

The City Heiress

Aphra Behn

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The City Heiress

Aphra Behn

The City Heiress
or, Sir Timothy Treat-all

To the Right Honourable
Henry Earl of Arundel, and Lord Mowbray.

MY LORD,

'Tis long that I have with great impatience waited some opportunity to declare my infinite Respect to your Lordship, coming, I may say, into the World with a Veneration for your Illustrious Family, and being brought up with continual Praises of the Renowned Actions of your glorious Ancestors, both in War and Peace, so famous over the Christian World for their Vertue, Piety, and Learning, their elevated Birth, and greatness of Courage, and of whom all our English History are full of the Wonders of the Lives: A Family of so Ancient Nobility, and from whom so many Heroes have proceeded to bless and serve their King and Country, that all Ages and all Nations mention 'em even with Adoration: My self have been in this our Age an Eye and Ear-witness, with what Transports of Joy, with what unusual Respect and Ceremony, above what we pay to Mankind, the very Name of the Great **Howards** of **Norfolk** and **Arundel**, have been celebrated on Foreign Shores! And when any one of your Illustrious Family have pass'd the Streets, the People throng'd to praise and bless him as soon as his Name has been made known to the glad Croud. This I have seen with a Joy that became a true English heart, (who truly venerate its brave Country-men) and joyn'd my dutiful Respects and Praises with the most devout; but never had the happiness yet of any opportunity to express particularly that Admiration I have and ever had for your Lordship and your Great Family. Still, I say, I did admire you, still I wish'd and pray'd for you; 'twas all I cou'd or durst: But, as my Esteem for your Lordship daily increased with my Judgment, so nothing cou'd bring it to a more absolute height and perfection, than to observe in these troublesome times, this Age of Lying, Peaching, and Swearing with what noble Prudence, what steadiness of Mind, what Loyalty and Conduct you have evaded the Snare, that 'twas to be fear'd was laid for all the Good, the Brave, and Loyal, for all that truly lov'd our best of Kings and this distracted Country. A thousand times I have wept for fear that Impudence and Malice wou'd extend so far as to stain your Noble and ever-Loyal Family with its unavoidable Imputations; and as often for joy, to see how undauntedly both the Illustrions Duke your Father, and your Self, stem'd the raging Torrent that threatned, with yours, the ruin of the King and Kingdom; all which had not power to shake your Constancy or Loyalty: for which, may Heaven and Earth reward and bless you; the noble Examples to thousands of failing hearts, who from so great a President of Loyalty, became confirm'd. May Heaven and Earth bless you for your pious and resolute bravery of Mind, and Heroick honesty, when you cry'd, **Not Guilty**; that you durst, like your great self, speak Conscientious Truths in a Juncto so vitious, when Truth and Innocence was criminal: and I doubt not but the Soul of that great Sufferer bows down from Heaven in gratitude for that noble service done it. All these and a thousand marks you give of daily growing Greatness; every day produces to those like me, curious to learn the story of your Life and Actions, something that even adds a Lustre to your great Name, which one wou'd think cou'd be made no more splendid: some new Goodness, some new act of Loyalty or Courage, comes out to cheer the World and those that admire you. Nor wou'd I be the last of those that dayly congratulate and celebrate your rising Glory; nor durst I any other way approach you with it, but this humble one, which carries some Excuse along with it.

Proud of the opportunity then, I most humbly beg your Lordships' patronage of a Comedy, which has nothing to defend it, but the Honour it begs, and nothing to deserve that Honour, but its being in every part true Tory! Loyal all-over! except one Knave, which I hope no body will take to himself; or if he do, I must e'en say with **Hamlet**,
--Then let the stricken Deer go weep--

The City Heiress

It has the luck to be well received in the Town; which (not for my Vanity) pleases me, but that thereby I find Honesty begins to come in fashion again, when Loyalty is approv'd, and Whigism becomes a Jest where'er 'tis met with. And, no doubt on't, so long as the Royal Cause has such Patrons as your Lordship, such vigorous and noble Supporters, his Majesty will be great, secure and quiet, the Nation flourishing and happy, and seditious Fools and Knaves that have so long disturb'd the Peace and Tranquility of the World, will become the business and sport of Comedy, and at last the scorn of that Rabble that fondly and blindly worshipt 'em; and whom nothing can so well convince as plain Demonstration, which is ever more powerful and prevalent than Precept, or even Preaching it self. If this have edifi'd effectual, 'tis all I wish; and that your Lordship will be pleas'd to accept the humble Offering, is all I beg, and the greatest Glory I care shou'd be done, MY LORD,
Your Lordship's most Humble
and most Obedient Servant,
A. BEHN.

**THE CITY HEIRESS;
or, Sir Timothy Treat-all.
PROLOGUE,
Written by Mr. Otway, Spoken by Mrs. Barry.**

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In striving to reclaim a vitious Age!
Poets may write the Mischief to impeach,)
You care as little what the Poets teach,)
As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.)
But where such Follies, and such Vices reign,
What honest Pen has Patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly snore;
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar:
Ye go to Church to glout, and ogle there,
And come to meet more leud convenient here.
With equal Zeal ye honour either Place,)
And run so very evenly your Race,)
Y' improve in Wit just as you do in Grace.)
It must be so, some Doe6mon has possest
Our Land, and we have never since been blest.
Y' have seen it all, or heard of its Renown,)
In Reverend Shape it stalk'd about the Town,)
Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.)
Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,)
'Twou'd play the Apostolick Function o'er:)
But, Heaven have mercy on us when it swore.)
Whene'er it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its much at random Halters flew
Round some unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,
Though still the cunning Devil sav'd its own:
For when the Inchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug most dextrously uncas'd,
Left awful Form for one more seeming pious,)
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;)
From silken Doctor home—spun **Ananias**:)
Left the leud Court, and did in City fix,)

THE CITY HEIRESS; or, Sir Timothy Treat-all. PROLOGUE, Written by Mr. Otway, Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

The City Heiress

Where still, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,)
And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.)
This Doe6mon lately drew in many a Guest,
To part with zealous Guinea for -- no Feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their Livings,
Wou'd lay sweet Money out in Sham--Thanksgivings?
Sham--Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a Sham--Treat before?
Had you not better sent your Offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Section "men"

Section men

MEN.

Sir **Timothy Treat--all**, an old seditious Knight,) that keeps open House for Commonwealths--) Mr. **Nokes**. men and true blue Protestants, Uncle to **T.**) **Wilding**,) Tom **Wilding**, a Tory, his discarded Nephew, Mr. **Betterton**. Sir **Anthony Meriwill**, an old Tory Knight of) **Devonshire**,) Mr. **Lee**. Sir **Charles Meriwill**, his Nephew, a Tory also,) in love with L. **Galliard**, and Friend to) Mr. **Williams**. **Wilding**,) **Dresswell**, a young Gentleman, Friend to) **Wilding**,) Mr. **Bowman**. **Foppington**, a Hanger--on on **Wilding**, Mr. **Jevon**. **Jervice**, Man to Sir **Timothy**. **Laboir**, Man to Tom **Wilding**. Boy, Page to Lady **Galliard**. Boy, Page to **Diana**. Guests, Footmen, Musick, &c.

Section "women"

Section women

WOMEN.

Lady **Galliard**, a rich City--Widow, in love with) **Wilding**,) Mrs. **Barry**. **Charlot**, The City--Heiress, in love with **Wilding**, Mrs. **Butler**. **Diana**, Mistress to **Wilding**, and kept by him, Mrs. **Corror**. Mrs. **Clacket**, a City Baud and Puritan, Mrs. **Norice**. Mrs. **Closet**, Woman to Lady **Galliard**, Mrs. **Lee**. Mrs. **Sensure**, Sir **Timothy's** Housekeeper. **Betty**, Maid to **Diana**. Maid at **Charlot's** lodging.

SCENE, **Within the Walls of London.**

Act 1

Scene 1

The Street.

Enter Sir Timothy Treat—all, follow'd by Tom Wilding bare, Sir Charles Meriwill, Foppington, and Footman with a Cloke.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Trouble me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye see, and so forth.

Tom Wilding

I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

No.

Tom Wilding

Dear Uncle —

Sir Timothy Treat—all

No.

Tom Wilding

You will be mortify'd —

Sir Timothy Treat—all

No.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of many a fair Thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables Clutches about Town, Sir; have brought you out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and pocky Doctors Hands, that ever pretended to cure incurable Diseases; and have crost ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and Sempstresses; with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir Charles Meriwill

But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and Blood.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

That's more than I'll swear.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Your only Heir.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

That's more than you or any of his wise Associates can tell, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why his wise Associates? Have you any Exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young **Dresswell**, Sir, Men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Why, good Sir **Charles Meriwill**, let me tell you, since you'll have it out, That you and young **Dresswell** are able to debauch, destroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

How, Sir!

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have six thousand Pound a Year, and value no Man: Neither do I speak so much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, such Tarmagant Tories as these, **To Fop**, who are the very Vermin of a young Heir, and for one tickling give him a thousand bites.

Foppington

Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never stare, Sir; I fear you not; No Man's hectoring signifies this -- in the City, but the Constables: no body dares be saucy here, except it be in the King's name.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Sir, I confess he was to blame.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Sir **Charles**, thanks to Heaven, you may be leud, you have a plentiful Estate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil: your Uncle, Sir **Anthony Meriwill**, intends to give you all his Estate too. But for such Sparks as this, and my Fop in Fashion here, why, with what Face, Conscience, or Religion, can they be leud and vicious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and so forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir Charles Meriwill

If he hath youthful Vices, he has Virtues too.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Scene 1

The City Heiress

Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongst ye. **weeping.**

Before he fell to Toryism, he was a sober, civil Youth, and had some Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry **Amen** to 'em; 'twou'd have done one's Heart good to have heard him — wore decent Clothes, was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays; and then I had Hopes of him. **Still weeping.**

Tom Wilding

Ay, Heaven forgive me.

Sir Charles Meriwill

But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is casting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or six times a week, swears not above once in a quarter of an Hour, nor has not gam'd this two Days —

Sir Timothy Treat—all

'Twas because the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir Charles Meriwill

— Begins to take up at Coffee-houses, talks gravely in the City, speaks scandalously of the Government, and rails most abominably against the Pope and the **French** King.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Ay, ay, this shall not wheedle me out of one **English** Guinea; and so I told him yesterday.

Tom Wilding

You did so, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Yes; by a good Token you were witty upon me, and swore I lov'd and honoured the King no where but on his Coin.

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Is it possible, Sir.

Tom Wilding

God forgive me, Sir; I confess I was a little overtaken.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, so it shou'd seem: for he mistook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maid's.

Sir Charles Meriwill

How! to bed to your Maid's! Sure, Sir, 'tis scandal on him.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh, that crying Sin of Boasting! Well fare, I say, the Days of old **Oliver**; he by a wholesom Act made it death to boast; so that then a Man might whore his Heart out, and no body the wiser.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Right, Sir, and then the Men pass'd for sober religious Persons, and the Women for as demure Saints —

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, then there was no scandal; but now they do not only boast what they do, but what they do not.

Tom Wilding

I'll take care that fault shall be mended, Sir.

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, so will I, if Poverty has any Feats of Mortification; and so farewell to you, Sir. **Going.**

Tom Wilding

Stay, Sir, are you resolv'd to be so cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Most religiously --

Tom Wilding

You are?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I am.

Tom Wilding

Death, I'll rob.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Do and be hang'd.

Tom Wilding

Nay, I'll turn Papist.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Do and be damn'd.

Scene 1

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Bless me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the **Treat-alls!**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd **Turk** or **Jew**, for his own sake; but as for scandalizing me, I defy it: My Integrity has been known ever since Forty one; I bought three Thousand a year in Bishops Lands, as 'tis well known, and lost it at the King's return; for which I'm honour'd by the City. But for his farther Satisfaction, Consolation, and Destruction, know, That I Sir **Timothy Treat-all**, Knight and Alderman, do think my self young enough to marry, d'ye see, and will wipe your Nose with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and so forth. **Going away.**

Tom Wilding

Death! marry!

Sir Charles Meriwill

Patience, dear **Tom**, or thou't spoil all.

Tom Wilding

Damn him, I've lost all Patience, and can dissemble no longer, though I lose all — Very good, Sir; harkye, I hope she's young and handsome; or if she be not, amongst the numerous lusty-stomacht Whigs that daily nose your publick Dinners, some may be found, that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open House to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generosity or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts, Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-headed Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the King's Liege-people into Commonwealthsmen; and rather than lose a Convert, you'll pimp for him. These are your nightly Debauches — Nay, rather than you shall want it, I'll cuckold you my self in pure Revenge.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Oh, he cannot be so profane.

Tom Wilding

Profane! why he deny'd but now the having any share in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my Wits, you say, and your old rich good-natur'd Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thousand Pound a Year. Your tolerable Face and Shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your **Six per Cent.** at any time.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well, Sir, since Nature has funisht you so well, you need but up and ride, show and be rich; and so your Servant, witty Mr. **Wilding.** **Goes out. He looks after him.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Whilst I am labouring another's good, I quite neglect my own. This cursed, proud, disdainful Lady **Galliard**, is ever in my Head; she's now at Church, I'm sure, not for Devotion, but to shew her Charms, and throw her Darts amongst the gazing Croud; and grows more vain by Conquest. I'm near the Church, and must step in, though it cost me a new Wound. Wild. **stands pausing.**

Tom Wilding

I am resolv'd — Well, dear **Charles**, let's sup together to night, and contrive some way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I must leave thee now, for I have an Assignation here at Church.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hah! at Church!

Tom Wilding

Ay, **Charles**, with the dearest She-Saint, and I hope Sinner.

Sir Charles Meriwill

The City Heiress

What, at Church? Pox, I shall be discover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love–Intrigues.

Tom Wilding

Oh, I am to pass for a sober, discreet Person to the Relations; but for my Mistress, she's made of no such sanctify'd Materials; she is a Widow, **Charles**, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hah! if this shou'd prove my Widow, now. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

And though at her own dispose, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her against the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing so much as her Daughter's marrying a villanous Tory. So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistress in.

Sir Charles Meriwill

This must be my Lady **Galliard**. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

There is at present some ill understanding between us; some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold Disdain, but now and then she crosses my Heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot Fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

Sir Charles Meriwill

By Heaven, it must be she -- I am studying now, amongst all our She–Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

Tom Wilding

Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the dearest loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, smooth as Rushes, and plump as Grapes after a Shower, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Disdain, and yet bewitching sweet; but when

The City Heiress

she loves soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour, Oh, damn the Nonsense! wou'd be all my own.

Sir Charles Meriwill

'Tis she, by Heaven! **Aside.**

Methinks this Widow shou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

Tom Wilding

Ah, **Charles**, but I am otherways dispos'd of. There is the most charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this Person of mine, a rich City–Heiress, **Charles**, and I have her in possession.

Sir Charles Meriwill

How can you love two at once? I've been as wild and as extravagant, as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arrived to that degree of Leudness, to deal my Heart about: my Hours I might, but Love shou'd be intire.

Tom Wilding

Ah, **Charles**, two such bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye: -- But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till Night. **Exit.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

And I must follow, to resolve my Heart in what it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloke. **Takes his Cloke from his Man, and puts it on.**

Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth! **Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, follow'd by Sir Timothy Treat–all.**

Hah, my Uncle! He must not see me here. **Throws his Cloke over his Face.**

Sir Timothy Treat–all

What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir **Anthony Meriwill!**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Sir Timothy Treat—all!

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Why, how long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

About three days, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Three days, and never came to dine with me! 'tis unpardonable! What, you keep close to the Church, I see: You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you; the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

They are discoursing; I'll pass by. **Aside.**
Ex. Sir Charles.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Ay, needs must when the Devil drives. I go to save my Bacon, as they say, once a Month, and that too after the Porridge is serv'd up.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Those that made it, Sir, are wiser than we. For my part, I love good wholesom Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to the King and Superiors, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this Morning made a notable Sermon. By **George**, our Country–Vicars are mere Scholars to your Gentlemen Town–Parsons! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't! 'twould make a Man sin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly number.

Sir Timothy Treat–all

Good lack! an he were so good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir **Charles Meriwill**, to Church; he wants a little documentizing that way.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hum! you keep your old wont still; a Man can begin no Discourse to you, be it of **Prester John**, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir Timothy Treat–all

Good Lord! Sir **Anthony**, you need not be so purty; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City! The City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfy'd City, and no wise or honest Man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own; and you're a Fool, or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir Timothy Treat–all

Good lack! I speak but what wiser Men discourse.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Wiser Men! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth, to keep a Merchant's Book, or send him to chop Logick in an University, and have him returned an arrant learned Ass, to simper, and look demure, and start at Oaths and Wenches, whilst I fell his Woods, and grant Leases: And lastly, to make good what I have cozen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. **Crump**, the ill–favour'd Daughter of some Right Worshipful. — A Pox of all of such Guardians!

