

The Temple Beau

Henry Fielding

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Henry Fielding

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Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flumine Lembum
Remigiis subigit.

Virg. Georg.

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidè putetur, sed quia Nobis.*

Hor. Art. Poet.

PROLOGUE, Written by Mr. *RALPH*, and Spoken by Mr. *GIFFARD* . [By Ralph, J.]

Humour and Wit, in each politer Age,
A Triumphant, rear'd the Trophies of the Stage:
But only Farce, and Shew, will now go down,
And Harlequin's the Darling of the Town.
Will's has resign'd its old Pretence to Wit,
And Beaux appear, where Criticks us'd to sit.

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Button himself, provok'd at Wit's Decline,
Now Lets his House, and swears he'll Burn his Sign.
Ah! shou'd all others that on Wit depend,
Like him, Provok'd; like him, their Dealings end;
Our Theatres might take th' Example too,
And Players starve themselves—as Authors do.
But, if the gay, the courtly World disdain
To hear the Muses and their Sons complain;
Each injur'd Bard shall to this Refuge fly,
And find that Comfort, which the Great deny:
Shall frequently employ this Infant Stage,
And boldly aim to wake a dreaming Age.
The Comick Muse, in Smiles severely gay,
Shall scoff at Vice, and laugh its Crimes away.
The Voice of Sorrow pine in Tragick Lays,
And claim your Tears, as the sincerest Praise.
Merit, like Indian Gems, is rarely found;
Obscure, 'tis sullied with the common Ground:
But when it blazes in the World's broad Eye,
All own the Charms, they pass'd unheeded by.
Be you the first t'explore the latent Prize,
And raise its Value, as its Beauties rise.
Convince that Town, which boasts its better Breeding,
That Riches—are not all that you exceed in.
Merit, where—ever found, is still the same,
And this our Stage may be the Road to Fame.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir Avarice Pedant, Mr. Collet.
Sir Harry Wilding, Mr. Penkethman.
Wilding, Mr. Giffard.
Veromil, Mr. W. Giffard.
Valentine, Mr. Williams.
Pedant, Mr. Bullock.
Pincet, Mr. Bardin.
WOMEN.

Lady Lucy Pedant, Mrs. Giffard.
Lady Gravely, Mrs. Haughton.
Bellaria, Mrs. Purden.
Clarissa, Mrs. Seal
Taylor, *Perriwig-maker*, *Servants*, &c.

SCENE LONDON.

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ACT I.

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SCENE I.

SCENE, An Antichamber in Sir Avarice Pedant's House.

Lady Lucy Pedant, Lady Gravely.

Lady Lucy, entering in a Passion, followed by the Lady Gravely.

No more of your Lectures, dear Sister. Must I be fatigu'd every Morning, with an odious Repetition of fulsome, dull, antiquated Maxims, extracted from old Philosophers and Divines, who no more practised what they wrote, than you practise what you read? Sure, never Woman had such a Time on't!—Between a Husband mad with Avarice, a Son-in-Law mad with Learning, a Neice mad with Love—and a Sister— L. *Gra.*

Ay, what am I? I'd be glad to know what I am. L. *Lucy.*

The World knows what you are—

L. *Gra.*

How, Madam!—the World knows nothing of me. L. *Lucy.*

It says it does; it talks of you very freely, Child. First, that you are not so young as you would seem; nor so handsom, or good as you do seem; that your Actions are as much disguised by your Words, as your Skin by Paint; that the Virtue in your Mouth, no more proceeds from the Purity of your Heart, than the Colour in your Cheeks does, from the Purity of your Blood. L. *Gra.*

Very fine, indeed! L. *Lucy.*

That your Ardency to reprove the World is too often rank Envy; that you are not angry with the Deformities of the Mind, but the Beauties of the Person: For it is notorious, that you never spoke well of a handsome Woman, nor ill of an ugly one. L. *Gra.*

Impudent Scandal! L. *Lucy.*

That you rail at the Diversions of the Town, for several Reasons, but the Love of Goodness has nothing to do with any. Assemblies, because you are very little regarded in them; Operas, because you have no Ear; Plays, because you have no Taste; Balls, because you can't dance: and lastly— that you went to Church, twice a-day, a whole Year and half, because—you was in Love with the Parson; ha, ha, ha! L. *Gra.*

As ill as that malicious Smile becomes you, I am glad you put it on: For it convinces me, that what you have said is purely your own Suggestion, which I know how to despise. Or, perhaps, you call a set of Flirts, the World: By such a World, I would always be spoken ill of: The Slander of some People, is as great a Recommendation, as the Praise of others. For one is as much hated by the dissolute World, on the score of Virtue; as by the good, on that of Vice. Sister, your malicious Invectives against Me, reflect on your self only; I abhor the Motive, and I scorn the Effect.

L. *Lucy.*

Nay, but how ungenerous is this! when you have often told me, that to put one in Mind of Faults, is the truest sign of Friendship; and that Sincerity in private, should give no more Pain, than Flattery in publick, Pleasure. L. *Gra.*

And yet (methinks) you could not bear Plain-dealing just now. But I'm glad that your last Hint has awakened me to a perfect Sense of my Duty; therefore, Sister, since we are in private, I'll tell you what the World says of you.—In the first place, then, it says, that you are both younger and handsomer than you seem. L. *Lucy.*

Nay, this is Flattery, my Dear! L. *Gra.*

No indeed, my Dear! for, that Folly, and Affectation, have disguis'd you all over, with an Air of Dorage and Deformity. L. *Lucy.*

This carries an Air of Sincerity— thank you, my Dear. L. *Gra.*

That Admiration is the greatest Pleasure, and to obtain it, the whole Business of your Life; but that the Ways you take to it are so preposterous, one would be almost persuaded, you aimed rather at Contempt: For the Actions of an Infant seem the Patterns of your Conduct. When you are in the Play-house, you seem to think yourself on the

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Stage; and when you are at Church, I should swear you thought yourself in the Play-house, did I not know you never think at all. In every Circle, you engross the whole Conversation, where you say a thousand silly things, and laugh at them all; by both which the World is always convinced, that you have very fine Teeth, and very bad Sense.

L. Lucy.

Well, I will convince you, for I must laugh at that; ha, ha, ha!

L. Gra.

That you are not restrain'd from unlawful Pleasures, by the Love of Virtue, but Variety; and that your Husband is not safe, from having no Rival, but from having a great many; for your Heart is like a Coffee-House, where the Beaus frisk in and out, one after another; and you are as little the worse for them, as the other is the better; for one Lover, like one Poyson, is your Antidote against another. *L. Lucy.*

Ha, ha, ha! I like your Comparison of Love and Poyson, for I hate them both alike. *L. Gra.*

And yet you are in Love, and have been in Love, a long while. *L. Lucy.*

Dear Soul tell me who the happy Creature is, for I am sure he'll think himself so. *L. Gra.*

That I question not; for I mean yourself. *L. Lucy.*

Ha, ha, ha! and I'm sure you like my Taste. *L. Gra.*

In short, to end my Character, the World gives you the Honour of being the most finish'd Coquet in Town. *L. Lucy.*

And I believe it is as little News to you, that you have that of leading the vast, grave, solemn Body of Prudes: So let us be Friends— since, like the fiery Partizans of State, we aim only at the same thing, by several Ways: Their Aim is a Place at Court—ours is—this, my dear Sister! *L. Gra.*
(Now would my Arms were Fire-brands— I would embrace you then with better Will.)

[Aside.]

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SCENE II.

To 'em, Young Pedant.

Y. Ped.

Hey—day! What, is it customary here for you Women to kiss one another? It intimates the Men to be scarce, or backward, in my Opinion. *L. Lucy.*

And so, taking advantage of the Dearth of Gallants, you are come to Town to be enrolled in the Number.

Y. Ped.

May I be expelled the University that Day: If your Women want Fools 'till I turn one to please them, they shall want them—till their Fools turn Scholars like me, or 'till they themselves turn *Penelopes*, that is (*breviter*) till the World's turn'd topsy turvy.

L. Lucy.

Or, 'till such illiterate Pedants as you turn fine Gentlemen.

Y. Ped.

Illiterate! Mother—in—Law?—You are a Woman.

[Scornfully.]

L. Lucy.

You are a Coxcomb.

Y. Ped.

I rejoice in the Irony. To be called Coxcomb by a Woman is as sure a Sign of Sense, as to be called Rogue by a Courtier is of Honesty. *L. Gra.*

You should except your Relations, Nephew; and truly, for the Generality of Women, I am much of your Opinion.

Y. Ped.

Are you? then you are a Woman of Sense, Aunt; a very great Honour to your Sex. *L. Lucy.*

Did you ever hear so conceited, ignorant a Wretch!

Y. Ped.

Ignorant!—Know, Madam, that I have revolv'd more Volumes, than you have done Pages; I might say Lines. More Sense has gone in at these Eyes— *L. Lucy.*

Than will ever come out at that Mouth, I believe.—Ha, ha, ha!

Y. Ped.

What do you laugh at? I could convince you, that what you said then was only false Wir. Look ye, Mother, when you have been conversant with the *Greek* Poets, you'll make better Jests. *L. Lucy.*

And when you have convers'd with a *French* Dancing—Master, you'll make a better Figure; 'till when, you had best converse with your self. Come, Sister.

Y. Ped.

Sooner than converse with thee, may I be oblig'd to communicate with a drunken, idle, illiterate Soph: A Creature, of all, my Aversion.

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SCENE III.

Sir Avarice Pedant, and Young Pedant.

Sir Av.

How now, Son! What puts you into this Passion? I never knew any thing got by being in a Passion.

Y. Ped.

Sir, with your Peace, I am not in a Passion;

I have read too much Philosophy, to have my Passions irritated by Women.

Sir Av.

You seem, indeed, to have read a great deal; for you said several things last Night beyond my Understanding: But I desire you would give me some Account of your Improvement in that Way which I recommended to you at your going to the University; I mean that useful Part of Learning, the Arts of getting Money: I hope your Tutor has, according to my Orders, instill'd into you a tolerable Insight into Stock-jobbing. I hope to see you make a Figure at *Garaway's*, Boy.

Y. Ped.

Sir, he has instructed me in a much nobler Science—*Logick*—I have read all that has been written on that Subject, from the Time of *Aristotle*, to that great and learned Modern, *Burgersdicius*; truly, almost a Cart-load of Books.

Sir Av.

Have they taught you the Art to get a Cart-load of Money?

Y. Ped.

They have taught me the Art of getting Knowledge. *Logick* is in Learning, what the Compass is in Navigation. It is the Guide, by which our Reason steers in the Pursuit of true Philosophy.

Sir Av.

Did ever mortal Man hear the like!—Have I been at this Expence to breed my Son a Philosopher? I tremble at the Name; it brings the Thought of Poverty into my Mind. Why, do you think if your old Philosophers were alive, any one would speak to them, any one would pay their Bills! —Ah! these Universities are fit for nothing but to debauch the Principles of young Men; to poison their Minds with Romantick Notions of Knowledge and Virtue: What could I expect, but that Philosophy should teach you to crawl into a Prison; or Poetry, to fly into one!—Well, I'll shew you the World! where you will see, that Riches are the only Titles to Respect; and that Learning is not the way to get Riches. There are Men who can draw for the Sum of a hundred thousand Pounds, who can hardly spell it.

Y. Ped.

Sir, you were pleas'd to send for me to Town in an impetuous manner. Two Days have pass'd since my Arrival, I would therefore importune you to declare to me the Reasons of your Message.

Sir Av.

That is my Intention, and you will find by it how nicely I calculate. You know my Losses in the *South-Sea* had sunk my Fortune to so low an Ebb, that from having been offered, ay, and courted to accept a Wife of Quality (my present Lady) I sell so low, to have my Proposals of Marriage between you and the Daughter of a certain Citizen, rejected; tho' her Fortune was not equal to that of my Wife. For I must tell you, that a Thousand a Year is all you can expect from me, who might have left you Ten.

Y. Ped.

And is to me as desirable a Gift.

Sir Av.

I am sorry to hear you have no better Principles. But I have hit on a Way to double that Sum. In short, I intend to marry you to your Cousin *Bellaria*. I observed her, the Night of your Arrival, at Supper, look much at you, tho' you were then rough, and just off your Journey: my Brother sent her hither to prevent her marrying a Gentleman in the Country of a small Fortune. Now, I'll take care you shall have sufficient Opportunities together: and I

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question not but to compass the Affair; by which I gain just Ten Thousand Pound clear, for her Fortune is Twenty.

Y. Ped.

Sir, I desire to deliver my Reasons opponent to this Match; they are two: First, to the Thing, Matrimony. Secondly, to the Person, who is my Cousin-German.

Sir Av.

Now, Sir, I desire to deliver mine. I have but one, and that is very short. If you refuse, I'll disinherit you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv.

Sir, here's a Gentleman who calls himself *Wilding*, at the Door.

Sir Av.

Shew him in. Son, you will consider of what I have told you.

Y. Ped.

Yes, I will consider, but shall never find a Reply to so substantial, prevalent, and convincing an Argument.

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SCENE IV.

To them, Sir Harry Wilding.

Sir Har.

Is not your Name, Sir, *Sir Avarice Pedant*?

Sir Av.

At your Service, Sir.

Sir Har.

Then, Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Sir Av.

I don't know you, Sir.

Sir Har.

Don't you, Sir! why then, 'tis probable, by reading this Letter, you will know more than you do now.

Sir Av. [Reads.]

Dear Brother,

The Bearer is my very good Friend, Sir Harry Wilding; he comes to Town to introduce his eldest Son to Bellaria. The young Man, I'm told, has a great Character for Sobriety, and I know his Fortune equal to my Demands. I fear her old Lover will find her out, unless prevented by an immediate Match. Get every thing ready as quick as possible: I will be in Town soon; 'till when he particularly civil to Sir Harry and his Son. [Aside. Ay, with a Pox to them!]

Your humble Servant, and affectionate Brother, Geo. Pedant.

[*To Sir Harry.*] Sir, your very humble Servant. My Brother here informs me of your Proposals; I presume, Sir, I know your Son.

Sir Har.

I am surpriz'd at that, Sir, for he has no Acquaintance but with Books. Alas, Sir, he studies Day and Night!

Sir Av.

May I ask what he studies, Sir?

Sir Har.

Law, Sir, he has follow'd it so close these Six Years, that he has hardly had time to write even to—Me, (unless when he wants Necessaries) But I cannot convince you better than by one of his Bills—let me see—ay here—here it is!—here's a Bill—I shall see the Rogue a Judge—This Bill, Sir, is only for one Quarter.

Fifty Pounds worth of Law—Books read in one Quarter of a Year.—I shall see the Rogue a Judge.

You see, he reads all Night.

Sir Av.

Hold, hold, pray; it's enough in Conscience.

Sir Har.

In short, the whole Bill amounts to two Hundred and Seventy-five Pounds, for the Necessaries of Study only. I shall see the Rogue a Judge.

Sir Av.

But (methinks) there is one Article a little extraordinary: How comes it that your Son pays Four Shillings for a Coach to *Westminster*, when four Lawyers go thither for One?

Sir Har.

Ay! why that's a Question, now, that has been ask'd me several times: Heart! I believe you are all envious of my

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Boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much Law, and that, I think, is an Answer.

Sir Av.

I wonder, Sir *Harry*, a Gentleman of your plentiful Fortune, should breed your eldest Son to the Law.

Sir Har.

Oh, Sir! I'll give you a very good Reason for that—My Father was a Lawyer, and he got an Estate. It was my Misfortune to be bred a Gentleman. My Father kept me in the Country 'till I was Three and Twenty, and my Wife has kept me there ever since; for except when I brought my Son to the *Temple*, and this present Journey, I never was Twenty Miles from home.

Sir Av.

It was your Misfortune to be bred a Gentleman, Sir *Harry*!

Sir Har.

Ay, Sir; but I always resolv'd to breed my Son to the Law; I determin'd it before he was Born; and I don't question but to see him a Judge.—I am impatient 'till I find him out; so I am your humble Servant. You may expect me at Dinner.

Sir Av.

That's kind, however.—You see, Son, we have but a short time to execute our Project in; and if we are not expeditious, the Stock will be sold to another Purchaser. I am obliged to go into the City on Business: after Dinner, I will introduce you to my Neice. In the mean time think on some fine Speeches, some high Compliments: for in dealing with Women (contrary to all other Merchandize) the way to get them cheap, is to cry them up as much beyond their Value as possible.

