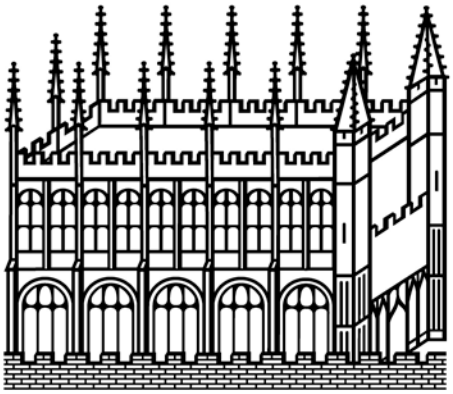


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THE

PLAYS, HISTORIES,

AND NOVELS

OF THE INGENIOUS

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

WITH

LIFE AND MEMOIRS.

Complete in Six Volumes.

Malone I. 122

VOL. II.



LONDON:
JOHN PEARSON, 15, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN.
1871.

PLAYS

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN*.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING,

ABDELAZER; or, The Moor's Revenge.
The YOUNG KING; or, The Miſtake.
The CITY HEIRESS; or, Sir *Timothy Treat all.*
The Feign'd CURTEZANS; or, A Night's Intrigue.

The Third EDITION.

LONDON;

Printed for MARY POULSON, and ſold by A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-noſter-Row*, and F. CLAY without *Temple-Bar*. M.DCC.XXIV.

ABDELAZER;

OR, THE

Moor's Revenge.

PROLOGUE,

GAllants, you have ſo long been abſent hence,
That you have almoſt cool'd your Diligence;
For while we ſtudy or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country ſtay,
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot;
Or, in Montero-Caps, at Feldfares ſhoot.
Nay, ſome are ſo obdurate in their Sin,
That they ſwear never to come up again,
But all their Charge of Clothes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for ſome Country Wench:
Even they, who in the Summer had Miſhaps,
Send up to Town for Phyſick for their Claps.

The Ladies too are as reſolv'd as they,
And having Debts unknown to them, they ſtay,
And with the Gain of Cheeſe and Poultry pay.
Even in their Viſits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale;
And in Diſcourſe with Secreſy report
State-News, that paſt a Twelve-month ſince at Court.
Thoſe of them who are moſt refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the laſt Summer's Play:
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
Theſe Country Grievances too great appear:
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
You come not ſharp, as you are wont, to Plays:
But only on the firſt and ſecond Days:
This made our Poet, in her Viſits, look
What new ſtrange Courſes, for your time you took,
And to her great Regret ſhe found too ſoon,
Damn'd Beaſts and Ombre ſpent the Afternoon;
So that we cannot hope to ſee you here
Before the little Net-work Purſe be clear.
Suppoſe you ſhould have Luck———
Yet ſitting up ſo late, as I am told,
You'll loſe in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another ſays,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Ferdinand, a Young King of *Spain*, in love with *Florella*,	Mr. *Harris.*
Philip, his Brother,	Mr. *Smith.*
Abdelazer, the Moor,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Mendozo, Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen,	Mr. *Medburne.*
Alonzo, a young Nobleman of *Spain*, contracted to *Leonora*,	Mr. *Crosbie.*
Roderigo, a Creature to the Moor,	Mr. *Norris.*
Antonio, *Sebaſtian*, Two Officers of *Philip*'s.	Mr. *John Lee.*
Oſmin, *Zarrack*, Moors, and Officers to *Abdelazer*,	Mr. *Percivall.* Mr. *Richards.*

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Iſabella, Queen of *Spain*, Mother to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*, in love with *Abdelazer*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Leonora, her Daughter, Siſter to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*,	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Florella, Wife to *Abdelazer*, and Siſter to *Alonzo*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Elvira, Woman to the Queen,	Mrs. *Osborne.*

Other Women Attendants.

SCENE *Spain*, and in the Camp.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A rich Chamber.

A Table with Lights, Abdelazer *ſullenly leaning his Head on his Hands: after a little while, ſtill Muſick plays.*

SONG.

LOVE in fantaſtick Triumph ſat,
Whilſt bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom freſh Pains he did create,
And ſtrange Tyrannick Pow'r he ſhew'd;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in ſport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took Deſires,
Enough t'undo the amorous World.

From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee his Pride and Cruelty;
From me his Languiſhments and Fears,
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And ſet him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilſt thine the Victor is, and free.
[*After which he rouzes, and gazes.*

Abd. On me this Muſick loſt?——this Sound on me
That hates all Softneſs?——What, ho, my Slaves!
Enter Oſmin, Zarrack.
Oſm. My gracious Lord— [*Enter* Queen, Elvira.
Qu. My deareſt *Abdelazer*———
Abd. Oh, are you there?——Ye Dogs, how came ſhe in?
Did I not charge you on your Lives to watch,
That none diſturb my Privacy? *Qu.*

Qu. My gentle *Abdelazer*, 'tis thy Queen,
Who has laid aſide the Buſineſs of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love———
Play all your ſweeteſt Notes, ſuch as inſpire
The active Soul with new and ſoft Deſire,
[*To the Muſick, they play ſoftly.*
Whilſt we from Eyes——thus dying, fan the Fire.
[*She ſits down by him.*

Abd. Ceaſe that ungrateful Noiſe. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Qu. Can ought that I command diſpleaſe my Moor?

Abd. Away, fond Woman.

Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind.

Abd. Nay, prithee Good Queen, leave me—I am dull, unfit for Dalliance now.

Qu, Why doſt thou frown?—to whom was that Curſe ſent!

Abd. To thee———

Qu. To me?———it cannot be———to me, ſweet Moor?——
No, no, it cannot——prithee ſmile upon me——
Smile, whilſt a thouſand *Cupids* ſhall deſcend
And call thee *Jove*, and wait upon thy Smiles,
Deck thy ſmooth Brow with Flowers;
Whilſt in my Eyes, needing no other Glaſs,
Thou ſhalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

Abd. Away, away, be gone———

Qu. Where haſt thou learnt this Language, that can ſay
But thoſe rude Words—Away, away, be gone?
Am I grown ugly now?

Abd. Ugly as Hell———

Qu. Didſt thou not love me once, and ſwore that Heav'n
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

Abd. Thy Face and Eyes!—Baud, fetch me here a Glaſs [*To* Elvira.
And thou ſhalt ſee the Balls of both thoſe Eyes
Burning with Fire of Luſt:
That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks ſo hot,
That have not I to cool it
Made an Extraction even of my Soul,

Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Luſt?
And wou'dſt thou ſtill purſue me to my Grave?
Qu. All this to me, my *Abdelazer?*
Abd. I cannot ride through the *Caſtilian* Streets,
But thouſand Eyes throw killing Looks at me,
And cry—That's he that does abuſe our King—
There goes the Minion of the *Spaniſh* Queen,
Who, on the lazy Pleaſures of his Love,
Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain* ——
This many-headed Beaſt your Luſt has arm'd.
Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?
Abd. I will not anſwer thee, nor hear thee ſpeak.
Qu. Not hear me ſpeak!—Yes, and in Thunder too;
Since all my Paſſion, all my ſoft Intreaties
Can do no good upon thee,
I'll ſee (ſince thou haſt baniſh'd all thy Love,
That Love, to which I've ſacrific'd my Honour)
If thou haſt any Senſe of Gratitude,
For all the mighty Graces I have done thee.
Abd. Do;—and in thy Story too, do not leave out
How dear thoſe mighty Graces I have purchas'd;
My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
Than to lie fawning at a Woman's Feet,
And paſs my Hours in Idleneſs and Love——
If I cou'd bluſh, I ſhou'd thro all this Cloud
Send forth my Senſe of Shame into my Cheeks.
Qu. Ingrate!
Have I for this abus'd the beſt of Men,
My noble Husband?
Depriving him of all the Joys of Love,
To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;
Neglected all my Vows, and ſworn 'em here a-new,
Here, on thy Lips——
Exhauſted Treaſures that wou'd purchaſe Crowns,
To buy thy Smiles——to buy a gentle Look;
And when thou diſt repay me——bleſt the Giver?
Oh *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done———
This very Hour, the laſt the King can live,
Urg'd by thy Witch-craft, I his Life betray'd;
And is it thus my Bounties are repaid? What-

Whate'er a Crime ſo great deſerves from Heav'n,
By *Abdelazer* might have been forgiven : [*Weeps.*
But I will be reveng'd by Patience,
And e'er the King dies, own my black Offence———
And yet that's not enough——*Elvira*—— [*Pauſes.*
Cry murder, murder, help, help.
[*She and her Women cry aloud, he is ſurpriz'd, the Queen falls, he draws a Dagger at* Elvira.
Elv. Help, murder, murder !——
Abd. Hell, what's this——peace Baud——'ſdeath,
They'll raiſe the Court upon me, and then I'm loſt——
My Queen—my Goddeſs—Oh raiſe your lovely Eyes,
I have diſſembled Coldneſs all this while ;
And that Deceit was but to try thy Faith.
[*Takes her up, ſets her in a Chair, then kneels.*
Look up—by Heav'n 'twas Jealouſy——
Pardon your Slave—pardon your poor Adorer.
Qu. Thou didſt upbraid me with my ſhameful Paſſion.
Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its Profanation.
Qu. And when I woo'd thee but to ſmile upon me,
Thou cry'ſt—Away, I'm dull, unfit for Dalliance.
Abd. Call back the frighted Blood into thy Cheeks,
And I'll obey the Dictates of my Love,
And ſmile, and kiſs, and dwell for ever here——
Enter Oſmin *haſtily.*
How now——why dar'ſt thou ſo ;
Oſm. My Lord——the King is dead.
Abd. The King dead !—'Twas time then to diſſemble.
[*Aſide.*
What means this Rudeneſs ?—— [*One knocks.*
Enter Zarrack.
Zar. My Lord—the Cardinal inquiring for the Queen,
The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.
Abd. Not find the Queen ! and wou'd you ſearch her here ?
Qu. What ſhall I do ? I muſt not here be found.
Abd. Oh, do not fear—no Cardinal enters here ;
No King—no God, that means to be ſecure——
Slaves guard the Doors, and ſuffer none to enter,

Whilſt I, my charming Queen, provide for your Security—
You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,
Into the which the buſy Sun ne'er enter'd,
But all is dark, as are the Shades of Hell,
Thro which in dead of Night I oft have paſs'd,
Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam——
They knock agen—thither, my lovely Miſtreſs, [*Knocks.*
Suffer your ſelf to be conducted———
Oſmin, attend the Queen—deſcend in haſte,
[*Queen*, Oſm. *and* Elv. *deſcend the Vault.*
My Lodgings are beſet.

Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer———
Don *Ordonio*, Sir, to ſeek the Queen———

Abd. How dare they ſeek her here?

Zar. My Lord, the King has ſwooned twice,
And being recover'd, calls for her Majeſty.

Abd. The King not dead!——go *Zarrack*, and aloud
Tell Don *Ordonio* and the Cardinal,
He that dares enter here to ſeek the Queen,
[*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*
Had better ſnatch the She from the fierce ſide
Of a young amorous Lion, and 'twere ſafer.———
Again, more knocking!———

Zar. My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, Don *Alonzo.*

Abd. I will not have him enter——I am diſorder'd.

Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.
Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?

Abd. My Lord.

Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?

Abd. The Queen with me!
Becauſe, Sir, I am married to your Siſter,
You, like your Siſter, muſt be jealous too:
The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
A Slave of *Barbary!* for ſo
Your gay young Courtiers chriſten me—But Don,
Altho my Skin be black, within my Veins
Runs Blood as red, and royal as the beſt.———
My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life

Loſt

Loſt too his Crown; both moſt unjuſtly raviſh'd
By Tyrant *Philip*, your old King I mean.
How many Wounds his valiant Breaſt receiv'd,
E'er he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
Methinks I ſee him cover'd o'er with Blood,
Fainting amidſt thoſe numbers he had conquer'd.
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
Tho not revenge, or to defy my Fetters:
For then began my Slavery; and e'er ſince
Have ſeen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
Which crown'd the ſacred Temples of my Father,
And ſhou'd adorn mine now—ſhou'd! nay, and muſt—
Go tell him what I ſay—'twill be but Death———
Go, Sir,——the Queen's not here.
Alon. Do not miſtake me, Sir,——or if I wou'd,
I've no old King to tell—the King is dead——
And I am anſwer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
And ſo good night. [*Exit.*
Abd. Now all that's brave and villain ſeize my Soul,
Reform each Faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance, noble Vengeance.
Oh glorious Word! fit only for the Gods,
For which they form'd their Thunder,
Till Man uſurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
Sway'd Deſtiny as well as they, and took their trade of killing.
And thou, almighty Love,
Dance in a thouſand forms about my Perſon,
That this fame Queen, this eaſy *Spaniſh* Dame,
May be bewitch'd, and dote upon me ſtill;
Whilſt I make uſe of the inſatiate Flame
To ſet all *Spain* on fire.———
Miſchief, erect thy Throne,
And ſit on high; here, here upon my Head.
Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defy:
The influence of this—muſt raiſe my Glory high.
[*Pointing to his Sword.* [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Ferdinand *weeping*, Ordonio *bearing the Crown, followed by* Alonzo, *leading* Leonora *weeping;* Florella, Roderigo, Mendozo, *met by the Queen weeping;* Elvira *and Women.*

Qu. What doleful Cry was that, which like the Voice
Of angry Heav'n ſtruck thro my trembling Soul?
Nothing but horrid Shrieks, nothing but Death;
Whilſt I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
Sending up Prayers in Sighs, t' implore from Heaven
Health for the Royal Majeſty of *Spain*———
All cry'd, the Majeſty of *Spain* is dead.
Whilſt the ſad Sound flew through the ecchoing Air,
And reach'd my frighted Soul——Inform my Fears,
Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son— [*Weeps.*

King. Madam, read here the truth, if looks can ſhew
That which I cannot ſpeak, and you wou'd know:
The common Fate in ev'ry Face appears;
A King's great loſs the publick Grief declares,
But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.
[*Card. leads in the Queen attended.*

Leon. Ah Sir!
If you thus grieve, who aſcend by what y'ave loſt,
To all the Greatneſs that a King can boaſt;
What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
Who've loſt at once a King and Father too?

King. My *Leonora* cannot think my Grief
Can from thoſe empty Glories find relief;
Nature within my Soul has equal ſhare,
And that and Love ſurmount my Glory there.
Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip*'s Life,
And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife,
[*Bows to* Florella.
To Crown and Scepters I had made no claim,
But ow'd my Bleſſings only to my Flame.
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away, [*To* Flor.
I had no bus'neſs for another Joy. [*Weeps.*

The

The King, *Alonzo*, with his dying Breath,
[*Turns to* Alon. *and* Leon.
To you my beauteous Sifter did bequeath;
And I his Generofity approve,
And think you worthy *Leonora*'s Love.
Enter Card. *and* Queen *weeping.*
Alon. Too gloriouſly my Services are paid,
In the poſſeſſion of this Royal Maid,
To whom my guilty Heart durſt ne'er aſpire,
But rather choſe to languiſh in its Fire.
Enter Philip *in a Rage*, Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.
Phil. I know he is not dead; what envious Powers
Durſt ſnatch him hence? he was all great and good,
As fit to be ador'd as they above.
Where is the Body of my Royal Father?
That Body which inſpir'd by's ſacred Soul,
Aw'd all the Univerſe with ev'ry Frown,
And taught 'em all Obedience with his Smiles.
Why ſtand you thus diſtracted—Mother—Brother—
My Lords——Prince Cardinal———
Has Sorrow ſtruck you dumb?
Is this my Welcome from the Toils of War?
When in his Boſom I ſhou'd find repoſe,
To meet it cold and pale!—Oh guide me to him,
And with my Sighs I'll breathe new Life into't.
King. There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now,
[Phil. *goes out.*
Pay all thy Sorrow there—whilſt mine alone
Are ſwoln too high t' admit of Lookers on.
Philip *returns weeping.*
Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity;
And yet methought it did inform his Body,
That I, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd
With Conqueſt on my Sword; and even in Death
Sent me his Joy in Smiles.
Qu. If Souls can after Death have any Senſe
Of human things, his will be proud to know
That *Philip* is a Conqueror.

[*Enter*

Enter Abdelazer.

But do not drown thy Laurels thus in Tears,
Such Tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.
Phil. Gods! this ſhou'd be my Mother———
Men. It is, great Sir, the Queen.
Phil. Oh ſhe's too foul for one or t'other Title.
Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me?
Phil. When you were juſt, I did,
And with a Reverence, ſuch as we pay Heav'n,
I paid my awful Duty;———
But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,
For ſuch a Sin the baſeſt of your Slaves
Wou'd bluſh to call you Mother.
Qu. What means my Son?
Phil. Son! by Heav'n I ſcorn the Title.
Qu. Oh! Inſolence———out of my ſight, rude Boy.
Phil. We muſt not part ſo, Madam;
I firſt muſt let you know your Sin and Shame;———
Nay hear me calmly—for by Heav'n you ſhall——
My Father whilſt he liv'd, tir'd his ſtrong Arm
With numerous Battles 'gainſt the Enemy,
Waſting his Brains in warlike Stratagems;
To bring Confuſion on the faithleſs Moors,
Whilſt you, lull'd in ſoft Peace at home, betray'd
His Name to everlaſting Infamy;
Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Luſt,
Gave up your ſelf, your Honour, and your Vows,
To wanton in yon ſooty Lecher's Arms. [*Points to* Abd.
Abd. Me doſt thou mean?
Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,
'Tis thee I mean.
Qu. Oh moſt unnatural, to diſhonour me!
Phil. That Dog you mean, that has diſhonour'd you,
Diſhonour'd me, theſe Lords, nay, and all *Spain*;
This Devil's he, that———
Abd. That—what—Oh pardon me if I throw off
All Ties of Duty;———wert thou ten King's Sons,
And I as many Souls as I have Sins,
Thus I would hazard all. [*Draws, they all run between.*
Phil. Stand off—or I'll make way upon thy Boſom.

Abd.

Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring?
Phil. From injur'd *Philip*'s Death,
Who, whilſt he liv'd, unjuſtly cheriſh'd thee,
And ſet thee up beyond the reach of Fate;
Blind with thy brutal Valor, deaf with thy Flatteries,
Diſcover'd not the Treaſon thou didſt act,
Nor none durſt let him know 'em—but did he live,
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.
Abd. You durſt as well been damn'd.
Phil. Hell ſeize me if I want Revenge for this———
Not dare!
Ariſe thou injur'd Ghoſt of my dead King,
And thro thy dreadful Paleneſs dart a Horror,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.
Abd. Oh inſupportable! doſt hear me, Boy?
Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided?
[*To the Lords.*
Phil. Dare ye detain me whilſt the Traitor braves me?
Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble Heat
That ſhou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.
Abd. You politick Cheat———
Men. Abdelazer———
By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of *Spain*,
By Warrant of a Council from the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatneſs,
Thoſe Offices and Truſts you hold in *Spain*.
Abd. Cardinal—who lent thee this Commiſſion?
Grandees of *Spain*, do you conſent to this?
All. We do.
Alon. What Reaſon for it? let his Faith be try'd.
Men. It needs no tryal, the Proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his Veil for Treaſon.
Alon. Why ſhould you queſtion his Religion, Sir?
He does profeſs Chriſtianity.
Men. Yes, witneſs the Habit which he ſtill retains
In ſcorn to ours———
His Principles are too as unalterable.
Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring?

I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown
Covers a Soul more ſanctify'd than this Mooriſh Robe.
Phil. Damn his Religion—he has a Thouſand Crimes
That will yet better juſtify your Sentence.
Men. Come not within the Court; for if you do,
Worſe miſchief ſhall enſue—you have your Sentence.
[*Ex.* Phil. *and* Men.
Alon. My Brother baniſh'd! 'tis very ſudden;
For thy ſake, Siſter, this muſt be recall'd. [*To* Flor.
Qu. Alonzo, join with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this inſulting Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all, except* Abdelazer, Florella.
Abd. Baniſh'd! if I digeſt this Gall,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
Which I have purchas'd with ſo many Wounds.
And all for *Spain*; for *Spain*! ingrateful *Spain*!——
Oh my *Florella*, all my Glory's vaniſh'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him) wou'd have me baniſh'd.
Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.
Abd. Tamely;——ha, ha, ha,—yes, by all means—
A very honeſt religious Cardinal!
Flor. I wou'd not for the World you ſhould be baniſh'd.
Abd. Not *Spain*, you mean—for then ſhe leaves the King. [*Aſide.*
What if I be?——Fools! not to know all parts o'th' World
Allow enough for Villany; for I'll be brave no more.
It is a Crime———and then I can live any where———
But ſay I go from hence—I leave behind me
A Cardinal that will laugh———I leave behind me
A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in ſport———
But the worſt Wound is this, I leave my Wrongs,
Diſhonours, and my Diſcontents, all unreveng'd—
Leave me, *Florella*—prithee do not weep;
I love thee, love thee wondrouſly—go leave me—
I am not now at leiſure to be fond———
Go to your Chamber—go.
Flor. No, to the King I'll fly,
And beg him to revenge thy Infamy. [*Ex.* Flor.

To

To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have thee baniſh'd *Spain*;
I've left the Queen in angry Contradiction,
But yet I fear the Cardinal's Reaſoning.

Abd. This Prince's Hate proceeds from Love,
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my Power. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Come, rouſe thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,
And arm thy Juſtice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Juſtice with a brave Revenge.
[*Sullenly.*

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once
Proud to attend thy conqu'ring Chariot-Wheels?

Abd. I care not—I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,
Since my lov'd Siſter did become your Wife;
And if yours did ſuffer, mine too is unſafe.

Abd. I cannot help it—

Alon. What Ice has chill'd thy Blood?
This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true; but now the World is chang'd you ſee;
Thou art too brave to know what I reſolve— [*Aſide.*
No more———here comes the King with my *Florella.*
He loves her, and ſhe ſwears to me ſhe is chaſte;
'Tis well, if true———well too, if it be falſe: [*Aſide.*
I care not, 'tis Revenge
That I muſt ſacrifice my Love and Pleaſure to.
[Alon. *and* Abd. *ſtand aſide.*

Enter King, Lords, Guards paſſing over the Stage.
Florella *in ſuppliant poſture weeping.*

King. Thou woo'ſt me to reverſe thy Husband's Doom,
And I woo thee for Mercy on my ſelf,
Why ſhoud'ſt thou ſue to him for Life and Liberty,
For any other, who himſelf lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little Pity?

Flor. Oh mighty King! in whoſe ſole Power, like Heav'n,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redreſs my *Abdelazer*'s Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain!
Miſtaken charming Creature, if my Power
Be ſuch, who kneel and bow to thee,

What muſt thine be,
Who haſt the Sovereign Command o'er me and it?
Wou'dſt thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
And he will ſurely live, and live for ever.
Canſt thou do this, and com'ſt to beg of me?
Flor. Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,
My *Abdelazer*'s Pardon.
King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to thee offend?
Thou art ſo ſacred and ſo innocent,
That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
Muſt change even Vice to Virtue.
Oh my *Florella!*
So perfectly thou doſt poſſeſs my Soul,
That ev'ry Wiſh of thine ſhall be obey'd:
Say, wou'dſt thou have thy Husband ſhare my Crown?
Do but ſubmit to love me, and I yield it.
Flor. Such Love as humble Subjects owe their King,
[*Kneels, he takes her up.*
And as ſuch I dare pay, I offer here.
King. I muſt confeſs it is a Price too glorious:
But my *Florella*——
Abd. I'll interrupt your amorous Diſcourſe. [*Aſide.*
[Abd. *comes up to them.*
Flor. Sir, *Abdelazar*'s here.
King. His Preſence never was leſs welcome to me;—
[*Aſide.*
But Madam, durſt the Cardinal uſe this Inſolence?
Where is your noble Husband?
Abd. He ſees me, yet inquires for me. [*Aſide.*
Flor. Sir, my Lord is here.
King. Abdelazar, I have heard with much ſurprize,
O'th' Injuries you've receiv'd, and mean to right you:
My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
I think you worthy of that Honour ſtill,
Abd. True——for my Wife's ſake. [*Aſide.*
King. When my Coronation is ſolemnized,
Be preſent there, and re-aſſume your wonted State and Place;
And ſee how I will check the inſolent Cardinal.

Abd.

Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign—
[*Kneels, and kiſſes the King's Hand.*
That he loves my Wife ſo well. [*Aſide.*
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Flor. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part?
Abd. Oh wonderfully! y'ave learnt the Art to move.
Go, leave me.
Flor. Still out of humour, thoughtful, and diſpleas'd?
And why at me, my *Abdelazer*? what have I done?
Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amiſs you are ſo beautiful,
So very fair———Go, get you in, I ſay—
[*Turns her in roughly.*
She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
Teaching it lazy ſoft neſs from her Looks.
But now a nobler Paſſion's enter'd there,
And blows it thus—to Air—Idol Ambition,
Florella muſt to thee a Victim fall:
Revenge,———to thee—a Cardinal and Prince:
And to my Love and Jealouſy, a King———
More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,
None that you e'er inſpir'd like me ſhall act;
That fawning ſervile Crew ſhall follow next,
Who with the Cardinal cry'd, baniſh *Abdelazer.*

Like Eaſtern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,
And to the Shades thou ſhalt deſcend in State. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendozo, *Queen*, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *Officers and Guards*; *met by* Abdelazar *follow'd by* Oſmin, Zarrack, *and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, ſtaring on* Philip *and* Mendozo, *and takes his ſtand next the King.*

Phil. WHY ſtares the Devil thus, as if he meant
From his infectious Eyes to ſcatter Plagues,
And poiſon all the World? Was he not baniſh'd?
How dares the Traitor venture into th' Preſence?——
Guards, ſpurn the Villain forth.

Abd. Who ſpurns the *Moor*
Were better ſet his foot upon the Devil———
Do, ſpurn me, and this Hand thus juſtly arm'd,
Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
Divide his Body from his Soul--ſtand back—[*To the Guards.*
Spurn *Abdelazar!*——

Phil. Death, ſhall we bear this Inſolence?

Alon. Great Sir, I think this Sentence was unjuſt.
[*To the King.*

Men. Sir, you're too partial to be judge in this,
And ſhall not give your Voice.

Abd. Proud Cardinal—but he ſhall—and give it loud.
And ſhall not!——who ſhall hinder him?

Phil. This—and cut his Wind-pipe too, [*Offers to draw.*
To ſpoil his whiſp'ring, [Abd. *offers to draw, his Attendants do the ſame.*

King. What means this Violence?
Forbear to draw your Swords—'tis we command.

Abd. Sir, do me Juſtice, I demand no more.
[*Kneels, and offers his Sword.*
And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.

Men. Sir, *Abdelazar* has had Juſtice done,
And ſtands by me baniſh'd the Court of *Spain.*

King. How, Prince Cardinal!
From whence do you derive Authority

To

To baniſh him the Court without our leave?
Men. Sir, from my Care unto your royal Perſon,
As I'm your Governor—then for the Kingdom's Safety.
King. Becauſe I was a Boy, muſt I be ſtill ſo?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And I am of an age to rule alone;
And from henceforth diſcharge you of your Care.
We know your near relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you muſt fill the Throne;
Till when, Sir, I am abſolute Monarch here,
And you muſt learn Obedience.
Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope
You will approve, and not recal his Baniſhment.
King. Sir, but I will; and who dares contradict it, is a Traitor.
Phil. I dare the firſt, yet do defy the laſt.
King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.
Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to *Rome.*
Phil. By Heav'n I'll to the Camp—Brother, farewel,
When next I meet thee, it ſhall be in Arms,
If thou can'ſt get looſe from thy Miſtreſs' Chains,
Where thou ly'ſt drown'd in idle wanton Love.
Abd. Hah—his Miſtreſs—who is't Prince *Philip* means?
Phil. Thy Wife, thy Wife, proud Moor, whom thou'rt content
To ſell for Honour for eternal Infamy———
Does't make thee ſnarl?—Bite on, whilſt thou ſhalt ſee,
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.
[*Going out, turns and draws.*
Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already—turn, proud Boy.
[Abd. *draws.*
King. What mean you, *Philip*?— [*Talks to him aſide.*
Qu. Ceaſe, ceaſe your moſt impolitick Rage. [*To* Abd.
Is this a time to ſhew't?—Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempeſt.
King. How dare you diſobey my Will and Pleaſure?
[*To* Abd.
Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n I could not hold my juſt Reſentment.

Qu.

