

Mr. Civett. You cannot stir if you wou'd, I've lock'd the Door : Believe me a very Good Brother, a Dying Father, or what you will, that may raise your Pity.

[*Kneels to her.*

Fid. I cannot; must not, Pity you.

Mr. Civett. Let me prevail with you ; do not fear me, Vanity is not my Vice ; you'll find my Heart too full of Love for that to take Place ; let me assist you to overcome some Difficulties.

Fid. 'Tis impossible.

Mr. Civett. Try me; never any met with such a Return as I will make you ; you cannot be too pure a Temple for Love, since I am sure you have too much Sense not to know that all the Pleasures of the Earth are Dirt in comparison of that where Two Hearts meet, and equally full of Love.

Fid. That mine and yours will never do; if you Love as a Brother cease to Ruin, that is not a Brother's part, nor a Friend's.

Mr. Civett. Force your Inclinations, be Blind to my Faults, forget I have no Merit, persuade your self into a liking, the Pleasure will be the same ; find some way if possible to make me agreeable to you, you can never engage your Heart with more safety ; you may find, Madam, many Men will be your Lovers before you meet with one Friend ; if you think so, tie me to you for ever ; 'tis in your Power alone, and in return I'll sacrifice my Life to you.

Fid. Here on my Knees I beg you let me go, for all your Arguments are vain ; use them to some one who deserves them better, and desires them more ; if you detain me longer never see me again.

Mr.

Mr. Civett. Tell me but that you Pity me and I'll be no longer your Jaylor.

Fid. I can pity you, but not relieve you.

Mr. Civett. That one Word unlocks all Doors with me, tho' 'tis so poor a Composition 'tis not a Farthing in the Pound for the mighty Debt of Love you owe me.

[*Opens the Door.*

Fid. My last Command is cease to Love me. [*Exit.*

Mr. Civett. She's gone, and every Thing about her seems Divine; what a Wife is here? She's Mistress, Friend, and All: *Thoughtless*, How Happy might'st thou be if thou would'st? But we never esteem Blessings when we come easily by them.

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

Enter Colonel Courtlove Reading a Letter.

Col. I think this is the Time, but what or who she is I cannot guess; sure 'tis *Fidelia*: No, she can never lay her Fears aside enough to venture; if it is any Body else, and Love be her Errand, she'll be little the better.

Enter Mrs. Civett and Mrs. Politick in Masks.

Mrs. Civett. Do you know me, Colonel?

Col. No, Madam, but I hope I shall before we part.

Mrs. Civett. I cannot tell whether you shall or no, 'tis as you behave your self.

Col. I hope, Madam, you don't doubt my Manhood:

Mrs. Civett. No, but I fear your Heart's gone, and that's what I aim at.

Col.

Col. Truly, Madam, if that be your Business I believe you and I shall part worse Friends than we met.

Mrs. Civett. Why is your Heart so far gone that 'tis never to be recall'd.

Col. No, perhaps not; but your Request is something unreasonable at first Sight; my Heart I can give but to one, and that must be a Woman that neither seeks mine nor any one's else; my Body I can dispose of in several Places; and if an Essay of that will do you Service, pull off your Mask, and if you have good Teeth, and a sound Complexion, I am yours.

Mrs. Civett. Not so neither, *Col.* but if you will, tell me if *Fidelia* be that Happy Woman the Town says she is?

Col. Why truly I cannot deny but did I think she wou'd give ear to my Prayer I should make her my Saint.

Mrs. Civett. I hope then it must be a *Magdalen*, for to my Knowledge she has more Lovers than you that she is well pleased to hear.

Col. Base as thou art! Wer't thou not a Woman I'd tear thee piecemeal; however, I'll see your Hog's-Face. [*Pulls off her Mask, and Starts.*] Ha! *Mrs. Civett!* What Envy has put you on thus to abuse your Self and Friend?

Mrs. Civett. Love and Jealousie; and since you have discover'd my Passion, Truth will be my best Vindicator. Your Goddess *Fidelia* is my Husband's Mistress, she meets him, and I believe does all she can to make him Happy, whilst you and I are made their Sport.