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

What Sin, what Expences? He wears good Clothes, why, Trades-men get the more by him; he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his Ease; a Mistress, 'tis for his Pleasure; he games, 'tis for his Diversion: And where's the harm of this? is there ought else you can accuse him with?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Yes, -- a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too. **Aside.**
Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked!

Sir Timothy Treat-all

But I mean honourably --

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Honourably! why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he shou'd not marry? **Angrily.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Not I, Sir.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Not you, Sir? why then you're an Ass, Sir -- But is this Lady young and handsom?

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, and rich too, Sir.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

No matter for Money, so she love the Boy.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Love him! No, Sir, she neither does, nor shall love him.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

How, Sir, nor shall love him! By **George**, but she shall, and lie with him too, if I please, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, Sir! lie with a rich City-Widow, and a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gentleman within a day or two?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

His Name, Sir, his Name; I'll dispatch him presently. **Offers to draw.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, Sir, dispatch him! — Your Servant, Sir. **Offers to go.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. **Draws.**

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat—all

How, draw, Sir!

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Ay, draw, Sir; not my Nephew have the Widow!

Sir Timothy Treat—all

With all my Soul, Sir; I love and honour your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not so fond of Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me see you and Sir **Charles** at my House, I may serve him in this business; and so I take my leave, Sir — Draw quoth—a! Pox upon him for an old Tory—rory. **Aside.**

Exit.

Enter as from Church, L. Galliard, Closet, and Footman: Wilding passes carelessly by her, Sir Charles Meriwill following, wrapt up in his Cloke.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Who's here? **Charles** muffled in a Cloke peering after a Woman? My own Boy to a Hair! She's handsom too. I'll step aside; for I must see the meaning on't. **Goes aside.**

Lady Galliard

Bless me! how unconcern'd he pass'd!

Mrs. Closet

He bow'd low, Madam.

Lady Galliard

But 'twas in such a fashion, as exprest Indifferency, much worse than Hate from **Wilding.**

Mrs. Closet

Your Ladyship has us'd him ill of late; yet i your Ladyship please, I'll call him back.

The City Heiress

Lady Galliard

I'll die first --- Hah, he's going! Yet now I think on't I have a Toy of his, which to express my scorn, I'll give him back now --- this Ring.

Mrs. Closet

Shall I carry it, Madam?

Lady Galliard

You'll not express Disdain enough in the Delivery; and you may call him back. Clos. **goes to** Wild.

Sir Charles Meriwill

By Heaven, she's fond of him. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

Oh, Mrs. **Closet!** is it you? --- Madam, your Servant: By this Disdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has mistaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyship speak with me?

Lady Galliard

Yes. --- But what? the God of Love instruct me. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

Command me quickly, Madam; for I have business.

Lady Galliard

Nay, then I cannot be discreet in Love. **Aside.**

The City Heiress

— Your business once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any other thought;
You lov'd, as if you had no other Faculties,
As if you'd meant to gain eternal Bliss,
By that Devotion only: And see how now you're chang'd.

Tom Wilding

Not I, by Heaven; 'tis you are only chang'd.
I thought you'd lov'd me too, curse on the dull mistake!
But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off from Honour,
That Nothing, fram'd by some old sullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle Flames when young.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

By **George**, he's i'th' right. **Aside.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Death! can she hear this Language? **Aside.**

Lady Galliard

How dare you name this to me any more?
Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth,
My Quality, and Fame?

Tom Wilding

No, by Heaven, all these increase my Flame.

Lady Galliard

Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldness to approach me with it.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

Lady Galliard

From mine! Heavens, what Contempt is this?

Tom Wilding

When first I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiser you, thanks to your Mother's care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,
Forbad me wish that way; 'twas kindly urg'd;
You cou'd not then forbid my Passion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes
Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Gad, a fine Fellow this!

Lady Galliard

To save my Life, I wou'd not marry thee.

Tom Wilding

That's kindly said.
But to save mine, thou't do a kinder thing;
— I know thou wo't.

Lady Galliard

What, yield my Honour up!
And after find it sacrific'd anew,
And made the scorn of a triumphing Wife!

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Gad, she's i'th' right too! a noble Girl I'll warrant her.

The City Heiress

Lady Galliard

But you disdain to satisfy these fears;
And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,
Demand the Town, without the least Conditions.

Sir Charles Meriwill

By Heaven, she yields apace. **Aside.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Pox on't, wou'd I had ne'er seen her; now I have Legions of small **Cupids** at Hot-cockles in my Heart.

Tom Wilding

Now I am pausing on that word Conditions.
Thou say'st thou wou't not have me marry thee;
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes
And put 'em out to hate thee;
Or like our Stage-smitten Youth, who fall in Love with a
Woman for acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage,
deprive her of the only Charm she had,
Then leave her to ill Luck.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Gad

, he's i'th' right again too! a rare Fellow!

Tom Wilding

For, Widow, know, hadst thou more Beauty,
yet not all of 'em were half so great a Charm as they not
being mine.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hum! how will he make that out now?

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

The stealths of Love, the midnight kind Admittance,
The gloomy Bed, the soft breath'd murmuring Passion;
Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatch'd by parcels?
The difficulty makes us always wishing,
Whilst on thy part, Fear makes still some resistance;
And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

H'as don't! — A Divine Fellow that; just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother. **L. Gal. walks away. Wild. follows.**

Lady Galliard

Tempt me no more! what dull unwary Flame
Possess me all this while! Confusion on thee, **In Rage.**

And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diseases ruin that bewitching Form,
That with the soft feign'd Vows debauch't my Heart.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Heavens! can I yet endure! **Aside.**

Lady Galliard

By all that's good, I'll marry instantly;
Marry, and save my last Stake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

Tom Wilding

Marry! thou canst not do a better thing;
There are a thousand Matrimonial Fops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

Lady Galliard

The City Heiress

That will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

Tom Wilding

Right.

Lady Galliard

I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

Tom Wilding

A Friend of mine! then he must be my Cuckold.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Very fine! can I endure yet more? **Aside.**

Lady Galliard

Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Tom Wilding

Hah, my Uncle! **Sir Charles makes up to 'em.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hah, my **Charles!** why, well said, **Charles,** he bore up briskly to her.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you —

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Ah, Pox, that was stark naught! he begins like a Fore–man o'th' Shop, to his Master's Daughter.

Tom Wilding

How, **Charles Meriwill** acquainted with my Widow!

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why do you wear that scorn upon your Face?
I've nought but honest meaning in my Passion,
Whilst him you favour so profanes your Beauties,
In scorn of Marriage and Religious Rites,
Attempts the ruin of your sacred Honour.

Lady Galliard

Hah, **Wilding** boast my Love! **Aside.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The Devil take him, my Nephew's quite spoil'd! Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

Lady Galliard

Pray leave me, Sir. --

Tom Wilding

Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame.
You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more.
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,

The City Heiress

T' approach that Lady with your saucy Passion.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Gad, well done, **Charles!** here must be sport anon.

Tom Wilding

I will not answer every idle Question.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Death, you dare not.

Tom Wilding

How, dare not!

Sir Charles Meriwill

No, dare not; for if you did --

Tom Wilding

What durst you, if I did?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Death, cut your Throat, Sir. **Taking hold on him roughly.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curse him that parts ye. **Taking 'em asunder, they draw.**

Lady Galliard

Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir Charles Meriwill

There rest my Sword to all Eternity. **Lays his Sword at her Feet.**

Lady Galliard

Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Virtue,
To see my Face no more,
Who durst dispute your Interest in me thus,
As for a common Mistress, in your Drink. **She goes out, and all but Wild. Sir Anth. and Sir Char. who stands sadly looking after her.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A Heavenly Girl! — Well, now she's gone, by **George**, I am for disputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I wo'not fight.

Tom Wilding

Another time will decide it, Sir. Wild. **goes out.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce? — Come, **Charles**, take up thy sword, **Charles**; and d'ye hear forget me this Woman. —

Sir Charles Meriwill

Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

Sir Anthony Meriwill

You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there's a thousand
As fair, as young, and kinder by this day.
We'll into th' Country, **Charles**, where every Grove
Affords us rustick Beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, **Charles**;
Fine wholesom Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the gathering, **Charles**.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarse Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my present Passion?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Passion, Sir! you shall have no Passion, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

No Passion, Sir! shall I have Life and Breath?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and pleasure.
— Why how now! saucy Boys be their own Carvers?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Sir, I am all Obedience. **Bowing and sighing.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Obedience! Was ever such a Blockhead! why then, if I command it, you will not love this Woman?

Sir Charles Meriwill

No, Sir.

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

No, Sir! But I say, Yes, Sir, love her me; and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I've try'd all ways to win upon her Heart, Presented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Why, there's it now; I thought so: kneel'd and wept! a Pox upon thee — I took thee for a prettier Fellow —

You shou'd have huft and bluster'd at her door,
Been very impudent and saucy, Sir,
Leud, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and seasons;
Let her not rest, nor eat, nor sleep, nor visit.
Believe me, **Charles**, Women love Importunity.
Watch her close, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till she confess the Devil in her, — Love.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I cannot, Sir,
Her Eyes strike such an awe into my Soul —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Strike such a Fiddle–stick. — Sirrah, I say, do't; what, you can towse a Wench as handsomely — You can be leud enough upon occasion. I know not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I'm resolv'd thou shalt have her, with practising a little Courtship of my Mode. — Come —

Come, my Boy **Charles**, since thou must needs be doing,
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow–wooing.

Act 2

Scene 1

A Room.

Enter Charlot, Foppington, **and** Clacket.

The City Heiress

Charlot

Enough, I've heard enough of **Wilding's** Vices, to know I am undone. **Weeps.**

— **Galliard** his Mistress too? I never saw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune: That Rival may be dangerous.

Foppington

Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady **Galliard**, even in the height of his Love to you; nay, even whilst his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he designs himself for a Gallant.

Charlot

Wondrous Inconstancy and Impudence!

Mrs. Clacket

Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr. **Foppington's** Information; therefore if you respect your Reputation, retreat in time.

Charlot

Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away with your Friend, Mr. **Wilding.**

Mrs. Clacket

Ah, that ever I shou'd live to see **Weeps**

the sole Daughter and Heir of Sir **Nicholas Gett-all**, ran away with one of the leudest Heathens about Town!

Charlot

How, your Friend, Mr. **Wilding**, a Heathen; and with you too, Mrs. **Clacket!** that Friend, Mr. **Wilding**, who thought none so worthy as Mrs. **Clacket**, to trust with so great a Secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. Clacket

The City Heiress

Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you must marry a Man to buy him Breeches, marry an honest Man, a Religious Man, a Man that bears a Conscience, and will do a Woman some Reason — Why, here's Mr. **Foppington**, Madam; here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as strait as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charlot

How! buy him Breeches! Has **Wilding** then no Fortune?

Foppington

Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; so, so, as the Dice run; and now and then he lights upon a Squire, or so, and between fair and foul Play, he makes a shift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charlot

How! does his Uncle allow him no present Maintenance?

Foppington

No, nor future Hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will see the Difference between him and a Man of Parts, that adores you. **Smiling and bowing.**

Charlot

If I find all this true you tell me, I shall know how to value my self and those that love me. — This may be yet a Rascal. **Enter Maid.**

Maid

Mistress, Mr. **Wilding's** below. **Exit.**

Foppington

Below! Oh, Heaven, Madam, do not expose me to his Fury, for being too zealous in your Service. **In great Disorder.**

The City Heiress

Charlot

I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Foppington

Death! to be seen here, would expose my Life. **To** Clacket.

Mrs. Clacket

Here, here, step out upon the Stair-case, and slip into my Chamber. **Going out, returns in fright.**

Foppington

Owens, he's here; lock the Door fast; let him not enter.

Mrs. Clacket

Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key! hold it, hold it fast, sweet, sweet Mr. **Foppington**. Oh, should there be Murder done, what a Scandal wou'd that be to the House of a true Protestant! **Knocks.**

Charlot

Heavens! what will he say or think, to see me shut in with a Man?

Mrs. Clacket

Oh, I'll say you're sick, asleep, or out of Humour.

Charlot

I'd give the World to see him. **Knocks.**

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

Without.

Charlot, Charlot! am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the Door. **Knocks again;** Fop. **still holding it.**

Foppington

Oh, I'm a dead Man, dear **Clacket!** **Knocking still.**

Mrs. Clacket

Oh, hold, Sir, Mrs. **Charlot** is very sick.

Tom Wilding

How, sick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. Clacket

She begs you'll come again an Hour hence.

Tom Wilding

Delay'd! by Heaven, I will have entrance.

Foppington

Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may starve me.

Mrs. Clacket

Oh, he will not break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; Mrs. **Charlot** is just — just — shifting her self, Sir; you will not be so uncivil as to press in, I hope, at such a Time.

Charlot

The City Heiress

I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am stripping my self before Mr. **Foppington** — Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all. Wild. **breaks open the Door and rushes in:** Fop. **stands close up at the entrance till he is past him, then venturing to slip out, finds Wild. has made fast the Door: so he is forc'd to return again and stand close up behind Wild. with signs of Fear.**

Tom Wilding

How now, **Charlot**, what means this new Unkindness? what, not a Word?

Charlot

There is so little Musick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it: you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Tom Wilding

Yes, faith, and so I have, **Charlot**: damn'd Business, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charlot

Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

Tom Wilding

Wenching! how ill hast thou tim'd thy Jealousy! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty Sum, wou'd venture out his Stock to day in little Parcels, and lose his Credit by it?

Charlot

You wou'd, perfidious as you are, though all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit. **Angry.**

Tom Wilding

So, hark ye, Mrs. **Clacket**, you have been prating I find in my Absence, giving me a handsom Character to **Charlot** — You hate any good thing shou'd go by your own Nose. **Aside to Clacket.**

The City Heiress

Mrs. Clacket

By my Nose, Mr. **Wilding**! I defy you: I'd have you to know, I scorn any good thing shou'd go by my Nose in an uncivil way.

Tom Wilding

I believe so.

Mrs. Clacket

Have I been the Confident to all your Secrets this three years, in Sickness and in Health, for richer, for poorer; conceal'd the Nature of your wicked Diseases, under the honest Name of Surfeits; call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor, to keep up your Reputation; civilly receiv'd your t'other end of the Town young Relations at all Hours --

Tom Wilding

High!

Mrs. Clacket

Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by Night and by Day; let you in at all Hours, drunk and sober, single and double; and civilly withdrawn, and modestly shut the Door after me?

Tom Wilding

What! The Storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. Clacket

And I am thus rewarded for my Pains! **Weeps.**

Tom Wilding

So Tempests are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

The City Heiress

Mrs. Clacket

That I shou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, so honest, so civil a Gentleman --

Charlot

No, I have better Witness of your Falshood.

Foppington

Hah, 'Sdeath, she'll name me!

Tom Wilding

What mean you, my **Charlot**? Do you not think I love you?

Charlot

Go ask my Lady **Galliard**, she keeps the best Account of all your Sighs and Vows, And robs me of my dearest softer Hours. **Kindly to him.**

Mrs. Clacket

You cannot hold from being kind to him. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

Galliard! How came she by that Secret of my Life? **Aside.**

Why, ay, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charlot

Ay, that Uncle too -- You swore to me you were your Uncle's Heir; But you perhaps may chance to get him one, If the Lady prove not cruel.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating to her! **Aside.**

Charlot

Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead Lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory: Yet I cou'd love you though you were a Slave, **In a soft Tone to him.**
And I were Queen of all the Universe.

Mrs. Clacket

Ay, there you spoil'd all again -- you forgot your self.

Charlot

And all the World when he looks kindly on me. But I'll take Courage and be very angry. **Aside.**
Nor do your Perjuries rest here; you're equally as false to **Galliard**, as to me; false for a little Mistress of the Town, whom you've set up in spite to Quality. **Angry.**

Mrs. Clacket

So, that was home and handsom.

Tom Wilding

What damn'd Informer does she keep in pension?

Charlot

And can you think my Fortune and my Youth Merits no better Treatment? **Angry.**
How cou'd you have the Heart to use me so? **Soft to him.**
I fall insensibly to Love and Fondness. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Ah, my dear **Charlot!** you who know my Heart, can you believe me false?