Qu. 'Twas in his Paſſion, noble *Abdelazar*——
[*King talking to* Phil. *aſide.*
Imprudently thou doſt diſarm thy Rage,
And giv'ſt the Foe a warning, e'er thou ſtrik'ſt;
When with thy Smiles thou might'ſt ſecurely kill.
You know the Paſſion that the Cardinal bears me;
His Pow'r too o'er *Philip*, which well manag'd
Will ſerve to ruin both: put up your Sword——
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.
Abd. You ſhame me, and command me.
Qu. Why all this Rage?—does it become you, Sir?
[*To* Men. *aſide.*
What is't you mean to do?
Men. You need not care, whilſt *Abdelazer*'s ſafe.
Qu. Jealouſy upon my Life—how gay it looks!
Men. Madam, you want that pitying Regard
To value what I do, or what I am;
I'll therefore lay my Cardinal's Hat aſide,
And in bright Arms demand my Honour back.
Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me Proofs of Love?
Have then my Eyes loſt all their wonted Power?
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge?——go——go to fight,
Bear Arms againſt your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthleſs Honour loſt.
Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do?
Qu. Not ſide with *Philip*, as you hope my Grace—
Now, Sir, you know my Pleaſure, think on't well.
Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And uſe it too tyrannically——but diſpoſe
The Fate of him, whoſe Honour, and whoſe Life,
Lies at your Mercy———
I'll ſtay and die, ſince 'tis your gracious Pleaſure.
King. *Philip*, upon your Life,
Upon your ſtrict Allegiance, I conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.
Phil. Never Sir;
Nor can you bend my Temper to that Tameneſs.
King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Priſoner;
But you're my Brother——yet remember too

I am

I am your King——No more.
Phil. I will obey.
King. Abdelazer,
I beg you will forget your Cauſe of Hate
Againſt my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal;
He's young, and raſh, but will be better temper'd.
Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your royal Pardon.
King. Come *Philip*, give him your Hand.
Phil. I can forgive without Ceremony.
King. And to confirm ye Friends,
I invite you all to Night to banquet with me;
Pray ſee you give Attendance——Come Brother,
You muſt along with us. [*Exeunt all but* Abd. *Queen and Women.*
Qu. Leave me—— [*To the Women, who go out.*
Now my dear Moor.
Abd. Madam.
Qu. Why doſt thou anſwer with that cold Reſerve—
Is that a Look—an Action for a Lover?
Abd. Ah, Madam——
Qu. Have I not taken off thy Baniſhment?
Reſtor'd thee to thy former State and Honours?
Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy Hopes;
And ſtill to raiſe thee equal to this Heart,
Where thou muſt ever reign.
Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Miſtreſs, all this you've done——But——
Qu. But what, my *Abdelazer*?
Abd. I will not call it to your Memory.
Qu. What canſt thou mean?
Abd. Why was the King remov'd?
Qu. To make thy way more eaſy to my Arms.
Abd. Was that all?
Qu. All!
Abd. Not but it is a Bleſſing Gods would languiſh for—
But as you've made it free, ſo make it juſt.
Qu. Thou mean'ſt, marry thee.
Abd. No by the Gods—— [*Aſide.*
Not marry thee, unleſs I were a King.
Qu. What ſignifies the Name to him that rules one?

Abd.

Abd. What uſe has he of Life, that cannot live
Without a Ruler?
Qu. Thou wouldſt not have me kill him.
Abd. Oh by no means, not for my wretched Life!
What, kill a King!—forbid it Heaven:
Angels ſtand like his Guards about his Perſon.
The King!
Not ſo many Worlds as there be Stars
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament!
The King!
He loves my Wife *Florella*, ſhou'd he die——
I know none elſe durſt love her.
Qu. And that's the Reaſon you wou'd ſend him hence.
Abd. I muſt confeſs, I wou'd not bear a wrong:
But do not take me for a Villain, Madam;
He is my King, and may do what he pleaſes.
Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.
Abd. Again that Frown, it renders thee more charming
Than any other Dreſs thou could'ſt put on.
Qu. Away, you do not love me.
Abd. Now mayſt thou hate me, if this be not pretty.
Qu. Oh you can flatter finely——
Abd. Not I, by Heaven:
Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,
And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth!
And that I was, till by thy Husband's Power
I was diveſted in my Infancy———
Then you ſhou'd ſee, I do not flatter ye.
But I, inſtead of that, muſt ſee my Crown
Bandy'd from Head to Head, and tamely ſee it:
And in this wretched ſtate I live, 'tis true;
But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might gueſs.
Qu. We need no Crowns; Love beſt contented is
In ſhady Groves, and humble Cottages,
Where when 'twould ſport, it ſafely may retreat,
Free from the Noiſe and Danger of the Great;
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,
But what their Nymphs beſtow on Holy-Days;
Nor Envy can the amorous Shepherd move,
Unleſs againſt a Rival in his Love.
Abd. Love and Ambition are the ſame to me,
In either I'll no Rivals brook.

Qu.

Qu. Nor I:
And when the King you urge me to remove,
It may be from Ambition, not from Love.
Abd. Thoſe Scruples did not in your Boſom dwell,
When you a King did in a Husband kill.
Qu. How, Sir! dare you upbraid me with that Sin,
To which your Perjuries firſt drew me in?
Abd. You interrupt my Senſe; I only meant
A Sacrifice to Love ſo well begun
Shou'd not Devotion want to finiſh it;
And if that ſtop to all our Joys were gone,
The envying World wou'd to our Power ſubmit:
But Kings are ſacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes muſt judge, and puniſh too, or none—
Yet he alone deſtroys his Happineſs.
Qu. There's yet one more———
Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,
To bind him ever faſt.
Qu. Florella!
Abd. Florella! Oh I cou'd gnaw my Chains,
That humble me ſo low as to adore her:
But the fond Blaze muſt out——while I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.
——*Florella* dies——a Victim to your Will. [*Aſide.*
I will not let you loſe one ſingle Wiſh,
For a poor Life, or two;
Tho I muſt ſee my Glories made a Prey,
And not demand 'em from the Raviſher;
Nor yet complain———becauſe he is my King:
But *Philip*'s Brow no ſacred Ointment deifies,
If he do wrong, ſtands fair for the Revenger.
Qu. Philip! inſtruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate;
The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,
I will revenge with nothing leſs than Death.
Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Reſentments,
For I have vow'd he ſhall not live a day;
He has an Art to pry into our Secrets:
To all beſides our Love is either hid,
Or elſe they dare not ſee——But this Prince
Has a moſt dangerous Spirit muſt be calm'd.

Qu. I have reſolv'd his Death,
And now have waiting in my Cabinet,
Engines to carry on this mighty Work of my Revenge,
Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd;
You, like the Gods, need only but command,
And I will execute your ſacred Will———
That done, there's none dare whiſper what we do.
Qu. Nature be gone, I chaſe thee from my Soul,
Who Love's almighty Empire does controul:
And ſhe that will to thy dull Laws ſubmit,
In ſpite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
No rigid Virtue ſhall my Soul poſſeſs,
Let Gown-Men preach againſt the Wickedneſs;
Pleaſures were made by Gods, and meant for us,
And not t'enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.
Add. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex!
Like thy great ſelf 'twas ſpoke, reſolv'd and brave—
I muſt attend the King———where I will watch
All *Philip*'s Motions.
Qu. And—after that—if you will beg Admittance,
I'll give you leave to viſit me to Night.
Abd. That Bleſſing now muſt be defer'd.
[*Leads her to the door.*
My Wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
And bring forth Vengeance with the Morning's Light.
Enter Oſmin, Zarrack.
Orſ. My gracious Lord.
Abd. Come near—and take a Secret from my Lips;
And he who keeps not ſilent hears his Death.——
This Night the Prince and Cardinal—do you mark me—
Are murder'd.
Oſm. Where, Sir?
Abd. Here in the Court.
Oſm. By whom, great Sir?
Abd. By thee———I know thou durſt.
Oſm. Whatever you command.
Abd. Good!——then ſee it be perform'd.
Oſmin, how goes the Night?
Oſm. About the hour of Eight,
And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir:

Prince

Prince *Philip* ſtorms, and ſwears you're with the Queen.
Abd. Let him ſtorm on ; the Tempeſt will be laid—
Where's my Wife ?
Oſm. In the Preſence, Sir, with the Princeſs and other Ladies.
Abd. She's wondrous forward !——what the King——
(I am not jealous tho)——but he makes court to her.
———Hah, *Oſmin* !
He throws out Love from Eyes all languiſhing ;——
Come tell me,—he does ſigh to her,—no matter if he do—
And fawns upon her Hand,—and kneels ;—tell me Slave !
Oſm. Sir, I ſaw nothing like to Love; he only treats her Equal to her Quality.
Abd. Oh damn her Quality.
Zar. I came juſt now
From waiting on his Perſon to the Banquet,
And heard him ask, if he might viſit her to Night,
Having ſomething to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.
Abd. And ſo it ſhall by Heav'n ! [*Aſide.*
Zar. But ſhe deny'd, and he the more intreated—
But all in vain, Sir.
Abd. Go *Oſmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of Chuſe out the beſt affected Officers, (Moors)
To keep the Watch to Night——
Let every Guard be doubled—you may be liberal too—
And when I give the Word, be ready all.
Oſm. What ſhall the Word be? [*Ex.* Zarraek.
Abd. Why—Treaſon—mean time make it your Buſineſs,
To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet ;
Heated with Wine, and fearleſs of his Perſon,
You'll find him eaſily to be attack'd.
Oſm. Sir, do not doubt my Management nor Succeſs.
[*Ex.* Oſmin.
Abd. So, I thank thee, Nature, that in making me,
Thou didſt deſign me Villain ;
Hitting each Faculty for active Miſchief:
Thou skilful Artiſt, thank thee for my Face,
It will diſcover nought that's hid within.
Thus arm'd for Ills,
Darkneſs, and Horrour, I invoke your aid ;

And thou dread Night, ſhade all your buſy Stars
In blackeſt Clouds,
And let my Dagger's Brightneſs only ſerve
To guide me to the Mark——and guide it ſo,
It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Banquet, under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, *Ladies waiting*; Philip, Mendozo, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebaſtian, *Lords and Attendants*: *As ſoon as the Scene draws off, they all riſe, and come forward.*

King. My Lords, you're ſad to Night; give us loud Mu-
I have double Cauſe to mourn; (ſick——
And Grief has taken up his dwelling here———
Beyond the Art of Love, or Wine to conquer——
'Tis true, my Father's dead——and poſſibly
'Tis not ſo decent to appear thus gay;
But Life, and Death, are equal to the wretched,
And whilſt *Florella* frowns——'tis in that Number
I muſt account her Slave——*Alonzo*,
How came thy Father ſo bewitch'd to Valour,
(For *Abdelazer* has no other Virtue)
To recompenſe it with ſo fair a Creature?
Was this—a Treaſure t' enrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Virtues, more than Courage,
Royally born, ſerv'd well his King, and Country;
My Father brought him up to martial Toils,
And taught him to be brave; I hope, and good—
Beſide, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

King. No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his Love to Virtue,
But nice Obedience to his King, and Maſter,
Who ſeeing my encreaſe of Paſſion for her,
To kill my Hopes, he gave her to this *Moor*.

Alon. She's now a virtuous Woman, Sir.

King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other?
Againſt her Will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
Whilſt all the World was wondring at his Madneſs.

Alon. He did it with her Approbation, Sir.

King.

King. With thine, *Florella*! cou'dſt thou be ſo criminal?
Flor. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience;
My humble Thoughts durſt ne'er aſpire to you,
And next to that—Death, or the Moor, or any thing.
King. Oh God! had I then told my Tale
So feebly, it could not gain Belief.
Oh my *Florella*! this little Faith of thine
Has quite undone thy King——*Alonzo*,
Why didſt not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
She being thy only Siſter?
Alon. Great Sir, I did oppoſe it with what Violence
My Duty would permit; and wou'd have dy'd
In a juſt Quarrel of her dear Defence;
And Sir, tho I ſubmitted to my Father,
The Moor and I ſtand on unequal Terms.
Phil. Come, who dares drink Confuſion to this Moor?
Ant. That, Sir, will I.
Sebaſt. And I.
Phil. Page, fill my Glaſs, I will begin the Round,
Ye all ſhall pledge it—*Alonzo*, firſt to thee. [*Drinks.*
Alon. To me, Sir!
Phil. Why yes, thou lov'ſt him—therefore—
Nay, you ſhall drink it, tho 'twere o'th' *Stygian* Lake.
Take it——by Heaven thoud'ſt pimp for him to my Mother————
Nay, and after that, give him another Siſter.
Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.
Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs—come pledge me————
Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way. [*Drinks.*
Phil. So would'ſt thou any—tho they trod on thee.
So—nay, Prince Cardinal, tho it be not decent
For one ſo ſanctify'd to drink a Health;
Yet 'tis your Office both to damn and bleſs————
Come, drink and damn the Moor.
Men. Sir, I'm for no carouſing.
Phil. I'm in an Humour now to be obey'd,
And muſt not be deny'd——But ſee, the Moor.

Enter Abdelazer, *gazes on them.*

Juſt come to pledge at laſt—Page fill again——

Abd. I'll do you Reaſon, Prince, what'er it be.
[*Gives him the Glaſs.*

Phil. 'Twas kindly ſaid—Confuſion to the Moor.

Abd. Confuſion to the Moor—if this vain Boy,
See the next riſing Sun. [*Aſide.*

Phil. Well done, my Lad.

King. Abdelazer, you have been miſſing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole Concern,
But we ſhall ſhortly eaſe you of that Load——
Come let's have ſome Muſick;
Ordonio, did I not call for Muſick?

Ord. You did, Sir.

Abd. Roderigo!

Rod. My gracious Lord— [Roderigo *whiſpers to* Abd.

Abd. No more——the Prince obſerves us.

Phil. There's no good towards when you are whiſp'ring.

Ord. The Muſick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

SONG.

Nymph. *MAKE haſte* Amintas, *come away,*
The Sun is up and will not ſtay;
And oh how very ſhort's a Lover's Day!
Make haſte, Amintas, *to this Grove,*
Beneath whoſe Shade ſo oft I've ſat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea *lov'd;*
Whilſt all the liſt'ning Birds around,
Sung to the Muſick of the bleſſed Sound.
Make haſte Amintas, *come away,*
The Sun is up and will not ſtay;
And oh how very ſhort's a Lover's Day!

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, and Pipes.

I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And ſee, bright Nymph, thy Swain is here?
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,
But that a Lamb of thine was ſtray'd;
And I the little Wanderer have brought,
That with one angry Look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou may'ſt the little Fugitive chaſtiſe,
Too great a Puniſhment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, *haſte away,*
The Sun is up and will not ſtay,
And oh how very ſhort's a Lover's Day!

[Dance.

King. How likes *Florella* this?

Flor. Sir, all Delight's ſo baniſh'd from my Soul,
I've loſt the Taſte of every ſingle Joy.

Abd. Gods! this is fine! Give me your Art of Flattery,
Or ſomething more of this, will ruin me———
Tho I've reſolv'd her Death, yet whilſt ſhe's mine,
I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

Phil. Mark how he ſnarls upon the King!
The Cur will bite anon.

Abd. Come, my *Florella*, is't not Bed-time, Love?

Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir. [*Going out.*

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

Abd. What has he ta'en away? [*Turns about.*

Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all ſo merry.

Abd. Was this your Sport? [*To his Wife.*

King. Abdelazar, keep your way——Good night fair Creature!

Abd. I will obey for once. [*Ex.* Abd. *and* Flor.

King. Why this Reſentment, Brother, and in publick?

Phil. Becauſe he gives me Cauſe, and that in Publick.
And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Inſolence;
I ſaw him dart Revenge from both his Eyes,
And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,
To keep his Jealouſy from breaking forth,
Which when it does—ſtand faſt my King.

King. But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him;
Till when we muſt diſſemble—take my Counſel—Good night.
Phil. I cannot, nor I will not——yet good Night.
[*Exit. King, and all but* Philip's *Party.*
Well Friends, I ſee the King will ſleep away his Anger,
And tamely ſee us murder'd by this Moor;
But I'll be active, Boys————
Therefore *Antonio*, you command the Horſe;
Get what more Numbers to our Cauſe you can:
'Tis a good Cauſe, and will advance our Credit.
We will awake this King out of his Lethargy of Love,
And make him abſolute——Go to your Charge,
And early in the Morning I'll be with you——
[*Ex. all but* Phil.
If all fail, *Portugal* ſhall be my Refuge,
Thoſe whom ſo late I conquer'd, ſhall protect me——
But this *Alonzo* I ſhou'd make an Intereſt in;
Cou'd I but flatter—'tis a Youth that's brave.
Enter Cardinal in haſte.
Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and loſt elſe.
Phil. Betray'd and loſt! Dreams, idle Coward Dreams.
Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earneſt,
And you muſt either quickly fly, or die;
'Tis ſo ordain'd—nor have I time to tell
By what ſtrange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.
Phil. Not care I, I will ſtay, and brave it.
Men. That, Sir, you ſhall not, there's no ſafety here,
And 'tis the Army only can ſecure us.
Phil. Where had you this Intelligence?
Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment;
Where we muſt put our ſelves in Holy Dreſs;
For ſo the Guards are ſet in every Place,
(And thoſe all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)
That 'tis impoſſible in any other Habit to eſcape.
Come, haſte with me, and let us put 'em on.
Phil. I had rather ſtay and kill, till I am weary—
Let's to the Queen's Apartment, and ſeize this Moor;
I'm ſure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.
Men. Sir, we loſe time in talking—Come with me.
Phil.

Phil. Where be theſe louſy Gaberdines?
Men. I will conduct you to 'em.
Phil. Mother—and Moor, farewel,
I'll viſit you again; and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Abdelazer *and* Zarrack.

Zar. OSMIN (my Lord) by this has done his Task,
And *Philip* is no more among the living:
Will you not reſt to night?
Abd. Is this a time for Sleep and Idleneſs—dull Slaves?
Zar. The Bus'neſs we have Order, Sir, to do,
We can without your Aid.

Enter Oſmin.

Abd. Oſmin!
Thy ominous Looks preſage an ill Succeſs;
Thy Eyes no joyful News of Murders tell:
I thought I ſhou'd have ſeen thee dreſt in Blood———
Speak! Speak thy News———
Say that he lives, and let it be thy laſt.
Oſm. Yes, Sir, he lives.
Abd. Lives! thou ly'ſt, baſe Coward—lives!—renounce thy Gods!
It were a Sin leſs dangerous———ſpeak again.
Oſm. Sir, *Philip* lives.
Abd. Oh treacherous Slave!
Oſm. Not by my Fault, by Heav'n!
Abd. By what curſt Chance,
If not from thee, could he evade his Fate?
Oſm. By ſome Intelligence from his good Angel.
Abd. From his good Devil!
Gods! muſt the Earth another Day at once
Bear him and me alive?
Oſm. Another Day!———an Age for ought I know;
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.

Abd. Fled! fled—ſay'ſt thou?
Oh I cou'd curſe the Stars, that rule this Night:
'Tis to the Camp they're fled; the only Refuge
That Gods, or Men cou'd give 'em———
Where got you this Intelligence?
Oſm. My Lord, inquiring for the Prince
At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)
His Pages anſwer'd me, he was at his Devotions:
A lucky time (I thought) to do the Deed;
And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,
And a poor ſleepy Groom, who with much threatning,
Confeſs'd that they were fled, in holy Robes.
Abd. That Caſe of Sanctity was firſt ordain'd,
To cheat the honeſt World:
Twas an unlucky Chance—but we are idle———
Let's ſee, how from this Ill, we may advance a good—
[*Pauſes.*
'Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darkneſs—
I'll ring thro all the Court, with doleful Sound,
The ſad Alarms of Murder—Murder—*Zarrack*,
Take up thy ſtanding yonder—*Oſmin*, thou
At the Queen's Apartment—cry out, Murder:
Whilſt I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King;
Perhaps in this Diſorder I may kill him. [*Aſide.*
—Treaſon—Murder—Murder—Treaſon.

Enter Alonzo, *and Courtiers.*

Alon. What diſmal Crys are theſe?———
Abd. Where is the King?—Treaſon—Murder!—
Where is the ſleeping Queen?——Ariſe, ariſe.
Oſm. The Devil taught him all his Arts of Falſhood.
[*Aſide.*

Enter King in a Night-Gown with Lights.

King. Who frights our quiet Slumbers with this Noiſe?

Enter Queen and Woman, with Lights.

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the Sound
Of Treaſon, call me from my ſilent Griefs?
King. Who raiſ'd this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you?
Abd. I did, Great Sir.
King. Your Reaſons.

Abd.

Abd. Oh Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a Senſe of Wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the Fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot this Night, to murder you:
And 'cauſe they knew it was my waiting Night,
They wou'd have laid the Treaſon, Sir, on me.
King. The Cardinal, and my Brother! bring them forth,
Their Lives ſhall anſwer it.
Abd. Sir, 'tis impoſſible:
For when they found their Villany diſcover'd,
They in two Friers Habits made eſcape.
King. That Cardinal is ſubtle, and ambitious,
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.
Qu. The Ambition of the one infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live———
But might a Mother's Counſel be obey'd,
I wou'd adviſe you, ſend the valiant Moor
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp:
For thither they are fled—where they will find
A Welcome fatal to us all.
King. Madam, you counſel well; and *Abdelazar*,
Make it your Care to fetch theſe Traitors back,
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
But as they are your Enemies; and th' envious World
Will ſay, you made this ſtory to undo 'em.
Abd. Sir, I'll obey; nor will I know repoſe,
Till I have juſtify'd this fatal Truth.
[Abd. *goes to the Queen, and talks to her.*
King. Mean time I will to my *Florella's* Lodging.
Silence, and Night, are the beſt Advocates [*Aſide.*
To plead a Lover's cauſe—*Abdelazer*—haſte.
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.
Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.
King. Madam, good Night—*Alonzo*, to your reſt.
[*Ex. all but* Qu. *and* Abd.
Qu. Philip eſcaped!
Oh that I were upon ſome Deſart Shoar,
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
Breathe out my Senſe of Rage for this Defeat.

Abd.

Abd. Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.
Qu. Give me but any Hopes of bleſt Revenge,
And I will be as calm as happy Lovers.
Abd. There is a way, and is but that alone;
But ſuch a way, as never muſt be nam'd.
Qu. How! not be nam'd! Oh ſwear thou hat'ſt me rather,
It were a Torment equal to thy Silence.
Abd. I'll ſhew my Paſſion rather in that Silence.
Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'ſt thou?
Abd. To ſhew you, Madam, I had rather live
Wrong'd and contemn'd by *Philip*,
Than have your dearer Name made infamous.
Qu. Heavens! doſt thou mock my Rage? can any Sin
I could commit, undo my Honour more
Than his late Inſolence?
Oh name me ſomething may revenge that Shame:
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it—Come, oh quickly give me eaſe.
Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.
Qu. How little I am underſtood by thee——
Come, tell me inſtantly, for I grow impatient;
You ſhall obey me—— nay, I do command you.
Abd. Durſt you proclaim——*Philip* a Baſtard, Madam?
Qu. Hah! proclaim my ſelf——what he wou'd have me thought!
What mean'ſt thou?———
Abd. Inſtruct you in the way to your Revenge.
Qu. Upon my ſelf thou mean'ſt——
Abd. No———
He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortify'd
Beyond our Power to hurt, but by this means;
Which takes away his Hopes of being a King,
(For he 'ad no other Aim in taking Arms)
And leaves him open to the People's Scorn;
Whom own'd as King, Numbers would aſſiſt him,
And then our Lives he may diſpoſe, as he has done our Honours.

Qu.

Qu. There's Reaſon in thy Words: but oh my Fame!
Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
To ſave that too, which I'll at leiſure tell you.
In the mean time ſend for your Confeſſor,
And with a borrow'd Penitence confeſs,
Their Idol *Philip* is a Baſtard;
And zealouſly pretend you're urg'd by Conſcience:
A cheap Pretence to cozen Fools withal.
Qu. Revenge, altho I court you with my fatal Ruin,
I muſt enjoy thee: there's no other way,
And I 'm reſolv'd upon the mighty Pleaſure;
He has profan'd my purer Flame for thee,
And merits to partake the Infamy. [*He leads her out.*
Abd. Now have at my young King———
I know he means to cuckold me to Night,
Whilſt he believes I'll tamely ſtep aſide———
No, let *Philip* and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
I will not hinder 'em———
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make
To my declining Honour, ſhall redeem it,
And pay it back with Intereſt—well, then in order to't,
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,
And if I ſee this hot young Lover enter,
I'll ſave my Wife the trouble of allaying
The amorous Heat——this——will more nimbly do't,
[*Snatches out his Dagger.*
And do it once for all———
Enter Florella *in her Night-Clothes.*
Flor. My *Abdelazer*——why in that fierce poſture,
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death?
Why is that Dagger out?——againſt whom drawn?
Abd. Or ſtay,——ſuppoſe I let him ſee *Florella*,
And when he's high with the expected Bliſs,
Then take him thus—Oh 'twere a fine ſurprize!
Flor. My Lord——dear *Abdelazer.*
Abd. Or ſay—I made her kill him—that were yet
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.
Flor. Will you not ſpeak to me? what have I done?
Abd. By Heaven it ſhall be ſo.

Flor.

Flor. What ſhall be ſo?
Abd. Hah———
Flor. Why doſt thou dreſs thy Eyes in ſuch unuſual wonder?
There's nothing here that is a ſtranger to thee,
Or what is not intirely thine own.
Abd. Mine!
Flor. Thou canſt not doubt it.
Abd. No,——and for a proof thou art ſo,———take this Dagger.
Flor. Alas, Sir!———what to do!
Abd. To ſtab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves thee.
Flor. Heaven forbid!
Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I ſay it muſt——
Flor. What muſt?
Abd. That Dagger muſt enter the Heart of him
That loves thee beſt, *Florella*;———gueſs the Man.
Flor. What means my Moor?———
Wouldſt thou have me kill thy ſelf?
Abd. Yes——when I love thee better than the King.
Flor. Ah, Sir! what mean you?
Abd. To have you kill this King,
When next he does purſue thee with his Love———
What, do you weep?———
By Heaven they ſhall be bloody Tears then.
Flor. I ſhall deſerve them———when I ſuffer Love
That is not fit to hear;———but for the King,
That which he pays me, is ſo innocent—
Abd. So innocent!—damn thy diſſembling Tongue;
Did I not ſee, with what fierce wiſhing Eyes
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilſt yours as wantonly
Return'd, and underſtood the amorous Language?
Flor. Admit it true, that ſuch his Paſſions were,
As (Heaven's my witneſs) I've no cauſe to fear;
Have not I Virtue to reſiſt his Flame,
Without a pointed Steel?
Abd. Your Virtue! ——— Curſe on the weak Defence;
Your Virtue's equal to his Innocence.

Here

Here, take this Dagger, and if this Night he viſit thee,
When he leaſt thinks on't——ſend it to his Heart.
Flor. If you ſuſpect me, do not leave me, Sir.
Abd. Oh—I'm diſpatch'd away—to leave you free—
About a wonderful Affair— mean time,
I know you will be viſited———but as you wiſh to live,
At my return let me behold him dead.—— ———
Be ſure you do't—'tis for thy Honour's ſafety—
I love thee ſo, that I can take no reſt,
Till thou haſt kill'd thy Image in his Breaſt.
—Adieu, my dear *Florella.* [*Exit.*
Flor. Murder my King!—the Man that loves me too—
What Fiend, what Fury ſuch an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I ſhould ſooner ſtrike it here——than there.
[*Pointing to her Breaſt.*
No! tho of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canſt command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no ſuch cruel Vow;
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To ſave my King's, my Life I will expoſe,
No Martyr dies in a more glorious Cauſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen in an undreſs alone, with a Light.
Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devout and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful Terror of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Deſires; whilſt thou, bleſt Friend to Joys,
Draw'ſt all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Bluſhes of ſoft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy Covert grant the Love-ſick King,
May find admittance to *Florella*'s Arms;
And being there, keep back the buſy Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he ſhall find his Wife,
Amidſt her amorous Dalliance with my Son.——

My

My watchful Spies are waiting for the Knowledge;
Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.
Enter Elvira.
—*Elvira*, in thy Looks I read Succeſs;
What haſt thou learnt?
Elv. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair *Florella*'s Lodging.
Qu. But art thou ſure he gain'd Admittance?
Elv. Yes, Madam;
But what Welcome he has found, to me's unknown;
But I believe it muſt be great, and kind.
Qu. I am of thy Opinion.——
But now, *Elvira*, for a well laid-Plot,
To ruin this *Florella*; —tho ſhe be innocent,
Yet ſhe muſt die; ſo hard a Deſtiny
My Paſſion for her Husband does decree:
But 'tis the way I ſtop at.—
His Jealouſy already I have rais'd;
That's not enough, his Honour muſt be touch'd.
This Meeting 'twixt the King and fair *Florella*,
Muſt then be render'd publick;
'Tis the Diſgrace, not Action, muſt incenſe him—
Go you to Don *Alonzo*'s Lodging ſtrait,
Whilſt I prepare my Story for his Ear.———[*Exit* Elvira.
Aſſiſt me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furniſh me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may expreſs a Grief for this Diſcovery.
My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold;
And like the noble Raviſher of *Rome*,
Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou haſt made a Conqueſt o'er her Virtue.
Enter Alonzo, Elvira.
——Oh *Alonzo*, I have ſtrange News to tell thee!
Alon. It muſt be ſtrange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dreſs her fair Eyes in Sorrow.
Qu. It is a Dreſs that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou ſhalt hear my Story.——
You had a Siſter once.
Alon. Had!

Qu.

