

# **The Wedding Day**

Henry Fielding

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Henry Fielding

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### **THE WEDDING-DAY.**

#### **A COMEDY,**

**As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, By His Majesty's Servants.**

Scene in LONDON.

PROLOGUE. [By Macklin, C.]

Writ and Spoken by Mr. Macklin.

*Gentlemen* and Ladies, we must beg your Indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be offended

At an Accident that has happen'd to Night, which was not in the least intended,

I assure you: If you please, your Money shall be return'd. But Mr. Garrick, to day

Who performs a principal Character in the Play,

Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, having so long a Part,

To speak the Prologue: He has'nt had time to get it by Heart.

I have been with the Author, to know what's to be done,

For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go on.

"Pshaw! rot the Prologue," says he; "then begin without it."

I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a Rout about it:

Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented and I dare say,

Such an Attempt, Sir, would make 'em damn the Play.

"Ha! damn my Play!" the frighted Bard replies:

"Dear Macklin, you must go on then and apologize."

Apologize! not I: Pray, Sir, excuse me.

"Zounds! something must be done: Prithee, don't refuse me:

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"Prithee, go on: Tell them, to damn my Play, will be a damn'd hard Case.  
"Come, do: You've a good long, dismal, Mercy-begging Face."  
Sir, your humble Servant: You're very merry. "Yes," says he; "I've been drinking  
"To raise my Spirits; for, by Jupiter! I found 'em sinking."  
So away he went to see the Play. O! there he sits:  
Smoke him, smoke the Author, you laughing Crits.  
Is'nt he finely situated for a damning Oh Oh! a a shrill Whihee? O direful Yell!  
As Falstaff says: Would it were Bed-time, Hal, and all were well!  
What think you now? Who's Face looks worst, yours or mine?  
Ah! thou foolish Follower of the ragged Nine,  
You'd better stuck to honest Abram Adams, by half.  
He, in spite of Critics, can make your Readers laugh.  
But to the Prologue What shall I say? Why, Faith, in my Sense,  
I take plain Truth to be the best Defence.  
I think then, it was horrid Stuff; and, in my humble Apprehension,  
Had it been spoke, not worthy your Attention.  
I'll give you a Sample, if I can recollect it.  
Hip! take Courage: Never fear, Man: Don't be dejected.  
Poor Devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his Head:  
I reckon before the Play's done he'll be half dead.  
But to the Prologue. It began,  
"To Night the Comic Author of to Day  
"Has writ a a a something about a Play:  
"And, as the Bee the Bee (that he brings by way of Simile) the Bee, which roves  
"Thro', thro" Pshaw! Pox o' my Memory! O! "thro' Fields and Groves,  
"So Comic Poets in fair London Town  
"To cull the Flowers of Characters wander up and down."  
Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens and Dramatic Rules,  
And Characters of Knaves and Courtiers, Authors and Fools,  
And a vast deal about Critics and Good-Nature and the poor Author's Fear;  
And I think there was something about a Third Night hoping to see you here.  
'Twas all such Stuff as this, not worth repeating,  
In the old Prologue Cant; and then at last concludes, thus kindly greeting,  
"To you, the Critic Jury of the Pit,  
"Our Culprit Author does his Cause submit:  
"With Justice, nay, with Candour judge his Wit:  
"Give him, at least, a patient, quiet Hearing:  
"If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*SCENE, Millamour's Lodging. Brazen asleep on a Chair.*

*MILLAMOUR, (calls several times without Brazen.)*

Why, you incorrigible Rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of Day? Do you think yourself in *Spain*,  
Sirrah, that thus you go regularly to Sleep when others go to Dinner?

## The Wedding Day

*Brazen (waking.)*

Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the Owl, should rest with him too. *Spain!* Agad, I should live in the *Antipodes*, by the Hours I am obliged to keep Nor do I see why the same Bell, that rings others to Dinner, should not ring me to Sleep: For, I thank Heaven and your Honour, Sleep is the only Dinner I have had these two Days.

*Mill.*

Cease your Impertinence, and get Things ready to dress me.

*Braz.*

What Cloaths will your Honour please to wear?

*Mill.*

Get me the Blue and Silver; or, stay the Brown and Gold. Come back fetch me the Black; that suits best with my present Circumstances.

*Braz.*

I fancy the Lace suits best with your Circumstances. Most People in your Honour's Circumstances wear Lace.

*Mill.*

Harkee, Sir I have often caution'd you against this Familiarity You must part with your Wit, or with your Master.

*Braz. (aside.)*

That's true If I had any Wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise Servant will live with a Master who has turned away his Estate.

*Mill.*

Get me the lac'd go immediately Familiarity is a sort of Interest which all Servants exact from an indebted Master: And, as being indebted to a Friend, is the surest way to make him your Enemy, so making your Servant your Creditor, is the surest way of making him your Friend.

## SCENE II.

*Millamour, Mrs. Useful, Brazen. Braz.*

Sir, is your Honour at home? Here is Mrs. *Useful*.

*Mill.*

Sirrah, you know I am at home to my Friend, my Mistress, and my Bawd, at any time.

*Mrs. Use.*

Hoity, toity What, must I stay at the Door, till your Worship has consider'd, whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a Beggar or a Dun with you? Do you take me for a Tradesman with his Bill, or a Poet with a Dedication?

*Mill. (to Braz.)*

Do you see what your Blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair One, lay aside the Terror of your Brows, since it was my Servant's Fault, not mine.

*Mrs. Use.*

SCENE II.

## The Wedding Day

I, who am admitted where a poor Woman of Quality is excluded!

*Mil.*

I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the Women of Fashion as their Lap-Dogs, or to the Men as their Buffoons.

*Mrs. Use.*

A very civil Comparison!

*Mill.*

Thou art the First Minister of *Venus*, the first Plenipotentiary in Affairs of Love, and thy House is the noble Scene of the Congress of the two Sexes. Thou hast united more Couples than the Alimony-Act has parted, and sent more to bed together, without a Licence, than any Parson in the *Fleet*.

*Mrs. Use.*

I wish I could have prevented one Couple from doing it with a Licence.

*Mil.*

What, has some notable Whore of thy Acquaintance turn'd Rebel to thy Power, and listed under the Banners of *Hymen*? But be not disconsolate at thy Loss My Life to a Farthing she returns to her Duty. Whoring is like the Mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the Science is sure never to leave it.

*Mrs. Use.*

This may probably take your Mirth a Key or two lower than its present Pitch.

*(Gives a Letter. Mill.)*

I hope thou dost not deal with the Law. I know no Letter can give me any Uneasiness, but a Letter from an Attorney. *(Opens the Letter.)* Ha! *Stedfast!* I know the Hand, tho' not the Name.

*Sir, after your Behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any Account of my Actions: However, as it is the last Line you will ever see from me, I have prevail'd with myself to tell you, that your Course of Life has at last determin'd me to fly to any Harbour from the Danger of you; and accordingly this Morning has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affections will, in time, produce that Love in my Heart, which your Actions have have (this is a damn'd hard Word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the Name of*

Clarinda *Stedfast*.

*Mrs. Use.*

What do you think now, Sir?

*Mill.*

Think! that I am the most unhappy of Men, and have lost the most charming of Women.

*Mrs. Use.*

I always told you what it would come to but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious Men tell us, We never know the Value of a Blessing till we lose it.

*Mil.*

Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this Hour I never knew the Value of *Clarinda*. *(Reads again.)* hum! hum! *has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affection* by which I am to understand that my Rival is some very rich old Fellow two excellent Qualifications for a Husband and a Cuckold, as one could wish.

## The Wedding Day

Mrs. Use.

I shall make a faithful Report of the Philosophy with which you receive the News.

Mil.

Oh! couldst thou tell her half my Tenderness or my Pain, thou must invent a Language to express them.

Mrs. Use.

Truly, I think you had best set Pen to Paper, and tell her them yourself.

Mil.

I had rather trust to your Rhetoric: The Paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee

Mrs. Use.

If it receives any Addition, it will not be to your Advantage.

Mil.

I dare trust thee; thou lovest the Game too well to spoil it.

Mrs. Use.

It is very strange that a Lover will not answer his Mistress's Letter.

Mil.

Oh! no one writes worse than a real Lover. For Love, like Honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the Hypocrite. In painting the Mind, as well as the Face, Art generally goes beyond Nature.

Mrs. Use.

Why, this is all cool Reason. I expected nothing but Imprecations, Threatning, Sighing, Lamenting, Raving. Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the Marriage of a Mistress as on the Death of a Friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if Fate will have it so Mrs. Use.

You are a wicked Man. You know, it hath been in your Power to prevent it.

Mil.

Yes; but, my Dear, I am no more resolute to give up my Liberty to the one, than my Life to the other; and if nothing but my Marriage or my Death can preserve them agad, I believe I shall continue in *Statuquo*, be the Consequence what it will.

(Knocking. Braz.

Sir, here's a Lady I don't know whether she comes under any of the Titles your Honour would have admitted.

Mill.

Sirrah admit all Ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. Use.

I'll be gone this moment.

Mil.

Why so?

Mrs. Use.

Oh! I would not be seen with you for the World.

SCENE II.

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*Mil.*

Out of Tenderness for my Reputation, I suppose But that's safe enough with you; and as for your Reputation, it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the Small-Pox, gives you but one Pain in your Life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with Safety where you please.

### SCENE III.

*Millamour, Mrs. Useful, Mrs. Plotwel . Mil.*

Ha! Mrs. *Plot.*

You seem surprised, Sir: I suppose this is a Visit you little expected, tho' I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive Visits from a Lady. Mrs. *Use.*

No, Madam; my Cousin *Millamour* is very happy with the Ladies. *Mil.* (to *Plotwel.*)

I believe, Cousin, this is a Relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin *Useful*, this is my Cousin *Plotwel*; Cousin *Plotwel*, this is my Cousin *Useful*. (*The Ladies salute.*) But come, Relations should never meet with dry Lips. Here *Brazen* bring a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*.

*Both Wom.*

Not a Drop for me.

*Mil.*

Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our Relations in the *North*? Have you brought me no Letters?

Mrs. *Plot.*

Only one, Cousin.

Mrs. *Use.* (*aside.*)

Cousin! this is a Sister of mine, I believe We are both of the same Trade, my Life on't.

*Mill.* (to *Brazen, who enters with a Bottle.*)

Sirrah, fill the Ladies do you hear (*He takes a letter from Plotwel and opens it.*)

*Sir, after so many Vows and Protestations, I should be surprized at the Falshood of any one but so great a Villain as yourself: But, as I have been long since certain, that you have not one Virtue in your whole Mind, that you are a Compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest Tyrant, and the falsest and most perjur'd Wretch upon Earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injur'd*

Lucina.

Mrs. *Plot.*

Well, Sir, what does my Aunt say?

*Mil.*

She is very inquisitive about my Health, complains of my not writing. There's no Secret in't I'll read it for your Diversion

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*(reads. Mrs. Plot.*

For Heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the Secrets of our Family.

*Mil.*

*My dear Nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a Gentleman, amidst the Hurry of the Beau Monde, to think of an old Aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an Opportunity to let one know a little how the World goes Pshaw! I'll read no more These Country Relations think their Friends in Town obliged to furnish them with continual Matter for the Scandal of their Tea-Tables. Has the old Lady no Female Acquaintance? They would take as much Pleasure in writing Desamation as she in reading it. For my Part, I'll never trouble myself with others Business, till I can mind my own, nor about others Sins, till I have left off my own.*

*Mrs. Use.*

Which will not be till Doomsday, I'm confident.

*Mil.*

Never while I have the same Mind to tempt me to Sin, and the same Constitution to support me in it. For Sins, like Places at Court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

*Mrs. Use.*

And, like Places at Court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them. *Mrs. Plot.*  
But I hope you will answer my Aunt's Letter.

*Mil.*

Not I, faith. Your Aunt's Letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old Lady again, and write my Duty to her on the back Side on't.

*Mrs. Use.*

You have done your Duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

### SCENE IV.

*Millamour, Useful, Mrs. Plotwel, Brazen. Brazen.*

Sir, Sir.

*Mil.*

Well, Sir; what, another Cousin? Do you hear, Sirrah, I am at home to no more Female Relations this Morning.

*Braz.*

Sir, Mr. *Heartfort* is below.

*Mil.*

Desire him to walk up.

*Mrs. Plot.*

But are you resolved not to answer the Letter?

*Mil.*

Positively. And, hearkee tell the enraged fair One, she hath made a double Conquest: Her Beauty got the better

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of my Reason, and now her Anger hath got the better of my Love. Give my humble Service to her, and when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to my self.

*Mrs. Plot.*

You will repent of your Haughtiness, I warrant you.

*Mil.*

So there's your Dispatch and now for my other Cousin.

### SCENE V.

*Millamour, Mrs. Useful. Mil.*

And for you, Madam, give my kindest Respects to Mrs. *Stedfast* Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely Idea which *Clarinda* had formed in my Mind, since she is now another's. I will pray for her Happiness, but must love her no more. Mrs. *Use.*

And is this all?

*Mil.*

You may carry her this again. Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her and this Kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last Token she shall have to awaken the Remembrance of me.

*Mrs. Use.*

Well, you're a barbarous Man. But suppose now I could procure a meeting between you suppose I could bring her to you this very Day, at your own House

*Mil.*

Suppose! Oh! thou dear Creature, suppose I gave thee Worlds to reward thee.

*Mrs. Use.*

Well, I will suppose you a Man of Honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way.