Charlot

In every Syllable, in every Look;
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit.
You said you lov'd me, where was then your Truth?
You swore you were to be your Uncle's Heir;
Where was your Confidence of me the while.
To think my Generosity so scanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
— How every Look betrays my yielding Heart! **Aside.**

No, since Men are grown so cunning in their
Trade of Love, the necessary Vice I'll practise too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncle's Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the most unkind,
Because you thought to conquer by that Lye.
To night I'll be resolv'd.

Tom Wilding

Hum! to night!

Charlot

To night, or I will think you love me for my Fortune;
Which if you find elsewhere to more advantage,
I may unpitied die — and I shou'd die
If you should prove untrue. **Tenderly to him.**

Mrs. Clacket

There you've dasht all again.

Tom Wilding

I'm resolv'd to keep my Credit with her —
Here's my Hand;
This Night, **Charlot**, I'll let you see the Writings.

The City Heiress

— But how? a Pox on him that knows for **Thomas**. **Aside**.

Charlot

Hah! that Hand without the Ring! Nay, never study for a handsom Lye.

Tom Wilding

Ring? Oh, ay, I left it in my Dressing–room this Morning.

Charlot

See how thou hast inur'd thy Tongue to falshood!
Did you not send it to a certain Creature
They call **Diana**,
From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me?

Tom Wilding

By Heaven, 'tis Witchcraft all;
Unless this Villain **Foppington** betray me.
Those sort of Rascals would do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine — I'll kill the Fool — hah, here! **Turns quick, and sees him behind him.**

Foppington

Here, Lord! Lord!
Where were thy Eyes, dear **Wilding**?

Tom Wilding

Where they have spy'd a Rascal.
Where was this Property conceal'd?

Foppington

Conceal'd! What dost thou mean, dear **Tom**? Why, I stood as plain as the Nose on thy Face, mun.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your sort to make such base returns.

How got this Rogue Admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes?

Foppington

Admittance! why thou art stark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, follow'd you?

Tom Wilding

Whither?

Foppington

Why, into the House, up stairs, stood behind you when you swore you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in!

Tom Wilding

All this, and I not see!

Foppington

Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady saw me, Mrs. **Clacket** saw me — Admittance quotha!

Tom Wilding

Why did you not speak?

Foppington

Speak! I was so amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous Scandals laid on you by some pick–thank Rogue or other, I had no Power.

Tom Wilding

Ay, thou know'st how I am wrong'd.

Foppington

Oh, most damnably, Sir!

Tom Wilding

Abuse me to my Mistress too!

Foppington

Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charlot

Do you think thy have wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Foppington

Do I think, Madam? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that said it; and I'll cut his Throat.

Mrs. Clacket

Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Virtue.

Tom Wilding

You see now, Madam, how Innocence may suffer.

Charlot

In spite of all thy villanous dissembling, I must believe, and love thee for my quiet.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

That's kind; and if before to morrow I do not shew you I deserve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me — Farewel — I know where both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Estate.

My Craft will be in catching; which if past,
Her Love secures me the kind Wench at last. **Aside.**
Goes out with Fop.

Mrs. Clacket

What if he should not chance to keep his Word now?

Charlot

How, if he shou'd not! by all that's good, if he shou'd not, I am resolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty Shift with three thousand Pound a year; yet I wou'd fain be resolv'd how Affairs stand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the World to see that Widow too, that Lady **Galliard**.

Mrs. Clacket

If you're bent upon 't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam; There's every Day mighty Feasting here at his Uncle's hard by, and you shall disguise your self as well as you can, and so go for a Niece of mine I have coming out of **Scotland**; there you will not fail of seeing my Lady **Galliard**, though, I doubt, not Mr. **Wilding**, who is of late discarded.

Charlot

Enough; I am resolv'd upon this Design; let's in and practise the northern Dialect.

Ex. both.

Scene 2

The Street.

Enter Wilding and Foppington.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

But then **Diana** took the Ring at last?

Foppington

Greedily, but rail'd, and swore, and ranted at your late Unkindness, and wou'd not be appeas'd. **Enter** Dresswell.

Tom Wilding

Dresswell, I was just going to see for thee.

Dresswell

I'm glad, dear **Tom**, I'm here to serve thee.

Tom Wilding

And now I've found thee, thou must along with me.

Dresswell

Whither? but I'll not ask, but obey.

Tom Wilding

To a kind Sinner, **Frank**.

Dresswell

Pox on 'em all; prithee turn out those petty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear **Wilding**, of which thou never knew'st the Pleasure yet, or not above a day.

Tom Wilding

Not knew the Pleasure! Death, the very Essence, the first Draughts of Love. Ah, how pleasant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!

The City Heiress

The rest is all but dully sipping on.

Dresswell

And yet this **Diana**, for thither thou art going, thou hast been constant to this three or four Years.

Tom Wilding

A constant Keeper thou mean'st; which is indeed enough to get the Scandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, those sort of Baggages have a kind of Fascination so inticing — and faith, after the Fatigues of formal Visits to a Man's dull Relations, or what's as bad, to Women of Quality; after the busy Afflictions of the Day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, **Frank**, a Man's best Retirement is with a soft kind Wench. But to say Truth, I have a farther Design in my Visit now. Thou know'st how I stand past hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindness of my Uncle.

Dresswell

True.

Tom Wilding

My leud Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel, so that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, especially those of my charming Widow, and my City-Heiress, which can by no means be carried on without that damn'd necessary call'd ready Mony; I have stretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Clothes must be had, they must, my Friend.

Dresswell

Why do'st thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady **Galliard**? or this young Heiress you speak of?

Tom Wilding

But Marriage, **Frank**, is such a Bugbear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and sleep with his Fathers, and then I shall have six thousand Pound a Year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd relish these Blessings with the clog of a Wife behind him? — But till then, Money must be had, I say.

The City Heiress

Foppington

Ay, but how, Sir?

Tom Wilding

Why, from the old Fountain, **Jack**, my Uncle; he has himself decreed it: He tells me I must live upon my Wits, and will, **Frank**.

Foppington

Gad

, I'm impatient to know how.

Tom Wilding

I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows; and when I thrive, you show it i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and at Coffee-houses. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than **Lilly** with all his Schemes and Stars.

Foppington

I own I thrive by your influence, Sir.

Dresswell

Well, but to your Project, Friend, to which I'll set a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Tom Wilding

You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to **Diana** then, and there I'll tell thee all. **Going out, they meet Diana, who enters with her Maid Betty, and Boy, looks angrily.**

— **Diana**, I was just going to thy Lodgings!

Diana

Oh, las, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heiress.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

That's no cause of quarrel between you and I, **Diana**: you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the Death of my Uncle; for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husband's Mistress; and Women of your sort, **Diana**, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Diana

Do, try to appease the easy Fool with these fine Expectations — No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanish'd, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any Service; my twenty Guineas a Week, into forty Shillings; a hopeful Reformation!

Tom Wilding

Patience, **Diana**, things will mend in time.

Diana

When, I wonder? Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manteau, when I'm drest, lin'd with Velvet; 'twould give one a Fever but to look at me: yet still I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish. — But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me! **Weeps**.

Tom Wilding

By Heaven, I love thee!

Diana

Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point? Will the Mercer take it for current Coin? — But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune: but the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer. **Weeping**.

Tom Wilding

You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

The City Heiress

Diana

So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquests. Happy's the Man that can approach nearest the Side-box where I sit at a Play, to look at me; but if I deign to smile on him, Lord, how the overjoy'd Creature returns it with a Bow low as the very Benches; Then rising, shakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. **Dy**.

Tom Wilding

No more, come, let's be Friends, **Diana**; for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

Diana

Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

Tom Wilding

Here, here's the best softner of a Woman's Heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it out, till you shame Quality into plain Silk and Fringe.

Diana

Lord, you have the strangest power of persuasion! Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a Pennyworth.

Tom Wilding

So thou canst of anything about thee.

Diana

Well, your Project, my dear **Tommy**?

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Thus then — Thou, dear **Frank**, shalt to my Uncle, tell him, that Sir **Nicholas Gett-all**, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one only Daughter his whole Executrix, Mrs. **Charlot**, I have by my civil and modest Behaviour, so won upon her Heart, that two Nights since she left her Father's Country-house at **Lusum** in **Kent**, in spite of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

Dresswell

How, wilt thou tell him of it, then?

Tom Wilding

Hear me — That I have hitherto secur'd her at a Friend's House here in the City; but diligent search being now made, dare trust her there no longer: and make it my humble Request by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this Secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his House, whose very Authority will defend her from being sought for there.

Dresswell

Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I say?

Tom Wilding

Why, a Settlement; you know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his decease: but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made, sign'd, and seal'd, refus'd to give 'em in trust. Now when he sees I have made my self Master of so vast a Fortune, he will immediately surrender; that reconciles all again.

Dresswell

Very likely; but wo't thou trust him with the Woman, **Thomas**.

Tom Wilding

No, here's **Diana**, who, as I shall bedizen, shall pass for as substantial an Alderman's Heiress as ever fell into wicked Hands. He never knew the right **Charlot**, nor indeed has any body ever seen her but an old Aunt and Nurse, she was so kept up — And there, **Diana**, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, dissemble, and jilt in abundance, to keep thy hand in ure. Prithce, dear **Dresswell**, haste with the News to him.

The City Heiress

Dresswell

Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it. **Goes out.**

Tom Wilding

Go, get ye home, and trick and betauder your self up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-fashion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gypsy, nor no **Spanish** Paint d'ye hear.

Diana

I'll warrant you for my part.

Tom Wilding

Then before the old Gentleman, you must behave your self very soberly, simple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glass at Table, nor rant, nor swear: one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an arrant Drab.

Diana

Doubt not my Art of Dissimulation.

Tom Wilding

Go, haste and dress — **Ex.** Dian. Bet. **and** Boy.

Enter Lady Gall. and Closet, above in the Balcony; Wild. **going out, sees them, stops, and reads a Paper.**

Tom Wilding

Hah, who's yonder? the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to stir; she has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her will dissolve the Charm. She has forbid me seeing her, and therefore I am sure will the sooner take notice of me. **Reads.**

Mrs. Closet

The City Heiress

What will you put on to night, Madam? you know you are to sup at Sir **Timothy Treat**—all's.

Lady Galliard

Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balcony, this City—Garden, where we walk to take the fresh Air of the Sea—coal Smoak. Did the Footman go back, as I ordered him, to see how **Wilding** and Sir **Charles** parted?

Mrs. Closet

He did, Madam, and nothing cou'd provoke Sir **Charles** to fight after your Ladyship's strict Commands. Well, I'll swear he's the sweetest natur'd Gentleman — has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyship has to him.

Lady Galliard

Some small Exception to his whining Humour; but I think my chiefest dislike is, because my Relations wish it a Match between us. It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is not that **Wilding** yonder? he's reading of a Letter sure.

Tom Wilding

So, she sees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for though I have a greater mind than she, it shall be all her own; the Match she told me of this Morning with my Uncle, sticks plaguily upon my Stomach; I must break the Neck on't, or break the Widow's Heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the Door now, she frowningly retires; if I pass on, 'tis likely she may call me. **Advances.**

Lady Galliard

I think he's passing on,
Without so much as looking towards the Window.

Mrs. Closet

He's glad of the excuse of being forbidden.

Lady Galliard

The City Heiress

But, **Closet**, know'st thou not he has abus'd my Fame,

And does he think to pass thus unupbraided?
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No Trick — Prithee feign to laugh. Clos. **laughs**.

Tom Wilding

So, I shall not answer to that Call.

Lady Galliard

He's going! Ah, **Closet**, my Fan! — **Lets fall her Fan just as he passes by; he takes it up, and looks up.**
Cry mercy, Sir, I am sorry I must trouble you to bring it.

Tom Wilding

Faith, so am I; and you may spare my Pains, and send your Woman for't, I'm in haste.

Lady Galliard

Then the quickest way will be to bring it. **Goes out of the Balcony with Closet.**

Tom Wilding

I knew I should be drawn in one way or other.

Scene 3

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter L. Galliard, Wilding, Closet. To them Wilding, delivers the Fan, and is retiring.

Lady Galliard

Stay, I hear you're wondrous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let loose on me.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Who, I, Widow? I think of no such trifles.

Lady Galliard

Such Railers never think when they're abusive; but something you have said, a Lye so infamous!

Tom Wilding

A Lye, and infamous of you! impossible! What was it that I call'd you, Wise or Honest?

Lady Galliard

How can you accuse me with the want of either?

Tom Wilding

Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honesty, or intended ever to be thought so, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not so much as serve you for a Cloke, he is so visibly and undeniably impotent?

Lady Galliard

Your Uncle you mean.

Tom Wilding

I do, who has not known the Joy of Fornication this thirty Year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his Head to marry, forsooth. Oh, the Felicity of the Wedding–Night!

Lady Galliard

Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, shall not have power to hinder.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Not if you can help it; for I perceive you are resolved to be a leud incorrigible Sinner, and marry'st this seditious doting Fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the sign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwise we should mistake, and think thee honest.

Lady Galliard

So much for my want of Honesty; my Wit is the part of the Text you are to handle next.

Tom Wilding

Let the World judge of that by this one Action: This Marriage undisputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleasure. Marry an old Fool, because he's rich! when so many handsome proper younger Brothers wou'd be glad of you.

Lady Galliard

Of which hopeful number your self are one.

Tom Wilding

Who, I! Bear witness, **Closet**; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and such a Scandal on my Reputation might ruin me; therefore have a care what you say.

Lady Galliard

Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not reveng'd, hang me.

Tom Wilding

Yes, you are reveng'd; I had the fame of vanquishing where'er I laid my Seige, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honest Reputation of lying with the Magistrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the necessary Affairs of the Nation, seditiously petitioning: and then I was esteemed; but now they look on me as a monstrous thing, that makes honourable Love to you. Oh, hideous, a Husband Lover! so that now I may protest, and swear, and lye my Heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindness; but when I beg for either, my Lady **Galliard's** thrown in my Dish: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, who wou'd think it of gay, of fine Mr. **Wilding**? Thus the City She-wits are let loose upon me, and all for you, sweet Widow: but I am resolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never seeing you, nor writing to you more, will do it. And so farewell, faithless and scandalous honest Woman.

The City Heiress

Lady Galliard

Stay, Tyrant.

Tom Wilding

I am engag'd.

Lady Galliard

You are not.

Tom Wilding

I am, and am resolv'd to lose no more time on a peevish Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover. **He goes out.**

Lady Galliard

Go, this is the noblest way of losing thee.

Mrs. Closet

Must I not call him back?

Lady Galliard

No, if any honest Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me some Jewels; the Company to night at Sir **Timothy's** may divert me. **She sits down before her Glass.**

Enter Boy.

Boy

Madam, one, Sir **Anthony Meriwill**, wou'd speak with your Ladyship.

The City Heiress

Lady Galliard

Admit him; sure 'tis Sir **Charles** his Uncle; if he come to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in a critical Minute. Wou'd hebut leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge. **Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill and Sir Charles.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good Day to your Ladyship; **Charles putting him forward** my Nephew here, Madam --- Sirrah --- notwithstanding your Ladyship's Commands --- Look how he stands now, being a mad young Rascal! --- Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyship --- A Devil on him, see if he'll budge now --- For he's a brisk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll spoil all yet.

Lady Galliard

Please you sit, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeness.

Lady Galliard

Still whining? --- **Dressing her self carelesly.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

D'ye hear that, Sirrah? oh, damn it, beg Pardon! the Rogue's quite out of's part.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Madam, I fear my Visit is unseasonable.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Unseasonable! damn'd Rogue, unseasonable to a Widow? — Quite out.

Lady Galliard

There are indeed some Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Visit, before they've put on their best Faces, but I am none of those that wou'd be fair in spite of Nature, Sir — Put on this Jewel here. **To Clos.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. **Aside, vext.**

Lady Galliard

You are still so full of University Complements —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

D'ye hear that, Sirrah? — Ay, so he is, indeed, Madam — To her like a Man, ye Knave. **Aside to him.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Ah, Madam, I am come —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

To shew your self a Coxcomb.

Lady Galliard

To tire me with Discourses of your Passion — Fie, how this Curl fits! **Looking in the Glass.**

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

No, you shall hear no more of that ungrateful Subject.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by **George**, he lyes; he does come to speak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love — Not come to speak of Love, with a Pox! Owns, Sir, behave your self like a Man; be impudent, be saucy, forward, bold, touzing, and leud, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her: why, what a Pox! **Aside to him, he minds it not.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Finding my Hopes quite lost in your unequal Favours to young **Wilding**, I'm quitting of the Town.