Qu. Yes, had,—whilſt ſhe was like thy ſelf, all Virtue ;
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled ſuch Flames,
As will undo us all.
Alon. My Siſter, Madam ! ſure it cannot be :—
What Eyes? what Flames ?—inform me ſtrait.
Qu. Alonzo, thou art honeſt, juſt and brave :
And ſhould I tell thee more,—
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baſer Spirits will call Cruelty.
Alon. Gods, Madam ! do not praiſe my Virtue thus,
Which is ſo poor, it ſcarce affords me patience
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver.——
Come, Madam, ſay my Siſter———is a Whore.
I know 'tis ſo you mean ; and being ſo,
Where ſhall I kneel for Juſtice?
Since he that ſhou'd afford it me,
Has made her Criminal—
Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.
Qu.. I grieve to own, all thy prophetick Fears
Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.
Alon. Then I'm diſarm'd,
For Heaven can only puniſh him.
Qu. But *Alonzo*,
Whilſt that religious Patience dwells about thee,
All *Spain* muſt ſuffer, nay Ages that ſhall enſue
Shall curſe thy Name, and Family ;
From whom a Race of Baſtards ſhall proceed,
To wear that Crown.
Alon. No, Madam, not from mine,
My Siſter's in my power, her Honour's mine ;
I can command her Life, tho not my King's.
Her Mother is a Saint, and ſhou'd ſhe now
Look down from Heaven upon a Deed ſo foul,
I think even there ſhe wou'd invent a Curſe,
To thunder on her Head.—
But, Madam, whence was this Intelligence?
Qu. Elvira ſaw the King enter her Lodgings,
With Lover's haſte, and Joy.
Alon. Her Lodgings !—when?

Qu.

Qu. Now, not an Hour ago,
Now, ſince the Moor departed.
Alon. Damnation on her! can ſhe be thus falſe?
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,
And make me ſee this truth, [*To Elvira.*
Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abuſing me.
Qu. Nay dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,
Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look;
That if, by chance, you ſhou'd behold the Wantons,
In little harmleſs Dalliance, ſuch as Lovers
(Aided with Silence, and the ſhades of Night)
May poſſibly commit,
You may not do that which you may repent of.
Alon. Gods! ſhould I play the Pander!
And with my Patience, aid the amorous Sin——
No, I ſhall ſcarce have ſo much Tameneſs left,
To mind me of my Duty to my King.
Ye Gods? behold the Sacrifice I make
To my loſt Honour: behold, and aid my Juſtice
[*Ex.* Alon.
Qu. It will concern me too to ſee this Wonder,
For yet I ſcarce can credit it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III Florella's *Lodgings.*

Enter the King, leading in Florella *all in fear.*
Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,
If by a Death leſs cruel than my Fears,
You would preſerve my Honour; begin it quickly,
And after that I will retain my Duty,
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.
King. Where learnt you, Faireſt, ſo much Cruelty
To charge me with the Power of injuring thee?
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languiſhment
Too ſenſibly inform thee of my Heart.
Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which ſuch a Viſit muſt create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frighted Ghoſts
Of reſtleſs Souls departed walk the Round.

King

King. That fleeting thing am I, whom all Repoſe,
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal Hour thou gaveſt thy ſelf away;
And I was doom'd to endleſs Deſperation:
Yet whilſt I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some ſacred Treaſures in thy Breaſt I hid,
And near thee ſtill my greedy Soul will hover.
Flor. Ah rather like a Raviſher you come,
With Love and Fierceneſs in your dangerous Eyes;
And both will equally be fatal to me.
King. Oh do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth; I mean no Rapes,
Thou canſt not think that I wou'd force thoſe Joys,
Which ceaſe to be ſo, when compell'd, *Florella*—
No, I would ſooner pierce this faithful Heart,
Whoſe Flame appears too criminal for your Mercy.
Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your Looks
All pale, your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,
The awful Horror of the dark and ſilent Night,
Strike a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,
That does preſage ſome fatal Accident.
King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the Danger lies—
Wou'd you receive me with that uſual Tenderneſs,
Which did expreſs it ſelf in every Smile,
I ſhould diſmiſs this Horror from my Face,
And place again its native calmneſs there;
And all my Veins ſhall re-aſſume their Heat,
And with a new and grateful Ardour beat.
Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
And you advance your Fate, by ſtaying here—
Fly, fly, this place of Death——if *Abdelazer*
Shou'd find you here——all the Divinity
About your ſacred Perſon could not guard you.
King. Ah, my *Florella*, ceaſe thy needleſs Fear,
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love;
Love, that with ſoft Deſires may fill thy Eyes,
And ſave thy Tongue the pain t' inſtruct my Heart,
In the moſt grateful Knowledge Heaven can give me.
Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more wretched, Since

Since you, I know, wou'd ſtill be wiſhing on,
And I ſhou'd grant, till we were both undone.
And, Sir, how little ſhe was worth your care,
Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
For an inglorious Life——ſhort and deſpis'd——
King. Canſt thou believe a Flame thy Eyes have kind-
Can urge me to an infamous purſuit?—— (led,
No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Virtue,
And none profane thoſe Shrines, to whom they offer;
—Say but thou lov'ſt—and I thus low will bow—
[*Kneels.*
And ſue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;
I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
Of *Caſtile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;
And all thoſe petty Kingdoms, which do bow
Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.
Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot my ſacred Vow?
All that I am, is *Abdelazar*'s now.
King. By Heav'n it was a ſacrilegious Theft;
But I the Treaſure from his Breaſt will tear,
And reach his Heart, tho thou art ſeated there.
Flor. A Deed like that my Virtue wou'd undo,
And leave a Stain upon your Glories too;
A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Paſſion move;
I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.
King. Thou think'ſt it then no Sin to kill thy King;
For I muſt die, without thy Love, *Florella.*
Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
Whoſe fatal Poiſon muſt your Life betray;
And tho a King, cannot divine your Fate;
Kings only differ from the Gods in that.——
See, Sir, with this—I am your Murderer made.
[*Holds up a Dagger.*
By thoſe we love, we ſooneſt are betray'd.
King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint itſelf with Death?
——What wilt thou do, *Florella*?
Flor. Your Deſtiny divert,
And give my Heart thoſe Wounds deſign'd for yours.

——If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.
King. Hold!——I command thee hold thy impious Hand,
My Heart dwells there, and if you ſtrike——I die.
Enter Queen, Alonzo, *and* Elvira.
Qu. Florella! arm'd againſt the King?
[*Snatches the Dagger and ſtabs her: the King riſes.*
Oh Traitoreſs!
King. Hold, hold, inhuman Murdreſs;
What haſt thou done, moſt barbarous of thy Sex!
[*Takes* Flor. *in his Arms.*
Qu. Deſtroy'd thy Murdreſs,——and my too fair Rival.
[*Aſide.*
King. My Murdreſs!——what Devil did inſpire thee
With Thoughts ſo black and ſinful? cou'd this fair Saint
Be guilty of a Murder?——No, no, too cruel Mother,
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,
She might have kill'd, and her too virtuous Cruelty.
———Oh my *Florella!* Sacred lovely Creature!
Flor. My Death was kind, ſince it prevented yours,
And by that Hand, which ſav'd mine from a Guilt.
[*Points to the Queen.*
——That Dagger I receiv'd of *Abdelazer*,
To ſtab that Heart,——he ſaid, that lov'd me beſt;
But I deſign'd to overcome your Paſſion,
And then to have vanquiſh'd *Abdelazar*'s Jealouſy:
But finding you too faithful to be happy,
I did reſolve to die——and have my wiſh.
—Farewel—my King—my Soul begins its flight,
—And now—is hovering—in eternal——Night. [*Dies.*
King. She's gone——ſhe's gone——her ſacred Soul is fled
To that Divinity, of which it is a part;
Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.
Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one ſo foul.
King. What profane Breath was that pronounc'd her foul?
Thy Mother's Soul, tho turn'd into a Cherubim,
Was black to hers———Oh ſhe was all divine.
—*Alonzo,* was it thou?—her Brother!

Alon.

Alon. When ſhe was good, I own'd that Title, Sir,
King. Good !——by all the Gods ſhe was as chaſte as Veſtals,
As Saints tranſlated to Divine Abodes.
I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo*,
To ſhare the growing Glories of my Youth ;
But uncorrupted ſhe my Crown contemn'd,
And on her Virtue's Guard ſtood thus defended.
[Alon. *weeps.*
——Oh my *Florella* ! let me here lie fix'd, [*Kneels.*
And never riſe, till I am cold and pale,
As thou fair Saint art now——But ſure
She cou'd not die ;——that noble generous Heart,
That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate
All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,
Might ſure defend it ſelf againſt thoſe Wounds
Given by a Woman's Hand,—or rather 'twas a Devil's.
[*Riſes.*
——What doſt thou merit by this Treachery?
Thou vileſt of thy Sex——
But thou'rt a thing I have miſcall'd a Mother,
And therefore will not touch thee——live to ſuffer
By a more ſhameful way ;—but here ſhe lies,
Whom I, tho dead, muſt ſtill adore as living.
Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your ſtay ;
When I reflect upon this Night's Diſorder,
And the Queen's Art to raiſe my Jealouſy :
And after that my Siſter's being murder'd,
I muſt believe there is ſome deeper Plot,
Something deſign'd againſt your ſacred Perſon.
King. Alonzo, raiſe the Court, I'll find it, [*Ex.* Alonzo.
Tho 'twere hid within my Mother's Soul.
Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind miſtake,
I did believe her arm'd againſt thy Life.
King. Peace Fury ! Not Ill boding Raven Shrieks,
Nor midnight Cries of murder'd Ghoſts, are more
Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuſes.
—— Be gone ! and trouble not the ſilent Griefs,
Which will inſenſibly decay my Life,
Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,

Drop-

Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.
[*Kneels and weeps at* Florella's *Feet.*
Abd. Within.] Guard all the Chamber-Doors—Fire and Confuſion
Conſume the *Spaniſh* Dogs—was I for this
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,
To have my wife abuſ'd?
Enter Abdelazer.
Qu. Patience, dear *Abdelazer.*
Abd. Patience and I am Foes: where's my *Florella*?
The King! and in *Florella's* Bed-Chamber!
Florella dead too!—
Riſe, thou eternal Author of my Shame;
Gay thing—to you I ſpeak, [King *riſes.*
And thus throw off Allegiance.
Qu. Oh ſtay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer.*
Abd. Away, fond Woman. [*Throws her from him.*
King. Villain, to me this Language?
Abd. To thee, young amorous King.
How at this dead and ſilent time of Night,
Durſt you approach the Lodgings of my Wife?
King. I ſcorn to anſwer thee.
Abd. I'll ſearch it in thy Heart then.
[*They fight, Queen and* Elv. *run out crying Treaſon.*
King. The Devil's not yet ready for his Soul,
And will not claim his due.—Oh, I am wounded. [*Falls.*
Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, theſe are no Wounds of Love.
King. Whate'er they be, you might have ſpar'd 'em now,
Since thoſe *Florella* gave me were ſufficient:
—— And yet a little longer, fixing thus
Thoud'ſt ſeen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.
Florella!————*Florella*————is thy Soul fled ſo far
It cannot anſwer me, and call me on?
And yet like dying Ecchoes in my Ears,
I hear thee cry, my Love—I come—I come, fair Soul.
—Thus at thy Feet——my Heart ſhall bleeding——lie.
Who ſince it liv'd for thee—for thee—will die. [*Dies.*
Abd. So—thou art gone—there was a King but now
And now a ſenſeleſs, dull, and breathleſs nothing.
[*A noiſe of fighting without.*
Enter

Enter Queen, *running.*

Qu. Oh Heavens! my Son——the King, the King is kill'd!———
Yet I muſt ſave his Murderer:———Fly, my Moor;
Alonzo, Sir, aſſiſted by ſome Friends,
Has ſet upon your Guards,
And with reſiſtleſs Fury is making hither.

Abd. Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo *and others, led in by* Oſmin, Zarrack, *and Moors.*

Oh, are you faſt? [*Takes away their Swords.*

Alon. What mean'ſt thou, Villain?

Abd. To put your Swords to better uſes, Sir,
Than to defend the cause of Raviſhers.

Alon. Oh Heavens, the King is murder'd!

Abd. Look on that Object,
Thy Siſter, and my Wife, who's doubly murder'd!
Firſt in her ſpotleſs Honour, then her Life.

Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this.

Qu. My Lords, be calm; and ſince your King is murder'd,
Think of your own dear Safeties; chuſe a new King,
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

Alon. Who ſhould we chooſe? Prince *Philip* is our King.

Abd. By Heaven, but *Philip* ſhall not be my King;
Philip's a Baſtard, and Traytor to his Country:
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal Ruin.
And who ſhall lead you forth to Conqueſt now,
But *Abdelazer*, whoſe Sword reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twas unſheath'd? — and all for *Spain*
——How many Laurels has this Head adorn'd?
Witneſs the many Battles I have won;
In which I've emptied all my youthful Veins!—
And all for *Spain*!———ungrateful of my Favours!
—I do not boaſt my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdom's Ruin;
But loſs of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd—
And ſtill for *Spain*!
And can you think, that after all my Toils,
I wou'd be ſtill a Slave?—to Baſtard *Philip* too?

That

That dangerous Foe, who with the Cardinal,
Threatens with Fire and Sword.—I'll quench thoſe Flames,
Such an eſteem I ſtill preſerve for *Spain*.
Alon. What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?
Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,
Till we agree about a lawful Succeſſor.
Alon. Oh Devil!
Qu. We are betray'd, and round beſet with Horrors;
If we deny him this—the Power being his,
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his Mercy.———
Beſides ———Oh give me leave to bluſh when I declare,
That *Philip* is——as he has rendred him.———
But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,
Choſe rather to proclaim my Infamy,
Than an ambitious Baſtard ſhould be crown'd.
Alon. Here's a fine Plot,
What Devil reigns in Woman, when ſhe doats? [*Aſide.*
Rod. My Lords, I ſee no remedy but he muſt be Protector.
Alon. Oh Treachery———have you ſo ſoon forgot
The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,
The murder'd *Ferdinand*?———
And Madam, you ſo ſoon forgot a Mother's Name,
That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son?
Abd. The Modeſty wherewith I'll uſe that Power,
Shall let you ſee, I have no other Intereſt
But what's intirely *Spain*'s.———Reſtore their Swords,
And he amongſt you all who is diſſatisfy'd,
I ſet him free this minute.
Alon. I take thee at thy word.
And inſtantly to *Philip*'s Camp will fly. [*Exit.*
Abd. By all the Gods my Anceſtors ador'd,
But that I ſcorn the envying World ſhou'd think
I took delight in Blood——I wou'd not part ſo with you.
——— But you, my Lords, who value *Spain*'s Repoſe,
Muſt for it inſtantly with me take Arms.
Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride
Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms muſt meet them.
To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory.
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Abdelazer, Oſmin *bearing his Helmet of Feathers,* Zarrack *with his Sword and Truncheon.*

Abd. COme, *Oſmin*, arm me quickly; for the Day
Comes on apace, and the fierce Enemy
Will take advantages by our delay.

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Oh my dear Moor!
The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude
(Tempeſtuous as the Sea) run up and down,
Some crying, kill the Baſtard—ſome the Moor,
Theſe for King *Philip*—thoſe for *Abdelazar.*
Abd. Your Fears are idle,—blow 'em into Air.
I ruſh'd amongſt the thickeſt of their Crouds,
And with the awful Splendor of my Eyes,
Like the imperious Sun, diſpers'd the Clouds.
But I muſt combat now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd *Philip*, and a jealous Cardinal.
Qu. And muſt you go, before I make you mine?
Abd. That's my Misfortune——when I return with Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Laurel at your Feet,
You ſhall exchange them for your glorious Fetters.
Qu. How canſt thou hope for Victory, when their Numbers
So far exceed thy Powers?
Abd. What's wanting there, we muſt ſupply with Conduct.
I know you will not ſtop at any thing
That may advance our Intereſt, and Enjoyment.
Qu. Look back on what I have already done;
And after that look forward with Aſſurance.
Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Muſt to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent;—
Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither:
Then undermine his Soul——— you know the way on't.

And

And ſooth him into a Belief, that the beſt way
To gain your Heart, is to leave *Philip's* Intereſt;
Urge 'tis the Kingdom's ſafety, and your own;
And uſe your fierceſt Threats, to draw him to a Peace with me;
Not that you love me, but for the Kingdom's good:
Then in a Tent which I will pitch on purpoſe,
Get him to meet me: He being drawn off,
Thouſands of Bigots (who think to cheat the World into an Opinion, that fighting for the Cardinal is a pious Work) will (when he leaves the Camp) deſert it too.

Qu. I underſtand you; and more than I have time to be Inſtructed in, will I perform; and poſſibly
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conqueſts.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
——I muſt to Horſe, farewel my generous Miſtreſs.

Qu. Farewel! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
As ſhall my Art, when it diſſembles Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Philip's *Tent.*

Enter Philip, Alonzo, *and Guards.*

Phil. 'Tis a ſad Story thou haſt told, *Alonzo*;
Yet 'twill not make me ſhed one ſingle Tear:
They muſt be all of Blood that I will offer
To my dear Brother's Ghoſt———
But gallant Friend, this Good his Ills have done,
To turn thee over to our juſter Intereſt,
For thou didſt love him once.

Alon. Whilſt I believ'd him honeſt, and for my Siſter's ſake;
But ſince, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods! is it poſſible the Queen ſhould countenance
His horrid Villanies?

Alon. Nay, worſe than ſo, 'tis thought ſhe'll marry him.

Phil. Marry him! then here upon my Knees I vow, [*Kneels.*
To ſhake all Duty from my Soul;
And all that Reverence Children owe a Parent,

Shall henceforth be converted into Hate. [*Riſes.*
— Damnation! marry him! Oh I cou'd curſe my Birth!
This will confirm the World in their Opinion,
That ſhe's the worſt of Women;
That I am baſely born too, (as ſhe gives it out)
That Thought alone does a juſt Rage inſpire,
And kindles round my Heart an active Fire.
Alon. A Diſobedience, Sir, to ſuch a Parent,
Heaven muſt forgive the Sin, if this be one:
——Yet do not, Sir, in Words abate that Fire,
Which will aſſiſt you in a more effectual way.
Phil. Death! I could talk of it an Age;
And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high:
Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd my Courage,
Able to fight the World againſt my Mother.
Alon. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward reſolute.
Phil. Come, noble Youth,
Let us join both our ſeveral Wrongs in one,
And from them make a ſolemn Reſolution,
Never to part our Intereſt, till this Moor,
This worſe than Devil Moor be ſent to Hell.
Alon. I do.
Phil. Hark—hark—the Charge is ſounded, let's to Horſe,
St. *Jacques* for the Right of *Spain* and me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noiſe of fighting at a diſtance: After a little while, enter Philip *in a Rage.*

Phil. Oh unjuſt Powers! why d'ye protect this Monſter?——
And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
With the *Caſtilian* Troops? curſe on his formal Politicks——

Enter Alonzo.

——*Alonzo*, where's the Moor?

Alon.

Alon. The Moor—a Devil—never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by ſome Magician's Charms,
Break thro the Priſon of the folded Earth
With more ſwift Horrour, than this Prince of Fate
Breaks thro our Troops in ſpite of Oppoſition.
Phil. Death! 'tis not his ſingle Arm that works the Wonders,
But our Cowardice—Oh this Dog Cardinal!
Enter Antonio.
Ant. Sound a Retreat, or elſe the Day is loſt.
Phil. I'll beat that Cur to Death that ſounds Retreat.
Enter Sebaſtian.
Sebaſt. Sound a Retreat.
Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword?—continue the Alarm,
Fight on Pell-mell—fight—kill—be damn'd—do any thing
But ſound Retreat ——Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal! [*Exeunt.*

The noiſe of fighting near; after a little while enter Philip *again.*

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward!
Enter Alonzo.
Alon. Sir, bring up your Reſerves, or all is loſt;
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act
Deeds of ſuch Wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.
Phil. 'Tis well—I'll raiſe my Glories to that dazzling height,
Shall darken his, or ſet in endleſs Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter Card. *and* Queen; *the noiſe of a Battel continuing.*

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languiſhments,
By all thoſe Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy paſſionate Letters ſent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruin.

——*Fernando*'s kill'd——the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor *Philip* can withſtand;
And is't not better he were loſt than *Spain*,
Since one muſt be a Sacrifice?
Beſides——if I durſt tell it,
There's ſomething I cou'd whiſper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee bluſh at ev'ry ſingle Good
Thou'aſt done that inſolent Boy;——But 'tis not now
A time for Stories of ſo ſtrange a Nature,——
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that arms for *Philip*'s Cauſe,
Merits the name of Traitor.——
Be wiſe in time, and leave his ſhameful Intereſt,
An Intereſt thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for taking;
Be wiſe, and make Alliance with the Moor.

Card. And Madam, ſhould I lay aſide my Wrongs,
Thoſe publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
——No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
E'er for its ſafety I forego mine Honour.———

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are loſt.

Card. Give order———

Qu. That they ſtir not on their Lives;
Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
Is this your Sanctity———and Love to me?
Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd
To raiſe you to my Bed?
To rule a Kingdom, be a Nation's Safety,
To advance in hoſtile manner to their Walls;
Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,
And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
Eternal Love? And will you court in Arms?
Such rude Addreſſes wou'd but ill become you.
No, from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
Or *Philip*'s Intereſt; for let me tell you, Cardinal,
This Love, and that Revenge, are inconſiſtent.

Card. But, Madam———

Qu. No more—disband your Rebel Troops,
And ſtrait with me to *Abdelazar*'s Tent,

Where

Where all his Claims he ſhall reſign to you,
Both in my ſelf, the Kingdom, and the Crown:
You being departed, thouſands more will leave him,
And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your Force,
Or elſe the Prince and Victory is loſt,
Which now depends upon his ſingle Valour;
Who, like ſome antient Hero, or ſome God,
Thunders amongſt the thickeſt of his Enemies,
Deſtroying all before him in ſuch numbers,
That Piles of Dead obſtruct his paſſage to the living——
Relieve him ſtrait, my Lord, with our laſt Cavalry and Hopes.

Card. I'll follow inſtantly.——— [*Ex.* Sebaſt.

Qu. Sir, but you ſhall not, unleſs it be to Death———
Shall you preſerve the only Man I hate,
And hate with ſo much reaſon?——let him fall
A Victim to an injur'd Mother's Honour.
———Come, I will be obey'd—indeed I muſt—
[*Fawns on him.*

Card. When you're thus ſoft, can I retain my Anger?
Oh look but ever thus———in ſpite of Injuries—
I ſhall become as tame and peaceable,
As are your charming Eyes, when dreſs'd in Love,
Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceleſs.
——Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,
For I have now reſign'd my Power to you.
[*Shout within.*

Qu. What Shouts are theſe?

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,
And *Philip*'s Arm alone ſuſtains the day:
Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory. [*Exit.*

Qu. Give order ſtrait, that a Retreat be ſounded;
And whilſt they do ſo, by me conducted,
We'll inſtantly to *Abdelazer*'s Tent———
Haſte—haſte, my Lord, whilſt I attend you here.
[*Ex. ſeverally.*

Cardinal *going out, is met by* Philip.

Phil. Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been,
——But 'tis no time for Queſtions, (Sir?
Move forward with your Reſerves.

Card. I will not, Sir.

Phil. How, will not!

Card. Now to advance would be impolitick;
Already by your deſperate Attempts,
You've loſt the beſt part of our Hopes.

Phil. Death! you lye.

Card. Lye, Sir!

Phil. Yes, lye, Sir,——therefore come on,
Follow the deſperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,
And where I'll die, or conquer——follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or elſe by Heaven
I'll give the Moor the Victory in ſpite,
And turn my Force on thee———
Plague of your Cowardice—Come, follow me.

[*Ex.* Card.

SCENE *The Grove.*

As Philip *is going off, he is overtook by* Alonzo, Antonio, Sebaſtian, *and other Officers: At the other ſide ſome Moors, and other of* Abdelazar's *Party, enter and fall on* Philip *and the reſt——the Moors are beaten off——one left dead on the Stage.*———

Enter Abdelazar, *with* Roderigo, *and ſome others.*

Abd. Oh, for more Work——more Souls to ſend to Hell!
—Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither—Sirrah—Slave Moor—who kill'd thee?—how he grins—this Breaſt,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never wou'd have been a Mark for Fools.

Abd. *going out*: *enter* Philip, Alonzo. Sebaſtian, Antonio, *and Officers, as paſſing over the Stage.*

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find
The Subject of my Vengeance.———
Moor, 'tis for thee I ſeek, where art thou, Slave?———

Abd. Here, *Philip.* [Abd. *turns.*

Phil.

Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee.———
Abd. Why———thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.
Phil. Villain, a King begot me.
Abd. I know not that,
But I'll be ſworn thy Mother was a Queen,
And I will kill thee handſomely for her ſake.
[*Offers to fight, their Parties hinder them.*
Alon. Hold——hold, my Prince.
Oſm. Great Sir, what mean you? [*To* Abd.
The Victory being yours, to give your Life away
On one ſo mad and deſperate. [*Their Parties draw.*
Phil. Alonzo, hold,
We two will be the Fate of this great Day.
Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,
And claim no Conqueſt; tho whole heaps of Bodies,
Which this Right-hand has ſlain, declare me Victor.
Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my (view,
And will not leave thee,
Till thou haſt crown'd thoſe Heaps, and made 'em all
The glorious Trophies of my Victory—Come on, Sir.
Alon. You ſhall not fight thus ſingle;
If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.
Phil. Doſt thou ſuſpect my Power?
Oh, I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,
The Juſtice of my Quarrel; when I look
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,
My Mother's Infamy, *Spain*'s Miſery,
I am all Fire; and yet I am too cold
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:
———Therefore ſtir not a Sword on my ſide.
Abd. Nor on mine.
They fight; both their Parties engage on either ſide; the Scene draws off, and diſcovers both the Armies, which all fall on and make the main Battel: Philip *prevails, the* Moors *give ground: Then the Scene cloſes to the Grove. Enter ſome* Moors *flying in diſorder.*

SCENE *changes to a Tent.*

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Oſmin, Zarrack, *and ſome others of his Party.*

Rod. Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the Day is loſt.
Abd. There are three hundred and odd Days i'th Year,
And cannot we loſe one?—diſmiſs thy Fears,
They'll make a Coward of thee.
Oſm. Sir, all the noble *Spaniards* have forſook you;
Your Soldiers faint, are round beſet with Enemies,
Nor can you ſhun your Fate, but by your Flight.
Abd. I can———and muſt———in ſpite of Fate:
The Wheel of War ſhall turn about again,
And daſh the Current of his Victories.———
This is the Tent I've pitch'd, at diſtance from the Armies,
To meet the Queen and Cardinal;
Charm'd with the Magick of Diſſimulation,
I know by this he'as furl'd his Enſigns up,
And is become a tame and coward Aſs.
[*A Retreat is ſounded.*
—Hark—hark, 'tis done: oh my inchanting Engine!
—Doſt thou not hear Retreat ſounded?
Rod. Sure 'tis impoſſible.
Abd. She has prevail'd—a Woman's Tongue and Eyes
Are Forces ſtronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.

———We are betray'd———
Qu. What means this Jealouſy? lay by your Weapons,
And embrace———the ſight of theſe beget Suſpicion:
———*Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in peace;
Lord Cardinal, on my Honour ſo comes he.
Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops then.
Qu. They're Guards for all our Safeties:
Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal—thine *Abdelazer*—
[*She brings them together, they embrace.*
This bleſt Accord I do behold with Joy.
Card. Abdelazer,
I at the Queen's Command have met you here,
To know what 'tis you will propoſe to us.

Abd.

Abd. Peace and eternal Friendſhip 'twixt us two.
How much againſt my Will I took up Arms,
Be witneſs Heav'n ; nor was it in revenge to you,
But to let out th' infected Blood of *Philip*,
Whoſe ſole aim
Is to be King—which *Spain* will never ſuffer ;
Spain gave me Education, tho not Birth,
Which has intitled it my native Home,
To which ſuch Reverence and Eſteem I bear,
I will preſerve it from the Tyrant's Rage.
The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,
And 'tis your Power alone that buoys him up :
And when you've lifted him into a Throne,
'Tis time to ſhake you off.
Card. Whilſt I behold him as my native Prince,
My Honour and my Religion bids me ſerve him ;
Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilſt I do ſo,
I injure *Spain.*
Abd. If he were ſo, the Powers above forbid
We ſhould not ſerve, adore, and fight for him ;
But *Philip* is a Baſtard :—nay, 'twill ſurprize ye,
But that 'tis Truth, the Queen will ſatisfy you.
Qu. With one bold Word he has undone my Honour.
[*Weeps.*
Too bluntly, *Adelazer*, you repeat
That which by ſlow Degrees you ſhou'd have utter'd.
Abd. Pardon my Roughneſs, Madam, I meant well.
Card. Philip a Baſtard !
If by ſuch Arts you wou'd divide me from him,
I ſhall ſuſpect you wou'd betray us both.
Qu. Sir, he informs you Truth ; and I bluſh leſs
To own him ſo, than that he is a Traitor.
Card. Philip a Baſtard ! oh it cannot be——
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,
Barter your dearer Honour, and loſe both.
Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,
But better what I owe to *Spain*, and you——
You are a Prince o' th' Blood, and may put off
The Cardinal when you pleaſe, and be a Monarch.
Card. Tho my Ambition's equal to my Paſſion,
Neither

Neither ſhall make me act againſt thoſe Principles
My Honour ever taught me to obey.
———And, Madam——
'Tis leſs a Sin, not to believe you her,
Than 'tis to doubt your Virtue.
Qu. I wiſh it were untold, if it muſt forfeit
The leaſt of your Eſteem——but that 'tis Truth,
Be witneſs Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, my Tears.
[*Weeps.*
Card. Why, Madam, was't ſo long conceal'd from me?
Qu. The Circumſtances I ſhall at leiſure tell you;
And for the preſent,
Let it ſuffice, he cannot rule in *Spain*,
Nor can you ſide with him, without being made
As much incapable to reign as he.
Card. Tho Love and Honour I have always made
The Buſineſs of my Life;
My Soul retains too ſo much of Ambition,
As puts me ſtill in mind of what I am,
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain*:
Nor ſhall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,
Make me that glorious Intereſt reſign,
Since *Philip*'s Claims are not ſo great as mine.
——Madam, tho I'm convinc'd I've done amiſs
In taking Arms for *Philip*,
Yet 'twill be difficult to diſengage my ſelf.
Abd. Moſt eaſily——
Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,
The Juſtice of your Cauſe for leaving him;
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety
To follow your Example.
The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,
More than by Juſtice, Reaſon, or Allegiance.
——The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty Throne;
Marry you the Queen, and fill it—and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject. [*Bows low.*
Card. On theſe Conditions all I am is yours;
Philip we cannot fear, all he can do
Is to retire for refuge into *Portugal.*

Abd.

