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well, a Reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a Pardon.
T. Bell. If we give over the Game, we are undone! What think you of playing it on booty?
Har. What do you mean?
T. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one another! 'twill make some dilatory excuses we may feign, pass the better.
Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleasure of dissembling.
T. Bell. Can you play your part?
Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?
T. Bell. 'Th' next Room! your Mother was Censuring our modern Gallant.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come, I will lean against this wall, and look basely down upon my Fan, while you, like an Amorous Spark, modestly entertain me.
L. Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em, come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.
O. Bell. A Dod, they're something disrespectful —
L. Wood. Quality was then considered, and not rated by every fleeting Fellow.
O. Bell. Youth will have its jest, a Dod it will.
L. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players, and Exchange Women, they are treated by 'em as much above their condition, as others are below theirs.
O. Bell. Out, a pife on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring Beauty,
No matter where they find it.
L. Wood. See your Son, and my Daughter, they have improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.
O. Bell. A Dod methinks they have! let's keep back, and observe.
T. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I'm saying all the passionate things imaginable —
Har. Your head a little more on one side, safe your self on your left Leg, and play with your right hand.
T. Bell. Thus, is it not?
Har.
Har. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

T. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

T. Bell. Will you take your turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

T. Bell. At one motion play your fan, roll your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So.

T. Bell. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the flicks with a finger.

Har. Very Modish.

T. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your gown; shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again, gently, with a sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious observers who watch people's eyes, and from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.

T. Bell. I know some indeed, who out of mere love to mischief, are as vigilant as jealously itself, and will give you an account of every glance that passes at a play, and 'tis circle!

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

T. Bell. Clap your fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forwards. So—now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter—take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of your self—admirably well acted.

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

O. Bell. A dod, I like this well.

L. Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is love 'tis 'cafe, a dod there is, or will be; what say you, young lady?

Har. All in good time, sir, you expect we should fall to, and love as game cocks fight, as soon as we are set together, a dod, you're unreasonable!

O. Bell. A dod, sirrah, I like thy wit well. [Enter a servant.

Servant. The coach is at the door, madam.

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the air together.

L. Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out, a pize! a dod I ha' business, and cannot.

We.
"We shall meet at night at my Sister Townleys.

T. Bell. He's going to Emilia.
I over heard him talk of a Collation.

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter L. Townley, Emilia, and Mr. Medley.

L. Town. I pity the young lovers, we last talk'd of,
Though to say truth, their conduct has been so indiscreet,
They deserve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y'have had an exact account, from the great Lady
I' th' Box, down to the little Orange-Wench.

Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon;
I wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of Intelligence.
For these matters? the project may get Money.

L. Town. You would have great dealings with country Ladies.

Med. More than Muddiman has

With their husbands.

L. Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you! we
Have not seen you here of late
With your friend Mrs Loveit.

Bellin. Dear creature, I left her but now so sadly afflicfted.

L. Town. With her old distemper, Jealousy!

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new prank.

Bellin. Well, that Dorimant is certainly the worst

Man breathing.

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No, indeed!

Bell. Oh Jefu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and
I will never believe what it says of a man I do

Not know, again for his sake!

Bell. You make me wonder!

L Town. He's a very well-bred man.

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty man!

Bell. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of principles is a very fine thing indeed.

Bell. To be prefer'd to men of parts by Women who have
Regard to their Reputation and Quiet. Well were I minded
To play the Fool, he shou'd be the last man I'd think of.

Med.
Med. He has been the first in many Ladies favours, though You are so severe, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but He's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. Loveit as I have done, You would never endure him more ———

Emil. What, he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the slightest occasion, he's jealous

Of Sir Fopling.

L. Town. She never saw him in her life but Yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my Conscience! he's the only man in Town, That's her aversion, how horribly out of humour She was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And some body has wickedly told him———

Emil. Here he comes. [Enter Dorimant.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to justify Your self———here's a Lady———

Bell. Has a word or two to say to you from Adifconsolat person.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know, Madam, To whisper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To serve Mrs. Loveit, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's Medley, the very Spirit of Scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emil. 'Tis something your are unwilling to Hear, Mr. Dorimant.

L. Town. Tell him, Bellinda, whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. Loveit!

Dor. Softly, these are Laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a word, y'ave made me hate you, [To Dor. apart. Which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you played! how could you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself

To please you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bell. I sha'not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear I say.

Bell. By my life! by all the happiness I hope for ———

Dor. You will.
Bell. I will.
Dor. Kind.
Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should ha'
Fail'd you else.
Dor. Surprisingly kind! in what temper did
You leave Loveit?
Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be
In a brave way of defying you, and all your works.
Where have you been since you went from thence?
Dor. I look'd in at the Play.
Bell. I have promis'd and must return to her agen.
Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mail this evening.
Bell. She hates the place and will not come.
Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.
Bell. For what purpose?
Dor. Sir Fopling will be here anon, I'll prepare him
To set upon her there before me.
Bell. You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll ha'me.
Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a business
I can drudge on no longer.
Emil. There are afflictions in Love, Mr. Dorimant.
Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as
Unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without
The Advantage be on your side, a man can never
Quietly give over when he's weary?
Med. If you would play without being obliged to
Complaisance, Dorimant, you should play in
Publick places.
Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that,
But Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the
Deep play is now in private Houses.

[Bellinda offering to steal away.
L. Town. Bellinda, are you leaving us so soon?
Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. Loveit,
Madam——
L. Town. This confidence will go nigh to spoil this
Young Creature.
Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam, Young men who
Are brought up under practising Lawyers, prove
The ablest Council, when they come to be call'd
To the Bar themselves——
Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you
This afternoon, my Lady Townley, you use to have
An Ambara's of Chairs and Coaches at your Door,
An uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a noise
Of Fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my House is the general Rendezvous,
And next to the Play-house is the common
Refuge of all the young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but
I wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an universal taste, we
Should love Wit, but for Variety, be able to divert
Our selves with the Extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emil. For once or twice! but the repetition of their
Folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate, Emilia.

Page. Sir Fopling Flutter, Madam, desires to know if
You are to be seen.

L. Town. Here's the freshet Fool in Town, and one
Who has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Page. Madam!

L. Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, Medley, and snub him.

Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will shew the better.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools,
And need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sr. Fop. Page! Wait without. Madam, I

Kiss your Hands, I see Yesterday was nothing of Chance,
The belles assemble form themselves here every day.

Lady, your servant; Dorimant, let me embrace

Thee, without lying I have not met with any of my
Acquaintance, who retain so much of Paris as

Thou dost, the very air thou hast when the
Marquise mistook thee i'th' Tuilleries, and cry'd

Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can, Sir,

'Tis a thing to be valu'd in men as wells as Bawbles.

Sr. Fop. Thou art a man of Wit, and understands

The Town; prithee let thee and I be intimate,

There is no living without making some good

Man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no man so improper
For such a business as I am.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! why hast thou so modest an

Opinion of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I cou'd never keep a secret in my life,
And then there is no charm so infallibly makes me
Fall in love with a Woman as my knowing a
Friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sr. Fop. Thy humour's very gallant, or let me perish,
I knew a French Count so like thee.

L. Town. Wit I perceive has more power over you
Than Beauty, Sir Fopling, else you would not have
Let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sr. Fop. A thousand pardons, Madam, some               [To Emilias.
Civilitie's due of course upon the meeting a long absent
Friend. The Eclat of so much beauty I confess ought
To have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The brillian of so much good language, Sir, has much
More power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sr. Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high
Work on your Point D'espaingne——

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as Point de Venice——
Sr. Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more
Proper for the season. Dorimant, is not that Medley?

Dor. The fame, Sir.

Sr. Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this Ambara's of Civilities,
I could not come to have you in my Arms sooner.
You understand an Equipage the best of

Any man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sr. Fop. There are Criticks who do not write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sr. Fop. Dam'em, they'll allow no Man Wit,
Who does not play the fool like themselves and show it! Have
You taken notice of the Gallehs I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another Air, than th'English makes.

Sr. Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Tumbril,

As an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bell air in Gallehes as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sr. Fop. The world is generally very grossier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sr. Fop. A flight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival,
Not worthy your consideration, Ladies.
Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sr. Fop. The Taffels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut.

Sr. Fop. It makes me绞ow long-wasted, and I think slender.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my Eye, Sir Foping.

Sr. Fop. Peace, Medley, I have wifht it lower a thousand Times, but a Pox on't, 'twill not be.

L. Town. His Gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sr. Fop. I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the Most Famous hands in Paris.

Sr. Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

L. Town. The Suit.

Sr. Fop. Barroy.

Emil. The Garniture.