Col. Good Angels! If this be true confound your Sex! Can there be such gross Villany hid in that Soft Shape? Sure, Madam, all you say is False.

Mrs. Civett. They're but just gone from *Mrs. Politick's* House, ask her, here she is.

Col. Speak, Madam, Is this true?

Mrs. Pol. Indeed I never tell Stories, nor love to have any

any one meet at my House ; but this I could not help, for Mr. *Civett* forc'd himself into my House whether I wou'd or no.

Col. Was she pleas'd with him? And did she suffer him to stay long with her?

Mrs. Pol. Not above Two or Three Hours at most.

Col. That's more than ever she did to me in Two Years Time. O Women! Women! What Cheats you are? If I at any Time but kiss'd her Hand she'd Blush, and look down the whole Day after as if it had been some mighty Fault. I could go Mad with Anger.

Mrs. Civett. Have Patience as I have, and let us join to be Reveng'd on 'em.

Col. With all my Heart ; for a Man can do little Mischief without a Woman in the Plot.

Mrs. Civett. I hope you will be better Reconcil'd to our Sex when you find a Woman kind, and only to you, which to my Knowledge you may ; so farewell ; when I know they are together next I'll send you word.

[*Exit both Ladies.*

Col. What, are they gone? Oh for a Deluge now to sweep away the Sex, that we Men may be no longer Brutes! Well, since 'tis so I will not lose my Labour, I must and will enjoy her by some Means or other.

*And after that I'll throw her from my Arms,
And bid Adieu to all her Sexes Charms.*

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T V.

S C E N E Lord *Civett's* House.

La. Civett. I have now but one Step more to Happiness, which is to accomplish the Ruin of *Fidelia*, which must be done by way of Friendship. She has gain'd Reputation to such a degree that there must be Demonstration to do it, for 'tis not in the Power of a Lampoon or a Woman's Tongue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Colonel *Courtlove* desires to speak with your Ladiship. — He looks as if he'd Eat us. [*Exit Serv.*

Lady. Admit him, he comes a *propos*, the *Philtre* works I find.

Enter Colonel Courtlove.

Col. I hope I do not interrupt your Ladiship.

Lady. No, I was wishing for you ; I heard of your Rage last Night, and am sorry you should lay the Inconstancy of your Mistress so much to Heart as I perceive by your Countenance you do : Alas ! We Women are but Trifles at the best, or at least you Men think so.

Col. We may say so in *Rhodomontade*, but we know to our Sorrow the whole Business of our Life centers in them ; 'tis Women makes us Proud, Brave, Ambitious,

H

and

and Extravagant, and in short they make us every Thing but Wise Men.

Lady. No Railing, Good Colonel, that Subject has been threadbare many Years, and all our Faults laid open, yet you are not well without us.

Col. I have done, Madam, but hope your Ladiship will allow I have reason to be Angry, who have follow'd your Cousin thus long with that awful Distance that I never durst ask her the least Favour, nor so much as told her I was her Lover till lately.

Lady. And this you plead as Merit: Why, I believe it has lost her, for Women hate suspence in any Thing.

Col. What do they Love? I wish I knew.

Lady. Dear Force; Ravishing by the Man we love; take my Counsel, and try her that Way, you'll find it better than all the Rhetorick you have.

Col. How shall I have an Opportunity?

Lady. She and I are to go to *Set-Figure's* to Night, and as we come back I'll bring her to *Mrs. Politick's*, and there leave her to your Mercy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Cousin *Fidelia* is coming up.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. Be gone, for if she finds you here she'll suspect us.

Col. I go, but be sure to be as good as your Word.

[*Exit Colonel.*

Lady.

Lady. Never fear me.

Enter Fidelia.

You seem extremely Melancholy of late, my Dear *Fidelia*; how go Matters between you and the Colonel? Is the Old Man got uppermost, and does he begin to cool?

Fid. No, no, but I wish I never had known him, or that he were as Cold to me as a Courtier to a Beggar, for of late he pursues me with that Violence, that between Love and Jealousie I have not one Minute's Rest.

Lady. And have you granted him all that's in your Power to give.