Y. Ped.

So the Matter is reduced to this, *Either to be Married or Disinherited*. I'll accept the *Prior*; for, if I am disinherited, I shall never get my Estate again; but, if I am married (Providentially) I may get rid of my Wife.

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SCENE V.

St. James's Park.

Valentine and Veromil.

Val.

This was an agreeable Surprise indeed! for of all Men, my *Veromil* is he whom I most wished, but least expected to meet.

Ver.

My Wishes, *Valentine*, were equal to yours, but my Expectations greater; for I was told the Town, and all its Pleasures, had long engrossed the Heart of my *Valentine*. Nor has my Information been false, I find. These Cloaths! these Looks! these Airs! give me Reason to wonder how I recollected my metamorphosed Friend.

Val.

Why, faith! I am a little changed since those happy Times, when after a Day spent in Study, we us'd to regale at Night, and communicate our Discoveries in Knowledge over a Pint of bad Port. While, poor Creatures! we were Strangers to the greatest, pleasantest Part of Knowledge—

Ver.

What?

Val.

Woman, dear *Charles*, Woman; a sort of Books prohibited at the University, because your grave Dons, don't understand them. But what Part of the World has possess'd you these Years?

Ver.

The first Twelvemonth after I left the University, I remain'd in the Country with my Father, (you had not then forgot to correspond with me.) I then made the Tour of *France* and *Italy*. I intended to visit *Germany*; but on my Return to *Paris*, I there received the News of my Father's Death!

Val.

S'death! he did not deserve the Name.— Nay, I am no Stranger to your Misfortunes. Sure, *Nature* was as blind when she gave him such a Son, as *Fortune* when she robbed you of your Birthright.

Ver.

Valentine, I charge thee, on thy Friendship, not to reflect on that Memory which shall be ever sacred to my Breast. Who knows what Arts my Brother may have used? Nay, I have Reason to believe my Actions abroad were misrepresented. I must have fallen by a double Deceit. He must have colour'd my Innocence with the Face of Vice, and cover'd his own notorious Vices under the Appearance of Innocence.

Val.

Hell in its own Shape reward him for it.

Ver.

Heaven forgive him. I hope I can.

Val.

But tell me, (tho' I dread to ask) he did not, could not disinherit you of all!

Val.

All in his Power. My Mother's Fortune fell to me, he could not hinder it. And oh! my Friend! I could with that small Competency outvie my Brother's Happiness, had I not with my Fortune lost a Jewel dear to me as my Soul—yet here I forget even that. To hold, to embrace so dear a Friend, effaces every Care.

Val.

I still have been your Debtor: 'tis your superior Genius to oblige; my utmost Efforts will be still your due.

Ver.

Let us then sacrifice this Day to Mirth and Joy.

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Val.

With all my Heart.

Ver.

Is not that *Wilding* just come into the Mall?

Val.

I am sure he is alter'd since you saw him. I wonder his Dress indeed did not prevent your knowing him.

Ver.

No; it is by his Dress I do know him, for I saw him in the very same at *Paris*. He remembers me too, I perceive.
Mr. *Wilding* , your humble Servant.

SCENE VI.

Wilding, Veromil, Valentine.

Wild.

Ha! my dear *Veromil*, a thousand welcomes to *England*. When left you that delicious Place, *Paris*?

Ver.

Soon after you left it.

Wild.

I thought you intended for *Vienna*. But I am glad that we enjoy you so much sooner. For I suppose you are now come to Town for good?

Val.

Nay, he shall not escape us again.

Ver.

My Inclinations would bid me spend my whole Life with my *Valentine*: but Necessity confines our Happiness to this Day.

Val.

This Day!

Ver.

To-morrow Night I am to meet a Friend at *Dover*, to embark for *France*. I am glad we met so soon, for every Hour I am with you, tho' it seems a Moment, is worth an Age.

Wild.

You are soon weary of your Country, Mr. *Veromil*, which you long'd to see so much, when we were at *Paris*.

Ver.

Misfortunes have made it disagreeable.

Wild.

Come, come, I see the Bottom of this: there is a Mistress in the Case.

Val.

To *France*, for a Mistress!

Wild.

Ay, or what do all our fine Gentlemen there?

Val.

Learn to please an *English* one. It would be more rational in a *Frenchman* to come abroad for a Dancing-master, than in an *Englishman* to go abroad for a Mistress.

Ver.

However you'll allow a Lover to be partial, you must excuse me if I think *France* has now the finest Woman in the Universe. But to end your Amazement, she is our Country-woman.

Wild.

And has some devilish Coquet led you a Dance to *Paris*? Never stir after her; if she does not return within ten Weeks, I'll be bound to— fetch her.

Val.

Who can this great uncelebrated Beauty be?

Ver.

Oh! *Valentine*! She is one, whose Charms would delude Stoicism into Love: The luscious Dreams of amorous Boys ne'er rais'd Ideas of so fine a Form, nor Man of Sense e'er wish'd a Virtue in his Mistress's Mind which she has not. That Modesty! that Sweetness! that Virtue!

Wild.

Her Name, her Name?

Val.

Her Fortune, her Fortune?

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Ver.

I know, Gentlemen, You, who have liv'd so much in the gay World, will be surprized to hear me talk so seriously on this Affair. But be assured, my whole Happiness is in the Breast of one Woman.

Wild.

I own my self surprized; but our Friend here can hardly be so, for he is to-morrow to be happy with one Woman.

Ver.

How!

Val.

Wilt thou never have done with it? A Man can't appear in Publick, after it's known that he is to be married; but every one who wants a Wife will rally him out of Envy.

Wild.

Ay,—and every one who has a Wife, out of Pity.

Val.

'Sdeath! I'll be married to-morrow, and away into the Country the next Morning.

Wild

Oh! the Country is vastly pleasant during the Honey-moon; Groves and Mountains give one charming Ideas in the Spring of Matrimony. I suppose we shall have you in Town again in the Winter: At least, you'll be so obliging to send your Wife up. A Husband would be as publick-spirited a Man, if he did not run away with his Wife, as he who buys a fine Picture and hangs it up in his House, for the Benefit of all Comers. But robbing the Publick of a fine Woman is barbarous, and he who buries his Wife is as great a Miser, as he who buries his Gold.

Ver.

The Publick may thank themselves; for no Man would do either, had not the World affixed Shame to the sounds of Poverty and Cuckoldom.

Val.

You mention the Name, as if there were something frightful in it: One would imagine you had liv'd in the first Age and Infancy of Cuckoldom. Custom alters every thing. A Pair of Horns (perhaps) once seem'd as odd an Ornament for the Head, as a Perriwig: But now they are both equally in fashion, and a Man is no more star'd at for the one than for the other.

Wild.

Nay, I rather think Cuckoldom is an Honour. I wish every Cuckold had a Statue before his Door, erected at the publick Expence.

Val.

Then the City of *London* would have as many Statues in it as the City of *Rome* had.

Wild.

The Ladies are oblig'd to you for your Opinion.

Val.

I think so. What is yours, pray!

Wild.

Mine! That the Poets ought to be hanged for every Compliment they have made them.

Ver.

Hey-day!

Wild.

For that they have not said half enough in their Favour—Ah! *Charles!* there are Women in the World—

[Hugs Veromil.]

Ver.

Bravo! Women!

Wild.

Dost thou think I confine my narrow Thoughts to one Woman? No; my Heart is already in the Possession of five hundred, and there is enough for five hundred more.

Val.

The Temple Beau

Why, thou hast more Women in thy Heart, than the Grand Turk has in his Seraglio.

Wild.

Ay, and if I have not finer Women— 'Sdeath! well recollected. *Valentine*, I must wait on one of your Aunts to an Auction this Morning.

Ver.

Nay, dear honest Reprobate, let us dine together.

Wild.

I am engaged at the same Place.

Val.

Veromil, if you please, I'll introduce you. Perhaps you will be entertain'd with as merry a mixture of Characters as you have seen. There is (to give you a short *Dramatis Personæ*) my worthy Uncle, whose whole Life and Conversation runs on that one Topick, Gain. His Son, whom I believe you remember at the University, who is since, with much Labour and without any Genius, improved to be a learned Blockhead.

Ver.

I guess his Perfections by the Dawnings I observ'd in him. His Learning adorns his Genius, as the Colouring of a great Painter would the Features of a bad one.

Wild.

Or the Colouring of some Ladies do the Wrinkles of their Faces.

Val.

Then I have two Aunts as opposite in their Inclinations, as two opposite Points of the Globe: and I believe as warm in them as the Centre.

Wild.

And point to the same Centre too: or I'm mistaken.

Val.

Lastly, two young Ladies, one of whom is as Romantically in love as your self, and whom perhaps, when you have seen, you will not allow the finest Woman in the World to be in *France*.

Ver.

I defie the Danger. Besides, I desire we may have the Afternoon to our selves. I declare against all Cards and Parties whatsoever.

Val.

I'll second your Resistance: for I know we shall be ask'd; and they will be as difficulty refus'd too as a starving Author, who begs your Subscription to his next Miscellany; and you will get much the same by both Compliances, a great deal of Nonsense and Impertinence for your Money—for he who plays at *Quadrille* without being let into the Secret, as surely loses, as he would at *New-market*.

Wild.

Ay, but then he is let sometimes into much more charming Secrets.

Val.

Faith! very rarely!—Many have succeeded by the contrary Practice, which is the Reason why Sharpers have been so often happy in their Favours. Your Success would be more forwarded by winning five hundred, then by losing five thousand.

Wild.

Why, faith! on a second Consideration, I begin to be of your Opinion.

For Gratitude may to some Women fall,

But Money, powerful Money, charms them all.

The Temple Beau

ACT II.

The Temple Beau

SCENE I.

SCENE, Wilding's Chambers in the Temple.

Pincet alone

'Tis a fine thing to have a clear Conscience: But a clear Purse, and a loaded Conscience, is the Devil. To have been a Rogue, in order to be a Gentleman, and then reduced to be a Servant again!— What, refuse paying my Annuity the second half Year, and bid me discover if I dare! *[Shews a Letter]*— Discover if I dare! You shall repent that, my dear Brother Rogue: For since I can't live like a Gentleman by my Roguery, I'll e'en tell the truth, and stand in the Pillory like one, by my Honesty. *[Knocking.]* So, the Duns begin: Well, I can say truly, my Master is not at Home now—but if he were it would be the same thing.
[Knocking harder.]

SCENE II.

Sir Harry Wilding, Pincet.

Pin.

Hey—day! This is some Scrivener, or Dun of Authority.

Sir Har.

Here, you, Sirrah, where's your Master?

Pin.

I do not know, Sir.

Sir Har.

What, is not he at Home?

Pin.

No, Sir.

Sir Har.

And when do you expect him Home?

Pin.

I can't tell.

Sir Har.

I warrant, gone to *Westminster*—A diligent Rogue—when did your Master go out?

Pin.

I don't know. (What strange Fellow is this?)

Sir Har. [Aside]

I warrant before this Rascal was up.—Come, Sirrah, show me your Master's Library.

Pin.

His Library, Sir?

Sir Har.

His Library, Sir, his Study, his Books.

Pin.

My Master has no Books, Sir.

Sir Har.

Show me his Books, or I'll crack your Skull for you, Sir.

Pin.

Sir, he has no Books. What would you have with my Master, Sir?

Sir Har.

What's this? [*Taking a Book up.*] *Rochester's Poems*? What does he do with Poems?— but 'tis better to spend an Hour so, than in a Tavern. —What Book is this?—Plays—What, does he read Plays too?—Heark ye, Sirrah, show me where your Master keeps his Law—books.

Pin.

Sir, he has no Law—books: what should he do with Law—books!

Sir Har.

I'll tell you, Villain!

[Goes to strike him.

[Knocking.

O here he comes, I'll meet my dear Boy.

The Temple Beau

SCENE III.

To 'em, Taylor.

Tayl.

Mr. *Pincet*, is your Master within? I have brought my Bill.

Pin.

You must come another Time.

Tayl.

Another Time! Sir, I must speak with him now. I have been put off this Twelvemonth, I can stay no longer.

Sir Har.

Give me your Bill.

Tayl.

Will you pay it, Sir?

Sir Har.

Perhaps, I will, Sir.

Tayl.

Here it is, Sir.

Sir Har.

Agad! it's a good long one. *For a Suit of lac'd Cloaths made your Honour last Michaelmass was two Years, Forty Pounds*—What, do your Templers wear lac'd Cloaths?

Tayl.

Do they? ha, ha, ha! wou'd they pay'd for them too. We have Gentlemen here, Sir, who dress as finely as any Beaus of them all.

Pin.

And pay as finely too, I believe, to your Sorrow.

[Aside.

Sir Har.

A Suit of black Velvet, Twenty Three Pounds. Adad, the Rogue is extravagant.

SCENE IV.

To 'em, Milliner, Perriwig-maker, Shoemaker, Hosier.

Mill.

Mr. *Pincet*, is your Master within?

Pin.

No, no, no,—you must all come another time.

Per.

Sir, we shall not come another time; we agreed to come all in a Body; and unless we are paid we shall take other Methods.

[Knocking.

Sir Har.

Hell and the Devil! what have we here!

[Staring as in the greatest Confusion.

Pin. [Without]

He is not at Home.

Tricksy.

I tell you he is, and I will see him.

The Temple Beau

SCENE V.

To them, Mrs. Tricksy. As she is crossing the Stage, Sir Harry takes hold on her.

Sir Har.

Heark ye, Madam, are you acquainted with my Son?

Tric.

Nor none of the Scrubs that belong to you, Fellow, I hope.

Sir Har.

The Gentleman who owns these Chambers, Madam, is my Son.

Tric.

Sir, you are an impudent Coxcomb; the Gentleman who owns these Chambers has no such dirty Relations.

Sir Har.

Very fine, very fine! I see it now. My Son is an extravagant Rake, and I am imposed upon. But I'll be reveng'd on these Fop-makers at least.

Per.

Sir, I will have my Money.

Sir Har.

I'll pay you, Sir, with a Vengeance.— Dogs! Villains! Whores!

[Beats them out, and returns.]

The Temple Beau

SCENE VI.

Sir Harry alone.

A Rogue! a Rogue! Is this his Studying Law?— Oh! here's his strong Box, we'll see what's in thee however.
[Breaks it open] —What's this? [Reads]

Dr. Bunny,

I will meet you in the Balcony at the Old Play-house this Evening at Six. Dumps is gone into the Country. I chuse rather to see you abroad than at my own House; for some things, lately happen'd, I fear have given the Cuckold reason for Suspicion. Nothing can equal my Contempt for him, but my Love for you.

Yours Affectionately, J. G.

Oh! the Devil! the Devil!—Law!—ay, ay, he has studied Law with a Vengeance. I shall have him suffer the Law, instead of practising it. I'll demolish your Fopperies for you, Rascal,—Dear *Bunny* , [Looks on the Letter] I shall see the Rogue hanged.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VII.

An Antichamber in Sir Avarice Pedant's House.

Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, Bellaria, Clarissa.

L. Lucy.

Ha, ha, ha!—And have you the Assurance to own your self in Love, in an Age, when 'tis as immodest to love before Marriage, as 'tis unfashionable to love after it?

Bell.

And when the Merit of him I do love is much more a Rarity than either. 'Tis only when we fix our Affections unworthily, that they are blameable; but where Virtue, Sense, Reputation, Worth, Love and Constancy meet in a Man, the Mistress who is ashamed of her Passion must have a Soul too mean to distinguish them. *L. Grave.*

What will the Immodesty of this Age come to? *L. Lucy.*

What will the Stupidity of it come to? *L. Grave.*

A young Woman to declare openly she loves a Man! *L. Lucy.*

A young Woman to declare openly she loves One Man only! Your Wit and Beauty, *Bellaria*, were intended to inslave Mankind. Your Eyes should first conquer the World, and then weep, like *Alexander* 's, for more Worlds to conquer.

Bel.

I rather think he should have wept for those he had conquered. He had no more Title to sacrifice the Lives of Men to his Ambition, than a Woman has their Ease. And I assure you, Madam, had my Eyes that Power you speak, I would only defend my own by them, which is the only warrantable use of Power in both Sexes.