*Mil.*

Thus Men of Business dispatch Attendants. And in Female Affairs I believe few have more Business than myself. The Grand Signor is but a petty Prince in Love, compared to me. But tho' I have disguised my Uneasiness before this Woman, *Clarinda* lies deeper in my Heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear Name gives me a Sensation quite different from that of any other Woman. The Thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very Soul.

### SCENE VI.

*Millamour, Heartfort.*

*Heart.*

What, is your Levee dispatch'd? I met antiquated Whores going out of your Door as thick as antiquated Courtiers from the Levee of a Statesman, and with as disconsolate Faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

*Mil.*

Thus it will ever be, *Jack*, where there are a Multitude of Attendants. The Lover no more than the Statesman can do every Man's Business.

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*Heart.*

Thou dost as many People's Business as any Man in Town, I dare swear.

*Mil.*

I believe no one tastes more the Sweets of Love

*Heart.*

Nor any more its Bitters, than I Oh! *Millamour*, I am the most unhappy of Mankind I have lost the Mistress of my Soul.

*Mil.*

Ay and I have lost two Mistresses of my Soul.

*Heart.*

The Woman I doat on to Distraction is to be married this day to another.

*Mil.*

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, in comparison of my Fate: The Woman I doat on was married this morning to another.

*Heart.*

Thou knowest not what it is to love tenderly.

*Mil.*

No, Faith; not very tenderly not without a great deal of Discretion Here lies the Difference between us: You, *Heartfort*, have Discretion in every thing but Love I have Discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true *English* Heart; it is an equal Stranger to the Heat of the *Equator* and the Frost of the *Pole*. Love still nourishes it with a temperate Heat, as the Sun doth our Climate; and Beauties rise after Beauties in the one, just as Fruits do in the other.

*Heart.*

Is it impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment?

*Mil.*

Faith, I believe it would on this Subject, if I did not know thy Temper.

*Heart.*

The Loss of a Mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

*Mil.*

The Devil take me, if I have. I have found it always much easier to get Mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming Things, *Heartfort*, if, like Cloaths, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like Cloaths, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this Curse attends a Multiplicity of Amours, that a Man is sometimes forced to support his whole Wardrobe on his Back at once.

*Heart.*

My Passion, Sir, will not bear Raillery.

*Mil.*

I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of Test to our Passions: When they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed Therefore I'll indulge your Infirmary, and for your sake will be grave on a Subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your Wound, and I'll give you the best Advice I can.

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*Heart.*

I am enough acquainted with your Temper, *Millamour*, to know my Obligations to you for this Compliance. And after all, perhaps my Case requires rather your Pity than Advice; for the last Word I had from my Mistress was, that she hated me of all Men living.

*Mil.*

Hum! faith, I think your Case requires neither Pity nor Advice.

*Heart.*

But this is not the most terrible, for Time might alter her Inclination.

*Mil.*

Hardly, if it be so violent.

*Heart.*

I take its Violence to be a Reason for its Change; but I have a better from Experience, for she formerly has told me, that she loved me of all Men living.

*Mil.*

And what has caused this great Revolution in her Temper?

*Heart.*

Oh! I defy all Philosophy to account for one of her Actions. You might easier solve all the *Phaenomena* of Nature, than of her Mind. All the insight you can get into her future Thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day, she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

*Mil.*

So, if she promis'd your Rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

*Heart.*

But then she has a Father, whose Resolution is immoveable as the *Predestinarian's* Fate, who has given me as positive a Denial as his Daughter, and is this day determin'd to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

*Mil.*

For the old Reason, I suppose because he is richer.

*Heart.*

No, upon my Word; for a very new Reason because he is a greater Rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable Will, which is as fixed as the *Persian* Laws, is determined with as little Reason as the Resolutions of some Countries which are less stable. In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a Maxim, that all Men are wild at one Period of Life or another; so he resolved never to marry his Daughter but to one who hath already passed that Period. At last, the young Lady's good Stars and his great Wisdom have led him to the Choice of Mr. *Mutable*.

*Mil.*

What, our *Mutable*!

*Heart.*

The very same tho' I have reason to believe she hath as great an Aversion for him as for me. There is some other, *Millamour*, hath supplanted me in her Heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this Match she is compell'd by her Father.

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*Mil.*

So you are a Stranger to the Man she loves; you have only discover'd her Husband.

*Heart.*

Ten thousand Horrors are in that Name.

*Mil.*

Hum! faith, to him I think there may; but if the Possession of your Mistress's Person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this Match; and as to the first Favour, I should not be much concern'd about that. If a Man would keep a Coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence, to let him take the first Airing in it.

*Heart.*

Oh! do not trifle. An Hour, a Minute, a Moment's Delay may be my Ruin. Could I but see her before the Marriage, this Compulsion of her Father's might throw her into my Arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second Wife. Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast a lively Imagination Set it at work for thy Friend; for, by Heaven, I never can have any Happiness but in Miss *Stedfast's* Arms.

*Mil.*

Miss *Stedfast!* and her Father married this Morning! Oh! my Friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. *Stedfast's* Arms.

*Heart.*

What do you mean?

*Mil.*

It is as fixed as your Father-in-law's most confirmed Will, that he is to be the Cuckold of your humble Servant. Take Courage; the D I's in't if he robs us both of our Mistresses in one day, Mine he has got already and much Good may she do him.

*Heart.*

Is it possible?

*Mil.*

Ay, faith. This Father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstrip'd me in the Race, and is gotten to the Goal before me.

*Heart.*

You are a happy Man, *Millamour*, who can be so easy in the Loss of your Mistress.

*Mil.*

Ay, and of a Mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of in the Loss of *Clarinda*.

*Heart.*

The D I! was Miss *Lovely* your *Clarinda*.

*Mil.*

Ay, Sir, Miss *Lovely*, Mrs. *Stedfast* now, was my *Clarinda*, and is my *Clarinda*; and Miss *Stedfast* shall be yours.

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*Heart.*

Keep but your Word there, *Millamour*.

*Mil.*

Lookee, *Heartfort*, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an Engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the Fathers in *Europe*.

*Heart.*

But the Time

*Mil.*

If you will step in with me while I dress, *Brazen* shall fetch the Person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

*Heart.*

Yet how do I know but every Moment may be the cursed Period of my Ruin. Perhaps this Instant gives her to another.

*Mil.*

It cannot give her Inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy Mistress hath Wit and Beauty, depend upon it these Qualities will never be confined in the Arms of a Man she doth not like. Pursue her and she must fall. Decency may guard her a Honey-Moon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated Beauty, when she is married, is deceas'd for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her Husband's Bed, as Poets make the Sun do in that of *Thetis*,

Which from our Sight retires a while, and then

Rises and shines o'er all the World again.

*End of the First ACT.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*SCENE, Lucina's Lodging.*

*Lucina and Mrs. Plotwel.*

*LUCINA.*

Distraction! Send me back my Letter! Is not Falshood enough, must he add Insult to it? Oh! may eternal Furies haunt him! may all the Horrors of Despair attend his Guilt! may he be so wretched that Hell itself may sicken with Revenge!

*Mrs. Plot.*

And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

*Luc.*

Sure it is impossible He could not be so great a Villain You never carried him my Letter He, that has sworn so many Vows of Constancy

ACT II.

## The Wedding Day

Mrs. *Plot*.

Ha! ha! ha! Vows of Constancy that any Woman after Eighteen should think of these. Vows in Love have just the same meaning as Compliments in Conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the Man who swears eternal Constancy, as to believe him who assures you, he is your most obedient, humble Servant.

*Luc*.

Oh! *Plotwel*, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a Friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienc'd Soul against the wicked Arts of this deceitful Man

Mrs. *Plot*.

Then you would have followed my Advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying Lover, who was breathing out daily Raptures at your Feet, when it is not in your Power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his Falshood? *Luc*.

Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long Year that I expected his Return to *Paris*, tho' it made me fear his Falshood, still left me room to hope his Truth. Mrs. *Plot*.

We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any Woman have reason to expect the Return of a Lover, after a Month had past beyond his Promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his Departure. Marriage, like Self-Murder, requires an immediate Resolution: He that takes time for Deliberation, will never accomplish either.

*Luc*.

Oh! *Plotwel*, thou art well skill'd in the Wiles of the Sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

Mrs. *Plot*.

Yes, Madam, I have paid for my Knowledge. Man is that forbidden Fruit which we must buy the Knowledge of with Guilt. He must be tasted, to be known; and certain Poison is in the Taste. Were Man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous Sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into Ruin with the Face of Angels, and when the Door is shut on us, exert the Devil.

*Luc*.

He must have been a Man of uncommon Sense, who work'd your Ruin.

Mrs. *Plot*.

Rather the Circumstances of my Ruin were uncommon.

*Luc*.

I am surprised, that in all our Acquaintance, tho' you have often mentioned your Misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the Cause of them.

Mrs. *Plot*.

Tho' the Relation be uneasy to me, still to satisfy your Curiosity, and to prevent any Sollicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few Words as I can. In my Way to *Paris*, twenty Years ago, I fell acquainted with a young Gentleman, who appeared to be an Officer in the Army. He continued our Fellow-Traveller on the Road, and, after our Arrival at *Paris*, took Lodgings in the same House with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the Flattery of a Lover. In short, he employed all his Art to convince me of his Passion to make an Impression on that Heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded, and I was undone.

*Luc*.

I can't find any thing uncommon in these Circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

## The Wedding Day

Mrs. *Plot*.

After a Month spent in our too fatal and too guilty Joys, he suddenly elop'd from *Paris*, and from that time I never saw him more.

*Luc*.

But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty Years in *Paris*, without seeking after him.

*Plot*.

I heard the same Year he was slain at the Battle of *Beligrade* . But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a Year at *Paris*, to come a hunting after your Lover. For a Woman to pursue, is for the Hare to follow the Hounds; a Chase opposite to the Order of Nature, and can never be successful. A Woman is as sure of not overtaking the Lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a Lover who flies after her.

*Luc*.

Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other Advantage from it, I shall have at least the Pleasure of thundering my Injuries in his Ear.

Mrs. *Plot*.

The usual Revenge of an injur'd Mistress. If Nature had not granted us the Benefit of venting our Passions at our Tongues and our Eyes, the Injury and Falshood of Mankind would destroy above half our Sex.

## SCENE II.

*SCENE, The Street. Millamour, Hearfort, Brazen.*

*Mil*.

Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your Purpose than this Woman; for tho' her Body will scarce go thro' the Door, yet she has Dexterity enough to go thro' the Key-hole. But let me tell you, that Dexterity must be put in motion by Gold, or it will remain in Rest.

*Heart*.

She shall not want that. When my *Charlotte's* at stake, Fortune or Life are Trifles to the Adventurer.

*Mil*.

Well, for a sober grave Man of Sense, thou art something violent in thy Passion. I always thought Love as foreign to a speculative Man, as Religion to an Atheist.

*Heart*.

Perhaps it may; for I believe the Atheist is as often insincere in his Contempt of Religion, as the other in his Contempt of Woman. There are Instances of Men who have professed themselves Despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their Shrines.

*Mil*.

Those are two things I never intend to trouble my Head about the Theory of I shall content myself with the Practice

*Heart*.

With the Practice of one, I dare swear.

*Mil*.

## The Wedding Day

In my Youth, I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the Fires of Life and Love go out together. What is Life worth without Pleasure? and what Pleasure is there out of the Arms of a Mistress? All other Joys are Dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming Girl Cheeks blushing, Eyes sparkling Give me her,  
*Heartfort*

*Heart.*

Take her with all my Heart. come, Mr. *Brazen*, you are to conduct me another Way.

*Mil.*

You are too soon for Mrs. *Useful's* Appointment.

*Heart.*

No matter here is one coming I would avoid.

*Mil.*

Ha! Your Rival Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: You tell me, he is as averse to the Match as yourself: You cannot expect he should be disinterested out of Complaisance.

*Heart.*

It is for that Reason I would avoid him. I am not Master enough of my Passions besides, I hate Lying and Impertinence I can't bear to hear a Fellow run on with his Intimacy with this Duke and that Lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

*Mil.*

A more innocent Vanity at least, than the boasting of Favours from Women, tho' with Truth, as I have known some Men of Sense do; which is a Vanity indulged at the Expence of another's Reputation.

*Heart.*

Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of Reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a Woman, to be great with a Man of Sense, than on a Man of Sense to be great with a Fool.

*Mil.*

Pshaw! thou art as serious in thy Criticisms on Life, as a dull Critic on the *Drama*. I prefer laughing sometimes at a Farce and a Fool, to being entertained with the most regular Performances, or the Conversation of Men of the best Sense.

*Heart.*

In my Opinion, Laughing at Fools is engaging them at their own Weapons; for a Fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the Laugh of his Side, because there are in the World Abundance of Fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is dangerous to ridicule Folly any where openly; as to speak against *Mahometism* in *Turkey*, or *Popery* in *Rome*. But he is here Good Morrow.

### SCENE III.

*Millamour, Heartfort, Mutable, Brazen.*

*Mut.*

Nay, 'foregad, *Heartfort*, you shall not run away from me Pox take your Mistress, I would not lose a Friend for all the Sluts in Town Pshaw! damn them, they are plenty enough If thou can'st persuade my Father off the Match, I did not care if the Devil had her.

## The Wedding Day

*Heart.*

Hearkee, Sir, on your Life, do not utter a prophane Word of her.

*Mut.*

Well then, I wish you had her, or the Devil had her Its equal to me 'Tis so difficult to please you I must like her, and I must not like her.

*Mil.*

Ay, *Mutable*, to content a passionate Lover is as difficult as to sail between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: You must fall into one Extreme or other.