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous——
Is there no Arts to get him into our Power?
Card. Perhaps by Policy, and ſeeming Friendſhip,
For we have reaſon yet to fear his Force;
And ſince I'm ſatisfy'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To ſacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain*,
And every Spirit that loves Liberty:
Firſt we'll our Forces join, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arreſt him;
If ſo we can ſurprize him, we'll ſpare the hazard
Of a ſecond Battel.
Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things ſhall be inſtantly perform'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Grove.*

Enter ſome of Philip's *Party running over the Stage, purſu'd by* Philip, Alonzo, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *and ſome few Officers more.*

Alon. Do not purſue 'em, Sir, ſuch coward Slaves
Deſerve not Death from that Illuſtrious Hand.
Phil. Eternal Plagues conſume 'em in their Flight;
Oh this damn'd coward Cardinal has betray'd us!
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds
We'ad dearly earn'd the long diſputed Victory,
Then to loſe all, then to ſound baſe Retreat,
It ſwells my Anger up to perfect Madneſs.
Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous ſtrange.
Sebaſt. I'm glad, Sir———
Phil. Art glad of it? art glad we are abandon'd?
That I, and thou have loſt the hopeful'ſt Day—
Sebaſt. Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.
Phil. Thou haſt a lean Face—and a carrion Heart—
A plague upon the Moor, and thee—Oh *Alonzo*,
To run away—follow'd by all the Army!
Oh I cou'd tear my Hair, and curſe my Soul to Air!
—Cardinal—thou Traitor, *Judas*, that would'ſt ſell
Thy God again, as thou haſt done thy Prince.

——But

———But come———we're yet a few,
And we will fight till there be left but one———
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious Care
It ſhall be in our Beds.

Sebaſt. We are as bad as one already, Sir; for all our Fellows are crawl'd home, ſome with ne'er a Leg, others with ne'er an Arm, ſome with their Brains beat out, and glad they eſcap'd ſo.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'll ſtick to me.

1 *Sold.* Ay, wou'd I were well off—— [*Aſide.*

Phil. Speak ſtout *Sceva*, wilt thou not?

1 *Sold. Sceva*, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cæſar*'s ſide,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monſtrous Porcupine.

1 *Sold.* And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have dy'd for *Cæſar's* Empire.

1 *Sold.* Hah—why, Sir, I'm none of *Sceva*, but honeſt *Diego*, yet would as willingly die as he, but that I have a Wife and Children; and if I die they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou ſhalt loſe,
I'll give thy Wife—a Diadem.

Sold. Stark mad, as I am Valiant!

Enter Card. *Officers and Soldiers*: Philip *offers to run on him, is held by* Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heav'n! is not that the Cardinal?
Traitor, how dar'ſt thou tempt my Rage, and Juſtice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy Aim when baſe Retreat was founded?
Oh thou falſe Cardinal—let me go, *Alonzo*———
Death! offer happy Peace! no, offer War,
Bring Fire and Sword—Hell and Damnation—Peace!
Oh damn your muſty Peace—No, will you fight and cry,
Down with the Moor! and then I'll die in peace.
I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,
I'll hazard theſe——I can but hazard all———
Come—I will kneel to thee—and be thy Slave—[*Kneels.*
I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing,
So this damn'd Moor may fall.

Card.

Card. Yes, Sir, he ſhall——
Phil. Gods! ſhall he——thy noble Hand upon't,
And for this Promiſe, take my grateful Heart. [*Embraces him.*
———Shall *Abdelazer* fall?
Card. Yes, upon thee———
Like the tall Ruins of a falling Tower,
To cruſh thee into Duſt———
[*As they embrace, the Guards ſeize him and the reſt.*
Traitor and Baſtard, I arreſt thee of High-Treaſon.
Phil. Hah!—Traitor!—and Baſtard!—and from thee!
[*They hold* Philip's *Hands.*
Card. Guards, to your Hands the Priſoner is committed.
There's your Warrant—*Alonzo*, you are free. [*Ex.* Card.
Phil. Prithee lend me one Hand—to wipe my Eyes,
And ſee who 'tis dares authorize this Warrant:
——The Devil and his Dam!——the Moor and Queen!
Their Warrant!——Gods! *Alonzo*, muſt we obey it?
Villains! you cannot be my Jailors; there's no Priſon,
No Dungeon deep enough; no Gate ſo ſtrong,
To keep a Man confin'd———ſo mad with Wrong.
———Oh doſt thou weep, *Alonzo?*
Alon. I wou'd fain ſhed a Tear,
But from my Tears ſo many Show'rs are gone,
They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute;
There is no Remedy, we muſt to Priſon.
Phil. Yes, and from thence to Death———
I thought I ſhould have had a Tomb hung round
With tatter'd Enſigns, broken Spears and Javelins;
And that my Body, with a thouſand Wounds,
Shou'd have been born on ſome triumphant Chariot,
With ſolemn Mourning, Drums, and Trumpets ſounding;
Whilſt all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,
Had wiſh'd my glorious Deſtiny their own;
But now, *Alonzo*——like a Beaſt I fall,
And hardly Pity waits my Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I. *A Preſence-Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.*

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, *and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cuſhion; the* Queen, Leonora, *and Ladies. They all ſeat themſelves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty.* Abdelazer *riſes and bows,* Roderigo *kneeling preſents him with the Crown.*

Abd. GRandees of *Spain*, if in this royal Preſence
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
So faſt on ſuch a Jewel, and dares wear it,
In the Contempt of Envy, as I dare;
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
Beſtow their Bleſſings) wou'd give ſuch Wealth away;
Let ſuch a Man ſtand forth———all ye are fix'd?
No wonder, ſince a King's a Deity.
And who'd not be a God?
This glorious Proſpect, when I firſt ſaw the Light,
Met with my Infant Hopes; nor have thoſe Fetters
(Which e'er they grew towards Men, *Spain* taught me how to wear)
Made me forget what's due to that illuſtrious Birth;
——Yet thus——I caſt aſide the Rays of Majeſty——
[*Kneels, and lays the Crown on the Table.*
And on my Knee do humbly offer up
This ſplendid powerful thing, and eaſe your Fears
Of Uſurpation and of Tyranny.
Alon. What new Device is this? [*Aſide.*
Card. This is an Action generous and juſt——
Let us proceed to new Election.
Abd. Stay, Peers of *Spain*,
If young Prince *Philip* be King *Philip*'s Son,
Then is he Heir to *Philip*, and his Crown;
But if a Baſtard, then he is a Rebel,
And as a Traitor to the Crown ſhou'd bleed:
That dangerous popular Spirit muſt be laid,
Or *Spain* muſt languiſh under civil Swords;
And *Portugal* taking advantage of thoſe Diſorders,
Aſſiſted by the Male-contents within, If

If *Philip* live will bring Confuſion home.
———Our Remedy for this is firſt to prove,
And then proclaim him Baſtard.
Alon. That Project would be worth your Politicks [*Aſide.*
———How ſhou'd we prove him Baſtard?
Abd. Her Majeſty being lately urg'd by Conſcience,
And much above her Honour prizing *Spain*,
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man;
If he be noble and a *Spaniard* born,
He ſhall repair her Fame by marrying her.
Card. No; *Spaniard*, or Moor, the daring Slave ſhall die.
Qu. Would I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [*Weeps.*
That I might hide the Bluſhes on my Cheeks!
But when your Safety comes into Diſpute,
My Honour, nor my Life muſt come in competition.
—I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and bluſhing own,
That *Philip*'s Father is i'th Preſence now.
Alon. I'th' Preſence! name him.
Qu. The Cardinal—— [*All riſe in Amazement.*
Card. How's this, Madam!
Abd. How! the Cardinal!
Card. I *Philip*'s Father, Madam!
Qu. Dull Lover—is not this all done for thee?
Doſt thou not ſee a Kingdom and my ſelf,
By this Confeſſion, thrown into thy Arms?
Card. On Terms ſo infamous I muſt deſpiſe it.
Qu. Have I thrown by all my Senſe of Modeſty,
To render you the Maſter of my Bed,
To be refus'd—was there any other way?——
Card. I cannot yield; this Cruelty tranſcends
All you have ever done me—Heavens! what a Conteſt
Of Love and Honour ſwells my riſing Heart!
Qu. By all my Love, if you refuſe me now,
Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,
I'll be reveng'd a thouſand killing ways.
Card. Madam, I cannot own ſo falſe a thing,
My Conſcience and Religion will not ſuffer me.
Qu. Away with all this Canting; Conſcience, and Reli-
No, take advice from nothing but from Love. (gion!
Card. 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd—ſhe has a Spell
Hid in thoſe charming Lips.

Alon. Prince Cardinal, what ſay you to this?
Card. I cannot bring it forth———
Qu. Do't, or thou'rt loſt for ever.
Card. Death! What's a Woman's Power?
And yet I can reſiſt it.
Qu. And dare you diſobey me?
Card. Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,
Nay, and reſign'd my Life into your Hands,
But you wou'd damn me too—I will not yield———
Oh now I find a very Hell within me:
How am I miſguided by my Paſſion?
Alon. Sir, we attend your Anſwer.
Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,
And 'tis the Cuſtom here to marry young,
King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*,
Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father
To this Barbarian Prince.
Abd. I was but young, and yet I well remember
My Father's Wound—poor *Barbary*—but no more.
Qu. In abſence of my King, I liv'd retir'd,
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,
Suffering no Viſits, but the Cardinal's,
To whom the King had left me as his Charge;
But he, unworthy of that Truſt repos'd,
Soon turn'd his Buſineſs into Love.
Card. Heavens! how will this Story end? [*Aſide.*
Qu. A Tale, alas! unpleaſant to my Ear,
And for the which I baniſh'd him my Preſence.
But oh the Power of Gold! he bribes my Women,
That they ſhould tell me (as a Secret too)
The King (whoſe Wars were finiſh'd) would return
Without acquainting any with the time;
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
Meant to ſurprize me in the dead of Night:
This paſs'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.
Card. Gods! is there any Hell but Woman's Falſhood?
[*Aſide.*
Qu. The following Night I haſted to my Bed,
To wait my expected Bliſs——nor was it long
Before his gentle Steps approach'd my Ears.

Undreſs'd

Undreſs'd he came, and with a vigorous haſte
Flew to my yielding Arms: I call'd him King,
My dear lov'd Lord; and in return he breath'd
Into my Boſom, in ſoft gentle Whiſpers,
My Queen! my Angel! my lov'd *Iſabella*!
And at that Word——I need not tell the reſt.
Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal?
Qu. Ah, Sir, the Night too ſhort for his Careſſes,
Made room for Day, Day that betray'd my Shame;
For in my guilty Arms I found the Cardinal.
Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this?
Qu. Alas, I was but young, and full of Fears;
Baſhful, and doubtful of a juſt Belief,
Knowing King *Philip*'s raſh and jealous Temper;
But from your Juſtice I expect Revenge.
Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is Death, by all our Laws.
Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith?
Oh ſhameleſs Creature, am I diſarm'd for this?
Had I but ſo much Eaſe to be inrag'd,
Sure I ſhou'd kill thee for this Treachery:
But I'm all Shame, and Grief———By all that's Holy,
My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.
Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.
Qu. Do not believe him, Lords:—
Revenge——let Sentence paſs upon the Traitor.
Card. I own that Name with Horror, which you drew me (to,
When I betray'd the beſt of Men, and Princes;
And 'tis but juſt you fit me for Deſpairs,
That may inſtruct me how to follow him in Death:
Yet as I'm Prince o'th Blood, and Cardinal too,
You cannot be my Judges.
Abd. You ſhall be try'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.
Oſmin, we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.
Card. Heaven! ſhou'd I live to that! No,
I have within me a private Shame,
That ſhall ſecure me from the publick one.
Alon. A pretty turn of State!—we ſhall all follow, Sir.
Card. The Powers above are juſt:
Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice firſt made,
And now my ſelf am on the Altar laid. [*Ex.* Card. *guarded.*
Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted ſo divinely,

You've

You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Paſſion:
I'll wait on you in your Apartment inſtantly,
And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.
Qu. Make haſte, my deareſt Moor, whilſt I retire,
And fit my Soul to meet thy kind Deſire.
[*Ex. Queen and her Train*; Leon. *advancing to follow, is ſtaid by* Abd.
Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, ſtay, and receive that Crown,
[*Leads her back.*
Which as your due, Heav'n and all *Spain* preſents you with.
Alon. But granting *Philip* is—that thing you call him,
If we muſt grant him ſo, who then ſhall reign?
Not that we do not know who ought to reign,
But ask who 'tis you will permit to do ſo. [*To Abd.*
Abd. Who but bright *Leonora*! the Royal Off-ſpring
Of noble *Philip*, whoſe Innocence and Beauty,
Without th' advantage of her glorious Birth,
Merits all Adoration.
All. With Joy we do ſalute her Queen.
Abd. Live *Leonora*! beauteous Queen of *Spain*! [*Shout.*
Alon. From *Abdelazar* this! it cannot be,
At leaſt not real. [*Aſide.*
Abd. My Lords,
Be it now your Care magnificently to provide
Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
Of the fair Queen;
Let nothing be omitted that may ſhew,
How we can pay, where we ſo vaſtly owe. [*Bows.*
Alon. I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,
For this great Condeſcenſion.
Leo. My Lords, I thank ye all,
And moſt the gallant Moor—I am not well—
[*Turns to* Alon.
Something ſurrounds my Heart ſo full of Death,
I muſt retire to give my Sorrow Breath.
[*Ex.* Leo. *follow'd by all but* Abd. *and* Rod. *who looks on* Abd.
Rod. Sir,——what have you done?
Abd. What every Man that loves like me ſhou'd do:
Undone my ſelf for ever, to beget

One

One Moment's thought in her, that I adore her;
That ſhe may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain*——
—'Tis gone! and there's no more to ſet but this—
(My Heart) at all, and at this one laſt Caſt,
Sweep up my former Loſſes, or be undone.
Rod. You court at a vaſt Rate, Sir.
Abd. Oh, ſhe's a Goddeſs! a Creature made by Heaven
To make my proſperous Toils all ſweet and charming!
She muſt be Queen, I and the Gods decree it.
Rod Sir, is ſhe not deſign'd *Alonzo*'s Bride?
Abd. Yes, ſo her ſelf and he have ill agreed;
But Heav'n and I am of another Mind,
And muſt be firſt obey'd.
Rod. *Alonzo* will not yield his Intereſt eaſily.
Abd. Wou'd that were all my ſtop to Happineſs;
But, *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.
Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.
Abd. True, *Roderigo*, and thou haſt dealt in Murders,
And knowſt the ſafeſt way to———
Rod. How, Sir!———
Abd. Thou dar'ſt not ſure pretend to any Virtue;
Had Hell inſpir'd thee with leſs Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings, thou'dſt ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted Height, t'have known my Secrets.
Rod. But, Sir——
Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedneſs I took thee from;
What Merits hadſt thou to deſerve my Bounty,
But Vice, brave proſperous Vice?
Thou'rt neither wiſe, nor valiant.
Rod. I own my ſelf that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way.
Abd. My buſineſs is—to have the Queen remov'd;
She does expect my coming this very Hour;
And when ſhe does ſo, 'tis her Cuſtom to be retir'd,
Diſmiſſing all Attendants, but *Elvira*.
Rod. The reſt I need not be inſtructed in. [*Ex.* Rod.

Enter Oſmin.

Oſm. The Cardinal, Sir, is cloſe confin'd with *Philip*.

Abd.

Abd. 'Tis well.
Oſm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they ſhou'd live?
Abd. No, this day they both muſt die, ſome ſort of Death,
That may be thought was given them by themſelves:
I'm ſure I give them cauſe—*Oſmin*, view well this Ring;
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,
Without conſidering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.
Oſm. Your Will ſhall be obey'd in every thing.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.*

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, haſt thou dreſt my Lodgings up,
Fit to receive my Moor?
Are they all gay, as Altars, when ſome Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices?
Haſt thou ſtrew'd all the Floor his Feet muſt preſs,
With the ſoft new-born Beauties of the Spring?
Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.
Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights:
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does inſinuate Love into the Soul,
And makes the baſhful Lover more aſſur'd.
Elv. Madam,
You ſpeak as if this were your firſt Enjoyment.
Qu. My firſt! Oh *Elvira*, his Powers, like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery, every hour renews;
Love gathers Sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant.
The nearer they approach Maturity. [*Knock.*
—Hark! 'tis my Moor,—give him admittance ſtrait.
The Thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raiſing my Blood into a thouſand Curls.
Elv. Madam, it is a Prieſt—
Qu. A Prieſt! Oh ſend him quickly hence;
I wou'd not have ſo cold and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Senſe, 'tis mortifying.
Elv. Perhaps 'tis ſome Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu.

Qu. Why, what have I to do with Prieſt or Cardinal?
Let him not enter——
[Elv. *goes out, and returns with* Rod. *dreſt like a Fryar.*
Elv. From *Abdelazar*, Madam.
Qu. H'as nam'd a Word will make all Places free.
Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to ſend your Woman hence,
I've ſomething to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone muſt be acquainted with.
Qu. Well, your Formality ſhall be allow'd—retire—
[*To* Elv.
What have you to deliver to me now?
Rod. This— [*Shews a Dagger, and takes her by the Hands.*
Qu. Hah!———
Rod. You muſt not call for help, unleſs to Heaven.
Qu. What daring thing art thou?
Rod. One that has now no time to anſwer thee.
[*Stabs her, ſhe ſtruggles, her Arm bleeds.*
Qu. O hold thy killing Hand! I am thy Queen.
Rod. Thou may'ſt be Devil too, for ought I know;
I'll try thy Subſtance thus—— [*Stabs again.*
Qu. Oh *Abdelazar*!
Thou haſt well reveng'd me—on my Sins of Love,—
[*He ſeats her in the Chair.*
But ſhall I die thus tamely unreveng'd?—
—Help—murder—help—— [*He offers to ſtab again.*
Enter Elvira, *and the Women.*
Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd--help the Queen! [Rod. *offers to ſtab* Elv.
Enter Abdelazer.
Abd. Hah! the Queen! what ſacrilegious Hand,
Or Heart ſo brutal——
Dares thus profane the Shrine ador'd by me?
Guard well the Paſſages.———
Qu. Thou art that ſacrilegious—brutal thing!—
And falſe as are the Deities thou worſhip'ſt.
Abd. Gods! let me not underſtand that killing Language!
——Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,
Leſt looking on that ſacred Stream of Blood,
I die e'er I've reveng'd you on your Murderer.

Qu.

Qu. Haſte then, and kill thy ſelf; thou art my Murderer,
Nor had his Hand, if not by thee inſtructed,
Aim'd at a Sin ſo dangerous.——
Abd. Surely ſhe'll live——[*Aſide.*]——This!—
Can Miſchief dwell beneath this reverend Shape?
Confeſs who taught thee ſo much Cruelty.
Confeſs, or I will kill thee.
Rod. The Cardinal.
Qu. The Cardinal!
Abd. Oh impious Traitor!
How came I mention'd then?
Rod. To get Admittance.
Adb. But why do I delay thy Puniſhment?
Die,—and be damn'd together [*Aſide.*] [*Stabs him.*
But oh my Queen!——*Elvira*, call for help.
Hav I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [*Kneels.*
To have it thus blown out, thus in a Minute?
When I, all full of youthful Fire, all Love,
Had rais'd my Soul with Hopes of near Delights,
To meet thee cold, and pale; to find thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe charming Eyes thus dying——Oh ye Powers!
Take all the Proſpect of my future Joys,
And turn it to Deſpair, ſince thou art gone. (Soul,
Qu. Ceaſe, ceaſe your kind Complaints—my ſtruggling
'Twixt Death—and Love—holds an uneaſy Conteſt;
This will not let it ſtay,——nor that depart;
And whilſt I hear thy Voice thus breathing Love,
It hovers ſtill about the grateful Sound.
My Eyes have took——an everlaſting Leave
Of all that bleſt their Sight; and now a gloomy Darkneſs
Benights the wiſhing Senſe, that vainly ſtrives
To take another View;——but 'tis too late,———
And Life—and Love—muſt yield—to Death—and Fate.
[*Dies.*
Abd. Farewel my greateſt Plague, [*He riſes with Joy.*
Thou wert a moſt impolitick loving thing;
And having done my Bus'neſs which thou wert born for,
'Twas time thou ſhouldſt retire,
And leave me free to love, and reign alone.
Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, *and other Men and Women.*

Come

Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
Since all the World has Intereſt in this Loſs.
Alon. The Moor in Tears! nay then the Sin was his.,
Leon. The Queen my Mother dead!
How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,
E'er it will break in pieces.
Alon. I know the Source of all this Villany,
And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.
Elv. My Lord, that Fryer, from the Cardinal, did it.
Alon. The Cardinal!
'Tis poſſible,——— for the Injuries ſhe did him
Cou'd be repair'd with nothing leſs than Death. [*Aſide.*
My Fair, your Griefs have been ſo juſt of late,
I dare not beg that you would weep no more;
Tho every Tear thoſe lovely Eyes let fall,
Give me a killing Wound———Remove the Body.
[*Guards remove the Body, Ex. all but* Alon. *and* Leon.
Such Objects ſuit not Souls ſo ſoft as thine.
Leon. With Horrors I am grown of late familiar;
I ſaw my Father die, and live the while;
I ſaw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Siſter,
Florella, whilſt her Breaſt was bleeding freſh;
Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds,
The beſt and kindeſt Brother that ever Maid was bleſt with;
Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice;
All this I ſaw and liv'd———
And canſt thou hope for Pity from that Heart,
Whoſe harden'd Senſe is Proof 'gainſt all theſe Miſeries?
This Moor, *Alonzo*, is a ſubtle Villain,
Yet of ſuch Power we ſcarce dare think him ſuch.
Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,
As ill and powerful too; yet he has a Heart
That may be reach'd with this—but 'tis not time,
[*Points to the Sword.*
We muſt diſſemble yet, which is an Art
Too foul for Souls ſo innocent as thine.
Enter Abdelazer.
The *Moor!*
Hell! will he not allow us ſorrowing time?
Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humbleſt Duty,

And know what Service you command your Slave.
Leon. Alas, I have no Commands; or if I had,
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.
Abd. Can one ſo fair, and great, ask any thing
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy?
Leon. Heav'ns Will I'm not permitted to diſpute,
And may implore in vain! but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preſerve my Life.
Abd. In me! in me! the humbleſt of your Creatures!
By yon bright Sun, or your more ſplendid Eyes,
I wou'd diveſt my ſelf of every Hope,
To gratify one ſingle Wiſh of yours.
——Name but the way.
Leon. I am ſo unhappy, that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you muſt deny;
———The Liberty of *Philip*———
Abd. How! *Philip*'s Liberty—and muſt I grant it?
I (in whoſe Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
Had I not lov'd the Good and Peace of *Spain*,
Might have diſpos'd it to my own Advantage;
And ſhall that Peace,
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
Be loſt again in him, in him a Baſtard?
Alon. That he's a Baſtard, is not, Sir, believ'd;
And ſhe that cou'd love you, might after that
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the leaſt
Of all the Number to declare him Baſtard.
Abd. How, Sir! that cou'd love me! what is there here,
Or in my Soul, or Perſon, may not be belov'd?
Alon. I ſpoke without Reflection on your Perſon,
But of diſhoneſt Love, which was too plain,
From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd;
And now being warm in Miſchiefs,
Thou doſt purſue the Game, till all be thine.
Abd. Mine!
Alon. Yes, thine———
The little humble Mask which you put on
Upon the Face of Falſhood, and Ambition,
Is eaſily ſeen thro; you gave a Crown,
But you'll command the Kingly Power ſtill,

Arm,

Arm, and disband, deſtroy or ſave at Pleaſure,
Abd. Vain Boy, (whoſe higheſt Fame,
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro*'s Son)
Where learnt you ſo much daring, to upbraid
My generous Power thus falſly—do you know me?
Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that Knowledge makes me dare;
I know thy Fame in Arms; I know in Battels
Thou haſt perform'd Deeds much above thy Years:
My Infant Courage too
(By the ſame Maſter taught) grew up to thine,
When thou in Rage out-didſt me, not in Bravery.
—I know thou'ſt greater Power too—thank thy Treachery!
Abd. Doſt thou not fear Power?
Alon. By Heaven not I,
Whilſt I can this command,
[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*
Abd. I too command a Sword.
[Abd. *lays his Hand on his, and comes cloſe up to him.*
But not to draw on thee, *Alonzo*;
Since I can prove thy Accuſation falſe
By ways more grateful—take this Ring, *Alonzo*;
The ſight of it will break down Priſon-Gates,
And ſet all free, as was the firſt-born Man.
Alon. What means this turn?
Abd. To enlarge *Philip*; but on ſuch Conditions,
As you think fit to make for my Security:
And as thou'rt brave, deal with me as I merit.
Alon. Art thou in earneſt?
Abd. I am, by all that's ſacred.
Leon. Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er riſe,
Till I have made you know what Gratitude
Is fit for ſuch a Bounty!———
Haſte, my *Alonzo*—haſte—and treat with *Philip*;
Nor do I wiſh his Freedom, but on ſuch Terms
As may be advantageous to the Moor.
Alon. Nor I, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
Tho it be fierce, has Gratitude and Honour;
And for a Deed like this, will make returns,
Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [*Exit.* Alon.

Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come. [*Aſide.*
——What will become of *Abdelazer* now,
Who with his Power has thrown away his Liberty?
Leon. Your Liberty! Oh Heaven forbid that you,
Should be depriv'd of it!
It muſt not be whilſt *Leonora* lives.
Abd. 'Tis ſhe that takes it from me.
Leon. I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
Give you one minute's Pain.
Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis againſt your Will;
Your Eyes inſenſibly do wound and kill.
Lon. What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.
Abd. Moſt charming of your Sex! had Nature made
This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
It might have ſpar'd that Language which you dread;
Whoſe rough harſh ſound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill expreſs the Buſineſs of my Life.
Leon. Forbear it if that Buſineſs, Sir, be Love.
Abd. Gods!
Becauſe I want the art to tell my Story
In that ſoft way, which thoſe can do whoſe Buſineſs
Is to be ſtill ſo idly employ'd,
I muſt be ſilent and indure my Pain,
Which Heav'n ne'er gave me ſo much tameneſs for.
Love in my Soul is not that gentle thing
It is in other Breaſts; inſtead of Calms,
It ruffles mine into uneaſy Storms.
——I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam;
But ſince 'tis not to be reſiſted here——
You muſt permit it to approach your Ear.
Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.
Abd. With Honour!
Nay, I can talk in the Defence of that:
By all that's ſacred, 'tis a Flame as virtuous,
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
And it ſhall learn to be as gentle too;
——For I muſt merit you——
Leon. I will not hear this Language; merit me!

Abd.

Abd. Yes—why not?
You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,
And I am Heir to great *Abdela*, Madam;
I can command this Kingdom you poſſeſs,
(Of which my Paſſion only made you Queen)
And re-aſſume that which your Father took
From mine—a Crown as bright as that of *Spain*.
Leon. You ſaid you wou'd be gentle——
Abd. I will; this ſullen Heart ſhall learn to bow,
And keep it ſelf within the Bounds of Love;
Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
Soft as the Whiſpers of a yielding Virgin.
I cou'd transform my Soul into any Shape;
Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
To change their natural Fierceneſs into Smiles;
——What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart?
Leon. Which never can be yours! that and my Vows,
Are to *Alonzo* given; which he lays claim to
By the moſt ſacred Ties, Love and Obedience;
All *Spain* eſteems him worthy of that Love.
Abd. More worthy than I! it was a Woman,
A nice, vain, peeviſh Creature that pronounc'd it;
Had it been Man, 't had been his laſt Tranſgreſſion.
——His Birth! his glorious Actions! are they like mine?
Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants thoſe Advantages,
Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Perſon.
Abd. Ay! there's your Cauſe of Hate! Curſt be my (Birth,
And curſt be Nature that has dy'd my Skin
With this ungrateful Colour! cou'd the Gods
Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo!*
—Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,
And Beauties great as thine have languiſh'd for me.
The Lights put out, thou in thy naked Arms
Will find me ſoft and ſmooth as poliſh'd Ebony;
And all my Kiſſes on thy balmy Lips as ſweet,
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidſt the Groves
Of ripening Spices in the height of Day:
As vigorous too,
As if each Night were the firſt happy Moment
I laid thy panting Body to my Boſom.