Fid. All that ever I intended, which is my Friendship.

Lady. I remember you told me so, but I no more believe you than him.

Fid. Why did you not?

Lady. Because those Speeches at the beginning of an Intrigue are as Natural to all our Sex as Dressing, Ogling, or Looking like a Saint in a Morning before our Husbands, when we are to meet a Gallant in the Afternoon.

Fid. I am so much a Novice in these Things that all I speak is Real.

Lady. May be so, but Women are never believed in those Cases; if you are weary of your Lover I know but one way to be rid of him, which is by Enjoyment.

Fid. Then I must keep him for ever, which I could be well pleased to do if he would be more my Friend, and less my Lover.

Lady. That he'll never be I'll engage; neither can I imagine what makes you take such Pains to be True to a Man who is so False to you, for to my knowledge your

Husband has a M'ſtrefs now ready to Lie-in, beſides a Hundred Int.igues which we know nothing of.

Fid. You miſtake, I am not ſo much a Fool to keep my Vertue for his ſake, 'tis my own ; I know his Baſeneſs, and can relent it as much as another, and would return it any way but quitting that Dear Jewel, which indeed is the only Jem of Value in all our Sexe's Casket. — But, Dear Couſin, give me your Advice how to be quit of this Troubleſome Friendſhip.

Lady. I can give you no Advice in this Caſe, you are too Romantick a Lover for me ; I am for the Modern Way, Love a little, not long, but often, and never make my ſelf uneaſie for any Man ; the Vertue you boaſt of ſo much I own is a very Fine Thing if one cou'd have it Inſur'd ; but it often happens Women grow weary of it when no Body cares to take it from them ; and leſt this ſhould be your Chance, you had as good give it whiſt you may be thank'd for it, as keep it and cry it about the Streets when no one will buy it ; but, my Dear Couſin, let's leave that to *Set-Figure*.

Fid. I'll go to oblige you ; not out of any Curioſity of my own, for my Reſolutions are fix'd, and not to be remov'd by ſuch Trifles.

Lady. Well, but let's go however, Mrs. *Politick* has provided ſome very good Chocolate for us as we come Home, and I am to make you Two Friends.

Fid. I deſire not her Friendſhip, neither will I go thither, except you promiſe not to ſtir from me all the Time, for I never go without a Fear upon me.

Lady. Upon my Honour I won't.

Fid. Then do you call me.

Lady. I will be ſure.

Fid.

Fid. Farewel ; something lyes heavy upon my Spirits.

[Exit *Fid.*

Lady. Go thy ways Vertue, if *Lovewell* lets slip this Opportunity, I'll take care he never shall have such another with any one else ; nay, I will have Impotence writ on his Forehead.

Enter to her Mrs. Civett and Mrs. Politick.

Lady. All goes well, the Scene of Love is to be at your House this Night, *Mrs. Politick* ; *Fidelia* is to meet the Colonel there, pray let them not want Opportunity ; the Mettle is ready melted, it only wants pouring into the Mould ; I promis'd to stay with her all the Time, but I'll steal away, and you and I, Neice, will go and visit my *Lady Simples.*

Mrs. Civett. What makes you love to go there ? I hate her.

Lady. So do I too, but she has a Handsome Husband, and 'tis said she's well enough pleased to Pimp for him, so there is but Quality in the Case.

Mrs. Pol. Yes, yes, I taught her that, for I think 'tis the only use can be made of an Ugly Wife.

Enter Lord Civett.

L. Civett. What is your Ladiship's Pleasure to Day ?
Shall I wait on you to the *Park* or *Play* ?

E'gad that's Fine. [Aside]

Lady.

Lady. Nowhere; good my Lord follow your own Way, and let me do the same.

L. Civett. But we are newly Married, Madam, and 'tis the Fashion to be Fond at first.

Lady. I love no Fashion that's Troublesome; I love to begin as I can hold out; and I'm engag'd to Day, and to Morrow, and indeed almost all the Week.

L. Civett. I was in hopes your Ladiship would have done me the Honour to have taken a Turn to *Epsom* with me; I intended to have gone to Morrow for some Air, I am fatigu'd with Visitants.