*Heart.*

Tho' I would have *Charlotte* only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

*Mil.*

Well, *Mutable*, doth this early Sally of yours proceed from having been in Bed early, or from not being in Bed at all.

*Mut.*

Not at all, agad That Lord *Bouncer* is an everlasting Sitter.

*Mil.*

Who had you with you?

*Mut.*

There was myself, three Lords, two Baronets, four Whores, and a Justice of Peace. His Worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at Three to take a Nap, to be sober at the Sessions

*Mil.*

And punish Wickedness and Debauchery.

*Mut.*

*Millamour*, was you ever in Company with my Lord *Grig* ? He is the merriest Dog We had such diversion between him and the Duke of *Fleetstreet* Ha! ha! ha! says the Duke to me *Jack Mutable*, says he ha! ha! ha! what do you think of my Lord *Grig*? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my Lord *Grig*? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in Love with my Lady *Pidle* . You know my Lady *Pidle*, *Millamour* she is a Prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir *John Gubble* told me t'other day at *White's*

*Heart.*

Death and Damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. *Brazen*

### SCENE IV.

*Millamour, Mutable.*

*Mut.*

*White's* Now, I mention *White's*, I must send an Excuse to my Lord *Goodland*. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to day.

*Mil.*

## The Wedding Day

Two days ago! why, he went into the Country a week since.

*Mut.*

Nay, then Sir *Charles Wiseall* was mistaken, for he deliver'd me the Message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

*Mil.*

Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in *Scotland* this Fortnight.

*Mut.*

How!

*Mil.*

It is even so, I assure you.

*Mut.*

Then, as sure as I am alive, I dream't all this. Oh! but may I wish you Joy yet. They tell me you are going to be married.

*Mil.*

Who told you so?

*Mut.*

Hum! that I can't remember. It was either the Dutchess of *Holbourn*, or Lady *Chatter*, or Lady *Scramble*, or

*Mil.*

No, you dream't it; a sure Sign it will not happen.

*Mut.*

Heyday! Where's *Heartfort* gone?

*Mil.*

He can't bear a successful Rival.

*Mut.*

Poor Devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her, as he can be at losing her.

*Mil.*

But, is there no way of persuading the old Gentleman off?

*Mut.*

Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you My Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a Lord to be as infallible as the Pope.

*Mil.*

Ay, is he so fond of Quality?

*Mut.*

Oh! most passionately. You must know, he hesitates even at this Match on that account; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her Fortune, he would prefer a Woman of Quality for his Daughter-in-law, tho' she was not

## The Wedding Day

worth a Groat.

*Mil.*

Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a Thought but mum he's here.

### SCENE V.

*Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Millamour.*

*O. Mut.*

Ha! *Jacky*, have I found you out at last. It is so long since I was in Town, I had almost lost myself. But, hearkee, who's that fine Gentleman? Hey!

*Y. Mut.*

Oh! one of the Lords I told you I converse with an intimate Acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my Father, my Lord

*O. Mut.*

At your Lordship's Service, my Lord.

*Mil.*

Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in Town.

*O. Mut.*

I am exceedingly obliged to your Lordship My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an Honour.

*Y. Mut.*

You will excuse my Father, my Lord: As he has liv'd in the Country most of his Time, he does not make quite so fine a Bow as we do.

*O. Mut.*

My Son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my Time in the Country, the greater my Misfortune, and my Father's Crime, my Lord. But, I thank my Stars, my Son cannot charge me with stinting his Education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes. A Man an never be sent into the World too soon. What can they learn at Schools or Universities? No, no, I sent my Boy to Town at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best Company. And, I thank my Stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest Gentlemen of his Age.

*Y. Mut.*

Ah! Dear Sir, your most obedient humble Servant.

*Mil.*

It is owing, Sir, to such wise Parents as you, that the present Age abounds with such fine Gentlemen as it does. Our dull Forefathers were either rough Soldiers, pedantic Scholars, or clownish Farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine Gentleman among us then, as it is a true *Briton* among us now.

*O. Mut.*

I am very proud, my Lord, to find my Son in such Company as your Lordship's.

*Mill.*

Dear Sir, the Honour is on my Side, I assure you.

## The Wedding Day

*O. Mut.*

'Sbud! Your Men of Quality are the civillest sort of People upon Earth.

*Mil.*

And, I believe, my Sister is of the same Opinion.

*Y. Mut.*

His Sister! (*aside*)

*O. Mut.*

I am extremely bound to your good Lordship.

*Mil.*

I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the Honour of my House to marry into a worthy Family with a competent Estate, though there be no Title.

*O. Mut.*

My Lord!

*Mill.*

And since my Sister has condescended to receive the Addresses of your Son, I shall not oppose the Match.

*O. Mut.*

I am surpriz'd, my Lord.

*Mil.*

Nay, Sir, you cannot be surpriz'd; for certainly Mr. *Mutable* has more Honour, than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

*O. Mut.*

Oh, Yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed But the Honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

*Y. Mut. (aside)*

This is not the first Woman I have been in Love with, without seeing.

*O. Mut.*

Oh, fie upon you, *Jacky*, why did you not tell me of this I'll go break off the other Match this Moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful Sentiments I have of this great Honour, my Lord

*Mil.*

I shall be glad to see you at my House; in the mean time Mr. *Mutable* may have as free Access to my Sister as he pleases.

*Y. Mut.*

Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

*O. Mut.*

I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your Goodness; and I hope my Son is as sufficiently sensible as my self. I will just go do a little Business, and then, *Jacky*, I'll come to this Place, and you shall carry me to wait on his Lordship. Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you. In the mean time I am your Lordship's very

## The Wedding Day

obedient, devoted, humble Servant, to command.

### SCENE VI.

*Millamour, Mutable.*

*Millamour.*

Well, have I not managed the old Gentleman finely

*Y. Mut.*

Yes; but, as my Lord *Twitter* says, how shall we carry it on?

*Mil.*

That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my Sister I see your Father is of a good, easy, credulous Disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your Father-in-law

*Y. Mut.*

No, hang him; he never kept a Resolution two Minutes in his Life. He is the very Picture of my Lord *Shatterbrain*; and you know my Lord *Shatterbrain* is very famous for breaking his Word. I have made forty Engagements with him, and he never kept one; then, the next time we met, *Jack Mutable*, says he, I know you'll pardon me I have such a Memory but there's Sir *George Goose* has just such another too but *George* is a comical Dog, that's the Truth on't There was he and I and the Duke

*Mil.*

Hearkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. *Heartfort's* House shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your Father; you shall find a Lady ready to receive you. But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old Acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now and expect your Father, and remember to give me the Title of Lord *Truelove*.

*Mil.*

Agad, I din'd with Sir *John Truelove* about four days ago; and how many Bottles do you think we sat?

*Mil.*

Twenty Dozen, if you will.

*Y. Mut.*

No, faith, not that not that quite. I brought off four to my own Share tho'; and so drunk was my Lord *Puzzle* ha! ha! ha! and so mad

*Mil.*

But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy Business; for, if you stay one Moment longer, I'll fling up the Affair.

*Y. Mut.*

I go, I go. My Lord *Truelove*, your Servant. Foregad, Sir *John* is one of the merriest dogs in *Christendom*.

### SCENE VII.

*Millamour solus.*

## The Wedding Day

Go thy way, *Guillim* display'd Thou Catalogue of the Nobility 'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the Vanity of such Fools as this that makes Men proud of a Title, without any other Merit. Now, if I can but match this Spark with my *Northumberland* Cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome Relation. And, faith, I think the Arms of a rich Fool are a sort of Hospital, proper to every Woman who has worn out her Reputation in the Service.

### SCENE VIII.

*Mrs. Stedfast's House.*

*Charlotte, speaking to Mrs. Useful, who goes out, and returns with Heartfort.*

Well, well, tell the Wretch, I will see him, to give him another final Answer, since he will have it. Poor Creature! how little he suspects who is his Rival. Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast given this Heart of mine more Sighs in one Week, than it ever yet felt nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my Passion, or how avoid this Match intended for me by my Father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

*Heart.*

Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some Reason why you will not have me.

*Char.*

I tell you a Reason I hate you.

*Heart.*

I might expect a better Reason for that Hate than the Violence of my Love.

*Char.*

Oh! the best Reason in the World. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real Lover.

*Heart.*

Methinks, Gratitude might produce the highest Affection.

*Char.*

Your humble Servant, sweet Sir Gratitude! that implies an Obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me did I? I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole Town.

*Heart.*

Can my Torments make you merry, Madam?

*Char.*

Oh! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd: Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the Wreck: But you would have me take you off in my Arms, like an odious ridiculous Creature, as you are.

*Heart.*

Give me my Reason again; untie me from the Magic Knot you have bound me in; for whilst you hold me fast within your Chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my Freedom.

## The Wedding Day

*Char.*

Chains! sure being in Love is something like being in the Galleys; and a Lover, like other Slaves, is the Subject of no other Passion but Pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible they are meer Insects. One gives Being to Thousands with a Smile, and takes it away again with a Frown. A celebrated Physician might as well grieve at the Death of every Patient, as a celebrated Toast at the Death of every Lover; and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry Eyes.

*Heart.*

Come, come, Madam; the World are not all so deaf to Reason as I am. There are those who can see your Faults, tho' I can't can weigh Affectation against Beauty, and Ill-nature against Wit.

*Char.*

They are inseparable. No one has Beauty without Affectation, nor Wit without Ill-Nature. But Lovers, you know, only see Perfections. All Things look white to Love, as they do yellow to the Jaundice.

*Heart.*

This cool Insensibility is worse than Rage.

*Char.*

It would be cruel indeed to add to the Fire. I would extinguish your Passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in Public, without Prejudice to my Reputation.

*Heart.*

Sure, you can't resolve to marry a Fool.

*Char.*

I can resolve to be dutiful to a Parent, and run any Risque rather than that of my Fortune. In short, Mr. *Heartfort*, could you have prevail'd with my Father, you might have prevail'd with me. I lik'd you well enough to have obey'd my Father, but not to disobey him.

*Heart.*

Was that the Affection you had for a Man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole World to you?

### SCENE IX.

*Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort.*

*Clar.*

Fie! *Charlotte*, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor *Heartfort*! I protest, I pity you sincerely.

*Char.*

Indeed, *Clarinda*, for I shall never call you Mother I am come to an Age, wherein I shall not follow your Advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your Opinion, than you was to ask mine, when you married my Father.

*Clar.*

My dear *Charlotte*, you shall never have more cause to repent my Marriage, than I believe you would have to repent your own with this Gentleman.

*Heart.*

## The Wedding Day

My Life, Madam, is a poor Sacrifice to such Goodness.

*Char.*

Dear Creature! if the old Gentleman your Husband was here, you would make him jealous on his Wedding-Day. Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a Resolution to give me to Mr. *Mutable*; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that, when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

### SCENE X.

*Stedfast, Heartfort, Clarinda.*

*Stedfast.*

Heyday! What here's to do? I thought I had forbidden you my House. Am I not Master of my own House?

*Heart.*

No, Sir, nor ever will, while you have two such fine Ladies in it.

*Sted.*

Sir, if I had two Empresses in it, my Word should be a Law And I can tell you, Sir, I will have Blunderbusses in it, and Constables too, if I see you in it any more.

*Clar.*

Nay, pray, my Dear, do not try to shock him more; *Charlotte* hath us'd him ill enough already.

*Sted.*

Hearkee, Madam, my Dear, I must give you a Piece of Advice on our Wedding-Day: Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your Opinion in any thing till ask'd. If Nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the Tongue of a Woman. Women were designed to be seen, and not heard; they were formed only to please our Eyes.

*Char.*

You will be singularly happy, my Dear, with a Husband who marries to please no Sense but his Eyes.

*Clar.*

I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

*Sted.*

This is another Thing I must warn you of Never to whisper in my Presence. Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a Resolution against Whispering at Sixteen, and have never whispered since.

*Heart.*

Yes, Sir, and if you had made a Resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the Example.

*Sted.*

I wish you would resolve to go out of my Doors, Sir; or I shall take a Resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this Gentleman a final Discharge already, do it now.

*Char.*

You hear, Sir, what my Father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning

## The Wedding Day

again.

*Heart.*

Not certain Death should deter me from obeying your Commands; nor would that Sentence give me equal Pain, pronounced from any other's Lips, with this Banishment, from yours.

### SCENE XI.

*Stedfast, Clarinda, Charlotte.*

*Clar.*

Go thy ways, for a pretty Fellow.

*Sted.*

Go thy ways, for an Hypocrite. We shall have that Fellow turn Rake at Forty. The Seeds of Raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a Disease in the Blood, which every Man is born with, and the sooner it shews itself, the better.

*Char.*

But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your Commands, in dispatching one Lover, you will comply with my Desires, in delaying my Alliance with another.

*Sted.*

As for that, you may be very easy: So you are married to day, I care not what Hour.

*Char.*

Why to Day, Sir?

*Sted.*

Because I have resolv'd it, Madam.

*Char.*

One Day sure would make no Difference.

*Sted.*

Madam, I have said it.

*Clar.*

Let me interceed for so short a Reprieve.

*Sted.*

I am fixed.

*Char.*

Consider, my whole Happiness is at stake.

*Sted.*

If the Happiness of the World was at stake, I would not alter my Resolution.

## The Wedding Day

*(Servant enters. Ser.*

Sir, Mr. *Mutable* is below.

*Sted.*

Shew him up. Go you two in Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolv'd the Hour of marrying you, but it shall be this Afternoon; for I am determin'd to keep both our Wedding–Suppers together.

### SCENE XII.

*Stedfast, Old Mutable.*

*Sted.*

Mr. *Mutable*, your Servant. Odso! where's the Bridegroom? He is a little too backward for a young Fellow: The Bride has reason to take it amiss.