Sr. Fop. Le Gras——

Med. The Shooses!

Sr. Fop. Piccar!

Dor. The Perriwigg!

Sr. Fop. Chedreux.

Town, and Emil. The Gloves!

Sr. Fop. Orangerii! You know the smell, Ladies!

Dorimant. I could find in my heart for an amusement To have a Gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be To satisfy the Town of your Courage.

Sr. Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday——

Dor. Mistrefs Loveit.

Sr. Fop. You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! what is the?

Dor. A person of Quality, and one who has a rest of Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable: Besides, I hear, she likes you too!

Sr. Fop. Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd, And uneasie all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation: You will see Her i'th' Mail to night.

Sr. Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take the Air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to Medley, but I'll meet you at Saint James's, and give you some information, upon the Which
Which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sr. Fop. All the world will in the Park tonight: Ladies,
'Twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within Doors,
And rob the ring of all those Charms
That should adorn it——Hey Page.

[Enter Page, and goes out again.]

See that all my People be ready.

Dorimant a Revoir.

Med. A fine mett’l’d Coxcomb.
Dor. Brisk and insipid——
Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I’ll lay my
Life he pass’d for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature hath her cheats, flum’s
A brain, and puts sophisticate dulness often on the tastles
Multitude for true wit and good humour. Medley, come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i’th’ Mail.
Dor. I’ll walk through the Garden thither, we shall meet
Anon and bow. [To the Women.

L. Town. Not to night! we are engag’d about a business,
The knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your servant, Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as Sir Foping says——

[Ex. Med. and Dor.

L. Town. The Old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let’s expect him i’th’ Garden——

L. Town. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can’t abide you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Mail.

Enter Harriet, Y. Bellair, she pulling him.

Har. Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your Mother;

Har. Bufe will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us;

But that’s no matter.

Y. Bell. ’Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She’ll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame
Your manners.

Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?

Har.
(39)

Har. A fellow-beauty of the last King's time, though by the Ruines you would hardly guess it. [Exeunt.

Enter Dorimant and crosses the Stage.

Enter Y. Bellair and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

Har. If your Friend Mr. Dorimant were but here now, that she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him but dreads him, I hear, of All mankind.

Har. She concludes if he does but speak to a Woman she's undone, is on her knees every day to Pray Heav'n defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed something Extream delightful in his Wit and Person?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasent I must own, but he Does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says, is so easie, And so natural.

Har. Some mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, But labour i'the one, and affectation i'the other. To the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

Enter Dorimant and stands upon her.

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably Pleas'd in him to call it humour. [Ex. Y. Bellair and Harriet.

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely hair, that Easie shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting Charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for A Prize with my friend Bellair.

Ex. Dor. In love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly; repeating. They fly that Wound, and they pursue that dy.

Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet, and after them Dorimant standing at a distance.

Y. Bell. Most people prefer High Park to this place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess: but I Abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, The affected smiles, the silly by-words, and Amorous Tweers, in passing; here one meets with. A little conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These conversations have been fatal To some of your Sex, Madam.
Bar.
It may be so, because some who want temper
Have been undone by gaming, must others who have it,
Wholly deny themselves the pleasure of Play?
Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[Coming up gently, and bowing to her.

Har. Lord! who's this? [She starts and looks grave.

Y. Bell. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would
Have you marry?

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her name?

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her face;
We were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o'the sudden! [To Harriet.
A thousand smiles were shining in that face but now;
I never saw so quick a change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within; [Aside.
But he shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, Pray
What may be your Flint?

Har. A little harmless discourse in publick walks,
Or at most an appointment in a Box bare fac'd
At the Play-house; you are for Masks, and
Private meetings; where Women engage
For all they are worth I hear.

Dor. I have been us’d to deep Play, but I can make one
At small Game, when I like my Gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern’d you’ll ha’ no pleasure in’t.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the
Hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.

Har. The forbidness of mens natures I know makes ’em
Willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though they
Are sure never to be the better for ’em.

Dor. ’Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair.
Not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far’d in this Town like you,
’Twould be a great Mortification to live on hope;
Could you keep a Lent for a Mistress?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter, and though time
Be very precious, think forty days well lost, to gain your
Favour.

Har. Mr. Bellair! let let us walk, ’tis time to leave him:

Men
Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

_Dor._ Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know Y'are greedy of the praises of the whole Mail.

_Har._ You do me wrong.

_Dor._ I do not, as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you Were pleas'd when the Fops cry'd she's handsome, very Handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your name, The thousand several forms you put your face into; then To make your self more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd With your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly Over your shoulder at 'em.

_Har._ I do not go begging the mens as you do The Ladies Good liking with a fly softness in Your looks, and a gentle softness in your bows, As you pass by 'em——— as thus Sir——— Is not this like you?

[Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.]

_T. Bell._ Your Mother, Madam. [Pulls Har. She composes her self._

_L. Wood._ Ah my Dear Child Harriet.

_Busy._ Now is she so pleas'd with finding her agen,

She cannot chide her.

_L. Wood._ Come away!

_Dor._ 'Tis now but high Mail, Madam, the most entertaining Time of all the Evening.

_Har._ I would fain see that Dorimant, Mother, you so Cry out of, for a monster, he's in the Mail I hear.

_L. Wood._ Come away then! the Plague is here, and you Should dread the infection.

_T. Bell._ You may be misinform'd of the Gentleman.

_L. Wood._ Oh no! I hope you do not know him.

He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town, Delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

_Dor._ If you did but hear him speak, Madam.

_L. Wood._ Oh! he has a Tongue they say would tempt the Angels to a second fall.

Enter Sir Fopling with his Equipage, six Foot-men, and a Page.

Sr. _Fop._ Hey, Champaine, Norman, La Rose, La Fleur, La Tour, La Verdure. Dorimant———.

_L. Wood._ Here, here he is among this Rout, he Names him; come away Harriet, come away.


_Dor._
Dor. This fool's coming has spoil'd all, she's gone,
But she has left a pleasing image of her self
Behind, that wanders in my Soul——
It must not settle there.

Sr. Fop. What reverie is this? speak man.

Dor. Snatch from my self how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, a discovery! I met with Bellair.

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came so near truth in your life,
As you did in her description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. Whatever I think of her, she thinks
Very well of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no, I know not.

Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came Sir
Fopling, murthering up his Equipage, and at the
Latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. Loveit and Bellinda are not far off, I saw 'em
Alight at St. James's.

Dor. Sr. Fopling, hark you, a word or two, [Whispers]
Look you do not want assurance.

Sr. Fop. I never do on these occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your
Advantage of what I have told you, the next turn
You will meet the Lady.

Sr. Fop. Hey—Follow me all. [Ex. Sr. Fop. & his Equipage.

Dor. Medley, you shall see good sport anon between

Loveit and this Fopling.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her
In the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd Fopling to talk to her to night

Med. Now you are here, she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humour she's in, her love will make her do some
Very extravagant thing, doubtless.

Med. What was Bellinda's business with you at my
Lady Townley's?

Dor. To get me to meet Loveit here in order to an
Eclercisment; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd

This
This rancounter to make good my Jealousy.

Med. Here they come! [Enter Lov. Bell. and Pert.]

Dor. I'll meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb Civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind

Her when Sir Fopling sets upon her——

See how unregarded now

That piece of Beauty passes—— [Ex. Dor. and Med.

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over-mannerly when

He has done a mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had

A strange despising Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoken to him, my Dear.

Lov. I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me

The loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still!

Lov. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think so: What made

You hate me to this odious place, Bellinda?

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a Coach;

Walking is much better.

Lov. Would we could meet Sir Fopling now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm Dorimant's suspicion, my Dear.

Lov. He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be

Reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bell aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make

Him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from it. Lord!

My Dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneasy though he does not care

For me; I know the effects ofjealousy on men of his

Proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its operations are

Dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the strongest Cordial we can give to dying Love,

It often brings it back when ther's no sign of life remaining:

But I design not so much the reviving his', as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the Coach-man send home four of his Horses, and bring the Coach to White-Hall, I'll walk

Over the Park——Madam, the honour of kifling your
Fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my
Lady Townley's!

Lov. You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last
Time I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit and beauty.
Madam, your servant, there never was so sweet an evening.
Bell. 'Tis pity there's not an order made, that none but
The Beau Monde shou'd walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place.
See what a sort of nasty fellows are coming.

[Enter four ill-fashion'd fellows, singing,
'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! their periwigs are scent'd with
Tobacco so strong——

Sir Fop. It overcomes our pulvilio———

Methinks I smell the Coffee-house they come from.