Oh that tranſporting Thought———
See— I can bend as low, and ſigh as often, [*Kneels.*
And ſue for Bleſſings only you can grant;
As any fair and ſoft *Alonzo* can———
If you could pity me as well———
But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read
[*Riſes with Anger.*
A Scorn which animates my Love and Anger;
Nor know I which I ſhould diſmiſs or cheriſh.

Leon. The laſt is much more welcome than the firſt;
Your Anger can but kill; but, Sir, your Love———
Will make me ever wretched, ſince 'tis impoſſible
I ever can return it.

Abd. Why kill me then! you muſt do one or t'other,
[*Kneels.*
For thus—I cannot live——why doſt thou weep?
Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul!
How tame Love renders every feeble Senſe! [*Riſes.*
—Gods! I ſhall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me.
The Transformation's near———Death! I'll not endure it,
I'll fly before ſhe'as quite undone my Soul— [*Offers to go.*
But 'tis not in my Power———ſhe holds it faſt———
And I can now command no ſingle part— [*Returns.*
Tell me bright Maid, if I were amiable,
And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me?

Leon. No! I cou'd die firſt.

Abd. Hah!—awake, my Soul, from out this drouſy Fit,
And with thy wonted Bravery ſcorn thy Fetters.
By Heav'n 'tis gone! and I am now my ſelf.
Be gone, my dull Submiſſion! my lazy Flame
Grows ſenſible, and knows for what 'twas kindled.
Coy Miſtreſs, you muſt yield, and quickly too:
Were you devout as Veſtals, pure as their Fire,
Yet I wou'd wanton in the rifled Spoils
Of all that ſacred Innocence and Beauty.
——Oh my Deſire's grown high!
Raging as midnight Flames let looſe in Cities,
And, like that too, will ruin where it lights.

Come

Come, this Apartment was deſigned for Pleaſure,
And made thus ſilent, and thus gay for me ;
There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think
I was not meant for Love.
Leon. Am I bretray'd ? are all my Women gone ?
And have I nought but Heaven for my Defence ?
Abd. None elſe, and that's too diſtant to befriend you.
Leon. Oh take my Life, and ſpare my dearer Honour !
——Help, help, ye Powers that favour Innocence.
[*Enter Women.*
Juſt as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, *enters to him* Oſmin *in haſte.*
Oſm. My Lord, *Alonzo*———
Abd. What of him, you Slave——is he not ſecur'd ?
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'ſt not times and ſeaſons,
Or get thee hence.
Oſm. Not till I've done the Buſineſs which I came for.
Abd. Slave !———that thou cam'ſt for.
[*Stabs him in the Arm.*
Oſm. No, 'twas to tell you, that *Alonzo*,
Finding himſelf betray'd, made brave reſiſtance ;
Some of your Slaves he'as kill'd, and ſome he'as wounded.
Abd. 'Tis time he were ſecur'd ;
I muſt aſſiſt my Guards, or all is loſt. [*Exit.*
Leon. Sure, *Oſmin*, from the Gods thou cam'ſt,
To hinder my undoing ; and if thou dy'ſt,
Heaven will almoſt forgive thy other Sins
For this one pious Deed. ———
But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.
Oſm. 'Tis only in my Arm—and, Madam, for this pity,
I ll live to do you Service.
Leon. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Miſchiefs, render me ?
Oſm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the Word.
Madam, 'twas I caus'd *Philip* and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,
And gave 'em warning of approaching Death.
Leon. Heaven bleſs thee for thy Goodneſs.
Oſm. I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,

And bearing Blows too: the reſt I cou'd have ſuffer'd.
Madam, I'll free the Prince.
But ſee, the Moor returns.

Leo. That Monſter's Preſence I muſt fly, as from a killing Plague. [*Ex. with her Women.*

Enter Abdelazar, *with* Zarrack, *and a Train of Moors.*

Abd. It is prodigious, that a ſingle Man
Should with ſuch Bravery defend his Life
Amongſt ſo many Swords;—but he is ſafe.
Oſmin, I am not uſ'd to ſue for Pardon,
And when I do, you ought to grant it me.

Oſm. I did not merit, Sir, ſo harſh a Uſage.

Abd. No more; I 'm aſham'd to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.

Oſm. Acknowledgment from you is pay ſufficient.

Abd. Yet *Oſmin*,—I ſhou'd chide your Negligence,
Since by it *Philip* lives ſtill, and the Cardinal.

Oſm. I had deſign'd it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

Abd. Zarrack ſhall now perform it—and inſtantly:
Alonzo too muſt bear 'em company.

Zar. I'll ſhew my Duty in my haſte, my Lord. [*Ex.* Zar.

Oſm. Death! I'm undone;—I'll after him, and kill him. [*Offers to go.*

Abd. Oſmin I have buſineſs with you.
[Oſm. *comes back bowing.*

As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio, *and other Lords, and Women.*

Leon. Oh Prince! for Pity hear and grant my Suit. [*Kneels.*

Abd. When ſo much Beauty's proſtrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny?——riſe, thou brigheſt Virgin
That ever Nature made;
Riſe, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour.

Leon. No, let me hang for ever on your Knees,
Unleſs you'll grant *Alonzo* Liberty.

Abd. Riſe, I will grant it; tho *Alonzo*, Madam,
Betray'd that Truſt I had repos'd in him.

Leon. I know there's ſome Miſtake; let me negotiate
Between my Brother and the Gallant Moor.

I cannot force your Guards,
There is no Danger in a Woman's Arm.
Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt 'em more
Than all the Treaſures of the Eaſtern Kings.
Yet, Madam, here I do reſign my Power;
Act as you pleaſe, diſmiſs *Alonzo*'s Chains.
And ſince you are ſo generous, to deſpiſe
This Crown, which I have given you,
Philip ſhall owe his Greatneſs to your Bounty,
And whilſt he makes me ſafe, ſhall rule in *Spain*.
——*Oſmin*— [*Whiſpers.*
Ord. And will you truſt him, Madam?
Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.
Oſm. It ſhall be done.
Abd. Go, *Oſmin*, wait upon the Queen;
And when ſhe is confin'd, I'll viſit her,
Where if ſhe yield, ſhe reigns; if not, ſhe dies. [*Aſide.*
[*Ex.* Abd. *one way*, Leon. Oſm. *and the reſt another.*

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Diſcovers Philip *chain'd to a Poſt, and over againſt him the* Cardinal *and* Alonzo *in Chains.*
Phil. Oh all ye cruel Powers! is't not enough
I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour?
Have my bright Name ſtol'n from me, with my Crown!
Diveſted of all Power! all Liberty!
And here am chain'd like the ſad *Andromeda*,
To wait Deſtruction from the dreadful Monſter!
Is not all this enough, without being damn'd,
To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view?
If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd
On the officious aud accurſed Lights,
For guiding ſo much torment to my Soul.
Card. My much wrong'd Prince! you need not wiſh to kill
By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
With my too credulous, ſhameful paſt miſdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery;——
Nay, and it ſhou'd forget all other Language,
But Traitor! Cardinal! which I wou'd repeat,
Till I had made my ſelf as raging mad,
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up;
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.
Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your (Eyes.
Phil. Oh *Alonzo*, to add to my Diſtraction,
Muſt I find thee a ſharer in my Fate?
Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.——
But, Sir, my Princeſs
Has here—— a more than equal claim to Grief;
And Fear for her dear Safety will deprive me
Of this poor Life, that ſhou'd have been your Sacrifice.
Enter Zarrack *with a Dagger*; *gazes on* Philip.
Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome! quickly free my Soul,
And I will kiſs the ſooty Hand that wounds me.
Zar. Oh, I ſee you can be humble.
Phil. Humble! I'll be as gentle as a Love-ſick Youth,
When his dear Conqu'reſs ſighs a Hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me, pity me and kill me.
Zar. I hope to ſee your own Hand do that Office.
Phil. Oh thou wert brave indeed,
If thou wou'dſt lend me but the uſe of one.
Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.
Phil. By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or ſtrike my pointed Fingers thro my Breaſt.
Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.
Enter Oſmin.
Phil. *Oſmin*! ſure thou wilt be ſo kind to kill me!
Thou hadſt a Soul was humane.
Oſm. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King.
[*Unbinds him.*
Phil. What mean'ſt thou?
Oſm. To ſet you free, my Prince.
Phil. Thou art ſome Angel ſure, in that dark Cloud.
Zar. What mean'ſt thou, Traitor?
Oſm. Wait till your Eyes inform you.
Card. Good Gods! what mean'ſt thou?

Oſm.

Oſm. Sir, arm your Hand with this.
[*Gives* Phil. *a Sword, goes to undo* Alonzo.
Zar. Thou art half-damn'd for this!
I'll to my Prince ———
Phil. I'll ſtop you on your way——lie there——your Tongue [*Kills him.*
Shall tell no Tales to day—Now Cardinal—but hold,
I ſcorn to ſtrike thee whilſt thou art unarm'd,
Yet ſo thou didſt to me;
For which I have not leiſure now to kill thee.
——Here, take thy Liberty;——nay, do not thank me;
By Heaven, I do not mean it as a Grace.
Oſm. My Lord, take this— [*To* Alon. *and the* Card.
And this—to arm your Highneſs.
Alon. Thou doſt amaze me!
Oſm. Keep in your Wonder with your Doubts, my Lord.
Phil. We cannot doubt, whilſt we're thus fortify'd—
[*Looks on his Sword.*
Come *Oſmin*, let us fall upon the Guards.
Oſm. There are no Guards, great Sir, but what are yours;
And ſee—your Friends I've brought to ſerve ye too.
[*Opens a back Door.*
Enter Leonora *and Women*, Ordonio, Sebaſtian, Antonio, *&c.*
Phil. My deareſt Siſter ſafe!
Leon. Whilſt in your Preſence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.
Oſm. The Moor approaches——now be ready all.
Phil. That Name I never heard with Joy till now;
Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,
Thus ſingly I defy him. [*Draws.*
Enter Abdelazer.
[Oſmin *ſecures the Doors.*
Abd. Hah! betray'd! and by my Slaves! by *Oſmin* too!
Phil. Now thou damn'd Villain! true-born Soul of Hell!
Not one of thy infernal Kin ſhall ſave thee.
Abd. Baſe Coward Prince!
Whom the admiring World miſtakes for Brave;
When all thy boaſted Valour, fierce and hot

As

As was thy Mother in her height of Luſt,
Can with the aid of all theſe—treacherous Swords,
Take but a ſingle Life; but ſuch a Life,
As amongſt all their Store the envying Gods
Have not another ſuch to breathe in Man.
Phil. Vaunt on thou monſtrous Inſtrument of Hell!
For I'm ſo pleas'd to have thee in my Power,
That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,
And yet be calm, whilſt thou art near Damnation.
Abd. Thou ly'ſt, thou canſt not keep thy Temper in;
For hadſt thou ſo much Bravery of Mind,
Thou'dſt fight me ſingly; which thou dar'ſt not do.
Phil. Not dare!
By Heaven, if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy Weight of Sins about me,
I durſt thus venture on;——forbear, *Alonzo.*
Alon. I will not, Sir,
Phil. I was indeed too raſh; 'tis ſuch a Villain,
As ſhou'd receive his Death from nought but Slaves.
Abd. Thou'ſt Reaſon, Prince! nor can they wound my (Body
More than I've done thy Fame; for my firſt ſtep
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.
Phil. Death! tho this I knew before, yet the hard Word
Runs harſhly thro my Heart;——
If thou hadſt murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,
And with inglorious Chains as many Years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal Stain upon thy Name:
—Oh thou haſt breath'd thy worſt of Venom now.
Abd. My next advance was poiſoning of thy Father.
Phil. My Father poiſon'd! and by thee, thou Dog!
Oh that thou hadſt a thouſand Lives to loſe,
Or that the World depended on thy ſingle one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghoſt.——
But ſtay, there's ſomething of thy Count of Sins untold,
That I muſt know; not that I doubt by Heaven,
That I am *Philip*'s Son——
Abd. Not for thy Eaſe, but to declare my Malice,
Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother

Proclaim

Proclaim thee Baſtard, when I miſs'd of killing thee.
Phil. Gods ! let me contain my Rage !
Abd. I made her too betray the credulous Cardinal,
And having then no farther uſe of her,
Satiated with her Luſt,
I ſet *Roderigo* on to murder her.
Thy Death had next ſucceeded ; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora's* Feet.
Alon. How ! durſt you love the Princeſs ?
Abd. Fool, durſt ! had I been born a Slave,
I durſt with this ſame Soul do any thing ;
Yes, and the laſt Senſe that will remain about me,
Will be my Paſſion for the charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now, but for thy Treachery.
[*To* Oſmin.
Phil. Deflour'd my Siſter ! Heaven puniſh me eternally,
If thou out-liv'ſt the Minute thou'ſt declar'd it.
Abd. I will, in ſpite of all that thou canſt do.
—Stand off, fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dſt be ſafe,
And do not draw thy certain Ruin on,
Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.
Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I contemn thee now !
Abd. As humble Huntſmen do the generous Lion ;
Now thou darſt ſee me laſh my Sides, and roar,
And bite my Snare in vain : who with one Look
(Had I been free) hadſt ſhrunk into the Earth,
For ſhelter from my Rage :
And like that noble Beaſt, tho thus betray'd,
I've yet an awful Fierceneſs in my Looks,
Which makes thee fear t'approach ; and 'tis at diſtance
That thou dar'ſt kill me ; for come but in my reach,
And with one Graſp I wou'd confound thy Hopes.
Phil. I'll let thee ſee how vain thy Boaſtings are,
And unaſſiſted, by one ſingle Rage.
Thus—make an eaſy Paſſage to thy Heart.
[*Runs on him, all the reſt do the like in the ſame Minute.*
Abd. *aims at the Prince, and kills* Oſmin,
and falls dead himſelf.
——Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten——
[*Shouts within.*
Alon.

Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you now;
Your People rude with Joy, do fill each Street,
And long to ſee their King.—whom Heaven preſerve.
[*Kneels.*

All. Long live *Philip*, King of *Spain*———

Phil. I thank ye all;——and now my dear *Alonzo*,
Receive the Recompence of all thy Sufferings,
Whilſt I create thee Duke of *Salamancha*,

Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands.
[*Kneels.*

Leo. Riſe, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

Card. And ſhall this joyful Day, that has reſtor'd you
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,
That has reſtor'd all *Spain* the greateſt Treaſure
That ever happy Monarchy poſſeſs'd,.
Leave only me unhappy, when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith?———Thus low I fall,
And from that Store of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd diſpenſe a little here.

Phil. Riſe, (tho with much ado) I will forgive you.

Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious buſineſs,
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haſte,
For here methinks we are in danger ſtill.

Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the diſtant wiſh'd-for Shore afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Veſſel in,
Fearing to truſt the faithleſs Seas again.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by little Mrs. *Ariell.*

With late Succeſs being bleſt, I'm come again;
You ſee what Kindneſs can do, Gentlemen,
Which when once ſhewn, our Sex cannot refrain.
Yet ſpite of ſuch a Cenſure I'll proceed,
And for our Poeteſs will intercede:
Before, a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,
Whoſe melting Speech my tender Heart aſſail'd,
And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cauſe maintain'd;
So by my means the Fop Applauſes gain'd.
'Twas wiſely done to chuſe m' his Advocate,
Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate;
For what I lik'd, I thought you cou'd not hate.
Reſpect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
Tho I confeſs he did my Paſſion try,
And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
But now not Pity, but my Sex's Cauſe,
Whoſe Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
Should now command, being join'd with Wit, Applauſe.
Yet ſince our Beauty's Power's not abſolute,
She'll not the Privilege of your Sex diſpute,
But does by me ſubmit.——Yet ſince you've been
For my ſake kind, repeat it once agen.
Your Kindneſs, Gallants, I ſhall ſoon repay,
If you'll but favour my Deſign to Day:
Your laſt Applauſes, like refreſhing Showers,
Made me ſpring up and bud like early Flow'rs;
Since then I'm grown at leaſt an Inch in height,
And ſhall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.

Written by a Friend.

THE

THE YOUNG KING: OR, The Miſtake.

PROLOGUE.

BEAUTY, like Wit, can only charm when new;
Is there no Merit then in being true?
Wit rather ſhou'd an Eſtimation hold
With Wine, which is ſtill beſt for being old.
Judgment in both, with vaſt Expence and Thought,
You from their native Soil, from Paris *brought:*
The Drops that from that ſacred Sodom *fall,*
You like induſtrious Spiders ſuck up all.
Well might the French *a Conqueſt here deſign,*
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worſe than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.

We

We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monſters too;
And will, becauſe we judge of them by you.
You'll ſay this once was ſo, but now you're grown
So wiſe t'invent new Follies of your own:
Their ſlaviſh Imitations you diſdain;
A Pox of Fops that purchaſe Fame with Pain:
You're no ſuch Fools as firſt to mount a Wall,
Or for your King and Country venture all.
With ſuch like grinning Honour 'twas perchanee,
Your dull Forefathers firſt did conquer France.
Whilſt they have ſent us, in Revenge for theſe,
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Diſeaſe.
Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,
In this ungirt, unbleſt, and mutinous Town,
Nay, I dare ſwear, not one of you in ſeven,
E'er had the Impudence to hope for Heaven.
In this you're modeſt——
But as to Wit, moſt aim before their time,
And he that cannot ſpell, ſets up for Rhyme:
They're Sparks who are of Noiſe and Nonſenſe full,
At fifteen witty, and at twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,
And briskly draw Bamboo inſtead of Swords:
But never yet Rencounter cou'd compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;
Fierce was the Hero, and too brave to yield.
But ſtouteſt Hearts muſt bow; and being well can'd,
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.
All laughing call——
Turn out the Raſcal, the eternal Blockhead;
——Zounds, crys Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange coſt;
Equip me that, do you the Conqueſt boaſt.
For which to be at eaſe, a Gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.
—This is the Fruit of Idleneſs and Eaſe:
Heaven bleſs the King that keeps the Land in Peace,
Or he'll be ſweetly ſerv'd by ſuch as theſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DACIANS.

Queen of *Dacia.*
Orſames, her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Caſtle on a Lake, ignorant of his Quality, and of all the World beſides; never having ſeen any human thing ſave only his old Tutor.
Cleomena, his Siſter, bred up in War, and deſign'd to reign inſtead of *Orſames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties ſhould be committed during his ſhort Reign, if ever ſuffered to wear the Crown.
Honorius, General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orſames* and *Cleomena.*
Olympia, his Daughter, young and beautiful.
Iſmenes and *Artabazes*, } Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena.*
Pimante, a Fop Courtier.
Arates, a Courtier.
Semeris, Woman to *Cleomena.*
Vallentio, a Colonel of the Army.

Pages and Attendants.

SCYTHIANS.

King of *Scythia.*
Therſander, his Son, under the Name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* ſide.
Amintas, a young Nobleman, belov'd by *Therſander*, and Lover of *Urania.*
Lyſander, Page to *Therſander.*
Urania, in love with *Amintas.*
Lyces, a Shepherdeſs.

Soldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies juſt before the Town.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Grove near the Camp.

Enter Pimante *with Letters.*

GONE! Well, I have never the Luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of theſe mighty Men of Valour.

——— *Valentio*! Noble Colonel.

Enter Valentio.

Val. Pimante! Why what the Devil brought thee to the Camp.

Pim. Affairs, Affairs——

Val. They muſt be wondrous preſſing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's paſt, and all the Noiſe over; every Man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no ſtirring—But what's thy Buſineſs here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that ſame mighty Man of Proweſs————what d'ye call him?

Val. The brave *Clemanthis.*

Pim. The ſame.——But Colonel, is he indeed ſo very terrible a thing as Fame gives out?—But ſhe was ever a notable Wag at Hiſtory.

Val. How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any thing ſo terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant Man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee ſhrink into thy ſelf?

Pim. Lord, Colonel, why ſo hot? 'Tis the curſed'ſt thing in the World to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a Man! I ſpake by way of Queſtion.

Val. Oh! how ſoft and wanton I could grow in the Deſcription I could make of him————

He

He merits all in Peace as well as War;
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
As thoſe of 's Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well ſaid, i'faith, Colonel; but if he be ſo fine a Man, why did you not keep him here amongſt you to do Execution on the *Scythians?* for I think e'er long you'll give 'em Battel.

Val. The General, whoſe noble Life he ſav'd,
Us'd all his Intereſt with him, but in vain:
He neither could oblige his ſtay i'th' Camp,
Nor get him to the Court. Oh! were his Quality
But like his Actions great, he were a Man
To merit *Cleomena*,
Whoſe Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
I reverence.
But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women;
It foretels the Downfal of the nobleſt Trade, War.
Give me a Man to lead me on to Dangers,
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orſames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treaſon but to name *Orſames*, and much more to wiſh he were as King.

Val. Not wiſh he were! by all thoſe Gods I will,
Who did conſpire againſt him in their Oracles.
Not wiſh him King! yes, and may live to ſee it.

Pim. What ſhould we do with ſuch a King? The Gods foretel he ſhall be fierce and bloody, a Raviſher, a Tyrant o'er his People; his Reign but ſhort, and ſo unfit for Reign.

Val. The Gods! I'll not truſt 'em for a Day's Pay—— let them but give one a taſte of his Reign, tho but an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Beſides, he is very ill bred for a King; he knows nothing of the World, cannot dreſs himſelf, nor ſing, nor dance, or play on any Muſick; ne'er ſaw a Woman, nor knows how to make uſe of one if he had her. There's an old fuſty Philoſopher that inſtructs him; but 'tis in nothing ever that ſhall make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his natural Reaſon's Sin—— But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philo-

Philoſophy, but grows as ſullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

Val. Thou tell'ſt me heavenly News; a King, a King again! Oh for a mutinous Rabble, that would break the Priſon-Walls, and ſet *Orſames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There is a Diſcourſe at Court, that the Queen deſigns to bring him out, and try how he would behave himſelf: But I'm none of that Counſel, ſhe's like to make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the Virago her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would ſwear were no Woman, ſhe's ſo given to Noiſe and Fighting.

Val. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a Child, and then ſhe naturally hated *Scythia.*

Pim. Nay, ſhe's in that mind ſtill; and the ſuperſtitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*———

Val. Yes, that was the Promiſe of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman. Ah how ſhe loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver! and tho ſhe be no natural *Amazon*, ſhe's capable of all their martial Fopperies——But hark, what Noiſe is that?

[*Song within.*

Val. 'Tis what we do not uſe to hear——Stand by.

SONG.

(1.)

DAMON, *I cannot blame your Will,*
'Twas Chance, and not Deſign, did kill;
For whilſt you did prepare your Arms
On purpoſe Celia *to ſubdue,*
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And ſav'd her from their Harms.

(2.)

Alas, ſhe could not make returns,
Who for a Swain already burns,

A Shepherd, who does her careſs
With all the ſofteſt Marks of Love;
And 'tis in vain thou ſeek'ſt to move
The cruel Shepherdeſs.

(3.)

Content thee with this Victory,
I'm Young and Beautiful as ſhe;
I'll make thee Garlands all the Day,
And in the Shades we'll ſit and ſing;
I'll crown thee with the Pride o'th' Spring,
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter Urania *dreſs'd gay*, Lyces *a Shepherdeſs.*

Ly. Still as I ſing you ſigh.

Uran. I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns
The Echoes of theſe ſhady Groves repeat,
But I muſt find ſome Softneſs at my Heart.
——Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born! [*Sighs.*

Ly. You ſigh again: ſuch things become none but unhappy Maids that are forſaken; your Beauty is too great to ſuffer that.

Ura. No Beauty's proof againſt falſe perjur'd Man.

Ly. Is't poſſible you can have loſt you Love?

Ura. Yes, pretty Maid, canſt tell me any tidings of him?

Ly. I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him?

Ura. Why by theſe—a tempting Face and Shape,
A Tongue bewitching ſoft, and Breath as ſweet,
As is the welcome Breeze that does reſtore
Life to a Man half kill'd with heat before:
But has a Heart as falſe as Seas in Calms,
Smiles firſt to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

Ly. Oh fair *Urania!* there are many more
So like your Love, if ſuch a one he be:
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he:
'Tis grown the faſhion now to be forſworn;
Oaths are like Garlands made of fineſt Flowers,
Wither as ſoon as finiſh'd;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Miſtreſſes aſide like Ribbons,
Which they themſeves have ſullied. *Pim.*

Pim. Gad i'll venture in———

Val. Fair Women, and ſo near the Camp!
What are ye, and from whence?

Pim. Ha! 'tis no matter for that; ask no Queſtions, but fall to. [*Goes to* Lyces.

Ura. I'm not aſham'd to tell the one or t'other;
I am a Maid, and one of genteel Birth,
A *Scythian* born, an Enemy to thee,
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia.*

Val. What Sin have I committed, that ſo fair a Creature ſhould become my Enemy? but ſince you are ſo, you muſt be my Priſoner, unleſs your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a Woman Priſoner! I hope you are a finer Gentleman than ſo.

Val. But Madam, do not fear, for I will uſe you
As well as ſuch a Man as I can do.

Ura. Tho thou be'ſt rough, thou haſt a noble look,
And I believe my Treatment will be gentle.

Val. Fair Maid, this Confidence is brave in thee;
And tho I am not us'd to make returns,
Unleſs in Thunder on my Enemies,
Yet name the way, and I will ſtrive to ſerve you.

Urn. Then, Sir, I beg that you would ſet me free,
Nor yet retain me here a Priſoner; (Lake,
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Caſtle on the
Where young *Amintas* lies, the Spoil of War.

Val. Amintas, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains;
But I could wiſh (ſince I have vow'd to ſerve you)
You would command me ſomething
Worthy your Beauty, and of that Reſolution.

Ura. There is no other way to do me ſervice.

Val. Then moſt willingly I will obey you.

Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian,* and a neighbouring Villager.

Val. All your Commands ſhall ſtrictly be obey'd.

Pim. Pox on her, ſhe's coy, and let her go. Well Colonel, I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.

Ura.

Ura. Here—take this Jewel as a part of payment.
For all thy goodneſs to an unknown Maid. [*To* Lyces.
And if by chance I ever ſee thee more,
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the ſcore.
[*Ex.* Lyces *weeping.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove of Trees.*

Within the Scene lies Theſander *ſleeping, his Cap and Feather at a diſtance from him.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like an* Amazon, *with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her Back, with* Semiris *attired like her.*

Cleo. I'm almoſt tir'd with holding out the Chaſe.
Sem. That's ſtrange! methought your Highneſs followed not
So faſt to Day as I have ſeen you heretofore.
Cleo. I do not uſe to leave the Game unvanquiſh'd,
Yet now by what ſtrange inclination led
I know not,
The Sport growing dull, I wiſh to meet a place
Far from the noiſe and buſineſs of the Day:
Haſt thou ty'd faſt my Horſes?
Sem. Madam, I have.
Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris?*
Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleaſant.
Cleo. How much more charming are the Works of Nature
Than the Productions of laborious Art!
Securely here the wearied Shepherd ſleeps,
Guiltleſs of any fear, but the diſdain
His cruel Fair procures him.
How many Tales the Echoes of theſe Woods
Cou'd tell of Lovers, if they would betray,
That ſteal delightful hours beneath their Shades!
Sem. You'd rather hear 'em echo back the ſound
Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noiſe of War.

Cleo.

Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,
That cozening Form that veils the Face of Nature,
But does not ſee what's hid within, *Semiris*:
I have a Heart all ſoft as thine, all Woman,
Apt to melt down at every tender Object.
—Oh *Semiris!* there's a ſtrange change within me.
Sem. How, Madam!
Cleo. I would thou knew'ſt it;
Till now I durſt do any thing—but fear,
Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee
What none but thou muſt know—I am in love.
Sem. Why do you bluſh, my Princeſs? 'tis no ſin;
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious Object?
Cleo. Why, canſt thou not gueſs then?
Sem. How is it poſſible I ſhould?
Cleo. Oh Gods! not gueſs the Man!
Or, rather think ſome God! Dull ſtupid Maid,
Haſt thou not heard of ſomething more than mortal!
'Twixt Human and Divine! our Country's Genius,
Our young God of War! not heard of him!
Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabazes*, or *Iſmenes?*
Cleo. Away, thou anger'ſt me.
Sem. Pardon me, Madam,
It can be none at Court, if none of theſe;
And all beſides are much below that Glory.
Cleo. What call'ſt thou much below, miſtaken thing?
Can a gay Name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?
Can it gain Conqueſt, or in Fields or Courts?
No, nor defend its own fantaſtick Owner.
——Come gueſs again.
Sem. I can gueſs no further than a Man, and that I'm ſure he is.
Cleo. I know not———
For yet I never ſaw him, but in's Character,
Unleſs ſometimes in Dreams.
Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?
Perhaps his Perſon may not be agreeable;
The beſt in Camps are not the beſt in Courts.