*O. Mut.*

Nay, Mr. *Stedfast*, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

*Sted.*

Pugh! I was in Jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolv'd on the Match.

*O. Mut.*

Truly, I am sorry for it.

*Sted.*

Ha! sorry for what?

*O. Mut.*

Since it must be known, what signifies Hesitation? My Son is pre–engag'd, Sir.

*Sted.*

How, Sir, pre–engag'd!

*O. Mut.*

Yes, Sir, to a young Lady of Beauty and Fortune and, what is more, a Lady of Quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our Bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your Pardon.

*Sted.*

And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such Offers for your Son's sake?

*O. Mut.*

The Match was none of my own Choice; but if Quality will drop into one's Lap

*Sted.*

Ay, Quality may drop into your Lap or your Pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier And pray, who is this great Lady of Quality?

*O. Mut.*

I know nothing more of her, than that she is a Lord's Sister.

## The Wedding Day

*Sted.*

Hath she no Name then?

*O. Mut.*

Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a Name, tho' I don't know it.

*Sted.*

And pray, Sir, what's her Fortune?

*O. Mut.*

I do not know that either.

*Sted.*

Your very humble Servant, Sir I honour your Profundity: If the Lady's Quality be equal to your Wisdom, *Goatham* and *Fleetstreet* will be in strict Alliance Sir, I admire your Son; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the Bargain, I find he has Sense enough to outwit his Father; and he may laugh at you, while all the World laughs at him.

*O. Mut.*

What do you mean, Sir?

*Sted.*

Stay till your Daughter be brought home, she will explain my Meaning, I warrant you she will bring you both Extremes, my Life on't Quality in the Kennel and Fortune in the Air.

*O. Mut.*

Hum! if it should prove so Sir, the Match is not compleated.

*Sted.*

No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see

*(Servant enters. Ser.*

Sir, the Lawyer is come with the Writings.

*Sted.*

He may cancel them, if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

*O. Mut.*

Stay, Sir, I am not determin'd in this Affair

*Sted.*

Nor in any, I am sure but I am; and you must give up your Pretensions one way or other this Moment.

*O. Mut.*

Then I stand by the securest So desire the Lawyer to walk in I hope you will forgive me, Mr. *Stedfast*, what's past.

*Sted.*

Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolv'd on the Match, I might have taken other Measures.

SCENE XII.

The Wedding Day

**SCENE XIII.**

*Old Mutable, Stedfast, Prig.*

*O. Mut.*

Come, Sir, I am ready to sign Articles.

*Sted.*

Where's Mr. *Squeezepurse* your Master?

*Prig.*

Sir, my Master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

*Sted.*

Sir, I am the best Judge of that I have resolv'd never to sign any thing without your Master.

*Prig.*

It is the very same thing, I assure you The Writings are fully drawn, and any Witness may do as well as my Master.

*Sted.*

Your Master is a negligent Puppy, and uses me doubly ill first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent Coxcomb to dispute with me.

*O. Mut.*

I believe, Mr. *Stedfast*, we may do it.

*Sted.*

Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my Resolves Therefore go to your Master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

*O. Mut.*

In the mean while, I'll step just by and call my Son, that we may meet with no further Interruption.

*(Servant enters. Ser.*

Sir, the Taylor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new Liveries till to Morrow Morning.

*Sted.*

Then, Sir, go and give my humble Service to the Taylor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolv'd to have them put on to day, tho' they are thrown like Blankets over their Shoulders, and my Equipage should look like the Retinue of a *Morocco* Ambassador.

*End of the Second ACT.*

**ACT III.**

The Wedding Day

**SCENE I.**

*SCENE the Street.*

*Heartfort, Millamour, Mutable.*

*Heartfort.*

Though I fear my Fortune desperate, yet is my Obligation infinite to you, my dear *Millamour*, for this Trouble.

*Mut.*

And to me too. Agad I have run the Hazard of being disinherited on your Account As for the Wife, the Loss is not great; but I have a real Value for the Estate.

*Mil.*

Come, Faith, *Heartfort*, thou must confess thy self oblig'd to him; he hath done what is in his Power.

*Heart.*

I thank him And, in Return, *Mutable*, let me give you a Piece of Advice Leave off that ridiculous Quality of pretending an Acquaintance with Men of Fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two Reasons First, no one believes you Nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it Because all the Prize-fighters, Jockeys, Gamesters, Pimps, and Buffoons in *England* have the same Honour.

*Mut.*

Ha, ha, ha, this is very merry, very facetious Faith Egad, *Millamour*, if I did not know that *Heartfort* keeps the best Company, I should think him envious.

*Mil.*

I rather think his Ambition lies quite the opposite Way; for I have seen him walking at high *Mall* with a Fellow in a dirty Shirt, and a Wig unpowder'd.

*Mut.*

Auh! what a Couple of distinguishing Qualifications he chose to appear in the *Mall* with!

*Heart.*

And the Man he means happens to have two Qualifications very seldom seen in the *Mall*, or any where else.

*Mut.*

Ay, prithee what are these?

*Heart.*

Virtue, and good Sense.

*Mut.*

Ha, ha, ha, Virtue, and good Sense; no Powder, and dirty Linen Four fine Accomplishments for an old Philosopher to live upon

*Mil.*

Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with But, mum Remember who I am.

The Wedding Day

**SCENE II.**

*Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort, Millamour.*

*Mil.*

So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you

*O. Mut.*

I am unwilling to give your Lordship any further Trouble; for I find, my Lord, that Matters are too far gone to be broke off now So I thank your Lordship for the Honour you intended me. But the Boy must be married to his former Mistress.

*Heart.*

Ha! [*aside.*]

*Mil.*

What's this, Sir?

*O. Mut.*

In short, my Lord, I have as great an Honour for Quality as any Man; but there are Things to be consider'd Quality is a fine thing, my Lord; but it does not pay Debts.

*Y. Mut.*

Faith, You are mistaken there, Father; for it does.

*Mil.*

I little thought this Consideration would have expos'd my Sister to an Affront You are the last Commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you Perhaps you may repent this Refusal.

*Y. Mut.*

Dear Sir, consider. Your Son's Happiness, Grandeur, Fortune all are at Stake.

*Mil.*

Now the Affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my Sister was not only secure of a Fortune much larger than Mr. *Stedfast's* Daughter; but as I have resolved against Marriage, my Fortune and Title too must have descended to your Son.

*O. Mut.*

Hey! And should I have seen my *Jacky* a Lord? Should I have had a Lord ask me Blessing! And a Sett of young Lords and Ladies my Grand Grand Children! Should this old Crab Tree Stock have seen such noble grafted Fruit spreading on its Branches? O my good dear Lord, I ask Pardon on my Knees. Forgive the foolish Caution of a fearful old Man.

*Mil.*

My Honour, my Honour forbids.

*O. Mut.*

Oh dear, sweet, good my Lord. Let Pity melt your Honour to Forgiveness.

*Heart.*

## The Wedding Day

Let me intercede, Sir.

*O Mut.*

If your Honour must have a Sacrifice, let my Fault be paid by my Punishment. Tread upon my Neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me: But do not let me bar my Son's Way to Happiness.

*Mil.*

The strictest Honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate Punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the Fortune down before Marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

*O. Mut.*

Whenever your Lordship pleases. I will give one thorough Rebuff to Mr. *Stedfast*, and return instantly. *Jacky* stay, stay you here, and expect me to conduct me to his Lordship. My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

*Mil.*

This succeeds to our Wish. I think I'll e'en play the Parson myself, and marry you in Jest.

*Y. Mut.*

But I shall not play the Husband, I thank you.

*Mil.*

Pshaw, in Jest.

*Y. Mut.*

Hum, I take Matrimony to be no Jest.

*Mill.*

And I take it to be the greatest Jest in Nature. When the old Gentleman comes, *Heartfort*, do you take him to your House, which must pass for my Lord *Truelove*'s; thither will I bring the Lady with the utmost Expedition. But remember to give a particular Order to all your Servants, that your Name is *Truelove* .

*Heart.*

If you would have me stay with you in the mean Time, I must have no Lords. Nay, I will not allow you a Baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but last Week, and hath not paid his Fees yet.

*Y. Mut.*

Well, Well, you shall be humoured, though I am at Work for your Service.

### SCENE III.

*Stedfast's House.*

*Clarinda, Mrs. Useful. Clar.*

To leave my Husband's House on my Wedding-Day? And visit a Gallant? I'll never consent to it.

*Use.*

Then there's a pretty Fellow gone to his Forefathers.

*Clar.*

## The Wedding Day

No, tell the barbarous Man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other Portion with him than Dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal Resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my first Cause of marrying; and tell him, in that Hour I gave my Hand to Mr. *Stedfast*, I resolved never to see him more.

*Use.*

The Devil take me, if I do. You may send another Messenger. I'll have no Hand in his Death, I always had a natural Antipathy to Murder. Poor, dear, pretty, handsome young Fellow. Go, you are a cruel Creature! Oh! Had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and groan'd, and kiss'd your Letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest Names, then shed such a Shower of Tears upon the Paper; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his Soul in you. Oh! it would have melted Rocks, could they have seen it.

*Clar.*

Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

*Use.*

It is your own Fault, if it be to no purpose.

*Clar.*

What can I do?

*Use.*

What can you do? that any Woman after Eighteen should ask that Question What can you do? Methinks Charity should tell you, if your Heart was not deaf to every thing that is good When a fine, handsome young Fellow is the Beggar, what Woman can want Charity?

*Clar.*

I have no more to give My all is now my Husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow

*Use.*

Your Husband! You are enough to make me mad Injure your Husband! You may as well think you injure your Chest when you take the Money out of it And would you be lock'd up all your Life in that old fusty Chest, the Arms of your Husband?

*Clar.*

Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my Husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile Rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

*Use.*

To receive him as a Husband I did, and I now persuade you to make a Husband of him.

*Clar.*

Oh, Villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my Convent, and fly to *England* with that Monster *Millamour*? And then didst thou not, with the same Diligence, intreat me to this Marriage? And now

*Use.*

What Allegations are here! I own I advised you to quit a Religion I thought not consistent with the Health of your Soul, and to fly to the Arms of a Man I thought loved you When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him. And now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again

## The Wedding Day

*Clar.*

What! with the Loss of my Honour!

*Use.*

The Loss of your Honour! No, no You may keep your Honour still; for every Woman hath it, 'till she is discovered

*Clar.*

Name it to me no more

*Use.*

At least you may see him there's no Dishonour in that

*Clar.*

I dare not think of it

*Use.*

E'en do it without thinking of it Let the poor Man owe the continuing of his Life to my Entreaties.

*Clar.*

Oh! he hath a more powerful Advocate within me

*Use.*

Well I'll fly with the happy News.

*Clar.*

Stay I cannot resolve

*Use.*

That's enough She that can't resolve against her Lover, always resolves for him.

*Clar.*

Well I will take one dear last Draught of Ruin from his Eyes And then bid them Farewell for ever.

### SCENE IV.

*[the Street.]*

*Charlotte* disguised.

Here am I fairly escaped from my Father's House And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the Positiveness and Passionateness of his Temper too well, to leave me any Hopes of avoiding the Match he is resolv'd on If I do not, I dread the Consequences. Suppose I find *Millamour* out, and acquaint him with my Passion! I'll die sooner If *Heartfort* were here this Moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer Ah!

### SCENE V.

*Millamour, Charlotte.*

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

Pox on my Rashness in discharging the good Mother this Morning I shall never be able to find *Lucina* I must get another Ha! What hath Fortune sent us? A Woman in a Masque I suppose she doth it to hide the Small-Pox, or some cursed Deformity But hang it, she may pass for a Woman of Quality, for all that Agad I'll attack her, and, if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away Madam, your most obedient, humble Servant I presume, by your present Posture, that your Masque gives you an Advantage over me that I have the Honour of being known to you.

*Char.*

You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my Advantage to cover my Face by my doing it And I conceive it would be to your Advantage to wear a Masque too.

*Mil.*

I'll excuse your abusing my Face while you abuse your own Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your Eyes, that you like me; and, I am pretty confident, you like yourself.

*Char.*

Indeed, if Mr. *Millamour* is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill Opinion of my Modesty suspect the latter.

*Mil.*

Hum! My Name too

*Char.*

I hope you have not the worse Opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

*Mil.*

No, my Dear, nor much the better of you, I can tell you Harkee, Child I find thou art some old Acquaintance of mine; and as those are a Sett of People whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy Fortune.

*Char.*

Now I fancy you don't think me an old Acquaintance; for, if I was, you must be assur'd, I know that is not in your Power.

*Mil.*

Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many *Indies* as I would bestow on your dear Sex, if I had 'em But, in this Affair, I am not to be the Principal, but only a sort of Agent Or, to speak in your own Language, the Bawd.

*Char.*

Well, Sir

*Mil.*

And if you can but act the Part of a Woman of Quality for one half Hour, I believe I shall put it into your Power to act one as long as you live.

*Char.*

What! Have you a Man of Quality to dispose of?

*Mil.*

No; but I have what many a Man of Quality would be glad to dispose of I have a great Fortune for you; and that with it which many a Woman of Quality hath to dispose of.

## The Wedding Day

*Char.*

What's that, pray?

*Mil.*

A Fool!

*Char.*

Oh! You won't want Customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same Wares.

*Mil.*

But mine is a Man Fool, Madam.

*Char.*

And so is mine, Sir but let us wave that; for I will give him to any one who will have him The Fortune is what concerns me most Do you know any one, in whose Hands I could place ten thousand Pounds with Safety?