1 Man. Dorimant's convenient, Madam Loveit.
2 Man. I like the oylie——Buttock with her.
3 Man. What spruce prig is that?
2 Man. Peace, they smock.

There's something else to be done, &c.

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're engag'd——

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——seem earnest in discourse and
Shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll use him!

Bell. Wonder's Dorimant, my Dear.

Lov. I see him, he comes insulting; but I will disappoint
Him in his expectation.

[Aside.

To Sir Fopling. I like this pretty nice humour of yours,

Sir Fopling: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon
Those fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to day, and was almost
Poison'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves he wears——

Lov. Oh! filthy Cordivant

How I hate the smell! [Laughs in a loud affected way.

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their Crevats
Hung loose an inch from their Neck, and what
A frightful Air it gave 'em.

Lov. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is alwaies
Spruc'd
Spruc’d up with a deal of dirty Sky-colur’d Ribband.

Bell. That’s one of the walking Flajolets, who

Haunt the Mail o’ nights——

Lov. Oh! I remember him! He’s has a hollow Tooth,

Enough to spoil the sweetnefs of an Evening.

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the streets

With a dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl’d on.

Lov. And a little Footboy at his Heels, Pocket-high,

With a Flat cap—— a dutty Face.

Sir Fop. And a Snotty Nose——

Lov. Oh— odious, there’s many of my own sex with

That Holborn Equipage trigg to Grey’s Inn-Walks;

And now and then travail hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

Lov. Your Liveries are the finest, Sir Fopling——

Oh that Page! that Page is the prettily’d dreft——

They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There’s one damn’d English Blockhead

Among ’em, you may know him by his Meine.

Lov. Oh! that’s he, that’s he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey—— I know not what to call him——

Lov. What’s your Name?

Footm. John Trott, Madam!

Sir Fop. O unsufferable! Trott, Trott, Trott! there’s

Nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants.

What Countreyman are you, Sirrah?

Footm. Hampshire, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then, Hampshire be your name. Hey, Hampshire!

Lov. O That found, that found becomes the

Mouth of a man of Quality!

Med. Dorimant, you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She diffembles better than I thought

She could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait.

She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over——

Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses

When they have found a Woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my Heart! I am concern’d,
But dare not show it, lest Bellinda should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [to himself.]

Bell. [Aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of jealousy would have appear'd?

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has Reconcil'd you to the scandalous Mail, we Shall have you now hankering here a'gen—

Lov. Sir Fopling, will you walk—

Sir Fop. I am all obedience, Madam—

Lov. Come along then—and let's agree to be Malitious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a Critick on the Whole Mail, Madam.

Lov. Bellinda, you shall engage——

Bell. To the reserve of our friends, my Dear.

Lov. No! No! Exceptions——

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our diversion——

Lov. All—all——

Sir Fop. All.

Bell. All? Then let it be.

[Ex. Sir Fopling, Loveit, Bellinda, and Pert. laughing.]

Med. Would you had brought some more of your Friends, Dorimant, to have been Witnesses of Sir Fopling's disgrace, and your triumph——

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to Laugh at me; but pray do not expose me To the Town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

Dor. I know she hates Fopling, and only makes use of Him in hope to work me on a'gen; had it not been For some powerful Considerations, which will be Remov'd to morrow morning, I had made her pluck off This mask, and shew the passion that lyes Panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a man from Bellair, with news of Your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know The consequence of our parting.

Footm. Sir, my Mafter desires you to come to my Lady Townley's presently, and bring Mr. Medley with you. My Lady Woodvill and her Daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, Dorimant——

Footm.
Footm. They have sent for the Fiddles, and
Mean to dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the
Old Lady does not know you, and would have
You own your self to be Mr. Courtage. They
Are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.

Dor. That foppish admirer of Quality, who flatters the
Very meat at honourable Tables, and never offers love
To a Woman below a Lady Grand mother.

Med. You know the Character you are to act, I see!

Dor. This is Harriet's contrivance——

Wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young——

Come along, Medley——

Med. This new Woman would well supply the loss of Love it.

Dor. That business must not end so, before to morrow

Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

And you and Love it to her cost shall find,

I fathom all the depths of Womankind.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a
Countrey dance.

Enter Dorimant, L. Woodvill, Young Bellair, and Mrs Har-riet, Old Bellair, and Emilia, Mr. Medley and L. Town-

Old Bell. SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout, a Dod!
L. Town. How do you like Emilia's.

Dancing, Brother?

O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.
L. Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.
O. Bell. No matter for that, go; bid her dance no more, it
Don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I
Say so; [a Dod I love her.

[Aside]

Dor. All people mingle now a days, [To L. Woodvill.

Madam, And in publick places Women of Quality
Have the least respect how'd 'em

L. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr. Courtage.

Dor.
Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that Uphold Quality and Greatness, are now shamefully Laid aside and neglected.

L.Wood Well! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em Think what they will, Lewdness is the business now, Love was the bus'ness in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding to the young Men of this Age, they're generally only dull admirers Of themselves, and make their Court to nothing but their Perriwigs and their Crevats, and would be more Concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good Occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling Of her Head or Handkercher.

L.Wood I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very affidious to show themselves at Court Well dres'st to the Women of Quality, but their bus'ness Is with the stale Mistrefles of the Town, who are Prepar'd to receive their lazy addresses by industrious Old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my Mothers humour so well, a little more and She'll dance a killing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully obferv'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty, by their Talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can Doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landrefs or a Taylors Daughter: they cry a Woman's past her prime at 20, Decay'd at four and twenty, old and unsufferable at 30.

L.Wood Unsufferable at 30! That they are in the wrong, Mr. Courtage, at five and thirty, there are living proofs Enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay Madam! ther's Mrs. Setlooks, Mrs. Droplip, And my Lady Lowd! shew me among all our opening Buds, a face that promises so much Beauty as The remains of theirs.

L.Wood The deprav'd appetite of this vicious Age Tastes nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when 'Tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would Not be so untimely neglected.

L.Wood I protest, Mr. Courtage, a dozen such good men As you, would be enough to atone for that wicked Dormant, and all the under debauchees of the Town.


Med.
Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady 
has made, occasions a little laughter.
O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle! they are 
Impatient till the Fiddles play again.
Dor. You are not weary, Madam?
L. Wood. One Dance more!
I cannot refuse you, Mr. Courtage.
Emil. You are very active, Sir.

After the dance, O. Bellair, singing and 
dancing up to Emilia.

O. Bell. A D—Sirrah; when I was a young 
Fellow, I could ha'caper'd up to my 
Womans Gorget.
Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam——
L. Town. We'll walk into my Chamber and sit down.
Med. Leave us, Mr. Courtage, he's a Dancer, and the 
Young Ladies are not weary yet.
L. Wood. We'll send him out again.
Har. If you do not quickly, I know
Where to send for Mr. Dorimant.
L. Wood. This Girls head, Mr. Courtage, is ever 
Running on that wild fellow.
Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband,
Madam, that will settle it.

[Ex. L. Town. Wood. and Dorimant.

O. Bell. to Emilia.] A D—sweet-heart be advis'd, and do 
Not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.
Emil. I have no such intention, Sir.
O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man 
I spake of. A D—he loves thee, and will make a good 
Husband, but no words——
Emil. But Sir——
O. Bell. No answer—out a pize! peace! and think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Your company is desired within, Sir.
O. Bell. I go! I go! good Mr. Courtage——fare you well!
Go! I'll see you no more. [To Emil.
Emil. What have I done, Sir?
O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly!
Is she not, Mr. Courtage?
Emil. Better words or I sha'nt abide you.
O. Bell. Out a pize——a D—what does he say?
Hit her a pat for me there

[Exit Old Bellair,
Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor.
Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable jest, Medley.

Med. You see I confine my Tongue, and am content to be a Bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. Dorimant, my Lady Woodvil

Is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so! try her,

You have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it! Bellair, here's

A Lady has something to say to you.

T. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. Medley, we have both

Business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then.

[To Harriet] That demure curt’fy is not amiss in jest,
But do not think in earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectionation is catching I find; from your

Grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn, and coldness

In your look?

Har. From nature, Sir, pardon my want of art:

I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings

Which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need ‘em not, you have a sweetness of your own,

If you would but calm your frowns and let it settle.

Har. My eyes are wild and wandring like my passions,

And cannot yet be tied to Rules of charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of

Managing those messengers of Love! now they

Will look as if they would kill, and anon they

Will look as if they were dying: They point and rebate

Their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough, but hate the set face

That always looks as it would say come love me.

