

The Country Wife
William Wycherley

Freeeditorial 

**THE Country-Wife,
A COMEDY,
Acted at the *THEATRE ROYAL*.**

Front matter

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum illepidè putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.*

Horat.

PROLOGUE, spoken by Mr. Hart.

*Poets like Cudgel'd Bullys, never do
At first, or second blow, submit to you;
But will provoke you still, and ne're have done,
Till you are weary first, with laying on:
The late so bafled Scribler of this day,
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we, before most Playes are us'd to do,
For Poets out of fear, first draw on you;
In a fierce Prologue, the still Pit defie,
And e're you speak, like Castril, give the lye;
But though our Bayses Batles oft I've fought,
And with bruis'd knuckles, their dear Conquests bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd Odds upon the Stage,
In Prologue dare not Hector with the Age,
But wou'd take Quarter from your saving hands,
Though Bayse within all yielding Countermands,
Says you Confed'rate Wits no Quarter give,
Ther'fore his Play shan't ask your leave to live:
Well, let the vain rash Fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;
But we the Actors humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full Pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder Poets for you, on our Stage:
We set no Guards upon our Tying-Room,
But when with flying Colours, there you come,
We patiently you see, give up to you,
Our Poets, Virgins, nay our Matrons too.*

The Persons.

M^r. *Horner,*

M^r. *Harcourt,*

M^r. *Dorilant,*

M^r. *Pinchwife,*

M^r. *Sparkish,*

Sir Jaspar Fidget,

M^{rs}. *Margery Pinchwife,*

M^{rs}. *Alithea,*

My Lady Fidget,

M^{rs}. *Dainty Fidget,*

M^{rs}. *Squeamish.*

Old Lady Squeamish.

Waiters, Servants, and Attendants.

A Boy.

A Quack,

Lucy, Alithea's Maid,

The SCENE London.

M^r. *Hart.*

M^r. *Kenaston.*

M^r. *Lydal.*

M^r. *Mohun.*

M^r. *Haynes.*

M^r. *Cartwright.*

M^{rs}. *Bowtel.*

M^{rs}. *James.*

M^{rs}. *Knep.*

M^{rs}. *Corbet.*

M^{rs}. *Wyatt.*

M^{rs}. *Rutter.*

M^r. *Schotterel.*

M^{rs}. *Cory.*

Main text

ACT 1.

SCENE 1.

Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.

Hor.

A quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for / a Bawd; they are still but in their way,
both / helpers of Nature.---[*aside.*]---Well, / my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I /
desired. /

Qu.

I have undone you for ever with the Women, and / reported you throughout the whole
Town as bad as an *Eunuch*, / with as much trouble as if I had made you one in /
earnest. /

Hor.

But have you told all the Midwives you know, the / Orange Wenches at the
Playhouses, the City Husbands, and / old Fumbling Keepers of this end of the Town, for
they'l be / the readiest to report it. /

Qu.

I have told all the Chamber-maids, Waiting women, / Tyre women, and Old women of
my acquaintance; nay, / and whisper'd it as a secret to'em, and to the Whisperers of /
Whitehal; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread, and you / will be as odious to the
handsome young Women, as--- /

Hor.

As the small Pox.---Well--- /

Qu.

And to the married Women of this end of the Town, / as--- /

Hor.

As the great ones; nay, as their own Husbands. /

Qu.

And to the City Dames as Annis-seed *Robin* of filthy / and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their Children / with your name, especially their Females. /

Hor.

And cry *Horner's* coming to carry you away: I am only / afraid 'twill not be believ'd; you told'em 'twas by an *English-French* / disaster, and an *English-French* Chirurgeon, who / has given me at once, not only a Cure, but an Antidote for the / future, against that damn'd malady, and that worse distemper, / love, and all other Womens evils. /

Qu.

Your late journey into *France* has made it the more / credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appear'd / in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, / which I wonder you do not: Well I have been hired by / young Gallants to bely'em t'other way; but you are the first / wou'd be thought a Man unfit for Women. /

Hor.

Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain Rogues be contented only to / be thought abler Men than they are, generally 'tis all the / pleasure they have, but mine lyes another way. /

Qu.

You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, / and as ridiculous as if we Operators in Physick, shou'd put / forth Bills to disparage our Medicaments, with hopes to gain / Customers. /

Hor.

Doctor, there are Quacks in love, as well as Physick, / who get but the fewer and worse
Patients, for their boasting; / a good name is seldom got by giving it ones self, and
Women / no more than honour are compass'd by bragging: Come, come / Doctor, the
wisest Lawyer never discovers the merits of his / cause till the tryal; the wealthiest
Man conceals his riches, / and the cunning Gamster his play; Shy Husbands and
Keepers / like old Rooks are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractis'd / trick; false
friendship will pass now no more than / false dice upon'em, no, not in the City. /

Enter Boy.

Boy.

There are two Ladies and a Gentleman coming up. /

Hor.

A Pox, some unbelieving Sisters of my former acquaintance, / who I am afraid, expect
their sense shou'd be satisfy'd / of the falsity of the report. /

Enter Sir Jasp. Fidget, Lady Fidget, and Mrs. Dainty Fidget.

No---this formal Fool and Women! /

Qu.

His Wife and Sister. /

Sr. Jas.

My Coach breaking just now before your door Sir, / I look upon as an occasional
repremand to me Sir, for not / kissing your hands Sir, since your coming out of *France*
Sir; / and so my disaster Sir, has been my good fortune Sir; and / this is my Wife, and
Sister Sir. /

Hor.

What then, Sir? /

Sr. Jas.

My Lady, and Sister, Sir.---Wife, this is Master / *Horner.* /

La. Fid.

Master *Horner*, Husband! /

Sr. Jas.

My Lady, my Lady *Fidget*, Sir. /

Hor.

So, Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

Won't you be acquainted with her Sir? / [So the report is true, I find by his coldness or
aversion to / the Sex; but I'll play the wag with him.] /
[*Aside.*]

Pray salute my Wife, my Lady, Sir. /

Hor.

I will kiss no Mans Wife, Sir, for him, Sir; I have taken / my eternal leave, Sir, of the Sex
already, Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

Hah, hah, hah; I'll plague him yet. /

[*aside.*]

Not know my Wife, Sir? /

Hor.

I do know your Wife, Sir, she's a Woman, Sir, and / consequently a Monster, Sir, a
greater Monster than a Husband, / Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

A Husband; how, Sir? /

Hor.

So, Sir; but I make no more Cuckholds, Sir. /

[makes horns.

Sr. Jas.

Hah, hah, hah, *Mercury, Mercury.* /

La. Fid.

Pray, Sir *Jaspar*, let us be gone from this rude / fellow. /

Mrs. Daint.

Who, by his breeding, wou'd think, he had / ever been in *France*? /

La. Fid.

Foh, he's but too much a French fellow, such as / hate Women of quality and virtue,
for their love to their /

Husband, *Sr. Jaspar*; a Woman is hated by'em as much for / loving her Husband, as for
loving their Money: But pray, / let's be gone. /

Hor.

You do well, Madam, for I have nothing that you / came for: I have brought over not so
much as a Bawdy Picture, / new Postures, nor the second Part of the *Escole de / Fides*;
Nor--- /

Qu.

Hold for shame, Sir; what d'y mean? you'll ruine your / self for ever with the Sex---. /

[apart to Horner.

Sr. Jas.

Hah, hah, hah, he hates Women perfectly I / find. /

Dain.

What pitty 'tis he shou'd. /

L. Fid.

Ay, he's a base rude Fellow for't; but affectation / makes not a Woman more odious to them, than Virtue. /

Hor.

Because your Virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam. /

Lad. Fid.

How, you sawcy Fellow, wou'd you wrong / my honour? /

Hor.

If I cou'd. /

Lad. Fid.

How d'y mean, Sir? /

Sr. Jas.

Hah, hah, hah, no he can't wrong your Ladyships / honour, upon my honour; he poor Man---hark you in your / ear---a meer Eunuch. /

Lad.

O filthy French Beast, foh, foh; why do we stay? / let's be gone; I can't endure the sight of him. /

Sr. Jas.

Stay, but till the Chairs come, they'l be here presently. /

Lad.

No, no. /

Sr. Jas.

Nor can I stay longer; 'tis---let me see, a quarter / and a half quarter of a minute past eleven; the Council / will be sate, I must away: business must be preferr'd always / before Love and Ceremony with the wise Mr. *Horner*. /

Hor.

And the Impotent Sir *Jaspar*. /

Sr. Jas.

Ay, ay, the impotent Master *Horner*, hah, ha, ha. /

Lad.

What leave us with a filthy Man alone in his lodgings? /

Sr. Jas.

He's an innocent Man now, you know; pray stay, / I'll hasten the Chaires to you.---Mr. *Horner* your Servant, I / shou'd be glad to see you at my house; pray, come and dine / with me, and play at Cards with my Wife after dinner, you / are fit for Women at that game; yet hah, ha---['Tis as / much a Husbands prudence to provide innocent diversion / for a Wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had / better employ her, than let her employ her self. /

[Aside.

Farewel. /

[Exit Sir Jaspar.

Hor.

Your Servant Sr. *Jaspar*. /

Lad.

I will not stay with him, foh--- /

Hor.

Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see, / I can be as civil to Ladies yet, as they wou'd desire. /

Lad.

No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to Ladies. /

Dain.

You as civil as Ladies wou'd desire. /

Lad.

No, no, no, foh, foh, foh. /

[Exeunt Ladie Fid. and Dainty.]

Qu.

Now I think, I, or you your self rather, have done / your business with the Women. /

Hor.

Thou art an Ass; don't you see already upon the report / and my carriage, this grave Man of business leaves his / Wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who / before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealousy. /

Qu.

Nay; by this means you may be the more acquainted / with the Husbands, but the less
with the Wives. /

Hor.

Let me alone, if I can but abuse the Husbands, I'll / soon disabuse the Wives: Stay---I'll
reckon you up the advantages, / I am like to have by my Stratagem: First, I shall / be rid
of all my old Acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts / of Duns, that invade our
Lodgings in a morning: And next, / to the pleasure of making a New Mistriss, is that of
being / rid of an old One, and of all old Debts; Love when it comes / to be so, is paid
the most unwillingly. /

Qu.

Well, you may be so rid of your old Acquaintances; / but how will you get any new
Ones? /

Hor.

Doctor, thou wilt never make a good Chymist, thou / art so incredulous and impatient;
ask but all the young Fellows / of the Town, if they do not loose more time like
Huntsmen, / in starting the game, than in running it down; one / knows not where to
find'em. who will, or will not; Women / of Quality are so civil, you can hardly
distinguish love from / good breeding, and a Man is often mistaken; but now I can / be
sure, she that shews an aversion to me loves the sport, / as those Women that are
gone, whom I warrant to be right: / And then the next thing, is your Women of
Honour, as you / call'em, are only chary of their reputations, not their Persons, / and
'tis scandal they wou'd avoid, not Men: Now may / I have, by the reputation of an
Eunuch, the Priviledges of / One; and be seen in a Ladies Chamber, in a morning as /
early as her Husband; kiss Virgins before their Parents, or / Lovers; and may be in short
the *Pas par tout* of the Town. / Now Doctor. /

Qu.

Nay, now you shall be the Doctor; and your Process / is so new, that we do not know
but it may succeed. /

Hor.

Not so new neither, *Probatum est* Doctor. /

Qu.

Well, I wish you luck and many Patients whil'st I go / to mine. /

[Exit. Quack.

Enter Harcourt, and Dorilant to Horner.

Har.

Come, your appearance at the Play yesterday, has / I hope hardned you for the future
against the Womens contempt, / and the Mens raillery; and now you'l abroad as you /
were wont. /

Hor.

Did I not bear it bravely? /

Dor.

With a most Theatrical impudence; nay more than / the Orange-wenches shew there,
or a drunken vizard Mask, / or a great belly'd Actress; nay, or the most impudent of /
Creatures, an ill Poet; or what is yet more impudent, a second-hand / Critick. /

Hor.

But what say the Ladies, have they no pitty? /

Har.

What Ladies? the vizard Masques you know never / pitty a Man when all's gone,
though in their Service. /

Dor.

And for the Women in the boxes, you'd never pitty / them, when 'twas in your power.
/

Har.

They say 'tis pittie, but all that deal with common / Women shou'd be serv'd so. /

Dor.

Nay, I dare swear, they won't admit you to play at / Cards with them, go to Plays
with'em, or do the little duties / which other Shadows of men, are wont to do for'em. /

Hor.

Who do you call Shadows of Men? /

Dor.

Half Men. /

Hor.

What Boyes? /

Dor.

Ay your old Boyes, old *beaux Garcons*, who like super-annuated / Stallions are suffer'd
to run, feed, and whinney with / the Mares as long as they live, though they can do
nothing else. /

Hor.

Well a Pox on love and wenching, Women serve but / to keep a Man from better
Company; though I can't enjoy / them, I shall you the more: good fellowship and
friendship, / are lasting, rational and manly pleasures. /

Har.

For all that give me some of those pleasures, you call / effeminate too, they help to
relish one another. /

Hor.

They disturb one another. /

Har.

No, Mistresses are like Books; if you pore upon them / too much, they doze you, and
make you unfit for Company; / but if us'd discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation
/ by'em. /

Dor.

A Mistress shou'd be like a little Country retreat near / the Town, not to dwell in
constantly, but only for a night / and away; to tast the Town the better when a Man
returns. /

Hor.

I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good Fellow, a good / Friend, and a Lover of Women, as
'tis to be a good Fellow, / a good Friend, and a Lover of Money: You cannot follow /
both, then choose your side; Wine gives you liberty, Love / takes it away. /

Dor.

Gad, he's in the right on't. /

Hor.

Wine gives you joy, Love grief and tortures; besides / the Chirurgeon's Wine makes us
witty, Love only Sots: Wine / makes us sleep, Love breaks it. /

Dor.

By the World he has reason, *Harcourt.* /

Hor.

Wine makes--- /

Dor.

Ay, Wine makes us---makes us Princes, Love / makes us Beggars, poor Rogues, y gad---
and Wine--- /

Hor.

So, there's one converted.---No, no, Love and / Wine, Oil and Vinegar. /

Har.

I grant it; Love will still be uppermost. /

Hor.

Come, for my part I will have only those glorious, / manly pleasures of being very
drunk, and very slovenly. /

Enter Boy.

Boy.

Mr. *Sparkish* is below, Sir. /

Har.

What, my dear Friend! a Rogue that is fond of me, / only I think for abusing him. /

Dor.

No, he can no more think the Men laugh at him, than / that Women jilt him, his
opinion of himself is so good. /

Hor.

Well, there's another pleasure by drinking, I thought / not of; I shall loose his
acquaintance, because he cannot / drink; and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid
of / him, for he's one of those nauseous offerers at wit, who like / the worst Fidlers run
themselves into all Companies. /

Har.

One, that by being in the Company of Men of sense / wou'd pass for one. /

Hor.

And may so to the short-sighed World, as a false Jewel / amongst true ones, is not discern'd at a distance; his Company / is as troublesome to us, as a Cuckolds, when you have / a mind to his Wife's. /

Har.

No, the Rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but / ravishes our conversation, though he signifies no more to't, / than Sir *Martin Mar-all's* gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon / the Lute, does to his Man's Voice, and Musick. /

Dor.

And to pass for a wit in Town, shewes himself a fool / every night to us, that are guilty of the plot. /

Hor.

Such wits as he, are, to a Company of reasonable Men, / like Rooks to the Gamesters, who only fill a room at the Table, / but are so far from contributing to the play, that they / only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do. /

Dor.

Nay, they are us'd like Rooks too, snub'd, check'd, and / abus'd; yet the Rogues will hang on. /

Hor.

A Pox on'em, and all that force Nature, and wou'd be / still what she forbids'em; Affectation is her greatest Monster. /

Har.

Most Men are the contraries to that they wou'd seem; / your bully you see, is a
Coward with a long Sword; the little / humbly fawning Physician with his Ebony cane, is
he that / destroys Men. /

Dor.

The Usurer, a poor Rogue, possess'd of moldy Bonds, / and Mortgages; and we they
call Spend-thrifts, are only / wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchases
of / pleasure. /

Hor.

Ay, your errantest cheat, is your Trustee, or Executor; / your jealous Man, the greatest
Cuckhold; your Church-man, / the greatest Atheist; and your noisy pert Rogue of a wit,
the / greatest Fop, dullest Ass, and worst Company as you shall see: / For here he
comes. /

Enter Sparkish to them.

Spar.

How is't, Sparks, how is't? Well Faith, *Harry*, I / must railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha, upon
the report in Town / of thee, ha, ha, ha, I can't hold y Faith; shall I speak? /

Hor.

Yes, but you'll be so bitter then. /

Spar.

Honest *Dick* and *Franck* here shall answer for me, I / will not be extream bitter by the
Univers. /

Har.

We will be bound in ten thousand pound Bond, he / shall not be bitter at all. /

Dor.

Nor sharp, nor sweet. /

Hor.

What, not down right insipid? /

Spar.

Nay then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, / take what follows; you must know,
I was discoursing and / raillying with some Ladies yesterday, and they hapned to / talk
of the fine new signes in Town. /

Hor.

Very fine Ladies I believe. /

Spar.

Said I, I know where the best new sign is. Where, / says one of the Ladies? In *Covent-
Garden*, I reply'd. Said another, / In what street? In *Russet-street*, answer'd I. Lord says
/ another, I'm sure there was ne're a fine new sign there yesterday. / Yes, but there
was, said I again, and it came out of / *France*, and has been there a fortnight. /

Dor.

A Pox I can hear no more, prethee. /

Hor.

No hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while. /

Har.

The worst Musick the greatest preparation. /

Spar.

Nay faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, says a / third Lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again.
Says a fourth Lady, /

Hor.

Look to't, we'l have no more Ladies. /

Spar.

No.---then mark, mark, now, said I to the fourth, / did you never see Mr. *Horner*; he
lodges in *Russel-street*, and / he's a sign of a Man, you know, since he came out of
France, / heh, hah, he. /

Hor.

But the Divel take me, is thine be the sign of a jest. /

Spar.

With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiss'd / themselves; what, but it do's not
move you, methinks? well / see one had as good go to Law without a witness, as break
a / jest without a laugher on ones side.---Come, come Sparks, / but where do we dine, I
have left at *Whitehal* an Earl to dine / with you. /

Dor.

Why, I thought thou hadst lov'd a Man with a title / better, than a Suit with a French
trimming to't. /

Har.

Go, to him again. /

Spar.

No, Sir, a wit to me is the greatest title in the World. /

Hor.

But go dine with your Earl, Sir, he may be exceptious; / we are your Friends, and will not take it ill to be left, / I do assure you. /

Har.

Nay, faith he shall go to him. /

Spar.

Nay, pray Gentlemen. /

Dor.

We'l thrust you out, if you wo'not, what disappoint / any Body for us. /

Spar.

Nay, dear Gentlemen hear me. /

Hor.

No, no, Sir, by no means; pray go Sir. /

Spar.

Why, dear Rogues. /

[They all thrust him out of the room.]

Dor.

No, no. /

All.

Ha, ha, ha. /

[Spar. returns.]

Spar.

But, Sparks, pray hear me; what d'ye think I'll eat then / with gay shallow Fops, and
silent Coxcombs? I think wit as / necessary at dinner as a glass of good wine, and that's
the reason / I never have any stomach when I eat alone.---Come, but / where do we
dine? /

Hor.

Ev'n where you will. /

Spar.

At *Chateline's*. /

Dor.

Yes, if you will. /

Spar.

Or at the *Cock*. /

Dor.

Yes, if you please. /

Spar.

Or at the *Dog* and *Partridg*. /

Hor.

Ay, if you have mind to't, for we shall dine at neither. /

Spar.

Pshaw, with your fooling we shall loose the new / Play; and I wou'd no more miss seing
a new Play the first / day, than I wou'd miss setting in the wits Row; therefore I'll / go
fetch my Mistriss and away. /

[Exit Sparkish.

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; Enter to them Mr. Pinchwife.

Hor.

Who have we here, *Pinchwife*? /

Mr. Pinc.

Gentlemen, your humble Servant. /

Hor.

Well, *Jack*, by thy long absence from the Town, the / grumness of thy countenance,
and the slovenlyness of thy habit; / I shou'd give thee joy, shoud' I not, of Marriage? /

Mr. Pin.

[Death does he know I'm married too? I thought / to have conceal'd it from him at
least.] /

[Aside.

My long stay in the Country will excuse my dress, and I have / a suit of Law, that brings
me up to Town, that puts me out / of humour; besides I must give *Sparkish* to morrow
five thousand / pound to lye with my Sister. /

Hor.

Nay, you Country Gentlemen rather than not purchase, / will buy any thing, and he is a
crackt title, if we may quibble: / Well, but am I to give thee joy, I heard thou wert
marry'd. /

Mr. Pin.

What then? /

Hor.

Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is thou'rt a / Cuckold. /

Mr. Pin.

Insupportable name. /

[Aside.

Hor.

But I did not expect Marriage from such a Whoremaster / as you, one that knew the
Town so much, and Women / so well. /

Mr. Pin.

Why, I have marry'd no *London* Wife. /

Hor.

Pshaw, that's all one, that grave circumspection in marrying / a Country Wife, is like
refusing a deceitful pamper'd / *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the
/ Country. /

Mr. Pin. [Aside.

A Pox on him and his Simile. / At least we are a little surer of the breed there, know
what her / keeping has been, whether foyl'd or unsound. /

Hor.

Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in *Wales*, and / there are Cozens, Justices,
Clarks, and Chaplains in the Country, / I won't say Coach-men, but she's handsome and
young. /

Pin.

I'll answer as I shou'd do. /

[Aside.

No, no, she has no beauty, but her youth; no attraction, but / here modesty,
wholesome, homely, and huswifely, that's all. /

Dor.

He talks as like a Grasier as he looks. /

Pin.