Cleo. So brave a Mind muſt have as brave an Outſide.
My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing but Wonders of his Worth and Valour,
And 'tis impoſſible but ſuch a Man
Muſt merit Love as well as Admiration.
Sem. Does he not come to Court?
Cleo. The Queen has made him many Invitations;
But he for ſome unknown and cruel Cauſe,
Humbly implores her Pardon for refuſing:
Nor can the General learn his Quality;
But like his Deeds, believes it muſt be great.
Sem. 'Tis moſt likely; but I ſhould never fall in love with Fame alone.
Cleo. I hope it is not Love——but ſtrange Curioſity
To ſee this brave Unknown——and yet I fear———
I've hid this new Impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;
And ſtrove by all my lov'd Divertiſements,
To chaſe it from my Boſom, but in vain:
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer;
The Muſick of the Dogs diſpleas'd to day,
And I was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my Story:
And this lone Shade, as if deſign'd for Love,
Is fitteſt to be conſcious of my Crime.
—Therefore go ſeek a Bank where we may ſit;
And I will ſigh whilſt thou ſhalt pity me.
[*Stands with her Arms acroſs.*
Sem. See, Madam, what I've found.
[Sem. *looks about, and finds the Cap and Feathers.*
Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And muſt belong to no uncommon Man:
—And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies———
—Ha! he ſleeps, tread ſoftly leſt you wake him:
—Oh Gods! who's this with ſo divine a Shape?
Sem. His Shape is very well.
Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his Face.
[Sem. *puts back his Hair.*
And ſee if that will anſwer to the reſt:
—All lovely! all ſurprizing! Oh my Heart,

How

How thou betray'ſt the weakneſs of our Sex!
——Look on that Face, where Love and Beauty dwells—
And tho his Eyes be ſhut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wondrous Charms?

Sem. Yes, Madam, and I wou'd excuſe you, if you ſhou'd now fall in Love, here's Subſtance; but that ſame Paſſion for Fame alone, I do not like.

Cleo. Ah, do not call my Bluſhes to my Face,
But pardon all my weakneſs:
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?
Since after this there's not another Object
Can merit their Attention———
—But I'll no longer view that pleaſing Form———
[*Turns from him.*
—And yet I've loſt all power of removing——
[*Turns and gazes.*
Even now I was in love with mere Report,
With Words, with empty Noiſe;
And now that Flame, like to the Breath that blew it,
Is vaniſh'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of,
Informs my Soul; how eaſily 'tis conquer'd!
How angry am I with my Deſtiny!
Till now, with much diſdain I have beheld
The reſt of all his Sex; and ſhall I here
Reſign a Heart to one I muſt not love?
Muſt this be he muſt kill the King of *Scythia?*
For I muſt lay no claim to any other:
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,
That him for whom ye have deſign'd your Slave,
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the Bounty.
——But theſe are vain imaginary Joys.
[Therſander *wakes, riſes, and gazes.*

Ther. Am I awake, or do my Dreams preſent me
Ideas much more bright and conquering,
Than e'er approach'd my waking Senſe by far?
——Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddeſs of theſe Woods,
That Beauty and that Dreſs confirm me 'tis. [*Kneels.*
———Great Goddeſs, pardon an unlucky Stranger,

The Errors he commits 'gainſt your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had ſacred been,
He wou'd not have profan'd it by his Preſence.
Cleo. Riſe, Sir, I am no Deity;
Or if I were, I cou'd not be offended [*Riſes.*
To meet ſo brave a Man——Gods, how he looks!
Ther. Can you be mortal!
What happy Land contains you? or what Men
Are worthy to adore you?
Cleo. I find you are a Stranger to this place,
You elſe had known me to be *Cleomena.*
Ther. The Princeſs *Cleomena!* my mortal Enemy!
[*Aſide.*
Cleo. You ſeem diſpleas'd at the knowledge of my Name;
But give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Wou'd have another Senſe.
Ther. The knowledge of your Name has not diſpleas'd me; [*Kneels.*
But, Madam, I had ſooner took you for
The Sovereign of the World than that of *Dacia*;
Nor ought you to expect leſs Adoration
From all that World, than thoſe who're born your Slaves.
—And amongſt thoſe devout ones number him,
Whom happy Fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll eſteem himſelf more fortunate,
If by that little ſervice he had rendred you,
Clemanthis' Name have ever reach'd your Ear.
Cleo. Clemanthis! what cou'd the Gods do more,
[*Aſide.*
To make me ever bleſs'd!—Riſe noble Youth—
[*Raiſes him.*
Cou'dſt thou ſalute me Miſtreſs of the World,
Or bring me news of Conqueſt over *Scythia,*
It would not reach ſo kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illuſtrious Name of thine.
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;
And I'm the moſt oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, ſure you wou'd not doubt,
If ſo thoſe Favours you've already done us,

You'll

You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

Ther. To th' Court! to th' utmoſt Bounds of all the Univerſe.
At your Command, thro Dangers worſe than Death,
I'd fly with haſty Joy———
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius.*

Ther. The General here ſo ſoon! [*Aſide.*

Enter Honorius, Iſmenes, *Women, and Huntſmen.*

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle.

[Hon. *kiſſes* Cleo's *Hand.*

Hon. Madam, I heard the Noiſe of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highneſs was abroad to Day;
Following the Cry, it brought me to this Company,
Who were in ſearch for you, and 'twas my Duty to attend them.
——My gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!
This was above my hopes; let me embrace thee,———
And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the preſence
Of my fair Niece, who muſt prevail upon you
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat, let her command.

Ther. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no Invitation.

Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

Iſm. Sir, is this the Man to whom all *Dacia* is ſo much oblig'd?

Hon. This is that gallant Man, whoſe ſingle Valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades,*
Who kill'd their King, and ſcatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble Strength (which Age and Wars
Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint,
He, like *Æneas,* bore my aged Limbs
Thro all the fiery Dangers of the Battel.

Ther. Too much you've ſaid to my Advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their Glory.

Iſm. Rank me amongſt your Captives; for I find,
Whether you fight or not, you muſt be Victor.

[*Embraces* Therſ.

Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante; Vall. *kneels, and delivers* Urania *to the Princeſs.*

Cleo. What new Encounter's this?

Val. I need not aſk where I ſhall pay my Duty:
My Wonder will direct me to your Feet.

Cleo. Who knows the Man that makes me ſuch a Preſent?

Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant Fellow;
But that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as he'as view'd 'em thro their batter'd Walls,
And after join'd 'em to your Territories.

Cleo. Riſe high in her Eſteem that loves a Soldier.
[*He riſes.*

Val. I need ſay nothing for my Priſoner, Madam,
Whoſe Looks will recommend her: only this,
It was againſt my Will I made her ſo,
Who ne'er refus'd till then to take your Enemies.

Ther. It is *Urania*, ſhe'll know me, and betray me.
[*Aſide.*

Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?

Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

Pim. Ay, Madam, we took her, we took her.

Cleo. So fair an one muſt merit my Eſteem:
I hope there are not many ſuch fine Creatures
Brought into the Camp againſt us; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.
——Thy Name and Buſineſs here?

Ura. Urania, Madam ——
My Story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I ſhould relate it here.
—But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my Doom;
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made:
Your Pity, not your Anger I ſhall move,
When I confeſs my Fault is only Love,
Love to a Youth, who never knew till now,
How to ſubmit, nor cou'd to ought but you.

—His

—His Liberty for Ranſom you deny ;
I dare not ſay that this is Cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him, with whom I muſt not live.
Ther. Excellent Maid ! what Generoſity her Love has taught her ! [*Aſide.*
Cleo. That you eſteem me cruel, is unkind,
But Faults of Lovers muſt Forgiveneſs find :
Amintas' Chains had far more eaſy been,
Had he been leſs a Favorite to his King.
——But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I would not render them.
Ura. Madam, this Bounty wou'd exceed Belief,
But you too generous are to mock my Grief :
And when you ſhall m' unhappy Story learn,
'Twill juſtify my Tears, and your Concern.
Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it muſt be ſo.
Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia!*
If I could be miſtaken in that form,
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me :
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aſide.*
Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us :
—You my fair Priſoner muſt along with me :
[*Takes her Hand.*
—Thy Hand, *Clemanthis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle,
[*Takes him with the other Hand.*
—What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,
Would not repine at my Felicity,
Having ſo brave a Friend, ſo fair an Enemy ? [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Caſtle or Priſon on the Sea.

After a little playing on the Lute, enter Orſames *with his Arms cloſe, looking melancholy, follow'd by* Geron *with a Lute in his Hand.*

Orſ. I Do not like this Muſick;
It pleaſes me at firſt,
But every Touch thou giv'ſt that is ſoft and low
Makes ſuch Impreſſions here,
As puzzles me beyond Philoſophy
To find the meaning of;
Begets ſtrange Notions of I know not what,
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
That does diſturb my Quietneſs within.

Ger. You were not wont to think ſo.

Orſ. 'Tis true———
But ſince with time grown ripe and vigorous
I will be active, tho but ill employ'd.
——*Geron*, thou'ſt often told me,
That this ſame admirable Frame of Nature,
This Order and this Harmony of things,
Was worthy admiration.
——And yet thou ſay'ſt all Men are like to us,
Poor, inſignificant Philoſophers.
I to my ſelf could an Idea frame
Of Man, in much more excellence.
Had I been Nature, I had varied ſtill,
And made ſuch different Characters of Men,
They ſhould have bow'd and made a God of me,
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation.
——Now, tell me, who's indebted to her Bounties,
Whoſe needleſs Bleſſings we deſpiſe, not praiſe?

Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been Nature?

Orſ.

Orſ. Some Men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With Thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man;
I wou'd have made 'em—as thou paint'ſt the Gods.
Ger. What to have done?
Orſ. To have had Dominion o'er the leſſer World,
A ſort of Men with low ſubmiſſive Souls,
That barely ſhou'd content themſelves with Life,
And ſhould have had the Infirmities of Men,
As Fear, and Awe, as thou haſt of the Gods;
And thoſe I wou'd have made as numberleſs
As Curls upon the Face of yonder Sea,
Of which each Blaſt drives Millions to the Shore,
Which vaniſhing, make room for Millions more.
Ger. But what if theſe, ſo numerous, tho ſo humble,
Refuſe Obedience to the mighty few?
Orſ. I would deſtroy them, and create anew.
——Haſt not obſerv'd the Sea,
Where every Wave that haſtens to the Bank,
Tho in its angry Courſe it overtake a thouſand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their Ruin,
And make an eaſy Paſſage to the Shore?———
Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiſs,
And then 'twill break to nothing.
Orſ. Why, thou and I, tho tame and peaceable,
Are mortal, and muſt unregarded fall.
—Oh that thought! that damn'd reſiſtleſs thought!
Methinks it haſtens Fate before its time,
And makes me wiſh for what I fain wou'd ſhun.
Ger. Appeaſe your ſelf with thoughts of future Bliſs.
Orſ. Future Bliſs! the Dreams of lazy Fools;
Why did my Soul take Habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth!
Why did it not take Wing in its Creation,
And ſoar above the hated Bounds of this?
What does it lingring here?
Ger. To make it ſelf fit for that glorious End
'Twas firſt deſign'd for,———
By patient ſuffering here.
Orſ. But *Geron*, ſtill to live! ſtill thus to live
In expectation of that future Bliſs,

(Tho I believ'd it) is a ſort of Virtue
I find the Gods have not inſpir'd me with.
Ger. Philoſophy will teach you, Sir,———
Orſ. Not to be wiſe, or happy———
I'll hear no more of your Philoſophy.
—Leave me—for I of late deſire to be without thee.
Ger. This Diſobedience, Sir, offends the Gods—
Orſ. Let 'em do their worſt,
For I am weary of the Life they gave.
Ger. He grows too wiſe to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withſtand his Reaſons— [Ger. *goes out.*
[Orſ. *lies on the Ground.*

Enter Urania, *and Keeper.*

Keep. This Ring is ſufficient Warrant, and your Path on the right Hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*—but have a care you advance no further that way.———
[Exit *Keeper.*

Ura. What ſtrange Diſorder does poſſeſs my Soul!
And how my Blood runs ſhivering thro my Veins,
As if, alas, 't had need of all its Aid,
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas.*
Orſ. Ha! what Noiſe is that? [*He rouzes.*
Ura. I heard a Voice that way——or elſe it was the fear
This gloomy Place poſſeſſes all that enter it:
——Stay, I was forbad that Walk. (ken,
—Heavens! I have forgot which 'twas I ſhould have ta-
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas, Amintas*———
Orſ. What Voice is that?
Methought it had more ſweetneſs in't than *Geron*'s———
[*Riſes, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*
——Ha——what charming thing art thou?
Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas*———yet I ſhould not fear,
He looks above the common rate of Men.
——Sir, can you direct my way
To find a Priſoner out they call *Amintas!*
Orſ. ——Oh Gods! it ſpeaks, and ſmiles, and acts like me;
It is a Man, a wondrous lovely Man!
Whom Nature made to pleaſe me.

———Fair

——Fair thing, pray ſpeak again:
Thy Voice has Muſick in't that does exceed
All *Geron*'s Lutes, pray bleſs my Ears again.
Ura. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Inſtruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.
Orſ. Bright Creature! ſure thou wert born i'th' upper World,
Thy Language is not what we practiſe here;
Speak on, thou Harmony to every Senſe,
Raviſh my Ear as well as Sight and Touch.
Ura. Surely he's mad—nay, Sir, you muſt not touch me.
Orſ. Perhaps thou art ſome God deſcended hither,
[*Retires and bows.*
And cam'ſt to puniſh, not to bleſs thy Creatures;
Inſtruct me how to adore you ſo,
As to retain you here my Houſhold God,
And I and *Geron* ſtill will kneel and pray to you.
Ura. Alas, I am a Woman.
Orſ. A Woman! what's that?
Something more powerful than a Deity;
For ſure that Word awes me no leſs than t'other.
Ura. What can he mean?—oh, I ſhall die with fear—
[*Aſide.*
——Sir, I muſt leave you.
Orſ. Leave me! oh no, not for my future Being!
You needs muſt live with me, and I will love you;
I've many things that will invite you to't,
I have a Garden compaſs'd round with Sea,
Which every day ſhall ſend freſh Beauties forth,
To make the Wreaths to crown thy ſofter Temples.
Geron ſhall deck his Altar up no more;
The gaudy Flowers ſhall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day——
What things are theſe, that riſe and fall ſo often,
[*Touches her Breaſts.*
Like Waves, blown gently up by ſwelling Winds?
Sure thou haſt other Wonders yet unſeen,
Which theſe gay things maliciouſly do hide.
Ura. Alas, I am undone, what ſhall I do?——

Orſ.

Orſ. Nature, thy Conduct's wiſe! nor could thy Favours
Be giv'n to one more apprehenſive of 'em!
——Say, lovely Woman! for I am all on fire,
Impatient of delay,
Can you inſtruct me what I am to do? [*Sighs.*
Undreſs, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

Ura. Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me Heaven! [*Aſide.*

Orſ. Why, I will hold thee——thus, between my Arms,
——I'll ſee thee ſleep, and wonder at thy Form,
——Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,
——And ſomething more—but yet I know not what.

Ura. His whole Diſcourſe amazes me,
And has more Ignorance than Madneſs in't:
———But how ſhall I get free?

Orſ. Thou grow'ſt impatient too, come, let us in—
[*Goes to take her in, ſhe ſtrives to get free, he ſtruggles with her.*

Ura. Hold off, you are too rude.

Orſ. This is the prettieſt play I e'er was at,
But I ſhall gain the better.———
[*Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.*

Ura. Help, help!

Enter Amintas *in Fetters.*

Amin. A Woman's Voice!—Villain, unhand the Lady.

Orſ. Ha! what new thing art thou?

Amin. One ſent from Heaven to puniſh Raviſhers.—
[*Snatches* Ura. *while* Orſ. *is gazing on him.*

Orſ. Thou'ſt call'd up an unwonted Paſſion in me,
And theſe be the effects on't.
[Orſ. *ſtrikes him; they ſtruggle and fall.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a Woman too!
We are undone—Madam, I pray retire—
[Ura. *goes into* Amintas's *Apartments.*
For here's no ſafety for your Sex.

Ura. I gladly take your Counſel.

Orſ. What art thou?

Amin.

Amin. That which I ſeem to be.
Orſ. Then thou'rt a God; for till I ſaw a Woman,
I never ſaw a thing ſo fine as thou?
And 'tis but juſt thou ſhouldſt be more than Mortal,
That durſt command that Creature from my Arms.
Amin. It is the King———I know it by his Innocence,
And Ignorance——— [*Aſide.*
—Riſe, I beſeech you, Sir, and pardon me.
Orſ. So I could live a Year with looking on thee;
—But where's the Creature call'd it ſelf a Woman?
Ger. What Woman, Sir?
Orſ. Ha! *Geron*, where's the Woman?
Ger. What do you mean, Sir?
Orſ. The Heavenly Woman, that was here but now.
Ger. I ſaw none ſuch, nor know I what you mean.
Orſ. Not what I mean? thou could'ſt not be ſo dull:
What is't that I have ſtrove for all this while?
Amin. I'll leave him too, my Preſence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment.
[*Ex.* Amin.
Orſ. Go fetch the Woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee into the Sea.
Ger. I muſt delude him. [*Aſide.*
Orſ. Fly, why ſtay'ſt thou dully here? go bring the Woman.
Ger. Sure you are frantick.
Orſ. I am ſo, and thou ſhalt feel the effect on't,
Unleſs thou render back that lovely Creature.
Ger. Oh! this is perfect Madneſs, Sir, you're loſt;
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.
Orſ. No, there's a furious Tempeſt in my Soul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.
Ger. Hear Reaſon yet—no human Being can get entrance here;
Look round this Caſtle, and no other Object
Will meet your Eyes, but a watry Wilderneſs,
And diſtant and unhabitable Lands.
—What airy Viſion has poſſeſs'd your Fancy?
For ſuch the Gods ſometimes afflict Men with.

Orſ.

Orſ. Ha! an airy Viſion!—Oh but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Fleſh and Blood.
Ger. And are you ſure you are awake?
Orſ. As thou art now.
Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.
Orſ. Away———thou'ſt often told me of ſuch Fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.
Ger. From whence, or how ſhould any living thing get hither?
Orſ. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how, I know not;
But here it was, a ſolid living thing;
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.
Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you ſtruggling on the ground alone;
But what you meant I know not.
Orſ. 'Tis ſo—I grant you that it was a Viſion———
—How ſtrong is Fancy!——yet——it is impoſſible——
Have I not yet the Muſick of its Words?
Like anſwering Echoes leſs'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding Senſe to follow.
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in———
Undreſt from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)
The ſweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Beſides the unerring Witneſs of my Eyes?
And can all theſe deceive? tell me, can they?
Ger. Moſt certainly they have.
Orſ. Then let the Gods take back what they ſo vainly gave.
Ger. Ceaſe to offend, and they will ceaſe to puniſh.
Orſ. But why a Woman? cou'd they ſecure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?
Ger. Shapes Divine are moſt perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom Terrors cannot fright,
It leaves deſires of what it cannot gain,
And ſtill to wiſh for that———
Is much the greateſt torment of the Mind.
Orſ. Well ſaid———but *Geron*, thou'ſt undone thy Aim,
And us'd the only Argument cou'd invite me
T' offend again, that thus I might be puniſh'd:

The

The Gods themſelves invite me to the Sin!
Not ſeeing a Woman, I had never bin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters with* Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid! this Generoſity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my Merit,
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,
Thou didſt oûtdo thy Sex before in Beauty,
In all the Charms that make 'em ſo ador'd:
But this laſt Act, this noble Mark of Love,
Begets a reverend Wonder in my Soul,
And I behold thee as ſome ſacred thing,
That—this way ſhould be worſhip'd———
[*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*

Ura. I'm glad you have ſo kind a Senſe of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me would do;
What cou'd you leſs expect?——Ah, my *Amintas*,
That fatal Night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were ſent to try your Force with theirs,
My Heart foretold your Fate; and that ſame Night,
Whoſe darkneſs veil'd my Bluſhes all alone,
Dreſt like a Youth I haſted from the Court,
And being well mounted, ſoon o'ertook the Army,
When all unknown, I got ſo near your Perſon,
That in the Fight I had the Glory twice
To ſerve you, when your Horſes being kill'd,
I ſtill preſented you with freſh, whoſe Riders
Thy Valour had diſmounted.

Amin. Oh Gods! wert thou that Boy,
Whom oft I ſaid, I thought was ſent from Heaven,
And beg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended?

Ura. The ſame, 'twas all you'd time to ſay; for after that,
Venturing too far, they took you Priſoner.

Anim. Oh with what Shame I look upon your Bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge;

What

What follow'd then, my deareſt fair *Urania?*
Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Priſoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected Boy,
That was not worth their Fetters.
—Then I reſolv'd upon this laſt Adventure,
To make my Application to the Princeſs,
Knowing her noble Nature,
To try (ſince mighty Ranſoms were refus'd)
What ſimple Love would do; and in my way
I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's Youth
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks;
To him I told my Story, who encourag'd me in my reſolv'd deſign,
And I ſo luckily have made an Intereſt
In *Cleomena*'s Heart,
Theſe Chains ſhe'as given me Freedom to diſmiſs,
And you muſt only wear Love's Fetters now:
[*She takes off his Chains.*
——Come, haſte, *Amintas*, from this horrid Place,
And be thy ſelf again, appear in Arms.
The *Scythians* are encampt within thy View,
And e'er three Births of Day the Armies meet;
Th' Event of which, I at the *Druia*'s Cell
Will wait; ſending continual Vows to Heaven
For thy dear Safety: there when the Fight is done,
I wiſh to meet thee;
—But now your Country and your King expect you,
And I love Glory equal to *Amintas*.
Amin. But yet the generous Bounty of the Princeſs
Obliges here, no leſs than Duty there;
I know not how the Gods of War to move
To grant me Victor, or the vanquiſh'd provẽ;
My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,
Since———vanquiſh'd I am loſt, conquering unkind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therſ. Urge it no more, *Lyſander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty paſt all retrieve is loſt;
But they're ſuch glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preſerve that Life
Thou juſtly ſay'ſt I hazard by my Love.

Lyſ. The *Scythian* Gods defend it!

Ther. The Gods inſpire it, 'tis their Work alone;
——I know ſhe is my Enemy, hates *Therſander*,
Has ſent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabaſes* and *Iſmenes*
Have brought their Powers t' aſſiſt againſt my Crown.
But what of this? She loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will ſurmount her Hatred to the *Scythians*.
Oh, my *Lyſander!* didſt thou know her Charms,
Thou'dſt alſo know 'tis not a mortal Force
That can ſecure the Heart: She's all divine!
All Beauty, Wit, and Softneſs! and ſhe loves!
Already I have found the grateful Secret;
She ſcorns the little Cuſtoms of her Sex,
And her belief of being ſo much above me,
Permits her to encourage my Deſign;
She gives a Boldneſs to my baſhful Flame,
And entertains me with much Liberty.

Lyſ. Were all this true, you're equally unhappy;
She muſt be only his that conquers you,
That wins your Crown, and lays it at her Feet.

Therſ. Love ne'er conſiders the Event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll purſue it;
Fearing no other Forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

Lyſ. And will you let her know you are in love?

Therſ. If all my Sighs, if Eyes ſtill fix'd on hers
With Languiſhment and Paſſion, will inform her,
I'll let her know my Flame, or periſh in th' Attempt.

Lyſ. Dare you declare it as you now appear?
And can you hope, that under the Degree

Of what indeed you are, ſhe will permit it?
And your Diſcovery is your certain ruin.
Therſ. Thy Counſel, dear *Lyſander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I muſt attend her,
And ſee where ſhe approaches———
Enter Cleomena, Semiris.
Cleo. The Stranger, ſay you, grown of late ſo penſive!
—I muſt enquire the Cauſe—what if it ſhou'd be Love?
And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris!*
That Thought has given me Pains I never felt;
—Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now,
—Say, didſt thou bid him wait me in the Grove?
Sem. Madam, I ſpoke to him my ſelf———
Cleo. And told him I wou'd ſpeak with him?
Sem. As you commanded me, I ſaid.
Cleo. It ſeems he values my Commands but little,
Who is ſo ſlow in his Obedience:
———Where found you him?
Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.
Cleo. Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,
——I have no Picture there.
Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia*, your fair Couſin,
But for the Excellency of the Work, not Beauty.
Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, ſay you?
—Oh thou haſt touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*:
—But yonder's he that can allay my Rage,
[*Sees* Therſander.
And calm me in that Love by every Look.
—*Clemanthis*, you abſent your ſelf too much
From thoſe to whom your Preſence is agreeable;
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,
And viſit ſhady Groves, walk thus— and ſigh,
Like melancholy Lovers. Has the Court
(Who for your Entertainment has put on
More Gaiety than in an Age before)
Nothing that can divert you? Ceaſe your Ceremony;
[*He bows low.*
I'm your Friend, and if ought harbour there
Within that ſullen Breaſt, impart it here———

And

And I'll contribute any thing to eaſe you.
—Come—boldly tell thy Griefs;
I have an Intereſt in thy noble Life.
—Perhaps, ſince you're arriv'd at Court, you've ſeen
Some Beauty that has made a Conqueſt o'er your Heart;
—Whoe'er ſhe be, you cannot fear Succeſs.
Ther. The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been ſufficient
To have encourag'd any bold Attempt;
And here are Beauties would transform a God,
Much more a Soldier, into an amorous Shape.
—But, I confeſs, with ſhame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?
This makes me ſhun the Pleaſures of your Court,
And ſeek Retirements ſilent as my Griefs.
Cleo. It ſeems you were a Lover e'er I ſaw you,
And Abſence from your Miſtreſs makes you languiſh.
Ther. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many Queſtions,
Leſt I offend where I ſhould merit Pity;
The Boldneſs may arrive unto her Knowledge,
And then you'l loſe the humbleſt of your Creatures,
Whilſt as I am, I may among the Croud
Of daily Worſhippers, pay my Devotions.
Cleo. Give me your Hand, we'll walk a little.
[*They go and ſit down on a Bank.*
——How do you like this Grove?
Ther. As I do every place you're pleas'd to bleſs.
Heaven were not Heaven, were Gods not preſent there;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.
Cleo. Look *Clemanthis*—on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivulet does take its riſe,
And branches forth in Channels thro the Garden;
——'Twas near a place like that —— where firſt I ſaw *Clemanthis.* [*Sighing.*
Ther. Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas alſo there
Clemanthis left his Liberty at the Feet
Of Divine *Cleomena*;
And charg'd himſelf with thoſe too glorious Chains,

Never

Never to be diſmiſt but with his Life.
[*She riſing in anger, he kneels.*
Cleo. How, *Clemanthis!*
Ther. Ah! Madam, if I too preſumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,
You ſhould forgive the Pride you do create,
And all its ſtrange Effects;
Which if I have miſtaken, let me die.
Only this Mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations pleaſe the Gods,
Mine cannot be offenſive to my Princeſs,
Since they are equally Religious.
Cleo. Stranger—before I puniſh thy Preſumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended?
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his ſword has done—dares raiſe his Eyes to me?
Ther. Madam, what you demand is juſt,
And I had rather die than diſobey you;
But I am conſtrain'd by a Neceſſity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon)
For ſome time to conceal my Birth and Name.
Cleo. Till then you ſhould have kept your Flame conceal'd,
'T had been leſs diſobliging from a criminal one,
Whoſe Quality had juſtify'd his Boldneſs.
Ther. Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other Difficulty than want of Quality to merit you!
Cleo. I muſt confeſs, *Clemanthis*, with a Bluſh,
That nothing of the reſt diſpleaſes me.
Ther. Ah, Madam, how you bleſs me!
And now with Confidence I dare aſſure you,
That which ſhould render me more worthy of you,
Shall be in me found more to your Advantage,
Than in thoſe Princes who have taken on 'em
The Glory of your Service.
Cleo. As I am very reaſonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice
I'll now deſire no more.
But have a care you uſe my Bounty well;
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you ſay is true.

Ther.