Lady. So you may, and leave me behind, I never intended to be one of your Lordship's Retinue.

L. Civett. Not for the World! But if your Ladiship will give me leave I'll be one of yours.

Lady. Neither, neither, — Pray go where you please, and do what you will, I'll never interrupt you; 'tis the same Prescription I intend to use my self, and so your Lordship's Humble Servant.

Mrs. Civett. Yes, pray my Lord let it be so, that I may do the same.

Mrs. Pol. His Lordship's too well Bred to dispute so reasonable a Thing, and when 'tis so much in use.

L. Civett. Why Faith, and so I am, and the World shall see my Lady *Civett* is as free as the Widow *Venture*, your Ladiship's Humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Enter Thoughtless.

La. Civett. My Dear *Thoughtless* why so Dull?

Thought. To see you so Merry.

La. Civett. Why, have I not reason, think you, that
have

have got so good a Father for your little One, which I doubt will make his Lordship a Visit sooner than he expects?

Thought. Nay, I am pleas'd with it too ; but cannot be in Humour for my Life, for fear of losing one Grain of your Love ; the Loss would be insupportable, and methinks I have fasted a long *Lent* already.

La. Civett. Meet me to Night at Eight a Clock at Mrs. *Politick's*, and then shall be your *Easter* ; but have a care of Surfeiting, for if you do I won't pity you.

Thought. I'll willingly run that Risque ; one Favour more will make me entirely Happy, which is not to suffer such Fools as *Callowbird* to buz about you ; tho' I don't fear you, yet it makes me uneasy to hear you talk'd of for such Cattle.

La. Civett. I wonder you shou'd mind that, when you know they are Drones without Stings, and are as little esteem'd. — But be gone, I wou'd not have my Lord find you here. [*Exit.*

I'm afraid my Gallant will prove more Troublesome than my Husband, which often happens ; if so, he must have a Husband's Fate, for all that's like Restraint I hate.

Enter Mr. Callowbird. — *Runs to the Glass and Combs his Wig.*

Mr. Callow. Gad, this Perriwig don't become me.

Lady. Why do you find Fault, methinks you are very Handsome.

Mr. Callow. Oh Madam, a Perriwig is the most disagreeable Thing in the World to my Face, my Night-Cap becomes me much better.

Lady. 'Tis impossible.

Mr.

Mr. Callow. Nay, Madam, I'll give you a Demonstration; how does your Ladship like me now?

[Pulls his Cap out of his Pocket and puts it on.

Lady. O mighty well! I could not have believ'd it.

Mr. Callow. But how do you like me now?

[Cocks his Hat.

Lady. Handsome beyond a Thought. *Too fit*

Mr. Callow. There's a Swinging Advance for you. What shall I say now? [Aside.

Why Faith, Madam, I'm your Humble Servant: The Park was full of Company last Night; Two or Three Persons of Quality stole me away, and carry'd me Home with them to pay Coach-hire.

Lady. 'Twas pretty odd; Persons of Quality make you pay Coach-hire.

Mr. Callow. O gracious! I have mistook; I wou'd have said they carried me Home in their Coach.

Lady. 'Tis an easie Mistake, and you are apt to make them.

Mr. Callow. Oh, Dear Madam, indeed so I am; I vow your Ladship has a great deal of Wit, Rat me else: I cou'd say a great deal more if I wou'd.

Lady. Pray out with it — I long to hear what the Fool wou'd be at. [Aside.

Mr. Callow. Why then Egad I could be mightily in Love; but by the way, Madam, Pray what's a Clock?

Lady. I have forgot my Watch, but I'll go look, and tell you the next Time I see you.

[Exit Lady Civett.

Mr.

*Mr.**Callow* Mr. Callowbird *Solus.*

Mr. Callow. I thought she had been a Wit, but now I see she's a Fool, not to know that asking what a Clock 'tis is the first word of an Address.—But perhaps she did not know how to answer me, and so is stept off.—I shall have her Page to Morrow at my leave, with a Wastecoat, Night-gown, or some such Toy.