She's too auker'd, ill favour'd, and silly to bring to / Town. /

Har.

Then methinks you shou'd bring her, to be taught / breeding. /

Pin.

To be taught; no, Sir, I thank you, good Wives, and / private Souldiers shou'd be
ignorant.---[I'll keep her from / your instructions, I warrant you. /

Har.

The Rogue is as jealous, as if his wife were not ignorant. /

[Aside.

Hor.

Why, if she be ill favour'd, there will be less danger here / for you, than by leaving her
in the Country; we have such / variety of dainties, that we are seldom hungry. /

Dor.

But they have alwayes coarse, constant, swinging stomachs / in the Country. /

Har.

Foul Feeders indeed. /

Dor.

And your Hospitality is great there. /

Har.

Open house, every Man's welcome. /

Pin.

So, so, Gentlemen. /

Hor.

But prethee, why woud'st thou marry her? if she be / ugly, ill bred, and silly, she must
be rich then. /

Pin.

As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pound / out of this Town; for she'l be as
sure not to spend her moderate / portion, as a *London* Baggage wou'd be to spend
hers, / let it be what it wou'd; so 'tis all one: then because shes / ugly, she's the likelier
to be my own; and being ill bred, / she'l hate conversation; and since silly and
innocent, will not / know the difference betwixt a Man of one and twenty, and / one of
forty /

Hor.

Nine---to my knowledge; but if she be silly, she'l expect / as much from a Man of forty
nine, as from him of one and / twenty: But methinks wit is more necessary than
beauty, / and I think no young Woman ugly that has it, and no handsome / Woman
agreable without it. /

Pin.

'Tis my maxime, he's a Fool that marrys, but he's a / greater that does not marry a
Fool; what is wit in a Wife / good for, but to make a Man a Cuckold? /

Hor.

Yes, to keep it from his knowledge. /

Pin.

A Fool cannot contrive to make her husband a Cuckold. /

Hor.

No, but she'l club with a Man that can; and what is / worse, if she cannot make her
Husband a Cuckold, she'l make / him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one. /

Pin.

Well, well, I'll take care for one, my Wife shall make / me no Cuckold, though she had
your help Mr. *Horner*; I understand / the Town, Sir. /

Dor.

His help! /

[Aside.

Har.

He's come newly to Town it seems, and has not heard / how things are with him. /

[Aside.

Hor.

But tell me, has Marriage cured thee of whoring, which / it seldom does. /

Har.

'Tis more than age can do. /

Hor.

No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest; but a / Marriage vow is like a penitent
Gamesters Oath, and entring / into Bonds, and penalties to stint himself to such a

particular / small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the / more eager,
and not being able to hold out, looses his Money / again, and his forfeit to boot. /

Dor.

Ay, ay, a Gamester will be a Gamester, whilst his / Money lasts; and a Whoremaster,
whilst his vigour. /

Har.

Nay, I have known'em, when they are broke and / can loose no more, keep a fumbling
with the Box in their / hands to fool with only, and hinder other Gamesters. /

Dor.

That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes. /

Pin.

Well, Gentlemen, you may laugh at me, but you shall / never lye with my Wife, I know
the Town. /

Hor.

But prethee, was not the way you were in better, is / not keeping better than
Marriage? /

Pin.

A Pox on't, the Jades wou'd jilt me, I cou'd never / keep a Whore to my self. /

Hor.

So then you only marry'd to keep a Whore to your / self; well, but let me tell you,
Women, as you say, are like / Souldiers made constant and loyal by good pay, rather
than / by Oaths and Covenants, therefore I'd advise my Friends to / keep rather than
marry; since too I find by your example, / it does not serve ones turn, for I saw you
yesterday in the / eighteen penny place with a pretty Country-wench. /

Pin.

How the Divil, did he see my Wife then? I sate there / that she might not be seen; but she shall never go to a play / again. /

[Aside.

Hor.

What dost thou blush at nine and forty, for having / been seen with a Wench? /

Dor.

No Faith, I warrant 'twas his Wife, which he seated / there out of sight, for he's a cunning Rogue, and understands / the Town. /

Har.

He blushes, then 'twas his Wife; for Men are now / more ashamed to be seen with them in publick, than with a / Wench. /

Pin.

Hell and damnation, I'm undone, since *Horner* has seen / her, and they know 'twas she. /

[Aside.

Hor.

But prethee, was it thy Wife? she was exceedingly / pretty; I was in love with her at that distance. /

Pin.

You are like never to be nearer to her. Your Servant / Gentlemen. /

[Offers to go.

Hor.

Nay, prethee stay. /

Pin.

I cannot, I will not. /

Hor.

Come you shall dine with us. /

Pin.

I have din'd already. /

Hor.

Come, I know thou hast not; I'll treat thee dear / Rogue, thou sha't spend none of thy
Hampshire Money to / day. /

Pin.

Treat me; so he uses me already like his Cuckold. /

[Aside.

Hor.

Nay, you shall not go. /

Pin.

I must, I have business at home. /

[Exit Pinchwife.

Har.

To beat his Wife, he's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapside* / Husband of a *Covent-garden*
Wife. /

Hor.

Why, 'tis as hard to find an old Whoremaster without / jealousy and the gout, as a
young one without fear or / the Pox. /

As Gout in Age, from Pox in Youth proceeds;
So Wenching past, then jealousy succeeds:
The worst disease that Love and Wenching breeds.

ACT 2.

SCENE 1.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, and Alithea: Mr. Pinchwife peeping behind at the door.

Mrs. Pin.

Pray, Sister, where are the best Fields and Woods, / to walk in in *London*? /

Alit.

A pretty Question; why, Sister! *Mulberry Garden*, and / *St. James's Park*; and for close walks the *New Exchange*. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pray, Sister, tell me why my Husband looks so / grum here in Town? and keeps me up so close, and will not / let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best Gown yesterday? /

Alith.

O he's jealous, Sister. /

Mrs. Pin.

Jealous, what's that? /

Alith.

He's afraid you shou'd love another Man. /

Mrs. Pin.

How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another / man, when he will not let me see any but himself. /

Alith.

Did he not carry you yesterday to a Play? /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, but we sate amongst ugly People, he wou'd / not let me come near the Gentry,
who sate under us, so that / I cou'd not see'em: He told me, none but naughty Women
/ sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I wou'd have / ventur'd for all that. /

Alith.

But how did you like the Play? /

Mrs. Pin.

Indeed I was aweary of the Play, but I lik'd hugely / the Actors; they are the
goodlyest proper'st Men, / Sister. /

Alith.

O but you must not like the Actors, Sister. /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, how shou'd I help it, Sister? Pray, Sister, / when my Husband comes in, will you ask
leave for me to go a / walking? /

Alith.

A walking, hah, ha; Lord, a Country Gentlewomans / leasure is the drudgery of a foot-
post; and she requires as / much airing as her Husbands Horses. /
[Aside.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife to them.

But here comes your Husband; I'll ask, though I'm sure he'l / not grant it. /

Mrs. Pin.

He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of / catching the Pox. /

Alith.

Eye, the small Pox you shou'd say. /

Mrs. Pin.

Oh my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why / dost thou look so fropish, who has
nanger'd thee? /

Mr. Pin.

Your a Fool. /

[Mrs. Pinch. goes aside, & cryes.

Alith.

Faith so she is, for crying for no fault, poor tender / Creature! /

Mr. Pin.

What you wou'd have her as impudent as your / self, as errant a Jilflirt, a gadder, a
Magpy, and to say all a / meer notorious Town-Woman? /

Alit.

Brother, you are my only Censurer; and the honour / of your Family shall sooner suffer
in your Wife there, than in / me, though I take the innocent liberty of the Town. /

Mr. Pin.

Hark you Mistriss, do not talk so before my Wife, / the innocent liberty of the Town! /

Alith.

Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what / Lampoon has made my name
notorious? what ill Women / frequent my Lodgings? I keep no Company with any
Women / of scandalous reputations. /

Mr. Pin.

No, you keep the Men of scandalous reputations / Company. /

Alith.

Where? wou'd you not have me civil? answer'em in a / Box at the Plays? in the
drawing room at *Whitehal*? in St. / *James's Park*? *Mulberry-garden*? or--- /

Mr. Pin.

Hold, hold, do not teach my Wife, where the / Men are to be found; I believe she's the
worse for your Town / documents already; I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do. /

Mrs. Pin.

Indeed be not angry with her Bud, she will tell / me nothing of the Town, though I ask
her a thousand times / a day. /

Mr. Pin.

Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find? /

Mrs. Pin.

Not I indeed, Dear, I hate *London*; our Place-house / in the Country is worth a thousand
of't, wou'd I were / there again. /

Mr. Pin.

So you shall I warrant; but were you not talking / of Plays, and Players, when I came in?
you are her encourager / in such discourses. /

Mrs. Pin.

No indeed, Dear, she chid me just now for liking / the Player Men. /

Mr. Pin.

Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her lieking / them, there is no hurt in't--- /
[*Aside.*

Come my poor Rogue, but thou lik'st none better then me? /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes indeed, but I do, the Player Men are finer / Folks. /

Mr. Pin.

But you love none better then me? /

Mrs. Pin.

You are mine own Dear Bud, and I know you, / I hate a Stranger. /

Mr. Pin.

Ay, my Dear, you must love me only, and not / be like the naughty Town Women, who
only hate their Husbands, / and love every Man else, love Plays, Visits, fine Coaches, /
fine Cloaths, Fiddles, Balls, Treates, and so lead a wicked / Town-life. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a Town-life, / *London* is not so bad a place, Dear. /

Mr. Pin.

How! if you love me, you must hate *London*. /

Ali.

The Fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures / of the Town, and he is now
setting her a gog upon / them himself. /

Mrs. Pin.

But, Husband, do the Town-women love the / Player Men too? /

Mr. Pin.

Yes, I warrant you. /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, I warrant you. /

Mr. Pin.

Why, you do not, I hope? /

Mrs. Pin.

No, no Bud; but why have we no Player-men / in the Country? /

Mr. Pin.

Ha---Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a Play. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, why, Love? I did not care for going; but / [100] when you forbid me, you make me
as't were desire it. /

Alith.

So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. /

[Aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Pray, let me go to a Play, Dear. /

Mr. Pin.

Hold your Peace, I wo'not. /

Mrs. Pin.

Why, Love? /

Mr. Pin.

Why, I'll tell you. /

Alith.

Nay, if he tell her, she'l give him more cause to forbid / her that place. /

[Aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Pray, why, Dear? /

Mr. Pin.

First, you like the Actors, and the Gallants may / like you. /

Mrs. Pin.

What, a homely Country Girl? no Bud, no body / will like me. /

Mr. Pin.

I tell you, yes, they may. /

Mrs. Pin.

No, no, you jest---I won't believe you, I will go. /

Mr. Pin.

I tell you then, that one of the lewdest Fellows / in Town, who saw you there, told me
he was in love with you. /

Mrs. Pin.

Indeed! who, who, pray who wast? /

Mr. Pin.

I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware; / how overjoy'd she is! /

[Aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Was it any *Hampshire* Gallant, any of our Neighbours? / I promise you, I am beholding
to him. /

Mr. Pin.

I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd but ruin / you, as he has done hundreds: he has no
other love for Women, / but that, such as he, look upon Women like Basilicks, but / to
destroy'em. /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, but if he loves me, why shou'd he ruin me? / answer me to that: methinks he
shou'd not, I wou'd do / him no harm. /

Alith.

Hah, ha, ha. /

Mr. Pin.

'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing / you any harm, or me either. / *Enter*
Sparkish and Harcourt. But here comes Company, get you in, get you in. /

Mrs. Pin.

But pray, Husband, is he a pretty Gentleman, / that loves me? /

Mr. Pin.

In baggage, in. /

[Thrusts her in: shuts the door.]

What all the lewd Libertines of the Town brought to my / Lodging, by this easie
Coxcomb! S'death I'll not suffer it. /

Spar.

Here *Harcourt*, do you approve my choice? Dear, / little Rogue, I told you, I'd bring you
acquainted with all / my Friends, the wits, and--- /

[Harcourt salutes her.]

Mr. Pin.

Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self / will, I warrant you. /

Spar.

This is one of those, my pretty Rogue, that are to / dance at your Wedding to morrow;
and him you must bid / welcom ever, to what you and I have. /

Mr. Pin.

Monstrous!--- /

[Aside.]

Spar.

Harcourt how dost thou like her, Faith? Nay, Dear, / do not look down; I should hate to
have a Wife of mine / out of countenance at any thing. /

Mr. Pin.

[150] Wonderful! /

Spar.

Tell me, I say, *Harcourt*, how dost thou like her? / thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me. /

Har.

So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a Mistriss / too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and / engagement to you. /

Alith.

Sir, Master *Sparkish* has often told me, that his Acquaintance / were all Wits and Raillieurs, and now I find it. /

Spar.

No, by the Universe, Madam, he does not railly now; / you may believe him: I do assure you, he is the honestest, / worthyest, true hearted Gentleman---A man of such perfect / honour, he wou'd say nothing to a Lady, he does not / mean. /

Mr. Pin.

Praising another Man to his Mistriss! /

Har.

Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that--- /

Spar.

Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extreamly, / I see't in your eyes.---He does admire you Madam.---By / the World, don't you? /

Har.

Yes, above the World, or, the most glorious part of / it, her whole Sex; and till now I never thought I shou'd / have envy'd you, or any Man about to marry, but you have / the best excuse for Marriage I ever knew. /

Alith.

Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfied you are of the Society / of the Wits, and Raillieurs, since you
cannot spare your Friend, / even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, /
[175] since you are an Enemy to Marriage, for that I hear you hate / as much as
business or bad Wine. /

Har.

Truly, Madam, I never was an Enemy to Marriage, / till now, because Marriage was
never an Enemy to me before. /

Alith.

But why, Sir, is Marriage an Enemy to you now? / Because it robs you of your Friend
here; for you look upon / a Friend married, as one gone into a Monastery, that is dead
/ to the World. /

Har.

'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see Madam, / you can guess my meaning: I do
confess heartily and openly, / I wish it were in my power to break the Match, by
Heavens / I wou'd. /

Spar.

Poor *Franck!* /

Alith.

Wou'd you be so unkind to me? /

Har.

No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you. /

Spar.

Poor *Franck*, no gad, 'tis only his kindness to me. /

Pin.

Great kindness to you indeed; insensible Fop, let a / Man make love to his Wife to his
face. /

[Aside.

Spar.

Come dear *Franck*, for all my Wife there that shall / be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes
dear Rogue; by my honour, / we Men of wit condole for our deceased Brother in
Marriage, / as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was / prettily said of me,
ha *Harcourt*?---But come *Franck*, he / not not melancholy for me. /

Har.

No, I assure you I am not melancholy for you. /

Spar.

Prethee, *Frank*, dost think my Wife that shall be / there a fine Person? /

Har.

I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you / are. /

Spar.

How, as I am! how! /

Har.

Because you are a Lover, and true Lovers are blind, / stockblind. /

Spar.

True, true; but by the World, she has wit too, as / well as beauty: go, go with her into a
corner, and trye if she / has wit, talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me. /

Har.

Indeed if a Woman wants wit in a corner, she has it / no where. /

Alith.

Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time.--- /

[Aside to Sparkish.

Spar.

Nay, nay, Madam let me have an earnest of your obedience, / or---go, go, Madam--- /

[Harcourt courts Alitheia aside.

Pin.

How, Sir, if you are not concern'd for the honour of a / VVife, I am for that of a Sister;
he shall not debauch her: be / a Pander to your own VVife, bring Men to her, let'em
make / love before your face, thrust'em into a corner together, then / leav'em in
private! is this your Town wit and conduct? /

Spar.

Hah, ha, ha, a silly wise Rogue, wou'd make one / laugh more then a stark Fool, hah,
ha: I shall burst. Nay, / you shall not disturb'em; I'll / vex thee, by the World. /

Struggles with Pinch. to keep, him from Harc. and Alith.

Alith.

The writings are drawn, Sir, settlements made; 'tis too / late, Sir, and past all
revocation. /

Har.

Then so is my death. /

Alith.

I wou'd not be unjust to him. /

Har.

Then why to me so? /

Alith.

I have no obligation to you. /

Har.

My love. /

Alith.

I had his before. /

Har.

You never had it; he wants you see jealousy, the / only infallible sign of it. /

Alith.

Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my / virtue, besides he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me. /

Har.

Marrying you, is no more sign of his love, then bribing / your Woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his / generosity: Marriage is rather a sign of interest, then love; / and he that marries a fortune, covets a Mistress, not loves / her: But if you take Marriage for a sign of love, take it / from me immediately. /

Alith.

No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but / in short, Sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation / wou'd suffer in the World else. /

Har.

No, if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, / your reputation suffers in the
World, and you wou'd be / thought in necessity for a cloak. /

Alith.

Nay, now you are rude, Sir.---Mr. *Sparkish*, pray / come hither, your Friend here is very
troublesom, and very / loving. /

Har.

Hold, hold--- /

[Aside to Alithea.

Mr. Pin.

D'ye hear that? /

Spar.

Why, d'ye think I'll seem to be jealous, like a Country / Bumpkin? /

Mr. Pin.

No, rather be a Cuckold, like a credulous Cit. /

Har.

Madam, you wou'd not have been so little generous / as to have told him. /

Alith.

Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous, as to / wrong him. /

Har.

Wrong him, no Man can do't, he's beneath an injury; / a Bubble, a Coward, a senseless
Idiot, a Wretch so / contemptible to all the World but you, that--- /

Alith.

Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be / my Husband, I am resolv'd to like
him: Nay, I think I am / oblig'd to tell him, you are not his Friend.---Master *Sparkish*, /
Master *Sparkish*. /

Spar.

What, what; now dear Rogue, has not she wit? /

Har.

Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. /

[Speaks surlily.]

Alith.

Mr. *Sparkish*, do you bring People to rail at you? /

Har.

Madam--- /

Spar,

How! no, but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest / I warrant; what we wits do for one
another, and never take / any notice of it. /

Alith.

He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience / to hear him; besides he has been
making love to me. /

Har.

True damn'd tell-tale-Woman. /

[Aside.

Spar.

Pshaw, to shew his parts---we wits rail and make / love often, but to shew our parts; as
we have no affections, / so we have no malice, we--- /

Alith.

He said, you were a Wretch, below an injury. /

Spar.

Pshaw. /

Har.

Damn'd, senseless, impudent, virtuous Jade; well since / she won't let me have her,
she'l do as good, she'l make me / hate her. /

Alith.

A Common Bubble. /

Spar.

Pshaw. /

Alith.

A Coward. /

Spar.

Pshaw, pshaw. /

Alith.

A senseless driveling Idiot. /

Spar.

How, did he disparage my parts? Nay, then my honour's / concern'd, I can't put up
that, Sir; by the World, / Brother help me to kill him; [*Aside.* [I may draw now, since we
have / the odds of him:---'tis a good occasion too before my / Mistriss]--- /

[*Offers to draw.*

Alith.

Hold, hold. /

Spar.

What, what. /

Alith.

I must not let'em kill the Gentleman neither, for / his kindness to me; I am so far from
hating him, that I wish / my Gallant had his person and understanding:--- /

[*Aside.* [Nay if my honour--- /

Spar.

I'll be thy death. /

Alith.

Hold, hold, indeed to tell the truth, the Gentleman / said after all, that what he spoke,
was but out of friendship / to you. /

Spar.

How! say, I am, I am a Fool, that is no wit, out of / friendship to me. /

Alith.

Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you, / and made love to me only to be satisfy'd of my virtue, for / your sake. /

Har.

Kind however--- /

[Aside.

Spar.

Nay, if it were so, my dear Rogue, I ask thee pardon; / but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith. /

Har.

Because I did not think on't, faith. /

Spar.

Come, *Horner* does not come, *Harcourt*, let's be gone / to the new Play.---Come Madam. /

Alith.

I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the / Box, and run into the pit, as you use to do. /

Spar.

Pshaw, I'll leave *Harcourt* with you in the Box, to entertain / you, and that's as good; if I sate in the Box, I / shou'd be thought no Judge, but of trimmings.---Come / away *Harcourt*, lead her down. /

[Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alithea.]

Pin.

Well, go thy wayes, for the flower of the true Town / Fops, such as spend their Estates,
before they come to'em, / and are Cuckolds before they'r married. But let me go look /
to my own Free-hold---How--- /

Enter my Lady Fidget, Mistriss Dainty Fidget, and Mistriss Squeamish.

Lad.

Your Servant, Sir, where is your Lady? we are come / to wait upon her to the new Play.
/

Pin.

New Play! /

Lad.

And my Husband will wait upon you presently. /

Pin.

Damn your civility--- /

[Aside.

Madam, by no means, I will not see Sir *Jaspar* here, till I have / waited upon him at
home; nor shall my Wife see you, till / she has waited upon your Ladyship at your
lodgings. /

Lad.

Now we are here, Sir--- /

Pin.

No, Madam. /

Dain.

Pray, let us see her. /

Squeam.

We will not stir, till we see her. /

Pin.

A Pox on you all--- /

[Aside.

Goes to the door, and returns.

she has lock'd the door, and is gone abroad. /

Lad.

No, you have lock'd the door, and she's within. /

Dain.

They told us below, she was here. /

Pin.

[Will nothing do?]---Well it must out then, to / tell you the truth, Ladies, which I was
afraid to let you know / before, least it might endanger your lives, my Wife has just /
now the Small Pox come out upon her, do not be frighten'd; / but pray, be gone Ladies,
you shall not stay here in danger / of your lives; pray get you gone Ladies. /

Lad.

No, no, we have all had'em. /

Squeam.

Alack, alack. /

Dain.

Come, come, we must see how it goes with her, I / understand the disease. /

Lad.

Come. /

Pin.

Well, there is no being too hard for Women at their / own weapon, lying, therefore I'll
quit the Field. /

[Aside.

Exit Pinchwife.