L. Lucy.

Well, for a Woman, who has seen so much of the World, you talk very strangely. *L. Gra.*

It is to her Town Education, to her seeing the World as you call it, that she owes these immodest Thoughts; had her Father confin'd her in the Country, as her Uncle did, and as I advis'd him, she would have scorn'd Fellows as much as I do.

Bel.

I hope, Madam, I shall never give any of my Friends, Reason to regret my Education. *L. Gra.*

Yes, Madam, I do regret it;—I am sorry I have a Relation, who has no more Virtue, than to love a Man.

Bel.

My Father commanded me, Madam, to love him. *L. Gra.*

Yes, but your Uncle has commanded you not.

Bel.

It is not in my Power to obey him, nor am I obliged to it. I defie you to say, I ever gave Encouragement to any other; or to him, before I had my Father's Leave, his Command. He introduc'd him to me, and bid me think of him as my Husband. I obey'd with Difficulty, 'till I discover'd such Worth, such Virtues in his Soul, that the Reception which I at first gave him out of Duty, I afterwards gave him out of Love. I plac'd the dear Image in my Heart; and you, or all the World, shall never tear it thence, or plant another's there. *L. Gra.*

Did you ever hear such a Wretch! I could almost cry, to hear her. *L. Lucy.*

I can't help laughing at her; ha, ha, ha! *L. Gra.*

Madam! Madam! more Gravity would become you. *L. Lucy.*

More Gaiety would become you, dear Neice.

Bel.

I find, Aunts, it's impossible to please you both, and I am afraid it will be difficult for me to please either; for indeed, Lady *Gravely*, I shall never come up to your Gravity; nor I believe, Lady *Lucy*, to your Gaiety.

L. Lucy.

Dear Creature! you will alter your Opinion, when you have the Liberty to go to Plays, and Assemblies. *L. Gra.* Plays! and Assemblies! send her to Church.

The Temple Beau

Bel.

I dare venture to both—I shall never reach that sublime Way of thinking, which imputes Dulness to That, or Levity to This.—And if you will give me leave to be free; I think, Lady *Gravelly* may go more to the one, and Lady *Lucy* ought to go more to the other.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VIII.

To 'em, Servant.

Serv.

Ladies, Mr. *Valentine*, Mr. *Wilding*, and another Gentleman are below. L. *Lucy*.

Shew them up. L. *Gra*.

I'll not be seen. L. *Lucy*.

Nay, Lady *Gravely*. L. *Gra*.

I don't like such Company—besides, I have some Business in my Chamber.

The Temple Beau

SCENE IX.

Valentine, Wilding, Veromil, L. Lucy, Bellaria, Clarissa.

Val.

Ladies, your humble Servant. I beg the Honour of introducing a Friend of mine—Lady *Lucy*. Mrs. *Bellaria*.

[They salute.]

Bel.

Oh, Heav'ns!

[Aside.]

L. Lucy.

Was there much Company in the Park?

Wild.

All the World, but your selves; I wonder you could resist the Temptation of so fine a Day, Lady *Lucy*. *L. Lucy.*

Oh! never be surpriz'd at me, but when you see me walking; for I am the most lazy Creature in the World. I would not have walk'd to my Coach this Morning, to have been Empress of the Universe. Oh! I adore the Eastern Way of travelling on Men's Shoulders: But walking is so vulgar an Exercise, I wonder People of Quality give into it.

Val.

It has only the Recommendation of being wholesome and innocent. *L. Lucy.*

Great Recommendations truly, to some antiquated Prude, some poor-spirited Animal, who is proud of an innocent Face.

Wild.

That is a Face, which never does the Beholders any Harm. *L. Lucy.*

Unless it frightens them—ha, ha, ha!

Wild.

Some Women are innocent from their want of Beauty, as some Men are from their want of Courage. *L. Lucy.*

True. We should all be Tyrants, if we had Power.

Wild.

You will be too late for the Auction, Lady *Lucy*. *L. Lucy.*

The other Lady has disappointed us, so I shall not go. But I have bought a Picture since I saw you, which if you don't admire, as much as I do, I shall not admire your Judgment.

Wild.

If I do not admire it, I'll say I do, and that's the same thing.

SCENE X.

Valentine, Clarissa, Veromil, Bellaria.

Val.

You look very ill to-day, *Clarissa*.

Cla.

You were not obliged to tell me so, methinks.

Val.

Freedom in a Husband, is—

Cla.

Impertinence—Stay 'till you have the Title.

Val.

A Day will give it me.

Cla.

Perhaps, not. This troublesome impertinent Freedom, makes me believe you not so near your Happiness.

Val.

Madam! Madam! This Turbulency of Temper, makes me fear I am too near my Misery.

Cla.

I don't understand you.

Val.

I fear you are more difficult to be understood than I am.—Stay 'till I have a Title!—He who marries a Woman, or pays for an Estate before he is apprized of their real Value, will find it then too late to lament. The Purchaser indeed may sell his Estate to another, with Loss; but the Husband, like a loaded Ass, must drag on the heavy Burthen, till Death alone relieves him.

Cla.

Intolerable Insolence!—I'll never see you more.

Val.

Pardon me, *Bellaria*, I must follow her.— To make the Quarrel irreconcilable.

[Aside.]

The Temple Beau

SCENE XI.

Veromil, Bellaria.

[Veromil, and Bellaria, who had stood this while silent, rush into one another's Arms.]

Ver.

My *Bellaria*!

Bel.

Are you—can you be my *Veromil*?

Ver.

Let this fond Kiss confirm me to be *Veromil*, and yours.

Bel.

And this Embrace, which pulls you to my Heart, assure you, that I know I hold my *Veromil*: For none but him these Arms should e'er encircle.

Ver.

My dear, my tender Love!

Bel.

Oh! tell me what strange, what unexpected Chance, has brought us once again together.

Ver.

A Chance so strange; it seems the Direction of a Providence, which looks with propitious Pleasure on the Sincerity of our virtuous Loves: for had not the accidental Meeting of a Friend prevented it, I had to-morrow gone for *France*, whither I falsely heard you was sent.

Bel.

Did you never receive any Letter from me?

Ver.

And did not my *Bellaria* then forget me!— Oh! how blest had I been to have seen a Line from her.

Bel.

Then I have been betray'd; for know, my *Verimel*, I was forc'd from my Uncle's House, in the middle of the Night, and in two Days brought hither; where I have been kept the closest Prisoner: Yet I found means to write to you, and gave the Letter to my Maid, with a Ring from my Finger to enforce her Faithfulness; and she has a thousand times sworn she sent it you.

Ver.

O the false Jade!

Bel.

Heav'n knows what different Agonies I have felt! Sometimes I thought you dead.—Nay, once I fear'd you false.

Ver.

Oh, my Paradise! no Worlds could have tempted me; for by this sweetest, dearest Hand, I swear there's not an Atom in that charming Form, which I would change for Worlds.

Bel.

You know how willingly I believe you.— But heark! if we are over-seen, we are ruined.

Ver.

Tell me—O tell me, what I shall do.

Bel.

I'll think of it.—Is *Valentine* your Friend?

Ver.

Most nearly.

Bel.

Then consult with him, if you believe it safe.

The Temple Beau

Ver.

Oh *Bellaria*!

[Looking fondly on one another.]

Bel.

Farewel—My Heart

Ver.

Eternal Transports, Agonies of Joy delight thy Soul. Excellent, charming Creature!—But ah! a sudden Damp chills all my rising Joys; for oh! what Dragons must be overcome, before I gather that delicious Fruit!—I must impart it to *Valentine*; for on his Friendship hangs my sure Success.

SCENE XII.

Valentine, Veromil.

Val.

Alone, and musing, dear *Veromil*! Are you thinking on your Lady in *France*?

Ver.

Valentine!—Are you my Friend?

Val.

If you doubt it, I am not.

Ver.

It is in your Power, perhaps, to grant me my utmost Wish—will you?

Val.

You know I will.

Ver.

Be it whatever—

Val.

Humph!—Faith! unless it should be to go abroad with you to-morrow; for the same Reason keeps me at Home, that sends you away—a Woman; and I believe, now you have seen her, you will confess as fine a one.

Ver.

What do you mean!

Val.

In a Word, that Lady I left you alone with, I doat on to Distraction.—You seem disturb'd, *Veromil*! Did I not know you already engag'd, and the Constancy of your Temper, her Charms might excuse me suspecting a sudden Conquest.

Ver.

Be assur'd it is not in the Power of Wealth or Beauty to change my Passion—And are you to be married to her to-morrow?

Val.

Would I were.—To shew you I distrust not your Friendship, I'll open my whole Breast to you. I had for almost two Years pursued that other Lady, and after a long Series of Importunity, at last obtain'd her Consent, and To-morrow was the appointed Day. But about a Month since, the Lady whom I told you of in our way from the *Park*, came hither; that I lik'd her, you'll easily believe; but by frequent Conversation, the Disease possess'd my whole Mind. My Love for her, and Aversion for my former Mistress, encreased daily—'till I resolv'd to break with the old, and pursue the new Passion. The one I have accomplish'd in an irreconcilable Quarrel with *Clarissa*; the first Step I will take to the Latter, shall be by all Means whatsoever to lessen her Value for him she thinks herself engag'd to—whom, could I once remove, I easily should supply his Place.

Ver.

But can you do this with Honour?

Val.

Ha, ha, ha! you and I had strange Notions of that Word, when we us'd to read the Moralists at *Oxford*; but our Honour here is as different from that, as our Dress. In short, it forbids us to receive Injuries, but not to do them.

Ver.

Fine Honour, truly!—Just the Reverse of *Christianity*.

Val.

Pshaw!—thou art so unfashionably virtuous!

Ver.

Virtue may indeed be unfashionable in this Age, for Ignorance and Vice will always live together. And sure the World is come to that height of Folly and Ignorance, Posterity may call this the *Leaden Age*. But Virtue loses not

The Temple Beau

its Worth by being slighted by the World, more than the Pearl, when the foolish Cock preferr'd a Barley–Corn. Virtue is a Diamond, which when the World despises, 'tis plain that Knaves and Fools have too much Sway therein.

Val.

Ay, Virtue and Diamonds may be very like one another—but, faith! they are seldom the Ornaments of the same Person.

Ver.

I am sorry for it.

Val.

Well, now tell me in what I can serve you?

Ver.

I must first persuade you into other Thoughts; but I hear Company. If you please, we'll walk in the Garden.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XIII.

Lady Gravely, following Sir Avarice.

L. Gra.

I tell you it's in every one's Mouth—the whole World says it.

Sir Av.

Well, and what do I lose by that? Would you have me part with my Wife, because the World is pleas'd to belye her? I'll as soon sell out of the Stocks the next Report that is rais'd about *Gibraltar*. *L. Gra.*

Insensible Wretch!

Sir Av.

Insensible! You are mistaken; I have computed it; and I find it cheaper to maintain my Wife at home, than to allow her a separate Maintenance. She has great Relations, and will consequently have a great Allowance. *L. Gra.* Abandon'd! Would you keep a Serpent in your Bosom?

Sir Av.

If she is a Serpent, it's more than I know. If you can prove any thing against her, do it. *L. Gra.*

Will you prosecute it, if I do?

Sir Av.

If her Gallant be rich: But if he's poor, look you, I will have nothing to do with him; for I have resolved never to go to Law with a Beggar, or a Lord: the One you will never cast, and the Other you will get nothing by casting. *L. Gra.*

You'll get Revenge.

Sir Av.

I am too good a Christian to give Money for Revenge. *L. Gra.*

But not to give up your Conscience for Money. Will you set up for a Christian without Honesty?

Sir Av.

I'll have Faith, at least; and so, Sister, I believe my Wife honest, and will believe it, 'till you prove the contrary. *L. Gra.*

Can a Woman be honest who frequents Assemblies, Auctions, Plays, and reads Romances?

Sir Av.

Very innocently, I dare swear. *L. Gra.*

Who keeps an Assembly her self! whose House is a publick Rendezvous for idle young Fellows! and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one Fellow.

Sir Av.

And very innocently, I dare aver. *L. Gra.*

How! innocently alone with a Fellow! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a Fellow for the Universe.

Sir Av.

Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse Character than my Wife. *L. Gra.*

Monster! I an ill Character! I, who have liv'd reputably with two Husbands!

Sir Av.

And buried them both with great Satisfaction. *L. Gra.*

The World knows how decently I grieved for them both; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the Loss of the last to this Day.

Sir Av.

Nor will not, 'till you have got a third, which I heartily wish you had, that my House might be at ease, and that my poor Wife, my poor *Penelope*, might not be disturb'd: For I will no more believe any thing against her, than I will believe a Stock-Jobber

on the *Exchange*, or a Lawyer in *Westminster-Hall*. *L. Gra.*

The Curses of Cuckoldom and Credulity attend you, 'till thy Horns put out those Eyes which cannot see them.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XIV.

Wilding, and Lady Gravely.

Wild.

So; now must I transform myself into a Shape as foreign to my natural one, as ever *Proteus* did. [*Aside.*] Hem! hem!—Lady *Gravely*, your humble Servant! L. *Gra.*

How got you Admittance here, Sir? I thought you knew that I receive no Visits from Men at this Hour!

Wild.

As my Visits, Madam, are always innocent; I presum'd your Ladyship might admit me at a Time when you deny Access to the Looser of our Sex. I am, indeed, unfortunately, of that Part of the Species which your Ladyship disesteems; but Sobriety, I know, recommends even a Man to your Ladyship's Favour. L. *Gra.*
Sobriety! You have, indeed, a great Title to Sobriety, Sir.

Wild.

I own, indeed, the former Part of my Life has been too freely spent; but Love has made me a Convert. Love, which has made the Sober often gay, has made me sober. L. *Gra.*

I am glad a good Effect can proceed from a bad Cause. Who can she be! who has wrought this Miracle!

Wild.

Wou'd I durst tell you! L. *Gra.*

What do you fear?

Wild.

Your Anger. L. *Gra.*

Tho' I disapprove of Love—if virtuous, I could forgive it.

Wild.

Then 'tis your self, your self, Madam; the Object of my Thoughts, my Dreams, my Wishes— L. *Gra.*

In Love with me! I hope, Sir, my Conduct has not given Encouragement.

Wild.

Oh! do not, do not look thus cruel on me: Those Eyes shou'd only dart their Light'nings on the Profligate; but when approach'd with Purity, should be all gentle, mild, propitious. I, Madam, despise and hate the World, as you. Coquets are my Aversion. L. *Gra.*

That indeed shews your Sense.

Wild.

Would but my Fate so far bless me, that I might have the Opportunity of conversing with a Woman of your Sense, of communicating my Censures on the World to you, and approving yours: Nothing can be harmful that passes between such a Pair. [*Kissing her Hand.*] Let what will proceed from their Amours. L. *Gra.*

Odious Name!

Wild.

Their virtuous Hours. [*Kissing it harder.*] The World never lays any Censure on their Conduct. L. *Gra.*

The World is not half so censorious as it ought to be on the flirting Part of the Sex.— Really I know very few who are not down—right Naughty.

Wild.

Yes, and openly—it is six times the Crime. The Manner of doing Ill, like the Manner of doing Well, is chiefly consider'd—and then the Persons too. L. *Gra.*

The gigling, ogling, silly, vile Creatures.

Wild.

I don't know a Woman, beside your self, one can converse with. L. *Gra.*

Truly, I am at a Loss for Conversation among my Sex.

Wild.

Ah, Madam! might one who has the Misfortune to be a Man— L. *Gra.*

The Temple Beau

Don't call it a Misfortune, since the Women are so bad.

Wild.

Can I hope? L. *Gra.*

'Tis to the Men too we are obliged for knowing what Women are; if they were secret, all Women wou'd pass for virtuous.

Wild.

Yet I abhor want of Secrecy. Had I been admitted to Familiarities, I would have sooner died than discover'd them.

L. *Gra.*

I cannot deny, indeed, but that Secrecy is a manly Virtue.

Wild.

Oh! it is the Characteristick of a Man. L. *Gra.*

I am glad to see a young Man of such charming Principles.

Wild.

Oh, Madam! L. *Gra.*

Such a just and bad Notion of the World.

Wild.

Madam! Madam! L. *Gra.*

Such a thorough, thorough Hatred of bad Women.

Wild.