*Mil.*

Nay, prithee don't trifle If you will come with me, and act your Part well, you shall be Mistress of four times that Sum within these two Hours. You shall have a Husband with those two great Matrimonial Qualities, Rich and a Fool.

*Char.*

Ay, And what is his Name?

*Mil.*

What signifies his Name? Will you have a rich Fool for a Husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar Slut, by her Hesitation.

*Char.*

No, Sir, I do'nt want Riches, and I hate a Fool.

*Mil.*

Then your Servant. I must go find some body that will. If I had but Time on my Hands, I should find many a Woman of Fashion would be glad to be Mrs. *Mutable*.

*Char.*

Ha! Stay, Sir, (this may be a lucky Adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one) if I had known Mr. *Mutable* was the Gentleman

*Mil.*

Well, Mr. *Mutable* is the Gentleman.

*Char.*

Oh, Heavens! My Father. I shall be discover'd.

*Mil.*

Come, Madam, we have not a Moment to lose. Step to my Lodgings, and receive Instructions.

*Char.*

Well, Sir, I have so good an Opinion of your Honour, that I will trust myself with you.

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

My Honour is most infinitely obliged to your Confidence, dear Madam.

### SCENE VI.

*Stedfast, Old Mutable.*

*Sted.*

Forgive indeed! Why, a Man may as well determine which Way a Weather-cock shall stand this Day Fortnight, by its present Situation, as he can what you will think an Hour hence, by what you think now. A Windmill, or a Woman's Heart are firm as Rocks in Comparison of you.

*Mut.*

I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this Time, and I will immediately fetch the Boy, and Matters shall be dispatched.

*Sted.*

Hum!

*Mut.*

Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his Son to a Woman of Quality?

*Sted.*

Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my Daughter to a Cobler, I would not alter my Resolution to see her a-bed with the Emperor of *Germany*.

*Mut.*

All Men, Mr. *Stedfast*, are not so firm in their Resolutions as you are.

*Sted.*

More Shame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth Year of my Age, and never broke one Resolution in my Life yet.

*Mut.*

Good lack! I am some Years older than you are, and never made a Resolution in my Life yet.

*Sted.*

Well, Sir, I see your Son coming: I will prepare my Daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one Resolution. If you change your Mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

*Mut. (aside.)*

This is a bloody positive old Fellow. What a brave, absolute Prince he'd make? I'll warrant he'd chop off the Heads of two or three thousand Subjects, sooner than break his Word. I must not anger him any more.

### SCENE VII.

*Old Mutable, Young Mutable, Heartfort.*

*O. Mut.*

Come, *Jacky*, you must along with me: Mr. *Stedfast* and I are agreed at last.

## The Wedding Day

*Y. Mut.*

And disappoint his Lordship, Sir?

*O. Mut.*

Don't tell me of his Lordship. I have taken a Resolution to see you married immediately. And married you shall be.

*Heart.*

Confusion!

*Y. Mut.*

Dear Sir.

*O. Mut.*

Sir, I tell you I have taken a Resolution: So follow me as you expect my Blessing.

*Y. Mut.*

*Heartfort*, for Heaven's sake stop him.

*Heart.*

'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the Attempt.

### SCENE VIII.

*Millamour's Lodgings.*

*Brazen alone, with an Opera Book in his Hand.*

Well, I cannot come into the Opinion of the Town about this last Opera. It is too light for my Goute. Give me your solemn, sublime Music. But Pox take their Taste. I scarce know five Footmen in Town, who can distinguish. The Rascals have no Ear, no Judgment. I would as soon ask a Sett of Country Squires what they liked. I remember the Time when we should not have suffer'd such Stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si Caro* (*sings.*)

*Millamour and Charlotte to him. Mil.*

Hey-day! Here you musical Gentleman, Pray, get you down Stairs.

*Braz.*

Yes, Sir, (*sings the End of the Tune, and Exit.*)

*Char.*

You have a very polite Footman indeed, Sir.

*Mil.*

Yes, Madam. But come, my Dear, as you are now in a Place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more Occasion for your Masque.

*Char.*

## The Wedding Day

No, Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some Mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first Place know, that I am a Gentlewoman.

*Mil.*

Ay, a Parson's Daughter, descended from very honest and reputable Parents, I dare swear. (*aside.*)

*Char.*

And, what will surprize you, one of a very good Family, and very great Fortune.

*Mil.*

Ay, that would surprize me indeed. But come, unmasque, or you will force me to a Violence I would avoid.

*Char.*

You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither, and, I assure you, I am a Woman of Fashion.

*Mil.*

Well, Madam, if you are a Woman of Fashion, I am sure you have too much good Nature to be angry with me for making a Promise, which you have too much Wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no Breach of Confidence, there is no Breach of Promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet Gentlewoman, unmasque; for I am in haste to serve my Friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

*Char.*

Hold, Sir. You know you are but a Procurer.

*Mil.*

But I generally taste what I procure, before I put it into a Friend's Hands Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

*Char.*

No, Sir, first hear my History

*Mil.*

I will first see the Frontispiece of it.

*Char.*

Know I am a Woman of strict Honour.

*Mil.*

Your History hath a very lamentable Beginning.

*Char.*

And in the greatest Distress in the World; for I am this Day to be married to a Man I despise. Now if Mr. *Millamour* can find out any Means to deliver me from the Hands of this uncourteous Knight, I don't know how far my Generosity may reward him I forgive these Suspicions of me, which the Manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this Adventure is the only one which can attack my Reputation; and I am the only Child of a rich old Father, and can make the Fortune of my Husband.

*Mil.*

Husband! Oh!

## The Wedding Day

*Char.*

Ay, Husband. As rich a Man as Mr. *Millamour* would leap at the Name; though I hope you don't think it my Intention to make one of you To endeavour wickedly to inclose a Common that belongs to the whole Sex.

*Mil.*

Ouns! What the Devil can she be?

*Char.*

You have a rare Opinion of your self indeed, that the very same Morning in which you have escaped the Jaws of a poor Mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand Pounds in her Pocket.

*Mil.*

Every Circumstance (*aside*) Who knows what Fortune may have sent me? What these Charms of mine have done?

*Char.*

What are you considering, Sir?

*Mil.*

I am considering, my Dear, what particular Charm in my Person can have made this Conquest.

*Char.*

Oh! A Complication, Sir.

*Mil.*

Dear Madam!

*Char.*

For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a Man without one single Fault in my Eye, or a single Virtue in any one's else. For my Part, I take Beauty in a Man to be a Sign of Effeminacy; Sobriety, want of Spirit; Gravity, want of Wit; and Constancy, want of Constitution.

*Mil.*

So that to have no Fault in your Eye, is to be an impudent, Hatchet-face, Raking, Rattling, Roving, Inconstant

*Char.*

All which Perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir.

*Mil.*

Your most obedient, humble Servant, Madam.

*Char.*

That I have fix'd on you as my Cavalier for this Enterprize, for which there is but one Method, I must run into one Danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my Husband at Home, but by carrying a Husband Home with me Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit Faith in my Fortune as you had in my Beauty, the Bargain is struck. Send for a Parson, and you know what follows [*Unmasks*] You may easily see my Confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this Declaration only to my horrible Apprehension of being obliged to take a Man I like less than yourself.

*Mil.*

I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam. But

## The Wedding Day

*Char.*

But! Do you hesitate, Sir?

*Mil.*

The Offer of so much Beauty and Fortune would admit of no Hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a Friend? Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juster Title to them. How happy would this Declaration make *Heartfort*, which you throw away on me.

*Char.*

I find I have thrown it away indeed Ha! Am I refus'd? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

*Mil.*

Upon my Soul she is a fine Woman; but can I think of wronging my Friend? The Devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my Friend But she hath Twenty thousand Pounds But I must be a Rascal to think of her, and as many Millions would not pay me for it.

### SCENE IX.

*Millamour, Charlotte, Brazen.*

*Braz.*

Sir, here is a Lady.

*Mil.*

'Sdeath a Lady! Fool, Sot, Oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at Home to two Ladies at a Time?

*Braz.*

Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to Madam *Clarinda*.

*Mil.*

*Clarinda*! Oh, transporting Name My Dear, shall I beg for the Safety of your Reputation, you would step into that Closet, while I discharge the Visit of a troublesome Relation?

*Char.*

Put me any where from the Danger of a female Tongue Well, if I escape free this Time, I will never take such another Ramble while I live again.

*Mil. (Shuts her in the Closet)*

There Now will I find some Way to let *Heartfort* know of her being here I am transported at the Hope of serving him, even whilst *Clarinda* is at my Door.

### SCENE X.

*Millamour, Clarinda introduced by Useful. Mil.*

My *Clarinda*! This is a Goodness of that prodigious Nature

*Clar.*

That it can be equall'd by nothing but thy Falshood.

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

Can so unjust an Accusation proceed from so much Sweetness? Can you that have forsaken me.

*Clar.*

Do not attempt to excuse yourself You know how false you have been Nor could any thing but your Falshood have driven me to what I have done.

*Mil.*

By all the

*Clar.*

Do not damn thy self more I know thy Falshood; I have seen it. Therefore thy Perjuries are as vain as wicked Do you think I wanted this Testimony? [*Gives him a Letter.*]

*Mil.*

*Lucina's* Letter! Cursed Accident! She too hath received *Clarinda's*! But I must stand it out. Hear this! My Falshood! Mine! when there's not a Star in Heaven that hath not seen me, like an *Arcadian* of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you; the Turtle is inconstant, compared to me, the Rose will change its Season, and blossom in Midwinter, the Nightingale will be silent, and the Raven sing; nay, the *Phaenix* will have a Mate, when I have any Mate but you.

*Clar.*

Had this been true, Nature should have sooner chang'd than I

*Mil.*

Oh! You know it is: You have known this Heart too long, to think, it capable of Inconstancy.

*Clar.*

Thou hast a Tongue that might charm the very *Syrens* to their own Destruction, 'till they own'd thy Voice more charming, and more false than theirs. There is a Softness in thy Words equal to the Hardness of thy Heart

*Mil.*

And there is a Softness within that

*Clar.*

Hold, Sir, I conjure you, do not attempt my Honour: But think, however dear you have been to me, my Honour's dearer

*Mil.*

Thy Honour shall be safe Not even the Day, nor Heaven itself shall witness our Pleasures.

*Clar.*

Think not the Fear of Slander guards my Honour No, I would not myself be a Witness of my Shame.

*Mil.*

Thou shalt not We'll shut out every prying Ray of Light, and, losing the Language of our Eyes, find more delicious Ways to interchange our Souls. We'll wind our Senses to a Height of Rapture, 'till they play us such dear enchanting Tunes of Joy

*Clar.*

Oh, *Millamour* (*sighing.*)

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

Give that dear Sigh to my warm Bosom. Thence let it thrill into my Heart, and fan thy Image there Oh! thou art every where in me My Eyes, my Ears, my Thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest Would Heaven form me another Paradise; Would it give me new Worlds of Bliss,

To thee alone my Soul I would confine,  
Nor wish, nor take another World than thine.

*END of the Third ACT.*

### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I.

SCENE, Stedfast's House.

*Stedfast, with Servants.*

*STEDFAST.*

Is every thing in Order? Are the New Liveries on all the rest of my Servants?

*Footm.*

Yes, Sir, They are all on after a Manner; one hath no Pockets, and the other no Sleeves. *John* the Coachman will not wear his.

*Sted.*

Then desire *John* the Coachman to drive himself out of my Doors. I'll make my Servants know they are dress'd to please my Humour, not their own.

*Cook.*

Sir, It is impossible to get Supper ready by nine.

*Sted.*

Then let me have it raw. If Supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my House at ten. Well, what say you, will not my Wine be ready?

*But.*

No, indeed will it not, Sir; your Honour hath by Mistake mark'd a Pipe not half a Year old.

*Sted.*

Must I consult your Palate, or my own? Must I give you Reasons for my Actions? Sirrah, I tell you new Wine is properest for a Wedding. So go your Ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent Questions.

#### SCENE II.

*Stedfast, Squeezepurse.*

*Sted.*

Mr. *Squeezepurse*, I am glad you are come. I am so pester'd with my Servants.

## The Wedding Day

*Squeez.*

The Laws are too mild too mild for Servants, Mr. *Stedfast* .

*Sted.*

Well, and have you brought the Writings.

*Squeez.*

They are ready. The Parties Hands are only necessary. The Settlement is as strong as Words can make it. I have not been sparing of them.

*Sted.*

I expect Mr. *Mutable* and his Son this Instant; and hope, by the Help of you and the Parson, to have finish'd all within an Hour.

*(Enter a Servant. Ser.*

Sir, here's a Letter for your Honour.

*Sted.*

Mr. *Squeezepurse*, you will excuse me. (Reads) *Sir, I am at length fully determin'd to marry my Son to the other Lady, so desire all Matters may be cancell'd between us. I was ashamed to bring you this Refusal, so have sent it by Letter. Your humble Servant, Tho. Mutable.* Ashamed! Ay thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

*Squeez.*

Any thing of Moment from the other Party?

*Sted.*

Death and Fury! Go call your Lady here She was a Witness of his Engagements. I'll go to Law with him.

*Squeez.*

The Law is open to any injured Person, and is the properest Way of seeking Restitution.

*Ser.*

My Lady, Sir, my Lady is gone out.

*Sted.*

How! gone out! My Wife gone out Oons, and Pestilence! run away on her Wedding-Day! Where is she gone?

*Ser.*

I don't know, Sir.

*Squeez.*

I saw your Lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a House in the other Street.