Lady Galliard

You will do well to do so — lay by that Necklace, I'll wear Pearl to day. **To Clos.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Confounded Blockhead! — by **George**, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll disinherit him. **Aside.** He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilst your Ladyship is in it, to my Knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the House; nay, in the very Bed, by **George**; I've heard him a thousand times swear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: look, look, how he stands now! Why, dear **Charles**, good Boy, swear a little, ruffle her, and swear, damn it, she shall have none but thee. **Aside to him.** Why, you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddest Fellows in all **Devonshire.**

Lady Galliard

Wou'd I cou'd see't, Sir.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

See't! look ye there, ye Rogue — Why, 'tis all his Fault, Madam. He's seldom sober; then he has a dozen Wenches in pay, that he may with the more Authority break their Windows. There's never a Maid within forty Miles of **Meriwill**-Hall to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll say that for him.

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

How I have lov'd you, my Despairs shall witness: for I will die to purchase your Content. **She rises.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll disinherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd first, Madam.

Sir Charles Meriwill

And sure you'll pity me when I'm dead.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A curse on him; pity, with a Pox. I'll give him ne'er a Souse.

Lady Galliard

Give me that Essence-bottle. **To Clos.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

But for a Recompence of all my Sufferings --

Lady Galliard

Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberosse. **To Clos.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

I beg a Favour you'd afford a Stranger.

Lady Galliard

The City Heiress

Sooner, perhaps. What Jewel's that? **To** Clos.

Mrs. Closet

One Sir **Charles Meriwill** —

Lady Galliard

Sent, and you receiv'd without my Order! No wonder that he looks so scurvily. Give him the Trifle back to mend his Humour.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glass, Sir, and admire that sneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: a pox on him, he's past Grace, lost, gone: not a Souse, not a Groat; good b'ye to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your Pardon; the next time I come a wooing, it shall be for my self, Madam, and I have something that will justify it too; but as for this Fellow, if your Ladyship have e'er a small Page at leisure, I desire he may have Order to kick him down Stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he shou'd have behav'd himself handsomely! Not an Acre, not a Shilling — buy Sir Softhead. **Going out meets Wild. and returns.** Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? so, so, he'll swinge him, I hope; I'll stay to have the pleasure of seeing it done. **Enter Wilding, brushes by Sir Charles.**

Tom Wilding

I was sure 'twas **Meriwill's** Coach at Door. **Aside.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hah, **Wilding!**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Ay, now, Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir. **To Sir Char.**

Tom Wilding

How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I see.

Sir Charles Meriwill

You're very free, Sir.

Tom Wilding

I am always so in the Widow's Lodgings, Sir.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A rare Fellow!

Sir Charles Meriwill

You will not do't elsewhere?

Tom Wilding

Not with so much Authority.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

An admirable Fellow! I must be acquainted with him.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Is this the Respect you pay Women of her Quality?

Tom Wilding

The Widow knows I stand not much upon Ceremonies.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Gad, he shall be my Heir. **Aside still.**

Lady Galliard

Pardon him, Sir, this is his **Cambridge** Breeding.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Ay, so 'tis, so 'tis, that two Years there quite spoil'd him.

Lady Galliard

Sir, if you've any further Business with me, speak it; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Madam, in short ---

Sir Anthony Meriwill

In short to a Widow, in short! quite lost.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I find you treat me ill for my Respect; And when I court you next, I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Sir, I shall be proud of your farther Acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you. **To Wild.**

Tom Wilding

I'll study to deserve it, Sir.

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Madam, your Servant. A damn'd sneaking Dog, to be civil and modest with a Pox! **Ex. Sir Char. and Sir Anth.**

Lady Galliard

See if my Coach be ready. **Ex. Clos.**

Tom Wilding

Whether are you janting now?

Lady Galliard

Where you dare not wait on me, to your Uncle's to Supper.

Tom Wilding

That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;

There they all meet and bargain without Scandal:
Fops of all sorts and sizes you may chuse,
Whig-land offers not such another Market. **Enter** Closet.

Mrs. Closet

Madam, here's Sir **Timothy Treat-all** come to wait on your Ladyship to Supper.

Tom Wilding

My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: not-Disinheriting me had not been so great a Disappointment; and if he sees me here, I ruin all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here. **Enter Sir Tim.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

How, my Nephew **Thomas** here!

Tom Wilding

Madam, I find you can be cruel too, Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How now, Sir, what's your Business here?

Tom Wilding

I came to beg a Favour of my Lady **Galliard**, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How a Favour of my Lady **Galliard**! The Rogue said indeed he would cuckold me. **Aside.**
Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heiress?

Tom Wilding

That was my Business now, Sir: Having in my possession the Daughter and Heir of Sir **Nicholas Gett-all**, I would have made use of the Authority of my Lady **Galliard's** House to have secur'd her, till I got things in order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, cries I have an Uncle.

Lady Galliard

A well contrived Lye. **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well, I have heard of your good Fortune; and however a Reprobate thou hast been, I'll not shew my self so undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little House-room: I heard indeed she was gone a week ago, And, Sir, my House is at your Service.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A pox upon him and his Association. **Goes out.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Come, Madam, my Coach waits below.

Exit.

Act 3

Scene 1

A Room.

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, and Jervice.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Here, take my Sword, **Jervice**. What have you inquir'd, as I directed you, concerning the rich Heiress, Sir **Nicholas Get-all's** Daughter?

Jervice

Alas, Sir, inquir'd! why, 'tis all the City-News that she's run away with one of the maddest Tories about Town.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Good Lord! Ay, ay, 'tis so; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven shou'd drop such Blessings in the Mouths of the wicked! Well, **Jervice**, what Company have we in the House, **Jervice**?

Jervice

Why truly, Sir, a fine deal, considering there's no Parliament.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

What Lords have we, **Jervice**?

The City Heiress

Jervice

Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

None! what, ne'er a Lord! some mishap will befall me, some dire mischance! Ne'er a Lord! ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles daily. What, nor Earl, nor Marquess, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord! Hum, my Wine will lie most villanously upon my Hands to Night. **Jervice**, what, have we store of Knights and Gentlemen?

Jervice

I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir; but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Make us thankful for that; our Meat will not lie upon our Hands then, **Jervice**: I'll say that for our little **Londoners**, they are as tall Fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in **Christendom**.

Jervice

Then, Sir, there's Nonconformist-Parsons.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Nay, then we shall have a clear Board; for your true Protestant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a Man's Table Credit.

Jervice

Then, Sir, there's Country Justices and Grand-Jury-Men.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well enough, well enough, **Jervice**. **Enter Mrs.** Sensure.

The City Heiress

Mrs. Sensure

An't like your Worship, Mr. **Wilding** is come in with a Lady richly drest in Jewels, mask'd, in his Hand, and will not be deny'd speaking with your Worship.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hah, rich in Jewels! this must be she. My Sword again, **Jervice**. — Bring 'em up, **Sensure**. — Prithee how do I look to Night, **Jervice**? **Setting himself**.

Jervice

Oh, most methodically, Sir. **Enter** Wild, **with** Diana, **and** Betty.

Tom Wilding

Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richest Jewel all **London** can afford, fair Mrs. **Charlot Gett-all**.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Bless us, she's ravishing fair! Lady, I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead —

Diana

If he catechize me much on that point, I shall spoil all. **Aside**.

Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, **weeping**.

I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question.

Tom Wilding

For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to her; the bare remembrance of him kills her. **Aside to him**.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

Alas, poor Soul! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How soft-hearted she is! I am in love; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run frisking through my Veins. **Aside.**

Betty

Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelve-month just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistress, three thousand Pound a Year. **Weeping.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Three thousand Pound a Year! Yes, yes, I am in love. **Aside.**

Betty

Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I'll marry her out of hand, **Aside.**

Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now; for 'tis not necessary you should be seen here, d'ye see. **Pushing him out.**

Tom Wilding

You see, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir to all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I could live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

And I will keep my word; 'tis time enough. **Putting him out.**

Tom Wilding

I have, 'tis true, been wicked; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There want but these same Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Thou shalt have both, all in good time, Man: Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character, go.

Tom Wilding

Ay, Sir, but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir; nay, forc'd to swear too, before she wou'd believe me.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Alas, alas! how shreudly thou wert put to't!

Tom Wilding

I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me; for nothing woos a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

I'm glad of that; that I can settle on her presently. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

You may please to hint something to her of my godly Life and Conversation; that I frequent Conventicles, and am drunk no where but at your true Protestant Consults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. **Aside.**
Go, go, fear not my good word.

Tom Wilding

But the Writings, Sir --

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Am I a Jew, a Turk? Thou shalt have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. **Aside.**

Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.

Tom Wilding

Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the art of Legerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here! I wou'd ha' sworn this Sham had past upon him. **Aside.**

But, Sir, shall I not have the Writings now?

Sir Timothy Treat—all

What, not gone yet! for shame, away; canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle? Fie, away, **Tom**, away.

Tom Wilding

A Plague upon your damn'd Dissimulation, that never failing Badge of all your Party, there's always mischief at the bottom on't; I know ye all; and Fortune be the Word. When next I see you, Uncle, it shall cost you dearer.

Exit.

Enter Jervice.

Jervice

An't please your Worship, Supper's almost over, and you are askt for.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

They know I never sup; I shall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. **Exit** Jer.

Diana

I keep you, Sir, from Supper, and better Company.

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Lady, Were I a Glutton, I cou'd be satisfy'd With feeding on those two bright starry Eyes.

Diana

You are a Courtier, Sir; we City-Maids do seldom hear such Language; in which you shew your kindness to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Lord, Lord, how innocent she is! **Aside.**
My nephew, Madam? yes, yes, I cannot chuse but be wondrous kind upon his score.

Diana

Nay, he has often told me, you were the best of Uncles, and he deserves your goodness, so hopeful a young Gentleman.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Wou'd I cou'd see't. **Aside.**

Diana

So modest.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Yes, ask my Maids. **Aside.**

Diana

So civil.

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. **Aside.**

But so, Madam, I find by this high Commendation of my Nephew, your Ladyship has a very slender opinion of your devoted Servant the while: or else, Madam, with this not disagreeable Face and Shape of mine, six thousand Pound a year, and other Virtues and Commodities that shall be nameless, I see no reason why I shou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious Person in the World, that shall be nameless. **Bowing and smirking.**

Diana

Meaning me, I am sure; if I shou'd marry him now, and disappoint my dear Inconstant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twou'd be a most wicked Revenge for past Kindnesses. **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

I know your Ladyship is studying now who this victorious Person shou'd be, whom I dare not name: but let it suffice, she is, Madam, within a Mile of an Oak.

Diana

No, Sir, I was considering, if what you say be true,
How unadvisedly I have lov'd your Nephew,
Who swore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

My Heir, Madam! am I so visibly old to be so desperate?

No, I'm in my years of desires and discretion,
And I have thoughts, durst I but utter 'em;
But modestly say, Mum —

Diana

I took him for the hopefullest Gentleman —

Sir Timothy Treat—all

The City Heiress

Let him hope on, so will I; and yet, Madam, in consideration of your Love to him, and because he is my Nephew, young, handsome, witty, and so forth, I am content to be so much a Parent to him, as if Heaven please, — to see him fairly hang'd.

Diana

How, Sir! **In amaze.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

He has deserv'd it, Madam: First, for lampooning the Reverend City with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling some for Feasting, and some for Fasting, some for Cuckolds, and some for Cuckold-makers; charging us with all the seven deadly Sins, the Sins of our Fore-fathers, adding seven score more to the number; the Sins of Forty-One reviv'd again in Eighty-One, with Additions and Amendments; for which, though the Writings were drawn, by which I made him my whole Executor, I will disinherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deserves hanging for seducing, and most feloniously bearing away a young City-Heiress.

Diana

Undone, undone! Oh, with what Face can I return again!

What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the owning! **Feigns to weep.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Yes, yes, Madam, there are honest, discreet, religious, and true Protestant Knights in the City, that wou'd be proud to dignify and distinguish so worthy a Gentlewoman. **Bowing and smiling.**

Betty

Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam. **Aside.**
— Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir Timothy Treat-all

As a Tory Poet.

The City Heiress

Betty

Well, Madam, take Comfort; if the worst come to the worst, you have Estate enough for both.

Diana

Ay, **Betty**, were he but honest, **Betty**. **Weeping.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Honest! I think he will not steal; but for his Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Diana

'Tis evident, I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as lookt and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as sworn, and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin. **Weeping.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

A small fault with him; he has flatter'd and sworn me out of many a fair Thousand: why, he has no more Conscience than a Politician, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Rose).

Diana

Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City amongst us sober Magistrates.

Diana

Were I a Man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Your Ladyship might do it better as you are were I worthy to advise you.

Diana

Name it.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Why, by marrying your Ladyship's most assur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, **Timothy Treat-all** of **London**, Alderman. **Bowing**.

Betty

Ay, this is something, Mistress; here's Reason.

Diana

But I have given my Faith and Troth to **Wilding, Betty**.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heiress married and bedded, and yet with the Advice of the wiser Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest: 'tis Law by **Magna Charta**. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our **Magna Charta** have hang'd him for a Rape.

Diana

What, though he had my Consent?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

That's nothing, he had not ours.

The City Heiress

Diana

Then shou'd I marry you by stealth, the Danger wou'd be the same.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please; alas, I come off hand—smooth with **Ignoramus**. **Enter** Jervice.

Jervice

Sir, there's such a calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Jervice

They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining—room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Hah, coming! Call **Sensure** to wait on the Lady to her Apartment. — **Enter** Sensure.

And, Madam, I do most heartily recommend my most humble Address to your most judicious Consideration, hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Privileges of the Honourable City; and not suffer the Force or Persuasion of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their antient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and so illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unaminously stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes. — This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgess. **Aside**.

Leads her to the Door; She goes out with Betty and Sensure.

Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill dancing with a Lady in his Hand, Sir Charles with Lady Galliard, several other Women and Men.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

singing.

Philander was a jolly Swain,
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;
Whom when he met along the Plain,
He laid upon the Grass.
And here he kist, and there he play'd
With this and then the t'other,
Till every wanton smiling Maid
At last became a Mother.
And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breathe, then to't again,
Thou'rt Master of the Field.
Clapping Sir Charles Meriwill on the back.

Sir Charles Meriwill

And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up. **Enter Bottles and Glasses.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How! young **Meriwill** so close to the Widow — Madam — **Addressing himself to her, Sir Char. puts him by.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Sir **Timothy**, why, what a Pox dost thou bring that damn'd Puritanical, Schismatical, Fanatical, Small-beer-Face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glass to the Widow's Health.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

O lack, Sir **Charles**, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir Charles Meriwill

The City Heiress

Hark ye, leave that cozening, canting, sanctify'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magistrate, all those Healths you are behind, from his sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, with the rest of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert from her leud designs upon my Body.
Pulling Sir Tim. to kneel.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, the Widow a leud design upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. **Aside.**

Lady Galliard

I a leud design upon your Body; for what, I wonder?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why, for villanous Matrimony.

Lady Galliard

Who, I?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Who, you! yes, you.

Why are those Eyes drest in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms that make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

How's that, how's that! **Charles** at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every man his Glass; Sir **Timothy**, you are six behind: Come, come, **Charles**,

The City Heiress

name 'em all. **Each take a Glass, and force Sir Tim. on his knees.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

— Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, his Majesty's Health, and Confusion to his Enemies. **They go to force his Mouth open to drink.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very arbitrary, methinks. **Drinks.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of **Albany**. Musick, play a **Scotch Jig**. **Music plays, they drink.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

This is mere Tyranny. **Enter** Jervice.

Jervice

Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, **Jervice** — 'Ods so, he's here! **Enter** Wilding **in disguise**, Dresswell, **and Footmen and Pages.**

Tom Wilding

Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the renown'd **Mester de Hotel.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Mater de Otell! I have not the Honour to know any of that Name, I am call'd Sir **Timothy Treat—all**. **Bowing.**

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

The same, Sir; I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Tom Wilding

I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. **Bows.**

Tom Wilding

Unless Elective Monarchies, which so resemble a Commonwealth.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Right, my Lord; where every Man may hope to take his turn --- Your Lordship is most singularly welcome. **Bows low.**

Tom Wilding

And though I am a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Fame, amongst the sober Party of the **Amsterdammers**, all the French Hugonots throughout **Geneva**; even to **Hungary** and **Poland**, Fame's Trumpet sounds your Praise, making the Pope to fear, the rest admire you.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

So you will say, when you shall hear my Embassy. The **Polanders** by me salute you, Sir, and have in this next new Election prick'd ye down for their succeeding King.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, my Lord, prick'd me down for a King! Why, this is wonderful! Prick'd me, unworthy me down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Tom Wilding

They know, he that can be so great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private Person, what must he be when Power is on his side?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the stop to all my rising Greatness. Shall I be so ungrateful to disappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the sober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Polish Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will consider on't: Mean time my House is yours.