Dear Madam! L. *Gra.*

And at the same time such a perfect, tender, manly Concern for the Reputation of all Women.

Wild.

Oh! eternally careful, Madam. L. *Gra.*

And to shew you my Approbation, I will venture to walk with you in the Garden 'till Dinner— I will but speak to a Servant, and follow you.

[Exit.

Wild.

Soh! by what I can see, Lady *Lucy*, you are in a fair way to repent sending me of this Errand. Make Diversion for you! I shall make Diversion for my self, I believe; for nothing but the Devil can prevent my Success, and I'm sure it's not his Business to prevent it.

The Temple Beau

ACT III.

The Temple Beau

SCENE I.

SCENE, The Anti-Chamber.

Lady Lucy and Wilding.

Lady Lucy.

I have been half dead with Impatience to know your Success.

Wild.

If ever I am sent on such an Errand again— *L. Lucy.*

I'll engage she gave it you home.

Wild.

That she did, indeed. *L. Lucy.*

And—and—Ha, ha, ha!—How did she receive you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild.

Why, I attacked her in a grave solemn Style. I put on as hypocritical a Countenance, as a Jesuit at a Confession. *L. Lucy.*

And she received you like a Nun, I suppose.

Wild.

Sir, (says she) while you frequent my Sister's Assemblies, your affected Sobriety will gain no Place in my Belief. I receive no Visits from any Man—but from such a gay, wild, loose, raking, dancing, singing, fluttering— *L.*

Lucy.

Coxcomb! Ha, ha, ha!

Wild.

Would you recommend your self to me, you must leave off your whole Set of Company; and particularly, that wild, vain, thoughtless, flirting, unfix'd, inconstant— *L. Lucy.*

Hold! hold!

Wild.

Mimicking, sighing, laughing— *L. Lucy.*

Whom do you mean?

Wild.

She nam'd no Body. *L. Lucy.*

No, she did not need. I know whom she scandaliz'd, and I'll tell her, be it only to make Mischief.

Wild.

I say, she nam'd no-body at first; but when she found I did not know the Picture by her Colours, she writ your Name at the Bottom. *L. Lucy.*

My Name!

Wild.

'Tis too true. *L. Lucy.*

The Devil take you for telling me of it; it has discompos'd me so—I find it impossible to have any Complexion to-day.

Wild.

You need none, you have done Mischief enough already; 'tis time to think of repairing some of it. *L. Lucy.*

But I will not repair any Mischief I have done.

Wild.

That's an Affectation: You are better—natur'd. *L. Lucy.*

Indeed I am as cruel as *Caligula*. I wish your whole Sex had but one pair of Eyes, that I might kill them all with a Frown.

The Temple Beau

Wild.

And one Body, that you might recover them as easily. Come, come, Lady *Lucy*, I have been your Fool long enough, and have had no Reward for my Pains. *L. Lucy.*

No Reward! Have I not spoke to you in all Publick Places? Have I not read your odious Letters? Have I not sung your more odious Songs? Have I not suffer'd you to gallant my Fan, to kiss my Lap-Dog? What can a reasonable Creature ask, which I have not done?

Wild.

The only Thing a reasonable Creature would ask. You have turn'd the Tables on me finely indeed, and made that my Reward, which I should have pleaded as my Merit. A Prince wou'd be finely serv'd truly, who, when his Soldiers ask'd him for a Reward, was to tell them, the Honour of serving him was one. *L. Lucy.*

I can reckon Fifty Lovers of mine contented with less.

Wild.

Rare Lovers! A Lady wou'd be as finely serv'd by such Lovers, as a King by such Soldiers—Fellows only fit to guard a Drawing-Room, or to court in it; and of no more Use in the real Fields of Love or War, than an Eunuch in a Bed-chamber, or a Parson in a Battle. *L. Lucy.*

I have taken a sudden Resolution.—

Wild.

Have a care of a bad one! *L. Lucy.*

Never to see you more.

Wild.

I thank you for telling me, however, because it has led me into another Resolution. *L. Lucy.*

Impertinent!

Wild.

Never to leave you more, 'till you have given me all the Joys in your Power. *L. Lucy.*

I hate you.

Wild.

That's barbarous, when you know my Love. *L. Lucy.*

Yes, I do know your Love, and therefore I have us'd you like a Spaniel, and will use you like a Spaniel.

Wild.

And I, like a Spaniel, will but fawn the more, my Angel.

[Takes her in his Arms.]

The Temple Beau

SCENE II.

To them, Sir Avarice Pedant.

Sir Av.

Hoity-toity! Hey-day! What's here to do? Have I caught you, Gentle-folks? I begin to see I am rightly inform'd.
Are these your innocent Gaieties, Madam?

The Temple Beau

SCENE III.

To them, Sir Harry Wilding.

Sir Har.

Where is the Dog? Sirrah! Scoundrel! Where are you? I shall see you hang'd, Rascal! I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah! I'll begin the Executioner's Work. I'll chastise you, Sirrah!

Wild.

Humph!

Sir Av.

Sir Harry! what is the Matter?

Sir Har.

The Matter! Why, Sir, my Boy, my Lawyer, that I told you of, is ruin'd and undone.

Sir Av.

How, pray?—*[Aside.]* I'm glad to hear it, however.

Sir Har.

How! why he is a Fop, a Coxcomb, and I shall see him hang'd—That's he, Sir, that's the Lawyer—I'll disinherit you, Dog.

Wild.

Sir, I hope I have done nothing to deserve such a Fate.

Sir Har.

Nothing! Is disappointing my Hopes, nothing? Is being a Beau, when I thought you a Lawyer, nothing?—I'll disinherit you, Sirrah!—you are no Son of mine—you have prov'd your Mother a Strumpet, and me a Cuckold.

Sir Av.

Truly, so he has me too, I am afraid.

[Aside.]

L. Lucy.

Heaven send us safe off.

[Aside.]

Sir Har.

You must know, Sir, I came up to Town to marry you to this Gentleman's Neice, a fine young Lady with twenty thousand Pound—

L. Lucy.

Ha!

[Aside.]

Sir Har.

But you shall beg, or starve, or steal, it is equal to me. Sir, I cannot but be in a Passion; he has injur'd me in the tenderest Point.

Sir Av.

So he has me, truly.

L. Lucy.

And me, I am sure.

Sir Av.

I short, I suspect, Sir Harry, that he has been too free with my Wife; and he who is too free with one's Wife, may, some time or other, rob one's House.

Sir Har.

Nay, (perhaps) he has begun to rob already. It's probable, I may see him hang'd before I go out of Town.

L. Lucy.

He has been too free indeed! What did you ever see in me, Sir, or in my Conduct, which cou'd give you an ill

The Temple Beau

Suspicion of me?

Wild.

Soh! I'm in a fine way i'faith.

[Aside.]

Sir Har.

I shall see him hang'd.

Sir Av.

He deserves it truly.

L. Lucy.

What could make you imagine that I was to be brib'd to so mean, base, low an Action! what could make you think I'd ever sell my Neice?

Sir Av., Sir Har.

How!

L. Lucy.

Sir *Avarice*, you are a Stranger to the Arts

of this wicked young Man: He has importuned me a thousand times, since *Bellaria's* coming to Town, to betray her to him; and just now, he vow'd never to let me go, till I had promis'd.—Had you not come in, Heav'n knows whether I should have ever got away from him.

Wild.

Can you blame the Effects of Love, Madam? You yourself see what a Metamorphosis it has caused in me.—I, who for six long Years scarce ever liv'd out of a Study, who knew no Amusement, no Diversion, but in Books, no sooner saw the charming Maid, than Reading grew my Bane; Gaiety, Dress, every thing that might charm the Fair, has since employ'd my Thoughts.

Sir Har.

What do I hear!

Wild.

My Father here, who from not knowing the Cause of this Transformation, has so severely resented it, can testify the Truth of what I say.

Sir Har.

I shall see the Rogue a Judge—that I can, my dear Boy; and I will take Care that thou shalt not be forc'd to bribe or beg any one: the Girl shall be thy own—Sir *Avarice*, I ask your Pardon; and, Madam, I ask your Pardon; and, *Harry*, I ask your Pardon.

Wild.

Oh Sir! you make me blush.—Dear witty Creature!

[Aside.]

Sir Av.

You were not so good as your Word at Dinner, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har.

I was hunting after my Boy here; but I will be glad to be recommended to the Butler presently.

Sir Av.

At your own time.—Come, my Dear; Sir *Harry* may have some Privacies for his Son; I have something to impart to you too.

SCENE IV.

Sir Harry Wilding, Young Wilding.

Sir Har.

But heark you, young Man; what's become of all your Law—Books, hey?

Wild.

Books, Sir! at my Chambers, Sir.

Sir Har.

Then they are invisible. If I could but have seen as much of them as of my own in the Country, (I mean the Out—sides) I shou'd have been satisfied. —And pray, Sir, how came you by this Letter?

Wild.

Damnation!

[Aside.

Sir Har.

Why don't you answer?

Wild.

That Letter, Sir!

Sir Har.

Yes, Sir, that Letter, Sir.

Wild.

That Letter, Sir!

Sir Har.

Yes, Sir.

Wild.

I don't know what it is, Sir, I never read it.

Sir Har.

You are too great a Man to read your own Letters, I suppose. You keep a Secretary, I hope. I have paid off your Secretary, I assure you. But I presume—a—you can read it.—You are not a perfect Beau, I hope.

Wild.

What shall I do! I am ruin'd and undone.

[Aside.

Sir Har.

Or shall I read it for you. *[reads it.]* I found this in your Chamber, Sir; in your strong Box. Your Effects were all Paper, Sir. Are not you a fine Gentleman? Oh! *Harry! Harry!* that ever I shou'd find such a Letter as this, directed to —ha! to Capt. *Belvil.*

Wild.

S'death! how came I not to recollect that sooner. *[Aside.]* —To Capt. *Belvil!*—I see the whole Mistake.

Sir Har.

What Mistake!

Wild.

You have been at another Gentleman's Chambers.

Sir Har.

Sir, I was at those Chambers where I plac'd you.

Wild.

Ah, Sir! there's the Mistake. I chang'd them about a Fortnight ago: they were so noisy, they discompos'd me in my Study. I should have sent you word of it in my next Letter.

Sir Har.

How!—I have committed a fine Set of Errors, I'm sure.

The Temple Beau

Wild.

What have you done, Sir?

Sir Har.

Broke open a few Locks, that's all— I may be hang'd my self now, before I go into the Country.

Wild.

Forbid it—you have a most litigious Man to deal with.

Sir Har.

I must make it up in the best manner I can. You must assist me with Law. But come, we will lose no Time with our Heiress. Besides, I long to see your Chambers, and your Books. I am resolv'd I'll find some Time this Afternoon. I'll first obey a certain Call that I find within me, and then wash my Face and Hands, and get my Wig powder'd, that I may be fit to wait on the young Lady: So don't be out of the Way.

Wild.

This is a miraculous Escape; or rather, a short Reprieve; for how to carry on the Deceit I don't know. I'll e'en go and advise with trusty *Pincet*; for I believe he is (as well as several of my Brother Templer's Servants) a better Lawyer than his Master.

The Temple Beau

SCENE V.

Sir Avarice, L. Lucy, Bellaria, Young Pedant.

Sir Av.

Be not angry with me, *Bellaria*, I get nothing by this Match; and when I get nothing by an Affair, it is very hard I shou'd be blamed for it.

Bel.

I know not whom to be angry with.

L. Lucy.

Look—you, *Bellaria*, I am heartily sorry for your Misfortune; because I know nothing so inconvenient, as being married to a very gay Man. Mr. *Wilding* may be a diverting Lover, but he is not fit for a Husband.

Bel.

I cannot distinguish between those Names, Madam.

L. Lucy.

Don't affect the Prude, dear *Bellaria*.— You see your self reduced to a necessity of marrying, and I know but one way in the World to avoid the Match proposed—and that too, by *Sir Avarice* 's Leave.

Sir Av.

Any thing in my Power. I confess, I do not approve of the young Man.

L. Lucy.

Then let us leave the Lovers together. If you can agree, *Bellaria*, to prefer a sober young Man who loves you, to a wild Fellow who values you no more than a thousand others, you may escape what you so much dread.

Sir Av.

Well, well, you see my excessive Fondness, Neice. I sacrifice my Reputation, to your Happiness.

SCENE VI.

Bellaria, Young Pedant.

Bel.

I am infinitely obliged to your Concern for me—

[A long Silence here.]

So, Cousin, you hear what my Aunt says; you are in Love with me, it seems.

Y. Ped.

No truly, I cannot profess that I am. Matrimony is a Subject I have very little revolved in my Thoughts: but Obedience to a Parent is most undoubtedly due.

Bel.

Obedience to a Parent, Cousin!

Y. Ped.

Nay, nay, I shall not require any thing to be given which admits of a Dispute—or which (as Mr. *Lock* very well observes) does not receive our Assent as soon as the Proposition is known and understood. Let us introduce then this Syllogism: Whatever the Law of Nature enjoins is indispensably just: *But* the Law of Nature enjoins Obedience to a Parent: *Ergo*, Obedience to a Parent is indispensably just.

Bel.

Nay, but what have we to do with the Law of Nature?

Y. Ped.

O, if you require farther—the divine Law confirms the Law of Nature. I shall proceed to shew that it is approved by prophane Writers also; translating them as they occur for their more immediate Comprehension.

Bel.

I'll leave you to your Meditations.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VII.

Young Pedant alone.

Y. Ped.

Venus says to Æneas in Virgil, Fear not the Commands of a Parent; nor refuse to obey her Precepts—What says Polynices to Jocasta in Euripides? —Whatever you will, O my Mother, shall also be grateful to me.—The Sons of Metellus, as recorded by Alexander, are a great Instance—Plautus in Sticho; Whatever our Parents command we are obliged to perform. Why are Cleobis and Biton preferr'd by Solon in Herodotus? why, for their Piety to their Mother. What an Instance have we in the second Son of Axtaxerxes—.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VIII.

To him, Valentine, Veromil.

Val.

So, Cousin *Pedant*, what, arguing with your self?

Ped.

What! is she gone?

Val.

Who?

Ped.

The Lady: *Bellaria*, I think they call her. The Women of this Age are profoundly wicked! I was proving to her the Necessity of obeying a Parent, and she wou'd not stay to hear it.

Val.

Oh! you must not entertain Ladies with those Subjects.

Ped.

I shou'd rejoice egregiously not to be obliged to entertain them at all. I have a very hard Fate, that I cannot be permitted to pursue my Studies; but must be summoned up hither to be married. I have Money enough to buy Books, and the Necessaries of Life; why should I marry then?—Because my Wife is rich.—Why, if it be granted that I have enough, the Conclusion will be, that I do not want more.

Ver.

Here's News for you, *Valentine*.

Val.

The Villany of my Uncle gives me more Surprise, than I have Apprehension from his Son.

Ver.

Surprized at Villany, now—a—days! No, *Valentine*, be surprized when you see a Man honest: when you find that Man, whom God will not transform into a Knave, I will believe it possible you may find that Stone which will change every thing into Gold.

SCENE IX.

To them, Wilding.

Wild.

Wish me Joy, wish me Joy, my Friends!

Ver.

We shou'd rather ask the Occasion of your Joy.

Wild.

The usual Occasion, Marriage—I don't know but I may be married To—morrow—But (perhaps) you'll think, from what I said To—day, I shou'd have rather begg'd your Pity than your Congratulation.

Ver.

Your Wife may (perhaps) want that most— But who is she?

Wild.

She is—She is—Ha, ha, ha!

Val.

One thou art asham'd to name, I believe.

Wild.

She is a very great Friend of a Friend of yours. She is even— *Bellaria.*

Val.

Bellaria?

Ver.

Confusion!

[Aside.

Wild.

My Father is arrived on that Purpose. The Matter is agreed with the Guardian in the Country, who is himself coming to Town. This Haste (it seems) is lest she shou'd be discover'd by a Lover in the Country. But you don't wish me Joy, methinks.

Val.

Because I believe you won't have her.

Wild.

Ha, ha, ha! if I have her not: if I don't win her, wed her, love her, and grow weary of her in a Month, may I be reduced to that last Extremity, to live by the Charity of Superannuated Widows of the Town, and either go to bed with an old Woman, or without a Supper.

Val.