Ther. Madam, baniſh me your Preſence, as the Man
Of all the World unworthy to adore you,
If I preſent not to you in *Clemanthis*
A Man enough conſiderable to hope.
Cleo. But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forgot my Fate,
My Deſtiny depends upon my People;
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a Reſolution
To give me to that Prince who does moſt powerfully
Advance the Ruin of the King of *Scythia.*
Ther. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on thoſe who pretend to you;
I will not only ſerve you in this War
With more Succeſs than any,
But ſet the Crown of *Scythia* on your Head.
Cleo. That's bravely ſaid.
Ther. Perhaps it ſeems extravagantly ſpoken,
In the Condition you behold me now;
But here I vow—I never will demand [*Kneels.*
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her——
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia.*
—Till then—give me but hope—enough, I live—
[*Riſes.*
Cleo. That's to your Perſon due; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour— I will more allow.
Sem. Madam, the Queen is here.
Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Iſmenes, *Guards*, *Attendants*, &c.
Queen. I'm glad to ſee you all in Readineſs;
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,
——And *Cleomena* is your General;
Since 'tis her Cauſe we fight, it is but juſt
She ſhare the Danger of it with the Glory.
Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* ſhall a Witneſs be
Of what we do to ſerve her,
And ſee the eaſy Conqueſt we ſhall make
Upon the Perſons of her Enemies.
Hon. I know not, Sir, what may you do,
But we have found it not ſo eaſy.
Arta. Oh there's no doubt, but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And

And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons, to adorn your Triumphs.
Ther. Madam, I muſt confeſs your Force is great,
And the Aſſiſtance of theſe Men conſiderable;
Yet I adviſe your Majeſty to prepare
For the Defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a Buſineſs much more difficult
Than they preſent it to you: for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not leſs.
[*Looks with ſcorn on them.*
—Conſider too, that King was never conquer'd,
Tho theſe believe to do't with ſo much eaſe.
I oft have ſeen *Therſander*, that young Prince,
Upon whoſe Sword Fortune her ſelf depends,
——And I can tell—he's not ſo eaſily chain'd,
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.
Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the Praiſes
You give our Enemies?
—I have heard of that King, and of *Therſander* too;
But never heard of ſo much Terror in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill Succeſs;
——And, you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*.
Tho many ſuch as you ſhould take his part.
Ther. How many ſuch I! [*Comes up to his Breaſt.*
Gods! wiſh your ſelves no other Enemies
To join with that young Prince;
To conquer him and many ſuch as I,
Requires a Number of ſuch Kings as you.
Iſm. It is too much, *Clemanthis*; were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.
Ther. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon,
I have fail'd in the Reſpect I owe you,
By what I've ſaid in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilſt you think ſo eaſily o'ercome,
You will neglect that Power ſhould make you Victor.
Queen. 'Tis Virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Tho to the Advantage of thoſe Men you hate—

—I muſt not have you take ought ill from him.
[*To the King.*
But as you've all unanimouſly join'd
To aſſiſt us in this War, ſo all embrace,
[Therſ. *ſalutes 'em coldly.*
Be one and ever Friends.
Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army
[*To* Hon.
To your unqueſtion'd Care ; and if you can,
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever in our Service.
Cleo. Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you ;
And you, *Clemanthis*, muſt be near me ſtill.
[Therſ. *bows. All go out but* Ther. Hon. Lyſan.
Hon. Clemanthis, you are troubled.
Ther. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.
Hon. You ſhou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,
A Man ſo young, and ſuch a Name in War.
Ther. That, Sir, is only your Eſteem of it.
Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the World and thee, how much I prize it,
Without conſulting of your Quality,
I'll make you abſolute Maſter of my Fortune.
Ther. Heav'ns ! whence this Generoſity ? [*Aſide.*
Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child,
Whom all the World eſteems a virtuous one,
And for whoſe Love Princes have ſu'd in vain,
I now with Joy will render you in Marriage.
Ther. I am undone ! [*Aſide.*
It is a Princeſs, Sir, I muſt admire,
But never durſt behold her with Eyes of Love,
A Maid ſo much above me.
Hon. I am a Man, whoſe martial Diſpoſition
Renders me too unartful in my Language ;
I cannot ſtudy Fineneſs in my Words,
But with Sincerity declare my Heart,
And do propoſe this Marriage with *Olympia*,
For your Advantage and the publick Intereſt,
Beſides my own Content.
Ther. Have you conſider'd, Sir, I am below her ?
Hon. No more of that : go viſit my *Olympia*,

She

She is prepar'd to give you Entertainment. [*Ex.* Hon.
Ther. Marry *Olympia!*
No cou'd he with *Olympia* give the World,
I could not love, nor marry her.
——Oh my *Lyſander*! what evaſion now?
——Didſt hear the noble Offer of the General?
Lyſ. I did, great Sir, and what will you return?
Ther. If I refuſe, I muſt offend the Man
To whom of all the World I am moſt-oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Therſander* might accept.
Lyſ. It's fit you ſhould conſult the Princeſs, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.
Ther. I'll take thy Counſel—and wait upon *Olympia:*
——Yes, I will go viſit her, tho but to prove
No Torment can be like diſſembled Love.

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.
Queen. Is't poſſible, my Brother, you can have
So great a Paſſion for the publick good,
As willingly to ſacrifice your Child to its Repoſe,
And make her Arms the ſoft and eaſy Chains
To link this gallant Stranger to our Intereſt?
Hon. His Virtue I prefer above a Crown.
Cleo. You ſhou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it;
Not give it over-meaſure—But are you ſure he will accept it?
Hon. I am not certain, being not come ſo far;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.
Cleo. This cannot be his Malice; for he was ever noble,
[Hon. *talks to the Queen.*
But falſe or feign'd, I can endure no more on't:
—By Heaven this Stranger's falſe! falſe as his Name!
——*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture;
——'Tis ſo——he loves *Olympia*!
And when I ask the Name of her he lov'd,
I urg'd it with ſuch ſoftneſs in my Eyes,
That he in Pity of me ſwore 'twas I:
—Now can I find how much my Soul's poſſeſt

With

With Love, ſince 'tis with Jealouſy oppreſt. [*Goes out.*

Queen. How do you like the Trial of *Orſames*,
Which I intend to make?

Hon. You'll oblige your People, and do a Mother's Duty.

Queen. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my Nature,
That from his Infancy has kept him ignorant
Of what he was———but the Decrees of Heaven.

Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be juſt,
He muſt be King too, tho his Reign be ſhort:
You cannot alter thoſe Decrees of Heaven.

Queen. The Gods are Witneſs how theſe eighteen Years
I have with much Regret conceal'd his Birth.

Hon. You know the laſt Defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient People broke the Caſtle-gates,
And againſt all your Powers were ready to have crown'd him;
And ſhou'd we now be conquer'd, nothing leſs
Will ſtill the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impreſſions,
Had he but good Examples to diſpoſe him.

Queen. I'll have it done to night.
Heaven, if it be thy Will, inſpire my Son
With Virtue fit to wear his Father's Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, diſcovers Therſander *ſeemingly courting* Olympia. *Enter* Cleomena; *ſees them, ſtarts, gazes on them, then goes out unſeen. The Scene changes to her Apartment.—She enters in a Rage—*

Clec. Perfidious Man! am I abandon'd then?
Abandon'd for *Olympia*! my Slave———
——And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven——
[*Soft.*
And ſhall he quit me thus?
Without being puniſh'd for this Infidelity?
—No, let me be a ſhame to all my Sex then—
—Oh, *Clemanthis*! to whom I fondly gave my Liberty,
When firſt I ſaw thee ſleeping in the Wood.
——But I grow ſoft, a Paſſion too unfit
For ſo much Anger as my Soul's poſſeſs'd with;

'Twas but even now he lov'd me with ſuch Ardor,
And he who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,
Dar'ſt thou become unjuſt, ungrateful Stranger!
Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,
Would ſacrifice her to another Miſtreſs?
——This Heart, which ought not to've been given away,
But by the Services and Blood of Kings,
How haſt thou loſt it on a falſe Unknown,
Without being paid for it one ſingle Sigh!———
Enter Therſander; *She draws a Dagger*; *offers to kill him, but cannot.*
Traitor—haſt thou the impudence to appear before me,
Or, doſt thou come to meet thy juſt Reward?
[*Offers to ſtab him.*
—There's ſomething in his Looks that does preſerve him,
Or I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him.
—Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
Before ſo many Princes, who in vain
Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'ſt betray'd.
Ther. Ah! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
And not inform me how I have offended?
Cleo. Be gone, I ſay, if thou would'ſt ſave a Life,
Which thoſe that dare do evil fear to loſe.
Ther. Thoſe Eyes thus order'd are far worſe than Death.
End what you have ſo well begun,
And kill me;
Yet from another's Hand
The Blow would be leſs cruel.
Cleo. Oh Impudence!
Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love;
But Monſter, tho thou art below my Hand,
I'm yet a Princeſs, and I can command.
By Heaven I'll try how much Rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me ſtrait;
She ſhall in Triumph with me ſtand and ſmile,
To ſee thee by ſome Vaſſal bleed.
Ther. There needs no other witneſs of my Death,
But her I have offended;
To you alone I offer up my Life: for dying,
I've ſomething to relate may juſtify your Rage,

Tho

Tho not deſerve your Pity.
Cleo. Hell!
Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that ſhe ſhould ſee
Him die, leſt it ſhould coſt her but a Tear;
—Why ſhould I want the Strength?——
—But Oh, I cannot. [*Offers to preſent the Dagger.*
But canſt thou live falſe Man, and ſee me frown?
Ther. No, Madam, I can die——thus——
[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*
Cleo. Stay———
Thou ſhalt not ſo much Glory gain:
No, live, and prove wretched enough to know
How very poorly thou haſt loſt my Heart. [*Ex. raving.*
[Ther. *gazes after her.*
Ther. Muſt I then live?——I will obey——farewel,
The faireſt and unkindeſt of thy Sex;
If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one
That loves more than *Therſander*, if thou canſt
Treat him worſe than thou haſt done me———
For oh! how miſerable is the Wretch, whoſe Prayer
Repuls'd, like me, lives only to deſpair. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, diſcovers Orſames *ſeated on a Throne aſleep, dreſt in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either ſide of the Stage Courtiers ready dreſt, and multitude of Lights. Above is diſcovered the Queen,* Olympia, *and Women,* Pimante, Artabazes, Iſmenes; *Soft Muſick plays; whilſt he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himſelf with Wonder.*

Orſ.—GOds! what am I?
——Or, is there any other here but I?
Ger. Yes, my great Lord;
But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.

Orſ. I underſtand thee, 'tis ſome God thou mean'ſt.
Ger. On Earth it is: your Power too is as great;
Your Frowns deſtroy, and when you ſmile you bleſs;
At every Nod the whole Creation bows,
And lay their grateful Tributes at your Feet;
Their Lives are yours, and when you deign to take 'em,
There's not a Mortal dares defend himſelf:
But that you may the more reſemble Heaven,
You ſhould be merciful and bountiful.
Orſ. I do believe I am the King thou ſpeak'ſt of.
Ger. Behold this Crown—this ſacred Thing is yours.
[*Kneels, and gives him the Scepter and Crown; he puts it on, and walks about.*
Orſ. It is a glorious Object———
And fit for none but me———
Olymp. Madam, methinks the King is the fineſt Man
That e'er I ſaw———ſhall he not ſtill be King?
Qu. I hope he will deſerve it.
Orſ. So, now methinks I move like Heaven it ſelf,
All circled round with Stars,
—Hah! what's this that kneels? [*The Queen kneels, he*
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.— *ſnatches her up.*
Orſ. By my great ſelf it is another Woman,
Which I have burnt with a deſire of ſeeing.
—Be gone, and leave us here alone together;
I've ſomething to impart to this fair Thing,
Muſt not be underſtood by you.
Qu. Why, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,
Which thoſe about you muſt not underſtand?
Orſ. A new Philoſophy inſpir'd by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught.
—Come and augment my Knowledge.
Qu. Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?
Orſ. Thou art all ſoft and ſweet like ſpringing Flowers,
And gentle as the undiſturbed Air.
Qu. But I am your Mother.
Orſ. No matter; thou'rt a Woman, art thou not?
And being ſo, the Mother cannot awe me.
Ger. Sir, 'tis the Perſon gave you Life and Being.
Orſ. That gave me Life! oh how I love thee for't!

Come

Come—and I'll pay thee back ſuch kind Returns——
Ger. Moſt Royal Sir, this Woman was
Not made by Heaven—for you.
Orſ. Away with your Philoſophy; but now you ſaid—
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.
Ger. But Kings are juſt as well as powerful, Sir.
Orſ. I am ſo to my ſelf, do not oppoſe me.
Ger. Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.
Orſ. Am I a God, and can be diſobey'd?
Remove that Contradiction from my ſight,
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women!
Enter Olympia *and other Women.*
Oh Nature, how thou'ſt furniſh'd me with Store!
And finer far than this— [*Gazes on* Olympia.
——But what is that whoſe Eyes give Laws to all,
And like the Sun, eclipſe the leſſer Lights?
Qu. Speak to him, *Olympia.*
Orſ. Who tells me what ſhe is?
Olim. Oh how I tremble!—Sir, I am a Maid.
Orſ. A Maid! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [*Kneels.*
Olym. I am your Slave, you muſt not kneel to me—
[*Takes him up.*
Orſ. How ſoon my Glory's vaniſht!
Till now I did believe I was ſome God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my Will; but by this awful Fear,
I find thou art the greater Deity:
——Pray tell me faireſt, are you not a Woman?
Olym. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.
Orſ. I did believe that thou wert ſomething more,
For I have ſeen a Woman, and ne'er knew
So much Diſorder in my Soul before:
——For every Look of thine gives me a Pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted Seat.
Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?
Orſ. Extremely hurt me, thou haſt a ſecret Power,
And canſt at diſtance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you cou'd ever do.

——But 'twas my Fault; had I not gaz'd on thee,
I had been ſtill a King, and full of Health.
—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou haſt greater Power——whilſt it ſits here—
[*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*
It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere:
——So, now they're fixt again.
Qu. Pimante, ſpeak to him to take it back.
Pim. He kills me with his Looks.
——Sir, when you part with this, you'll be deſpis'd;
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vaniſh.
Orſ. I yet have ſomething that ſhall make thee fear,
I'm ſtill a King, tho I muſt bow to her;
Take him away to Death immediately———
Pim. Any where to be out of your Sight———
A King, quotha? [*Exit.*
Orſ. Come, my fair Virgin, this ſhall be my Altar,
And I will place thee here, my Deity.
Qu. Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.
Orſ. I ſay again, I'll have it fit for two:
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that:
———Aſcend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it;
Aſcend, and be immortal as my ſelf.
Art. That Throne ſhe was not born to.
Orſ. Into the Sea with that bold Counſellor,
And let him there diſpute with Winds and Waves. [Art. *ex.*
Being ſeated on a Throne, enter ſeveral in Maſquerades, and dance.
——Cou'd I be ſenſible of any Pleaſure,
But what I take in thee, this had ſurpriz'd me.
Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.
Orſ. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe, my lovely Virgin;
For I've reſign'd my Being to your Will,
And have no more of what I call my own,
Than Senſe of Joys and Pains, which you create.
[*They riſe, and ſit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*
Olym. Will you not pleaſe to eat?
Orſ. It is too groſs a Pleaſure for a King.
Sure, if they eat, 'tis ſome celeſtial Food,
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes———

Ah

Ah lovely Maid———
Olym. Why do you ſigh, Sir?
Orſ. For ſomething which I want; yet having thee,
What more can Heaven beſtow to gratify
My Soul and Senſe withal?
Olym. Sir, taſte this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd Opinion,
And let you know the Error of your Paſſion;
'Twill cauſe at leaſt ſome Alteration in you.
Orſ. Why ſhouldſt thou ask ſo poor a Proof of me?
But yet, I will obey,——give me the Wine.
[*They put ſomething into the Bowl.*
Olym. How do you like it, Sir?
Orſ. Why——well; but I am ſtill the ſame.
Come, give it me again—'tis very pleaſant—
Will you not taſte it too?——
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;
What I have drank, has deify'd thee more,
Heightens the Pleaſure which I take to gaze on thee,
And ſends a thouſand ſtrange uneaſy Joys,
That play about my Heart, and more tranſport me—
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy Eyes
May find ſome Charms in me to make thee thus.
Olym. Alas, they've found already but too many. [*Aſide.*
Orſ. I thought I muſt have gaz'd on thee for ever;
—But oh! my Eyes grow heavy in the Play,
As if ſome ſtrange Divinity about me
Told me my Safety lay in their Declenſion.
———It is not Sleep!—ſure Kings do never ſleep;
That were a low ſubmiſſion to a Power
A Monarch ſhou'd deſpiſe——but yet 'tis ſo:
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then?
Or do you ever ſleep? I find ye do!
But I muſt——and loſe this lovely Object:
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it ſtill in this harmonious Order———
—And gently blow the Flame 't has kindled there.
[*Falls aſleep.*

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Erates.

Pim. Are you ſure he's aſleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Qu. I fear he is a Tyrant in his Nature.
Ger. But ſince he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You ſhould not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.
Qu. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And ſtill continue to impoſe upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleom. *with a Truncheon in her Hand, a Sword and a Quiver of Arrows by her ſide, with* Semiris.
Sem. Madam, you are ſad,
As if you doubted your Succeſs to day.
Cleo. There are ſome Moments wherein I do repent me
The too raſh Baniſhment of poor *Clemanthis.*
How did he take the Letter that I ſent?
Sem. As Perſons innocent and full of Health
Receive unlookt for Sentences of Death;
He ſigh'd, and ſaid he wou'd obey your Will:
And, Madam, had you ſeen his ſilent Grief,
You wou'd have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! baniſh that fooliſh Pity from your Heart,
That wou'd perſuade thee he is innocent.
Did I not ſee him courting of *Olympia?*
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his Fault of Baniſhment.
Cleo. And was't not cauſe enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what Injuſtice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet,
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the Intentions of your generous Uncle;
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia,*
And that he durſt not ſeem to diſeſteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a Man to whom
He ow'd ſo much; but moſt to hide his Paſſion:
And then was coming to conſult with you,
How he ſhould manage this Affair with him.

Cleo.

Cleo. And is this Truth thou tell'ſt me, dear *Semiris?*
Sem. Madam, I do not uſe t'abuſe your Credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverſe his Doom.
Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he no longer in the World?
For 'tis impoſſible to be imagin'd
He parted hence with any Thought of Life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd—
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
And he that finds him firſt, is made for ever.
Oh Jealouſy, thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
Thy Ills procure more Miſchief than thy Hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt conſiſtent with Love's Flame.
I'll not my Weakneſs nor Reſentment ſhow;
A Heart like mine, ſhould ſooner break than bow.
——Come my *Semiris*, we too long have ſtay'd;
That Call, till now, was never diſobey'd.
[*Trumpet ſounds. Ex.*

SCENE III. Scythian *Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt fine, with* Urania.
Ura. Within this Shade till the black Day be paſt,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken Horſe, the Fight's begun,
And I muſt leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being ſo,
Why had I not a maſculine Courage given me?
That ſide by ſide I might have ſhar'd thy Glory,
Or have expir'd together?
Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this Tenderneſs,
Come ſend me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my Heart that may preſerve it;
Here reſt till my Return: farewel, my Fair.
Ura. And if I never ſee thee more. farewel—
[Amin. *exit.*
Here I will lay me down, and never riſe,
Till thou return'ſt with Laurel, or with Cypreſs. [*Sits down.*

Now I cou'd curſe the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To ſatisfy a Flame will ruin him. [*A noiſe of Fighting.*
——The Fight increaſes; Oh ye Gods of Battel,
In midſt of all your Rage preſerve my Love.
Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*
Art. My Nephew kill'd! and I diſmounted too! oh curſt Fate!
Ura. This Noiſe has comfort in't, it ſounds like Victory,
[*A hollowing within amongſt the noiſe of Fighting.*
Enter Amintas.
—Oh Gods! *Amintas!* what has Fortune done?
Amin. The undaunted *Scythians* never loſt the Field;
Yet now at firſt 'twas doubtful
To which ſide Fortune would incline her ſelf.
Iſmenes kill'd where'er he turn'd his Sword,
And quite defeated our *Agrippian* Forces;
Yet was not ſatisfy'd, knowing the King
To be the Price of *Cleomena*'s Heart,
But ſought him out on all ſides,
Whom 'twas not hard to find;
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
Diſtributing a Death to all Oppoſers.
But young *Iſmenes* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
And knowing our great King by ſeveral Marks,
Boldly cry'd out,—Defend the Life I claim.
The King made no Reply, but at that Word
Prepar'd himſelf to fight.
Ura. Thou kill'ſt me, till thou bring'ſt him off again.
Amin. Diſorder'd thus—the *Dacian* took Advantage,
And charg'd with ſo much Vigour—we gave Ground;
When on that ſide the ſingle Combat was,
There appear'd a Body of two thouſand Horſe,
Led by a Man, whoſe Looks brought Victory,
And made the conquering Foe retire again:
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
With unreſiſted Fury he made up,
And ruſhing in between them,
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,
That ſtruck him from his Horſe.

After

After this Victory *Therſander*'s Name
Did fly from Mouth to Mouth,
Inſpiring every *Scythian* with new Valour:
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To ſeek his Safety by his Horſe's Flight;
—But here's the King—retire into this Wood. [Ura. *Ex.*

Enter King, Therſander, *Officers and Soldiers.*

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Therſander.*
Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir,
King. He is——but they look lovely on him.
Ther. They're too ſlight Marks to give you of my Duty;
Your Majeſty has greater need of Care.
King. Thou art my beſt Phyſician, and thy ſight
Heals all the Wounds I have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Boſom,
Thou great Preſerver of my Crown and Life.
Ther. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt all but* Therſ. *and* Amin.

Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;
For thou art half my ſelf, my dear *Amintas:*
I have ſtrange News to tell thee ſince we parted,
And need thy Counſel in an Affair of Love——
——Thou know'ſt my buſineſs to the *Dacian* Court
Was to have ſet thee free; but oh my Friend!
In lieu of that, I've made my ſelf a Captive
Amin. Your Story, Sir, I know, but heard withal,
The Princeſs did repay your grateful Flame.
Ther. I thought ſhe did, for ſo a while ſhe ſeem'd;
And when I thought my ſelf the moſt ſecure,
Being fortify'd with all her new-made Promiſes,
My blooming Hopes were blaſted e'er full-blown,
And I receiv'd her Orders for my Baniſhment,
Which I as ſoon obey'd: but by the way,
I did conceive a thouſand Revolutions,
Sometimes to ſerve my Princeſs—then my Father;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love: in this Diſpute
I met the Levies of the *Iſadons*,
Who were the laſt of all our Calvary,
To whom I made me known, and came ſo luckily,

As

As gain'd the yet-diſputed Victory.
Amin. 'Twas in an happy Moment.
Ther. Thus I comply'd with what I ow'd my Duty.
But theſe of Love are ſtill unſatisfy'd:
Dare I, why could offend to that degree,
As to deſerve a Baniſhment from her,
Approach her uninvited?
Amin. 'Twas dangerous, Sir.
Ther. Then 'twere the fitter for my Enterprize:
——But her Diſpleaſure———oh my *Cleomena!*
If, for the Puniſhment of my Diſobedience,
You'd only take away that Life you threaten,
How willingly I wou'd reſign it up,
Rather than undergo this Separation!
Amin. You'll certainly expoſe your Life by going:
What other Reaſon could ſhe have to baniſh you,
But from her Knowledge that you were *Therſander*?
And, Sir, you ſee her Paſſion for *Clemanthis*
Cou'd not o'ercome her Hatred for her Enemy.
Ther. No, when I call to mind her cruel Words;
If chuſing me before ſo many Kings,
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly addreſt 'em; therefore I'll venture on in my Deſign:
———Give order that our Horſes be made ready,
Whilſt I excuſe our Abſence to the King; our ſtay will not be long:
Mean time it may be thought we're gone to view the Camp;
Intereſt and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I muſt reconcile 'em both to me.

SCENE IV. *The* Dacian *Tents.*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Iſm. *Women, Attendants.*
Cleo. 'Twas ſtrangely loſt, and yet I dare affirm,
The Victory had been ours but for *Therſander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made Breaches, and o'erflow'd all that lay near it.
Iſm. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his Arrival not prevented me.

Cleo.

Cleo. He is brave, without diſpute.
Iſm. And 'tis as certain that he did ſurprize me.
Without permitting time for my Defence,
He had not elſe ſo ſoon diſmounted me.
But, Madam, I deſign (if you approve it)
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Art. That Juſtice I may hope as well as you:
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.
Qu. I cannot but commend that noble Ardor
That carries you to thoſe Deſigns of Glory;
What thinks my Brother of it?
Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.
Cleo. And ſo do I;
And that we may do equal Juſtice to you all,
We'll write *Therſander*'s Name,
And he who draws that Name ſhall fight the Combat.
Hon. But are you ſure he will accept the Offer?
Iſm. I dare engage he will.
Cleo. I am of your Opinion;
The only brave are never proud of Conqueſt,
I'll write his Name my ſelf.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are theſe? [*A Shout within.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Qu. The News is welcome.
Enter Therſ. *kneels, kiſſes the Queen's Hand; the ſame to* Cleomena—*ſalutes all.*
Ther. Madam, the great Neceſſity which made me leave
When I believ'd my ſelf unprofitable, (you,
Could not detain me, when I was aſſur'd
My Sword could do you Service.
Qu. This Viſit recompenſes all our Loſs,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The Opinion your Abſence almoſt forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your Sight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Ther. I ought to ſuffer, Sir, in your Opinion,
Till my Excuſes may redeem my Credit.
Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he ſeems,

And

And how his Eyes his paſt Offence redeems !
Whilſt all my Cruelties they ſeem t' upbraid,
They pardon too the Faults themſelves have made.
Qu. I'm ſatisfy'd, and you are fitly come
To ſhare a Danger we are now diſputing.
Ther. 'Tis not the Danger, Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to ſerve you.
Art. Madam, conſider who we are,
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
Ther. Your Honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice ;
Would we could find in this Diſpute, whate'er it be,
That were the greateſt Difficulty :
———Madam, name your Commands.
Qu. We are drawing a Lot
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Ther. Hah—*Therſander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.
Iſm. Since you're ſo nice, we will excuſe you, Sir.
Ther. What an unlucky accident was this !
One Moment's longer ſtay had made me happy, [*Aſide.*
And render'd up theſe Rivals to my Power.
Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.
[*They draw Lots. It falls to* Therſ.
Ther. My Fears are all compleated——— [*Aſide.*
The Lot is mine.
Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm ſo ſenſible of the Danger
[*Aſide to him.*
Whereto you muſt expoſe your ſelf for me,
I cannot think with Pleaſure on the Victory
You poſſibly may gain.
Therſ. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conqueſt ;
[*Bows to her, and ſpeaks low.*
But, Madam, if *Therſander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
As theſe two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challenge from me.
Cleo. Clemanthis' Deeds has rais'd his Fame too high
To be eſteem'd unworthy of that Juſtice ;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his Youth and Valour too.
Ther. If Fortune bleſs me with Succeſs to Day,
I'll owe it to your Cauſe and not my Sword.

Qu.

Qu. May'ſt thou ever be Victor. [*They lead him out.*
Manet Arta. Iſm.
Art. My Art ſhall fail me then.
Iſm. You are diſpleas'd, Sir.
Art. Is that a Wonder?
Who can be tame, and ſee an unknown Youth,
Who brings no Forces but his ſingle Arm,
Raviſh the Hope and Spoil of Victory from us,
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,
Whilſt both our Claims to *Cleomena*'s Heart
Muſt be neglected ſince we want Succeſs?
Iſm. We could pretend to her no other way.
Art. Have you, or I, leſs Virtue than *Clemanthis?*
Iſm. Yes, if we envy at his Merits.
Art. Purſue your virtuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reach firſt the Goal.
I'll take Revenge. [Art. *exit.*
Iſm. I Honour will purſue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance.
——*Clemanthis*, if thy Life I baſely ſought,
Like him, I'd ſave the Hazard of my own;
But as thou'rt brave, ſo thou ſhalt bravely fall
Before *Therſander* rob me of thy Life,
Or thou the Fortune haſt to vanquiſh him——
And if in this Encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victim to an hopeleſs Fire. [*Exit.*
[*Scene changes to the Wood, diſcovers* Therſ. *and* Amin. *among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they come forth.*
Ther. So, now thou doſt appear ſo like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be miſtaken in thee.
Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.
Ther. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Until the Sign be given for the Combat,
And then appear upon the Place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But ſo I'll order all the Blows I give,
They ſhall not wound nor hurt thee,
For ſtill remember I muſt be the Victor.

Amin.

Amin. I will endeavour to perform it ſo, [*Noiſe.*
That none ſhall know the Fallacy.

Ther. Be gone, I hear a Noiſe; farewel, dear *Amintas*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Ex.* Ther.

Enter ſome Fellows in Clokes.

1 *Fel.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fel.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one ſingle Man; and here's a Place as fit as we could wiſh; ſhall we ſet upon him altogether?

1 *Fel.* Ay, ay, Neatneſs in this Affair is not requir'd: kill him, and *Artabazes* deſires no more.

[*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight,* Amintas *falls.*

Enter Iſmenes.

Iſm. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my Buſineſs. Here we unſeen may end the Difference— [*Noiſe within.*
——Hark——what Noiſe of fighting's that?
Perhaps my Aid's requir'd.