Squeam.

Here's an example of jealousy. /

Lad.

Indeed as the World goes, I wonder there are no / more jealous, since Wives are so
neglected. /

Dain.

Pshaw, as the World goes, to what end shou'd they / be jealous. /

Lad.

Foh, 'tis a nasty World. /

Squeam.

That Men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality / shou'd take up with, and spend
themselves and fortunes, / in keeping little Play-house Creatures, foh. /

Lad.

Nay, that Women of understanding, great acquaintance, / and good quality, shou'd fall
a keeping too of little / Creatures, foh. /

Squeam.

Why, 'tis the Men of qualities fault, they never / visit Women of honour, and
reputation, as they us'd to do; / and have not so much as common civility, for Ladies of
our / rank, but use us with the same indifferency, and ill breeding, / as if we were all
marry'd to'em. /

Lad.

She says true, 'tis an errant shame Women of quality / shou'd be so slighted; methinks,
birth, birth, shou'd go for something; / I have known Men admired, courted, and
followed / for their titles only. /

Squeam.

Ay, one wou'd think Men of honour shou'd not / love no more, than marry out of their
own rank. /

Dain.

Fye, fye upon'em, they are come to think cross breeding / for themselves best, as well
as for their Dogs, and Horses. /

Lad.

They are Dogs, and Horses for't. /

Squeam.

One wou'd think if not for love, for vanity a / little. /

Dain.

Nay, they do satisfy their vanity upon us sometimes; / and are kind to us in their
report, tell all the World / they lye with us. /

Lad.

Damn'd Rascals, that we shou'd be only wrong'd / by'em; to report a Man has had a
Person, when he has not / had a Person, is the greatest wrong in the whole World, that
/ can be done to a person. /

Squeam.

Well, 'tis an errant shame, Noble Persons shou'd / be so wrong'd, and neglected. /

Lad.

But still 'tis an erranter shame for a Noble Person, to / neglect her own honour, and
defame her own Noble Person, / with little inconsiderable Fellows, foh!--- /

Dain.

I suppose the crime against our honour, is the same / with a Man of quality as with
another. /

Lad.

How! no sure the Man of quality is likest one's Husband, / and therefore the fault
shou'd be the less. /

Dain.

But then the pleasure shou'd be the less. /

Lad.

Fye, fye, fye, for shame Sister, whither shall we ramble? / be continent in your
discourse, or I shall hate you. /

Dain.

Besides an intrigue is so much the more notorious / for the man's quality. /

Squeam.

'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private Man, / and therefore with him, 'tis more
secret, and the crime's the / less, when 'tis not known. /

Lad.

You say true; y faith I think you are in the right on't: / 'tis not an injury to a Husband,
till it be an injury to our honours; / so that a Woman of honour looses no honour with
a / private Person; and to say truth--- /

Dain.

So the little Fellow is grown a private Person--- / with her--- /

[Apart to Squeamish.

Lad.

But still my dear, dear Honour. /

Enter Sir Jaspar, Horner, Dorilant.

Sr. Jas.

Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so / much honour in thy mouth--- /

Hor.

That she has none elsewhere--- /

[Aside.

Lad.

Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us? /

Dain.

Foh, these are as bad as Wits. /

Squeam.

Foh! /

Lad.

Let us leave the Room. /

Sr. Jas.

Stay, stay, faith to tell you the naked truth. /

Lad.

Fye, Sir *Jaspar*, do not use that word naked. /

Sr. Jas.

Well, well, in short I have business at *Whitehal*, / and cannot go to the play with you,
therefore wou'd have / you go--- /

Lad.

With those two to a Play? /

Sr. Jas.

No, not with t'other, but with Mr. *Horner*, there / can be no more scandal to go with
him, than with Mr. *Tatle*, / or Master *Limberham*. /

Lad.

With that nasty Fellow! no---no. /

Sr. Jas.

Nay, prethee Dear, hear me. /

[Whispers to Lady Fid. Horner, Dorilant drawing near Squeamish, and Daint.]

Hor.

Ladies. /

Dain.

Stand off. /

Squeam.

Do not approach us. /

Dain.

You heard with the wits, you are obscenity all over. /

Squeam.

And I wou'd as soon look upon a Picture of *Adam* / and *Eve*, without fig leaves, as any
of you, if I cou'd help it, / therefore keep off, and do not make us sick. /

Dor.

What a Divel are these? /

Hor.

Why, these are pretenders to honour, as criticks to / wit, only by censuring others; and
as every raw peevish, out-of-humour'd, / affected, dull, Tea-drinking, Arithmetical Fop
/ sets up for a wit, by railing at men of sence, so these for honour, / by railing at the
Court, and Ladies of as great honour, / as quality. /

Sr. Jas.

Come, Mr. *Horner*, I must desire you to go with / these Ladies to the Play, Sir. /

Hor.

I! Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

Ay, ay, come, Sir. /

Hor.

I must-beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs, I will not be / seen in Womens Company in
publick again for the World. /

Sr. Jas.

Ha, ha, strange Aversion! /

Squeam.

No, he's for Womens company in private. /

Sr. Jas.

He---poor Man---he! hah, ha, ha. /

Dain.

'Tis a greater shame amongst lew'd fellows to be / seen in virtuous Womens company,
than for the Women to / be seen with them. /

Hor.

Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous / Women, but now I hate the other
too; I beg your pardon / Ladies. /

Lad.

You are very obliging, Sir, because we wou'd not be / troubled with you. /

Sr. Jas.

In sober sadness he shall go. /

Dor.

Nay, if he wo'not, I am ready to wait upon the Ladies; / and I think I am the fitter Man.
/

Sr. Jas.

You, Sir, no I thank you for that---Master *Horner* / is a privileg'd Man amongst the
virtuous Ladies, 'twill / be a great while before you are so; heh, he, he, he's my Wive's /
Gallant, heh, he, he; no pray withdraw, Sir, for as I take it, / the virtuous Ladies have no
business with you. /

Dor.

And I am sure, he can have none with them: 'tis / strange a Man can't come amongst
virtuous Women now, but / upon the same terms, as Men are admitted into the great
Turks / Seraglio; but Heavens keep me, from being an hombre / Player with'em: but
where is *Pinchwife*--- /

[Exit Dorilant.

Sr. Jas.

Come, come, Man; what avoid the sweet society / of Woman-kind? that sweet, soft,
gentle, tame, noble Creature / Woman, made for Man's Companion--- /

Hor.

So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble Creature / a Spaniel, and has all their
tricks, can fawn, lye down, suffer / beating, and fawn the more; barks at your Friends,
when / they come to see you; makes your bed hard, gives you Fleas, / and the mange
sometimes: and all the difference is, the Spaniel's / the more faithful Animal, and
fawns but upon one / Master. /

Sr. Jas.

Heh, he, he. /

Squeam.

O the rude Beast. /

Dain.

Insolent brute. /

Lad.

Brute! stinking mortify'd rotten French Weather, to / dare--- /

Sr. Jas.

Hold, an't please your Ladyship; for shame Master, / *Horner* your Mother was a
Woman---[*Aside*. [Now shall I never / reconcile'em] / Hark you, Madam, take my advice
in your anger; you know / you often want one to make up your drooling pack of *hombre*
/ *Players*; and you may cheat him easily, for he's an ill *Gamester*, / and consequently
loves play: Besides you know, you / have but two old civil *Gentlemen* (with stinking
breaths / too) to wait upon you abroad, take in the third, into your / service; the other
are but crazy: and a Lady shou'd have a / *supernumerary Gentleman-Usher*, as a
supernumerary Coach-horse, / least sometimes you shou'd be forc'd to stay at home. /

Lad.

But are you sure he loves play, and has money? /

Sr. Jas.

He loves play as much as you, and has money as / much as I. /

Lad.

Then I am contented to make him pay for his *scurrillity*; / money makes up in a
measure all other wants in Men.--- / Those whom we cannot make hold for *Gallants*,
we make / fine. /

[Aside.

Sr. Jas.

So, so; now to mollify, to wheedle him,--- /

[Aside.

Master *Horner* will you never keep civil Company, methinks / 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them: Come, come, / Man you must e'en fall to visiting our Wives, eating at our / Tables, drinking Tea with our virtuous Relations after dinner, / dealing Cards to'em, reading Plays, and Gazets to'em, / picking Fleas out of their shocks for'em, collecting Receipts, / New Songs, Women, Pages, and Footmen for'em. /

Hor.

I hope they'll afford me better employment, Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

Heh, he, he, 'tis fit you know your work before / you come into your place; and since you are unprovided of / a Lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent / mine, and call my Wife Mistriss, and she shall call you Gallant, / according to the custom. /

Hor.

Who I?--- /

Sr. Jas.

Faith, thou sha't for my sake, come for my sake / only. /

Hor.

For your sake--- /

Sr. Jas.

Come, come, here's a Gamester for you, let him / be a little familiar sometimes; nay, what if a little rude; Gamesters / may be rude with Ladies, you know. /

Lad.

Yes, losing Gamesters have a privilege with Women. /

Hor.

I alwayes thought the contrary, that the winning / Gamester had most privilege with Women, for when you / have lost your money to a Man, you'l loose any thing you / have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he / pleases. /

Sr. Jas.

Heh, he, he, well, win or loose you shall have your / liberty with her. /

Lad.

As he behaves himself; and for your sake I'll give him / admittance and freedom. /

Hor.

All sorts of freedom, Madam? /

Sr. Jas.

Ay, ay, ay, all forts of freedom thou can't take, / and so go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, / jest with her, and be better acquainted one with another. /

Hor.

I think I know her already, therefore may venter / with her, my secret for hers--- /

[Aside.

Horner, and Lady Fidget whisper.

Sr. Jas.

Sister Cuz, I have provided an innocent Play-fellow / for you there. /

Dain.

Who he! /

Squeam.

There's a Play-fellow indeed. /

Sr. Jas.

Yes sure, what he is good enough to play at Cards, / Blind-mans buff, or the fool with
sometimes. /

Squeam.

Foh, we'll have no such Play-fellows. /

Dain.

No, Sir, you shan't choose Play-fellows for us, we / thank you. /

Sr. Jas.

Nay, pray hear me. /

[Whispering to them.]

Lad.

But, poor Gentleman, cou'd you be so generous? so / truly a Man of honour, as for the
sakes of us Women of honour, / to cause your self to be reported no Man? No Man! /
and to suffer your self the greatest shame that cou'd fall upon / a Man, that none
might fall upon us Women by your conversation; / but indeed, Sir, as perfectly,
perfectly, the same Man / as before your going into *France*, Sir; as perfectly, perfectly,
/ Sir. /

Hor.

As perfectly, perfectly, Madam; nay, I scorn you / shou'd take my word; I desire to be
try'd only, Madam. /

Lad.

Well, that's spoken again like a Man of honour, all / Men of honour desire to come to the test: But indeed, generally / you Men report such things of your selves, one does / not know how, or whom to believe; and it is come to that / pass, we dare not take your words, no more than your Taylors, / without some staid Servant of yours be bound with you; / but I have so strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble / Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir. /

Hor.

No, Madam, you shou'd not need to forfeit it for / me, I have given you security already to save you harmless / my late reputation being so well known in the World, Madam. /

Lady.

But if upon any future falling out, or upon a suspicion / of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ / some other, you your self shou'd betray your trust, dear Sir; / I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might / tell, dear Sir. /

Hor.

If I did, no body wou'd believe me; the reputation / of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the World, as / that of cowardise, dear Madam. /

Lad.

Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, / dear, dear, Sir. /

Sr. Jas.

Come, is your Ladyship reconciled to him yet? / have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to *Whitehal.* /

Lad.

Why, indeed, Sir *Jaspar*, Master *Horner* is a thousand, / thousand times a better Man, than I thought him: Cosen / *Squeamish*, Sister *Dainty*, I can name him now, truly not long / ago you know, I thought his very name obscenity, and I / wou'd as soon have lain with him, as have nam'd him. /

Sr. Jas.

Very likely, poor Madam. /

Dain.

I believe it. /

Squeam.

No doubt on't. /

Sr. Jas.

Well, well---that your Ladyship is as virtuous / as any she,---I know, and him all the
Town knows---heh, he, / [600] he; therefore now you like him, get you gone to your
business / together; go, go, to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst / I go to my
pleasure, business. /

Lad.

Come than dear Gallant.

Hor.

Come away, my dearest Mistriss.

Sr. Jas.

So, so, why 'tis as I'd have it.

[Exit Sr. Jaspar.

Hor.

And as I'd have it.

Lad.

Who for his business, from his Wife will run;
Takes the best care, to have her bus'ness done.

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT 3.

SCENE 1.

Alithea, and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alith.

Sister, what ailes you, you are grown melancholy? /

Mrs. Pin.

Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, / to see you go every day fluttering about
abroad, whil'st / I must stay at home like a poor lonely, sullen Bird in a cage? /

Alit.

Ay, Sister, but you came young, and just from the / nest to your cage, so that I thought
you lik'd it; and cou'd be / as chearful in't, as others that took their flight themselves /
early, and are hopping abroad in the open Air. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, I confess I was quiet enough, till my Husband / told me, what pure lives, the
London Ladies live abroad, / with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and drest
every / day in their best gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine Pins / every day of the
week, so they do. /

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin.

Come, what's here to do? you are putting the / Town pleasures in her head, and
setting her a longing. /

Alit.

Yes, after Nine-pins; you suffer none to give her / those longings, you mean, but your
self. /

Mr. Pin.

I tell her of the vanities of the Town like a Confessor. /

Alith.

A Confessor! just such a Confessor, as he that by / forbidding a silly Oastler to grease
the Horses teeth, taught / him to do't. /

Mr. Pin.

Come Mistriss *Flippant*, good Precepts are lost, / when bad Examples are still before
us; the liberty you take / abroad makes her hanker after it; and out of humour at /
home, poor Wretch! she desired not to come to *London*, I / wou'd bring her. /

Alith.

Very well. /

Mr. Pin.

She has been this week in Town, and never desired, / till this afternoon, to go abroad. /

Alith.

Was she not at a Play yesterday? /

Mr. Pin.

Yes, but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the / cause of her going. /

Alith.

Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her / asking, and not my example. /

Mr. Pin.

Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and / the next day before 'tis light, she and
I'll be rid of the Town, / and my dreadful apprehensions: Come, be not melancholly, /
for thou sha't go into the Country after to morrow, Dearest. /

Alith.

Great comfort. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pish, what d'ye tell me of the Country for? /

Mr. Pin.

How's this! what, pish at the Country? /

Mrs. Pin.

Let me alone, I am not well. /

Mr. Pin.

O, if that be all---what ailes my dearest? /

Mrs. Pin.

Truly I don't know; but I have not been well, / since you told me there was a Gallant at
the Play in love / with me. /

Mr. Pin.

Ha--- /

Alith.

That's by my example too. /

Mr. Pin.

Nay, if you are not well, but are so concern'd, / because a lew'd Fellow chanc'd to lye,
and say he lik'd you, / you'll make me sick too. /

Mrs. Pin.

Of what sickness? /

Mr. Pin.

O, of that which is worse than the Plague, Jealousy. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pish, you jear, I'm sure there's no such disease in / our Receipt-book at home. /

Mr. Pin.

No, thou never met'st with it, poor Innocent--- / well, if thou Cuckold me, 'twill be my
own fault--- / for Cuckolds and Bastards, are generally makers of their own / fortune. /

[Aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Well, but pray Bud, let's go to a Play to night. /

Mr. Pin.

'Tis just done, she comes from it; but why are / you so eager to see a Play? /

Mrs. Pin.

Faith Dear, not that I care one pin for their talk / there; but I like to look upon the
Player-men, and wou'd / see, if I cou'd, the Gallant you say loves me; that's all dear
Bud. /

Mr. Pin.

Is that all dear Bud? /

Alith.

This proceeds from my example. /

Mrs. Pin.

But if the Play be done, let's go abroad however, / dear Bud. /

Mr. Pin.

Come have a little patience, and thou shalt go / into the Country on Friday. /

Mrs. Pin.

Therefore I wou'd see first some sights, to tell / my Neighbours of. Nay, I will go
abroad, that's once. /

Alith.

I'm the cause of this desire too. /

Mr. Pin.

But now I think on't, who was the cause of *Horners* / coming to my Lodging to day?
that was you. /

Alith.

No, you, because you wou'd not let him see your / handsome Wife out of your
Lodging. /

Mrs, Pin.

Why, O Lord! did the Gentleman come hither / to see me indeed? /

Mr. Pin.

No, no;---You are not cause of that damn'd / question too, Mistriss *Alithea*?---[*Aside.*
[Well she's in the right / of it; he is in love with my Wife---and comes after her--- / 'tis
so---but I'll nip his love in the bud; least he should follow / us into the Country, and
break his Chariot-wheel near / our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't; but I
think / I know the Town. /

Mrs. Pin.

Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; / for I will go, that's flat and plain. /

Mr. Pin.

So! the obstinacy already of a Town-wife, and I / must, whilst she's here, humour her
like one. /

[*Aside.*

Sister, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known? /

Alith.

Let her put on her Mask. /

Mr. Pin.

Pshaw, a Mask makes People but the more inquisitive, / and is as ridiculous a disguise,
as a stage-beard; her / shape, stature, habit will be known: and if we shou'd meet /
with *Horner*, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, / must wish her joy, kiss
her, talk to her, leer upon her, and / the Devil and all; no I'll not use her to a Mask, 'tis
dangerous; / for Masks have made more Cuckolds, than the best faces that / ever were
known. /

Alith.

How will you do then? /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, shall we go? the *Exchange* will be shut, / and I have a mind to see that. /

Mr. Pin.

So---I have it---I'll dress her up in the Suit, / we are to carry down to her Brother, little
Sir *James*; nay, I / understand the Town tricks: Come let's go dress her; a / Mask! no---a
Woman mask'd, like a cover'd Dish, gives a / Man curiosity, and appetite, when, it may
be, uncover'd, / 'twou'd turn his stomack; no, no. /

Alith.

Indeed your comparison is something a greasie one: / but I had a gentle Gallant, us'd
to say, a Beauty mask'd, lik'd / the Sun in Eclipse, gathers together more gazers, than if
it / shin'd out. /

[Exeunt.

The Scene changes to the new Exchange: Enter Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dor.

Engag'd to Women, and not Sup with us? /

Hor.

Ay, a Pox on'em all. /

Har.

You were much a more reasonable Man in the morning, / and had as noble resolutions
against'em, as a Widdower / of a weeks liberty. /

Dor.

Did I ever think, to see you keep company with Women / in vain. /

Hor.

In vain! no---'tis, since I can't love'em, to be reveng'd / on'em. /

Har.

Now your Sting is gone, you look'd in the Box amongst / all those Women, like a drone
in the hive, all upon you; shov'd / and ill-us'd by'em all, and thrust from one side to
t'other. /

Dar.

Yet he must be buzzing amongst'em still, like other / old beetle-headed, lycorish
drones; avoid'em, and hate'm as / they hate you. /

Hor,

Because I do hate'em, and wou'd hate'em yet more, / I'll frequent'em; you may see by
Marriage, nothing makes / a Man hate a Woman more, than her constant
conversation: / In short, I converse with'em, as you do with rich Fools; to / laugh at'em,
and use'em ill. /

Dor.

But I wou'd no more Sup with Women, unless I cou'd / lye with'em, than Sup with a
rich Coxcomb, unless I cou'd / cheat him. /

Hor.

Yes, I have known thee Sup with a Fool, for his drinking, / if he cou'd set out your hand
that way only, you were / satisfy'd; and if he were a Wine-swallowing mouth 'twas /
enough. /

Har.

Yes, a Man drink's often with a Fool, as he tosses with / a Marker, only to keep his
hand in Ure; but do the Ladies / drink? /

Hor.

Yes, Sir, and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying'em / flat with a Bottle; and bring
as much scandal that / way upon'em, as formerly t'other. /

Har.

Perhaps you may prove as weak a Brother amongst'em / that way, as t'other. /

Dor.

Foh, drinking with Women, is as unnatural, as scolding / with'em; but 'tis a pleasure of
decay'd Fornicators, and / the basest way of quenching Love. /

Har.

Nay, 'tis drowning Love, instead of quenching it; / but leave us for civil Women too! /

Dor.

Ay, when he can't be the better for'em; we hardly / pardon a Man, that leaves his
Friend for a Wench, and that's / a pretty lawful call. /

Hor.

Faith, I wou'd not leave you for'em, if they wou'd / not drink. /

Dor.

Who wou'd disappoint his Company at *Lewis's*, for / a Gossiping? /

Har.

Foh, Wine and Women good apart, together as / nauseous as Sack and Sugar: But hark
you, Sir, before you / go, a little of your advice, an old maim'd General, when / unfit for
action is fittest for Counsel; I have other designs / upon Women, than eating and
drinking with them: I am in / love with *Sparkish's* Mistriss, whom he is to marry to
morrow, / now how shall I get her? /

Enter Sparkish, looking about.

Hor.

Why, here comes one will help you to her. /

Har.

He! he, I tell you, is my Rival, and will hinder my / love. /

Hor.

No, a foolish Rival, and a jealous Husband assist their / Rivals designs; for they are sure
to make their Women hate / them, which is the first step to their love, for another
Man. /

Har.

But I cannot come near his Mistriss, but in his company. /

Hor.

Still the better for you, for Fools are most easily / cheated, when they themselves are
accessaries; and he is to / be bubbled of his Mistriss, as of his Money, the common
Mistriss, / by keeping him company. /

Spar.

Who is that, that is to be bubbled? Faith let me / snack, I han't met with a buble since
Christmas: gad; I / think bubbles are like their Brother Woodcocks, go out with / the
cold weather. /

Har.

A Pox, he did not hear all I hope. /

[Apart to Horner.

Spar.

Come, you bubbling Rogues you, where do we / sup---Oh, *Harcourt*, my Mistriss tells
me, you have been / making fierce love to her all the Play long, hah, ha--- / but I--- /

Har.