Tom Wilding

I've brought you, Sir, the Measure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair. **Pulls out a Ribband, measures his Head.**

You were by Heav'n and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Hah, at it again! **Sir Charles making sober Love.**

Come, we grow dull, **Charles**; where stands the Glass? What, balk my Lady **Galliard's Health! They go to drink.**

Tom Wilding

Hah, **Galliard** — and so sweet on **Meriwill! Aside.**

The City Heiress

Lady Galliard

If it be your business, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady **Galliard**, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear Liquor well, you are so forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well, Gentlemen, since I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you will not refuse a Health of my Denomination.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

We scorn to be so uncivil. **All take the Glasses.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Why then here's a conceal'd Health that shall be nameless, to his Grace the King of **Poland**.

Sir Charles Meriwill

King of **Poland**! Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Not so far as you imagine; I know what I say, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Away with it. **Drink all.**

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

I see, Sir, you still keep up that English Hospitality that so renowned our Ancestors in History. **Looking on L.**
Gal.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, my Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Tom Wilding

Are you not married, then? Death, she smiles on him. **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I had a Wife, but rest her Soul, she's dead; and I have no Plague left now but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantivy Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Tom Wilding

Cannot your pious Examples convert him? By Heaven, she's fond of him! **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul; nay, had settled t'other Day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel, call'd, **A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates**; and I doubt he had a Hand in **Absalom** and **Achitophel**, a Rogue. But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, i' faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Tom Wilding

Most visibly in Love! Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws, and Religion plead for so near a Kinsman.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

Laws and Religion! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the Name of a Patriot, who does not for the publick Good, defy all Laws and Religion.

Tom Wilding

Death, I must interrupt 'em — Sir, pray what Lady's that. Wild. **salutes her.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I beseech your Lordship know her, 'tis my Lady **Galliard**; the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all — Well, my Lord, how do you like my Method of doing the business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and so forth?

Tom Wilding

High Feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Your Lordship has hit it right: a rare Man this!

Tom Wilding

But come, Sir, leave serious Affairs, and oblige these fair ones. **Addresses himself to Galliard, Sir Charles puts him by.**

Enter Charlot **disguised**, Clacket **and** Foppington.

Charlot

Heavens, **Clacket**, yonder's my False one, and that my lovely Rival. **Pointing to Wild. and L. Gal.**

Enter Diana **and** Sensure **mask'd, and** Betty.

Diana

Dear Mrs. **Sensure**, this Favour has oblig'd me.

The City Heiress

Mrs. Sensure

I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Tom Wilding

By her Mien, this shou'd be handsome — **Goes to** Diana.
Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the Honour of your Hand.

Diana

Ha, **Wilding!** Love can discover thee through all Disguise.

Tom Wilding

Hah, **Diana!** wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the King's Highway, with Stand and Deliver, than thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistress; and the Cheat were more excusable — But how — **Talks aside with her.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Nay, never frown nor chide: For thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

Tom Wilding

Is't so, my precious Uncle? Are you so great a Devil in Hypocrisy? Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right Woman. **Aside.**

Diana

But do not think, dear **Tommy**, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth—right — But see, we're observ'd. Charlot **listening behind him all this while.**

Charlot

The City Heiress

By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his! **He going from Dian. turns upon Charlot, and looks.**

Tom Wilding

Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of **Charlot** in her Face? But sure she durst not venture; 'tis not her Dress nor Mien. Dear pretty Stranger, I must dance with you.

Charlot

Gued deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Though I's not dance, Sir, I's tell ya that noo.

Tom Wilding

Nor I, so we're well matcht. By Heaven, she's wondrous like her.

Charlot

By th' Mass not so kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that ene of us shou'd dance to guid the other weel.

Tom Wilding

How young, how innocent and free she is! And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Charlot

In any thing that gued is.

Tom Wilding

I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love.

Charlot

Ah, wele aday! **Sighs and smiles.**

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

A thing I know you do not understand.

Charlot

Gued faith, and ya're i'th' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often hear ya gay men talk of.

Tom Wilding

Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it.

Charlot

Gued deed, and so I have! Ya men make sa mickle ado about ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with sick-like Complements.

Tom Wilding

Ah, if you give us wounds, we must complain.

Charlot

Ye may ene keep out a harms way then.

Tom Wilding

Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Charlot

Marry, and I's have ene a Song tol that tune, Sir.

Tom Wilding

Dear Creature, let me beg it.

Charlot

Gued faith, ya shall not, Sir, I's sing without entreaty.

SONG.

Ah, Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd against my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,
And ad my bleether Howers.
But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy showering Eyne,
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleeedeth on,
To witness if it see,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain so true as Iee.

Tom Wilding

This very Swain am I, so true and so forlorn, unless ye pity me. — This is an excellency **Charlot** wants, at least I never heard her sing. **Aside.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Why, **Charles**, where stands the Woman, **Charles**? Fop. **comes up to** Charlot.

Tom Wilding

I must speak to **Galliard**, though all my Fortunes depend on the Discovery of my self. **Aside.**

SONG.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Come, come, a cooling Glass about.

Tom Wilding

Dear **Dresswell**, entertain **Charles Meriwill** a little, whilst I speak to **Galliard**. **The Men go all to the drinking Table.**

By Heaven, I die, I languish for a Word!
— Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow
To speak with none but that young Cavalier.
They say, the Freedom English Ladies use,
Is, as their Beauty, great.

Lady Galliard

Sir, we are none of those of so nice and delicate a Virtue, as Conversation can corrupt; we live in a cold Climate.

Tom Wilding

And think you're not so apt to be in Love,
As where the Sun shines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconstancy of this your fickle Climate. **Maliciously to her.**

One day all Sun–shine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himself up in glittering Robes of Hope;
And in the midst of all their boasted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud across his Mistress' Brow,
Dashes the Fool, and spoils the gaudy Show. **L. Gal. observing him nearly.**

Lady Galliard

Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours?

Tom Wilding

'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then.
I was resolv'd to be to night a Witness
Of that sworn Love you flatter'd me so often with.
By Heaven, I saw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Assignation? When the Hours?

SONG.

The City Heiress

For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Loose as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun,
That kisses all the Beauties of the Spring.

Lady Galliard

I take him for a sober Person, Sir.

Tom Wilding

Have I been the Companion of his Riots
In all the leud course of our early Youth,
Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers?
But no kind Blossom could oblige our stay,
We rifled and were gone.

Lady Galliard

Your Virtues I perceive are pretty equal;
Only his Love's the honester o'th' two.

Tom Wilding

Honester! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune to the Parson of the Parish;

And I would be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a Licence to boast he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with Modesty and Silence:
For Virtue's but a Name kept free from Scandal,
Which the most base of Women best preserve,
Since Jilting and Hypocrisy cheat the World best.
— But we both love, and who shall blab the Secret? **In a soft Tone.**

Lady Galliard

Oh, why were all the Charms of speaking given
To that false Tongue that makes no better use of 'em?
— I'll hear no more of your enchanting Reasons.

Tom Wilding

You must.

SONG.

Lady Galliard

I will not.

Tom Wilding

Indeed you must.

Lady Galliard

By all the Powers above --

Tom Wilding

By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath,
Unless you swear this Night to let me see you.

Lady Galliard

This Night.

Tom Wilding

This very Night.

Lady Galliard

I'd die first -- At what Hour? **First turns away, then sighs and looks on him.**

Tom Wilding

Oh, name it; and if I fail -- **With Joy.**

Lady Galliard

I wou'd not for the World --

Tom Wilding

SONG.

That I shou'd fail!

Lady Galliard

Not name the guilty Hour.

Tom Wilding

Then I through eager haste shall come too soon,
And do your Honour wrong.

Lady Galliard

My Honour! Oh, that Word!

Tom Wilding

Which the Devil was in me for naming. **Aside.**

-- At Twelve.

Lady Galliard

My Women and my Servants then are up.

Tom Wilding

At One, or Two.

Lady Galliard

So late! 'twill be so quickly Day!

Tom Wilding

Ay, so it will;
That half our Business will be left unfinisht.

Lady Galliard

Hah, what do you mean? what Business?

SONG.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

A thousand tender things I have to say;
A thousand Vows of my eternal Love;
And now and then we'll kiss and —

Lady Galliard

Be extremely honest.

Tom Wilding

As you can wish.

Lady Galliard

Rather as I command: for should he know my wish, I were undone. **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

The Sign —

Lady Galliard

Oh, press me not — yet you may come at Midnight under my Chamber–Window. **Sir Char. sees 'em so close, comes to 'em.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hold, Sir, hold! Whilst I am listning to the Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterscarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters — My Lord, by your leave. **Puts him by, growing drunk.**

Charlot

Persuade me not; I burst with Jealousy. Wild. **turns, sees** Clacket.

SONG.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

Death and the Devil, **Clacket!** then 'tis **Charlot**, and I'm discover'd to her.

Charlot

Say, are you not a false dissembling thing? **To Wild. in anger.**

Tom Wilding

What, my little Northern Lass translated into English!

This 'tis to practise Art in spite of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,
Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out through all your forc'd disguise.

Charlot

Hah, did you know me then?

Tom Wilding

At the first glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in revenge,
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid
all Discourses of that nature, I came to Night in this
Disguise you see, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Charlot

And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?

Tom Wilding

What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?

The City Heiress

Charlot

Yes, when I see the Writings.

Tom Wilding

Go home, I die if you shou'd be discover'd:
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.

Clacket, you and I must have an old Reckoning about this Night's Jant of yours. **Aside to Clacket.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well, my Lord, how do you like our **English** Beauties?

Tom Wilding

Extremely, Sir; and was pressing this young Lady to give us a Song. **Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I never saw this Lady before: pray who may she be, Neighbour? **To Clacket.**

Mrs. Clacket

A Niece of mine, newly come out of **Scotland**, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Nay, then she dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, please you to sit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance. **They all sit; Charl. and Fop. dance.**
So, so; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conscience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my self, I must retire; first waiting on your Lordship to shew you your Apartment, then leave you to **cher entire**: and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will settle the Nation, and will resolve on what return we will make to the noble **Polanders. Exeunt all but Wild. Dres. and Fop. Sir Charles leading out Lady Galliard.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

SONG.

The City Heiress

Well said, **Charles**, thou leav'st her not till she's thy own, Boy — And Philander was a jolly Swain, &c. **Exit singing.**

Tom Wilding

All things succeed above my Wish, dear **Frank**;
Fortune is kind; and more, **Galliard** is so;
This night crowns all my Wishes.

Laboir, are all things ready for our purpose? **To his Footman.**

Laboir

Dark Lanthorns, Pistols, Habits and Vizards, Sir.

Foppington

I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treasure.

Dresswell

I perceive you are resolv'd to make a thorowstitch Robbery on't.

Foppington

Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good venture a Caper under the Triple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

Tom Wilding

We must consider on't. 'Tis now just struck eleven; within this Hour is the dear Assignation with **Galliard**.

Dresswell

What, whether our Affairs be finish'd or not?

Tom Wilding

SONG.

The City Heiress

'Tis but at next Door; I shall return time enough for that trivial Business.

Dresswell

A trivial Business of some six thousand pound a year?

Tom Wilding

Trivial to a Woman, **Frank**: no more; do you make as if you went to bed. — **Laboir**, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table: and when I give the sign, let me softly in.

Dresswell

Death, Sir, will you venture at such a time?

Tom Wilding

My Life and future Hope — I am resolv'd.
Let Politicians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty one;
Let City Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery;
Let petty States be to confusion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll despise the World.
Exeunt.

Act 4

Scene 1

A Dressing-Room.

Lady Galliard is discover'd in an undress at her Table, Glass and Toilette, Closet attending: As soon as the Scene draws off she rises from the Table as disturbed and out of Humour.

Lady Galliard

Come, leave your everlasting Chamber-maid's Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aside. Thou art fuller of false News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Mrs. Closet

I have good Proof, Madam, of what I say.

Lady Galliard

Proof of a thing impossible! — Away.

Mrs. Closet

Is it a thing so impossible, Madam, that a Man of Mr. **Wilding's** Parts and Person should get a City-Heiress? Such a *bonne Mien*, and such a pleasant Wit!

Lady Galliard

Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou hast Tongue
Enough to talk an Oyster-Woman deaf:
I say it cannot be.
— What means the panting of my troubled Heart!
Oh, my presaging Fears! shou'd what she says prove true,
How wretched and how lost a thing am I! **Aside.**

Mrs. Closet

Your Honour may say your Pleasure; but I hope
I have not liv'd to these Years to be impertinent — No,
Madam, I am none of those that run up and down the
Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and —

Lady Galliard

Eternal Rattle, peace —
Mrs. **Charlot Gett-all** go away with **Wilding!**
A Man of **Wilding's** extravagant Life
Get a Fortune in the City!
Thou mightst as well have told me, a Holder-forth were married to a Nun:
There are not two such Contraries in Nature,
'Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis most impossible.

The City Heiress

Mrs. Closet

I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, if my Discourse offend you; but all the World knows Mrs. **Clacket** to be a person
—

Lady Galliard

Who is a most devout Baud, a precise Procurer;
A Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Flesh;
A Doer of the Devil's Work in God's Name.
Is she your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted —
I say once more, adone with your idle Tittle–Tattle,
— And to divert me, bid **Betty** sing the Song which **Wilding** made
To his last Mistress; we may judge by that,
What little Haunts, and what low Game he follows.
This is not like the Description of a rich Citizen's Daughter
and Heir, but some common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Mrs. Closet

I have heard him often swear she was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

Lady Galliard

Like enough, there are many of these Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Prostitutes, as errant Jilts,
as those who make open profession of the Trade — almost as mercenary — But come, the Song. **Enter Betty.**

SONG.

**In Phillis all vile Jilts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquette.
Love is her constant welcome Guest,
And still the newest pleases best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.
Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can save a poor inclining Heart?
In vain a thousand Times an hour
Reason rebels against her Power.
In vain I rail, I curse her charms;
One Look my feeble Rage disarms.**

SONG.

**There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.**

Enter Wilding, who runs to embrace L. Gal.

Tom Wilding

Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met:
Most charming of your Sex, and wisest of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here!
Now I have liv'd to purpose, since at last — Oh, killing Joy!
Come, let me fold you, press you in my Arms,
And kiss you Thanks for this dear happy Night.

Lady Galliard

You may spare your Thanks, Sir, for those that will deserve 'em; I shall give you no occasion for 'em.

Tom Wilding

Nay, no scruples now, dearest of Dears, no more, 'Tis most unseasonable —

I bring a Heart full fraught with eager Hopes,
Opprest with a vast Load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosom,
That Storehouse of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies. **She breaks from him.**

Lady Galliard

You're wondrous full of Love and Rapture, Sir; but certainly you mistake the Person you address 'em to.

Tom Wilding

Why, are you not my Lady **Galliard**, that very Lady **Galliard**, who, if one may take her Word for't, loves **Wilding**? Am I not come hither by your own Appointment; and can I have any other Business here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and —

Lady Galliard

Scandalous and vain! by my Appointment, and for so leud a purpose; guard me, ye good Angels.

SONG.

The City Heiress

If after an Affront so gross as this,
I ever suffer you to see me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An impudent, an open Prostitute,
Lost to all sense of Virtue, or of Honour.

Tom Wilding

What can this mean? **Aside.**

Oh, now I understand the Mystery. **Looking on** Closet.

Her Woman's here, that troublesome piece of Train. — I must remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. **Closet**, I had forgot to tell you, as I came up I heard a Kinsman of yours very earnest with the Servants below, and in great haste to speak with you.

Mrs. Closet

A Kinsman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

Tom Wilding

Yes, a very near Kinsman, he said he was your Father's own Mother's Uncle's Sister's Son; what d'ye call him?

Mrs. Closet

Ay, what d'ye call him indeed? I shou'd be glad to hear his Name. Alas, Sir, I have no near Relation living that I know of, the more's my Misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. **Weeps.**

Tom Wilding

Nay, but Mrs. **Closet**, pray take me right, This Country—man of yours, as I was saying —

Lady Galliard

Chang'd already from a Kinsman to a Country—man! a plain Contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. **Closet**, as you value my Service, stir not from hence.

Tom Wilding

SONG.

The City Heiress

This Countryman of yours, I say, being left Executor by your Father's last Will and Testament, is come — Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Cue and retire.

Mrs. Closet

How, Sir!

Tom Wilding

Learn, I say, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us awhile; Love is not a Game for three to play at. **Gives her Mony.**

Mrs. Closet

I must own to all the World, you have convinc'd me; I ask a thousand Pardons for my Dulness. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run; you're a most powerful Person, the very Spirit of Persuasion — I'll steal out — You have such a taking way with you — But I forgot my self. Well, your most obedient Servant; whenever you've occasion, Sir, be pleas'd to use me freely.