*Sted.*

Shew me that House immediately, good Mr. *Squeezepurse*. I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine Age to marry in, when a Wife cannot stay at home on her Wedding-Day.

The Wedding Day

**SCENE III.**

*SCENE, Millamour's Lodging.*

*Millamour, Clarinda.*

*Mil.*

Cruel *Clarinda* Thus to stop short when we were at the Brink of Happiness. To shew my eager Soul a Prospect of *Elysium* , and then refuse it the Possession.

*Clar.*

With how much juster Reason may I complain of you! Ah! *Millamour*, didst thou not, when the very Day of our Marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

*Mil.*

Heaven knows with what Reluctancy, nor could any thing but my Fear of your Misery have compell'd me to it.

*Clar.*

It is a strange Love that makes its Object miserable, for Fear of its becoming so. Nor can the Heart that loves, be, in my Opinion, ever miserable, while in Possession of what it loves.

*Mil.*

Oh! let that plead my Cause, and whisper to thy tender Heart

**SCENE IV.**

*To him Brazen.*

*Brazen.*

Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

*Mil.*

What's the Matter?

*Brazen.*

Mr. *Stedfast*, Sir, is below with another Gentleman He swears his Wife is in the House, and he will have her.

*Clar.*

I shall faint.

*Mil.*

What's to be done There's another Woman in the Closet, whom she must not see.

*(Runs to the Closet, and returns. Braz.*

Sir, he will be up Stairs in a Moment.

*Clar.*

Ah, Heavens!

## The Wedding Day

*(Falls back into a Chair) Mil.*

Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying Her Fright has inspired me with the only Method to preserve her Give me my Gown and Cap instantly Away you to your Post Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible So! Hush, hush, what Noise is this?

### SCENE V.

*Millamour, Clarinda, Brazen, Stedfast, Squeezpurse.*

*Sted.*

Where is this wicked, vile, rambling Woman? Where are you, Sorceress, that are run away from your Husband's House on your Wedding-Day?

*Mil.*

Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the Lady.

*Sted.*

Must not disturb her, Sir!

*Mil.*

No, Sir.

*Sted.*

Why, pray Sir, who are you?

*Squeez.*

Mr. *Stedfast*, give me leave if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this Lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the Consequence of detaining such, without the leave of her Husband first had and obtain'd? Mr. *Stedfast*, you have as good an Action against the Gentleman as any Man can wish to have. Juries, now a Days, give great Dammages in the Affair of Wives.

*Mil.*

Is this Lady your Wife, Sir?

*Sted.*

Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great Sorrow.

*Mil.*

Then, Sir, you owe her Life to me; for had not immediate Application been made, the whole College could not have saved her.

*Sted.*

To you! who the Devil are you?

*Mil.*

Sir, I am an unworthy Practiser of the Art of Physick.

*Sted.*

How came she here, in the Devil's Name?

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

By a most miraculous Accident She was taken ill just at my Door My Servant too was then by, as great good Luck, standing at it *Brazen*, give the Gentleman an Account how you brought the Lady in, when you saw her drop down at my Door.

*Braz.*

I was standing, Sir, as my Master says, picking my Teeth at this Door, when the sick Lady who sits in the Chair, as my Master says, and ready to drop down, as my Master says, and so I took her up in my Arms, and brought her up Stairs, and set her down in the great Chair, and call'd my Master, who, I believe, can cure her if any Doctor in *England* can; for, tho' I say it, who am but a poor Servant, he is a most able Physician in Women's Affairs.

*Squeez.*

I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this Fellow's a good Evidence, or I am mistaken.

*Clar.*

Oh, Heavens! where am I?

*Sted.*

Where are you? Not where you should be at home at your Husband's.

*Clar.*

My Husband's Voice! Mr. *Stedfast*, where are you?

*Mil.*

Go near her, Sir, Now you may go as near her as you please.

*Sted.*

What's the matter with you, Madam?

*Clar.*

I cannot tell you, Sir, I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a Swimming in my Head, that every thing seem'd to dance before my Eyes.

*Sted.*

You may thank yourself. What did you do a gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing Distemper, over, pray?

*Clar.*

Not quite over; but I am much better.

*Mil.*

I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

*Sted.*

Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose, you are not a regular bred Physician; for those are a Set of People, whom I resolved, many Years ago, never to employ.

*Mil.*

Sir, I never took any Degree at our University.

## The Wedding Day

*Sted.*

I like you the better for it.

*Mil.*

You are a Man of Understanding, Sir. The University is the very worst Place to educate a Physician in. A Man, Sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the Rules of a Set of stupid Ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold Stroke. A Quack, Sir, is the only Man to put you out of your Pain at once. A regular Physician, like the Court of Chancery, tires a Man's Patience, and consumes his Substance, before he decides the Cause between him and the Disease.

*Sted.*

Come, Madam, I suppose by this time, you are able to walk home, or to a Chair at least.

*Mil.*

Sir, the Air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

*Sted.*

Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the Consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your Trouble. I am much obliged to your Care Madam, how do you now?

*Clar.*

Oh! infinitely better.

*Mil.*

A Word with you, Sir, I heard you say, this is your Wedding-Day In your Ear (*whispers*) Not as you tender your Wife's future Health, nay, her Life.

*Sted.*

Never fear come Child come Mr. *Squeezepurse* Doctor, your Servant.

*Mil.*

Give me leave, Sir, to hand the Lady to her Chair.

*Sted.*

Pshaw! I hate Ceremony pray stay behind

*(Pushes away Mil. and exit with his Wife and Squeeze. Mil.)*

Soh! we are well off this time.

*Braz.*

Ay, Sir, some Thanks to me; for I think I lyed pretty handsomely.

*Mil.*

Well, Sirrah, and are you so vain of the Merit? Did not I show you the way?

*Char. (knocks at the Door.)*

Doctor! Doctor!

*Mil.*

Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out *Heartfort*, and bring him hither instantly My fair Prisoner, I ask

SCENE V.

## The Wedding Day

your Pardon for keeping you confined so long.

*Char.*

Oh! Sir no Excuses: Patients must be tended. But pray, Doctor, have you not some little Skill in Casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this Affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my Father for so excellent a Physician as you do?

*Mil.*

Oh! Madam, it needs no great Casuist to advise a young Lady how to act, which should be always by the Rules of Good-Nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see your Father deceived, for I will merit the same Reputation with you, if you will take my Prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all Distempers.

*Char.*

Ay! pray what is this infallible *Nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the Palate.

*Mil.*

No, far otherwise: It is taken by a great many Ladies merely for its agreeable Relish.

*Char.*

Well, what is it?

*Mil.*

Nothing more than a very pretty Fellow of my Acquaintance.

*Char.*

Indeed! and pray is this very pretty Fellow of your Acquaintance like a certain Physician of my Acquaintance?

*Mil.*

No, Faith: If he was, you would have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

*Char.*

Hum! I question that I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a Quack in Love as you are in Physic, and apt in both to boast more Power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such Pranks with your wild Worship

## SCENE VI.

*Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort.*

*Heart.*

Oh! *Millamour*, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

*Mil.*

Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me or seeking me, I am glad you have found me; for I have a Favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the Face: I dare swear we shall carry our Point.

*Char.*

What Point, Sir?

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

In short, Sir, this young Lady hath begg'd me to ask your Pardon in her Name, and hopes your Forgiveness of all her ill Usage, all her little Airs, which the Folly of Youth, and the Vanity of Beauty together, made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offer'd to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

*Char.*

Intolerable Insolence!

*Mil.*

Yes; her intolerable Insolence, she hopes; knowing the infinite Goodness and Sweetness of your Temper, will be past over; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, wild, young Girl could not have Understanding enough to set a just Value on the sincere Passion of a Man of Sense and Honour.

*Char.*

This is insupportable!

*Mil.*

Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the Hardness of your Heart, that can be Proof against such Penitence in an offending Mistress. Tho' she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting Tears may atone.

*Heart.*

I'm in a Dream, for thou, my Friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the Sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your Heart?

*Char.*

Hum! I thank my Stars, I have it.

*Heart.*

I cannot be awake, nor you be Mistress of such Goodness, to value my little Services so infinitely beyond their Merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffer'd half enough.

*Mil.*

Pox take your Generosity! Suffer on to Eternity, with all my Soul.

*Heart.*

I deserve your Pity now a thousand times more than ever. This Profusion of Goodness overwhelms my Heart.

*Mil.*

Not one bit beyond a just Debt; she owes you all.

*Heart.*

*Millamour*, as thou art my Friend, no more.

*Char.*

Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. *Heartfort*'s Debtor.

*Mil.*

Ay!

## The Wedding Day

*Char.*

And tho' you have somewhat exceeded your Commission, and said more for me than perhaps the Stubbornness of my Temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my Behaviour to Mr. *Heartfort* hath no way answer'd his Merits.

*Mil.*

Go on, go on, Madam; you never spoke half so much Truth in your Life.

### SCENE VII.

*Millamour, Charlotte, Heartfort, Old Mutable, Young Mutable.*

*O. Mut.*

My Lord, I have been waiting for your Lordship above this Hour: If it had not been for *Jacky* here, I should never have found you.

*Mil.*

A particular Affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

*O. Mut.*

*Jacky*, is not that your former Mistress, Miss *Stedfast* ? Odsso! it is she. What can she do here?

*Y. Mut.*

I wish she be not come to spoil my Match with my Lord's Sister.

*O. Mut.*

You have hit it, Boy. *Jacky*, you have hit it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord.

*(They talk apart. Heart.)*

This is such an Excess of Goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight Gaieties. Women with not half your Merit or Beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a Trial of me.

*Char.*

Ay, but what Right had I to that Trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my Father?

*Heart.*

Ha! never can!

*Char.*

Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. *Heartfort*, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these Apologies made, but that after all your Merit, I must obey my Father in marrying this young Gentleman?

*Heart.*

Confusion!

*O. Mut.*

Indeed, Madam, but there are more Fathers to be obeyed than one. My Son, Madam, is another Woman's Property; and I believe I have as good a Right to my Son, as Mr. *Stedfast* hath to his Daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my Son must be stolen from me and married whether I will or no!

## The Wedding Day

*Y. Mut.*

Ay, Faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

*Clar.*

Indeed!

*O. Mut.*

Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any Disappointment to you; but my Son, Madam, happen'd to be, without my Knowledge, at the time I offer'd him to you, engaged to my Lord *Truelove's* Sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another Woman of her Right.

*Char.*

Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good Father-in-law that was to have been, a Word with you.

*O. Mut.*

As many as you please, Madam; but no Father-in-law.

*Char.*

Tho' in Obedience to my Father I had complied to accept your Son for a Husband, yet I am obliged to your kind Refusal, because that young Gentleman your Son, Sir, happens to be a Person for whom, ever since I had the Honour of his Acquaintance, I have entertain'd the most surprising, invincible and infinite Contempt in the World.

*Y. Mut.*

Contempt for me!

*O. Mut.*

Contempt for *Jacky*!

*Char.*

It would be therefore ungrateful, to let such a Benefactor as you be deceived in a Point which so nearly concerns him. This Gentleman, Sir, is no Lord, and hath no Estate.

*O. Mut.*

How, *Jacky*, no Lord!

*Y. Mut.*

Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

*Char.*

And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious Son to some common Slut of the Town. So I leave you to make up the Match, and am, Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

## SCENE VIII.

*Millamour, Heartfort, Old and Young Mutable.*

*Heart.*

*Millamour*, I thank thee for the Trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the Affair is no longer worth my Pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome Title, and this Gentleman from his Mistake. So, Sir, your Son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young Lady just now gone, whenever you please.

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no Sister for your Son, with all my Heart.

*O. Mut.*

And are you no Lord?

*Mil.*

No, Sir, to my Sorrow.

*O. Mut.*

Why have I been imposed upon then? (*To Y. Mut.*) But how came you to join in the Conspiracy? Would you cheat your Father?

*Y. Mut.*

Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you I took him for a Lord; for I don't know a Lord from another Person, but by his Dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

*O. Mut.*

Nay, *Jacky*, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good Boy and a fine Gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more Visit to Mr. *Stedfast*, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with Lords? We Country Gentlemen never get any good by them.

### SCENE IX.

*Millamour, Heartfort.*

*Mil.*

Come, *Heartfort*, be not grave on the Matter: I will venture to affirm thy Mistress is thy own.

*Heart.*

Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the Fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her: No, believe me, *Millamour*, was she to commence the Lover, and take the Pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

*Mil.*

And art thou so incensed at a few Coquette Airs of Youth and Gaiety, which Girls are taught by their Mothers and their Mistresses, to practise on us to try our Love, or rather our Patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the Attempt.

*Heart.*

'Sdeath! Sir, hath she not used me like a Dog?

*Mil.*

Certainly.

*Heart.*

Hath she not trifled with my Passion beyond all Sufferance?

*Mil.*

Very true.

## The Wedding Day

*Heart.*

Hath she not taken a particular Delight in making me ridiculous?

*Mil.*

Too true! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

*Heart.*

Hold, *Millamour*, do not accuse her unjustly neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

*Mil.*

Damn her! Think no more of her: It would be wrong in you to forgive her.

*Heart.*

Yes, forgive her I can: It would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her

*Mil.*

Well, do; and so think no more of her.

*Heart.*

I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill Usage only to the Coquettish Airs of Youth: For could I once be brought to believe that

*Mil.*

And yet a thousand Women

*Heart.*

True, true, dear *Millamour*: A thousand Women have played worse Pranks with their Lovers, and afterwards made excellent Wives: It is the Fault of their Education, rather than of their Natures; and a Man must be a Churl who would not bear a little of that Behaviour in a Mistress, especially in one so very young as *Charlotte* is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several Faults to the Number of Flatterers, which Beauty never is without: Besides, you must confess, there is a certain good Humour that attends her Faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

*Mil.*

Indeed to me she appears to have no Faults but what arise from her Beauty, her Youth, or her good Humour; for which Reason I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

*Heart.*

Asked it of me! Oh! *Millamour*, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

*Mil.*

Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know Looks are the Language of Love.