A very modest Declaration! and may you thrive according to your Merits. But I must leave you on some Business—*Veromil.*

The Temple Beau

SCENE X.

Wilding, Young Pedant.

Wild.

So cold! 'Sdeath! this Fellow's in Love with Matrimony it self, and jealous of any others sharing in it.

Y. Ped.

Sir, if I recollect your Face, your Name is *Wilding*.

Wild.

Ha! Mr. *Pedant*, your very humble Servant.

Y. Ped.

I hear, Sir, you are about to consummate with a young Lady here. I assure you none will so sensibly rejoice in your Fortune, as my self.

Wild.

Dear Sir!

Y. Ped.

For your Preferment will be my Deliverance, and the Occasion of restoring me to my Studies.

Wild.

Oh! Sir!

Y. Ped.

For Books are, in my Eye, as much preferable to Women, as the *Greek* Language is to the *French*.

Wild.

You say true—and Women are as much more difficult to be understood.

Y. Ped.

Ay, Sir; and when you have studied them your whole Life, you may justly say of them, what a certain Philosopher romanced of Learning— *that you know nothing at all*.

Wild.

It is no doubt a very great Uneasiness to you, to be absent from your Books.

Y. Ped.

Yet, Sir, do not imagine me totally absent: I have the benefit of a Friend's Chambers in the *Temple*, one formerly my Chum, now out of Town, who has no very bad Collection, and condescends to permit me the Use of his Rooms.

Wild.

You just now told me, you rejoiced in my Fortune.

Y. Ped.

I remember.

Wild.

It is then in your Power to promote it infinitely, by lending me your Chambers this Afternoon.

Y. Ped.

Sir, you may depend upon my doing— *quantum* in me, to serve you. How will they be instrumental?

Wild.

If you will walk with me I'll tell you, for I hear Company.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XI.

Clarissa follow'd by Bellaria, Valentine, and Veromil.

Clar.

Nothing shall prevail with me,—I detest his Sight; the Appearance of Ghosts or Fiends can bring no greater Horror, nor more wou'd I avoid them.

Val.

You see, *Bellaria*, how happy I should have been in a Wife.

Bel.

This is only Affectation; you must not part so. Follow her, Mr. *Valentine*; she can fly no farther than that Chamber. Nay, I vow you shall.—The little Quarrels of Lovers are only throwing Water on the Flames, which quells them for a while, then makes them burn the brighter.

Val.

But when you throw on too great a Quantity, the Flames may be extinguish'd.

Bel.

Nay, this is barbarous: You must and shall follow her, and appease her.

Val.

Since you command, Madam—It shall be my own fault, if this be not the last Visit.

[Aside.]

SCENE XII.

Veromil, Bellaria.

Ver. [Looking on Bellaria and speaking as to himself.]

Can Deceit take Root in such a Soil?—No, I'll sooner disbelieve my Friend—she can't be false, Heaven never would have stamp'd its Image on so base a Coin. The Eyes which have beheld that Face, will never believe themselves against her—so lively is Innocence writ there—can Falshood then—

Bel.

What means my Love?

Ver.

I know not what I mean.

Bel.

Nam'd you not Falshood!

Ver.

Ha! do you start at that Sound? A guilty

Conscience starts when it is upbraided—the Name of a Crime has Magick in it to the guilty Ear.

Bell.

I am confounded!

Ver.

So am I, *Bellaria*!

Bel.

Oh! tell me what it is that afflicts you. I will relieve your Pain.

Ver.

Have you the Power then of that fabled Spear, can you as easily cure as give a Wound?

Bel. [Smiling.]

If I have given you the Wound, I will have the Charity to cure it.

Ver.

Your Charity is extensive, Madam; you wou'd do the same to more—to *Valentine*.—But oh! you can not wound him as you have wounded me; his Heart is better fortified; one of those whom Love may make a Scar in for a while, which Time will soon wear off. You have pierc'd my Soul, *Bellaria*.

Bel.

It never felt a Pain, like that torments me now; tell me, be generous, and tell me all your Grievs.

Ver.

What can they be? but that *Bellaria*'s false, false with my Friend; she triumphs in her Falshood, and bid me make a Confident of my happier Rival.

Bel.

Do I hear this, and live!

Ver.

Wonder rather that I have liv'd to tell it. Live! I do not! My Life was wrapp'd in you, in you, my only Love, whom Youth or Beauty, Wit or Wealth could never chase away from my Bosom; whom through a tedious Three Years Absence, amidst the splendor of Foreign Courts, my constant Breast still cherish'd as its Guardian Angel; for whom I've sigh'd, I've wept more than becomes a Man to boast of.

Bel.

I shall not boast what I have done for you; yet this; I would not have accused you without a Cause.

Ver.

A Cause! Demonstration is one.

Bel.

Demonstration!

Ver.

The Temple Beau

Ay, Madam, the Words of such a Friend are little less: He told me that you knew of his Passion, and had not discourag'd it.

Bel.

By all that's Virtuous! by all the Powers of Heav'n, he wronged me.

Ver.

Whom shall I believe?

Bel.

Your Friend—a Woman's Testimony bears no Proportion with a Man's.

Ver.

By Heav'n, it shou'd not.

Bel.

Still maintain the unjust Superiority; allow no Virtue, no Merit to us; make us as you do your Slaves. Inconstancy, which damns a Woman, is no Crime in Man. The practis'd Libertine, who seduces poor unskilful thoughtless Virgins, is applauded, while they must suffer endless Infamy and Shame. Well have ye revenged the Sin of *Eve* upon us: for Man has since supplied the Serpent's Place, and scandalously lurks to cause our Ruin: For what but such an infernal Spirit cou'd inspire a Villain to abuse my Innocence to you?

Ver.

Cou'd he be such a Villain!

Bel.

Do, believe him, ungrateful as thou art; but oh! remember this, you'll find too late how much you've wronged me, and curse that credulous Ear which separates us for ever.

[As she is going, he catches hold of her.]

Ver.

Oh, stay! *[Looking fondly at her]* by Heav'n's thou canst not be false.

Bel.

Be not too sure of any thing; I was too sure you never cou'd have thought me so.

Ver.

Oh! did you know the Torments of my Mind, you'd pity, not upbraid me.

Bel.

Witness Heav'n I do pity you; and while I am rack'd with Torments of my own, I feel yours too.

Ver.

Oh! thou art all Angel: would I had had no Ears, or he no Tongue, or that I had lost my own, e'er I had said—I believe, I know thee innocent; thy Mind is white as purest Snow. But oh! that curs'd Suspicion has blacken'd mine. I never shall forgive it to my self.

Bel.

For my sake, ease the Tempests of your Mind. I'll never think on't more.

Ver.

When I deserve it, do. Surely, thou art more than Woman. How dearly mightest thou have revenged my unjust Accusation, by keeping me a few

Moments in the Horror of having offended thee, or Doubt of thy Pardon!

Bel.

Unkindly you think me capable of such a Behaviour. No, *Veromil*, I know the Sincerity of your Love—and wou'd not give you an uneasy Hour, to gain more Worlds than you deserve.

Ver.

Hear her, ye wanton Fools, who sacrifice your own and Lover's Happiness to fantastick Triumphs, and an ill-judging World. O may'st thou be the Pattern of thy Sex; 'till Women, learning by thy bright Example, wipe off the Scandals which are thrown upon them. O let me press thee to my Heart for ever.

Still searching out new Beauties in thy Mind,

A perfect Woman 'till I prove, design'd

By Heaven, its greatest Blessing on Mankind.

The Temple Beau

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE Continues.

Wilding, Pincet.

Wild.

You have your Part perfect?

Pin.

As my Catechism, Sir; and I'll engage, that I act it to your Satisfaction. If I am not revenged on those Blows of yours, old Gentleman— if I don't make your Heart bleed, may you fetch the last Drop out of mine!

Wild.

Fetch but the Money out of his Pocket—

Pin.

That's my Intention—the Way to most Men's Hearts, is through their Pockets.

Wild.

But do you think he will not discover you, when you are disguis'd in the Gown?

Pin.

Oh, Sir! you need not fear that; a Gown will hide a Rogue at any time.

Wild.

Away then; for shou'd the old Gentleman see us together, we are ruin'd.—My Affairs in this House are in a very good Situation. Here are four Ladies in it, and I am in a fair way of being happy with three of them. Agad, I begin to wish my self fairly off from my two Aunts; for I think a modest and reasonable Man can desire no more than one Woman out of a Family. But, I have gone too far, to make an honourable Retreat; for Women act in Love, as Heroes do in War: Their Passions are not presently rais'd for the Combat; but when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph!

[Stands with his Arms a-cross.

The Temple Beau

SCENE II.

Lady Gravely, Wilding.

L. *Gra.*

Are you meditating, Mr. *Wilding*?

Wild.

Lady *Gravely*, I ask a thousand Pardons. L. *Gra.*

Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young Men thoughtful. And really, young Men now—a—days seem to be ashamed to think.

Wild.

They ought to be so; for the only Excuse to their Actions, is a Supposition that they do not. L. *Gra.*

That's very justly said. I find you and I sympathize in Opinion.

Wild.

Their Dress however wou'd persuade one otherwise: The Care and Art employed in that, seem the Effects of Thought— L. *Gra.*

—In Milliners, and *Valet—de—Chambers*.

Wild.

I wonder how they recommend themselves to so many fine Ladies. L. *Gra.*

You mistake. There are half a dozen Green—sickness Girls, who long for Beaus, and Chalk, and those things—but they are equally despis'd by knowing Women. For my Part, I think them pardonable no longer than a Doll.

Wild.

And of no more Use. Like that too, they rise in Value, as they are richer dress'd. L. *Gra.*

They are my Aversion.

Wild.

That I fear our whole Sex is. L. *Gra.*

That's too generally spoken. I can't say All; I have found two Exceptions already—and I don't know but I may have seen a third.

Wild.

Is it possible! L. *Gra.*

You can't guess how excessively some things you have said, have succeeded in my Favour.

Wil.

O my Happiness! L. *Gra.*

So much, that I shall do for you—what, I vow, I never did to any but my Husbands.

Wild.

Soh!—

[Aside.

L. *Gra.*

Yet I fear I shall not prevail on you.

Wild.

O my Angel! I vow by this soft Hand, I'll instantly obey. L. *Gra.*

Then I will give you my Advice.—Think no more of *Bellaria* .

Wild.

Humph! L. *Gra.*

What can she have to tempt you?

Wild.

She is really handsome. L. *Gra.*

Her Face, indeed, looks pretty well, but she paints. Then for her Shape; she bolsters her Stays. Then I'll tell you two particular Deformities—she has a rotten Tooth in the left side of her upper Jaw, and crooked Legs.

Wild.

The Temple Beau

Still, Madam, there is one Pleasure, which recompenses all; my marrying your Neice will entitle me to your Conversation. L. Gra.

So far from that—If you marry her, I'll never see you more.

Wild.

What Reason can you have? L. Gra.

A Thousand—the World might suspect our Familiarity, how must my Reputation then suffer! O I wou'd not for Worlds even now be thought— but now a thousand Excuses might be made—There's no Consanguinity in the Case; the Naughtiness of others; an agreeable young Man! Passion of Love!

Wild.

Oh! my Saint!

[He takes her by the Hand, and during the rest of the Scene, is halling her to the Door.]

L. Gra.

Tho' I wou'd not now—yet if I did—my Reputation wou'd suffer in so small a Degree—now—a—days scarce at all.—And if you were secret—

Wild.

No Torments shou'd extort it from me. L. Gra.

I shou'd have only my own Conscience to satisfie—And tho' no Conscience is more tender: Yet, Temptations allowed for—

Sir Har. [without]

Harry, Harry! where's Harry? L. Gra.

I faint, I die, I am undone! Run, run into that Chamber, and fasten the Door on the Inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

The Temple Beau

SCENE III.

Sir Harry Wilding, Lady Gravely.

Sir Har.

Have you seen my Son, Madam? *L. Gra.*

Not since Dinner, *Sir Harry.*

Sir Har.

What can be become of him! I have been beating about this half Hour. I have unkennell'd a Fox in less time. *L. Gra.*

Sir Harry, you may thank your Stars that conducted you to me; for (perhaps) it is in my Power to save your Son from Ruin.

Sir Har.

How, Madam! *L. Gra.*

I fear he is about marrying a Woman, who will make him miserable.

Sir Har.

No, no, Madam, I have taken care to prepare such a Match, as shall make him happy. *L. Gra.*

(Perhaps) you are mistaken. I speak against my Relation, but Honour obliges it. In short, *Sir Harry*, my Neice has not those Principles which can make a good Wife.

Sir Har.

I ask your Pardon, Madam, she has twenty thousand Pounds—very good Principles, I think. *L. Gra.*

She is a wild, flirting, giddy Jilt.

Sir Har.

Is that all? *L. Gra.*

I am afraid she is no better than she shou'd be.

Sir Har.

I don't expect it, *L. Gra.*

Her Reputation has a Flaw—a Flaw, as wide in it—

Sir Har.

She has Money enough to stop it up, Madam. *L. Gra.*

Wou'd you marry your Son to a Woman, who has a Flaw in her Reputation?

Sir Har.

If she had as many as she has Pounds, and if I were to receive a Pound for every Flaw, the more she had the better.

[Exit.

L. Gra.

What shall I do!—if he marries her, I lose him for ever—I am distracted.

The Temple Beau

SCENE IV.

Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, Young Pedant.

L. Lucy.

You seem discompos'd, Sister; what's the matter?

L. Gra.

I suppose you are in the Plot too.

L. Lucy.

What Plot?

L. Gra.

To sell my Neice; to give her up to a wild, raking, extravagant young Fellow;

[To Wilding.]

L. Lucy.

Indeed, you wrong me. I came this Moment to consult with you how to prevent it. Not that I imagine *Wilding*, what you call him; nor that *Bellaria* would be unhappy with him: But I have another's Happiness in my View.

L. Gra.

Distraction! she's in Love with him herself.

[Aside.]

L. Lucy.

Now, my Dear, if you may be trusted with a Secret.

L. Gra.

Any Secret is safe with me, that is not contrary to Virtue and Honour.

L. Lucy.

Nay, but I am afraid that you refine too much on those Words.

L. Gra.

Refine, Madam! I believe, to censure your Conduct needs no Refinement. I see very well what your Drift is; I know what you wou'd say.

Y. Ped.

Hold, Aunt: That you can know what my Mother is going to say, is denied; for, to know one's Thoughts, before that Knowledge is convey'd by Words, implies a supernatural Insight into the Mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that Insight, before any Assent to your Proposition can be requir'd.

L. Gra.

Fool! Coxcomb! Pedant! You shou'd be sent to an Academy to learn Men, before you converse with them; or else be confin'd to a Tub, as one of your Philosophers were, 'till you had learnt enough to know you are a Fool.

Y. Ped.

Aunt, I wish a Female Relation of mine was shut up, 'till any one thought her wise, beside herself.—Shut up in a Tub! I agree, so that no Women trouble me. I had rather live in a Tub by myself, than in a Palace with a Woman. You see, Madam, what an Encouragement I have to marry.—What a Task must I undertake, to marry a Girl, when my Aunt, who has had two Husbands, is not half tamed!—Get me such a Wife as *Andromache* was, and I'll marry; but for your fine Ladies, as you term them, I wou'd as soon put on a laced Coat; for they are both alike: Your fine Coat is only admired when new, no more is your fine Lady: Your fine Coat is most commonly the Property of a Fool, so is your fine Lady: Your fine Coat is to be bought, so is your fine Lady: I despise them both to an excessive Degree.

L. Lucy.

Leave us, Sir, 'till you learn more Manners.

Y. Ped.

I obey willingly.

The Temple Beau

SCENE V.

Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely.

L. Lucy.

A Pedant is a most intolerable Wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

L. Gra.

Who endure him?

L. Lucy.

That is my Secret—Sir *Avarice* sent for this Wretch to Town, in order to match him to *Bellaria*. I was afraid to trust you with it, because of your nice Principles.