I make love to her? /

Spar.

Nay, I forgive thee; for I think I know thee, and / I know her, but I am sure I know my self. /

Har.

Did she tell you so? I see all Women are like these / of the *Fxchange*, who to enhance the price of their commodities, / report to their fond Customers offers which were / never made'em. /

Hor.

Ay, Women are as apt to tell before the intrigue, as / Men after it, and so shew themselves the vainer Sex; but / hast thou a Mistriss, *Sparkish*? 'tis as hard for me to believe / it, as that thou ever hadst a buble, as you brag'd just now. /

Spar.

O your Servant, Sir; are you at your raillery, Sir? / but we were some of us beforehand with you to day at the /

Play: the Wits were something bold with you, Sir; did you / not hear us laugh? /

Har.

Yes, But I thought you had gone to Plays, to laugh at / the Poets wit, not at your own. /

Spar.

Your Servant, Sir, no I thank you; gad I go to / a Play as to a Country-treat, I carry my own wine to / one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I shou'd / not be merry at either; and the reason why we are so / often lowder, than the Players, is, because we think we speak / more wit, and so become the Poets Rivals in his audience: / for to tell you the truth, we hate the silly Rogues; nay, so / much that we find fault even with their Bawdy upon the / Stage, whilst we talk nothing else in the Pit as lowd. /

Hor.

But, why should'st thou hate the silly Poets, thou hast / too much wit to be one, and they like Whores are only hated / by each other; and thou dost scorn writing, I'am sure. /

Spar.

Yes, I'd have you to know, I scorn writing; but Women, / Women, that make Men do all
foolish things, make'em / write Songs too; every body does it: 'tis ev'n as common with
/ Lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help / Rhyming to your *Phyllis*,
than drinking to your *Phyllis*. /

Har.

Nay, Poetry in love is no more to be avoided, than / jealousy. /

Dor.

But the Poets damn'd your Songs, did they? /

Spar.

Damn the Poets, they turn'd'em into Burlesque, as / they call it; that Burlesque is a
Hocus-Pocus-trick, they have / got, which by the virtue of *Hictius doctius*, *topsey*
turvey, / they make a wise and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon / the Stage you
know not how; and 'tis therefore I hate'em / too, for I know not but it may be my own
case; for they'l / put a Man into a Play for looking a Squint: Their Predecessors / were
contented to make Serving-men only their Stage-Fools, / but these Rogues must have
Gentlemen, with a Pox / to'em, nay Knights: and indeed you shall hardly see a Fool /
upon the Stage, but he's a Knight; and to tell you the truth, / they have kept me these
six years from being a Knight in earnest, / for fear of being knighted in a Play, and
dubb'd a Fool. /

Dor.

Blame'em not, they must follow their Copy, the Age. /

Har.

But why should'st thou be afraid of being in a Play, / who expose your self every day in
the Play-houses, and as / publick Places. /

Hor.

'Tis but being on the Stage, instead of standing on a / Bench in the Pit. /

Dor.

Don't you give money to Painters to draw you like? / and are you afraid of your
Pictures, at length in a Play-house, / where all your Mistresses may see you. /

Spar.

A Pox, Painters don't draw the Small Pox, or Pimples / in ones face; come damn all
your silly Authors whatever, / all Books and Booksellers, by the World, and all Readers,
/ courteous or uncourteous. /

Har.

But, who comes here, *Sparkish*? /

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, and his Wife in Mans Cloaths, Alithea, Lucy her Maid.

Spar.

Oh hide me, there's my Mistriss / too. /

Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.

Har.

She sees you. /

Spar.

But I will not see her, 'tis time to go to *Whitehal*, / and I must not fail the drawing
Room. /

Har.

Pray, first carry me, and reconcile me to her. /

Spar.

Another time, faith the King will have sup't. /

Har.

Not with the worse stomach for thy absence; thou / art one of those Fools, that think
their attendance at the / King's Meals, as necessary as his Physicians, when you are /
more troublesom to him, than his Doctors, or his Dogs. /

Spar.

Pshaw, I know my interest, Sir, prethee hide me. /

Hor.

Your Servant, *Pinchwife*,---what he knows us / not--- /

Mr. Pin.

Come along. /

[To his Wife aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Pray, have you any Ballads, give me six-penny / worth? /

Clasp.

We have no Ballads. /

Mrs. Pin.

Then give me *Covent-garden-Drollery*, and a / Play or two---Oh here's *Tarugos Wiles*,
and the *Slighted / Maiden*, I'll have them. /

Mr. Pin.

No, Playes are not for your reading; come along, / will you discover your self? /

[Apart to her.

Hor.

Who is that pretty Youth with him, *Sparkish*? /

Spar.

I believe his Wife's Brother, because he's something / like her, but I never saw her but
once. /

Hor.

Extreamly handsom, I have seen a face like it too; / let us follow'em. /

Exeunt Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife. Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant following them.

Har.

Come, *Sparkish*, your Mistriss saw you, and will be / angry you go not to her; besides I
wou'd fain be reconcil'd / to her, which none but you can do, dear Friend. /

Spar.

Well that's a better reason, dear Friend; I wou'd / not go near her now, for her's, or my
own sake, but I can / deny you nothing; for though I have known thee a great / while,
never go, if I do not love thee, as well as a new Acquaintance. /

Har.

I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear Friend, I wou'd / be well with her only, to be well with
thee still; for these / tyes to Wives usually dissolve all tyes to Friends: I wou'd be /
contented, she shou'd enjoy you a nights, but I wou'd have / you to my self a dayes, as
I have had, dear Friend. /

Spar.

And thou shalt enjoy me a dayes, dear, dear Friend, / never stir; and I'll be divorced
from her, sooner than from / thee; come along--- /

Har.

So we are hard put to't, when we make our Rival / our Procurer; but neither she, nor
her Brother, wou'd let / me come near her now: when all's done, a Rival is the / best
cloak to steal to a Mistress under, without suspicion; / [300] and when we have once
got to her as we desire, we throw / him off like other Cloaks. /

[Aside.

[Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife in Man's Cloaths.

Mr. Pin.

Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you--- /

[To Alithea.

The Fool her Gallant, and she, will muster up all the young / santerers of this place, and
they will leave their dear Seamstresses / to follow us; what a swarm of Cuckolds, and
Cuckold-makers / are here? /

[Aside.

Come let's be gone Mistriss *Margery*. /

Mrs. Pin.

Don't you believe that, I han't half my belly full / of sights yet. /

Mr. Pin.

Then walk this way. /

Mrs. Pin.

Lord, what a power of brave signs are here! / stay---the Bull's-head, the Rams-head,
and the Stags-head, / Dear--- /

Mr. Pin.

Nay, if every Husbands proper sign here were visible, / they wou'd be all alike. /

Mrs. Pin.

What d'ye mean by that, Bud? /

Mr. Pin.

'Tis no matter---no matter, Bud. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pray tell me; nay, I will know. /

Mr. Pin.

They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams heads. /

[Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.]

Re-enter Sparkish, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, at t'other door.

Spar.

Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled / to him. /

Alith.

For your sake I hate him. /

Har.

That's something too cruel, Madam, to hate me for / his sake. /

Spar.

Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my / Friend for my sake. /

Alith.

I hate him because he is your Enemy; and you / ought to hate him too, for making love
to me, if you love me. /

Spar.

That's a good one, I hate a Man for loving you; if / he did love you, 'tis but what he
can't help, and 'tis your / fault not his, if he admires you: I hate a Man for being of / my
opinion, I'll ne'er do't, by the World. /

Alith.

Is it for your honour or mine, to suffer a Man to make / love to me, who am to marry
you to morrow? /

Spar.

Is it for your honour or mine, to have me jealous? / That he makes love to you, is a sign
you are handsome; and / that I am not jealous, is a sign you are virtuous, that I think /
is for your honour. /

Alith.

But 'tis your honour too, I am concerned for. /

Har.

But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concern'd / for his honour, than he is
himself; let his honour alone for / my sake, and his, he, he, has no honour--- /

Spar.

How's that? /

Har.

But what, my dear Friend can guard himself. /

Spar.

O ho---that's right again. /

Har.

Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which / is no honour to my dear Friend here; therefore once more, / let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam. /

Spar.

Ay, ay, were it for my honour to marry a Woman, / whose virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a Friends / hands? /

Alith.

Are you not afraid to loose me? /

Har.

He afraid to loose you, Madam! No, no---you may / see how the most estimable, and most glorious Creature in the / World, is valued by him; will you not see it? /

Spar.

Right, honest *Franck*, I have that noble value for / her, that I cannot be jealous of her. /

Alith.

You mistake him, he means you care not for me, / nor who has me. /

Spar.

Lord, Madam, I see you are jealous; will you wrest / a poor Mans meaning from his words? /

Alith.

You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousy. /

Spar.

And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealousy, / and fears, and virtue, and
honour; gad, I see virtue / makes a Woman as troublesome, as a little reading, or /
learning. /

Alith.

Monstrous! /

Lucy.

[Well to see what easie Husbands these Women of / quality can meet with, a poor
Chamber-maid can never have / such Lady-like luck; besides he's thrown away upon
her, / she'l make no use of her fortune, her blessing, none to a Gentleman, / for a pure
Cuckold, for it requires good breeding to be / a Cuckold. /

[Behind.

Alith.

I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me. /

Spar.

Pshaw--- /

Har.

Come, Madam, you see you strive in vain to make / him jealous of me; my dear Friend
is the kindest Creature / in the World to me. /

Spar.

Poor fellow. /

Har.

But his kindness only is not enough for me, without / your favour; your good opinion,
dear Madam, 'tis that must / perfect my happiness: good Gentleman he believes all I

say, / wou'd you wou'd do so, jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong / him nor you for the
World. /

Spar.

Look you there; hear him, hear / him, and do not walk away so. /

Alitheia walks carelessly, to and fro.

Har.

I love you, Madam, so--- /

Spar.

How's that! Nay---now you begin to go too far / indeed. /

Har.

So much I confess, I say I love you, that I wou'd / not have you miserable, and cast your
self away upon so unworthy, / and inconsiderable a thing, as / what you see here, /

Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Sparkish.

Spar.

No faith, I believe thou woud'st not, now his meaning / is plain: but I knew before thou
woud'st not wrong me / nor her. /

Har.

No, no, Heavens forbid, the glory of her Sex shou'd / fall so, low as into the embraces
of such a contemptible / Wretch, the last of Mankind---my dear Friend here--- / [400] I
injure him. /

[Embracing Sparkish.

Alith.

Very well. /

Spar.

No, no, dear Friend, I knew it Madam, you see he / will rather wrong himself than me,
in giving himself such / names. /

Alith.

Do not you understand him yet? /

Spar.

Yes, how modestly he speaks of himself, poor / Fellow. /

Alith.

Methinks he speaks impudently of your self, since--- / before your self too, insomuch
that I can no longer suffer / his scurrilous abusiveness to you, no more than his love to
me. /

[Offers to go.

Spar.

Nay, nay, Madam, pray stay, his love to you: Lord, / Madam, has he not spoke yet plain
enough? /

Alith.

Yes indeed, I shou'd think so. /

Spar.

Well then, by the World, a Man can't speak civilly / to a Woman now, but presently she
says, he makes love to / her: Nay, Madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since / you
have not yet understood him, till he has made an eclaircissement / of his love to you,
that is what kind of love it is; answer / to thy Catechisme: Friend, do you love my
Mistriss / here? /

Har.

Yes, I wish she wou'd not doubt it. /

Spar.

But how do you love her? /

Har.

With all my Soul. /

Alith.

I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now. /

Spar.

[425] You are out still. /

[to Alithea.

But with what kind of love, *Harcourt?* /

Har.

With the best, and truest love in the World. /

Spar.

Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial / love, I'm sure. /

Alith.

How's that, do you say matrimonial love is not best? /

Spar.

Gad, I went too far e're I was aware: But speak for / thy self *Harcourt*, you said you wou'd not wrong me, nor / her. /

Har.

No, no, Madam, e'n take him for Heaven's sake. /

Spar.

Look you there, Madam. /

Har.

Who shou'd in all justice be yours, / he that loves you most. /

Claps his hand on his breast.

Alith.

Look you there, Mr. *Sparkish*, who's that? /

Spar.

Who shou'd it be? go on *Harcourt*. /

Har.

Who loves you more than Women, Titles, or fortune / Fools. /

[Points at Sparkish.

Spar.

Look you there, he means me stil, for he points at / me. /

Alith.

Ridiculous! /

Har.

Who can only match your Faith, and constancy in / love. /

Spar.

Ay. /

Har.

Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much / beauty and virtue. /

Spar.

Ay. /

Har.

Whose love can no more be equall'd in the world, / than that Heavenly form of yours. /

Spar.

No--- /

Har.

Who cou'd no more suffer a Rival, than your absence, / and yet cou'd no more suspect
your virtue, than his own constancy / in his love to you. /

Spar.

No--- /

Har.

Who in fine loves you better than his eyes, that first / made him love you. /

Spar.

Ay---nay, Madam, faith you shan't go, till--- /

Alith.

Have a care, lest you make me stay too long--- /

Spar.

But till he has saluted you; that I may be assur'd / you are friends, after his honest
advice and declaration: Come / pray, Madam, be friends with him. /

Enter Master Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife.

Alith.

You must pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet so obedient / to you. /

Mr. Pin.

What, invite your Wife to kiss Men? Monstrous, / are you not asham'd? I will never
forgive you. /

Spar.

Are you not asham'd, that I shou'd have more confidence / in the chastity of your
Family, than you have; you / must not teach me, I am a man of honour, Sir, though I
am / frank and free; I am frank, Sir--- /

Mr. Pin.

Very frank, Sir, to share your Wife with your / friends. /

Spar.

He is an humble, menial Friend, such as reconciles the / differences of the Marriage-
bed; you know Man and Wife / do not alwayes agree, I design him for that use,
therefore / wou'd have him well with my Wife. /

Mr. Pin.

A menial Friend---you will get a great many / menial Friends, by shewing your Wife as you do. /

Spar.

What then, it may be I have a pleasure in't, as I have / to shew fine Clothes, at a Play-house the first day, and count / money before poor Rogues. /

Mr. Pin.

He that shews his wife, or money will be in danger / of having them borrowed sometimes. /

Spar.

I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a Wife, / that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull, as eating / alone; is it not a frank age, and I am a frank Person? and to / tell you the truth, it may be I love to have Rivals in a Wife, / they make her seem to a Man still, but as a kept Mistriss; and / so good night, for I must to *Whitehal*. Madam, I hope you / are now reconcil'd to my Friend; and so I wish you a good / night, Madam, and sleep if you can, for to morrow you know / I must visit you early with a Canonical Gentleman. Good / night dear *Harcourt*. /

[Exit Sparkish.

Har.

Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to morrow, / if it shou'd be earlier, with a Canonical Gentleman, / than Mr. *Sparkish's*. /

Mr. Pin.

This Gentle-woman is yet under my care, therefore / [500] you must yet forbear your freedom / with her, Sir. /

Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.

Har.

Must, Sir--- /

Mr. Pin.

Yes, Sir, she is my Sister. /

Har.

'Tis well she is, Sir---for I must be her Servant, Sir. / Madam--- /

Mr. Pin.

Come away Sister, we had been gone, if it had / not been for you, and so avoided
these lewd Rakehells, who / seem to haunt us. /

Enter Horner, Dorilant to them.

Hor.

How now *Pinchwife*? /

Mr. Pin.

Your Servant. /

Hor.

What, I see a little time in the Country makes a / Man turn wild and unsociable, and
only fit to converse with / his Horses, Dogs, and his Herds. /

Mr. Pin.

I have business, Sir, and must mind it; your business / is pleasure, therefore you and I
must go different wayes. /

Hor.

Well, you may go on, but this pretty young Gentleman--- /

[Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.

Har.

The Lady--- /

Dor.

And the Maid--- /

Hor.

Shall stay with us, for I suppose their business is the / same with ours, pleasure. /

Mr. Pin.

'Sdeath he knows her, she carries it so sillily, yet / if he does not, I shou'd be more silly
to discover it first. /

[Aside.

Alith.

Pray, let us go, Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

Come, come--- /

Hor.

[525] Had you not rather stay with us? /

[to Mrs. Pinchwife.

Prethee *Pinchwife*, who is this pretty young Gentleman? /

Mr. Pin.

One to whom I'm a guardian. / *[Aside.* [I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands--- /

Hor.

Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my / life. /

Mr. Pin.

Pshaw, do not look upon him so much, he's a poor / bashful youth, you'l put him out of
countenance. Come away / Brother. /

[Offers to take her away.

Hor,

O your Brother! /

Mr. Pin.

Yes, my Wifes Brother; come, come, she'l stay / supper for us. /

Hor.

I thought so, for he is very like her I saw you at / the Play with, whom I told you, I was
in love with. /

Mrs. Pin.

O Jeminy! is this he that was in love with me, / I am glad on't I vow, for he's a curious
fine Gentleman, and / I love him already too. /

[Aside.

Is this he Bud? /

[to Mr. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin.

Come away, come away. /

[To his Wife.

Hor.

Why, what hast are you in? why wont you let me / talk with him? /

Mr. Pin.

Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and / innocent, and I wou'd not have him
debauch'd for any / thing in the World. / [*Aside.* How she gazes on him! the Divil--- /

Hor.

Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the likeness / of that Dowdey he told us of, his
Wife, did you ever see a / lovelyer Creature? the Rogue has reason to be jealous of his
/ Wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make all that see / her, in love with her. /

Har.

And as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be. /

Dor.

She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him. /

Hor.

Very pretty, a very pretty commendation---she / is a glorious Creature, beautiful
beyond all things I ever / beheld. /

Mr. Pin.

So, so. /

Har.

More beautiful than a Poets first Mistriss of Imagination. /

Hor.

Or another Mans last Mistriss of flesh and blood. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me--- /

Mr. Pin.

Come, come. [*Aside.* [By Heavens she'l discover her / self. /

Hor.

I speak of your Sister, Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

Ay, but saying she was handsom, if like him, made / him blush. [*Aside.* [I am upon a
wrack--- /

Hor.

Methinks he is so handsom, he shou'd not be a Man. /

Mr. Pin.

O there 'tis out, he has discovered her, I am / not able to suffer any longer. / [*To his
Wife.* [Come, come away, I say--- /

Hor.

Nay, by your leave, Sir, he shall not go yet--- / *Harcourt, Dorilant*, let us torment this
jealous Rogue a little. /

[*To them.*

Har., Dor.

How? /

Hor.

I'll shew you. /

Mr. Pin.

Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any / longer; I tell you his Sister stays
supper for us. /

Hor.

Do's she, come then we'l all go sup with her and thee. /

Mr. Pin.

No, now I think on't, having staid so long for / us, I warrant she's gone to bed---[*Aside.*
[I wish she and I / were well out of their hands--- / Come, I must rise early to morrow,
come. /

Hor.

Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you / a good night. But pray, young
Gentleman, present my humble / service to her. /

Mrs. Pin.

Thank you heartily, Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

S'death, she will discover her self yet in spight / of me. /
[*Aside.*

He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his / Sister, than I am, it seems.
/

Hor.

Tell her, dear sweet little Gentleman, for all your Brother / there, that you have reviv'd
the love, I had for her at / first sight in the Play-house. /

Mrs. Pin.

But did you love her indeed, and indeed? /

Mr. Pin.

So, so. /

[Aside.

Away, I say. /

Hor.

Nay stay; yes indeed, and indeed, pray do you tell / her so, and give her this kiss from me. /

[Kisses her.

Mr. Pin.

O Heavens! what do I suffer; now 'tis too plain / he knows her, and yet--- /

[Aside.

Hor.

And this, and this--- /

[Kisses her again.

Mrs. Pin.

What do you kiss me for, I am no Woman. /

Mr. Pin.

So---there 'tis out. /

[Aside.

Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer. /

Hor.

Nay, they shall send your Lady a kiss too; here *Harcourt*, / *Dorilant*, will you not? /

[They kiss her.

Mr. Pin.

How, do I suffer this? was I not accusing another / just now, for this rascally, patience,
in permitting his Wife / to be kiss'd before his face? ten thousand ulcers gnaw away /
their lips. /

[Aside.

Come, come. /

Hor.

Good night dear little Gentleman; Madam goodnight; / farewell *Pinchwife*. *[Apart to
Harcourt and Dorilant.]* [Did not I tell you, I wou'd / raise his jealous gall. /

[Exeunt Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.

Mr. Pin.

So they are gone at last; stay, let me see first if / the Coach be at this door. /

[Exit.

Hor.

What not gone yet? will you be sure to do as I desired / you, sweet Sir? /

Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant return.

Mrs. Pin.

Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then? /

Hor.

Any thing, come away into / the next walk. /

Exit Horner, haling away Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alith.

Hold, hold,---what d'ye do? /

Lucy.

Stay, stay, hold--- /

Har.

Hold Madam, hold, let him present him, he'll come / presently; nay, I will never let you go, till you answer my / question. /

Alithea, Lucy struggling with Harcourt, and Dorilant.

Lucy.

For God's sake, Sir, I must follow'em. /

Dor.

No, I have something to present you / with too, you shan't follow them. /

Pinchwife returns.

Mr. Pin.

Where?---how?---what's become of? gone--- / whither? /

Lucy.

He's only gone with the Gentleman, who will give / him something, an't please your Worship. /

Mr. Pin.

Something---give him something, with a Pox--- / where are they? /

Alith.

In the next walk only, Brother. /

Mr. Pin.

Only, only; where, where? /

Exit Pinchwife, and returns presently, then goes out again.

Har.

What's the matter with him? why so much concern'd? / but dearest Madam--- /

Alith.

Pray, let me go, Sir, I have said, and suffer'd enough / already. /

Har.

Then you will not look upon, nor pity my sufferings? /

Alith.

To look upon'em, when I cannot help'em, were / cruelty, not pity, therefore I will
never see you more. /

Har.