Tom Wilding

Nay, dear Impertinence, no more Complements, you see I'm busy now; prithee be gone, you see I am busy.

Mrs. Closet

I'm all Obedience to you, Sir — Your most obedient —

Lady Galliard

Whither are you fisking and giggiting now?

Mrs. Closet

Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately. **Exit** Clos.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

So, she's gone; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the Deliverance. And now, dear Widow, let's lose no more precious time; we have fool'd away too much already.

Lady Galliard

This to me!

Tom Wilding

To you, yes, to whom else should it be? unless being sensible you have not Discretion enough to manage your own Affairs your self, you resolve like other Widows, with all you're Worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband. I took ye to be wiser; but if that be your Design I shall do my best to serve you — though to deal freely with you —

Lady Galliard

Trouble not your self, Sir, to make Excuses; I'm not so fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you! a Rakeshame, who have not Esteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honest — without Money or Credit, without Land either in present or prospect; and half a dozen hungry Vices, like so many bauling Brats at your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. **Charlot Gett-all**?

Tom Wilding

Married to her! Do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? but suppose 'twere true, cou'd you be jealous of a Woman I marry? Do you take me for such an Ass, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great Charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let 'em starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, though they send their Children a begging; I shou'd be worse than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiff aukward thing or other with an ugly Face, and a handsom Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only can make me happy — Come, do it then.

Lady Galliard

I never will.

Tom Wilding

SONG.

Unkindly said, you must.

Lady Galliard

Unreasonable Man! because you see
I have unusual Regards for you,
Pleasure to hear, and Trouble to deny you;
A fatal yielding in my Nature toward you,
Love bends my Soul that way --
A Weakness I ne'er felt for any other;
And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the Heart
To take th' advantage on't to ruin me,
To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

Tom Wilding

You reason false,
According to the strictest Rules of Honour,
Beauty should still be the Reward of Love,
Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune,
Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony.
She's only infamous, who to her Bed
For Interest takes some nauseous Clown she hates:
And though a Jointure or a Vow in publick
Be her Price, that makes her but the dearer Whore.

Lady Galliard

I understand not these new Morals.

Tom Wilding

Have Patience I say, 'tis clear:
All the Desires of mutual Love are virtuous.
Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you please
Your self, and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be?
Besides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?

Lady Galliard

Heaven will know 't; and I -- that, that's enough:
But when you are weary of me, first your Friend,
Then his, then all the World.

Tom Wilding

Think not that time will ever come.

Lady Galliard

Oh, it must, it will.

Tom Wilding

Or if it should, could I be such a Villain --
Ah cruel! if you love me as you say,
You wou'd not thus distrust me.

Lady Galliard

You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er
my Tongue,
Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you -- so well --
Your very Faults, how gross soe'er to me,
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praise, or Woman can desire;
All Charm without, and all Desert within.
But yet my Virtue is more lovely still;
That is a Price too high to pay for you;
The Love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we bestow on them what's kept for Heaven.

Tom Wilding

Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this religious Stuff, this godly Nonsense.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to
preach Virtue to me?

Lady Galliard

I bring you hither! how can you say it?
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the base end you fancy'd, but to take
A last Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me;
Believe I still shall have a Kindness for you,
Always your Friend, your Mistress now no more.

Tom Wilding

Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other Man!
Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before! **Aside.**

— Well, Madam, may I at last believe
This is your fix'd and final Resolution?
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,
That has so long bely'd it?

Lady Galliard

It does.

Tom Wilding

I'm glad on't. Good Night; and when I visit you again,
May you again thus fool me. **Offers to go.**

Lady Galliard

Stay but a Moment.

Tom Wilding

For what? to praise your Night-dress, or make
Court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, send for Mr.
Flamfull, and Mr. **Flutterbuz**, Mr. **Lap-fool** and Mr.
Loveall; they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

Lady Galliard

Hear me a little: You know I both despise, and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon? and why are ye so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. **In a soft Tone.**

Tom Wilding

Then keep your Word, Madam.

Lady Galliard

My Word! and have I promis'd then to be
A Whore? A Whore! Oh, let me think of that!
A Man's Convenience, his leisure Hours, his Bed of Ease,
To loll and tumble on at idle times;
The Slave, the Hackney of his lawless Lust!
A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy Flames,
Made use of, and thrown by -- Oh, infamous!

Tom Wilding

Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain;
That makes your Scruples; that, that's the Reason
You start at Words, and turn away from Shadows.
Already some pert Fop, some Ribbon Fool,
Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me
In that unsteady treacherous Woman's Heart of yours.

Lady Galliard

Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a -- Whore --

Tom Wilding

Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind!
All that you are, and all you do's a Lye.
False are your Faces, false your floating Hearts;
False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements:
Enemies without Reason, and dear without Kindness;
Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love;
Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

Lady Galliard

False rather are the Joys you are so fond of.
Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Tom Wilding

No, them I can never quit, but you most easily:
A Woman changeable and false as you.

Lady Galliard

SONG.

The City Heiress

Said you most easily? Oh, inhuman!
Your cruel Words have wak'd a dismal Thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,
And Weakness steals upon my Soul apace;
I find I must be miserable ---
I wou'd not be thought false. **In a soft Tone, coming near him.**

Tom Wilding

Nor wou'd I think you so; give me not Cause.

Lady Galliard

What Heart can bear distrust from what it loves?
Or who can always her own Wish deny? **Aside.**

My Reason's weary of the unequal Strife;
And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.
--- Do you not then believe I love you? **To him in a soft Tone.**

Tom Wilding

How can I, while you still remain unkind?

Lady Galliard

How shall I speak my guilty Thoughts?
I have not Power to part with you; conceal my Shame, I doubt
I cannot, I fear I wou'd not any more deny you.

Tom Wilding

Oh heavenly Sound! Oh charming Creature!
Speak that word again, agen, agen! for ever let me hear it.

Lady Galliard

But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. **Charlot**, never?

Tom Wilding

SONG.

The City Heiress

Never, never.

Lady Galliard

Turn your Face away, and give me leave
To hide my rising Blushes: I cannot look on you, **As this last Speech is speaking, she sinks into his Arms by degrees.**

But you must undo me if you will —
Since I no other way my Truth can prove,
— You shall see I love.
Pity my Weakness, and admire my Love.

Tom Wilding

All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms,
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defy thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Love's kind Fever let me ever lie,
Drunk with Desire, and raving mad with Joy.
Exeunt into the Bed-chamber, Wild. leading her with his Arms about her.

Scene 2

Changes. Another Room in Lady Galliard's House.
Enter Sir Charles Meriwill and Sir Anthony, Sir Charles drunk.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why, look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a Man do? I brought her to her Coach —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your Hand, follow'd you out, wink'd, smil'd and nodded; cry'd 'bye **Charles**, 'bye Rogue; which was as much as to say, Go home with her, **Charles**, home to her Chamber, **Charles**; nay, as much as to say, Home to her Bed, **Charles**; nay, as much as to say — Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modest too! That I shou'd bring thee up with no more Fear of God before thy Eyes!

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my Heart now! Why, I did proffer, and press, and swear, and ly'd, and — but a pox on her, she has the damn'dst wheedling way with her, as dear **Charles**, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preserve; and such obliging Reasons.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Reasons! Reason! a Lover, and talk of Reason! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a Woman for Reason, when you were so finely drunk too, a Rascal!

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why look ye, d'ye see, Uncle, I durst not trust my self alone with her in this pickle, lest I shou'd ha' fallen foul on her.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Why, there's it; 'tis that you shou'd have done; I am mistaken if she be not one of those Ladies that love to be ravisht of a Kindness. Why, your willing Rape is all the Fashion, **Charles**.

Sir Charles Meriwill

But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Why, how now, Jack—sauce, what, capitulate?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why, do but hear me, Uncle; Lord, you're so hasty! Why, look ye, I am as ready, d'ye see, as any Man on these Occasions.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Are you so, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir — Why, what, I shall have you whining when you are sober again, traversing your Chamber with Arms across, railing on Love and Women, and at last defeated, turn whipping **Tom**, to revenge your self on the whole Sex.

Sir Charles Meriwill

My dear Uncle, come kiss me and be friends; I will be rul'd. **Kisses him.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

— A most admirable good–natur'd Boy this! **Aside.**

Well then, dear **Charles**, know, I have brought thee now hither to the Widow's House, with a Resolution to have thee order matters so, as before thou quitst her, she shall be thy own, Boy.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin! Introduce me, d'ye see, and if I do not so woo the Widow, and so do the Widow, that e'er morning she shall be content to take me for better for worse — Renounce me! Egad, I'll make her know the Lord God from **Tom Bell**, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had she all **Cupid's** Arrows, **Venus's** Beauty, and **Messalina's** Fire, d'ye see.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A sweet Boy, a very sweet Boy! Hum, thou art damnable handsome to Night, **Charles** — Ay, thou wilt do't; I see a kind of resistless Leudness about thee, a most triumphant Impudence, loose and wanton. **Stands looking on him.**

Enter Closet.

Mrs. Closet

Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of Night?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Where's your Lady?

Mrs. Closet

The City Heiress

Softly, dear Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why, is she asleep? Come, come, I'll wake her. **Offers to force in as to the Bed-chamber.**

Mrs. Closet

Hold, hold, Sir; No, no, she's a little busy, Sir.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I'll have no Business done to Night, Sweetheart.

Mrs. Closet

Hold, hold, I beseech you, Sir, her Mother's with her; For Heaven's sake, Sir, be gone.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I'll not budge.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

No, not a Foot.

Mrs. Closet

The City you know, Sir, is so censorious —

Sir Charles Meriwill

Damn the City.

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

All the Whigs, **Charles**, all the Whigs.

Sir Charles Meriwill

In short, I am resolv'd, d'ye see, to go to the Widow's Chamber.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Harkye, Mrs. **Closet**, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this Evening.

Mrs. Closet

I am perfectly yours, Sir; but how it happens so, her Mother being there — Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till she were gone —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

This is the Reason, **Charles**. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget. **Gives her Money.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

And here's my two, because thou art industrious. **Gives her Money, and they go out with her.**
Enter Lady Galliard in rage, held by Wilding.

Lady Galliard

What have I done? Ah, whither shall I fly? **Weeps.**

Tom Wilding

Why all these Tears? Ah, why this cruel Passion?

Lady Galliard

Undone, undone! Unhand me, false, forsworn;
Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.
What shou'd I do with guilty Life about me?

Tom Wilding

Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

Lady Galliard

Ah, leave me --
Leave me alone to sigh to flying Winds,
That the Infection may be borne aloft,
And reach no human Ear.

Tom Wilding

Cease, lovely Charmer, cease to wound me more.

Lady Galliard

Shall I survive this Shame? No, if I do,
Eternal Blushes dwell upon my Cheeks,
To tell the World my Crime.
-- Mischief and Hell, what Devil did possess me?

Tom Wilding

It was no Devil, but a Deity;
A little gay wing'd God, harmless and innocent,
Young as Desire, wanton as Summer-breezes,
Soft as thy Smiles, resistless as thy Eyes.

Lady Galliard

Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,
Taught thee the Art of Conquest with thy Tongue?
Thy false deluding Eyes were surely made
Of Stars that rule our Sex's Destiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That first undo the heedless Gazers on,
Then shew their natural Deformity.

Tom Wilding

Ah, my **Galliard**, am I grown ugly then?
Has my increase of Passion lessen'd yours? **In a soft Tone.**

Lady Galliard

Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayest me,
And then upbraidest the Wretchedness thou'st made.
— Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my Danger,
Yet venture on so evident a Ruin.

Tom Wilding

Say, — what one Grace is faded?
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more! This charming change of Looks
Raises my Flame, and makes me wish t'invoke
The harmless God again. **Embraces her.**

Lady Galliard

By Heaven, not all thy Art
Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.

Tom Wilding

Oh, I must, or die.

Lady Galliard

By all the Powers, by —

Tom Wilding

Oh, do not swear, lest Love shou'd take it ill
That Honour shou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.
— Say that you will half a long Hour hence —

Lady Galliard

Hah!

Tom Wilding

Or say a tedious Hour.

Lady Galliard

Death, never --

Tom Wilding

Or if you -- promise me then to morrow.

Lady Galliard

No, hear my Vows.

Tom Wilding

Hold, see me die; if you resolve 'em fatal to my
Love, by Heaven I'll do't. **Lays his Hand on his Sword.**

Lady Galliard

Ah, what --

Tom Wilding

Revoke that fatal Never then.

Lady Galliard

I dare not.

Tom Wilding

Oh, say you will.

Lady Galliard

Alas, I dare not utter it.

Tom Wilding

Let's in, and thou shalt whisper it into my Bosom;
Or sighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

Lady Galliard

Ah, **Wilding** — **Sighs**.

Tom Wilding

It toucht my Soul! Repeat that Sigh again.

Lady Galliard

Ah, I confess I am but feeble Woman. **Leans on him**.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Good Mistress Keep—door, stand by: for I must enter. **Sir Char. without**.

Lady Galliard

Hah, young **Meriwill's** Voice!

Mrs. Closet

Pray, Sir **Charles**, let me go and give my Lady notice. **She enters and goes to Wild.**
— For Heaven's sake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's lost.

Tom Wilding

What will you have me do? **To** Galliard.

Lady Galliard

Be gone, or you will ruin me for ever. **In disorder.**

Tom Wilding

Nay, then I will obey.

Lady Galliard

Here, down the back—stairs — As you have Honour, go and cherish mine. **Pulling him. He goes out.**
— He's gone, and now nethinks the shivering Fit of Honour is return'd. **Enter Sir Charles, rudely pushing Closet aside with Sir Anthony.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Deny'd an entrance! nay, then there is a
Rival in the Case, or so; and I'm resolv'd to discover the
Hellish Plot, d'ye see. **Just as he enters drunk at one Door, Wild. returns at the other.**

Lady Galliard

Ha, **Wilding** return'd! Shield me, ye Shades of Night. **Puts out the Candles, and goes to Wild.**

Tom Wilding

The Back—Stairs Door is lockt.

Lady Galliard

Oh, I am lost! curse on this fatal Night! Art thou resolv'd on my undoing every way.

Mrs. Closet

Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. **To Wild.**

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

What, what, all in darkness? Do you make Love like Cats, by Star-light? **Reeling about.**

Lady Galliard

Ah, he knows he's here! — Oh, what a pain is Guilt! **Aside.**

Tom Wilding

I wou'd not be surpriz'd. **As Closet takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark pushes by Sir Charles, and almost overthrows Sir Anth. at which they both draw, whilst he goes out with Closet.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hah, Gad, 'twas a Spark! — What, vanisht! hah —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Are you so, Sir? and I am for the Widow, Sir, and — **Just as they are passing at each other, Closet enters with a Candle.**

Hah, why, what have we here? — my nown Flesh and Blood? **Embracing his Uncle.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Cry mercy, Sir! Pray, how fell we out?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the — Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where is he? **Searching about.**

Lady Galliard

Whom seek ye, Sir, a Man, and in my Lodgings? **Angrily.**

Mrs. Closet

A Man! Merciful, what will this scandalous lying World come to? Here's no Man.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Away, I say, thou damn'd Domestick Intelligence, that comest out every half hour with some fresh Sham — No Man! — What, 'twas an Appointment only, hum, — which I shall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here, **Searches about.**

I shall very civilly and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendship with him — pray, mark that — run him through the Lungs.

Lady Galliard

Oh, what a Coward's Guilt! what mean you, Sir?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Mean? why I am obstinately bent to ravish thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that so I have no obligation to thee, and consequently use thee scurvily with a good Conscience.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A most delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as leud as the best of 'em, God grant him Life and Health. **Aside.**

Lady Galliard

'Tis late, and I entreat your absence, Sir: These are my Hours of Prayer, which this unseasonable Visit has disturb'd.

Sir Charles Meriwill

The City Heiress

Prayer! No more of that, Sweetheart; for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing so late, but a good Husband; and see, Heaven has sent him just in the critical minute, to supply your Occasions.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons presently. I'll not give Sixpence from him, though to the poor of the Parish.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Come, Widow, let's to Bed. **Pulls her, she is angry.**

Lady Galliard

Hold, Sir, you drive the Jest too far; And I am in no humour now for Mirth.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Jest: Gad, ye lye, I was never in more earnest in all my Life.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counsel, and good Company. **Getting nearer the Door still.**

Lady Galliard

What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to see me treated thus?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye see -- Therefore, thou sometimes necessary Utensil, withdraw. **Gives her to Sir Anth.**

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty. **Pushes her out, and goes out.**

Lady Galliard

Stay, **Closet**, I command ye. -- What have you seen in me shou'd move you to this rudeness? **To Sir Char.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

No frowning; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, Widow; and therefore I am resolv'd no body shall lie with you but my self. You have dangerous Wasps buzzing about your Hive, Widow -- mark that -- **She flings from him.**

Nay, no parting but upon terms, which, in short, d'ye see, are these: Down on your Knees, and swear me heartily, as Gad shall judge your Soul, d'ye see, to marry me to morrow.