L. Gra.

Indeed, I do not approve of any clandestine Affair; but since it is the lesser Evil of the two, it is to be preferr'd; for nothing can equal the Misery of marrying a Rake. Oh! the vast Happiness of a Life of Vapours with such a Husband. *L. Lucy.*

I am a little in the Vapours at this present; I wish, my Dear, you wou'd give me a spoonful of your Ratafia. *L. Grave.*

Was ever any thing so unfortunate! it is in the Closet of my Chamber, and I have lost the Key. *L. Lucy.*

One of mine will open it. *L. Grave.*

Besides, now I think on't, I threw down the Bottle yesterday and broke it. *L. Lucy.*

You have more; for I drank some this Morning. *L. Grave.*

Did you so? then I assure you, you shall taste no more this Day, I'll have some regard for your Health, if you have none. *L. Lucy.*

Nay, I will have one Drop. *L. Grave.*

Indeed you shan't. *L. Lucy.*

Indeed I will.

[They struggle. Lady Lucy gets to the Door and pushes it.]

The Temple Beau

SCENE VI.

To 'em, Wilding from the Closet.

L. *Lucy*.

If this be your Ratafia, you may keep it all to your self; the very Sight of it has cur'd me; ha, ha, ha! L. *Grave*.
Sir, if I may expect Truth from such as you, confess by what Art and with what Design you convey'd your self into my Chamber. L. *Lucy*.

Confess, Sir, by what Art did you open the Door when the Key was lost? L. *Grave*.
I cannot suspect a Gentleman of a Design to rob me. L. *Lucy*.

Only like a Gentleman, of what you wou'd not be a bit the poorer for losing. L. *Grave*.
Speak, Sir, How got you there? What was your Design?

L. *Lucy*.

He is dumb. L. *Grave*.

He is inventing a Lie, I suppose. L. *Lucy*.

He is bringing forth Truth, I believe: it comes so difficulty from him.

Wild.

(If I am not revenged on you, Madam!) —look ye, Ladies, since our Design is prevented, I don't know why it shou'd be kept a Secret; so, Lady *Lucy*, you have my Leave to tell it. L. *Lucy*.

I tell! L. *Grave*.

Oh! the Creature! Is she in the Plot? O Virtue, Virtue! whither art thou flown! O the monstrous Impiety of the Age!

Wild.

Nay, there was no such Impiety in the Case neither: so tell, Lady *Lucy*. L. *Lucy*.

Surprizing! L. *Grave*.

Oh! the Confidence of Guilt!

Wild.

Come, come, discover all; tell her Ladyship the whole Design of your putting me in her Chamber.—But you will own you have lost the Wager. L. *Lucy*.

Impudence beyond Belief! L. *Grave*.

Tell me, Sir; I beseech you, tell me.

Wild.

Only a Wager between Lady *Lucy*, and Me, whether your Ladyship was afraid of Sprites. So, Lady *Lucy* convey'd me into your Chamber; and if upon my stalking out as frightful as possible, your Ladyship shriek'd out, I was to lose the Wager. L. *Lucy*.

Prodigious! L. *Grave*.

No, no; it is for evil Consciences to fear; Innocence will make me bold; but let me tell you, Sister, I do not like jesting with serious things. So you thought to frighten me, Sir; I am not to be frightened, I assure you.— L. *Lucy*.

By any thing in the Shape of a Man, I am confident.

[Aside.

Servant. [Entring]

Lady *Basto*, Madam, is at the Door. L. *Grave*.

I am to go with her to *Deards's*. I forgive you Frolick, Sister, and I hope you are convinced that I am not afraid of Sprites.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VII.

Lady Lucy, Wilding.

L. *Lucy*.

Leave the Room.

Wild.

When you command with a Smile, I obey; but as a fine Lady never frowns but in jest, what she says then may be supposed to be spoken in jest too. L. *Lucy*.

This Assurance is unsupportable; to belie me to my Sister; before my Face too.

Wild.

Hear this now! What way shall a Man take to please a Woman? Did you not desire me to make Love to her for your Diversion? Have I not done it? am I not striving to bring Matters to an Issue? should I not have frustrated it all at once, if I had not come off some way or other? What other way cou'd I have come off? Have I not been labouring, sweating, toiling for your Diversion? and do you banish me for it? L. *Lucy*.

Nay, if this be true—

Wild.

Rip open my Heart, that Fountain of Truth, and there you will see it with your own dear Image. L. *Lucy*.

Well then; do one thing, and I forgive you.

Wild.

Any thing. L. *Lucy*.

Refuse my Neice.

Wild.

Any thing but that. L. *Lucy*.

You shall, you must.

Wild.

To refuse a fine Lady, with twenty thousand Pounds, is neither in my Will, nor in my Power. It is against Law, Reason, Justice—In short, it is a most execrable Sin, and I'll die a Martyr to Matrimony e're I consent to it. L. *Lucy*.

And I'll die a thousand times rather than you shall have her.

Wild.

What Reason can you have? L. *Lucy*.

Ill Nature.

Wild.

I see a better;—you wou'd have me your self. Lookee, Madam, I'll lay a fair Wager, I am at Liberty again before you. You will never bury Sir *Avarice*; you are not half fond enough. Kindness is the surest Pill to an old Husband; the greatest Danger from a Woman, or a Serpent, is in their Embraces. L. *Lucy*.

Indeed, you are mistaken, wise Sir; I do not want to bury him; but if I did bury him, Matrimony shou'd be the last Folly I'd commit again, and you the last Man in the World I'd think of for a Husband.

Wild.

But the first for a Lover, my Angel. L. *Lucy*.

Keep off. Remember the Serpent.

Wild.

I am resolved to venture. L. *Lucy*.

I'll alarm the House, I'll raise the Powers of Heaven and Hell to my assistance.

Wild.

And I,

Claspt in the folds of Love will meet my Doom,

And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shook the Room. Sir Av. [Without.]

Oh! the Villain, the Rogue!

The Temple Beau

Wild.

It thunders now indeed.

Sir Av.

Was ever such a Traytor heard of!

The Temple Beau

SCENE VIII.

To 'em, Sir Avarice Pedant.

L. *Lucy.*

What's the matter, Sir *Avarice*?

Sir Av.

Ask me nothing: I am in such a Passion, I shall never come to my self again. L. *Lucy.*

That will break my Heart, certainly.

Sir Av.

We have harbour'd in our House a Traytor, a Thief, a Villain. L. *Lucy.*

Whom, my Dear?

Sir Av.

The Gentleman *Valentine* brought hither to day, I have over-heard making Love to *Bellaria*.

Wild.

Whom, *Veromil*? L. *Lucy.*

I am glad to hear it.

[Aside.]

The Temple Beau

SCENE IX.

To 'em, Valentine.

Sir Av.

Pack up your all, Sir, pack up your all, and be gone; you shall not bring a set of idle Vagabonds to my House, I am resolved.

Val.

You surprize me, Sir! What Vagabonds have I brought?

Sir Av.

Why, good Sir, the Gentleman you were so kind to introduce to me this Day, I have discover'd addressing *Bellaria*.

Val.

How, Sir!

Sir Av.

I over—heard him, Sir, just now. So, if you please to go to him from me, and desire him civilly to walk out of my House.

Val.

Nay, Sir—if it be so—

Sir Av.

And hearkee, Sir, if you please to shew him the Way, to conduct him your self, you will prevent my using rougher Means. Here, Sir, you harbour no longer.—I see him coming up the Gallery; we'll leave you to deliver your Message.—Heark you! cut his Throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that Affair: You know what I mean.

[Aside.

SCENE IX.

Valentine, Veromil.

Val.

If *Veromil* be a Villain!

Ver.

Valentine, I am glad to find you; I have been looking you.

Val.

I am sorry Mr. *Veromil* should have acted in a manner to make our Meeting uneasy to either. I am forced to deliver you a Message from my Uncle, less civil than I thought you cou'd have deserved.

Ver.

What's this, *Valentine*?

Val.

The Violation of our long and tender Friendship shocks me so, I have hardly Power to disclose your Crime, more—than that you know my Love, and have basely wronged it.

Ver.

How, Sir!

Val.

You have injur'd me—you know it.

Ver.

Valentine, you have injur'd me, and do not know it: Yet, the Injustice of the Act you know. Yes, too well you know Religion forbids an Injury to a Stranger.

Val.

Preach not Religion to me.—Oh! it well becomes the Mouth of Hypocrisy to thunder Gospel Tenets to the World, while there is no Spark of Honour in the Soul.

Ver.

You speak the Meaning of a Libertine Age; the Heart that throws off the Face of Religion, wears but the Mask of Honour.

Val.

Rather, he that has not Honour, wears but the Mask of Piety. Canting sits easy on the Tongue that wou'd employ its Rhetorick against a Friend.

Ver.

Your Reflection on me is base and vain. You know I scorn the Apprehension of doing a Wrong.

Val.

Ha!

Ver.

Nay, 'tis true; true as that you did intend to wrong another; to rob him of his Right, his Love; and Heaven, in Vengeance on the black Design, ordained it to be your Friend. Yes, *Valentine*, it was from me the beauteous, lovely *Bellaria* was torn: Her whom I ignorantly wou'd have pursued abroad; and 'tis to you I owe, that I am not robbed of her for ever.

Val.

Curse on the Obligation! 'Tis to *Chance*, not me: for had I known to whom I had discover'd her, thou hadst still been ignorant.—But thus I cancel it, and all our Friendship, in a Breath: Henceforward, I am thy Foe.

Ver.

Cou'd I as easily be thine, I shou'd deride and scorn thee, as I pity thee now. By Heav'ns! I shou'd disclaim all Friendship with a Man who falsly wrong'd my Love—You I can forgive.

Val.

Forgive! I ask it not. Do thy worst.

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

The Temple Beau

Ver.

Hero in Sin! wouldst thou seal all in thy Friend's Blood? Art thou a Man, and can thy Passions so out-strip thy Reason, to send thee wading through Falshood, Perjury, and Murther, after a flying Light which you can ne'er o'ertake!—Think not I fear you as a Rival. By Heav'n! 'tis Friendship bids me argue with you, bids me caution you from a vain Pursuit, whence the utmost you can hope is to make Her you pursue, as wretched as Her you have forsaken.

Val.

Hell! Hell and Confusion!

Ver.

You see she meets my Passion with an equal Flame; and tho' a thousand Difficulties may delay our Happiness, they can't prevent it. Yours she can never be; for all your Hopes must lie in her Affection, which you will never gain. No, *Valentine*, I know my self so fix'd, so rooted in that dear Bosom, that Art or Force wou'd both prove ineffectual.

Val.

I'm wrack'd to Death!

Ver.

Reflect upon the Impossibility of your Success. —But grant the contrary; wou'd you sacrifice our long, our tender Friendship, to the faint, transitory Pleasures of a brutal Appetite? for Love, that is not mutual, is no more.

Val.

Grant not that I might succeed. No Passion of my Soul cou'd counterpoise my Love; nor Reason's weaker Efforts make a Stand against it.

Ver.

Think it impossible, then.

Val.

Thou knowest not the Strugglings of my Breast; for Heaven never made so fine a Form.

Ver.

Can Love, that's grounded on the Outside only, make so deep an Impression on your Heart. Possession soon wou'd quench those sudden Flames. Beauty, my *Valentine*, as the flowery Blossoms, soon fades; but the Diviner Excellencies of the Mind, like the Medicinal Virtues of the Plant, remain in it, when all those Charms are withered. Had not that beauteous Shell so perfect an Inhabitant, and were our Souls not link'd, not join'd so fast together, by Heav'n, I wou'd resign her to my Friend.

Val.

O *Veromil*! Life, Fortune, I cou'd easily abandon for thy Friendship.—I will do more, and strive to forget thy Mistress.

Ver.

Let me applaud thy Virtue, and press thy noble Bosom to my Heart.

Val.

It will be necessary for you to remove from hence. I will, if possible, find some Means to effect your Wishes. Within this Hour you shall find me at the Coffee-House.

Ver.

Once more let me embrace thee.—The innocent, the perfect Joy that flows from the Reflection of a virtuous Deed, far surpasses all the trifling momentary Raptures that are obtained by Guilt. To triumph o'er a conquer'd Passion, is a Pride well worthy of a Man.

Safe o'er the Main of Life the Vessel rides,
When Passion furls her Sails, and Reason guides;
While she who has that surest Rudder lost,
'Midst Rocks and Quicksands by the Waves is tost:
No certain Road she keeps, no Port can find,
Toss'd up and down by ev'ry wanton Wind.

The Temple Beau

ACT V.

The Temple Beau

SCENE I.

SCENE, Clarissa's Apartment.

Clarissa alone, rising from a Table with a Letter in her Hand.

So! the Task is done: Heav'n knows how difficult a one; so entirely to subdue the Stubbornness of my Resentment. What have I writ? I will see once more.

[Breaks open the Letter.

If there be the least Spark of Honour remaining in your Breast, you will, you must be obliged to relent of your Behaviour towards me. I am now too well assured of the Reason of your late Conduct, from Bellaria: But as it is impossible you shou'd succeed there, I hope—I can read no farther—I hope you will reflect on those Vows you have so solemnly made to the unhappy

Clarissa.

I am resolved not to send it.

[Throws it down on the Table.

The Temple Beau

SCENE II.

To her, Valentine.

Cla.

Ha! he's here; and comes to insult me. Distraction!

Val.

I fear, Madam, you are surprized at this sudden Renewal of my Visit.

Cla.

I own, Sir, I expected your Good-breeding, if not your Good-nature, wou'd have forbidden you to continue your Affronts to a Woman—but if your making me uneasy, wretched, miserable, can do you any Service to *Bellaria*—Cruel! barbarous! How have I deserved this Usage? If you can be cruel, perfidious, forsworn, forgetful of your Honour—yet, sure, to insult me, is beneath a Man.

Val.

If to relent—if with a bleeding Heart to own my Crime, and with Tears to ask your Pardon, be insulting—

Cla.

Ha!

Val.

See, see my Grief, and pity me. I cannot excuse, nor dare I name my Crime; but here will kneel 'till you forgive it.

Cla.

Nay, since you repent, you shall not have a Cause for kneeling long—Rise, I forgive you.

Val.

Sure, such transcendent Goodness never commanded a Woman's Heart before! it gives new Strength to my reviving Passion; a Love, which never more shall know Decay. Let us this Moment tie the joyful Knot.

Cla.

Never, never, *Valentine*. As a Christian, I forgive you; but, as a Lover, will never regard you more. O I have seen too lively an Instance of your Inconstancy.

Val.

Forbid it, Heav'n!

Cla.

May it, indeed, forbid our Marriage. No, *Valentine*, if ever more I hearken to your Vows; if ever I once think of you as my Husband, may I—

Val.

Swear not, I conjure you; for, unless you make me happy in your self, your Pardon but augments my Misery.

Cla.

'Tis all in vain.—Were you to kneel, swear, threaten, I'd never grant it. If my Forgiveness will content you, well; if not, you never shall have more. There is another more worthy of my Love.

Val.

Oh! name him.

Cla.

Not 'till your Vengeance shall come too late.

Val.

This Letter may unfold—

[Takes the Letter from the Table.]

Cla.

Oh! I am ruin'd.—Deliver it, Ravisher.

Val.

What do I see!—Is it possible?

Cla.

The Temple Beau

It will do you little Service.

Val.

Not to discover the Man: But it has shewn me a Woman in the liveliest Colours. This Letter, Madam, is the Production of no new Amour. 'Tis too plain, you are false. Oh! how happy is this Discovery. What a Wretch shou'd I have been, with the cast, forgotten, slighted Mistress of another. When I see you next, when I am that Slave to ask, to wish, to hope you for a Wife, may I be curs'd with all the Plagues that ever curs'd a Husband.—
Adieu.

Cla.

Oh! stay, and hear my Innocence.

Val.

'Tis impossible.

Cla.

You, you are the Man, whose forgotten Mistress you have call'd me—I blush to say, 'twas you to whom that Letter was intended. Nay, read, read the Direction.

Val.

Amazement!

Cla.

Your Genius is triumphant, and here my Empire ends; for I must own, with blushing Shame must own, that all my Disdain to you has still been counterfeit. I had a secret growing Love for you, even before you first intimated yours. But I am sure the Agonies I have this Day felt, have severely revenged all those Pangs my Vanity has given you—So here's my Hand.

Val.

Let my eternal Gratitude demonstrate with what Raptures I receive it.

SCENE III.

To them Bellaria, with an open Letter.

Bel.

I am witness of the Bargain. The farther Sealing it shall be perform'd at the finishing another.— I have consider'd your Friend's Proposals [*Shews the Letter.*] and approve them.