Let me then, Madam, have my priviledge of a banished / Lover, complaining or railing,
and giving you but a / farewell reason; why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, /
you shou'd not take that wretch my Rival. /

Alith.

[650] He only, not you, since my honour is engag'd so far / to him, can give me a
reason, why I shou'd not marry him; / but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I
must be so / to him; your Servant, Sir. /

Har.

Have Women only constancy when 'tis a vice, and / like fortune only true to fools? /

Dor.

Thou sha't not stir thou robust Creature, you see I / can deal with you, thereforefore
you shou'd stay the rather, / and be kind. /

[To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.]

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin.

Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone, ten / thousand plagues go with'em; which
way went they? /

Alith.

But into t'other walk, Brother. /

Lucy.

Their business will be done presently sure, an't please / your Worship, it can't be long
in doing I'm sure on't. /

Alith.

Are they not there? /

Mr. Pin.

No, you know where they are, you infamous / Wretch, Eternal shame of your Family,
which you do not dishonour / enough your self, you think, but you must help her to /
do it too, thou legion of Bawds. /

Alith.

Good Brother. /

Mr. Pin.

Damn'd, damn'd Sister. /

Alith.

Look you here, she's coming. /

*Enter Mistriss Pinchwife in Mans cloaths, running with her hat under her arm, full of
Oranges and dried fruit, Horner following.*

Mrs. Pin.

O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, see. /

Mr. Pin.

And what I have got here too, / which you can't see. /

[Aside rubbing his forehead.

Mrs. Pin.

The fine Gentleman has given me better things / yet. /

Mr. Pin.

Ha's he so? *[Aside. [Out of breath and colour'd--- / I must hold yet. /*

Hor.

I have only given your little Brother an Orange, Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

Thank you, Sir. /

[To Horner.

You have only squeez'd my Orange, I suppose, and given it / me again; yet I must have
a City-patience. /

[Aside.

Come, come away--- /

[To his Wife.

Mrs. Pin.

Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud. /

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sr. Jas.

O Master *Horner*, come, come, the Ladies stay for / you; your Mistriss, my Wife,
wonders you make not more / hast to her. /

Hor.

I have staid this halfhour for you here, and 'tis your / fault I am not now with your
Wife. /

Sr. Jas.

But pray, don't let her know so much, the truth / on't is, I was advancing a certain
Project to his Majesty, about---I'll / tell you. /

Hor.

No, let's go, and hear it at your house: Good night / sweet little Gentleman; one kiss
more, you'll remember me / now I hope. /

[Kisses her.

Dor.

What, Sir *Jaspar*, will you separate Friends? he promis'd / to sup with us; and if you take him to your house, you'l / be in danger of our company too. /

Sr. Jas.

Alas Gentlemen my house is not fit for you, there / are none but civil Women there, which are not for your turn; / he you know can bear with the society of civil Women, / now, ha, ha, ha; besides he's one of my Family;---he's--- / heh, heh, heh. /

Dor.

What is he? /

Sr. Jas.

Faith my Eunuch, since you'l have it, heh, he, he. /

[Exit Sir Jaspar Fidget, and Horner.

Dor.

I rather wish thou wert his, or my Cuckold: *Harcourt*, / what a good Cuckold is lost there, for want of a Man to / make him one; thee and I cannot have *Horners* privilege, / who can make use of it. /

Har.

Ay, to poor *Horner* 'tis like coming to an estate at / threescore, when a Man can't be the better for't. /

Mr. Pin.

Come. /

Mrs. Pin.

Presently Bud. /

Dor.

Come let us go too: Madam, your Servant. /

[To Alith.

Good night Strapper.--- /

[To Lucy.

Har.

Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, / or night, I wish you one; but
dare not name the other half / of my wish. /

Alith.

Good night, Sir, for ever. /

Mrs. Pin.

I don't know where to put this here, dear Bud, / you shall eat it; nay, you shall have
part of the fine Gentlemans / good things, or treat as you call it, when we come /
home. /

Mr. Pin.

Indeed I deserve it, since I furnish'd the best part / of it. /

[Strikes away the Orange.

The Gallant treats, presents, and gives the Ball;
But 'tis the absent Cuckold, pays for all.

ACT 4.

SCENE 1.

In Pinchwife's house in the morning.

Lucy, Alithea dress'd in new Cloths.

Lucy.

Well--Madam, now have I dress'd you, and / set you out with so many ornaments,
and spent / upon you ounces of essence, and pulvilio; and all this for no / other
purpose, but as People adorn, and perfume a Corps, / for a stinking second-hand-
grave, such or as bad I think Master / *Sparkish's* bed. /

Alith.

Hold your peace. /

Lucy.

Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reason, why you / wou'd banish poor Master *Harcourt*
for ever from your sight? / how cou'd you be so hard-hearted? /

Alith.

'Twas because I was not hard-hearted. /

Lucy.

No, no; 'twas 'stark love and kindness, I warrant. /

Alith.

It was so; I wou'd see him no more, because I love / him. /

Lucy.

Hey day, a very pretty reason. /

Alith.

You do not understand me. /

Lucy.

I wish you may your self. /

Alith.

I was engag'd to marry, you see, another man, whom / my justice will not suffer me to deceive, or injure. /

Lucy.

Can there be a greater cheat, or wrong done to a / Man, than to give him your person, without your heart, I / shou'd make a conscience of it. /

Alith.

I'll retrieve it for him after I am married a while. /

Lucy.

The Woman that marries to love better, will be as / much mistaken, as the Wencher that marries to live better. No, / Madam, marrying to encrease love, is like gaming to become / rich; alas you only loose, what little stock you had before. /

Alith.

I find by your Rhetorick you have been brib'd to / betray me. /

Lucy.

Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart you see / against your word, and rigid
honour; but what a Divil is / this honour? 'tis sure a disease in the head, like the
Megrim, / or Falling-sickness, that alwayes hurries People away to do / themselves
mischief; Men loose their lives by it: Women / what's dearer to'em, their love, the life
of life. /

Alith.

Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Master / *Harcourt*; I wish the other wou'd
come, to secure my fidelity / to him, and his right in me. /

Lucy.

You will marry him then? /

Alith.

Certainly, I have given him already my word, and / will my hand too, to make it good
when he comes. /

Lucy.

Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be / not an errant Natural, to t'other fine
Gentleman. /

Alith.

I own he wants the wit of *Harcourt*, which I will / dispense withal, for another want he
has, which is want of / jealousy, which men of wit seldom want. /

Lucy.

Lord, Madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your / Husband, you intend to be
honest don't you? then that husbandly / virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you. /

Alith.

He only that could suspect my virtue, shou'd have / cause to do it; 'tis *Sparkish's*
confidence in my truth, that obliges / me to be so faithful to him. /

Lucy.

You are not sure his opinion may last. /

Alith.

I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, / after the proofs I have had of him:
Jealousie in a Husband, / Heaven defend me from it, it begets a thousand plagues to a
/ poor Woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her--- /

Lucy.

And her pleasure. /

Alith.

What d'ye mean, Impertinent? /

Lucy.

Liberty is a great pleasure, Madam. /

Alith.

I say loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; / and what's as bad almost,
the loss of this Town, that / is, she is sent into the Country, which is the last ill usage of
a / Husband to a Wife, I think. /

Lucy.

O do's the wind lye there? /

[Aside.

Then of necessity, Madam, you think a man must carry his / Wife into the Country, if
he be wise; the Country is as terrible / I find to our young English Ladies, as a
Monastery to / those abroad: and on my Virginitie, I think they wou'd rather / marry a

*London-Goaler, than a high Sheriff of a County, / since neither can stir from his
employment: formerly Women / of wit married Fools, for a great Estate, a fine seat, or
the like; / but now 'tis for a pretty seat only in Lincoln's Inn-fields, St. / James's-fields,
or the Pall-mall. /*

Enter to them Sparkish, and Harcourt dress'd like a Parson.

Spar.

Madam, your humble Servant, a happy day to you, / and to us all. /

Har.

Amen.--- /

Alith.

Who have we here? /

Spar.

My Chaplain faith---O Madam, poor *Harcourt* remembers / his humble service to you;
and in obedience to your / last commands, refrains coming into your sight. /

Alith.

Is not that he? /

Spar.

No, fye no; but to shew that he ne're intended to / hinder our Match has sent his
Brother here to joyn our hands: / when I get me a Wife, I must get her a Chaplain,
according / to the Custom; this is his Brother, and my Chaplain. /

Alith.

His Brother? /

Lucy.

And your Chaplain, to preach in your Pulpit then--- /

[Aside.

Alith.

His Brother! /

Spar.

Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it; I told you, / Sir, she wou'd take you for your
Brother *Frank.* /

Alith.

Believe it! /

Lucy.

His Brother! hah, ha, he, he has a trick left still it / seems--- /

[Aside.

Spar.

Come my dearest, pray let us go to Church before / the Canonical hour is past. /

Alith.

For shame you are abus'd still. /

Spar.

By the World 'tis strange now you are so incredulous. /

Alith.

'Tis strange you are so credulous. /

Spar.

Dearest of my life, hear me, I tell you this is *Ned / Harcourt of Cambridge*, by the world,
you see he has a sneaking / Colledg look; 'tis true he's something like his Brother *Frank*
/ and they differ from each other no more than in their age, / for they were Twins. /

Lucy.

Hah, ha, he. /

Alith.

Your Servant, Sir, I cannot be so deceiv'd, though / you are; but come let's hear, how
do you know what you / affirm so confidently? /

Spar.

Why, I'll tell you all; *Frank Harcourt* coming to me / this morning, to wish me joy and
present his service to you: / I ask'd him, if he cou'd help me to a Parson; whereupon he
/ told me, he had a Brother in Town who was in Orders, and / he went straight away,
and sent him, you see there, to me. /

Alith.

Yes, *Frank* goes, and puts on a black-coat, then tell's / you, he is *Ned*, that's all you
have for't. /

Spar,

Pshaw, pshaw, I tell you by the same token, the Midwife / put her Garter about *Frank's*
neck, to know'em asunder, / they were so like. /

Alith.

Frank tell's you this too. /

Spar.

Ay, and *Ned* there too; nay, they are both in a Story. /

Alith.

So, so, very foolish. /

Spar.

Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best trye / him by your Chamber-maid there;
for Chamber-maids must / needs know Chaplains from other Men, they are so us'd
to'em. /

Lucy.

Let's see; nay, I'll be sworn he has the Canonical / smirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of
a Chaplain. /

Alith.

Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an / end of this fooling. /

Har.

With all my soul, Divine, Heavenly Creature, when / you please. /

Alith.

He speaks like a Chaplain indeed. /

Spar.

Why, was there not, soul, Divine, Heavenly, in what / he said. /

Alith.

Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease / your persecution, and let us have a
Conclusion of this ridiculous / love. /

Har.

I had forgot, I must sute my Stile to my Coat, or I / wear it in vain. /

[Aside.

Alith.

I have no more patience left, let us make once an / end of this troublesome Love, I say.
/

Har.

So be it, Seraphick Lady, when your Honour shall / think it meet, and convenient so to
do. /

Spar.

Gad I'm sure none but a Chaplain cou'd speak so, I / think. /

Alith.

Let me tell you Sir, this dull trick will not serve / your turn, though you delay our
marriage, you shall not hinder / it. /

Har.

Far be it from me, Munificent Patroness, to delay your / Marriage, I desire nothing
more than to marry you presently, / which I might do, if you your self wou'd; for my
Noble, / Good-natur'd and thrice Generous Patron here wou'd not / hinder it. /

Spar.

No, poor man, not I faith. /

Har.

And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, no body / else shall marry you by Heavens,
I'll die first, for I'm sure I / shou'd die after it. /

Lucy.

How his Love has made him forget his Function, as I / have seen it in real Parsons. /

Alith.

That was spoken like a Chaplain too, now you understand / him, I hope. /

Spar.

Poor man, he takes it hainously to be refus'd; I / can't blame him, 'tis putting an indignity upon him not to be / suffer'd, but you'l pardon me Madam, it shan't be, he shall / marry us, come away, pray Madam. /

Lucy.

Hah, ha, he, more ado! 'tis late. /

Alith.

Invincible stupidity, I tell you he wou'd marry me, / as your Rival, not as your Chaplain. /

Spar.

Come, come Madam. /

[Pulling her away.]

Lucy.

I pray Madam, do not refuse this Reverend Divine, / the honour and satisfaction of marrying you; for I dare say, / he has set his heart upon't, good Doctor. /

Alith.

What can you hope, or design by this? /

Har.

I cou'd answer her, a reprieve for a day only, often / revokes a hasty doom; at worst, if
she will not take mercy / on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the Lovers
second / pleasure, hindring my Rivals enjoyment, though but / for a time. /

Spar.

Come Madam, 'tis e'ne twelve a clock, and my Mother / charg'd me never to be
married out of the Canonical / hours; come, come, Lord here's such a deal of modesty,
I / warrant the first day. /

Lucy.

Yes, an't please your Worship, married women shew / all their Modesty the first day,
because married men shew all / their love the first day. /

Exeunt Sparkish, Alithea, Harcourt, and Lucy.

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pinch.

Come tell me, I say. /

Mrs. Pinch.

Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over. /

Mr. Pinch.

I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungrateful / tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the
least circumstance, for / if her story be false, she is so too. /

[Aside.

Come how was't Baggage? /

Mrs. Pinch.

Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it sure! /

Mr. Pinch.

No, you take more in telling it I find, but speak / how was't? /

Mrs. Pinch.

He carried me up into the house, next to the / Exchange. /

Mr. Pin.

So, and you two were only in the room. /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for / some dried fruit, and China
Oranges. /

Mr. Pin.

Did he so? Damn him for it---and for--- /

Mrs. Pin.

But presently came up the Gentlewoman of the / house. /

Mr. Pin.

O 'twas well she did, but what did he do whilst / the fruit came? /

Mrs. Pin.

He kiss'd me an hundred times, and told me he / fancied he kiss'd my fine Sister,
meaning me you know, whom / he said he lov'd with all his Soul, and bid me be sure to
tell / her so, and to desire her to be at her window, by eleven of / the clock this
morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that / time. /

Mr. Pin.

And he was as good as his word, very punctual, / a pox reward him for't. /

[Aside.

Mrs. Pin.

Well, and he said if you were not within, he / wou'd come up to her, meaning me you
know, Bud, still. /

Mr. Pin.

So---he knew her certainly, but for this confession, / I am oblig'd to her simplicity. /

[Aside.

But what you stood very still, when he kiss'd you? /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes I warrant you, wou'd you have had me discover'd / my self? /

Mr. Pin.

But you told me, he did some beastliness to you, / as you call'd it, what was't? /

Mrs. Pin.

Why, he put--- /

Mr. Pin.

What? /

Mrs. Pin.

Why he put the tip of his tongue between my / lips, and so musl'd me---and I said, I'd
bite it. /

Mr. Pin.

An eternal canker seize it, for a dog. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, / for to say truth, he has the sweetest
breath I ever knew. /

Mr. Pin.

The Devil---you were satisfied with it then, / and wou'd do it again. /

Mrs. Pin.

Not unless he shou'd force me. /

Mr. Pin.

Force you, changeling! I tell you no woman can / be forced. /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes, but she may sure, by such a one as he, for / he's a proper, goodly strong man, 'tis
hard, let me tell you, to / resist him. /

Mr. Pin.

So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough / to make her conceal it from
me, but the sight of him / will increase her aversion for me, and love for him; and that
/ love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfie him, all Ideot / as she is: Love, 'twas
he gave women first their craft, / their art of deluding; out of natures hands, they came
plain, / open, silly and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended'em; / but damn'd
Love---Well---I must strangle that little / Monster, whilst I can deal with him. /

Go fetch Pen, Ink and Paper out of the next room: /

Mrs Pin.

Yes Bud. /

[Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin.

Why should Women have more invention in love / than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, / more solliciting passions, more lust, and more of the Devil. /

Mistris Pinchwife returns.

[Aside.

Come, Minks, sit down and write. /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, dear Bud, but I can't do't very well. /

Mr. Pin.

I wish you cou'd not at all. /

Mrs. Pin.

But what shou'd I write for? /

Mr. Pin.

I'll have you write a Letter to your Lover. /

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord, to the fine Gentleman a Letter! /

Mr. Pin.

Yes, to the fine Gentleman. /

Mrs. Pin.

Lord, you do but jeer; sure you jest. /

Mr. Pin.

I am not so merry, come write as I bid you. /

Mrs. Pin.

What, do you think I am a fool? /

Mr. Pin.

She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, / therefore she's unwilling; but you had best begin. /

Mrs. Pin.

Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't. /

Mr. Pin.

Why? /

Mrs. Pin.

Because he's in Town, you may send for him if / you will. /

Mr. Pin.

Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; / is it come to this? I say take the pen
and write, or you'll provoke / me. /

Mrs. Pin.

Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't / I know that Letters are never writ, but
from the Countrey to / *London*, and from *London* into the Countrey; now he's in /
Town, and I am in Town too; therefore I can't write to him / you know. /

Mr. Pin.

So I am glad it is no worse, she is innocent enough / yet /

[Aside.

Yes you may when your Husband bids you write Letters to / people that are in Town. /

Mrs. Pin.

O may I so! Then I'm satisfied. /

Mr. Pin.

Come begin---Sir--- /

[Dictates.

Mrs. Pin.

Shan't I say, Dear Sir? You know one says always / something more than bare Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

Write as I bid you, or I will write Whore with / this Penknife in your Face. /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay good Bud---Sir--- /

[She writes.

Mr. Pin.

Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd / Kisses and Embraces---Write /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, why shou'd I say so, you know I told you, / he had a sweet breath. /

Mr. Pin.

Write.

Mrs. Pin.

Let me but put out, loath'd.

Mr. Pin.

Write I say.

Mrs. Pin.

Well then.

[Writes.

Mr. Pin.

Let's see what have you writ?

Though I suffer'd last night your kisses and embraces---

[Takes the paper, and reads.

Thou impudent creature, where is nauseous and loath'd?

Mrs. Pin.

I can't abide to write such filthy words.

Mr. Pin.

Once more write as I'd have you, and question it / not, or I will spoil thy writing with
this, I will stab out those / eyes that cause my mischief. /

[Holds up the penknife.

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord, I will. /

Mr. Pin.

So---so---Let's see now! /

[Reads.

Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd kisses, / and embraces; Go on---Yet I
would not have you presume / that you shall ever repeat them---So--- /

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin.

I have writ it. /

Mr. Pin.

On then---I then conceal'd my self from / your knowledge, to avoid your insolencies--- /

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin.

So--- /

Mr. Pin.

The same reason now I am out of your hands--- /

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin.

So--- /

Mr. Pin.

Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though / innocent frolick, of being in man's
cloths. /

[She writes.

Mrs. Pin.

So--- /

Mr. Pin.

That you may for ever more cease to pursue her, / who hates and detests you--- /

[She writes on.

Mrs. Pin.

So---h--- /

[Sighs.

Mr. Pin.

What do you sigh?---detests you---as much / as she loves her Husband and her
Honour--- /

Mrs. Pin.

I vow Husband he'll ne'er believe, I shou'd write / such a Letter. /

Mr. Pin.

What he'd expect a kinder from you? come now / your name only. /

Mrs. Pin.

What, shan't I say your most faithful, humble / Servant till death? /

Mr. Pin.

No, tormenting Fiend; her stile I find wou'd be / very soft. /

[Aside.

Come wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle; / and write on the back side,
for Mr. *Horner*. /

[Exit Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pin.

For Mr. *Horner*---So, I am glad he has told / me his name; Dear Mr. *Horner*, but why
should I send thee / such a Letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with / me;---
well I will not send it---Ay but then my husband / will kill me---for I see plainly, he
won't let me love / Mr. *Horner*---but what care I for my Husband---I won't / so I won't
send poor Mr. *Horner* such a Letter---but then / my Husband---But oh---what if I writ at
bottom, my / Husband made me write it---Ay but then my Husband / wou'd see't---Can
one have no shift, ah, a *London* woman / wou'd have had a hundred presently; stay---
what if I / shou'd write a Letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't / too; ay but
then my Husband wou'd see't---I don't / know what to do---But yet y vads I'll try, so I
will--- / for I will not send this Letter to poor Mr. *Horner*, come what / will on't. /

Dear, Sweet Mr. *Horner*---So--- / my Husband wou'd have me send you a / base, rude,
unmannerly Letter---but /

She writes, and repeats what she hath writ.

I won't---so---and wou'd have me forbid you / loving me---but I wont---so---and wou'd
have me / say to you, I hate you poor Mr. *Horner*---but I won't tell / a lye for him---
there---for I'm sure if you and I were / in the Countrey at cards together,---so---I cou'd
not / help treading on your Toe under the Table---so---or rubbing / knees with you, and
staring in your face, 'till you saw me / ---*very well*---and then looking down, and
blushing for an / hour together---so---but I must make haste before my Husband /

come; and now he has taught me to write Letters: / You shall have longer ones from me, who am /

Dear, dear, poor dear Mr. *Horner*, your most / Humble Friend, and Servant to command / 'till death, *Margery Pinchwife*. /

Stay I must give him a hint at bottom---so---now wrap / it up just like t'other---so---now write for Mr. *Horner*,--- / But oh now what shall I do with it? for here comes my Husband. /

Enter Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin.

I have been detained by a Sparkish Coxcomb, who / pretended a visit to me; but I fear 'twas to my Wife. /

[Aside.

What, have you done? /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay, ay Bud, just now. /

Mr. Pin.

Let's see't, what d'ye tremble for; what, you / wou'd not have it go? /

Mrs. Pin.

Here---No I must not / give him that, so I had been served if I / *He opens, and reads the first Letter.* had given him this. /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

Come, where's the Wax and Seal? /

Mrs. Pin.

Lord, what shall I do now? Nay then I have / it--- /

[Aside.