Lady Galliard

To morrow! Oh, I have urgent business then.

Sir Charles Meriwill

So have I. Nay, Gad, an you be for the nearest way to the Wood, the sober discreet way of loving, I am sorry for ye, look ye. **He begins to undress.**

Lady Galliard

Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Only to go to Bed, that's all. **Still undressing.**

Lady Galliard

Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Ay, do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours, they'll be for me, d'ye see, bring in the Bill **Ignoramus**, though I am no very true blue Protestant neither; therefore dispatch, or —

Lady Galliard

Hold, are you mad? I cannot promise you to night.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Well, well, I'll be content with Performance then to night, and trust you for your Promise till to morrow.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

peeping.

Ah, Rogue! by **George**, he out—does my Expectations of him.

Lady Galliard

What Imposition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Charles Meriwill

You need not, you'll do my business better alone. **Pulls her.**

Lady Galliard

What shall I do? how shall I send him hence? **Aside.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

He shall ne'er drink small Beer more, that's positive; I'll burn all's Books too, they have help'd to spoil him; and sick or well, sound or unsound, Drinking shall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study. **Aside, peeping unseen.**

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Come, come, no pausing; your Promise, or I'll to Bed. **Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pulled off almost all the rest of his Clothes.**

Lady Galliard

What shall I do? here is no Witness near: And to be rid of him I'll promise him; he'll have forgot it in his sober Passion. **Aside.**

Hold, I do swear I will -- **He fumbling to undo his Breeches.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

What?

Lady Galliard

Marry you.

Sir Charles Meriwill

When?

Lady Galliard

Nay, that's too much -- Hold, hold, I will to morrow -- Now you are satisfy'd, you will withdraw? **Enter Sir Ant. and Closet.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Charles, Joy, **Charles**, give you Joy, here's two substantial Witnesses.

Mrs. Closet

I deny it, Sir; I heard no such thing.

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

What, what, Mrs. **Closet**, a Waiting-woman of Honour, and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul if thou dar'st swear what thou say'st.

Lady Galliard

How, upon the Catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Base and unkind, is this your humble Love?
Is all your whining come to this, false Man?
By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd. **She goes out in a Rage with Closet.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Nay, Gad, you're caught, struggle and flounder as you please, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith. **Looking after her.**
— Uncle, get ye home about your Business; I hope you'll give me the good morrow, as becomes me — I say no more, a Word to the Wise —

Sir Anthony Meriwill

By **George**, thou'rt a brave Fellow; why, I did not think it had been in thee, Man. Well, adieu; I'll give thee such a good morrow, **Charles** — the Devil's in him! — 'Bye, **Charles** — a plaguy Rogue! — 'night, Boy — a divine Youth!

Going and returning, as not able to leave him. Exit.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Gad, I'll not leave her now, till she is mine;
Then keep her so by constant Consummation.
Let Man o' God do his, I'll do my Part,
In spite of all her Fickleness and Art;
There's one sure way to fix a Widow's Heart.
Exit.

Act 5

Scene 1

Sir Timothy's House.

Enter Dresswell, Foppington, Laboir, **and five or six more disguised with Vizards and dark Lanthorns.**

Foppington

Not yet! a plague of this damn'd Widow: The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Cast, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. in Rapture and Joy.

— Hah, dear **Tom**, art thou come?

Tom Wilding

I saw how at her length she lay! I saw her rising Bosom bare!

Foppington

A Pox of her rising Bosom! My dear, let's dress and about our Business.

Tom Wilding

Her loose thin Robes, through which appear A Shape design'd for Love and Play!

Dresswell

Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture? 'tis almost day.

Tom Wilding

Ah, **Frank**, such a dear Night! **Dress.** A Pox of Nights, Sir, think of this and the Day to come: which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Tom Wilding

The Day to come!

Death, who cou'd be so dull in such dear Joys,

The City Heiress

To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em!

And had I not been interrupted by **Charles Meriwill**, who, getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an untimely Visit, I'd had no more power of returning, than committing Treason: But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and so unseen I got off. But come --- my Disguise. **Dresses.**

Dresswell

All's still and hush, as if Nature meant to favour our Design.

Tom Wilding

'Tis well: and hark ye, my Friends, I'll prescribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation; for I have consider'd, if we modestly take nothing but the Writings, 'twill be easy to suspect the Thief.

Foppington

Right; and since 'tis for the securing our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize --- Sirrah, leave the Portmantle here. **Exeunt as into the House.**

After a small time, Enter Jervice undres'd, crying out, pursu'd by some of the Thieves.

Jervice

Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder! **Enter Wilding with his Sword drawn.**

Tom Wilding

A plague upon his Throat; set a Gag in's Mouth and bind him, though he be my Uncle's chief Pimp --- so ---

They bind and gag him.

Enter Dresswell, and Laboir.

Dresswell

Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e'er they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

'Tis well; come, follow me, like a kind Midnight–Ghost, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps — this Door leads to my Uncle's Apartment; I know each secret Nook conscious of Treasure. **All go in, leaving Jervice bound on the Stage.**

Enter Sensure running half undress'd, as from Sir Timothy's Chamber, with his Velvet–Coat on her Shoulders.

Mrs. Sensure

Help, help! Murder! Murder! Dres. Lab. **and others pursue her.**

Dresswell

What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Alderman's Bed? **Holding a Lanthorn to his Face.**

Mrs. Sensure

Ah, mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

Dresswell

A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great Miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Mrs. Sensure

Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the Wicked.

Dresswell

That's well — The sanctify'd Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her Neck. **Pulls off the Coat.**

Mrs. Sensure

Ah, Misfortune, I have mistook his Worship's Coat for my Gown. **A little Book drops out of her Bosom.**

The City Heiress

Dresswell

What have we here? **A Sermon preacht by Richard Baxter, Divine.** Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Cause.

Mrs. Sensure

Alack, how the Saints may be scandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worship up.

Dresswell

And comment upon the Text a little, which I suppose may be, increase and multiply — Here, gag, and bind her.
Exit Dres.

Mrs. Sensure

Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Laboir

Then you'll go near to miscarry of a Babe of Grace. **Enter Wild. Fop. and others, leading iu Sir Timothy in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Gentlemen, why, Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling in what you go about — Pity my Age.

Tom Wilding

Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pity —

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Oh, fearful — But, Gentlemen, what is't you design? is it a general Massacre, pray? or am I the only Person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation? I know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self, both by Men, Women, and Children, the diabolical Emissaries of the Pope.

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

How, Sirrah! **Fiercely, he starts.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holiness with all my Soul; and if his Grace did but know what I've done for him, d'ye see --

Foppington

You done for the Pope, Sirrah! Why, what have you done for the Pope?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you very great Service, very great Service; for I have been, d'ye see, in a small Tryal I had, the cause and occasion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I suppose no Jury in **Christendom** will ever have the Impudence to believe 'em hereafter, shou'd they swear against his Holiness and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

Tom Wilding

And yet you plot on still, cabal, treat, and keep open Debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealthsmen to carry on the good Cause.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Alas, what signifies that! You know, Gentlemen, that I have such a strange and natural Agility in turning -- I shall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the Lurch.

Tom Wilding

'Tis very likely; but at this time we shall not take your Word for that.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

Bloody-minded Men, are you resolv'd to assassinate me then?

Tom Wilding

You trifle, Sir, and know our Business better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much less any Party or Person — Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Foppington

Ay, ay, discover, discover your Money, Sir, your ready —

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Money, Sir, good lack, is that all? **Smiling on 'em.**

Why, what a Beast was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money last Week to Alderman

Draw-tooth? Alack, alack, what shift shall I make now to accommodate you? — But if you please to come again to morrow —

Foppington

A shamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a dissembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick but ready Money. **Aloud and threatning.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hold, I beseech you, Gentlemen, not so loud; for there is a Lord, a most considerable Person, and a Stranger, honours my House to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordship shou'd be disturb'd.

Tom Wilding

Take no care for him, he's fast bound and all his Retinue.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, disgrac'd! What will the **Polanders** say, that I shou'd expose their Ambassador to this Disrespect and Affront?

The City Heiress

Tom Wilding

Bind him, and take away his Keys. **They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his Bosom.** Ex. all.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Ay, ay, what you please, Gentlemen, since my Lord's bound — Oh, what Recompence can I make for so unhospitable Use? I am a most unfortunate Magistrate: hah, who's there, **Jervice**? Alas, art thou here too? What, canst not speak? but 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will serve to beg my Pardon of my Lord? — And then my Heiress, **Jervice**, ay, my rich Heiress, why, she'll be ravisht: Oh Heavens, ravisht! The young Rogues will have no Mercy, **Jervice**; nay, perhaps as thou say'st, they'll carry her away. — Oh, that thought! Gad, I rather the City-Charter were lost. **Enter some with Bags of Money.**
— Why, Gentlemen, rob like Christians, Gentlemen.

Foppington

What, do you mutter, Dog?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Not in the least, Sir, not in the least; only a Conscience, Sir, in all things does well — Barbarous Rogues. **They go out all again.**
Here's your arbitrary Power, **Jervice**; here's the Rule of the Sword now for you: These are your Tory Rogues, your tantivy Roysters; but we shall cry quits with you, Rascals, ere long; and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequestration, we shall so handle ye — we'll spare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a slice at your fat Church-men, your Crape-Gownorums. **Enter Wild. Dresswell, Laboir, and the rest, with more Bags.**

Tom Wilding

A Prize, a Prize, my Lads, in ready Guineas; Contribution, my beloved.

Dresswell

Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in spite of **Ignoramus** and all his Tribe — What hast thou here? **To Fop. who enters with a Bag full of Papers.**

The City Heiress

Foppington

A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treason, Successions, Rights and Privileges, with a new-fashion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Association. — Ah, Rogue, what will you say when these shall be made publick?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Say, Sir? why, I'll deny it, Sir; for what Jury will believe so wise a Magistrate as I cou'd communicate such Secrets to such as you? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in — or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in **London**, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a Man may speak Treason within the Walls of **London**, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-Men. And as for the Money, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Tom Wilding

Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way — Your servant, Sir. — So, away with it to **Dresswell's** Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it. **They carry off Sir Timothy, and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.**

Dresswell

Well, you are sure you have all you came for?

Tom Wilding

All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all —

Foppington

Come, let's away then.

Tom Wilding

Away? what meanest thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

The City Heiress

Foppington

We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Tom Wilding

No, we have not done so ill, but we dare shew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

Foppington

And who shall bind the last Man?

Tom Wilding

Honest **Laboir**, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you get drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things discreetly, or you'll be hang'd, that's certain. **Ex.** Wild. **and** Dres.

Foppington

So, now will I i'th' Morning to **Charlot**, and give her such a Character of her Love, as if she have Resentment, makes her mine. **Exit** Fop.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

calls within.

Ho, **Jenkins, Roger, Simon!** where are these Rogues? none left alive to come to my Assistance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! so ho, ho, ho!

Laboir

So, now's my Cue -- and stay, I am not yet sober. **Puts himself into a drunken Posture.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Laboir

Water, water, I say; for I am damnably dry.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hah, who's there?

Laboir

What doleful Voice is that?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

What art thou, Friend or Foe? **In a doleful Tone.**

Laboir

Very direful -- why, what the Devil art thou?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Laboir

Wretched! What art thou, Ghost, Hobgoblin, or walking Spirit? **Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Oh, neither, neither, but mere Mortal, Sir **Timothy Treat-all**, robb'd and bound. **Coming out led by** Laboir.

Laboir

The City Heiress

How, our generous Host!

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, one of my Lord's Servants! Alas, alas, how cam'st thou to escape?

Laboir

E'en by miracle, Sir; by being drunk, and falling asleep under the Hall-Table with your Worship's Dog **Tory**, till just now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me: and crawling from my Kennel to secure the black Jack, I stumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to serve your Worhsip. **Goes to unbind his Hands.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hold, hold, I say; for I scorn to be so uncivil to be unbound before his Lordship: therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confined too.

Laboir

What, and leave his worthy Friend in distress? by no means, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not asham'd to look in the Face, I am an errant Sarazen.

Exit Sir Tim. and Lab.

Scene 2

Changes to Wilding's Chamber. He is discover'd sitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him; to them Sir Timothy and Laboir.

Tom Wilding

Peace, Sirrah, for sure I hear some coming — Villains, Rogues! I care not for my self, but for the good pious Alderman. **Sir Tim. as listening.**

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Wonderful Goodness, for me! Alas, my Lord, this sight will break my Heart. **Weeps.**

Tom Wilding

Sir **Timothy** safe! nay, then I do forgive 'em.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

Tom Wilding

It is my Custom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to Bed; and having pray'd that drousy Slave asleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aside.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not stay till you had said your Prayers?

Tom Wilding

By no Persuasion -- Can you not guess who they shou'd be, Sir?

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Oh, some damn'd Tory--rory Rogues, you may be sure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! why, what will this World come to?

Tom Wilding

Let us not talk, Sir, but pursue 'em. **Offering to go.**

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Pursue 'em! alas, they're past our reach by this time.

Tom Wilding

Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine: some that know each Corner of your House, I'll warrant.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Think ye so, my Lord? ay, this comes of keeping open House; which makes so many shut up their Doors at Dinner-time. **Enter** Dresswell.

Dresswell

Good Morrow, Gentlemen! what, was the Devil broke loose to night?

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Only some of his Imps, Sir, saucy Varlets, insupportable Rascals — But well, my Lord, now I have seen your Lordship at liberty, I'll leave you to your rest, and go see what Harm this night's Work has done.

Tom Wilding

I have a little Business, Sir, and will take this time to dispatch it in; my Servants shall to Bed, though 'tis already day — I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Your time; my House and all I have is yours; and so I take my Leave of your Lordship. **Ex. Sir** Tim.

Tom Wilding

Now for my angry Maid, the young **Charlot**;
'Twill be a Task to soften her to Peace;
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Blushing as tender Rose-Buds on their Stalks,

The City Heiress

Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to ravish.
— Come, thou shalt along with me, I'll trust thy Friendship.
Exeunt.

Scene 3

Changes to Diana's Chamber. She is discover'd dressing, with Betty.

Diana

Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

Betty

And you do well to lose no time.

Diana

Ah, **Betty**, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old Husband, because rich, before so young, so handsom, and so soft a Lover as **Wilding**?

Betty

I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchase, Money and Quality may.

Diana

Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with such a Beast; ay, there's the Devil, **Betty**. Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,

The soft dear Arms of **Wilding** round my Neck.
From those cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I shall meet, instead of **Tom's** warm kisses,
A hollow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palsy, stinking with Disease,
By Age and Nature barricado'd up
With a kind Nose and Chin;
What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours supportable?

The City Heiress

Betty

What? why six thousand Pounds a Year, Mistress. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you please.

Diana

Die! no, he's too temperate — Sure these Whigs, **Betty**, believe there's no Heaven, they take such care to live so long in this World — No, he'll out-live me. **Sighs.**

Betty

In Grace a God he may be hang'd first, Mistress — Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he. **She goes to open the Door.**

Diana

I cannot bring my Heart to like this Business;
One sight of my dear **Tom** wou'd turn the Scale.

Betty

Who's there? **Enter Sir Tim. joyful;** Dian. **walks away.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;

This happy Day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.

— Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this Morning. **Aside.**

— Fair Excellence, I approach — **Going toward her.**

Diana

Like Physick in a Morning next one's Heart; **Aside.**

Which, though it be necessary, is most filthy loathsom. **Going from him.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty?
— Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning.

Diana

It will not down. **Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Alas, ye Gods, am I despis'd and scorn'd?
Did I for this ponder upon the Question,
Whether I should be King or Alderman? **Heroickly.**

Diana

If I must marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven. **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Heaven! did she name Heaven, **Betty?**

Betty

I think she did, Sir.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

I do not like that: What need has she to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Diana

Marriage is a sort of Hanging, Sir; and I was only making a short Prayer before Execution.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing else to do. **Takes her Hand.**

Diana

Not much, I dare swear.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

And let us, Fair one, haste; the Parson stays; besides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us — I mean, my Nephew.

Diana

A Pox upon him now for naming **Wilding**. **Weeps.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay, then I am provok'd — Look on this Head, this wise and Reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken measure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye see.