Val.

I hope then, Madam, my Diligence in their Execution, will prevail on you to forget—

Bel.

I am sure I shall have no Reason to recollect—

Val.

This Goodness, Madam, at the same time that it pardons, pleads also an Excuse for my Crime.—I shall do my utmost to merit it.

SCENE IV.

Clarissa, Bellaria.

Cla.

I am afraid, my Dear, my late Conduct has appear'd very strange to you, after what you have formerly seen.

Bel.

Your former Conduct was to me much more wonderful; for, to disguise our Passions, is, in my Opinion, a harder Task than to discover them. I have often laughed at the ridiculous Cruelty of Women; to torment our selves, to be revenged on an Enemy, is absurd; but to do it that we may give Pain to a Lover, is as monstrous a Folly as 'tis a Barbarity.

Cla.

You wou'd strip Beauty of all its Power!

Bel.

I wou'd strip Beauty of all its Imperfections, and persuade her whom Nature has adorn'd without, to employ her chief Art to adorn her self within; for believe it, my dear *Clarissa*, a pretty Face, over Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, in a word, over Coquetry, is but a gilt Cover over a Volume of Nonsense, which will be despised by all wise Men; and having been expos'd to Sale for a few Years, in all the publick Auctions of the Town, will be doom'd to rust neglected in the Possession of a Coxcomb.

The Temple Beau

SCENE V.

To them Wilding, and Sir Harry Dress'd and Powder'd.

Sir Har.

Madam, your most humble Servant. I suppose, Madam, Sir *Avarice* has opened the Affair to you, which has brought me to Town; it was settled before I left the Country, as to the material Points. Nothing now remains but the Ceremonies of the Marriage, &c.—So this Visit is to desire to know what Day you fix on for that Purpose.

Bel.

Your Method of Proceeding, Sir, something surprizes me! Your Son has never mention'd a Word of that Nature to me.

Sir Har.

Alack—a—day, Madam! the Boy is modest; *Harry's* modest, Madam: But, alas! you are the only Person to whom he has not mention'd it: Perhaps the Rogue might think, as old *Cowley* says;

I will not ask her—'tis a milder Fate,

To fall by her not loving, than her Hate. Bel.

Very gallant, Sir *Harry*! By what I can see, you give greater Proofs of Love, than your Son does.

Wild.

I wish those lovely Eyes cou'd see as far into my Heart, as they pierce: I shou'd not then be oblig'd to paint in the weak Colourings of Words, a Passion, no Language can express, because none ever felt before.

Sir Har.

To her, Boy, to her.—I'll leave you together. Come, young Lady, you must not spoil Sport.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VI.

Wilding, Bellaria.

Wild.

I am afraid, Madam, what you have heard me rally of Matrimony, makes you suspect my ill Opinion of it; but that State, which, with all other Women, wou'd be Hell to me, with you is Paradise, is Heaven. Oh! let me touch that tender Hand, and pressing it in Raptures to my Heart—

Bel.

Ay, this is something like Love; by that time you have sighed away two Years in this manner, I may be persuaded to admit you into the Number of my Admirers.

Wild. [Aside.]

I shall be admitted into *Bedlam* first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many Couple unhappy; for you Ladies will have all our Love before-hand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless Heir, who spends his Estate before he is in the Possession; with this Difference—he antedates his Pleasures, you postpone them.

Bel.

Finely argued! I protest, Mr. *Wilding*, I did not think you had made such a Proficiency in your Studies.—It wou'd be pity to take so promising a young Man from the Bar.—You may come to be a Judge.

Wild.

You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied Law: Dress, and the Ladies, have employed my time.—I protest to you, Madam, I know no more of the Law, than I do of the Moon.

Bel.

I thought you had been six Years in the *Temple*.

Wild.

Ha, ha, ha! Madam, you may as well think I am a Scholar, because I have been at *Oxford*, as that I am a Lawyer, because I have been at the *Temple*.

Bel.

So then, you have deceived your Father in the Character of a Lawyer; how shall I be sure you will not Me, in that of a Lover?

Wild.

Oh! a thousand ways, Madam: First, by my Countenance; then by the Temptation; and lastly, I hope you will think I talk like a Lover. No one, I'm sure, ever heard me talk like a Lawyer.

Bel.

Indeed, you do now—very like one; for you talk for a Fee.

Wild.

Nay, Madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? If Oaths will—I swear—

Bel.

No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a Lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your Oaths came from a Lover, it wou'd be much the same; for I think Truth to be a thing in which Lovers and Lawyers agree.

Wild.

Is there no way of convincing you?

Bel.

Oh! yes. I will tell you how. You must flatter me egregiously; not only with more Perfections than I have, but than ever any one had; for which you must submit to very ill Usage. And when I have treated you like a Tyrant over-night, you must in a submissive Letter ask my Pardon the next Morning, for having offended me; tho' you had done nothing.

Wild.

This is easy.

Bel.

The Temple Beau

You must follow me to all publick Places, where I shall give an unlimited Encouragement to the most notorious Fools I can meet with, at which you are to seem very much concerned, but not dare to upbraid me with it—then if, when I am going out, you offer me your Hand, I don't see you, but give it to one of the Fools I mention'd—

Wild.

This is nothing.

Bel.

Then you are sometimes to be honour'd with playing with me at *Quadrille*; where, to shew you my Good-nature, I will take as much of your Money as I can possibly cheat you of. And when you have done all these, and twenty more such trifling things, for one five Years, I shall be convinc'd—that you are an Ass, and laugh at you five times more heartily than I do now. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VII.

Wilding, alone.

Shall you so?—I may give you reason for another sort of Passion long before that time. I shall be Master of the Citadel with a much shorter Siege, I believe.—She is a fine Creature; but Pox of her Beauty, I shall surfeit on't in Six Days Enjoyment.

The twenty thousand Pound! there's the solid Charm, that may last, with very good Management, almost as many Years.

The Temple Beau

SCENE VIII.

To him, Lady Gravely.

[Wild.]

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant. You have not made a great many Visits. L. *Gra.*

No; the Lady I went with has been laying out a great Sum of Money; she carried me as a sort of Appraiser; for I am thought to have some Judgment. But I believe Sir *Harry* is coming up Stairs. I was desir'd to give you this, by one who has an Opinion of my Secrecy and yours.

SCENE IX.

Wilding, Solus; reads.

I hear, by Sir Harry, you have a great Collection of Books. You know my Curiosity that way, so send me the Number of your Chambers, and this Evening I will come and look over them.

What shall I do? If I disappoint her, her Resentment may be of ill Consequence, and I must expect the most warm one. I do not care, neither, at this Crisis, to let her into the Secret of my Deceit on my Father. Suppose I appoint her at Young *Pedant's*— that must be the Place. And since I can't wait on her my self, I'll provide her other Company. I'll appoint Lady *Lucy* at the same Time and Place; so they will discover one another, and I shall be rid of them both, which I begin to wish; for since I have been propos'd a Wife out of it, my Stomach is turn'd against all the rest of the Family.

The Temple Beau

SCENE X.

Pincet, as a Counsellor, Servant.

Serv.

I believe, Sir, Sir *Harry* is in the House; if you please to walk this way, I'll bring you to him.

Pin.

But stay; enquire if he has any Company with him—if so, you may let him know I am here, and would be glad to speak with him.

Serv.

Whom, Sir, shall I mention?

Pin.

A Counsellor at Law, Sir.

Serv.

Sir, I shall.

Pin.

I am not much inclin'd to Fear, or Superstition, or I should think I this Day saw the Ghost of him I've injur'd. I cannot rest with what I have done, nor know I well by what Course to make a Reparation.—But here comes my Game.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XI.

To him, Sir Harry, and Wilding.

Mr. *Wilding*, your Servant. I presume this may be my Client, the good Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har.

Sir!

Pin.

I believe, Sir *Harry*, I have not the Honour of being known to you. My Name is *Ratsbane*— Counsellor *Ratsbane* of the *Inner-Temple*. I have had, Sir, according to the Order of your Son, a Conference with Mr. Councillor *Starchum*, who is for the Plaintiff, and have come to a Conclusion thereon.

Sir Har.

Oh! have you?—I am your humble Servant, dear Sir; and if it lies in my Power to oblige you, in Return—

Pin.

Oh, dear Sir! No Obligation! we only do our Duty. Our Case will be this:—First, a Warrant will be issued; upon which, we are taken up; then we shall be Indicted; after which, we are Convicted (that no doubt we shall, on such a Strength of Proof)

immediately Sentence is awarded against us, and then Execution regularly follows.

Sir Har.

Execution, Sir!—what Execution?

Wild.

Oh, my unfortunate Father!—Hanging, Sir.

Pin.

Ay, ay, hanging, hanging is the regular Course of Law; and no way to be averted. But, as to our Conveyance to the Place of Execution, that I believe we shall be favoured in. The Sheriff is to render us there; but whether in a Coach or Cart, I fancy a small Sum may turn that Scale.

Sir Har.

Coach or Cart! Hell and the Devil! why Son, why Sir, is there no Way left?

Pin.

None. We shall be convicted of Felony, and then Hanging follows of Course.

Wild.

It's too true—so says *Cook* against *Littleton*.

Sir Har.

But Sir, dear Sir, I am as innocent—

Pin.

Sir, the Law proceeds by Evidence—my Brother *Starchum* indeed offer'd, that upon a Bond of five thousand Pounds he wou'd make up the Affair; but I thought it much too extravagant a Demand; and so I told him flatly—we wou'd be hang'd.

Sir Har.

Then you told a damn'd Lie; for if twice that Sum wou'd save us, we will not.

Pin.

How, Sir! are you willing to give that Money?

Sir Har.

No, Sir, I am not willing; but I am much less willing to be hang'd.

Wild.

But do you think, Mr. Counsellor, you cou'd not prevail for four thousand?

Pin.

That truly we cannot reply to, till a Conference be first had.

Sir Har.

The Temple Beau

Ay, or for four hundred?

Pin.

Four hundred!—why it wou'd cost you more the other Way, if you were hang'd any thing decently. Look you, Sir, Mr. *Starchum* is at the *Crown* and *Rolls* just by; if you please we will go thither, and I assure you to make the best Bargain I can.

Wild.

Be quick, Sir; here's Sir *Avarice* coming.

Sir Har.

Come along—Oons! I wou'd not have him know it for the World.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XII.

Valentine, Sir Avarice, Young Pedant.

Val.

Have but the Patience to hear me, Sir. The Gentleman I unwittingly brought hither, was the very Man on whose Account *Bellaria* was sent to Town.

Sir Av.

How!

Val.

Bellaria, imagining me his Friend, in the highest Rage of Despair, when she found her Lover discover'd, laid open her whole Breast to me, and begg'd my Advice: I have promised to contrive an Interview. Now, I will promise her, to convey her to *Veromil*; and bring her to a Place where she shall meet you and your Son. When you have her there, and a Parson with you, if you do not finish the Affair, it will be your own Fault.

Sir Av.

Hum! it has an Appearance.

Val.

But, Sir, I shall not do this, unless you deliver me up those Writings of mine in your Hands, which you unjustly detain.

Sir Av.

Sir!

Val.

And moreover, Sir, unless you do, I will frustrate your Design for ever.

Sir Av.

Very well, Sir; when she is married.

Val.

Sir, I will have no Conditions. What I ask is my own, and unless you grant it, I will publish your Intentions to the World, sooner than you can accomplish them.

Sir Av.

Well, well, I'll fetch them—stay you here, and expect my Return.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XIII.

Valentine, Young Pedant.

Y. Ped.

Cousin *Valentine*, have I offended you? have I injured you any Way?

Val.

No, dear Cousin.

Y. Ped.

Will you please, Sir, then to assign the Reason why you do contrive my Ruin, by espousing me to this young Woman.

Val.

Are you unwilling?

Y. Ped.

Alas! Sir, Matrimony has ever appeared to me; a Sea full of Rocks and Quicksands; it is *Scylla*, of whom *Virgil* *Delphinum Caudas utero commissa Luporum*. Or as *Ovid*,—

Gerens latrantibus Inguina Monstris. *Val.*

Well, then you may be comforted; for I assure you, so far from bringing you into this Misfortune, I am taking Measures to deliver you out of it.

SCENE XIV.

To them, Sir Avarice.

Sir Av.

Here, Sir, is a Note which I believe will content you.

Val.

How, Sir! these are not my Writings.

Sir Av.

No, Sir; but if your Intentions are as you say, it is of equal Value with them. I have there promis'd to pay you the Sum, which you say I have in my Hands, on the Marriage of my Neice. Now if you scruple accepting that Condition, I shall scruple trusting her in your Hands.

Val. [having read it, and mus'd.]

Well, Sir, to shew you my Sincerity, I do accept it; and you shall find I will not fail delivering the young Lady at the appointed Hour and Place.

Sir Av.

Let the Hour be eight, and the Place my Son's Chambers. I'll prepare Matters that no body shall prevent you. And hearkee, suppose you gave her a Dose of Opium in a Dish of Chocolate: If she were married half a-sleep, you and I cou'd swear she was awake, you know.

Y. Ped.

I cannot assent to that. Suppose the *Positum* be—

The Woman is but half a-sleep: Will it follow,

Ergo, she is awake? *Sir Av.*

The *Positum* is twenty thousand Pounds— *ergo*—I will swear any thing.

Y. Ped.

Oh dear! oh dear! was ever such Logick heard of: Did *Burgersdicius* ever hint at such a method of Reasoning?

Sir Av.

Burgersdicius was an Ass, and so are you.

Val.

Be not in a Passion, Sir *Avarice*; our Time is short. I will go perform my part; pray, observe yours.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XV.

Sir Avarice Pedant, young Pedant.

Sir Av.

Logick indeed! can your Logick teach you more than this? two and two make four: Take six out of seven, and there remains one. The Sum given is twenty thousand Pounds, take Nought out of twenty, and there remains a Score. If your great Logician, your *Aristotle*, was alive, take nought out of his Pocket and there wou'd remain nought. A compleat Notion of Figures is beyond all the *Greek* and *Latin* in the World. Learning is a fine thing indeed, in an Age when of the few that have it, the greater part starve. I remember when a Set of strange Fellows us'd to meet at *Wills*—Coffee—house; but now it's another *Change*—*Alley*. Every Man now who wou'd live, must be a Stock—jobber.—Here is twenty thousand Pounds Capital Stock fallen into your Hands, and wou'd you let it slip?

Y. Ped.

But, Sir, is not Injustice a—

Sir Av.

Injustice! heark—you, Sirrah! I have been guilty of five hundred Pieces of Injustice for a less Sum. I don't see why you shou'd reap the Benefit of my Labours, without joyning your own.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XVI.

Young Pedant's Chambers.

Lady Gravely, Servant.

L. Gra.

Your Master has not been at home yet?

Ser.

No, Madam; but if you please to divert your self with these Books, I presume he will not be long. (I dare not ask her what Master she means, for fear of a Mistake: tho' as I am in no great Doubt what her Ladyship is, I suppose it to be my Beau Master.)

[Aside.

L. Gra.

It is now past the time of our Appointment; and a Lover who retards the first, will be very backward indeed on the second. His bringing me off Yesterday to my Sister, gave me no ill Assurance of both his Honour, and his Wit. I wish this Delay would not justify my suspecting his Love.—Heark, I hear him coming.

SCENE XVII.

Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely.