Pray let me see't, Lord you think /
Snatches the Letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.
me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a / Letter, I will do't, so I will. /

Mr. Pin.

Nay, I believe you will learn that, and other / things too, which I wou'd not have you. /

Mrs. Pin.

So, han't I done it curiously? /

I think I have, there's my Letter going to Mr. *Horner*; / since he'll needs have me send
Letters to Folks. /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

'Tis very well, but I warrant, you wou'd not / have it go now? /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now. /

Mr. Pin.

Well you are a good Girl then, come let me / lock you up in your chamber, 'till I come
back; and be sure / you come not within three strides of the window, when I am /
gone; for I have a spye in the street. /

[Exit Mrs. Pin.

At least, 'tis fit she think so, if we do /

Pinchwife locks the door.

not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and / fraud may be justly used with secret enemies,
of which a Wife is / the most dangerous; and he that has a handsome one to keep, /
and a Frontier Town, must provide against treachery, rather / than open Force---Now I
have secur'd all within, I'll deal / with the Foe without with false intelligence. /

Holds up the Letter.

[Exit Pinchwife.

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack and Horner.

Quack.

Well Sir, how fadges the new design; have you / [400] not the luck of all your brother
Projectors, to deceive only / your self at last. /

Hor.

No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive you it seems, and / others too; for the grave
Matrons, and old ridgid Husbands / think me as unfit for love, as they are; but their
Wives, / Sisters and Daughters, know some of'em better things already. /

Quack.

Already! /

Hor.

Already, I say; last night I was drunk with half a / dozen of your civil persons, as you
call'em, and people of / Honour, and so was made free of their Society, and dressing /
rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges / of sleeping upon
their Pallats, warming Smocks, tying / Shooes and Garters, and the like Doctor, already,
already / Doctor. /

Quack.

You have made use of your time, Sir. /

Hor.

I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to'em, / when they sing, or talk bawdy, than
a little squab French / Page, who speaks no English. /

Quack.

But do civil persons, and women of Honour drink, / and sing bawdy Songs? /

Hor.

O amongst Friends, amongst Friends; for your Bigots / in Honour, are just like those in
Religion; they fear the / eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven, and think /
there is no virtue, but railing at vice; and no sin, but giving / scandal: They rail at a
poor, little, kept Player, and keep / themselves some young, modest Pulpit Comedian
to be privy / to their sins in their Closets, not to tell'em of them in their / Chappels. /

Quack.

Nay, the truth on't is, Priests amongst the women / now, have quite got the better of
us Lay Confessors, / Physicians. /

Hor.

And they are rather their Patients, but--- /

Enter my Lady Fidget, looking about her.

Now we talk of women of Honour, here comes one, step / behind the Screen there,
and but observe; if I have not particular / privileges, with the women of reputation
already, / Doctor, already. /

La. Fid.

Well *Horner*, am not I a woman of Honour? you / see I'm as good as my word. /

Hor.

And you shall see Madam, I'll not be behind hand / with you in honour; and I'll be as
good as my word too, if / you please but to withdraw into the next room. /

La. Fid.

But first, my dear Sir, you must promise to have a / care of my dear Honour. /

Hor.

If you talk a word more of your Honour, you'll make / me incapable to wrong it; to talk
of Honour in the mysteries / of Love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity in an
operation / of Witchcraft, just when you are employing the / Devil, it makes the charm
impotent. /

La. Fid.

Nay, fie, let us not be smooty; but you talk of / mysteries, and bewitching to me, I
don't understand you. /

Hor.

I tell you Madam, the word money in a Mistresses / mouth, at such a nick of time, is
not a more disheartning sound / to a younger Brother, than that of Honour to an eager
Lover / like my self. /

La. Fid.

But you can't blame a Lady of my reputation to / be chary. /

Hor.

Chary---I have been chary of it already, by the report / I have caus'd of my self. /

La. Fid.

Ay, but if you shou'd ever let other women know that / dear secret, it would come out;
nay, you must have a great / care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are so
ensorious, / (oh 'tis a wicked censorious world, Mr. *Horner*) I say, are so / censorious,
and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice / of my Honour, though you
shou'd not let them know / the dear secret. /

Hor.

Nay Madam, rather than they shall prejudice your / Honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to
serve you, I'll lye with / 'em all, make the secret their own, and then they'll keep it: / I
am a *Machiavel* in love Madam. /

La. Fid.

O, no Sir, not that way. /

Hor.

Nay, the Devil take me, if censorious women are to / be silenc'd any other way. /

La. Fid.

A secret is better kept I hope, by a single person, / than a multitude; therefore pray do
not trust any body else / with it, dear, dear Mr. *Horner*. /

[Embracing him.

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jas.

How now! /

La. Fid.

O my Husband---prevented---and what's almost / as bad, found with my arms about
another man--- / that will appear too much---what shall I say? /

[Aside.

Sir Jaspar come hither, I am trying if Mr. *Horner* were ticklish, / and he's as ticklish as
can be, I love to torment the confounded / Toad; let you and I tickle him. /

Sir Jas.

No, your Ladyship will tickle him better without / me, I suppose, but is this your buying
China, I thought you / had been at the China House? /

Hor.

China-House, that's my Cue, I must take it /

[Aside.

A Pox, can't you keep your impertinent Wives at home? / some men are troubled with
the Husbands, but I with the / Wives; but I'd have you to know, since I cannot be / your
Journey-man by night, I will not be your drudge by / day, to squire your wife about,
and be your man of straw, / or scare-crow only to Pyes and Jays; that would be nibbling
/ at your forbidden fruit; I shall be shortly the Hackney Gentleman-Usher / of the
Town. /

Sir Jas.

Heh, heh, he, poor fellow he's in the right on't / faith, to squire women about for other
folks, is as ungrateful / an employment, as to tell money for other folks; /

[Aside.

heh, he, he, ben't angry *Horner*--- /

La. Fid.

No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am / left by you, to go abroad indecently
alone; or, what is more / indecent, to pin my self upon such ill bred people of your
acquaintance, / as this is. /

Sir Jas.

Nay, pr'ythee what has he done? /

La. Fid.

Nay, he has done nothing. /

Sir Jas.

But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing? /

La. Fid.

Hah, hah, hah, Faith, I can't but laugh however; / why d'ye think the unmannerly toad
wou'd not come down / to me to the Coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or / go
without him, which I 'was resolved not to do; for he / knows China very well, and has
himself very good, but will / not let me see it, lest I should beg some; but I will find it /
out, and have what I came for yet. /

Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, followed by Horner to the door.

Hor.

Lock the door Madam--- /

[Apart to Lady Fidget.

So, she has got into my chamber, and lock'd me out; oh / the impertinency of woman-
kind! Well Sir *Jaspar*, plain / dealing is a Jewel; if ever you suffer your Wife to trouble /
me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of Horns, by / my Lord Major she shall;
though I cannot furnish you my / self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way. /

Sir Jas.

Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her / arms about him, tickling him it
seems, I was half jealous, but / now I see my folly. /

[Aside.

Heh, he, he, poor *Horner*. /

Hor.

Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e're / long: Oh women, more
impertinent, more cunning, and / more mischievous than their Monkeys, and to me
almost as / ugly---now is she throwing my things about, and rifling / all I have, but I'll
get into her the back way, and so rifle her / for it--- /

Sir Jas.

Hah, ha, ha, poor angry *Horner*. /

Hor.

Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, / I warrant. /

[Exit Horner at t'other door.

Sir Jas.

Wife, my Lady *Fidget*, / Wife, he is coming into you the / back way. /

Sir Jaspar calls through the door to his Wife, she answers from within.

La. Fid.

Let him come, and welcome, which way he / will. /

Sir Jas.

He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too / strong for you. /

La. Fid.

Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can. /

Quack. [Behind]

This indeed, I cou'd not have believ'd / from him, nor any but my own eyes. /

Enter Mistris Squeamish.

Squeam.

Where's this Woman-hater, this Toad, this ugly, / greasie, dirty Sloven? /

Sir Jas.

So the women all will have him ugly, methinks / he is a comely person; but his wants
make his form contemptible / to'em; and 'tis e'en as my Wife said yesterday, talking /

of him, that a proper handsome Eunuch, was as ridiculous / a thing, as a Gigantick
Coward. /

Squeam.

Sir Jaspar, your Servant, where is the odious / Beast? /

Sir Jas.

He's within in his chamber, with my Wife; she's / playing the wag with him. /

Squeam.

Is she so, and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her / no quarter, he'll play the wag with
her again, let me tell / you; come, let's go help her---What, the door's lock't? /

Sir Jas.

Ay, my Wife lock't it--- /

Squeam.

Did she so, let us break it open then? /

Sir Jas.

No, no, he'll do her no hurt. /

Squeam.

No---But is there no other way to get into / 'em, whither goes this? I will disturb'em. /

[Aside.

[Exit Squeamish at another door.

Enter old Lady Squeamish.

Old L. Squeam.

Where is this Harlotry, this Impudent Baggage, / this rambling Tomrigg? O Sir *Jaspar*,
I'm glad to see / you here, did you not see my vil'd Grandchild come in hither / just
now? /

Sir Jas.

Yes, /

Old L. Squeam,

Ay, but where is she then? where is she? / Lord Sir *Jaspar* I have e'ne ratled my self to
pieces in pursuit / of her, but can you tell what she makes here, they say below, / no
woman lodges here. /

Sir Jas.

No. /

Old L. Squeam.

No---What does she here then? say if it / be not a womans lodging, what makes she
here? but are you / sure no woman lodges here? /

Sir Jas.

No, nor no man neither, this is Mr. *Horners* Lodging. /

Old L. Squeam.

Is it so are you sure? /

Sir Jas.

Yes, yes. /

Old L. Squeam.

So then there's no hurt in't I hope, but / where is he? /

Sir Jas.

He's in the next room with my Wife. /

Old L. Squeam.

Nay if you trust him with your wife, I may / with my Bidly, they say he's a merry harmless man now, e'ne / as harmless a man as ever came out of *Italy* with a good voice, / and as pretty harmless company for a Lady, as a Snake without / his teeth. /

Sir Jas.

Ay. ay poor man. /

Enter Mrs. Squeamish.

Squeam.

I can't find'em---Oh are you here, Grandmother, / I follow'd you must know my Lady *Fidget* hither, 'tis / the prettyest lodging, and I have been staring on the prettyest / Pictures. / *Enter Lady Fidget with a piece of China in her hand, and Horner following.*

La. Fid.

And I have been toying and moyling, for the / pretti'st piece of China, my Dear. /

Hor.

Nay she has been too hard for me do what I cou'd. /

Squeam.

Oh Lord I'll have some China too, good Mr. *Horner*, / don't think to give other people China, and me none, / come in with me too. /

Hor.

Upon my honour I have none left now. /

Squeam.

Nay, nay I have known you deny your China / before now, but you shan't put me off so,
come--- /

Hor.

This Lady had the last there. /

La. Fid.

[600] Yes indeed Madam, to my certain knowledge he / has no more left. /

Squeam.

O but it may be he may have some you could not / find. /

La. Fid.

What d'y think if he had had any left, I would / not have had it too, for we women of
quality never think we / have China enough. /

Hor.

Do not take it ill, I cannot make China for you all, / but I will have a Rol-waggon for you
too, another time. /

Squeam.

Thank you dear Toad. /

[To Horn, aside.]

La Fid.

What do you mean by that promise? /

Hor.

Alas she has an innocent, literal / understanding. /

Apart to Lady Fidget.

Old L. Squeam.

Poor Mr. *Horner*, he has enough to do to / please you all, I see. /

Hor.

Ay Madam, you see how they use me. /

Old L. Squeam.

Poor Gentleman I pity you. /

Hor.

I thank you Madam, I could never find pity, but / from such reverend Ladies as you are, the young ones will never / spare a man. /

Squeam.

Come come, *Beast*, and go dine with us, for we / shall want a man at *Hombre* after dinner. /

Hor.

That's all their use of me Madam you see. /

Squeam.

Come Sloven, I'll lead you / to be sure of you. /

Pulls him by the Crevat.

Old L. Squeam.

Alas poor man how she tuggs him, kiss, kiss / her, that's the way to make such nice women quiet. /

Hor.

No Madam, that Remedy is worse than the Torment, / they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it. /

Old La. Squeam.

Prythee kiss her, and I'll give you her Picture / in little, that you admir'd so last night, prythee do. /

Hor.

Well nothing but that could bribe me, I love a woman / only in Effigie, and good Painting as much as I hate / them---I'll do't, for I cou'd adore the Devil well painted. /

[Kisses Mrs. Squeam.

Squeam.

Foh, you filthy Toad, nay now I've done jesting. /

Old L. Squam.

Ha, ha, ha, I told you so. /

Squeam.

Foh a kiss of his--- /

Sir Jas.

Has no more hurt in't, than one of my Spaniels. /

Squeam.

Nor no more good neither. /

Quack.

I will now believe any thing he tells me. /

[Behind.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

La. Fid.

O Lord here's a man, *Sir Jaspar*, my Mask, my Mask, / I would not be seen here for the world. /

Sir Jas.

What not when I am with you. /

La. Fid.

No, no my honour---let's be gone. /

Squeam.

Oh Grandmother, let us be gone, make hast, make / hast, I know not how he may censure us. /

La. Fid.

Be found in the lodging of any thing like a man, / away. /

[Exeunt Sir Jas. La. Fid. Old La. Squeam. Mrs. Squeamish.]

Quack.

What's here another Cuckold---he looks like / one, and none else sure have any
business with him, /

[Behind.]

Hor.

Well what brings my dear friend hither? /

Mr. Pinch.

Your impertinency. /

Hor.

My impertinency---why you Gentlemen that / have got handsome Wives, think you
have a privilege of saying / any thing to your friends, and are as brutish, as if you were
/ our Creditors. /

Mr. Pinch.

No Sir, I'll ne'er trust you any way. /

Hor.

But why not, dear *Jack*, why diffide in me, thou / knowst so well. /

Mr. Pin.

Because I do know you so well. /

Hor.

Han't I been always thy friend honest *Jack*, always / ready to serve thee, in love, or
battle, before thou wert married, / and am so still. /

Mr. Pin.

I believe so you wou'd be my second now indeed. /

Hor.

Well then dear *Jack*, why so unkind, so grum, so / strange to me, come prythee kiss me
deare Rogue, gad I was / always I say, and am still as much thy Servant as--- /

Mr. Pin.

As I am yours Sir. What you wou'd send a kiss / to my Wife, is that it? /

Hor.

So there 'tis---a man can't shew his friendship to / a married man, but presently he
talks of his wife to you, prythee / let thy Wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we
/ were wont, what thou art as shy of my kindness, as a Lumbard-street / Alderman of
a Courtiers civility at Lockets. /

Mr. Pin.

But you are over kind to me, as kind, as if I were / [675] your Cuckold already, yet I
must confess you ought to be / kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you,
as to / bring you this, look you there Sir. /

[Delivers him a Letter.]

Hor.

What is't? /

Mr. Pinch.

Only a Love Letter Sir. /

Hor.

From whom---how, this is from your Wife--- / hum---and hum--- /

[Reads.

Mr. Pin.

Even from my Wife Sir, am I not wondrous kind / and civil to you, now too? / *[Aside.*
But you'll not think her so. /

Hor.

Ha, is this a trick of his or hers /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

The Gentleman's surpriz'd I find, what you expected / a kinder Letter? /

Hor.

No faith not I, how cou'd I. /

Mr. Pin.

Yes yes, I'm sure you did, a man so well made as / you are must needs be
disappointed, if the women declare / not their passion at first sight or opportunity. /

Hor.

But what should this mean? stay the Postscript. / Be sure you love me whatsoever my
husband says to the / contrary, and let him not see this, lest he should come / home,
and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel. /

[Reads aside.

It seems he knows not what the Letter contains. /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

Come ne're wonder at it so much. /

Hor.

Faith I can't help it. /

Mr. Pin.

Now I think I have deserv'd your infinite friendship, / and kindness, and have shewed
my self sufficiently an / obliging kind friend and husband, am I not so, to bring a Letter
/ from my Wife to her Gallant? /

Hor.

Ay, the Devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, / kind friend and husband in the
world, ha, ha. /

Mr. Pin.

Well you may be merry Sir, but in short I / must tell you Sir, my honour will suffer no
jesting. /

Hor.

What do'st thou mean? /

Mr. Pin.

Does the Letter want a Comment? then know / Sir, though I have been so civil a
husband, as to bring you a / Letter from my Wife, to let you kiss and court her to my
face, / I will not be a Cuckold Sir, I will not. /

Hor.

Thou art mad with jealousie, I never saw thy Wife in / my life, but at the Play
yesterday, and I know not if it were / she or no, I court her, kiss her! /

Mr. Pin.

I will not be a Cuckold I say, there will be danger / in making me a Cuckold. /

Hor.

Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy last clap? /

Mr. Pin.

I weare a Sword. /

Hor.

It should be taken from thee, lest thou should'st do / thy self a mischief with it, thou art mad, Man. /

Mr. Pin.

As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must / have more reason from you e're we part, I say again though / you kiss'd, and courted last night my Wife in man's clothes, / as she confesses in her Letter. /

Hor.

Ha--- /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

Both she and I say you must not design it again, / for you have mistaken your woman, as you have done your / man. /

Hor.

Oh---I understand something now---*[Aside.* / Was that thy Wife? why would'st thou not tell me 'twas / she? faith my freedome with her was your fault, not mine. /

Mr. Pin.

Faith so 'twas--- /

[Aside.

Hor.

Eye, I'de never do't to a woman before her husbands / face, sure. /

Mr. Pin.

But I had rather you should do't to my wife / before my face, than behind my back, and
that you shall never / doe. /

Hor.

No---you will hinder me. /

Mr. Pin.

If I would not hinder you, you see by her Letter, / she wou'd. /

Hor.

Well, I must e'ne acquiesc then, and be contented / with what she writes. /

Mr. Pin.

I'lle assure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no / hand in't you may believe me. /

Hor.

I do believe thee, faith. /

Mr. Pin.

And believe her too, for she's an innocent creature, / has no dissembling in her, and so
fare you well Sir. /

Hor.

Pray however present my humble service to her, and / tell her I will obey her Letter to
a tittle, and fulfill her desires / be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't, /
and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and / you--- /

Mr. Pin.

Well then fare you well, and play with any / mans honour but mine, kiss any mans wife
but mine, and welcome--- /

[Exit Mr. Pinch.

Hor.

Ha, ha, ha, Doctor. /

Quack.

It seems he has not heard the report of you, or does / not believe it. /

Hor.

Ha, ha, now Doctor what think you? /

Quack.

Pray let's see the Letter---hum---for--- / deare---love you--- /

[Reads the Letter.

Hor.

I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! what say'st thou / to't, 'tis an Original. /

Quack.

So are your Cuckolds too Originals: for they are / like no other common Cuckolds, and I
will henceforth believe / it not impossible for you to Cuckold the Grand Signior /
amidst his Guards of Eunuchs, that I say--- /

Hor.

And I say for the Letter, 'tis the first love Letter that / ever was without Flames, Darts,
Fates, Destinies, Lying and / Dissembling in't. /

Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.

Spar.

Come back, you are a pretty Brother-in-law, neither / go to Church, nor to dinner with
your Sister Bride. /

Mr. Pin.

My Sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone / away from you dissatisfy'd. /

Spar.

Pshaw, upon a foolish scruple, that our Parson was / [775] not in lawful Orders, and did
not say all the Common Prayer, / but 'tis her modesty only I believe, but let women be
never / so modest the first day, they'l be sure to come to themselves / by night, and I
shall have enough of her then; in the / mean time, *Harry Horner*, you must dine with
me, I keep my / wedding at my Aunts in the Piazza. /

Hor.

Thy wedding, what stale Maid has liv'd to despaire / of a husband, or what young one
of a Gallant? /

Spar.

O your Servant Sir---this Gentlemans Sister then / ---No stale Maid. /

Hor.

I'm sorry for't. /

Mr. Pin.

How comes he so concern'd for her---[*Aside.* /

Spar.

You sorry for't, why do you know any ill by / her? /

Hor.

No, I know none but by thee, 'tis for her sake, not / yours, and another mans sake that
might have hop'd, I / thought--- /

Spar.

Another Man, another man, what is his Name?

Hor.

Nay since 'tis past he shall be nameless.
Poor *Harcourt* I am sorry thou mist her---
[*Aside*

Mr. Pin.

He seems to be much troubled at the match---.
[*Aside.*

Spar.

Prythee tell me---nay you shan't go Brother.

Mr. Pin.

I must of necessity, but I'll come to you to dinner.
[*Exit Pinchwife.*

Spar.

But *Harry*, what have I a Rival in my Wife already? / but withal my heart, for he may be
of use to me hereafter, for / [800] though my hunger is now my sawce, and I can fall

on heartily / without, but the time will come, when a Rival will be as / good sawce for a
married man to a wife, as an Orange to / Veale. /

Hor.

O thou damn'd Rogue, thou hast set my teeth on / edge with thy Orange. /

Spar.

Then let's to dinner, there I was with you againe, / come. /

Hor.

But who dines with thee? /

Spar.

My Friends and Relations, my Brother *Pinchwife* you / see of your acquaintance. /

Hor.

And his Wife. /

Spar.

No gad, he'l nere let her come amongst us good / fellows, your stingy country
Coxcomb keeps his wife from / his friends, as he does his little Firkin of Ale, for his own
/ drinking, and a Gentleman can't get a smack on't, but his / servants, when his back is
turn'd broach it at their pleasures, / and dust it away, ha, ha, ha, gad I am witty, I think,
considering / I was married to day, by the world, but come--- /

Hor.

No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch / her too. /

Spar.

Pshaw what pleasure can'st thou have with women / now, *Harry*? /

Hor.

My eyes are not gone, I love a good prospect yet, / and will not dine with you, unless she does too, go fetch / [825] her therefore, but do not tell her husband, 'tis for my / sake. /

Spar.