A woman, who at Plays makes the Deux yeux to a

Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear ‘em

To her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile, and let me see how well

It will become you.

Har. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is,

But I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know ‘tis capable of

Improvement, and shall do you Justice, Madam, if I chance

To be at Court, when the Critiques of the Circle pafs

Their judgment; for thither you must come.
Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my features examined, every motion censured, and on the whole be condemned to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women; nay, the very lovers who belong to the Drawing-room will maliciously allow you more than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they may the better be believed, when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court, as wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the foolish, all are free to censure.

Dor. aside] I love her, and dare not let her know it, I fear she has an ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the wrongs I have done her sex.

Think of making a party, Madam, love will engage. [To her.

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have heard of love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled ague yet, but now and then have had irregular fits.

Har. Take heed, sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the disease now spreading in me——— [Aside.

Is the name of love so frightful that you dare not fland it? [To her.

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth on me; I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal———

Har. To some easy women, but we are not all born to one destiny. I was inform'd you used to laugh at love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak———

Har. If it be on that idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my eye-lids fall, and hang half o'er my eyes——— thus while you buzz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word! why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of love! and how disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown strong enough to make you bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to———

Trouble
Trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling and others in Masques.

Dor. What's here, Masquerades?

Har. I thought that foppery had been left off; and some who find themselves the more acceptable,

People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by

Y. Bell. This must be Sir Fopling.

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med. A Company of French Rascals, whom he pick'd up in Paris, and has brought over to be his dancing Equipage, on these occasions! make him own Himself; a Fool is very troublesome, when he

Presumes he is Incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me?

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you?

Sir Fop. Are you Women as fond of a Vizard, as we men are?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a

Face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masques you see, Sir, but those which came with you, this was intended a Private meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you will discover your self, and we

Know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear Bellair!

Med. Sir Fopling! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith, as I was coming late from White-hall, after the King's Couchee, one of my people told me

He had heard Fiddles at my Lady Townley's, and

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. Dorimant, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir Fopling?

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, Courtage.

A pretty kind of young Woman that, Medley, I observ'd her in the Mail more Eveliè than our English Women commonly are, prithee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to make my Measures, in Paris the mode is to flatter the Prude;

Laugh at the Faux-proude, make serious love to the Demi-proude, and only rally at the Coquette.

Medley, what think you?
Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematicks, you may be out in your Judgment at Tennis.

Sir Fop. What a Coque a Lafne is this? I talk of Women, and thou answerst Tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this Family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

Sir Fop. Ah! Dorimant, Courtage I would say, would thou hadst spent the last Winter in Paris with me. When thou wert there La corneus and Sallyes were the only habitudes we had; a Comedian would have been a boné fortune. No stranger ever Pa's'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen Families, where all the Women of quality us'd to come to visit, I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women! our Language wants such little stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam's a Mechanick part of Witt! A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. Bussiè was a Gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who D'Ambois?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?


Sir Fop. That may be, Madam! many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, Courtage, Women are the prettiest things we Can fool away our time with.

Har. I hope you have wearied your self to night at Court, Sir, and I will not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam——

Dorimant——

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. Courtage, a pox on't, I have something to tell thee. When I had made my Court within, I came out And flung my self upon the Matt under the state 't.th outward room, 't.th midst of half a dozen Beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among Themselves, as they call'd it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em by Heavens! not I,
But they were all your friends.

*Dor.* How are you sure of that?

*Sir Fop.* Why, we laugh’d at all the Town; _fpar’d_

No body but your self, they found me a man

For their purpose.

*Dor.* I know you are malicious to your power.

*Sir Fop.* And faith! I had occasion to shew it, for I never

Saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Birth-day.

*Dor.* You learn’d who the women were.

*Sir Fop.* No matter! they frequent the Drawing-Room.

*Dor.* And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expense

Of all the Fops who come there.

*Sir Fop.* That’s their bus’ness, faith I sifted ’em, and find
They have a sort of wit among them——

Ah filthy.

*Dor.* Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

*Sir Fop.* How can you breathe in a Room where there’s

Grease frying! _Dorimam_ thou art intimate with

My Lady, advise her, for her own sake and the good

Company that comes hither, to burn Wax lights.

*Har.* What are these Masquerades who stand so

Obsequiously at a distance?

*Sir Fop.* A set of Bulladins, whom I pick’d out of the best

In France and brought over, with a Flutes deux or two,

My Servants; they shall entertain you.

*Har.* I had rather see you dance your self, Sir Fopling.

*Sir Fop.* And I had rather do it—all the company.

Knows it——but Madam——


*Sir Fop.* By Heav’ns——

*Med.* Like a Woman I find you must be struggled with

Before one brings you what you desire.

*Har.* Can he dance?

*Emil.* And fence and sing too, if you’ll believe him.

*Dor.* He has no more excellence in his heels than in

His head. He went to Paris a plain bashful English Blockhead,

And is return’d a fine undertaking _French Fopp_.

*Med.* I cannot prevail.

*Sir Fop.* Do not think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

*Har.* You are too well-bred to want that, Sir Fopling.

I believe it want of power.

*Sir Fop.* By Heav’ns, and so it is.

I have sat up so damn’d late and drunk so curs’d hard

Since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for.

Nothing
Nothing but low dancing now, a Corant, a Boreè,  
Or a Minuêt: but St. André tells me, if I  
Will but be regular, in one Month I shall rise again.  
Pox on this Debuchery. [Endeavours at a Caper.  
Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended.  
Sir Fop. It had the Fortune to please in Paris.  
I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the  
Bafque in an Entry, I dance'd there.  
Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us fit:  
Here's a feat Sir Fopling.  
Sir Fop. At your feet, Madam;  
I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave.  
Gown.  
Har. and Emil. {Ah! you'll spoil it.  
Sir Fop. No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures.  
I make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey— [Dance.  
Quon Commence to an English Dancer English Motions. I was  
Forc'd to entertain this fellow, one of my fit miscarving—  
Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing,  
And put on the French Air: have you not a  
Pattern before you—  
Pretty well! imitation in time may bring him to something.  
After the Dance enter O. Bellair, L. Woodvil  
and L. Townley.  
O. Bell. Hey a Dod! what have we here, a mumming?  
Dor. Here, here, Madam!  
I know not but under these disguises there may be  
Dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady warning!  
L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. Courrage.  
Har. Lord! how you admire this man!  
L. Wood. What have you to except against him?  
Har. He's a Fopp.  
L. Wood. He's not a Dorimant, a wild extravagant  
Fellow of the Times.  
Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places,  
Suckt out of the remaining Lees of the last age.  
L. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd—  
L. Town. You'll have but little night to sleep in.  
L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day—  
Dor. The hour is almost come, I appointed Bellinda,  
And I am not so soppishly in love here to forget;  
[Aside.  
I am flesh and blood yet.  
L. Town.
L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.
L. Wood. Lord, Madam!
Har. Look, in what a struggle is my poor Mother yonder?
T. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Complement?
Dor. She strains hard for it.
Har. See, see! her head tottering, her eyes flaring,
And her under-lip trembling——
Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her Civility. [aside.] 'Sdeath, I shall lose Bellinda: I must fright her hence! she'll be an hour in this fit of good manners else.
[To L. Wood.] Do you not know Sir Fopling, Madam?
L. Wood. I have seen that face——Oh heav'n,
'Tis the same we met in the mail, how came he here?
Dor. A fiddle in this town is a kind of Fop-call;
No sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd
With an army of masquerades straight.
L. Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. Cour age! for certain Dorimant is in the company.
Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not,
You had best begon. I will wait upon you; your daughter is in the hands of Mr. Bellair.
L. Wood. I'll see her before me. Harriet, come away.
T. Bell. Lights! Lights!
L. Town. Light down there.
O. Bell. A dod, it needs not——
Dor. Call my Lady Woodvili's coach to the door, quickly.
O. Bell. Stay, Mr. Medley, let the young fellows do that duty; we will drink a glass of wine together.
'Tis good after dancing! what mumming spark is that?
Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.
Sir Fop. Hey! La tour.
Med. Whither away, Sir Fopling?
Sir Fop. I have bus'ness with Cour age!——
Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their coach and come up agen.
O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a bottle. [Ex. Old Bell. Enter Y. Bellair.
Med. Where's Dorimant?
T. Bell. Stole home! he has had business waiting for Him there all this night, I believe, by an impatience I observ'd in him.
Med. Very likely, 'tis but dissembling Drunkenness,
Railing at his friends, and the kind
Soul will embrace the blessing, and forget    The
The tedious expectation.
Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep!
T. Bell. Emilia and I are resolv'd on that business.
Med. Peace, here's your Father.
Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.
O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed.
Fill Boy! Mr. Medley, begin a health.
Med. To Emilia. [Whispers.
O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue, and I'll not pledge you.
Med. I know you well.
O. Bell. A Dod, drink it then.
Sir Fop. Let us have the new Bachique.
O. Bell. A Dod, that's a hard word!
What does it mean, Sir?
Med. A Catch, or drinking Song.
O. Bell. Let us have it then.
Sir Fop. Fill the Glasses round, and
Draw up in a Body. Hey! Musick!
They Sing.