*Heart.*

But pray how came she to your Lodgings this Afternoon?

*Mil.*

Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

## The Wedding Day

*Heart.*

No, faith: Your sending for me prevents that, tho' I was never so much inclin'd

*Mil.*

Let us go take one Bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I must be obliged to trust a Lady's Secret with you, (and I could trust any but your own Mistress's.) Courage, *Heartfort*. What are thy Evils compar'd with mine, who have a Husband to contend with; a damn'd legal Tyrant, who can ravish a Woman with the Law on his Side. All my Hope and Comfort lie in his Age: And yet it vexes me, that my blooming Fruit must be mumbled by an old Rascal, who hath no Teeth to come at the Kernel.

*End of the Fourth ACT.*

### ACT V.

#### SCENE I.

*SCENE, Lucina's Apartment.*

*LUCINA with a Letter.*

Shall I write once more to this perjur'd Man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see? A Letter from another Woman. *Clarinda Stedfast!* O Villain! doth he think I yet want Testimonies of his Falshood?

#### SCENE II.

*Lucina, Plotwel.*

*Luc.*

Oh! *Plotwel*, such new Discoveries! The Letter you brought me back was not my own, but a Rival's; a Rival as unhappy as myself.

*Plot.*

And now I bring you News of a Rival more happy than yourself, if the Possession of a Rake be Happiness. In short, Mr. *Millamour* is to be married to the Daughter of Mr. *Stedfast*.

*Luc.*

Ha! that was the Name I heard when at his Lodgings. He hath debauched his Wife, and would marry his Daughter. This is an Opportunity of Revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, how, dear *Plotwel*, art thou apprised of this?

*Plot.*

When you sent me back to *Millamour*, while I was disputing with his Servant, who denied me Admission, a fine young Lady whip'd by me into a Chair: I then brib'd his Servant with a Guinea, who discover'd to me, that her Name was *Stedfast*; that she was a great Fortune, and to be married to his Master; and that she lived in *Grosvenor-Street*.

*Luc.*

Shall I beg you would add one Obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver him this

ACT V.

## The Wedding Day

Letter? It may prevent the Ruin of a young Creature

*Plot.*

One of *Millamour's* Letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no Effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an Opportunity of triumphing over a Rival.

*Luc.*

No Matter: To caution the unexperienc'd Traveller from Rocks we split on, is our Duty: If that be ineffectual, his Rashness be his Punishment.

*Plot.*

Pray take my Advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

*Luc.*

As a Lover, I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the Cloyster you shall choose, and never more have Converse with that traiterous Sex.

*Plot.*

On Condition you think no more of *Millamour*, I will undertake it, tho' 'tis an ungrateful Office.

*Luc.*

Come in with me, while I enclose it under Seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the Contents. Come, my faithful *Plotwel*, believe me I both hate and despise Mankind; and from this Hour I will entertain no Passion but our Friendship in my Soul

Friendship and Love by Heaven seem design'd,  
That to enoble, this bebase the Mind.  
Friendship's pure Joys in Life's last Hour remain;  
By Love, that cheating Lottery, we gain  
A Moment's Bliss, bought with an Age of Pain.

### SCENE III.

[A Tavern.]

*Millamour, Heartfort.*

*Mil.*

And now, dear *George*, I hope I have satisfied your Jealousy.

*Heart.*

I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your Behaviour to this young Lady to *Clarinda*

*Mil.*

What wouldst thou have me do?

*Heart.*

Why, faith, to be sincere; not what thou hast done: However since that's past, all the Reparation now in thy Power

## The Wedding Day

to make, is to see her no more.

*Mil.*

That would be a pretty Reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that Advice.

*Heart.*

Perhaps not; but I am sure her Husband would.

*Mil.*

Her Husband! Damn the old Rascal: The teasing such a Cuckold, is half the Pleasure of making him one.

*Heart.*

How! what Privilege dost thou perceive in thyself, to invade and destroy the Happiness of another? Besides, tho' Shame may first reach the Husband, it doth not always end there: The Wife is always liable, and often is involved in the Ruin of the Gallant. The Person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to Shame, is the only Person who escapes without it.

*Mil.*

Heyday! thou are not turning Hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a Life equal to this Doctrine

*Heart.*

My Practice perhaps is not equal to my Theory; but I pretend to sin with as little Mischief as I can to others; and this I can lay my Hand on my Heart and affirm, that I never seduc'd a young Woman to her own Ruin, nor a married one to the Misery of her Husband: Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natur'd a Fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the Consequence of thy Actions; and if any Woman can lay her Ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on Custom.

*Mil.*

Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way.

*Heart.*

And why should we not? Custom may lead a Man into many Errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its Laws more absurd and unjust, than those relating to the Commerce between the Sexes: For what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for Women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a Whore a scandalous, a Whoremaster a reputable Appellation: Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous Character than a public Debaucher of Women.

*Mil.*

No more, dear *George*; now you begin to pierce to the Quick.

*Heart.*

I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure Sign of no Mortification.

*Mil.*

Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a Woman, who hath no Fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hast rais'd a Devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her Quarrel. Oh! *Heartfort*, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much Barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many Wrongs, without seeing them till this Moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no Reparation?

*Heart.*

Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your Power.

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

### SCENE IV.

*Millamour, Heartfort, Useful.*

*Use.*

Oh! Mr. *Millamour*, Oh!

*Mil.*

What News?

*Use.*

Oh! I am dead.

*Heart.*

Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

*Use.*

Give me a Glass of Wine, for I am quite out of Breath.

*Mil.*

Help! *Heartfort*, help!

*Use.*

I am come Give me another Glass.

*Heart.*

You have no reason to complain of your Breath, for I think you drink two Glasses in the same.

*Use.*

Well then, now I am a little come to my self, I can tell you I have charming News for you: *Clarinda* continues still in the same dangerous way, and her Husband but mum what have I said? I forgot we were not alone.

*Heart.*

Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

*Use.*

Well then, her Husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

*Mil.*

He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more

*Use.*

What do you mean?

*Mil.*

Seriously as I say

## The Wedding Day

*Use.*

You will never see her more!

*Mil.*

Never.

*Use.*

You will see her no more!

*(Passionately. Mil.)*

No: I have consider'd it as the only Reparation I can possibly make her.

*Use.*

Indeed! If that be the only Reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty Fellow. But it is false: You are not such a sort of a Man. If I had not known you not to be such a sort of a Man, the Devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my Head about your Affairs.

*Mil.*

My Heart reproaches me with no Action of my Life, equal with my Behaviour to *Clarinda*, and I would do any thing to make her Amends.

*Use.*

Could not your Heart have reproach'd you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the Cheat you intend to put upon her?

*Mil.*

What Cheat?

*Use.*

The worst Cheat can be put upon her. What! Sir, do you think she hath no Expectations from you?

*Mil.*

If she hath, her Husband will answer them.

*Use.*

Her Husband! her Husband won't, nor can't answer them

*Mil.*

I am not inclin'd to jest

*Use.*

Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you say of a Man, who would sail to the *Indies*, and when he was just come in Sight of his Port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several Years into the Arms of your Mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse What! did you court her only to refuse in your Turn? to refuse her, when she is expecting, wishing, longing

*Mil.*

And do you really think her as you say?

## The Wedding Day

*Use.*

What could move her else to lay such a Plot as she hath done? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her Physician? But you would play the Physician with her, and make her Distemper real.

*Mil.*

If I thought that

*Use.*

What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a Woman equal with being refused?

*Mil.*

Refused! what, giving up her matchless Beauty to my longing Arms? 'Sdeath! he is not of Flesh and Blood who could refuse. Thou dearest Woman! and dost thou think she will consent? Dost thou think my Happiness so near?

*Use.*

I know it must be but

*Mil.*

But what?

*Use.*

You had better make her a Reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

*Mil.*

Reparation! ay, so I will All that Love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving Love can give her *Heartfort*, you must excuse me: Business, Sir, Business of very great Importance calls me away

*Heart.*

I can guess your Business by your Company.

*Mil.*

Come, my dear *Useful*, convey me, quick as my Desires, where only they can meet full Satisfaction. Let me enjoy *Clarinda*, and then

*Use.*

And then perhaps you may keep your Word, and never see her any more.

*(Exeunt Use. and Mill. Heart.)*

There goes an Instance of the great Power our Reason hath over our Passions. But hold, Why should I seek Instances abroad, who have so sufficient an Example in my own Breast Where had Reason the Dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little Tyrant, who hath made such Ravage there Of what Use is Reason then? Why, of the Use that a Window is to a Man in a Prison, to let him see the Horrors he is confined in; but lends him no Assistance to his Escape.

## SCENE V.

*SCENE, Stedfast's House.*

## The Wedding Day

*Clarinda, Charlotte.*

*Clar.*

Oh, *Charlotte!* let no Passion prevail on you to throw your self away on a Person you despise. Marriage knows no Release but Death. Had I the World, I would give it to recal mine.

*Char.*

You see, *Clarinda*, it is easier to give Advice than to take it.

*Clar.*

You are not in my Situation. Think, my *Charlotte*, think, but of the Danger I was in, against the Daily Solicitations of a Man, who had so great a Friend within my Breast. My little Fortune spent. A friendless, helpless Orphan. The very Man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared Poverty, refusing to make me the honourable Partner of his Bed! What could *Charlotte* then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable Lover?

*Char.*

Hum! Agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid, it should be my Case. I should not have taken the old Fellow, I am positive.

*Clar.*

Oh, my dear *Charlotte!* never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the Paths of Honour.

*Char.*

And yet, my dear *Clarinda*, you can feign yourself sick to see your Lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a Woman's Honour do, when she is sick to see her Gallant?

*Clar.*

Indeed, you wrong me. The Terror I have of your Father's Bed, put me on the seigning this Sickness, which will soon be real. For as to *Millamour*, I have determined never to see him more.

*Char.*

Nay, I will swear, I saw *Useful* take a Chair and go for him, as your Physician, by my Father's Order.

*Clar.*

You surprize me! O that wicked Woman, who hath been the Occasion of all my Misfortunes, and is determin'd to persecute me to the last Minute.

*Char.*

There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the Freedoms she takes.

*Clar.*

O *Charlotte!* in distress'd Circumstances, how easily can Impudence get the Ascendant over us? Besides, this Woman, of whom I now have your Opinion, can outwardly act a Saint, as well as inwardly a Devil. What Defence hath the Ignorance of twenty, against the experienced Arts of such a Woman? Believe me, I thank Heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

*Char.*

Well, honoured Madam, if your Daughter-in-Law may presume to advise, rest contented with the Honour you have already attain'd; for if you should be overthrown but in one Battle, there's an End of all your former

## The Wedding Day

Conquests. But hush, hush; to your Chair. My Father is coming up.

### SCENE VI.

*Stedfast, Clarinda, Charlotte.*

*Sted.*

Well, Madam, how do you now?

*Char.*

My Mother is extremely ill, Sir.

*Sted.*

I did not ask you How do you, Child?

*Clar.*

Oh!

*Sted.*

Oh! This is the most comfortable Wedding-Day sure, that ever Man had. Well the Doctor will be here presently.

*Char.*

Sir, the last Words my Mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the Doctor.

*Sted.*

Yes, Madam; but the last Words I speak are, that she shall see him.

*Clar.*

No, Doctor No, Doctor.

*(Enter Useful and Millamour.) Useful (introducing Millamour)*

Sir, here's the Doctor.

*Sted.*

I am glad you are come, Sir: My Wife, is extremely ill Go to her. Physicians should make a little more Haste.

*Mil.*

Give me your Hand, if you please, Madam.

*Sted.*

How do you do, Child?

*Clar.*

Oh!

*Sted.*

That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

*Use. (Aside.)*

## The Wedding Day

A true Physician faith! He feels for her Pulse in her Palm.

*Sted.*

How do you find her, Doctor?

*Mil.*

Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more Danger in the Case, than is imagined.

*Sted.*

Nay, the World shall not say she died for want of Assistance. I will go send for another.

*Mil.*

Oh, Sir! there's no Need of that I can trust to my own Skill.

*Sted.*

I'm resolved.

*Use.*

Come, Madam, We'll leave the Doctor to his Patient.

### SCENE VII.

*Clarinda, Millamour.*

*Mil.*

Oh, speak to me, *Clarinda* Whisper something tender to my Soul, or I shall die before thee.

*Clar.*

Thou hast undone me, *Millamour*.

*Mil.*

Then I have undone myself! Myself! What's that to having ruin'd thee! I would be Ages expiring to preserve thee. My Dear! my only Love! Too late I see the Follies of my Life. I see the fatal Consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless Passion.

*Clar.*

Oh! had thy Eyes but Yesterday been open'd; but now it is too late.

*Mil.*

Too late! I will put back the Hand of Time. O think it not too late. Oh, couldst thou but recover; thy Marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

*Clar.*

Alas, my Disease is but a poor Pretence, to see you once again to take this last Farewel.

*Mil.*

Thou Angel Softness! Thou Fountain of Eternal Sweets! To take a last Farewel! Then I will bid farewel to Life, *Clarinda*. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness Heaven, that could I but recal blest Yesterday again, I would not slight the Offers of thy virtuous Love, for the whole World of Beauty, or of Wealth! Oh Fool! to trifle with so vast a Blessing, 'till it was snatch'd from thee! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we

## The Wedding Day

can.