Well I'll go try what I can do, in the mean time / come away to my Aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to *Pinchwifes*. /

Hor.

The poor woman has call'd for aid, and stretch'd forth / her hand Doctor, I cannot but help her over the Pale out of / the Bryars. /

[Exeunt Sparkish, Horner, Quack.

The Scene changes to Pinchwifes house.

Mrs. Pinchwife alone leaning on her elbow.

A Table, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Mrs. Pin.

Well 'tis 'ene so, I have got the *London* disease, / they call Love, I am sick of my Husband, and for my Gallant; / I have heard this distemper, call'd a Feaver, but methinks / 'tis liker an Ague, for when I think of my Husband, I tremble / and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit, / but when I think of my Gallant, dear Mr. *Horner*, my hot fit / comes, and I am all in a Feaver, indeed, & as in other Feavers, / my own Chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd / to his, and then methinks I shou'd be well; ah poor / Mr. *Horner*, well I cannot, will not stay here, therefore I'll / make an end of my Letter to him, which shall be a finer Letter / than my last, because I have studied it / like any thing; O Sick, Sick! /

[Takes the Pen and writes.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife who seeing her writing steales softly behind her, and looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.

Mr. Pin.

What writing more Letters? /

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord Budd, why d'ye fright / me so? /

She offers to run out: he stops her, and reads.

Mr. Pin.

How's this! nay you shall not / stir Madam. /

Deare, Deare, deare, Mr *Horner*---very well--- / I have taught you to write Letters to good purpose---but / let's see't. / First I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to / you, which I'de have you to know, I would not have done, / had not you said first you lov'd me so extreamly, which / if you doe, you will never suffer me to lye in the arms of another / man, whom I loath. nauseate, and detest---[Now / you can write these filthy words] but what follows--- / Therefore I hope you will speedily find some way to free me / from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, / of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however / if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can / do, but you must help me away before to morrow, or else / alas I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no / longer our---our--- what is to follow our--- / speak what? our Journey into /

[The Letter concludes.

the Country I suppose---Oh Woman, damn'd Woman, / and Love, damn'd Love, their old Tempter, for this is one of / his miracles, in a moment, he can make those blind that cou'd / see, and those see that were blind, those dumb that could / speak, and those prattle who were dumb before, nay what is / more than all, make these dow-bak'd, senseless, indocile animals, / Women, too hard for us their Politick Lords and Rulers / in a moment; But make an end of your Letter, and then / [875] I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues / together. /

Draws his Sword.

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord, O Lord you are such a Passionate Man, / Budd. /

Enter Sparkish.

Spar.

How now what's here to doe. /

Mr. Pin.

This Fool here now! /

Spar.

What drawn upon your Wife? you shou'd never do / that but at night in the dark when
you can't hurt her, this is / my Sister in Law is it not? ay faith e'ne our /

Pulls aside her Handkercheife.

Country *Margery*, one may know her, come / she and you must go dine with me,
dinner's ready, come, but / where's my Wife, is she not come home yet, where is she?
/

Mr. Pin.

Making you a Cuckold, 'tis that they all doe, as / soon as they can. /

Spar.

What the Wedding day? no, a Wife that designs to / make a Cully of her Husband, will
be sure to let him win the / first stake of love, by the world, but come they stay dinner
/ for us, come I'll lead down our *Margery*. /

Mrs. Pin.

No---Sir go we'll follow you. /

Spar.

I will not wag without you. /

Mr. Pin.

This Coxcomb is a sensible torment to me amidst / the greatest in the world. /

Spar.

Come, come Madam *Margery*. /

Mr. Pin.

No I'll lead her my way, / what wou'd you treat your friends / [900] with mine, for
want of your own / Wife? /

Leads her. to t'other door, and locks her in and returns.

I am contented my rage shou'd take breath--- /

[Aside.

Spar.

I told *Horner* this. /

Mr. Pin.

Come now. /

Spar.

Lord, how shy you are of your Wife, but let me tell / you Brother, we men of wit have
amongst us a saying, that / Cuckolding like the small Pox comes with a fear, and you /
may keep your Wife as much as you will out of danger of / infection, but if her
constitution incline her to't, she'll have it / sooner or later by the world, say they. /

Mr. Pin.

What a thing is a Cuckold, that every fool can / make him ridiculous--- /

[Aside.

Well Sir---But let me advise you, now you are come to / be concern'd, because you
suspect the danger, not to neglect / the means to prevent it, especially when the
greatest / share of the Malady will light upon your own head, / for--- /

How'sere the kind Wife's Belly comes to swell.

The Husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

ACT 5.

SCENE 1.

Mr. Pinchwifes House.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife, a Table and Candle.

Mr. Pin.

Come take the Pen and make an end of the / Letter, just as you intended, if you are
false / in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this / as you deserve,
write what was to follow---let's / see--- /

Lays his hand on his Sword.

[You must make haste and help me away before to morrow, / or else I shall be for ever
out of your reach, for I can defer / no longer our---] What follows our?--- /

Mrs. Pin.

Must all out then Budd?--- / Look you there then. /

Mrs. Pin. takes the Pen and writes.

Mr. Pin.

Let's see---[For I can defer no longer our--- / Wedding---Your slighted *Alithea*] What's
the meaning / of this, my Sisters name to't, speak, unriddle? /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes indeed Budd. /

Mr. Pin.

But why her name to't speak---speak I say? /

Mrs. Pin.

Ay but you'l tell her then again, if you wou'd not / tell her again. /

Mr. Pin.

I will not, I am stunn'd, my head turns round, / speak. /

Mrs. Pin.

Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed. /

Mr. Pin.

No, speak I say. /

Mrs. Pin.

She'll be angry with me, but I had rather she should / be angry with me than you Budd;
and to tell you the truth, / 'twas she made me write the Letter, and taught me what I /
[25] should write. /

Mr. Pin.

Ha---I thought the stile was somewhat better / than her own, but how cou'd she come
to you to teach / you, since I had lock'd you up alone. /

Mrs. Pin.

O through the key hole Budd. /

Mr. Pin.

But why should she make you write a Letter for / her to him, since she can write her
self? /

Mrs. Pin.

Why she said because---for I was unwilling / to do it. /

Mr. Pin.

Because what---because. /

Mrs. Pin.

Because lest Mr. *Horner* should be cruel, and refuse / her, or vaine afterwards, and
shew the Letter, she might / disown it, the hand not being hers. /

Mr. Pin.

How's this? ha---then I think I shall come to / my self again---This changeling cou'd not
invent this / lye, but if she cou'd, why should she? she might think I should / soon
discover it---stay---now I think on't too, *Horner* / said he was sorry she had married
Sparkish, and her disowning / her marriage to me, makes me think she has evaded / it,
for *Horner's* sake, yet why should she take this / course, but men in love are fools,
women may well be / so.--- /

[Aside.

But hark you Madam, your Sister went out in the morning, / and I have not seen her
within since. /

Mrs. Pin.

A lack a day she has been crying all day above / it seems in a corner. /

Mr. Pin.

Where is she, let me speak with her. /

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord then he'l discover all--- /

[Aside.

Pray hold Budd, what d'y mean to discover me, she'l know / I have told you then, pray
Budd let me talk with her / first--- /

Mr. Pin.

I must speak with her to know whether *Horner* / ever made her any promise; and
whether she be married to / *Sparkish* or no. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pray dear Budd don't, till I have spoken with her / and told her that I have told you all,
for she'll kill me / else. /

Mr. Pin.

Go then and bid her come out to me. /

Mrs. Pin.

Yes, yes Budd--- /

Mr. Pin.

Let me see--- /

Mrs. Pin.

I'll go, but she is not within to come to him, I / have just got time to know of *Lucy* her
Maid, who first set / me on work, what I shall tell next, for I am e'ne at my / wits
end--- /

[Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.

Mr. Pin,

Well I resolve it, *Horner* shall have her, I'd rather / give him my Sister than lend him my
Wife, and such an alliance / will prevent his pretensions to my Wife sure,---I'll / make
him of kinn to her, and then he won't care for her, /

[Mrs. Pin. returns.

Mrs. Pin.

O Lord Budd I told you what anger you would / make me with my Sister. /

Mr. Pin.

Won't she come hither? /

Mrs. Pin.

No no, alack a day, she's asham'd to look you in / the face, and she says if you go in to her, she'l run away down / stairs, and shamefully go her self to Mr. *Horner*, who has promis'd / her marriage she says, and she will have no other, so / she won't--- /

Mr. Pin.

Did he so---promise her marriage---then / she shall have no other, go tell her so, and if she will come / and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about / it immediately, go--- /

[Exit Mrs. Pin.

His estate is equal to *Sparkish's*, and his extraction as much better / than his, as his parts are, but my chief reason is, I'd rather / be of kin to him by the name of Brother-in-law, than that of / Cuckold--- / Well what says she now? /

[Enter Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin.

Why she says she would only have you lead her / to *Horners* lodging---with whom she first will discourse the / matter before she talk with you, which yet she cannot doe; / for alack poor creature, she says she can't so much as look you / in the face, therefore she'l come to you in a mask, and you / must excuse her if she make you no answer to any question / of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. *Horner*, and if you / will not chide her, nor question her, she'l come out to you / immediately. /

Mr. Pin.

Let her come I will not speak a word to her, nor / require a word from her. /

Mrs. Pin.

Oh I forgot, besides she says, she cannot look you / in the face, though through a mask, therefore wou'd desire / you to put out the Candle. /

Mr. Pin.

I agree to all, let her make / haste---there 'tis out---My case /

Exit Mrs. Pin. puts out the Candle.

is something better, I'd rather fight with *Horner* for not lying / with my Sister, than for

lying with my Wife, and of the / two I had rather find my Sister too forward than my Wife; / I expected no other from her free education, as she calls it, / and her passion for the Town---well---Wife and / Sister are names which make us expect Love and duty, pleasure / and comfort, but we find'em plagues and torments, and / are equally, though differently troublesome to their keeper; / for we have as much a doe to get people to lye with / our Sisters, as to keep'em from lying with our Wives. /

Enter Mrs. Pinchwife Masked, and in Hoods and Scarves, and a night Gown and Petticoat of Alitheas in the dark.

What are you come Sister? let us go then---but first let / me lock up my Wife, Mrs. Margery where are you? /

Mrs. Pin.

Here Budd. /

Mr. Pin.

Come hither, that I may lock you up, / get you in, Come Sister where are you now? /

Locks the door.

[Mrs. Pin. gives him her hand, but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is lead away by him for his Sister Alitheas.]

The Scene changes to Horners Lodging. Quack Horner.

Quack.

What all alone, not so much as one of your / Cuckolds here, nor one of their Wives! they use to take / their turns with you, as if they were to watch you. /

Hor.

Yes it often happens, that a Cuckold is but his Wifes / spye, and is more upon family duty, when he is with her gallant / abroad hindring his pleasure, than when he is at home / with her playing the Gallant, but the hardest duty a married / woman imposes upon a lover is, keeping her husband company / always. /

Quack.

And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as / hers. /

Hor.

A Pox, keeping a Cuckold company after you have / had his Wife, is as tiresome as the
company of a Country / Squire to a witty fellow of the Town, when he has got all his /
Mony, /

Quack.

And as at first a man makes a friend of the Husband / to get the Wife, so at last you are
faine to fall out with the / Wife to be rid of the Husband. /

Hor.

Ay, most Cuckold-makers are true Courtiers, when / once a poor man has crack'd his
credit for'em, they can't abide / to come neer him. /

Quack.

But at first to draw him in are so sweet, so kind, so / dear, just as you are to *Pinchwife*,
but what becomes of that / intrigue with his Wife? /

Hor.

A Pox he's as surly as an Alderman that has been bit, / and since he's so coy, his Wife's
kindness is in vain, for she's a / silly innocent. /

Quack.

Did she not send you a Letter by him? /

Hor.

Yes, but that's a riddle I have not yet solv'd---allow / the poor creature to be willing,
she is silly too, and he / keeps her up so close--- /

Quack.

Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, / and adds but revenge to her
love, which two when / met seldome faile of satisfying each other one way or other. /

Hor.

What here's the man we are talking of I think. /

Enter Mr. Pinchwife leading in his Wife Masqued, Muffled, and in her Sisters Gown.

Hor.

Pshaw. /

Quack.

Bringing his Wife to you is the next thing to bringing / a Love Letter from her. /

Hor.

What means this? /

Mr. Pin.

The last time you know Sir I brought you a love / Letter, now you see a Mistress, I think
you'll say I am a civil / man to you. /

Hor.

Ay the Devil take me will I say thou art the civillest / man I ever met with, and I have
known some; I fancy, I understand / thee now, better than I did the Letter, but hark /
thee in thy eare--- /

Mr. Pin.

What? /

Hor.

Nothing but the usual question man, is she found on / thy word? /

Mr. Pin.

VWhat you take her for a VVench and me for / a Pimp? /

Hor.

Pshaw, wench and Pimp, paw words, I know thou / art an honest fellow, and hast a
great acquaintance among / the Ladies, and perhaps hast made love for me rather
than let / me make love to thy VVise--- /

Mr. Pin.

Come Sir, in short, I am for no fooling. /

Hor.

Nor I neither, therefore prythee let's see her face / presently, make her show man, art
thou sure I don't know / her? /

Mr. Pin.

I am sure you doe know her. /

Hor.

A Pox why dost thou bring her to me then? /

Mr. Pin.

Because she's a Relation of mine. /

Hor.

Is she faith man, then thou art still more civil and obliging, / dear Rogue. /

Mr. Pin.

VWho desir'd me to bring her to you. /

Hor.

Then she is obliging, dear Rogue. /

Mr. Pin.

You'll make her welcome for my sake I hope. /

Hor.

I hope she is handsome enough to make her self wellcome; / prythee let her unmask. /

Mr. Pin.

Doe you speak to her, she wou'd never be rul'd / by me. /

Hor.

Madam--- /

[Mrs. Pin. whispers to Hor.

She says she must speak with me in private, withdraw prythee. /

Mr. Pin.

She's unwilling it seems I shou'd know all her undecent / conduct in this business--- /

[Aside.

WVvel then Ile leave you together, and hope when I am / gone you'll agree, if not you
and I shan't agree Sir.--- /

Hor.

WVWhat means the Fool?---if she and I agree 'tis / no matter what you and I do. /

[Whispers to Mrs Pin, who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.]

Mr. Pin.

In the mean time I'll fetch a Parson, and find out / *Sporkish* and disabuse him. / You
wou'd have me fetch a Parson, would you not, well then / ---Now I think I am rid of
her, and shall have no more / trouble with her---Our Sisters and Daughters like Usurers
/ money, are safest, when put out; but our Wives, like their / writings, never safe, but
in our Closets under Lock and Key. /

[Exit Mr. Pin.

Enter Boy.

Boy.

Sir Jaspar Fidget Sir is coming up. /

Hor.

Here's the trouble of a Cuckold, now we are talking / of, a pox on him, has he not
enough to doe to hinder his / Wifes sport, but he must other women's too.---Step in /
here Madam. /

[Exit Mrs. Pin.

Enter Sir Jaspar.

Sir Jas.

My best and dearest Friend. /

Hor.

The old stile Doctor--- / Well be short, for I am busie, what would your impertinent /
Wife have now? /

Sir Jas.

Well guess'd y' faith, for I do come from her. /

Hor.

To invite me to supper, tell her I can't come, go. /

Sir Jas.

Nay, now you are out faith, for my Lady and / the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as
they call themselves, / are resolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to night in a /
Masquerade, and are all drest already. /

Hor.

I shan't be at home. /

Sir Jas.

Lord how churlish he is to women---nay prythee / don't disappoint'em, they'l think 'tis
my fault, prythee / [225] don't, I'll send in the Banquet and the Fiddles, but make no /
noise on't, for the poor virtuous Rogues would not have it / known for the world, that
they go a Masquerading, and they / would come to no mans Ball, but yours. /

Hor.

Well, well---get you gone, and tell'em if they / come, 'twill be at the peril of their
honour and yours. /

Sir Jas.

Heh, he, he---we'l trust you for that, farewell--- /

[Exit Sir Jaspar.]

Hor.

Doctor anon you too shall be my guest.
But now I'm going to a private feast.

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden. Sparkish, Pinchwife.

Spar. with the Letter in his hand.

Spar.

But who would have thought a / woman could have been false to me, by / the world, I
could not have thought it. /

Mr. Pin.

You were for giving and taking liberty, she has / taken it only Sir, now you find in that
Letter, you are a / frank person, and so is she you see there. /

Spar.

Nay if this be her hand---for I never saw it. /

Mr. Pin.

'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no, / I am sure this hand at her desire lead
her to Mr. *Hornor*, with / whom I left her just now, to go fetch a Parson to'em at their /
desire too, to deprive you of her for ever, for it seems yours / was but a mock
marriage. /

Spar.

Indeed she wou'd needs have it that 'twas *Harcourt* / himself in a Parsons habit, that
married us, but I'm sure he / told me 'twas his Brother Ned. /

Mr. Pin.

O there 'tis out and you were deceiv'd not she, / [250] for you are such a frank person--
-but I must be gone--- / you'l find her at Mr. *Horners*, goe and believe your eyes. /

[Exit Mr. Pin.]

Spar.

Nay I'lle to her, and call her as many Crocodiles, / Syrens, Harpies, and other
heathenish names, as a Poet would / do a Mistress, who had refus'd to heare his suit,
nay more his / Verses on her. / But stay, is not that she following a Torch at t'other end
of / the Piazza, and from *Horners* certainly---'tis so--- /

Enter Alithea following a Torch, and Lucy behind.

You are well met Madam though you don't think so; what / you have made a short visit
to Mr. *Horner*, but I suppose you'l / return to him presently, by that time the Parson
can be with / him. /

Ali.

Mr. *Horner*, and the Parson Sir--- /

Spar.

Come Madam no more dissembling, no more jilting / for I am no more a frank person.
/

Alith.

How's this. /

Lucy.

So 'twill work I see--- /

[Aside.

Spar.

Cou'd you find out no easie Country Fool to abuse? / none but me, a Gentleman of wit
and pleasure about the / Town, but it was your pride to be too hard for a man of /
parts, unworthy false woman, false as a friend that lends a / man mony to lose, false as
dice, who undoe those that trust / all they have to'em. /

Lucy.

He has been a great bubble by his similes as they / say--- /

[Aside.

Ali.

You have been too merry Sir at your wedding dinner / sure. /

Spar

What d'y mock me too? /

Ali.

Or you have been deluded. /

Spar.

By you. /

Ali.

Let me understand you. /

Spar.

Have you the confidence, I should call it something / else, since you know your guilt, to stand my just reproaches? / you did not write an impudent Letter to Mr. *Horner*, who I / find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his aversion / for women, that I might not forsooth suspect him for my / Rival. /

Lucy.

D'y think the Gentleman can be jealous now Madam--- /

[Aside.

Ali.

I write a Letter to Mr. *Horner*! /

Spar.

Nay Madam, do not deny it, your Brother shew'd / it me just now, and told me likewise he left you at *Horners* / lodging to fetch a Parson to marry you to him, and I wish / you joy Madam, joy, joy, and to him too much joy, and to / my self more joy for not marrying you. /

Ali.

So I find my Brother would break off the match, and I / can consent to't, since I see this
Gentleman can be made / jealous. /

[Aside.

*O Lucy, by his rude usage and jealousy, he makes me almost / afraid I am married to
him, art thou sure 'twas Harcourt himself / and no Parson that married us. /*

Spar.

No Madam I thank you, I suppose that was a contrivance / too of Mr. *Horners* and
yours, to make *Harcourt* / play the Parson, but I would as little as you have him one /
now, no not for the world, for shall I tell you another truth, / I never had any passion
for you, 'till now, for now I hate you, / 'tis true I might have married your portion, as
other men of / parts of the Town do sometimes, and so your Servant, and to / shew
my unconcernedness, I'll come to your wedding, and / resign you with as much joy as I
would a stale wench to a / new Cully, nay with as much joy as I would after the first /
night, if I had been married to you, there's for you, and so / your Servant, Servant. /

[Exit Spar.

Ali.

How was I deceiv'd in a man! /

Lucy.

You'll believe then a fool may be made jealous now? / for that easiness in him that
suffers him to be led by a Wife, / will likewise permit him to be perswaded against her
by / others. /

Ali.

But marry Mr. *Horner*, my brother does not intend it / sure; if I thought he did, I would
take thy advice, and Mr. / *Harcourt* for my Husband, and now I wish, that if there be
any / over-wise woman of the Town, who like me would marry / a fool, for fortune,
liberty, or title, first that her husband may / love Play, and be a Cully to all the Town,
but her, and suffer / none but fortune to be mistress of his purse, then if for liberty, /
that he may send her into the Country under the conduct / [325] of some housewifely
mother-in law; and if for title, may / the world give 'em none but that of Cuckold. /

Lucy.

And for her greater curse Madam, may he not deserve / it. /

Ali.

Away impertinent---is not this my old Lady *Lanterlus*? /

Lucy.

Yes Madam. [*Aside.* [and here I hope we shall find Mr. / *Harcourt*--- /

[*Exeunt Ali. Lucy.*

The Scene changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Daynty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish, a Table, Banquet, and Bottles.

Hor.

A Pox they are come too soon---before I have / sent back my new---Mistress, all I have now to do, is to / lock her in, that they may not see her--- /

[*Aside.*

La. Fid.

That we may be sure of our wellcome, we have / brought our entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat / thee, dear Toad. /

Dayn.

And that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir / *Jaspar* and my old Lady *Squeamish* quarrelling at home at *Baggammon*. /

Squeam.

Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they / should chance to interrupt us. /

La. Fid.

Let us sit then. /

Hor.

First that you may be private, let me lock this door, / and that, and I'll wait upon you
presently. /

La. Fid.

No Sir, shut 'em only and your lips for ever, for we / must trust you as much as our
women. /

Hor.