L. *Grav.*

Ah! L. *Lucy.*

Sister, your Servant; your Servant, Sister. L. *Grav.*

I am surpriz'd at meeting you here. L. *Lucy.*

Ha, ha, ha! I am a little surpriz'd too, Ha, ha! L. *Grav.*

I have scarce Strength enough to tell you how I came here. I was walking up from the *Temple*—Stairs to take a Chair, (I'll never venture my self alone by Water, as long as I live) what shou'd I meet, but a rude young Templer, who wou'd have forc'd me to a Tavern; but by great Fortune, another Templer meeting us, endeavour'd to wrest me from him: At which, my Ravisher let go my Hand to engage his Adversary. I no sooner found my self at Liberty, but seeing a Door open, in I ran, so frighted I shall never recover it. L. *Lucy.*

You were a little unfortunate tho', not to find the Doctor at home. L. *Grav.*

What Doctor? L. *Lucy.*

Ha, ha, ha! Doctor *Wilding*, my Dear, a Physician of great Practice among the Ladies—I presume your Ladyship uses him. L. *Grav.*

I know no such Physician. L. *Lucy.*

But you know a Gentleman of that Name, I suppose. L. *Grav.*

Sure I am not in that Wretch's Chambers! L. *Lucy.*

Indeed you are. L. *Grav.*

It must be the Devil, or my evil Genius, that has laid this Trap for me.—What can have brought you hither too? L. *Lucy.*

A Chair, my Dear. L. *Grav.*

By what Accident? L. *Lucy.*

By my own Orders. L. *Grav.*

How, Sister! L. *Lucy.*

Indeed, Sister, 'tis true. L. *Grav.*

And have you the Confidence to own it to me? I desire, Madam, you wou'd not make me privy to your Intrigues: I shall not keep them secret, I assure you. She who conceals a Crime, is in a manner accessary to it. L. *Lucy.*

I see your Policy. You wou'd preserve your self, by sacrificing me: But tho' a Thief saves his Life by sacrificing his Companion, he saves not his Reputation. Your nice Story of a couple of Templers will not be admitted by the Court of Scandal, at Lady *Prude's* Tea-Table. L. *Grave.*

Madam, Madam, my Brother shall know what a Wife he has. L. *Lucy.*

Madam, Madam, the World shall know what a Sister I have. L. *Grave.*

I disclaim your Kindred. You are no Relation of mine. L. *Lucy.*

You make me merry. L. *Grave.*

I may spoil your Mirth: at least I'll prevent it this time, I'm resolv'd. L. *Lucy.*

That's more ill-natur'd than I'll shew my self to you—so, your Servant.

[Exit.

L. *Grave.*

I'll take a Hackney Coach, and be at Home before her—I see he's a Villain; but I'll find a Way to be revenged on them both.

L. *Lucy. (Re-entring.)*

O! for Heaven's sake, let us lay aside all Quarrels, and take care of both our Reputations. Here's a whole Coach-load coming up Stairs. I heard them enquire for these Chambers—Here's a Closet; in, in. I never was so frightned in my whole Life.

SCENE XVIII.

Valentine, Veromil, Bellaria, Clarissa.

Ver.

The Clergyman outstays his Time, or the Impatience of my Love outflies it. I'm rack'd 'till the dear Bond be tied beyond the Power of Art to undo. Think then, my Sweet, if the least Apprehension of losing thee can shock my Soul; what Agonies must I have liv'd in, when Hope was as distant, as Fear is now.

Bel.

Too easily, my *Veromil*, I guess; I know them by my own; for sure I am not in Debt one Sigh to Love.

Ver.

In Debt! Not all the Service of my Life can pay thee for a tender Thought of me. Oh! how I long for one soft Hour to tell thee all I've undergone. For to look back upon a dreadful Sea which we've escap'd, adds to the Prospect of the beauteous Country we are to enjoy.

Servant [Entring.]

Gentlemen, a Clergyman in the other Room.—

Ver.

Come, my *Bellaria*, a few short Moments lead me into Paradise.

Val.

Wou'd thou hadst found another; but Love forbids you this—You know I strove with all my Power against it; but it has conquer'd—and through my Heart you only reach *Bellaria*.

Ver.

Ha! Nay then, wert thou as much my Friend, as thou art unworthy of the Name—through twenty Hearts like thine, I'd rush into her Arms.

[Fight. The Women shriek. Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, run out of the Closet; they all hold

Valentine, and as Veromil is leading off Bellaria, Sir Harry, Wilding and Pincet meet them at the Door.

Then take thy Life—and now, my Sweetest—

SCENE XIX.

Sir Harry Wilding, Wilding, Pincet, Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, Valentine, Veromil, Bellaria, and Clarissa.

Val.

Away. Stand off. Eternal Furies seize you.

L. Lucy.

You may rave, good Sir; but three Women will be too hard for you, though you were as stout and as mad as *Hercules*.

Sir Har.

Hey—day! We had but one Whore before, here's a Seraglio.

Ver.

Let me pass, Sir.

Sir Har.

No, indeed, Sir. I must first know how you came here, and then, perhaps, you shall pass—to the Round—House.

Ver.

Then I'll force my Way thus.

Wild.

Nay, I must secure my Father.

[Veromil makes at Sir Harry, Wilding interposes— he pushes at Wilding and is disarm'd—the Ladies loose Valentine.]

Bel.

Oh Heav'ns! my *Veromil*, you are not wounded!

Ver.

Through the Heart, *Bellaria*, by this Prevention.

Bel.

Be easy then; for all the Powers of Hell shall never part us.

The Temple Beau

SCENE XX.

To em, Sir Avarice, Young Pedant.

Sir Av.

Hey! what have we here? my Wife, and Sister, and Sir *Harry* , and all the World!

Sir Har.

Death and the Devil! what does this mean?

Sir Av.

Nay, good People! how came you all here?

Sir Har.

Ay, how came you all here? for I will know before any one go out—

Pin.

Sir, I beg to be excus'd—

[Offering to go.]

Sir Har.

Not a Step: I shall have Business for you

I'll see by what Law these People make a publick Rendezvous of my Son's Chambers.

Sir Av.

Your Son's Chambers, Sir *Harry*!

Y. Ped.

That they were his, *datur*—that they are his, *negatur* —for the time that they were lent for is expir'd—*ergo*, they were his, but are not.

L. Lucy., L. Gra.

What's this?

Sir Har.

Were his, but are not—What, have you sold these too, *Harry* !

Wild.

'Twill out.

Sir Har.

Speak, Sir; why don't you speak? are not these your Chambers?

Wild.

No, Sir.

Sir Av.

His!

L. Lucy.

His, indeed!

L. Gra.

What do you think, Sir *Harry*, I shou'd do in your Son's Chambers?

L. Lucy.

Or what do you see here like the Apartment of a Beau—but I ask Pardon. Your Son is a Lawyer.

Omnes.

A Lawyer! Ha, ha, ha!

L. Gra.

In short, Sir *Harry*, your Son is as great a Rake as any in Town.

Y. Ped.

And as ignorant as any at the University.

L. Lucy.

Ay, or as one half of his Brother Templers.

The Temple Beau

Sir Av.

And as great a Rogue, I'm afraid, as the other half.

Sir Har.

He shall be as great a Beggar then as those that are honest.

Wild.

That, Sir, an honest Captain of my Acquaintance will prevent; for as they were my Locks that were broke open, he has given up those Articles you were pleased to enter into, to me and my Use. For which I am to thank the honest Counsellor *Ratsbane*; into whose Possession you have given a Bond of Annuity of five hundred Pounds a Year.

Sir Har.

Cheated! abus'd! Dog! Villain!—Ha! I'll see whether I am able to recover it—

[Searches Pincet's Pockets, throws out several Papers, and pulls his Wig off.]

Wild.

It's beyond your Search, I assure you.

Pin.

Help! Murder!

Ver.

Nay, Sir *Harry*!

Sir Har.

Dog! Rascal!—I'll be revenged on you all—

SCENE XXI.

Sir Avarice, Young Pedant, Lady Lucy, Lady Gravely, Wilding, Veromil, Valentine, Bellaria, Clarissa, and Pincet.

Ver. [taking up a Letter]

Here's one of your Papers, Sir—*[starts]* Gilbert, my Father's Servant!—*[looking on the Letter]* By Heav'ns! my Brother's Hand too—then my Curiosity is pardonable.

[Reads it.]

Pin.

Heaven I see is just.

Ver.

Prodigious!—Gentlemen, I beg that Man may be secur'd.

Wild.

He is my Servant, Sir.

Ver.

He formerly was my Father's—This Letter here, which is from my Brother to him, will inform you farther.

Gilbert,

I received yours, and shou'd have paid you your half Year's Annuity long since, but I have had urgent Occasions for my Money—You say, it is hard to be reduced to your primitive Degree, when you have ventur'd your Soul to raise your self to a higher; and a little after have the Impudence to threaten to discover—discover if you dare—you will then find you have ventur'd your Body too; and that Perjury will entitle you to the same Reward, as you audaciously say Forgery will me—expect to hear no more from me. You may discover if you please, but you shall find I will not spare that Money which your Roguery has assisted me in getting, to have the Life of him who is the Cause of my losing it.

J. Veromil.

Pin.

If there yet want a stronger Confirmation— I, Sir, the Wretch whom the Hopes of Riches have betray'd to be a Villain, will openly attest the Discovery, and by a second Appearance in a publick Court, restore the lawful Heir what my first coming there has robbed him of.

Bell.

Is this possible?

Ver.

Yes, my Sweet—I am now again that *Veromil*, to whom you first were promis'd, and from whose Breast nothing can tear you more. *Sir Avarice*, you may be at Ease; for it is now in my Power to offer up a better Fortune to this Lady's Merit, than any of her Pretenders.

Bel.

No Fortune can ever add to my Love for you, nor Loss diminish it.

Sir Av.

What is the meaning of this?

Ver.

That Fortune, Sir, which recommended me to this Lady's Father, and which by Forgery and Perjury I was depriv'd of, my happy Stars now promise to restore me.

Pin.

You need not doubt your Success. The other Evidence to the Deed has been touched with the same Scruples of Conscience, and will be very ready on an assur'd Pardon to recant.

Wild.

Dear *Veromil*, let me embrace thee. I am heartily glad I have been instrumental in the procuring your Happiness; and tho' it is with my Mistress, I wish you Joy sincerely.

Ver.

The Temple Beau

Wilding, I thank you; and in Return, I wish you may be restor'd into your Father's Favour.

Wild.

I make Peace with Sword in Hand, and question not but to bring the old Gentleman to Reason.

Bel.

There yet remains a Quarrel in the Company, which I would reconcile—*Clarissa*, I think I read Forgiveness in your Face; and I am sure Penitence is very plain in *Valentine's*.

Val.

I am too much a Criminal to hope for Pardon. Yet, if my Fault may be attoned for, I will employ my utmost Care to do it. Cou'd I think the Acquisition of Fortune any Recommendation, *Sir Avarice* has obliged himself to pay me seven thousand Pounds on this Lady's Marriage.

Sir Av.

The Conditions are not fullfill'd Sir, and—

Val.

Not 'till she is married, Sir. As you have not been pleased to mention to whom, *Veromil* will fill the Place as well as any other.

Sir Av.

Sir!

Val.

Sir, what you have agreed to give is but my own; your Conditions of delivering it are as scandalous as your retaining it: So you may make a Bustle, and lose as much Reputation as you please; but the Money you will be obliged to pay.

Sir Av.

And pray, Sir, why did you invite all this Company hither?

Val.

How some of it came here, I know no more than you do.

L. Gra.

I can only account for myself and Sister.

L. Lucy.

Ay; my Sister and I came together.

Wild.

Mine is a long Story; but I will divert you all with it some other time.

Pin.

May I then hope your Pardon?

Ver.

Deserve it, and I will try to get his Majesty's for you, which will do you most Service.

SCENE XXII.

SCENE the last.

To 'em, a Servant.

Ser.

An't please your Honour, your Honour's Brother, Mr. *Pedant* , is just come to Town, and is at home now with Sir *Harry Wilding* .

Sir Av.

Then all my Hopes are frustrated. Get Chairs to the Door.

Ver.

This is lucky News indeed! and may be so for you too, *Wilding* : For Sir *Harry* is too good—humour'd a Man to be an Exception to the universal Satisfaction of a Company. I hope this Lady will prevent the Uneasiness of another.

[To Clarissa.

Val.

This Generosity stabs me to the Soul—Oh! my *Veromil*! my Friend! let this Embrace testifie my Repentance.

Ver.

And bury what is past.

Val.

Generous, noble Soul!

Ver.

Madam, give me leave to join your Hands.

Bel.

Nay, since I have been the unfortunate Cause of separating 'em, I must assist.

Cla.

I know not whether the World will Pardon my forgiving you—but—

Val.

Oh! say no more, lest I am lost in too excessive Joy.

L. Lucy.

Indeed, I think she need not.

L. Gra. [to Wild.]

Your Excuses to me are vain. We have both discover'd you to be a Villain. I have seen the Assignment you made my Sister, and she has seen mine: So you may be assured we will neither of us speak to you more.

Wild.

I hope to give you substantial Reasons for my Conduct; at least my Secrecy you may be assured of.

Sir Av.

Come, Gentlemen, and Ladies, we will now adjourn, if you please, to my House; where, Sir, *[to Ver.]* if my Brother and you agree (as certainly you will, if you prove your Title to your Father's Estate) I have nothing to say against your Match.

Ped.

Nor against my returning to the University, I hope.

Ver.

Sir *Avarice*, I wait on you; and before the Conclusion of this Evening, I hope you will not have a discontented Mind in your House. Come, my Dear *Bellaria*; after so many Tempests, our Fortune once more puts on a serene Aspect; once more we have that Happiness in view, which crowns the Success of Virtue, Constancy and Love.

All Love, as Folly, Libertines disclaim;

And Children call their Folly by its Name.

Those Joys which from its purest Fountains flow,

The Temple Beau

No Boy, no Fool, no Libertine can know:
Heav'n meant so blest, so exquisite a Fate,
But to reward the Virtuous and the Great.

EPILOGUE, Written by a FRIEND, and Spoken by Mrs. GIFFARD. [By unknown]

*Criticks, no doubt, you think I come to pray
Your Pardon, for this foolish, virtuous Play.
As Papists, by a Saint; so Authors practise,
To get their Crimes atton'd for, by an Actress.
Our Author too wou'd fain have brought me to it;
But, faith! I come to beg you'd damn the Poet.
What did the Dullard mean, by stopping short,
And bringing in a Husband to spoil Sport?
No sooner am I in my Lover's Arms,
But—pop—my Husband all our Joys alarms!
—Madam, to save your Virtue, cries Sir Bard,
I was oblig'd—To save my Virtue!—Lard!
A Woman is her own sufficient Guard.
For, spight of all the Strength which Men rely in,
We very rarely fall—without complying.
Some modern Bards, to please you better skill'd,
Had, without Scruple, the whole thing fulfill'd;
Had sent us off together, and left you in
A sad Suspence, to guess what we were doing;
Then Fans had hid the virtuous Ladies Faces,
And Cuckolds Hats had shelter'd their Grimaces.
But ours, forsooth, will argue that the Stage
Was meant t'improve, and not debauch the Age.
Pshaw! to improve!—the Stage was first design'd,
Such as they are, to represent Mankind.
And, since a Poet ought to copy Nature,
A Cuckold, sure, were not so strange a Creature.
Well, tho' our Poet's very modest Muse,
Cou'd, to my Wish, so small a Thing refuse,
Criticks, to damn him, sure, will be so civil—
That's ne'er refus'd by Criticks—or the Devil.
But shou'd we both act Parts so very strange,
And, tho' I ask, shou'd You refuse Revenge;
Oh! may this Curse alone attend your Lives!
May ye have all Bellaria's to your Wives!*

Sung by Miss THORNOWETS, in the Second Act.

I.

Like the Wig and the Tory,

SCENE XXII.

The Temple Beau

Are Prude and Coquette;
From Love these seek Glory,
As those do from State.
No Prude or Coquette
My Vows shall attend,
No Tory I'll get,
No Whig for a Friend.

II.

The Man who by Reason
His Life doth support,
Ne'er rises to Treason,
Ne'er sinks to a Court.
By Virtue, not Party,
Does Actions commend;
My Soul shall be hearty
Towards such a Friend.

III.

The Woman who prizes
No Fool's empty Praise;
Who Censure despises,
Yet Virtue obeys;
With Innocence airy,
With Gaiety wise,
In every thing wary,
In nothing precise:

IV.

When Truth she discovers,
She ceases Disdain;
Nor hunts after Lovers,
To give only Pain.

So lovely a Creature,
To Worlds I'd prefer;
Of bountiful Nature
Ask nothing but Her.

Sung in the Third Act, by the same Person.

[Miss Thornowets]

I.

Vain, Belinda, are your Wiles,
Vain are all your artful Smiles,
While, like a Bully, you invite,

SCENE XXII.

The Temple Beau

And then decline th' approaching Fight.

II.

Various are the little Arts,
Which you use to conquer Hearts;
By empty Threats he wou'd affright,
And you, by empty Hopes delight.

III.

Cowards may by him be brav'd;
Fops may be by you enslav'd;
Men wou'd he vanquish'd, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

FINIS.