The pleasures of love and the joys of good Wine,
To perfect our happiness wisely we join.
We to Beauty all day
Give the Soveraign sway,
And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.
At the Plays we are constantly making our Court;
And when they are ended we follow the sport.
To the Mail and the Park,
Where we love till 'tis dark;
Then sparkling Champaigne,
Puts an end to their reign;
It quickly recovers,
Poor languishing Lovers,
Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow:
But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.

Let every man stand,
With his Glass in his hand:
And briskly discharge at the word of Command.
Here's a health to all those,
Whom to night we depose.

Wine and Beauty by turns great souls shall inspire.
Present all together; and now boys give fire——

O. Bell. A Dod, a pretty bus'ness and very merry.
Sir Fop. Hark you, Medley, let you and I take the
Fiddles, and go waken Dorimant.

Med.
Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess.
For after the fatigue of this night, he’ll quickly
Have his belly full; and be glad of an occasion
To cry, take away, Handy.

Y. Bell. I’ll go with you, and there we’ll consult
About affairs, Medley.

O. Bell. Looks on his watch.] A Dod, ’tis six a Clock.
Sir Fop. Let’s away then.
O. Bell. Mr. Medley, my Sifter tells me you are an
Honest man. And a Dod I love you.
Few words and hearty, that’s the way
With old Harry, old Harry.
Sir Fop. Light your Flambeux. Hey.
O. Bell. What does the man mean?
Med. ’Tis day, Sir Fopling.
Sir Fop. No matter;
Our Serenade will look the greater.

Ex. omnes.

SCENE II.

Dorimant’s Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet, &c.
Handy tying up Linnen.

Enter Dorimant in his Gown, and Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon?
Bell. Why did you stay out so late?
Dor. Call a Chair, Handy! what makes you tremble so?
Bell. I have a thousand fears about me:
Have I not been seen think you?
Dor. By no body but my self and truly Handy.
Bell. Where are all your people?
Dor. I have dispersed ’em on sleeveless Erradns.
What does that sign mean?
Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me?—well——[Sighs.
Were it to do again——
Dor. We should do it, should we not?
Bell. I think we should: the wickeder man you to make
Me love so well——will you be discreet now?
Dor. I will——
Bell. You cannot.
Dor. Never doubt it.
Bell. I will not expect it.
Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell.
Bell. You have no more power to keep the secret,
Than I had not to trust you with it.
Dor. By all the Joys I have had, and those you
Keep in store——
Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before——
Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall
Sooner betray her self to her husband——
Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this
Than in another thing you promis'd me.
Dor. What's that?
Bell. That you would never see Love it more but in
Publick places, in the Park, at Court and Playes.
Dor. 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a
Damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.
Bell. I dare not trust your promise.
Dor. You may——
Bell. This does not satisfy me.
You shall swear you never will see her more.
Dor. I will! a thoulard oaths——by all——
Bell. Hold——you shall not, now I think on't better.
Dor. I will swear——
Bell. I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think
I owe your truth to that, not to your love.
Dor. Then, by my love! no other Oath I'll swear.
Enter Handy.

Hand. Here's a Chair.
Bell. Let me go.
Dor. I cannot.
Bell. Too willingly I fear.
Dor. Too unkindly fear'd.

When will you promise me again?
Bell. Not this fortnight.
Dor. You will be better than your word.
Bell. I think I shall.

Will it not make you love me less?

Hear! what Fiddles are these?
Dor. Look out, Handy!

Hand. Mr. Medley, Mr. Bellair, and Sir Fopling,

They are coming up.
Dor. How got they in?
Hand. The door was open for the Chair.
Bell. Lord! let me fly——
Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs.
I'll see you into your Chair.

Bell.
Bell. No, no! stay and receive 'em: and be sure you
Keep your word, and never see Loveit more.
Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall — Handy, direct her.
Everlasting love go along with thee. 

[Ex. Bellinda and Handy.

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

T. Bell. Not a bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular Fit, Dorimant.

Dor. I have.

T. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen,
When she falls kindly to work, great Cures
Are effected in little time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a Wench in the Cafe, by
The Chair that waited. Prithée make us a Confidante.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Lè fagè, Dorimant — was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her Coach and pay
Parish Duties if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by
Publick spirited men for the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said, Medley.

[Sir Fopling dancing by himself.

T. Bell. See Sir Fopling dancing.

Dor. You are practising and have a mind to recover I see.

Sir Fop. Prithée Dorimant! why haft not thou a glafs
Hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

T. Bell. Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in cafe of being alone.

In a glafs a man may entertain himself——

Dor. The shadow of himself indeed.

Sir Fop. Correct the Erroors of his motions and
His dresa.

Med. I find Sir Fopling in your Solitude, you remember
The sayings of the wise man, and study your self.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements.

Dorimant, thou art a pretty fellow, and wear'ft thy cloaths
Well, but I never saw thee have a handsome Crevat.

Were they made up like mine, they'd give another
Aire to thy face. Prithée let me fend my man
To dref thee but one day. By Heav'ns an

"English man cannot tye a Ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumsy fifted——

Sir Fop.
Sir Fop. I have brought over the prettiest fellow that
Ever spread a Toilet, he serv’d some time under
Merille the greatest Genie in the world for a
Valet d’Chambré.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong’d to the
Duke of Candale?

Sir Fop. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y’have a very fine Brandenburgh on Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of a Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Perriwig ty’d up.

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a set dres’; tis more
En Cavalier to appear now and then in a dissâbille.

Med. Pray how goes your busines with Loveit?

Sir Fop. You might have answer’d your self in the Mail
Last night. Dormant! did you not see the advances
She made me? I have been endeavouring at a song!

Dor. Already!

Sir Fop. ’Tis my Coup’d Essay in English,
I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let’s see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page give me my song—Bellair,
Here, thou haft a pretty voice, sing it.

Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.


Sir Fop. I did of Lambert, the greatest master
In the world; but I have his own fault, a weak voice,
And care not to sing out of a ruël.

Dor. A ruël is a pretty Cage for a singing Fop indeed.

Y. Bellair reads the Song.

How charming Phillis is, how fair!
Ab that she were as willing
To ease my wounded heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing.
I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,
And Love will not let me rest,
I drive about the Park, and bow
Still as I meet my dearest.

Sir Fop. Sing it, sing it man, it goes to a pretty new
Tune which I am confident was made by Baptift.

Med. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling, he does not know the Tune.

Sir Fop. I’ll venture. [Sir Fopling sings.

Dor. Ay marry! now ’tis something. I shall not
Flatter you, Sir Fopling, there is not much thought in’t,

But
But 'is passionate and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir Fop. That I aim'd at—does it not give
You a lively Image of the thing?

Slap down goes the Glass, and thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed, I perceive, Sir Fopling,
You'll be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky
In Compositions of this nature.

Enter Sir Fopling's Footman.

Sir Fop. La Tower, is the Bath ready?

Footm. Yes, Sir.


Med. When have you your revenge on Loveit, Dorimant?

Dor. I will but change my Linnen, and about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd
Have bin remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this morning, you must along
With me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to Bellair.

Dor. What's your business.

Med. Ma.tri-monoy an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

T. Bell. It may in time. Dorimant, what

Think you of Mrs. Harriet?

Dor. What does she think of me?

T. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

T. Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking
Of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can:
She laughs at all who commend you, but
Then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves, by
Their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a
Lady, who would always quarrel with me, when
I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if
I stay'd a day from her.

T. Bell. My Father is in love with Emilia.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings,
Go on and prosper, I must to Loveit.

Medley. I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

Med. Make her meet Sir Fopling again in the same place,
And use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about I think.
I'll be at your Aunts anon, and give you Joy, Mr. Bellair.

T. Bell.
Y. Bell. You had not best think of Mrs. Harriet too much,
Without Church security there's no taking up there.
Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But—
The wife will find a difference in our Fate;
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.
Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the men set it
down and open it. Bellinda starting.

Bellinda Lord! where am I? in the Mail?

Chair. Whither have you brought me?

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it.

Chair. We use to carry a Lady from the Squires hither.