Diana

A Halter rather. **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Ay, and it fits it too: and am I slighted, I that shall receive **Billet–Doux** from **Infanta's**? 'tis most uncivil and impolitick.

Diana

I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone. **Aside.**
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I shed indeed at naming **Wilding**,

The City Heiress

Of whom my foolish Heart has now ta'en leave,
And from this Moment is intirely yours.
Gives him her Hand, they go out followed by Betty.

Scene 4

Changes to a Street.
Enter Charlot, led by Foppington, follow'd by Mrs. Clacket.

Charlot

Stay, my Heart misgives me, I shall be undone. — Ah, whither was I going? **Pulls her Hand from Fop.**

Foppington

Do, stay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady **Galliard.**

Charlot

Oh! Take heed lest you sin doubly, Sir.

Foppington

By Heaven, 'tis true, he past the Night with her.

Charlot

All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. Clacket

A very proper Question; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

Charlot

Oh, no; they lookt and lov'd and vow'd and lov'd, and swore eternal Friendship — Haste, haste, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it past my Power to love him more.

The City Heiress

Foppington

Oh, how you charm me! **Takes her by the Hand.**

Charlot

Yet what art thou? a Stranger to my Heart. Wherefore, ah why, on what occasion shou'd I?

Mrs. Clacket

Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you, your Reputation's gone.

Charlot

How, am I not honest then?

Mrs. Clacket

Marry, Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a single Hour in **Wilding's** Hands, wou'd not swear you have lost your Maidenhead? And back again I'm sure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine History to be sung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

Foppington

Right; and you see **Wilding** has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll shortly hear he's married.

Charlot

Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on. **They going out, meet Sir Anthony with Musick: they return.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the House, and this the Window belonging to my Lady's Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have some neat, soft, brisk, languishing, sprightly Air now.

The City Heiress

Foppington

Old **Meriwill** — how shall I pass by him! **Stand by.**

Sir Anthony Meriwill

So, here's Company too; 'tis very well — Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the Business — Come, come, screw up your Chitterling. **They play.**

— Hold, hold a little — Good morrow, my Lady **Galliard.** — Give your Ladyship Joy.

Charlot

What do I hear, my Lady **Galliard** joy'd?

Foppington

How, married her already?

Charlot

Oh, yes, he has. Lovely and false, hast thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. Clacket

Oh, Heavens, Mr. **Foppington**, she faints. — ah me! **They hold her, Musick plays.**
Enter Wilding and Dresswell, disguis'd as before.

Tom Wilding

Ah, Musick at **Galliard's** Door!

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Good morrow, Sir **Charles Meriwill**: give your Worship and your fair Lady Joy.

Tom Wilding

Hah, **Meriwill** married the Widow!

Dresswell

No matter; prithee advance, and mind thy own Affairs.

Tom Wilding

Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meet my Eyes --
Hah! -- **Sees Sir Charles come into the Balcony undrest.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Good morrow, Uncle. Gentlemen, I thank ye: Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Master's the Duke.
Gives 'em Money.

Tom Wilding

Heaven bless your Honour, and your virtuous Bride.

Foppington

Wilding! undone. **Shelters** Charlot, **that she may not see** Wilding.

Tom Wilding

Death and the Devil, **Meriwill** above!

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Ah, the Boy's Rival here! By **George**, here may be breathing this Morning — No matter, here's two to two; come, Gentlemen, you must in. **Thrusts the Musick in, and goes in.**

Dresswell

Is't not what you expected? nay, what you wisht?

Tom Wilding

What then? it comes too suddenly upon me —
E'er my last Kiss was cold upon her Lips,
Before the pantings of her Breast were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh, damn'd deluding Woman!

Dresswell

Be wise, and do not ruin where you love.

Tom Wilding

Nay, if thou com'st to reasoning, thou hast lost me. **Breaks from him, and runs in.**

Charlot

I say 'twas **Wilding's** Voice, and I will follow it.

Foppington

How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Charlot

Nay, force me not; by Heaven, I'll cry a Rape,
Unless you let me go — Not after him!
Yes, to the infernal Shades — Unhand me, Sir.

Foppington

How, Madam, have you then design'd my Ruin?

Charlot

Oh, trust me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour. **Runs in after Wild.**

Mrs. Clacket

So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll e'en after her, and deny to have any hand in the Business. **Goes in.**

Foppington

Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-bit, that he shou'd cross my Hopes just in the nick? But shall I lose her thus? No, Gad, I'll after her; and come the worst, I have an Impudence shall out-face a **Middlesex** Jury, and out-swear a Discoverer.

Goes in.

Scene 5

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lady Galliard, pursued by Sir Charles, and Footman.

Lady Galliard

Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require some of his Officers to assist me instantly; and d'ye hear, Rascal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. **To the Footman who is going.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

William, you may stay, **William.**

Lady Galliard

I say, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir Charles Meriwill

The City Heiress

Sirrah, I say — know your Lord and Master.

William

I shall, Sir. **Goes out.**

Lady Galliard

Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? pursue me not.

Sir Charles Meriwill

You are mistaken, I'm disobedient grown,
Since we became one Family; and when
I've us'd you thus a Week or two, you will
Grow weary of this peevish fooling.

Lady Galliard

Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am resolv'd I'll tire thee out merely in spite, to have the better of thee.

Sir Charles Meriwill

I'm as resolv'd as you, and do your worst,
For I'm resolv'd never to quit thy House.

Lady Galliard

But, Malice, there are Officers i'th' City, that will not see me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Magistrates! why, they shall be welcome, if they be honest and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

Lady Galliard

The City Heiress

Are you resolv'd to be thus obstinate?
Fully resolv'd to make this way your Conquest?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Most certainly, I'll keep you honest to your Word, my Dear — I've Witness —

Lady Galliard

You will?

Sir Charles Meriwill

You'll find it so.

Lady Galliard

Then know, if thou darest marry me, I will so plague thee, be so reveng'd for all those Tricks thou hast play'd me
— — Dost thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir Charles Meriwill

Not at all: I'll trust thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

Lady Galliard

Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Why, then I shall be free o'th' Reverend City.

Lady Galliard

Then I will game without cessation, till I've undone thee.

The City Heiress

Sir Charles Meriwill

Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be sure of a Cully; and may they rook ye till ye lose, and fret, and chafe, and rail those youthful Eyes to sinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered Leanness.

Lady Galliard

Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I please.

Sir Charles Meriwill

For that, see who'll petition first, and then I'll change for new ones every Night. **Enter** William.

William

Madam, here's Mr. **Wilding** at the Door, and will not be deny'd seeing you.

Lady Galliard

Hah, **Wilding**! Oh, my eternal Shame! now thou hast done thy worst.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Now for a Struggle 'twixt your Love and Honour!

— Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happiness,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to **Wilding**;
But I have too much Honour in my Passion,
To let you loose to ruin: Consider and be wise.

Lady Galliard

Oh, he has toucht my Heart too sensibly. **Aside.**

The City Heiress

Sir Anthony Meriwill

within.

As far as good Manners goes I'm yours;
But when you press indecently to Ladies Chambers, civil
Questions ought to askt, I take it, Sir.

Lady Galliard

To find him here, will make him mad with
Jealousy, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows: Oh,
Guilt, what art thou! **Aside.**
Enter Sir Anth. Wild. and Dres.

Dresswell

Prithee, dear **Wilding**, moderate thy Passion.

Tom Wilding

By Heaven, I will; she shall not have the Pleasure to see I am concern'd — Morrow, Widow; you are early up,
you mean to thrive, I see, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Hah, **Wilding**, this that past last Night at Sir **Timothy's** for a Man of Quality? Oh, give him way, **Wilding's** my
Friend, my Dear, and now I'm sure I have the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a hasty Word or two.

Tom Wilding

I thank thee, **Charles** — what, you are married then?

Lady Galliard

I hope you've no Exception to my Choice. **Scornfully.**

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

False Woman, dost thou glory in thy Perfidy? **To her aside angrily.**

— Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him — **Aloud.**

Had you lov'd me, you'd pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some spruce gay Fool of Fortune, and no more,
Who would have taken so much Care of his own ill-favour'd Person,
He shou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the Care of some fond longing Lover.

Lady Galliard

Death, he will tell him all! **aside.**
Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Tom Wilding

No, but thou art wondrous false,
False as the Love and Joys you feign'd last Night. **In a soft Tone aside to her.**

Lady Galliard

Oh, Sir, be tender of those treacherous Minutes. **Softly to him.**

— If this be all you have to say to me — **Walking away, and speaking loud.**

Tom Wilding

Faith, Madam, you have us'd me scurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice. **Aloud.**

— Curse on thee, did I only blow the Fire
To warm another Lover? **To her softly aside.**

Lady Galliard

Perjur'd — was't not by your Advice I married?
— Oh, where was then your Love? **Softly to him aside.**

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

So soon did I advise?
Didst thou invite me to the Feast of Love,
To snatch away my Joys as soon as tasted?
Ah, where was then you Modesty and Sense of Honour? **Aside to her in a low Tone.**

Lady Galliard

Ay, where indeed, when you so quickly vanquisht? **Soft.**

— But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. **Aloud.**

Tom Wilding

No, 'twas with thee to make my last Effort against your scorn. **Shews her the Writings.**

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languishments cou'd nought avail,
Had made ye mine for ever. **Aloud.**
Enter Sir Anthony, pulling in Sir Tim. and Diana.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Morrow, **Charles**; Morrow to your Ladyship: **Charles**, bid Sir **Timothy** welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, **Charles**, and drinking my Lady's Health.

Tom Wilding

Hah, my Uncle here so early? **Aside.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

What, has your Ladyship serv'd me so? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not took Heart of Grace, and shew'd your Ladyship Trick for Trick? for I have been this Morning about some such Business of Life too, Gentlemen: I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heiress of Sir **Nicholas Gett-all**, Knight and Alderman.

Tom Wilding

The City Heiress

Ha, married to **Diana**! How fickle is the Faith of common Women! **Aside**.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding—dinner the Honour to grace it with your Presence.

Tom Wilding

I shall not fail, Sir. A Pox upon him, he'll discover all. **Aside**.

Lady Galliard

I must own, Sir **Timothy**, you have made the better Choice.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

I cou'd not help my Destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know. **Enter Charlot weeping, and Clacket**.

Charlot

Stand off, and let me loose as are my Griefs,
Which can no more be bounded: Oh, let me face
The perjurd, false, forsworn!

Lady Galliard

Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much Sorrow?

Charlot

Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. **Weeps**.
Wild. Charlot! Nay, then I am discover'd.

Lady Galliard

The City Heiress

Alas, what wou'dst thou?

Charlot

That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.
Be Judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

How, my Nephew claim'd! Why, how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here?

Sir Charles Meriwill

By Heaven, I know her not. — Hark ye, Widow, this is some Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

Lady Galliard

Vile Man, this will not pass your Falshood off.
Sure, 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir Charles Meriwill

Death, I'll have the Forgery out; — Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it set thee on to lay a Claim to me?

Charlot

To you! Alas, who are you? for till this moment I never saw your Face.

Lady Galliard

Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

Ay, ay, Madam, stark mad! Poor Soul — Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir Charles Meriwill

How came you, pretty one, to lose your Wits thus?

Charlot

With loving, Sir, strongly, with too much loving. — Will you not let me see the lovely false one? **To L. Gal.**
For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

Lady Galliard

Who is he? pray describe him.

Charlot

A thing just like a Man, or rather Angel!
He speaks, and looks, and loves, like any God!
All fine and gay, all manly, and all sweet:
And when he swears he loves, you wou'd swear too
That all his Oaths were true.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

Who is she? some one who knows her and is wiser, speak — you, Mistress. **To Clacket.**

Mrs. Clacket

Since I must speak, there comes the Man of Mischief:
'Tis you, I mean, for all your Leering, Sir. **To Wild.**

Tom Wilding

So.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

What, my Lord?

Mrs. Clacket

I never knew your Nephew was a Lord:
Has his Honour made him forget his Honesty? Charl. **runs, and catches him in her Arms.**

Charlot

I have thee, and I'll die thus grasping thee;
Thou art my own, no Power shall take thee from me.

Tom Wilding

Never; thou truest of thy Sex, and dearest,
Thou soft, thou kind, thou constant Sufferer,
This moment end thy Fears; for I am thine.

Charlot

May I believe thou art not married then?

Tom Wilding

How can I, when I'm yours?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life?
Now, Madam, I am reveng'd on all your Scorn, **To L. Gal.**

— And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Why, what, are you indeed my Nephew **Thomas**?

Tom Wilding

I am **Tom Wilding**, Sir, that once bore some such Title, till you discarded me, and left me to live upon my Wits.

The City Heiress

Sir Timothy Treat-all

What, and are you no Polish Ambassador then **incognito**?

Tom Wilding

No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but must e'en remain as you were ever, Sir, a most seditious pestilent old Knave; one that deludes the Rabble with your Politicks, then leaves 'em to be hang'd, as they deserve, for silly mutinous Rebels.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd in course, because he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have cozen'd him of his rich Heiress; for I'm married, Sir, to Mrs. **Charlot**.

Tom Wilding

Rather **Diana**, Sir; I wish you Joy: See here's **Charlot**. I was not such a Fool to trust such Blessings with the Wicked.

Sir Charles Meriwill

How, Mrs. **Dy** Ladyfi'd! This is an excellent way of disposing an old cast-off Mistress.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

How, have I married a Strumpet then?

Diana

You give your Nephew's Mistress, Sir, too coarse a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir Timothy Treat-all

The City Heiress

Undone, undone! I shall ne'er make **Guildhall**—Speech more: but he shall hang for't, if there be e'er a Witness to be had between this and **Salamanca** for Money.

Tom Wilding

Do your worst, Sir; Witnesses are out of fashion now, Sir, thanks to your **Ignoramus** Juries.

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Then I'm resolv'd to disinherit him.

Tom Wilding

See, Sir, that's past your Skill too, thanks to my last Night's Ingenuity; they're **shews him the Writings**. sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd in the presence of, **&c.**

Sir Timothy Treat—all

Bear Witness, 'twas he that rob'd me last night.

Sir Anthony Meriwill

We bear witness, Sir, we know of no such matter we. I thank you for that, Sir; wou'd you make Witnesses of Gentlemen?

Sir Timothy Treat—all

No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay, drawn and quarter'd.

Tom Wilding

What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir Anthony Meriwill

The City Heiress

Nay, then 'tis a clear Case, you can neither hang him or blame him.

Tom Wilding

I'll propose fairly now; if you'll be generous and pardon all, I'll render your Estate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir **Anthony Meriwill's** and Sir **Charles** his Hands —

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without so much as wishing for your Death.

All.

This is but Reason.

Sir Charles Meriwill

With this Proviso, that he makes not use on't to promote any Mischief to the King and Government. **All.** Good and Just. **Sir Tim.** **pauses.**

Sir Timothy Treat-all

Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a Noise. — Well, **Tom,** I pardon all, and will be Friends. **Gives him his Hand.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at last into good Nature; yet you'll still be cruel.

Lady Galliard

No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquisht me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye — One last look more, and then — be gone, fond Love. **Sighing and looking on Wilding, giving Sir Charles her Hand.**

Sir Charles Meriwill

Come, Sir, you must receive **Diana** too; she is a cheerful witty Girl, and handsome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home. Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with Business of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,
Let **Cæsar** be the Kingdom's Care and Love;
Let the hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of just Succession:
But may all honest Hearts as one agree
To bless the King, and Royal **Albany**.
Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Person of Quality: Spoken by Mrs. Boteler.

My Plot, I fear, will take but with a few,
A rich young Heiress to her first Lover true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and past enduring,
Against the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
Marrying's the Mask, which Modesty assures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Husband sounds so dull to a Town-Bride,
Ye now—a—days condemn him e'er he's try'd;
E'er in his Office he's confirm'd Possessor,
Like **Trincaloes** you chuse him a Successor,
In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,
With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead sprouts,
Like a poor Parson bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his First-fruits e'er he enters.
But for short Carnivals of stoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year;
Till brought at last to a starving Nun's Condition,
You break into our Quarters for Provision;
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And 'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care;)
A Fool is the Fee-simple of a Player,)
In which we Women claim a double share.)
In other things the Men are Rulers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,)
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother-Wit,)
By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit.)
Take then the Wits, and all their useless Prattles;
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your first Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you see in Quality we want?)
What can they give you which we cannot grant?)
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.)
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our Dress as gay — All underneath as good.
Most Men have found us hitherto more true,)
And if we're not abus'd by some of you,)

The City Heiress

We're full as fair — perhaps as wholesom too.)
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies;
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,
And Musquetoon at last decide the Cause.