You know all vanity's kill'd in me, I have no occasion / for talking. /

La. Fid.

Now Ladies, supposing we had drank each of us / [350] our two Bottles, let us speak
the truth of our hearts. /

Dayn. and Squeam.

Agreed. /

La. Fid.

By this brimmer, for truth is no where else to be / found, [Not in thy heart false man. /

[Aside to Hor.

Hor.

You have found me a true man I'm / sure. /

[Aside to Lady Fid.

La. Fid.

Not every way---

[Aside to Hor.

But let us sit and be Merry.

Lady Fidget sings.

1.

*Why should our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live,
On the pittance of Pleasure which they only give.
We must not rejoyce,
With Wine and with noise.
In vaine we must wake in a dull bed alone.
Whilst to our warm Rival the Bottle, they're gone.
Then lay aside charms,*

And take up these arms

2.

*'Tis Wine only gives 'em their Courage and Wit,
Because we live sober to men we submit.
If for Beauties you'd pass.
Take a lick of the Glass.
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The best red we have is the red of the Grape.
Then Sisters lay't on.
And dam a good shape.*

Dayn.

Dear Brimmer, well in token of our openness and / plain dealing, let us throw our
Masques over our heads. /

Hor.

So 'twill come to the Glasses anon. /

Squeam.

Lovely Brimmer, let me enjoy him first. /

La. Fid.

No, I never part with a Gallant, till I've try'd / him. Dear Brimmer that mak'st our
Husbands short / sighted. /

Dayn.

And our bashful gallants bold. /

Squeam.

And for want of a Gallant, the Butler lovely in our / eyes, drink Eunuch. /

La. Fid.

Drink thou representative of a Husband, damn a / Husband. /

Dayn.

And as it were a Husband, an old keeper. /

Squeam.

And an old Grandmother. /

Hor.

And an English Bawd, and a French Chirurgion. /

La. Fid.

Ay we have all reason to curse 'em. /

Hor.

For my sake Ladies. /

La. Fid.

No, for our own, for the first spoils all young gallants / industry. /

Dayn.

And the others art makes 'em bold only with common / women. /

Squeam.

And rather run the hazard of the vile distemper / amongst them, than of a denial
amongst us. /

Dayn.

The filthy Toads chuse Mistresses now, as they do / Stuffs, for having been fancy'd and
worn by others. /

Squeam.

For being common and cheap. /

La. Lid.

Whilst women of quality, like the richest Stuffs, / lye untumbled, and unask'd for. /

Hor.

Ay neat, and cheap, and new often they think / best. /

Dayn.

No Sir, the Beasts will be known by a Mistriss longer / than by a suit. /

Squeam.

And 'tis not for cheapness neither. /

La. Fid.

No, for the vain fopps will take up Druggets, / and embroider 'em, but I wonder at the
depraved appetites of / witty men, they use to be out of the common road, and hate /
imitation, pray tell me beast, when you were a man, why you / rather chose to club
with a multitude in a common house, / for an entertainment, than to be the only guest
at a good / Table. /

Hor.

Why faith ceremony and expectation are unsufferable / to those that are sharp bent,
people always eat with the / best stomach at an ordinary, where every man is
snatching for / the best bit. /

La. Fid.

Though he get a cut over the fingers---but I / have heard people eat most heartily of
another man's meat, / that is, what they do not pay for. /

Hor.

When they are sure of their wellcome and freedome, / for ceremony in love and
eating, is as ridiculous as in fighting, / falling on briskly is all should be done in those
occasions. /

La. Fid.

Well then let me tell you Sir, there is no where / more freedome than in our houses,
and we take freedom from / a young person as a sign of good breeding, and a person
may / be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamesome, as / wild as he will. /

Hor.

Han't I heard you all declaim against wild men. /

La. Fid.

Yes, but for all that, we think wildness in a man, / as desirable a quality, as in a Duck, or
Rabbit; a tame man, / foh. /

Hor.

I know not, but your Reputations frightned me, as / much as your Faces invited me. /

La. Fid.

Our Reputation, Lord! Why should you not / think, that we women make use of our
Reputation, as you / men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion; / our
virtue is like the State-man's Religion, the Quakers / Word, the Gamesters Oath, and
the Great Man's Honour, but / to cheat those that trust us. /

Squeam.

And that Demureness, Coyness, and Modesty, / that you see in our Faces in the Boxes
at Plays, is as much a / sign of a kind woman, as a Vizard-mask in the Pit. /

Dayn.

For I assure you, women are least mask'd, when they / have the Velvet Vizard on. /

La. Fid.

You wou'd have found us modest women in our / denyals only. /

Squeam.

Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the / Men's. /

Dayn.

We blush, when they are shame-fac'd. /

Hor.

I beg your pardon Ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly, / but why, that mighty
pretence to Honour? /

La. Fid.

We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the / same reason you men pretend
business often, to avoid ill company, / to enjoy the better, and more privately those
you / love. /

Hor.

But why, wou'd you ne'er give a Friend a wink / then? /

La. Fid.

Faith, your Reputation frightned us as much, as / ours did you, you were so notoriously
lewd. /

Hor.

And you so seemingly honest. /

La. Fid.

Was that all that deterr'd you? /

Hor.

And so expensive---you allow freedom you say. /

La. Fid.

Ay, ay. /

Hor.

That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as / my little time, both which my
other pleasures required. /

La. Fid.

Money, foh---you talk like a little fellow now, / do such as we expect money? /

Hor.

I beg your pardon, Madam, I must confess, I have / heard that great Ladies, like great Merchants, set but the / higher prizes upon what they have, because they are not in / necessity of taking the first offer. /

Dayn.

Such as we, make sale of our hearts? /

Squeam.

We brib'd for our Love? Foh. /

Hor.

With your pardon, Ladies, I know, like great men / in Offices, you seem to exact flattery and attendance only / from your Followers, but you have receivers about you, and / such fees to pay, a man is afraid to pass your Grants; besides / we must let you win at Cards, or we lose your hearts; and / if you make an assignation, 'tis at a Goldsmiths, Jewellers, / or China house, where for your Honour, you deposit to him, / he must pawn his, to the punctual Citt, and so paying for / what you take up, pays for what he takes up. /

Dayn.

Wou'd you not have us assur'd of our Gallants / Love? /

Squeam.

For Love is better known by Liberality, than / by Jealousie. /

La. Fid.

For one may be dissembled, the other not---but / my Jealousie can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling / ripe: /

[Aside.

Come here's to our Gallants in waiting, whom we must name, / and I'll begin, this is my false Rogue. /

Claps him on the back.

Squeam.

How! /

Hor.

So all will out now--- /

Squeam.

Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only, you / reported your self no man? /

[Aside to Horner.

Dayn.

Oh Wretch! did you not swear to me, 'twas for my / Love, and Honour, you pass'd for
that thing you / do? /

Aside to Horner.

Hor.

So, so. /

La. Fid.

Come, speak Ladies, this is my false Villain. /

Squeam.

And mine too. /

Dayn.

And mine. /

Horn.

Well then, you are all three my false Rogues too, / and there's an end on't. /

La. Fid.

Well then, there's no remedy, Sister Sharers, let / us not fall out, but have a care of our Honour; though we / get no Presents, no Jewels of him, we are savers of our Honour, / the Jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to / the world unsuspected, though it be counterfeit. /

Hor.

Nay, and is e'en as good, as if it were true, provided / the world think so; for Honour, like Beauty now, / only depends on the opinion of others. /

La. Fid.

Well Harry Common, I hope you can be true to / three, swear, but 'tis no purpose, to require your Oath; / for you are as often forsworn, as you swear to new women. /

Hor.

Come, faith Madam, let us e'en pardon one another, / for all the difference I find betwixt we men, and you women, / we forswear our selves at the beginning of an Amour, / you, as long as it lasts. /

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, and old Lady Squeamish.

Sir Jas.

Oh my Lady *Fidget*, was this your cunning, to / come to Mr. *Horner* without me; but you have been no / where else I hope. /

La. Fid.

No, Sir *Jaspar*. /

Old La. Squeam.

And you came straight hither Biddy. /

Squeam.

Yes indeed, Lady Grandmother. /

Sir Jas.

'Tis well, 'tis well, I knew when once they were / throughly acquainted with poor
Horner, they'd ne'er be from / him; you may let her masquerade it with my Wife, and
Horner, / and I warrant her Reputation safe. /

Enter Boy.

Boy.

O Sir, here's the Gentleman come, whom you bid / me not suffer to come up, without
giving you notice, with a / Lady too, and other Gentlemen--- /

Hor.

Do you all go in there, whil'st I send 'em away, and / Boy, do you desire 'em to stay
below 'til I come, which shall / be immediately. /

Exeunt Sir Jaspar, Lad. Squeam. Lad. Fidget, Mistris Dainty, Squeamish.

Boy.

Yes Sir. /

[Exit.

Exit Horner at t'other door, and returns with Mistris Pinchwife.

Hor.

You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, / before your Husband came back,
he'll now discover all, yet / pray my Dearest be perswaded to go home, and leave the /
rest to my management, I'll let you down the back way. /

Mrs. Pin.

I don't know the way home, so I don't. /

Hor.

My man shall wait upon you. /

Mrs. Pin.

No, don't you believe, that I'll go at all; what / are you weary of me already? /

Hor.

No my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to secure / my love, and your Reputation
with your Husband, / he'll never receive you again else. /

Mrs. Pin.

What care I, d'ye think to frighten me with / [550] that? I don't intend to go to him
again; you shall be my / Husband now. /

Hor.

I cannot be your Husband, Dearest, since you are / married to him. /

Mrs. Pin.

O wou'd you make me believe that---don't I / see every day at *London* here, women
leave their first Husband, / and go, and live with other men as their Wives, pish, /
pshaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly. /

Hor.

So, they are coming up---In again, / in, I hear 'em: /

Exit Mistris Pinchwife.

Well, a silly Mistriss, is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, / a man has scarce time
for plunder; she betrays her Husband, / first to her Gallant, and then her Gallant, to
her Husband. /

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.

Mr. Pin.

Come Madam, 'tis not the sudden change of your / dress, the confidence of your
asseverations, and your false / witness there, shall perswade me, I did not bring you
hither, / just now; here's my witness, who cannot deny it, since you / must be
confronted---Mr. *Horner*, did not I bring this Lady / to you just now? /

Hor.

Now must I wrong one woman for anothers sake, but / that's no new thing with me;
for in these cases I am still on / the criminal's side, against the innocent. /

[Aside.

Alith.

Pray, speak Sir. /

Hor.

It must be so---I must be impudent, and try my / luck, impudence uses to be too hard
for truth. /

[Aside.

Mr. Pin.

[575] What, you are studying an evasion, or excuse for / her, speak Sir. /

Hor.

No faith, I am something backward only, to speak / in womens affairs or disputes. /

Mr. Pin.

She bids you speak. /

Alith.

Ay, pray Sir do, pray satisfie him, /

Hor.

Then truly, you did bring that Lady to me just now, /

Mr. Pin.

O ho--- /

Alith.

How Sir--- /

Har.

How, *Horner!* /

Alith.

What mean you Sir, I always took you for a man of / Honour? /

Hor.

Ay, so much a man of Honour, that I must save my / Mistriss, I thank you, come what will on't. /

[Aside.

Spar.

So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe, the / Moon had been made of a Christmas pye. /

Lucy.

Now cou'd I speak, if I durst, and 'solve the Riddle, / who am the Author of it. /

[Aside.

Alith.

O unfortunate Woman! a combination against my / Honour, which most concerns me
now, because you share in / my disgrace, Sir, and it is your censure which I must now
suffer, / that troubles me, not theirs. /

Har.

Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis / possible for me to love too,
without being jealous, I will not / only believe your innocence my self, but make all the
world / [600] believe it--- / *Horner* I must now be concern'd for this Ladies / Honour. /

Apart to Horner.

Hor.

And I must be concern'd for a Ladies Honour too. /

Har.

This Lady has her Honour, and I will protect it. /

Hor.

My Lady has not her Honour, but has given it me to / keep, and I will preserve it. /

Har.

I understand you not /

Hor.

I wou'd not have you. /

Mrs. Pin.

What's the matter with 'em all /

[Mistress Pinchwife peeping in behind.]

Mr. Pin.

Come, come, Mr. *Horner*, no more disputing, / here's the Parson, I brought him not in
vain. /

Hor.

No Sir, I'll employ him, if this Lady please. /

Mr. Pin.

How, what d'ye mean? /

Spark.

Ay, what does he mean? /

Hor.

Why, I have resign'd your Sister to him, he has my / consent. /

Mr. Pin.

But he has not mine Sir, a womans injur'd Honour, / no more than a man's, can be
repair'd or satisfied by any, / but him that first wrong'd it; and you shall marry her /
presently, or--- /

[Lays his hand on his Sword.]

Enter to them Mistress Pinchwife.

Mistriss Pin.

O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. *Horner*, besides / he shan't marry her, whilst I stand by,
and look on, I'll not / lose my second Husband so. /

Mr. Pin.

What do I see? /

Alith.

My Sister in my cloaths! /

Spark.

Ha! /

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work / for the Parson, he shall marry me to
Mr. *Horner*; for now I / believe, you have enough of me. /

[To Mr. Pinchwife.

Hor.

Damn'd, damn'd loving Changeling. /

Mrs. Pin.

Pray Sister, pardon me for telling so many lyes / of you. /

Har.

I suppose the Riddle is plain now. /

Lucy.

No, that must be my work, good Sir, hear me. /

Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, who stands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.

Mr. Pin.

I will never hear woman again, but make 'em all / silent, thus--- /

[Offers to draw upon his Wife.

Hor.

No, that must not be. /

Mr. Pin.

You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me. /

Offers to draw on Hor. stopt by Harcourt.

Har.

Hold--- /

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, Lady Fidget, Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.

Sir Jas.

What's the matter, what's the matter, pray what's / the matter Sir, I beseech you
communicate Sir. /

Mr. Pin.

Why my Wife has communicated Sir, as your / Wife may have done too Sir, if she
knows him Sir--- /

Sir Jas.

Pshaw, with him, ha, ha, he. /

Mr. Pin.

D'ye mock me Sir, a Cuckold is a kind of a wild / Beast, have a care Sir--- /

Sir Jas.

No sure, you mock me Sir---he cuckold you! / it can't be, ha, ha, he, why, I'll tell you Sir.
/

Offers to whisper.

Mr. Pin.

I tell you again, he has whor'd my Wife, and / yours too, if he knows her, and all the
women he comes / near; 'tis not his dissembling, his hypocrisie can wheedle / me. /

Sir Jas.

How does he dissemble, is he a Hypocrite? nay / then---how---Wife---Sister is he an
Hypocrite? /

Old La. Squeam.

An Hypocrite, a dissembler, speak young / Harlotry, speak how? /

Sir Jas.

Nay then---O my head too---O thou libinous / Lady! /

Old La. Squeam.

O thou Harloting, Harlotry, hast thou / don't then? /

Sir Jas.

Speak good *Horner*, art thou a dissembler, a Rogue? / hast thou--- /

Hor.

Soh--- /

Lucy.

I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold / her tongue. /

[Apart to Hor.

Hor.

Canst thou? I'll give thee--- /

[Apart to Luc.

Lucy to Mr. Pin.

Pray have but patience to hear me Sir, / who am the unfortunate cause of all this
confusion, your Wife / is innocent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you / all
these lyes, concerning my Mistress, in order to the breaking / off the match, between
Mr. *Sparkish* and her, to make / way for Mr. *Harcourt*. /

Spark.

Did you so eternal Rotten-tooth, then it seems my / Mistress was not false to me, I was
only deceiv'd by you, brother / that shou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a /
frank person now, to bring your Wife to her Lover--- / ha--- /

Lucy.

I assure you Sir, she came not to Mr. *Horner* out of / love, for she loves him no more---
/

Mrs. Pin.

Hold, I told lyes for you, but you shall tell none / for me, for I do love Mr. *Horner* with
all my soul, and no / body shall say me nay; pray don't you go to make poor Mr. /
Horner believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, / I'm sure. /

Hor.

Peace, Dear Ideot. /

[Aside to Mrs. Pin.

Mrs. Pin.

Nay, I will not peace. /

Mr. Pin.

Not 'til I make you. /

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dor.

Horner, your Servant, I am the Doctors Guest, he / must excuse our intrusion. /

Quack.

But what's the matter Gentlemen, for Heavens / sake, what's the matter? /

Hor.

Oh 'tis well you are come---'tis a censorious world / we live in, you may have brought
me a reprieve, or else I / had died for a crime, I never committed, and these innocent /
Ladies had suffer'd with me, therefore pray satisfie these / worthy, honourable,
jealous Gentlemen /

[Whispers.

---that--- /

Quack.

O I understand you, is that all---*Sir Jasper*, by / heavens and upon the word of a
Physician /

[Whispers to Sir Jasper.

Sir,--- /

Sir Jas.

Nay I do believe you truly---pardon me my / virtuous Lady, and dear of honour. /

Old La. Squeam.

What then all's right again. /

Sir Jas.

Ay, ay, and now let us satisfie / him too. /

They whisper with Mr. Pinch.

Mr. Pin.

An Eunuch! pray no fooling with me. /

Quack.

I'll bring half the Chirurgions in Town to swear it. /

Mr. Pin.

They---they'll sweare a man that bled to / death through his wounds died of an
Apoplexy. /

Quack.

Pray hear me Sir---why all the Town has / heard the report of him. /

Mr. Pin.

But does all the Town believe it. /

Quack.

Pray inquire a little, and first of all these. /

Mr. Pin.

I'm sure when I left the Town he was the lewdest / fellow in't. /

Quack.

I tell you Sir he has been in *France* since, pray ask / but these Ladies and Gentlemen,
your friend Mr. *Dorilant*, / Gentlemen and Ladies, han't you all heard the late sad
report / of poor Mr. *Horner*. /

All Lad.

Ay, ay, ay. /

Dor.

Why thou jealous Fool do'st thou doubt it, he's an / errant French Capon. /

Mrs. Pin.

'Tis false Sir, you shall not disparage poor Mr. / *Horner*, for to my certain knowledge---
/

Lucy.

O hold--- /

Squeam.

Stop her mouth--- /

[Aside to Lucy.

Old La. Fid.

Upon my honour Sir, 'tis as true. /

[To Pinch.

Dayn.

D'y think we would have been seen in his company--- /

Squeam.

Trust our unspotted reputations with him! /

Old La. Fid.

This you get, and we too, by trusting your / secret to a fool--- /

[Aside to Hor.

Hor.

Peace Madam,---*[Aside to Quack.* well Doctor is not this a good / design that carries a
man on unsuspected, and brings him off / safe.--- /

Mr. Pin.

Well, if this were true, but my Wife--- /

[Aside

[Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinch.

Ali.

Come Brother your Wife is yet innocent you see, but / have a care of too strong an
imagination, least like an over-concern'd / timerous Gamester by fancying an unlucky
cast / it should come, Women and Fortune are truest still to those / that trust 'em. /

Lucy.

And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and / hungry for being kept up, and more
dangerous to the Keeper. /

Ali.

There's doctrine for all Husbands Mr. *Harcourt.* /

Har.

I edifie Madam so much, that I am impatient till I / am one. /

Dor.

And I edifie so much by example I will never be one. /

Eew.

And because I will not disparage my parts I'll ne're / be one. /

Hor.

And I lass can't be one. /

Mr. Pin.

But I must be one---against my will to a / Country-Wife, with a Country-murrain to me.
/

Mrs. Pin.

And I must be a Country Wife still too I find, / for I can't like a City one, be rid of my
musty Husband and / doe what I list. /

[Aside.

Hor.

Now Sir I must pronounce your Wife Innocent, / though I blush whilst I do it, and I am
the only man by her / now expos'd to shame, which I will straight drown in Wine, / as
you shall your suspition, and the Ladies troubles we'll divert / with a Ballet, Doctor
where are your Maskers. /

Lucy.

Indeed she's Innocent Sir, I am her witness, and her / end of coming out was but to see
her Sisters Wedding, and / what she has said to your face of her love to Mr. *Horner*
was / but the usual innocent revenge on a Husbands jealousy, was / it not Madam
speak--- /

Mrs. Pin.

Since you'l have me tell more / lyes--- /

Aside to Lucy and Horner.

Yes indeed Budd. /

Mr. Pin.

For my own sake fain I wou'd all believe.

Cuckolds like Lovers shou'd themselves deceive.

But---sighs---

His honour is least safe, (too late I find)

Who trusts it with a foolish Wife or Friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Hor.

Vain Fopps, but court, and dress, and keep a puther,

To pass for Womens men, with one another.

[775] But he who aimes by women to be priz'd,

First by the men you see must be despis'd.

Back matter

FINIS.

EPILOGUE spoken by Mr. Hart:

Now you the Vigorous, who dayly here
O're Vizard-Mask, in publick domineer,
And what you'd doe to her if in Place where;
Nay have the confidence, to cry come out,
Yet when she says lead on, you are not stout;
But to your well-drest Brother straight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, she can't be sound:
Then slink away, a fresh one to ingage,
With so much seeming heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten listning Actress on the Stage:
Till she at last has seen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tyreing-Room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home:
Next you Fallstaffs of fifty, who beset

*Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilst to them, you of Atchievements boast,
They share the booty, and laugh at your cost.
In fine, you Essens't Boyes, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the Ladies, not their Husbands, wrong:
Whose Purses for your manhood make excuse,
And keep your Flanders Mares for shew, not use;
Encourag'd by our Womans Man to day,
A Horners part may vainly think to Play;
And may Intreagues so bashfully disown
That they may doubted be by few or none,
May kiss the Cards at Picquet, Hombre,---Lu,
And so be thought to kiss the Lady too;
But Gallants, have a care faith, what you do.
The World, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may still believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women,---there's no cous'ning us.*

FINIS.

Freeditorial 