Bell. This is Loveit, I am undone if she sees me.

Quickly, carry me away

Chair. Whither, an't like your Honour?

Bell. Ask no questions——

Enter Loveit's Footman.

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her——

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam,

She sent me to you this morning, to desire your Company,
And I was told you went out by five a Clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky!

Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my Chair and follow,

[Ex. Footm.

Tell your Mrs. I am here.

[ Gives the Chairmen money.

Take this! and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure you
Say, you took me up in the Strand, over against the
Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr. Dorimant.

Chairmen. We will an't like your Honour.

Bell. Now to come off, I must on——

In confidence and Lies some hope is left;
'Twere hard to be found out in the first Theft.

[Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Mistress Loveit, and Pert her Woman.

Pert. Well! in my eyes Sir Fopling is no such
Despicable person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsome a man as Mr. Dorimant,

And.
And as great a Gallant.

Lou. Intollerable! is’t not enough I submit to his Impertinences, but must I be plagu’d with yours too?

Pert. Indeed, Madam——

Lou. ’Tis false, mercenary malice—— [Enter her footman.

Footm. Mrs. Bellinda, Madam——

Lou. What of her?

Footm. She’s below.

Lou. How came she?

Footm. In a Chair, ambling Harry brought her.

Lou. He bring her! his Chair stands near Dorimant’s Door, and always brings me from thence——run and Ask him where he took her up; go, there is no truth In friendship neither. Women, as well as men,
All are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lou. You had best tell her I am,
’Twill become the Liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her,
Her going out by five a Clock——
I know not what to think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riser, I hear!

Bell. Do you not wonder my Dear,
What made me abroad so soon?

Lou. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The Countrey Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord!
They have the oddest diversions!) would never Let me rest till I promis’d to go with them To the Markets this morning to eat Fruit and buy Nofegays.

Lou. Are they so fond of a filthy Nofegay?

Bell. They complain of the flinks of the Town, and are Never well but when they have their noses in one.

Lou. There are Essences and sweet waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon perfumes they are Unwholesome, one of ’em was falling into a fit With the smell of these parolii,

Lou. Methinks in Complaisance You shou’d have had a Nofegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could be so loathsome To trick my self up with Carnations and Stock-Gilly-flowers? I begg’d their pardon and Told them I never wore any thing but Orange Flowers and Tuberose, That which made me

Willing
Willing to go, was, a strange desire I had
To eat some fresh Nectar's.

_lov._ And had you any?

_Bell._ The best I ever tasted.

_Lov._ Whence came you now?

_Bell._ From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach, and took a Chair to come and see you, my Dear.

_Lov._ Whither did you send for that Chair?

_Bell._ 'Twas going by empty.

_Lov._ Where do these Country Gentlewomen Lodge I pray?

_Bell._ In the Strand over against the Exchange.

_Pert._ That place is never without a Nell of 'em, they are always as one goes by staring in Balconies or staring out of Windows.

_Enter Footman._

_Lov._ [To the Footm.] Come hither. [Whispers.

_Bell. A side._] This fellow by her order has been Questioning the Chairmen! I threaten'd 'em with the name of Dorimant, if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

_Footm._ Yes Madam, over against the Exchange. [Ex. Footm.

_Lov._ She's innocent and I am much to blame.

_Bell. A side._ I am so frightened, my countenance will betray me.

_Lov._ Bellinda! what makes you look so pale?

_Bell._ Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious Hackney. [Footman returns.

_Footm._ Madam! Mr. Dorimant!

_Lov._ What makes him here?

_Bell. A side._ Then I am betray'd indeed, H'has broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me

_Lov._ Lord! you faint, Bellinda!

_Bell._ I think I shall! such an oppreッション here on the sudden.

_Pert._ She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you.

_Lov._ Not unlikely!

_Pert._ 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

_Lov._ Have her into my Chamber, give her some Surfeit Water, and let her lay down a little.

_Pert._ Come, Madam! I was a strange devourer of fruit when I was young,

So ravenous. [Ex. Bell. and Pert leading her off.

_Loveit.
Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while!
That I might receive this man with all the Scorn
And indignation he deservs.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir Fopling to begin with.
Hey—Page—Give positive order that none of my
People etr—Let the Canaile wait as they should do—
Since noife and nonsence have such powerful charms,
I that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from
What you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir Fopling.
Hey, Hampshire——Oh—that found, that sound
Becomes the mouth of a man of Quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a fenceless Mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who like
Your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of
The Ape, than the Ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a Sheer-
Mimick as your self, yet were he all Ape,
I should prefer him to the Gay, the Giddy,
Brisk insipid Noisy fool you doat on.

Lov. Those Noisy fools, however you despise 'em,
Have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought
At least) with us Women, than all the pernicious
Wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their
Merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll despise 'em as the dull effects of
Ignorance and Vanity! yet I care not if I mention some.
First, they really admire us, while you at best but
Flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can dissimble too——

Lov. They may! but not so artificially as you——
There is no fear they should deceive us! Then they
Are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service,
And always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idlenefs!
They know not how to entertain themselves at home,
And find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to
Fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the
Solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov.
Lov. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Gloves,
Commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis
Cut and shaded after the new way——

Lov. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must
Allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd at
Our selves, though never so Wittily. Then, though they
Want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves
So well, they save us the labour! we need not take
That care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love,
Which we so often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of
Themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit
Faith in us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into
Our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of
Clearing doubts which your subtle and causal'cefs
Jealousies every moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred falsity in Women, which
Inclines 'em still to them, whom they may most easily deceive.

Lov. The man who loves above his quality,
Does not suffer more from the insolent impertinence of
His Mistress, than the Woman who loves above her
Understanding, does from the arrogant presumptions
Of her Friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools, they are design'd for
Properties and not for Friends, you have an indifferent
Stock of reputation left yet. Lose it all like a frank
Gamester on the Square, 'twill then be time enough
To turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a
Good Substantial Bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill-favoured are only fit for
Properties indeed, but Young and Handsome
Fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the shame of your sex be it spoken,
'Twas this, the thought of this made me by a timely
Jealousy, endeavour to prevent the good fortune you
Are providing for Sir Fopling——
But against a Woman's frailty all our care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear experience bought the
Knowledge of your falsity, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first Jealousy you have
Feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week
To throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable
Slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, Ne'er want th'address to turn the fault on him.

Lov. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that The Town may know the power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self') expects That I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn Out in me, that I did doubt it too! what made you Come to disturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

Lov. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, The only Author of my shame! this from another Had been but Justice, but from you 'tis a hellish and Inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and Makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd last night with Sir Fopling.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talkt and laught aloud Ha, ha, ha——Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes. The confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a Womans reputation, than in the indearments of her love, Reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name The man can lay a blemish on my fame.

Dor. To be seen publickly so transported with the Vain follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an infamy Below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the Justice of what I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of a passion. You may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown? — Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your Letters you have so often askt for:

I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not——there—— And may the Perjuries in 'em be mine, if e'er I see you more.

Lov. Stay! [Offers to go; she catches him.]

Dor.
Dor. I will not.
Lov. You shall.
Dor. What have you to say?
Lov. I cannot speak it yet.
Dor. Something more in Commendation of the fool.

Death! I want patience, let me go.
Lov. I cannot.

I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. [Aside.
Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then?
Lov. Y'had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing
You ne're could do before, and in revenge I did——
I know not what I did:—— Would you would
Not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily
Minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the
Town to laugh at me, and Medley, when he is Rhetorically
Drunk, will ever be declaring on it in my ears.
Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite! Come, forget it.
Dor. Let me consult my reputation, you are too careless of it.
[Pause.] You shall meet Sir Fopling in the Mail again to night.
Lov. What mean you?
Dor. I have thought on't, and you must. 'Tis necessary to
Juftify my love to the world: you can handle a Coxcomb
As he deserves, when you are not out of humour, Madam!
Lov. Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done you!
This is some new device to make me more ridiculous!
Dor. Hear me!
Lov. I will not!
Dor. You will be perfwaded.
Lov. Never.
Dor. Are you so obstinate?
Lov. Are you so base?
Dor. You will not satisfie my love?
Lov. I would die to satisfie that, but I will not, to save you from

A thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your vanity.
Dor. Farewel false woman.
Lov. Do! go!
Dor. You will call me back again.
Lov. Exquisite fiend! I knew you came but to torment me.

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd! Bellinda here!
Bell. Aside.] He farts! and looks pale, the sight
Of me has toucht his guilty Soul.
PtrK. 'Twas but a qualm as I said, a little indigestion; The Surfeit-Water did it, Madam, Mixt with a little Mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded! and cannot guess how she came hither!