*For now-a-days the Ladies only Woe,
No matter for a Man to Speak so he can Do.*

S C E N E the Fortune-tellers.

Enter Lord Civet, Fidelia, Mrs. Politick, and Mr. Set-Figure.

La. Civett. We are come, Mr, *Set-Figure*, to know our Fortunes, Pray tell mine first.

Set-Fig. Looks in her Hand.

*You have lately been Married I see,
And care not for Fortune or me ;
Your Husband you'll govern with ease,
And that a true Woman will please ;
A Son you will have in less than a Year,
It plainly to me in your Hand doth appear.*

La. Civett. See how true he tells, Cousen : Pray let's hear what he'll say to you.

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La. Civett. See how true he tells, Cousen : Pray let's hear what he'll say to you.

I

Mr

Mrs. Thoughtless gives him her Hand.

Set-Fig. *Help me Wonder! Here's a Book
Where I could for ever look :
Venus here doth Saturn move,
That you should be Queen of Love :
And to shew you further,
Here she charges you with Murther :
I must ask you roundly why
You'll let the Man that Loves you Die?
You will turn all Hearts to Tinder,
And may make the World a Cynder :
You have gain'd the Love of all
But the Man you Husband call :
He loves Women, yet hates you,
And your Crime is being True.
I will try my utmost Art,
For to ease your Tender Heart.
Come you Spirits from below,
Let this Fair One her Fate know.*

*Spirits Ascend and Dance, after which one of them comes
towards Fidelia and speaks.*

Spirit. *When you meet with a Man that belongs
(unto Mars,
Of your Favours to him you must never be scarce :
The*

*The White of his Feather his Innocence shews,
 The Red of his Coat how his Passion still glows ;
 His Stature is Middle, and the better for you,
 His Hair Light Brown shews he's Honest and True ;
 And just such a One is allotted for thee,
 Which if you refuse you ne'er Happy will be :
 Ne'er think 'tis a Sin, of a Truth I do know
 'Tis the Will of the Fates, and they will have it so.*

Fid. Come, let's go, I'm weary, and afraid of this Fellow ; but I'll make him and his Fiends Liars, for I'll go out of Town to Morrow.

Mrs. Pol. Upon my Veracity you shan't go till I hear my Fortune, for I never had it told yet, and I'll warrant you he says I am a True Friend.

Gives him her Hand.

Set-Fig. *Here's a Hand ne'er dipt in Blood,
 Shews the Owner truly good,
 Just and Honest to her Friend,
 Serves them all for the same End.*

Mrs. Pol. By my Soul this Fellow's an Angel, he tells the truest prettiest Things in the World.

Fid. 'Tis a Fallen One then ; but let's away, for he has so dis-spirited me I'm ready to faint.

La. Civett. I'm sorry to see you so Ill, but we'll stop at Mrs. Politick's, and she shall give you somewhat to revive you.

Fid. I'll go strait Home, and to Bed, for I was never so daunted in my Life.

Mrs. Pol. Indeed, Madam, but you shan't go Home in this Condition; if any Body should see you thus they would think the Lord knows what; I have now at Home a Bottle of Never-failing Cordial, that will in a Moment set you to rights; my Lady here can justify it, she came in th'other Day so *Mal-adroite*, and after a Dram——

La. Civett. Yes, indeed Cousin, 'tis very true, therefore be perswaded.

Fid. I never wanted a Cordial more than now, therefore for once I'll go, but don't ask me to stay, for I can't.

La. Civett. In that do as you please. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. Set-Figure Solus.

Well, these Women are Rare Things for supporting of Cheats; but why shou'd they not? For they are the greatest themselves; I was really sorry for that poor Lady, but every one must live by their Trade; the Colonel gave me such a Bribe Flesh and Blood cou'd not have refus'd it, and I question not if he plies her at the same Rate he may quickly gain his Point.

*For by my Magick Art I'm ever told
A Woman's seldom lost where's Store of Gold.*

S C E N E Mrs. Politick's House.

Enter Lady Civett, Fidelia, and Mrs. Politick.

La. Civett. Oh! I had forgot, I must go send a Footman to see how a Lady does.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pol. Dear Madam don't your Ladiship take that Trouble, I'll send him up.