*Clar.*

No, *Millamour*, never with the Forfeit of my Honour. I will lose my Life: Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that Idol of my Soul, I will lose you.

### SCENE VIII.

*Millamour, Clarinda, Charlotte, Useful, Stedfast, Crisis.*

*Use.*

Hush, hush, to your Posts, to your Posts.

*Sted. (introducing Crisis)*

Doctor, that is your Patient, and Heaven direct your Judgment.

*Cris.*

Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that? I observed him feel her Pulse.

*Sted.*

That is a Brother Physician, Sir.

*Cris.*

Ay, What is his Name?

*Sted.*

Doctor, Dr. *Crisis* desires to know your Name.

*Mil.*

My Name! Name My Name is *Gruel*.

*Cris.*

*Gruel*, I don't him, nor do I remember his Name in the College. Some Quack, I suppose. Sir, here's your Fee I'm your humble Servant.

*Sted.*

Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

*Cris.*

Sir, I will consult with no Quacks, Sir, I have not studied Physick so long, to consult with a Quack! Wherefore have we a College of Physicians, if we are to call Quacks to our Assistance?

*Sted.*

For Heaven's Sake, Doctor, my Wife will die.

*Cris.*

Sir, I can't help it, if half the World were to die, unless that Man were out of the Room I will have nothing to do. And that I am resolv'd.

*Sted.*

## The Wedding Day

If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the Room. I would not send him out of the Room to save my Wife's Life; No, nor scarce to save my own Life. So see whose Resolution will be broke first, your's or mine. Resolved, Quotha.

*Cris.*

Here, *John*, my Coach to the Door Consult with a Quack!

*Sted.*

Doctor, pray return my Fee.

*Cris.*

Sir, your humble Servant.

*Mil.*

I hope, Sir, we shall not want his Advice. I apprehend the Distemper to be now, some Moments past the Crisis, and in half an Hour, I may possibly send you the happy News of your Wife's being out of Danger. But it is intirely necessary she should go to Bed, and then I will go and see her.

*(Enter Servant, who whispers Stedfast.) Sted.*

Doctor, you will excuse me a few Minutes A Lady wants me below Stairs.

*(Exit. Mil.)*

Come, Nurse; you must put your Patient to Bed, and then I'll visit her again.

*Clar.*

Never, never, *Millamour*. Never from this Hour will I behold that Face again. That fatal Cause of all my Misery.

*Mil.*

Barbarous *Clarinda*! Can I be knowingly the Cause of one Misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the World with one Sigh of thine.

*Clar.*

Thy Conversation is dangerous to my Honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of Contagions Farewell And think you have lost a Woman, who durst not from her Tenderness, ever see thee more.

*(Exit. Mil.)*

Oh Agony! Oh *Clarinda*!

*Use.*

Ha, ha, ha That ever a Man, who knows so much of the Sex as Mr. *Millamour*, should despair at the very Brink of Victory.

*Mil.*

Sdeath Did she not say, she'd never see me more.

*Use.*

Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times; and seen you as often! Did she not say, she durst not see you more? Women are all Cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you, she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and Love have a Conflict within her Breast, and if you stand by the little Gentleman, I'll hold a thousand Pounds he gets the better.

## The Wedding Day

*Mil.*

No more of this Foolery. Thou hast undone us both. And by Heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all Mankind, as thy Infamy deserves, till every wretched Maid shall curse thee, every honest Woman despise thee, and every Boy that meets thee, shall hoot thee through the World.

*Use.*

Is this my Reward?

*Mil.*

Reward! There is none in Law or Justice equal to thy Deserts. Thou art a more mischievous Animal than a Serpent; and the Man or Woman, who admits one of thy detestable Character into his House or Acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a Serpent into his Bosom. A public Mark of Infamy should be set on every such Wretch, that we might shun them as a Contagion. Never see me more; for if thou do'st, I shall forego the Dignity of my Sex to punish thee. O *Clarinda*! I will pursue thee still: For next to having thee mine, is leaving my Life at thy Feet.

*Use.*

Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such Encouragement will tempt me to grow honest, and quit my Employment.

### SCENE IX.

*Stedfast, Plotwel.*

*Sted.*

A very pretty reasonable Gentleman, truly. Would not one Woman content him? Must he have my Wife and Daughter too? Would he have my whole Family? Madam, I know not how to return this Obligation, which the great Concern you have shewed for my Honou, hath laid upon me.

*Plot.*

Can you not find then in this Face something which might give you a Reason for that Concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me, if you remember no Mark in these Features, which were once known to you?

*Sted.*

There's something in that Voice, that

*Plot.*

That once was Music in your Ears, if ever you spoke Truth to *Cleomela*.

*Sted.*

*Cleomela*!

*Plot.*

Are there then any Horrors in that Name. Age certainly hath left no Furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy Face. Still, if Remembrance of past Joys be sweet, the Name of *Cleomela* should be so.

*Sted.*

I am so surpris'd! I scarce have Reason left to recollect you.

*Plot.*

## The Wedding Day

Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any Injuries in your Ears, nor Breach of Promise.

*Sted.*

You know you cannot. It was your own Fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your Religion. You know my Resolutions were to have married you. And you know my Resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your Religion, and I my Resolution

*Plot.*

How easily Men find Excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

*Sted.*

No, Heaven hath taken care to put that out of my Power. As this Letter hath told you before.

*Plot.*

I assure you, Sir, the Contents of that Letter I am a Stranger to.

*Sted.*

Are you? then pray read it for I intend to make them no Secret.

*(Plotwel takes the Letter, reads, and shews much Surprise.)*

### SCENE X.

*Millamour, Stedfast, Mrs. Plotwel. Mil.*

Oh, Sir, the most unfortunate News.

*Sted.*

What's the Matter?

*Mil.*

Your poor Lady is relapsed into the most violent Fit of Madness. And I question much whether she will ever speak again.

*Sted.*

She hath no Need. She hath Hands to write her Mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other Tongue. She would invent as strange Methods to betray the Lewdness of her Mind, as *Lavinia* did to discover her Injury.

*Mil.*

Hey-day! Your Wife hath infected you with Madness

*Sted.*

Yes, my Wife has infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his Head*] Harkee, Sir, if there be any infectious thing about my Wife, she will communicate it to more than her Husband.

*Mil.*

What can be the Meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, Sir, Very sorry to hear this. This is no common Distemper.

## The Wedding Day

*Sted.*

No! I thought Cuckoldom the most general Distemper in the Kingdom.

### SCENE XI.

*Old Mutable, Stedfast, Millamour, Plotwel.*

*O. Mut.*

Odso, Mr. *Stedfast*, I am sorry to hear your Lady is ill.

*Sted.*

It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same Occasion

*O. Mut.*

No, it is not Yes, it is it is impossible Agad! 'tis he 'tis my dear Lord *Truelove*. I'm your most obedient, humble Servant.

*Sted.*

My Lord *Truelove*!

*O. Mut.*

Ay, Sir, this is the worthy Lord, Sir, to whose Sister I was to have married my Son, 'till, by good Luck, Sir, I found my Lord *Truelove* to be no Lord, but a certain wild, young Vagabond, who goes by the Name of *Millamour*.

*Sted.*

What's this I hear?

*Mil.*

Ay, 'tis so, the House is infected, and every Man is mad that comes into it.

*O. Mut.*

Mad! You young Dog, you have made a Fool of me, I thank you.

*Sted.*

I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor *Gruel* be a Cheat.

*Plot.*

Mr. *Millamour*!

*Mil.*

Nay, then 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less Impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. *Plotwel*.

*(Millamour and Plotwel talk apart, and then go out together.) O. Mut.*

Mr. *Stedfast*, if you please we'll make no longer Delay of the Wedding

*Sted.*

Sir, I hate the Name of Wedding

## The Wedding Day

*O. Mut.*

Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your Resolution.

*Sted.*

Sir, I shall break my Heart A Man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

*O. Mut.*

Come, come. I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my Repentance, to put it out of my Power to offend any more. What signifies Delays? Let us have the Wedding to Night.

*Sted.*

Whenever you please, Sir.

*O. Mut.*

If your Daughter be ready, my Son is.

*Sted.*

I have no Daughter, Sir.

*O. Mut.*

Ha, ha, ha. You're a merry Man.

*Sted.*

Look ye, Gentlemen, if one of you will take my Wife, the other shall have my Daughter.

*[to them Millamour.] Mil.*

Oh, Sir! the luckiest News: Your Lady is recovered, her Distemper left her in a Moment, as by a Miracle at the Sight of Mrs. *Plotwel* .

*Sted.*

My Distemper is not remov'd.

*Mill.*

Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you What are you sick of?

*Sted.*

What you are sick of too by this time my Wife.

*Mil.*

Is that all?

*Sted.*

This Insult, Sir, is worse than your first Injury; but the Law shall give me a Reparation for both.

*Mil.*

Here comes a better Friend to you than the Law If your Wife be all your Illness, she will do what the Law can seldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my Mistress; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own Daughter.

The Wedding Day

**SCENE XII.**

To them *Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort. Plot.*

Start not at that Word, but thank the watchful Care of Heaven, which hath sent me here this Day to prevent your Fall, even at the Brink of Ruin. And, with a Joy becoming so blest an Occasion, receive your Daughter to your Arms. *Clar.*

My Father, I am resolved to call you by that Name.

*Sted.*

Call me any thing but Husband.

*Plot.*

She is indeed your Daughter the Pledge of our Loves the Witness of your Treachery, and my Shame, whom that wicked Woman seduced from the Nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in Safety.

*Clar.*

Sir, I kneel for your Blessing, nor will I rise 'till you have given it me

*Sted.*

Take it, my Child, and be assured no Father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy Discovery I have found my Daughter, and I have lost my Wife.

*Plot.*

My Child, let me again embrace thee This is Happiness indeed!

*O. Mut.*

What, have you more Daughters than one, Mr. *Stedfast*?

*Sted.*

Even as you see, Sir.

*O. Mut.*

Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further Treaty may cease between us.

*Sted.*

Sir, I would not marry a Daughter of mine into your Family, was your Estate ten times as large as it is So now you have my Resolution. I should expect, by such a Match, to become Grand-father to a Weather-cock.

*O. Mut.*

Very well, Sir, very well there's no Harm done my Son is in *statu quo*, and as fine a Gentleman as ever he was.

*Heart.*

Your Honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me Leave once more to mention my Ambition, especially if another Child is to share my *Charlotte's* Fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your Eye.

*Sted.*

Here! Take her take her

*Char.*

## The Wedding Day

I told you, Sir, I would obey my Father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my Husband.

*Heart.*

When I expect more Obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by Rebellion.

*Char.*

Well, I own I have not deserved so much Constancy but, I assure you, if I can get Gratitude enough I will pay you; for I hate to be in Debt.

*Mil.*

You was pleased, Sir, this Day to promise me, that, on the Recovery of your Lady's Senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

*Sted.*

Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her Inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm rid of them both. Stay, here is another Woman still. Will no body have her, and clear my House of them; for it is impossible for a Man to keep his Resolutions, while he hath one Woman in it.

*Mil.*

My *Clarinda*, Oh! transporting Extasy!

*Clar.*

My *Millamour*! my ever loved!

*Mil.*

*Heartfort*, your Hand. I am now the happiest of Mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a Jewel of inestimable Value. O *Clarinda*! my former Follies may, through an Excess of good Fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future Happiness. While I, from the Reflection on the Danger of losing you, to which the Wildness of my Desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the Bliss with doubled Sweetness. And you from thence may derive a tender and a constant Husband.

From my Example let all Rakes be taught,  
To shun loose Pleasure's sweet, but pois'nous Draught.  
Vice, like a ready Harlot, still allures;  
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives, secures.

*END of the Fifth ACT.*

EPILOGUE. [By unknown]

Written by a Friend, and Spoken by Mrs. *WOFFINGTON* .

*The Trial* ended, and the Sentence o'er,  
The Criminal stands mute, and pleads no more.  
Sunk in Despair, no distant Hope he views,  
Unless some friendly Tongue for Mercy sues.  
So too our Bard (whatever be his Fate)  
Hath sent me here Compassion to create:  
If damn'd, to blunt the Edge of Critics Laws;  
If sav'd, to beg Continuance of Applause.  
All this the frighted Author bid me say.  
But now for my own Comments on his Play.  
This *Millamour*, for ought I could discover,  
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing Lover:

SCENE XII.

## The Wedding Day

Upon the Bull I, like Europa, ventur'd,  
Enter'd his Closet where he never enter'd;  
But left me, after all my Kindness shewn,  
In a most barbarous Manner, quite alone:  
Whilst I, with Patience to our Sex not common,  
Heard him prescribing to another Woman:  
But, tho' quite languishing and vastly ill  
She was, I could not find she took one Pill.  
Tho' her Disease was high, tho' fierce th' Attack,  
You saw he was an unperforming Quack:  
But soon as Marriage alter'd his Condition,  
He cur'd her as a regular Physician.  
My Father Stedfast took it in his Head  
To keep all Resolutions which he made:  
As the great Point of Life, this seem'd to strike him:  
His Daughter Charlotte's very much unlike him.  
The only Joys (and let me freely speak them)  
I know in Resolutions, is to break 'em.  
I think without, much Flatt'ry I may say,  
There's strict Poetic Justice through this Play.  
You heard the Fool despis'd; the Bawd's just Sentence;  
Heartfort's Reward, and Millamour's Repentance:  
And such Repentance must Forgiveness carry;  
Sure there's Contrition with it when we marry.  
FINIS.