Lov. 'Tis your fortune Bellinda ever to be here,

When I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here!

How has he the face to come near you?

Dor. Aside.] Here is fine work towards!

I never was at such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profession of breach of
Faith and Ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I must submit to their Tongues

Now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have some
Senfe of shame! he is never well but when he triumphs,

Nay! glories to a Woman's face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, Bellinda, but methinks

Your kindness for me makes you concern your
Self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed, my Dear!

His barbarous carriage to you yesterday, made me hope

You were would see him more, and the very next day

To find him again, provokes me strangely:

But because I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach't me handomely, and I

Deferve it for coming hither, but——

Pert. You must expect it, Sir! all Women will hate

You, for my Ladies sake!

Dor. Nay if she begins too, 'tis time to fly! I shall be

Scolded to death else. [Aside to Bellinda.

I am to blame in some circumstances, I confess; but as to

The Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine.

I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

Lov. Do it now! what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Lov. These are weak pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life,

And so farewell. [Dorimant sings off.

Lov. Call a Footman! Pert! quickly,

I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not for my quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous cause of all

Our quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her

Bare-fac'd
Bare-fac’d to the world,
Bell. Let me but escape this time, I’ll never
Venture more.
Lov. Bellinda! you shall go with me.
Bell. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what
I did this morning, I wou’d fain go home
And sleep, my Dear.
Lov. Death! and eternal darkness. I shall never
Sleep again. Raging Feavours feize the world; and make
Mankind as restless all as I am.
Bell. I knew him false and help’d to make him so?
Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger?
It should have been, but love can take no warning.

SCENE II.  Lady Townley’s House.

Enter Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley,
Emilia and Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, Bellair, and do not let us see that
Repenance in thine, we daily do in married faces.
L. Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize
My Brother, when he knows it.
Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time,
Madam, since Marriage has lost its good name, prudent
Men seldom expose their own reputations till ’tis
Convenient to justify their Wives.
Old Bell. [without] where are you all there?
Out, a Dod, will no body hear?
L. Town. My Brother, quickly Mr. Smirk, into this Clozet,
You must not be seen yet.
[Ex. Bell.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. Furb to walk into the lower Parlor,
I will be with him presently——Where have you
Been, Sir, you cou’d not wait on me to day?

T. Bell. About a business.
O. Bell. Are you so good at business? a Dod, I
Have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir.
Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady Woodvill and
Her Daughter are coming.
L. Town. What need you huddle up things thus?
O. Bell. Out a pife, youth is apt to play the fool,
And ’tis not good it should be in their power.
L. Town. You need not fear your Son.
O. Bell. H'has been idling this morning, and a Dod I do not like him. How dost thou, sweet-heart? [To Emilia.]  
Emil. You are very severe, Sir, marri'd in such haste!  
O. Bell. Go too, thou art a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady Woodvill come. [Enter L. Woodvill, Harriet  
Welcome, Madam; Mr. Furb's]  
Below with the Writings.  
L. Wood. Let us down and make an end then.  
O. Bell. Siter, shew the way. [To Y. Bell, who is talking]  
Harry, your business lies not there yet! [To Harriet.]  
Excuse him till we have done, Lady, and then, a Dod,  
He shall be for thee. Mr. Medley, we must  
Trouble you to be a witness.  
Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.  
[Ex. O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell L. Townley and L. Woodvill.  
Busi. What Will you do, Madam?  
Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the Countrey agen,  
Run away here, any thing; rather than be married to a  
Man I do not care for—Dear Emilia, do thou advise me!  
Emil. Mr. Bellair is engag'd you know.  
Har. I do, but know not what the fear of losing an  
Estate may fright him to.  
Emil. In the desperate condition you are in, you should  
Consult with some judicious man; what think you of  
Mr. Dorimant?  
Har. I do not think of him at all.  
Busi. She thinks of nothing else I am sure——  
Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. Courtage!  
Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little  
Mirth, you believe I like the man.  
Emil. Mr. Bellair believes you love him.  
Har. Men are seldom in the right when they guess at a  
Womans mind; would she, whom he loves, lov'd him no better.  
Busi. Aside] That's e'n well enough on all conscience.  
Emil. Mr. Dorimant has a great deal of wit.  
Har. And takes a great deal of pains to shew it.  
Emil. He's extremly well fashion'd.  
Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.  
Busi. You defend him still against your Mother.  
Har. I would not were he justly ralli'd, but  
I cannot hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.  
Emil. Has your woman learnt the Song you  
Were so taken with?  
Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at second hearing.
Emil. Mr. Dorimant made it.

Bus. She knows it, Madam, and has made me sing
It at least a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Bus. 'Tis but singing the Song and I shall appease her.

Emil. Prithee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your ears worse than a
Cat call, and dresses so ill, she's scarce fit to trick up a
Yeomans Daughter on a Holyday.

Bus. sings:

Song by As Amoret with Phillis fate,
Sir C. S. One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait
To tell the Nymph his pain.
The threatening danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
To Phillis, if you would not love,
This Shepherd do not hear.
None ever had so strange an Art
His passion to convey
Into a listening Virgins heart
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so softens and disarms the mind.

Har. That not one Arrow does resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har. Aside turning from Dorimant.] My love springs with:
My blood into my face, I dare not look upon him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of celebrated
Beauty, giving Audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fopp, and make the
Piece compleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd?
The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd,
And wrought in a Suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute fools in Effigie, who
Suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. To Emilia aside.] Mrs. Bride, for such I know.
This happy day has made you.
Emjil. Defer the formal joy you are to give me,
And mind your business with her—

[Aloud] Here are dreadful preparations, Mr. Dorimant,
Writings fealing, and a Paifon fent for——

Dor. To marry this Lady——

Busj. Condemn'd he is, and what will become of her
I know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this fad condition, Madam, I can do no less
Than offer you my Service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common
Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the
Distrefled. But I will open my heart and receive you,
Where none yet did ever enter—— You have fill'd it
With a secret, might I but let you know it——

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it;
Your Tongue is fo fam'd for fallhood, 'twill do the
Truth an injury. ——— [Turns away her head.

Dor. Turn not away then, but look on me and guess at
Faces? that Women now adays have their passions as
Much at will, as they have their Complexions, and
Put on joy and fadnefs, scorn and kindness, with the
Same eafe they do their Paint and Patches——
Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my Eyes,
By all the hope I have in you, the inimitable
Colour in your cheeks is not more free from
Art, than are the fighs I offer.

Har. In men who have been long hard'n'd in Sin,
We have reafon to mistrust the firft signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of fuch a Heaven will make me
Perfevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship
And in Wine, sacrifice to you all the interest
I have in other Women——

Har. Hold—Though I wish you devout,
I would not have you turn Fanatick—Could you
Neglect these a while and make a journey into the Countrey?

Dor. To be with you I could live there:
And never fend one thought to London.

Har. What e'er you fay, I know all beyond
High Park's a defart to you, and that no Gallantry
Can draw you farther.

Dor.
Dor. That has been the utmost limit of my Love—
But now my passion knows no bounds, and
There's no measure to be taken of what I'll do
For you, from any thing I ever did before.
Har. When I hear you talk thus in Hampshire,
I shall begin to think there may be some truth in larg'd upon.
Dor. Is this all—will you not promise me——
Har. I hate to promise! what we do then is expected from
Us, and wants much of the welcome it finds, when it surprizes.
Dor. May I not hope?
Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and
'Tis to no purpose to forbid it. [Turns to Busy.
Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman
Loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and
Torment your selves no longer.
Har. Dost think I have no sense of Modesty?
Busy. Think, if you lose this, you may never
Have another opportunity.
Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frights me
When I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the
Rules of decency and honour.
Dor. [To Emilia.] I am beholding to you
For your good intentions, Madam.
Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage
From her, might have done you better Service.
Dor. Try her again——
Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam?
The time draws near.
Har. To be obstinate and protest against this Marriage.

Enter L. Townley in haste.

L. Town. [To Emilia.] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. Smirk
Out of the Closet. [Smirk comes out of the Closet.
Har. A Parson! had you laid him in here?
Dor. I knew nothing of him.
Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion
Of my easiness may cost you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, and L. Woodvill.
O. Bell. Out a pipe! the Canonical hour is almost past;
Sister, is the man of God come?
L. Town. He waits your leisure——
O. Bell. By your favour, Sir. A Dod, a pretty spruce fellow!
What may we call him?
L. Town. Mr. Smirk! my Lady Biggar's Chaplain.
O. Bell. A wife woman! a Dod she is.
The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit.