[*Both run out. Mrs. Politick locks the Door.*

Enter the Colonel from a Closet.

Fid. Ha! I fear I'm betray'd. [*Runs towards the Door.*

Col. Only for your Good, Madam; come don't be so Nice, this is not the first time you have met a Man alone here to my certain knowledge. — Pray think me Mr. *Civett*, and then you'll be Calm: No Prayers nor Tears shall save you by Heavens.

Fid. Oh! Do but hear me.

Col. No, 'tis not now in your Power to beg or command a Favour from me.

Fid. Then I'm Miserable indeed! I hope you'll not attempt my Honour.

Col. Have you it yet Pure and Undeiled?

Fid. Yes, by all that's Good and Holy.

Col. I'm glad you have, for then I shall have the satisfaction of being first served; for any Woman that can receive Courtship from Two at once, designs the fairest Bidder shall have her; and I tell you there is not in Nature so great an Enemy of either as a Provok'd Lover; and Beautiful as you are, the Moment I found you False you were blacker to me than a *Moor*.

Fid. Let me know my Crime?

Col. My Time is too short for that, my Business now is to claim a Favour which I hope you think my Due, for what I ask you'll not be the poorer for, neither will your Husband miss it, or you be the less esteem'd.

Fid. If I could ever have believ'd you would have had

a Thought destructive to my Vertue I would have shunn'd your Acquaintance as much as Contagion.

Col. Your Vertue is not less by granting all Favours to the Man you Love, 'tis having many Gallants ruins Reputation.

Fid. All that you can say, and Love thrown into the Scale, shall never make me yield.

Col. If you Love me how can you see me Dying for what you may with so much Ease and Pleasure grant? A Woman that is more Chaste than I would have you what is she good for? A sullen Thing, that makes it her Business and Pride to war with the Flesh: She has cold Blood in her Veins, perhaps, and if it be Natural, 'tis a Lazy Disease, and not a Vertue.

Fid. That Lazy Disease shall ne'er be cur'd but by my Death, and yet I Love you, therefore why wou'd you undo me?

Col. By Heavens I wou'd not, but what I ask I cannot Live without, therefore be satisfied, for I must and will reap my long-lookt-for Harvest. — By all that's Good, rather than not Enjoy you, I wou'd chuse to die a Thousand Deaths the Minute after, than live a Patriarch's Age without it.

She Kneels.

Fid. Oh ye Heavens! That continually keep the Course allotted to you, can none of your Powers help the Poor *Fidelia* to preserve a Thing so long embrac'd by her? O Vertue! Vertue! Where dost thou hide thy self? What hideous Thing is this that would eclipse thee? Or is it true that thou wert never but a vain Name, and no Essential Thing? Why wilt thou suffer thy Slave to be torn from thee? Have you no Pitying Angel to assist a
weak

weak Woman in the Paws of Lions ? Good God ! Convey my Cries to *Thoughtless's* Ears.

Enter Thoughtless. — Takes her in his Arms.

Thought. Dear *Fidelia!* The Heavens have heard thy Prayer ; I am come to save thee in Affliction.

Fid. Touch me not, but let me embrace thy Knees, tho' I am still Innocent and Pure ; take me and carry me where I may see no Man but thy self, they are all False, and contrive thy Ruin.

Thought. I know thou'rt Virtuous, and have heard all your Discourse ; but what brought you here alone ?

Fid. I came not alone, my wicked Cousin was the Fatal Occasion of this ; by what Means, when I have recover'd my Spirits, I will tell you at large.

Thought. Was't she ? By Heavens thou shalt quickly have a full and ample Revenge on her : But, Colonel, you have plaid me foul ; were you not my Friend ?

Col. Yes, till Love unmann'd me ; you your self are too sensible of his Power to believe Friendship can over-balance it ; I am not the first who have err'd in this Kind.

Thought. Come, Sir, this must set all Right. — *Draws.*

Col. With all my Heart ; if the longest Liver is to have the Prize 'tis worth the Sacrificing an Army.

[*They Fight.*

Fid. Help ! Help !

Enter

Enter

1

Enter Lord and Lady Civett, Mr. and Mrs. Civett, Mrs. Politick and Callowbird.

Thought. Speaks to Lady Civett.

You, Madam, have done me this Favour, as I take it ; this was the Time I should have broke my *Lent* with you ; here, Sir, take your Spouse, make much of her, and my Child which she's big with, or else your Lordship might have been without a Lady. [*Gives her to my Lord.*

L. Civett. Egad you shall have her again if you will, and all she goes with.

La. Civett. Alas, Poor Cousin ! Because you are a Cuckold you wou'd fain perswade my Lord he is so too : Tum nown Dear, thou art not, nor shalt not be, if thou'lt be doud. [*Chucks him under the Chin.*

L. Civett. I cannot tell which to believe, but 'tis most for my ease to believe Dear is in the right ; and if not, I can't help my self, neither can all the Law in the World do it for me ; so I'll e'en take the Example of the Wise, clap my Tongue between my Teeth, and Horns in my Pocket.

Mrs. Pol. Colonel, Colonel, Pray do me Justice, and let the World know my Innocence.

Col. That I will immediately : Gentlemen, if you want a Bawd here's *Mrs. Politick* always at your Service, provided you have Money enough.

Mr. Callow. Say you so ? Madam, here's a Guinea for you, pray help me to a Person of ~~quality~~ equality to Night.

Mrs. Pol. *She cuffs his Ears. She Runs off crying.*

I'm Fallen indeed to be the Sport of such a Coxcomb.

Mr.

Mr. Callow. Gad, I wonder she shou'd be Angry; I think a Guinea is a very good Sum, considering all Things; 'tis well the Colonel has been so Liberal, I believe she'll find shortly we Men of Estates will be most esteem'd, and have the most Money.

Mean while the Colonel and Mr. Civett having been talking with Fidelia and Thoughtless, Lord and Lady Civett. — All Aside.

Thought. Was't so, Mr. Civett?

Mr. Civett. No, upon my Honour, she never gave me so much as an Ogle to hope by.

Col. What you have said of *Fidelia's* Coldness has given me great Satisfaction, and now I am become a Convert; whereas I lov'd her before for a Mistress, I now adore her for a Saint; I shall ever Repine at what I attempted. — But I hope 'twill establish her Character, since you will own there is no greater Demonstration of Vertue than denying the Man she likes: There *Thoughtless* — take her to thy Arms, [*Gives Fidelia to Thoughtless*] the Best of Women; Value her as she deserves: I can't help Envy-ing thee, but upon my Honour I'll never more disturb her.

Fid. It shall not be in your Power, for here I beg that I may retire from this Gaudy, Noisie, False Town, where Vertue is so much disturb'd.

Thought. Your Wishes are granted, and for the future I will be as much a Gallant to my Wife as I was to my Mistress: Come, my Dear *Fidelia*, the Gods be prais'd the Storm'd has happen'd so soon; we may yet enjoy a great many happy Days: Heaven was kind to me in it, for now I plainly see 'tis we Husbands that put our Wives in mind

of doing Ill, with the Assistance of Bad Friends and Companions ; therefore, Dear *Civett*, have a Care of thine, for she has been one of the Gang.

Mr. Civett. I will, and in order to that prepare for the Countrey to Morrow, Madam!— [*Speaks to his Wife.*

Mrs. Civett. What have I done that I must be sent to Goal?

Mr. Civett. Not much yet ; but to prevent what may happen we'll Retire, and from this sad Minute farewell Love and Doating : I have shook the lazy-wishing Folly out of my Blood, and now my Heart's at Home again I'll be content with my own Wife, eat my dwindled Cherries with Spectacles, draw the Curtains, and Fancy her her Grace, Right Honourable *Fidelia*, or whatsoever may please me, to make my Life easie, if possible.

Thought. *The scarcest, greatest Happiness of Life,
Is in a Beautiful and Virtuous Wife ;
But those are Blessings that are known to few,
And those who know 'em slight and hate 'em too,
Thus Men are False, and seldome (to their shame)
(prove True.)*

F I N I S.

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