Please you, Sir, to commision a young Couple to go to Bed together a Gods name? ——— Harry.

T. Bell. Here, Sir——
O. Bell. Out a pife, without your mistres in your hand!
Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?
O. Bell. Yes, Sir!
Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?
O. Bell. A Dod, I think not, Sir.
Smirk. Sure you are, Sir?
O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the Bains,
Mr. Smirk, I hope you have no pretension to the Lady!
Smirk. With him joy, Sir! I have done him the good Office to day already.
O. Bell. Out a pife, what do I hear?
L. Town. Never storm, Brother, the truth is out.
O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your wedding day?
T. Bell. It is, Sir.
O. Bell. And a Dod it shall be mine too,
Give me thy hand, Sweet-heart, [To Emilia.
What doft thou mean? give me thy hand, I say. [Emil. kneels and T. Bell.

L. Town. Come, come, give her your Blessing,
This is the Woman your Son lov'd, and is marry'd to.
O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance, Sister!
L. Town. What would you do with her?
She's a Rogue and you can't abide her.

Medley. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?
O. Bell. A Dod, you are all Rogues,
And I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither! whither! away?
Medley. Let him go and cool awhile!
L. Wood. [to Dorimant.] Here's a business broke out now,
Mr. Courtage, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.
L. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some trick put upon
Me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer. Harriet! dear
Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country straight.

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, you shall hear me first——

Enter Loveit and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dog'd him!——
Bell. Yonder he stands, my Dear.

Lov. I see him.—— [Aside.

And with him the Face that has undone me! oh that I were

But
But where I might throw out the Anguish of my heart, Here it must rage within and break it.

L. Town. Mrs. Loveit! are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz’d to see so much company here in a Morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary——

Dor. Aside.} Loveit and Bellinda! the Devil owes me a Shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry’d! dear Emilia! how am I transported With the News?

Har. to Dorimant.] I little thought Emilia was the woman Mr. Bellair was in love with——I’ll chide her for not trusting Me with the secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. Loveit?

Har. She’s a fam’d Mrs. of yours I hear——

Dor. She has been on occasion!

O. Bell. A Dod, Madam, I cannot help it. [To L. Woodvil.

L. Wood. You need make no more Apologies, Sir.

Emil. to Loveit.] The old Gentleman’s excusing Himself to my Lady Woodvil.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She’s extremly overjoy’d at something. [To Dor.

Dor. At nothing, she is one of those hoyting Ladies, Who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, When their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav’n! I was never so near killing my self with Laughing——Mr. Dorimant! are you a Bridesman?

L. Wood. Mr. Dorimant! is this Mr. Dorimant, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you, I suppose.

L. Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what’s here more Knavery yet!

L. Wood. Harriet! on my Blessing come away I charge you.

Har. Dear Mother! do but stay and hear me.

L. Wood. I am betray’d, and thou art undone I fear.

Har. Do not fear it——I have not; nor never will do any Thing against my duty——believe me, dear Mother, do.

Dor. to Lov.] I had trusted you with this secret, but that I knew the violence of your Nature would ruine my fortune, As now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Lov. She’s an Heirefs I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you I must give up my interest wholly to My Love, had you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur’d ’em both, and been happy——

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of this kind, You know you might. Why did you go under a wrong Name?

L 2 Dor.
Dor. The story is too long to tell you now, be satisfied; this is the buffets; this is the Masque has kept me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my honor, though he's... [Aside.

Cruel to my Love.

Louv. Was it no idle Mistref's then?

Dor. Believe me a Wife, to repair the Ruines of my estate that needs it.

Louv. The knowledge of this makes my Grief Hang lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is impossible—Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. Th'extravagant words they speak in love;
'Tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we Promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry—When I see you next———

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Loveit?

Bell. By a mistake the Chairmen made for want of My giving them directions.

Dor. Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bell. Never. Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

L. Town. Men of Mr. Dorimant's Character, always suffer in the general opinion of the World.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from Common fame; considering the prevailing Faction, Madam——

O. Bell. A Dod, he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common error among Women, to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A Dod, he observes well.

L. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. Dorimant as civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. Courage.

Har. If you have mind to know him better——

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better!

Come away——You shall never see him more——

Har. Dear Mother, stay——

L. Wood. I wo'nt be consenting to your Ruine——

Har. Were my fortune in your power——

L. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient I might take it out of Yours, and put it into his.

L. Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you.

Would marry this Dorimant.

Har.
Har. I cannot deny it! I would, and never will
Marry any other Man.

L. Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis’d?

Har. But I will never marry him against your will—

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart. [Aside.

Upon your self light your undoing. [To Har.

Med. [To O. Bell.] Come, Sir, you have not the heart
Any longer to refuse your blesting.

O. Bell. A Dod, I ha’not—Rifc, and God bless you both—
Make much of her Harry, she deserves thy kindnes—

A Dod sirrah, I did not think it had been in thee.

Enter Sir Fopling and’s Page.

Sir Fop. ’Tis a damn’d windy day! hey Page!

Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir Fop. Pox o’this apartment, it wants an Antichamber

To adjust ones self in. Madam! I came from [To Loveit.

Your house, and your Servants directed me hither.

Lov. I will give order hereafter they shall direct you better.

Sir Fop. The great satisfaction I had in the Mail last night

Has given me much disquiet since.

Lov. ’Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so refriv’d?

Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of humour.

Lov. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my power?

Lov. To hang or drown it, do one of ’em;
And trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So fierè Serviteur, Madam—Medley, where’s Dorimant?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those

Advances to day she did last night, Sir Fopling——

Sir Fop. Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a bone fortune.

Sir Fop. Not to me at present. Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me.

To throw away that Vigour on one which I mean shall shortly

Make my Court to the whole Sex in a Ballet.

Med. Wisely consider’d, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No one woman is worth the loss of a Cut in a Caper.

Med. Not when ’tis so universally design’d.

L. Wood. Mr. Dorimant, every one has spoke so much in

Your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Lov.
Lov. There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in this World! all men are Villains or Fools; take example from my Misfortunes. Bellinda, if thou would'st be happy, give thy Self wholly up to goodnesh.

Har. [to Lovest.] Mr. Dorimant has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another——

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house, And never see the world again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a Retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a Belle passion.

Lov. Hold heart! till I get home! should I answer, 'Twould make her Triumph greater. [Is going out.

Dor. Your hand, Sir Fopling——

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [Ex. Lov.

Med. Dorimant? I pronounce thy reputation clear — and Henceforward when I would know any thing Of woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! Dorimant, Thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leisure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a pace, what does this man of mode do here again?

L. Town. He'1l be an excellent entertainment within, Brother, And is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

L. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. Town. What do you mean, Madam?

L. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to Hartly——

O. Bell. A Dod you shall stay and dine first! come we will All be good friends, and you shall give M. Dorimant Leave to wait upon you and your Daughter in the Countrey.

L. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now So good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not Inhabited, the family's fo small; there you'll find my Mother, an Old lame Aunt, and my self, Sir, perch'd up on chairs at a distance In a large parlour; sitting moping like three or four melancholy Birds in a spacious vallary—does not this stagger your resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam! the first time I saw you, You left me with the pangs of love upon me, As Day my Soul has quite given up he

Har. This is more dismal! Emilia! pity me, Who am going to that far place. In the midst of the hateful noise Of Rooks already—
Worst Cry in London! My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle.

O. Bell. Sister! knowing of this matter, I hope you Have provided us some good Cheer.

L. Town. I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too—

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall Have a dance before she departs.

So now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding-day——

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoice,
A Dod the Boy has made a happy choice.

[After the Dance.]

[To the Pitt.]

[Ex. Omnes.]
The EPILOGUE by Mr. Dryden.

MOST Modern Wits, such monstrous Fools have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making but their own.
Those Nausom Harlequins in Farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to View,
That Gallants, they may more resemble you:
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,
The Ladies would mistake him for a Wit.
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks; wou'd cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty Company,
So brisk, so gay, so trav'ld, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.
True Fops help Natures work, and go to School,
To file and finish God's mighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's Knight of the Shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he calls what e'er he can,
Legion's his name, a People in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes.
His various modes from various Fathers worl,
One taught the To's, and one the new French Wallow.
His Sword-knot, this; his Crevat, this design'd,
And this, the yard long Snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred Periwigs he gain'd,
Which Wind ne'er blew, nor Touch of Hat prophan'd.
Another's diving Bow he did adore,
Which, with a flog, casts o'er the hair before:
'Till he with full Decorum brings it back,
And rises with a Water Spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the herd.

FINIS.