Scene draws open, diſcovers Amintas *lying as dead all bloody,* Pimante *peeping*; Iſm. *re-enters.*

Iſm. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous Deed
Is done by *Artabazes*. [*Exit.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier ſuch damn'd Luck? I have heard it diſputed, that this ſame Danger was to be courted by the brave and bold; but I, who took the beſt Care I could whilſt the Fight laſted to ſecure my ſelf by this Retreat, find my ſelf even here ſurrounded with it; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my Deſign, has met here what he endeavour'd to ſhun: Yonder's *Iſmenes* too——well, we are all but Men.

Iſm. Here's yet ſome Breath remaining; oh *Pimante*, lend thy Aſſiſtance.
——*Clemanthis*, if thou yet haſt ſo much Senſe,
Inform us how thou cam'ſt thus wounded?

Amin. Know Sir, *Therſander*—Prince of *Scythia*— [*Faints.*

Pim. Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Iſm. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter

a ſingle Man, has ſet a dozen to kill him; Mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody Fight: but, Sir, what ſhall we do with the Body? (lence,

Iſm. If I could command thee any thing if ſhould be Si-
Till I have met *Therſander* in his Room. [Iſm. *exit.*

Pim. You ſhould command me, tho I was never good at Secrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the Entrance of the Wood;
I find I am a perfect Woman now,
And have my Fears, and fits of Cowardice.

Sem. Madam, will you not ſee the Combat then?

Cleo. I dare not, ſomething here aſſures me
Clemanthis will be conquer'd.

Pim. Ha! the Princeſs here? on my Conſcience there was never Miſchief but a Woman was at one end on't.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look ſo ſcurvily?

Pim. Ah Madam, ſuch a Sight ſo diſmal and bloody!

Cleo. What ſays he?

Pim. Clemanthis, Madam———

Cleo. Clemanthis! Oh what of him!
Why, my prophetick Heart, doſt thou betray me?

Sem. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, reaſſume your Courage.

Cleo. Yes—I will hear—the fatal Story—out.

Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the Noiſe and Fury of the Battle, I came into this Wood; and when I thought all Danger paſt, I heard even here the Noiſe of Swords and Fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almoſt into the Danger of them.

Sem. Leave out the Hiſtory of your own Fears, and come to the Buſineſs.

Pim. But ah, Madam, unſeen I ſaw: who did I ſee—
Ah, who ſhould I ſee but *Clemanthis*, Madam,
Fixt with his Back againſt yon Cypreſs-tree,
Defending himſelf againſt a dozen Murderers.
I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker ſide,
And therefore came not forth to his Aſſiſtance.
Prince *Iſmenes* would have taken his Part, but came too late too;
But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,

And

And he could anſwer nothing but——*Therſander.*
Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love——
[*They lead her to* Amin. *who lies wounded; ſhe gazes on him awhile, his Face being all bloody.*
——I will not now deplore as Women uſe,
But call up all my Vengeance to my Aid.
Expect not ſo much Imbecillity———
From her whoſe Love nor Courage was made known
Sufficiently to thee. Oh my *Clemanthis*!
I wou'd not now ſurvive thee,
Were it not weak and cowardly to die.
And leave thee unreveng'd.
—Be calm my Eyes, and let my Soul ſupply ye;
A ſilent broken Heart muſt be his Sacrifice:
Ev'ry indifferent Sorrow claims our Tears,
Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that
Theſe muſt be waſht away—— [*Riſes, wipes her Eyes.*
Whatever I deſign to execute,
Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,
Go not about to hinder, but be ſilent,
Or I will ſend my Dagger to this Heart.
Remove this Body further into the Wood,
And ſtrip it of thoſe glittering Ornaments,
And let me perſonate this dear dear Prince.
Obey, and dreſs me ſtrait without reply.
There is not far from hence a *Druid*'s Cell,
A Man for Piety and Knowledge famous;
Thither convey the breathleſs ſacred Corps,
Laid gently in my Chariot,
There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.
Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?
Cleo. What ſhou'd I do but die—ah! do not weep,
But haſte to do as I command ye:
Haſte, haſte, the Time and my Revenge require it.
Sem. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, for your royal ſelf,
Do not purſue this cruel fatal Enterprize;
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.
Cleo. Away thou feeble thing, that never knew'ſt the real Joys of Love,
Or ever heard of any Grief like mine;

If

If thou would'ſt give me Proofs of thy Eſteem,
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge.
Let me not ſee ſo much of Woman in thee
To ſhed one Tear, but dreſs thy Eyes with fierceneſs,
And ſend me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
As if intended for my nuptial Day.
That Soul that ſighs in pity of my Fate,
Shall meet returns of my extremeſt Hate:
Pity with my Revenge muſt find no room;
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Flat Wood.

Enter Cleomena *dreſt in* Clemanthis's *Clothes*, Semiris *bearing the Cap and Feather*, Pimante *the Sword.*

Cleo. COME, my *Semiris*, you muſt aſſiſt a little,
—And you *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.

Pim. I never parted with a Sword ſo unwillingly in my Life.

Cleo. So——How doſt thou like me now?
Might I not paſs, thus habited, for *Clemanthis*?

Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.

Cleo. Now go, and do as I have ordered you.

Sem. Ah, Madam, tho I muſt not wait on you to fight,
I will in Death, 'tis my firſt Act, and laſt of Diſobedience.
[*Weeps.*

Cleo. Do not diſturb me with thy Grief, *Semiris*:
Go leave me to my ſelf, and Thoughts of Vengeance:
And thou, baſe Traitor-Prince, ſhalt buy thy Life
At ſuch a Rate ſhall ruin thee for ever;
And if I fall——as I believe I ſhall———
The very Shame to know I am a Woman,
Shall make thee curſe thy Fortune and thy Arms,

If

If thou haſt any Senſe of Manhood left,
After the barbarous Murder thou haſt done:
But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
Then I ſhall die with real Satisfaction.
The time draws on when I ſhould try my Fate;
Aſſiſt me, mighty Love, in my Deſign,
That I may prove no Paſſion equals mine.

Sem. Madam, conſider whom you muſt encounter.

Cleo. Conſider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis*!
[*Weeps.*
Oh 'tis a Shame to weep, being thus attir'd;
Let me once more ſurvey my ſelf———
And yet I need not borrow Reſolution:
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the Word,
'Tis that creates me Man, and valiant too,
And all incenſed Love can prompt me to.
Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death.
[*Trumpets ſound.*
Go, leave me to approach it ſolemnly———
Come, my dear Sword, from thee I muſt expect
That Service which my Arm may fail to affect;
And if thou ever didſt thy Maſter love,
Be ſure each Stroke thou mak'ſt may mortal prove.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

After a Noiſe of Trumpets at ſome diſtance and fighting, the Scene draws, and diſcovers Cleomena *and* Therſander *fighting*: Lyſander. *On one ſide ſtands the King of* Scythia *with his Party: On the other, the Queen of* Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, *and her Party.*

Ther. What mak'ſt thou fight as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis*?
But ſince thou art not him thou repreſent'ſt,
Whoe'er thou be'ſt, 'twas indiſcreetly done,
To draw me from an order might have ſav'd thee;
——Who is't that dares aſſume *Clemanthis*' ſhape?
[*They fight.*

Cleo.

Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whoſe reported Valour,
Unjuſtly was admir'd, cou'dſt thou believe the covert of the Wood [Cleo *falls*: *he ſtoops to look on her.*
Cou'd hide thy Treaſon—Treaſon which thou durſt own too? [*A cry of Joy on the* Scythian's *ſide.*

Ther. Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you?
What have I done that could ſo far tranſport you?
Clemanthis' Boldneſs has incur'd your Hate,
But he has been ſeverely puniſht for't;
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,
Receive *Therſander* with his equal Paſſions,
But not his equal Crimes.

Cleo. Oh Villain, ſince thou'ſt puniſh'd *Clemanthis*,
Puniſh the unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her Life who came to have taken thine.

Qu. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena*———
With whom *Therſander* fights——ah cruel Child;
[*They carry her off.*

Ther. Oh, whither, whither do you bear my Goddeſs?
Return, and here reſign your ſacred Load,
That whilſt 't has Life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched Man
That has ſo much offended———Diſobey'd!
—My Arms, my Arms, *Lyſander* mount me ſtrait,
And let me force the diſobedient Troops;
Thoſe Coward-Slaves that could behold her bleed,
And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and ſcatter all;
Whilſt 'midſt the Ruins of the World I fall.
[*The* Scythian *Guards carry him off by force.*

Enter Iſmenes *with his Sword. They all deſcend.*

Iſm. Still thus defeated and outſtript by Fate,
Reſolv'd betimes, but ſallied out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
——Who can reſiſt thoſe mighty Powers combin'd?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames, Geron.

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you ſo?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.
Orſ. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh *Geron*, thou haſt hitherto ſo frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by Stories which thou tell'ſt
Of future Puniſhment i'th' other World,
That now I find thou'ſt brought me to endure
Thoſe Ills from Heaven thou ſay'ſt our Sins procure.
There's not a little God of all the Number
That does not exerciſe his Arts on me,
And practiſe Power, which by my ſuffering
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.
Ger. Why not, as well as I? (Difference
Orſ. Thou may'ſt do what thou wilt; but there's a
(As vaſt as 'twixt the Sun and leſſer Lights)
Between thy Soul and mine;
Thou canſt contented ſit whole Days together,
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,
Till duller Sleep does ſilence it and thee:
But I, whoſe active Soul deſpiſe that drouſy God,
Can ever dare him in his height of Power:
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt ſo far from Senſe, thou'ſt loſt thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Poſſeſſes me, beyond thy waking Thought———
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my ſelf a thing like thee.
Ger. What was your Dream?
Orſ. Why I will try to tell it thee———
——Methought I ſaw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains, draw aſide;
The Sun in all his Glories, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more Luſtre ſhon!
The Face of Heaven too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durſt gaze upon't but I;
In *Jove*'s illuſtrious Throne I only ſat,
Whilſt all the leſſer Gods did round me wait;

My

My Habit, ſuch as cannot be expreſt;
Iris in all her various Colours dreſt,
The Morning-Sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,
Was half ſo beautiful, ſo gay, as I.
The brighteſt Stars in all Heaven's Canopy
Were choſen out to make a Crown for me;
With which methought they glorify'd my Brow,
And in my Hand they plac'd the Thunder too;
The World was mine, and thouſands ſuch as thou,
Still as I mov'd, low to the Earth did bow;
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
They ſtrove, and were as numerous as they:
Thither I ſoon deſcended in a Cloud;
Almighty Woman at my Feet did bow,
Adorn'd with Beauties more than Heaven can ſhow:
But one among the reſt (for there were ſtore)
Whilſt all did me, I did that one adore;
She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes
Did all my Power and Thunder too deſpiſe;
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;
And when ſhe frown'd, ſhe kept my Soul in awe.
Oh, *Geron*, while I ſtrive to tell the reſt,
I feel ſo ſtrange a Paſſion in my Breaſt,
That tho I only do relate a Dream,
My Torments here would make it real ſeem.
Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream. [*Aſide.*
—Pray do not form Ideas in your Fancy,
And ſuffer them to diſcompoſe your Thoughts.
Orſ. In ſpite of your Philoſophy, they make
A ſtrange Impreſſion on me.
Ger. That's perfect Madneſs, Sir.
Orſ. Geron, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
But follow all the Dictates of my Reaſon.
—Come tell me, for thou haſt not done ſo yet,
How Nature made us; by what ſtrange Devices.
Tell me where it was you lighted on me firſt;
And how I came into thy dull Poſſeſſion.
Thou ſay'ſt we are not born immortal,

And I remember thou wert ſtill as now,
When I could hardly call upon thy Name,
But as thou wouldſt inſtruct my liſping Tongue;
And when I ask'd thee who inſtructed thee,
Thoud'ſt ſigh, and ſay a Man out-worn by Age,
And now laid in the Earth——but tell me, *Geron*,
When time has waſted thee, for thou'rt decaying,
Where ſhall I find ſome new-made Work of Nature,
To teach thoſe Precepts to, I've learnt of thee?
——Why art thou ſilent now?

Ger. You ought not, Sir, to pry into the hidden Secrets of the Gods.

Orſ. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—
What is't thou ſtudieſt for, more new Devices?
Out with 'em—this Sulleneſs betrays thee;
And I have been too long impos'd upon.
I find my ſelf enlightned on a ſudden,
And ev'ry thing I ſee inſtructs my Reaſon;
'T has been enſlav'd by thee———come, out without it.

Ger. I dare not, Sir.

Orſ. Who is't thou fear'ſt?

Ger. The Anger of the Gods,
Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
Till they themſelves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

Orſ. What are thoſe Oracles?

Ger. Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ
In the Eternal Book of Deſtiny.

Orſ. I'll know what's written in that eternal Book,
Or let thee know what in contains of thee.

Ger. What will you do?

Orſ. Throw thee into the Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will.
[*Offers to take him up.*

Ger. Stay, *Orſames*———
——'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,
But yet the Time is hardly ripe for the Deſign. [*Aſide.*

Orſ. Begin your Story—or by Heaven———

Ger. I ſhall—When you conſider who I am,
With how much Care and Toil I've brought you up;
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,
And in my Boſom lull'd you to your reſt;

How

How when you wept, my Tears kept time with yours,
And how your Smiles would dry again thoſe Showers;
You will believe 'tis my Concern for you,
And not your Threats, makes me declare a Truth.
Orſ. Forward, my deareſt *Geron*,
Whilſt I as ſilent as a healthy Sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breath'ſt.
Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you Wonders to enſue;
But firſt, great Sir, your Pardon for the paſt. [*Kneels.*
Orſ. I give it thee———Gods, this is fine indeed!
Thy Language and thy Mein are altered.
Oh how my Soul's inlarg'd already! go, lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* Scythian *Tents.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Ther. Leave me, I will be calm,
For this ſame change of *Cleomena*'s Habit
Has but increas'd my Love—and all my ſoftneſs—
'Twas in that Habit that I left *Amintas.*
Gods! has he betray'd me then?
No, I muſt not have ſo mean a Thought of him;
'Tis certain that ſhe knows I am *Therſander*———
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Therſander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena*;
Yet ſtill it is that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom ſhe once made happy with her Love.
But I have wounded her, and here remain.
[*Draws his Sword.*
The Marks of my Diſhonour in her Blood.
Oh cruel Inſtrument of my ſhameful Crime!
Muſt the firſt Service thou haſt render'd me,
Prove to my Soul ſo fatal? That Sword I left *Amintas*,
Wou'd have deny'd Obedience to this Hand,
This ſacrilegious Hand drew it againſt her.

Enter King.

King. How now *Therſander*, what ſtill melancholy?
Upon the firſt Appearance of your Sadneſs,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman;
But now I fear that could not be the Cauſe,
Unleſs 'twere fortify'd by ſtronger Paſſions——
'Tis not impoſſible, but when you ſaw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat,
They might diſarm your Rage, and teach you Love.
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in ſuch a time
As they're not able to make War againſt us,
And with it Propoſitions of a Marriage.

Ther. Happy Miſtake! Great Sir,
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have given me Wounds which nothing elſe can cure;
And in that Moment when I would have kill'd her,
They ſtaid my guilty Hand, and overcame
The ſhameful Conqueror——
I'll ſay no more, nor give Laws to your Bounty;
But if your Majeſty approve my Flame,
I ſhall receive her as the greateſt Bleſſing
Heaven can beſtow upon me.

King. I'm glad to find my Son of my Opinion;
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.

Ther. All but the lovely Princeſs, whoſe Averſion
Is ſtill ſo great againſt our Family,
That I deſpair ſhe ever will be drawn to't.

King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make freſh War upon us; they're at our Mercy now,
And as an Honour will embrace the Alliance.

Ther. Pray Heaven they may.

King. If they refuſe, I will recall my Mercy,
And make them dearly buy their Scorn;
Come, we expect our Herald from their Tents. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, Cleomena *in a Night-Gown*, Semiris. *A Table with Pen and Ink.*

Cleo. Madam, I confeſs my ſelf unworthy of your Tenderneſs.

Queen. Ah, *Cleomena*! you value my Repoſe at too cheap a Rate,
When you expoſe a Life ſo dear to me
To ſo much Danger, as to fight *Therſander.*

Cleo. I am not the firſt Perſon of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy;
Do you not ſay he is my Father's Murderer?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown,
You ſay the Gods have deſtin'd me to wear?

Queen. 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cauſe eſteem than hate.

Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to ſay
My Sentiments cannot correſpond with yours.

Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince?

Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Therſander*!

Queen. The King has generouſly offer'd it;
My Council do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the bleſt News.

Cleo. Gods! let the Council and the Army periſh,
E'er I loſe one ſingle Moment of my Satisfaction;
Is this the Hate which with my Milk you made me ſuck
For all that Race? is this th' Effect of my fierce Education?

Queen. All things muſt be preferr'd to th' Publick Good,
When join'd with my Commands.

Cleo. What you Command, I dare not diſobey:
But, Madam, I beſeech you do not claim
That cruel Duty here.

Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peeviſh Humour,
And I will leave you to conſider of it. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Gods! marry me, marry me to *Therſander*!
No, not whilſt this——remains in my Poſſeſſion;
[*Pulls out a Dagger.*
——I muſt confeſs it is a generous Offer;

How came it in their Souls?
Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inſpir'd it.
Cleo. Hah, Love—— that Miracle may be;
When I reflect upon the Prince's words,
When he had vanquiſh'd me——I do not doubt it;
Then he confeſs'd he had a Paſſion for me;
I wonder at the ſudden Birth of it———
Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at firſt ſight.
Cleo. Oh my dear Eyes, how ſhall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,
Only to help the weakneſs of my Arms:
And when my Woman's Courage feeble grew,
My Heart did kindly ſend its Aids to you.
And thou, *Therſander*, ſurely canſt not blame
My Cruelty, who do allow thy Flame:
Love on, love on; and if thou doſt deſpiſe
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.
She ſits down, and writes. Enter a Page.
Page. Madam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highneſs that he waits.
Cleo. Admit him——and Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.
Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you ſent for.
Enter Vallentio.
Cleo. Vallentio, I believe thee brave and honeſt.
Val. Madam, the laſt I dare affirm.
Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, didſt thou ever love?
Val. Madam, your Intereſt, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.
Cleo. But didſt thou never feel a ſofter Paſſion?
Val. Madam, I own, tho with a Bluſh I do ſo,
I've felt the Power of two fair Eyes;
And I have Wounds that yet would bleed afreſh,
Should but the cruel Murdereſs appear.
Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a Secret from me;
—But firſt, *Vallentio*, tell me who I am.
Vall. My Princeſs, Madam, and my General;
And one, who from your Power of Beauty holds
No leſs Dominion o'er th' adoring World,
Than from the Greatneſs you were born to.

Cleo. And you're contented I ſhould be your Queen?
Val. Madam, I am——*Pimante* has been prating.
[*Aſide.*
Cleo. The Army too are of your mind.
Val. I cannot anſwer for the Army, Madam.
Cleo. But——what think you of *Orſames*?
Val. Madam, I think he merits to be King
In any other World but where you reign.
Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?
Val. Why then he ſhall be King, if you would have it ſo.
Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my ſelf I would;
This is the time to let the Monarch know
The Glories he was born to;
Nor can I die in Peace till he be crown'd. [*Aſide.*
I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince,
A Prince they long in ſilence have bemoan'd,
Which every ſlight occaſion breaks out loud,
And ſoon will raiſe them up to a Rebellion,
The common People's God on Holy-days.
—And this, *Vallentio*, I have often obſerv'd;
And 'tis an Act too humble for my Soul,
To court my ſelf into ſecurity.
Sem. Madam, the Gods do diſapprove his Reign,
Which they not only ſay ſhall be but ſhort,
But Bloody and Tyrannick.
Cleo. I will expound that Oracle,
Which Prieſts unridling make more intricate:
They ſaid that he ſhould reign, and ſo he did,
Which laſted not above a pair of Hours.
But I my ſelf will be his Oracle now,
And ſpeak his kinder Fate,
And I will have no other Prieſt but thee, [*To* Vallentio.
Who ſhall unfold the Myſtery in plain terms.
Val. Madam, the City and the Army are, by this Defeat,
Enough inclin'd to hear that Reaſon.
Cleo. *Geron* already has Inſtructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no Reſolution.
Val. If I miſcarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd,
Never to look my Foe i'th' Face again.
Cleo. Haſte, and be proſperous——— [*Exit.* Val.

Semiris, are thoſe Garments ready I ſpoke for?

Sem. Madam, they're here——but now what will you do?

Cleo. Now, I will die——and now thou know'ſt my Will.

Sem. Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know,
Denying me t' attend you where you go,
With ſuch a Guide I cannot err.

Cleo. Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far
In paſſing; tho I miſs the Aids of Day,
Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way.
Why doſt thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.

Sem. I weep becauſe you'd leave me here behind;
Doubting my Love, I beg you wou'd permit
That I might give you the laſt proof of it.
I in your laſt adventure was too ſlow,
And will not be deny'd my Duty now.

Cleo. Thou ſhow'ſt a Soul ſo generous and free,
That I'm contented thou ſhou'dſt follow me;
Come, dry thy Eyes, ſuch helps we do not need;
To eaſe our Griefs, we muſt not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentio *paſſing over the Stage is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well, Colonel, have you delivered our Grievances to the Queen?

Val. Yes, I have.

1 *Cit.* Well, and what Succeſs? ſhall we have a King?

Val. And why a King? why ſhould you be thus earneſt for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a ſingle Man, cannot redeem the loſt Victory, cannot raiſe up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.

1 *Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one. Hah Neighbours! a ſubſtantial Reaſon.

All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.

Val. I like your Reſolution, but not your Reaſon; and muſt have a better than that.

1 *Cit.* 'Sha, Sir, we can give you many, that's ſufficient; as look you, Sir, 'tis firſt a new thing to have a King

King—a thing—a thing—we have not been acquainted with in our Age: beſides, we have loſt the Victory, and we are very angry with ſome body, and muſt vent it ſomewhere. You know, Colonel, we have buſy Heads, working Brains, which muſt be executed; therefore what ſay you, are we to have leave to ſhut up Shop, and go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in ſpite of you?

Val. You ſhall not need: go, ſhut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Citadel; but be ſure you are well arm'd, leſt the Queen's Guards prevent you.

1 *Cit.* I warrant you for honeſt true Hearts enough at any miſchief, tho not to go againſt the *Scythians*; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

Val. Make haſte, and then I'll ſhew you my Orders for the King's deliverance.

Cit. Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raiſe thy Statue in Braſs in the Market-place, and worſhip it when we have done—but harkye, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

Val. None to thoſe that oppoſe you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. Oh how this will pleaſe ye all, my Mates—

[*Citizens go out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Colonel, the Princeſs, Colonel.

Val. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away, and none knows whither.

Val. I left her in her Tent juſt now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, ſhe's gone juſt as ſhe ſhou'd have been married too——there's the Devil on't! Oh the Days we ſhou'd have ſeen! the dancing, loving Days!

Val. Gone alone?

Pim. No, no, that diſſembling thing *Semiris* is with her; ſhe only left a Letter for the Queen, which ſhe has ſent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Muſick. [*Goes out crying.*

Val. This is ſtrange—if ſhe be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haſte to meet the Rabble, that it may not

look like an act of my own. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Therſander's *Tent: He enters with a Letter in his Hand open——with Attendants.*

Ther. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
And here impreſs thy Cruelty, and ſee what that will do
To ſet me free.

Ther. reads the Letter——

Finding it impoſſible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do reſolve never to marry that Barbarian, *whoſe Crimes are only known to me; no, nor any other that cannot bring me his Head; whereto I ſollicite* Artabazes, *and* Iſmenes, *if they will obey*

Cleomena.

If I conſult my Reaſon, and my Courage,
They ſay I ſhould not love this cruel Maid.
But oh my Reaſon, you're too weak to counſel;
I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,
Since 'tis my Life ſhe asks, and here demands it.
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my ſelf can more devoutly ſerve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whoſe Flames are found ſo criminal.———

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Sir, there's without a Youth that deſires admittance.

Ther. From whom comes he?

Lyſ. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver only to your Highneſs.

Ther. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

Ther. reads to himſelf———

Guard thee well, Therſander; *for thou ſhalt die by the Hand that brings thee this.*

[*She ſtabs him; he falls into* Lyſander's *Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*——

Lyſ. Help, Treaſon, help——

Ther.

Ther. Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee ſo much cruelty?
And why that Language with that angry Blow?
Cleo. Behold this Face, and then inform thy ſelf.
[*Diſcovers her ſelf.*
Ther. 'Tis *Cleomena!* oh ye Gods, I thank ye!
It is her Hand that wounds me,
And I'll receive my Death with perfect Joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiſs
That bleſſed Hand that ſent it.
Enter King *and Guards.*
King. *Therſander* murder'd! oh inhumane Deed!
Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard of Tortures to deſtroy him by——
[*The Guards ſeize* Cleo. *and* Sem. *who were juſt entring.*
My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Therſander*;
Oh fatal Day, wherein one fatal Stroke
Has laid the Hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!
[*The Guards go to carry* Cleo. *and* Sem.
Ther. *calls 'em back.*
Ther. Oh ſtay, and do not bear ſo rudely off
Treaſures you cannot value.
—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murderer,
But as my Sovereign Deity——
Inſtead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;
And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,
With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.
For me, no other Glory I deſire,
Than at her Feet thus willingly to expire.
[*Goes to throw himſelf at her Feet, they prevent it, and go off.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Council-Table: the King of Scythia *ſeated on a Throne, Officers, Attendants, and Guards.*

King. BRing the fair Priſoner forth, and let's examine
What Reaſons could inſpire her with this Cruelty;
——How beautiful ſhe is! [*Gazes on her.*
Enter Cleomena *in Fetters*, Lyſander, *with Guards.*
Cleo. Thy Silence ſeems to licenſe me to ſpeak,
And tell thee, King, that now our Faults are equal;
My Father thou haſt kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will ſuffice to tell thee who I am.
—Now take my Life, ſince I have taken his,
And thou ſhalt ſee I neither will implore
Thy needleſs Clemency by any Word or Sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languiſh any longer
Under theſe ſhameful Irons. [*With ſcorn.*
King. Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injuſtice
Thou ſay'ſt our Crimes are equal:
For thou haſt kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life,
When he aſſaulted mine in open Field,
And ſo, as cannot leave a ſtain on thee,
Or give thee Cauſe to ſay I've done thee wrong.
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)
Didſt thou not ſpare that Heart that dy'd for thee,
And bend thy Rage againſt thy Father's Foe?
But thou well know'ſt, in killing of *Therſander*,
The Father's Life would quickly follow after.
Cleo. I will not ſeek excuſes for my actions,
But I proteſt to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge my ſelf on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he ſuffered was for his own Sin,

For

For he has baniſh'd from me all on Earth
That could compleat my Happineſs—— [*Weeps.*
——And now diſpoſe my Deſtiny as you pleaſe,
Only remember that I am a Woman.
King. What thou haſt ſaid will find but little credit;
——But yet if *Therſander* lives,
And if it pleaſe the Gods to ſpare that Life,
I ſhall have Generoſity enough
To ſet thee free in favour of thy Sex,
And my *Therſander*'s Love.
Cleo. Not dead! why ſhould the Gods protect him?
King. Her Soul's poſſeſt with ſome deſpair.
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,
He will obey, and die as you deſire—— [*Weeps.*
But not with Satisfaction, till he ſee you
Conducted into *Dacia.*
I ſhould not of my ſelf have been ſo generous,
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him
Who did deſerve a kinder Deſtiny;
But 'tis his Will,—and poſſible his laſt.
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you pleaſe; only this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll ſuffer him to take his laſt farewel.
Cleo. Immortal Gods! how can it be? a Man
Whoſe Wickedneſs arm'd me againſt his Life,
Shou'd ſhew ſuch a Virtue in the reſt of 's Actions!
———Sir, I will ſee the Prince,
Not as the Price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confeſs he did deſerve
A Death leſs glorious than I have given him:
And I ſhall take it well if he will own
That which may juſtify my Offence to you.
King. Madam, I thank you——
——Diſmiſs her Fetters, and if ſhe pleaſe,
Let her have Garments ſuitable to her Sex,
Only the Guards attend her at a diſtance. [*Go out ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Grove.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt like a Shepherd*, Urania *like a Shepherdeſs, the Druid*, Lyces, *and other dancing Swains*, &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you have made too bold a venture:
And tho your Wounds were more numerous than dange-
I am not willing you ſhould truſt 'em to the Air. (rous,

Amin. Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,
For which, the Life you ſav'd you ſhall command.

Ura. Me too h' has freed of all my jealous Fears,
By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo.
———Father———to you I owe *Amintas'* Liberty—
To you his Life; and now for all my Joys,
Which if my future Service can repay,
Command with Freedom her you have preſerv'd.

Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's haſten to the Camp;
For I impatient grow to ſee my Prince;
Heaven knows what my Miſhap may have procur'd him.

Ura. How loth I am to leave theſe pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have deſign'd for Love:
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I ſeem,
And thou ſome humble Villager, hard by,
That knew no other pleaſure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs ſhould liſten all the Day;
We'd taſte the Waters of theſe Cryſtal Springs,
With more delight than all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a Bed of Moſs,
Having no other Canopy but Trees,
We'd lay us down, and tell a thouſand Stories.

Amin. For ever ſo I'd be content to dwell,
I wou'd put off all frightful Marks of War,
And wou'd appear as ſoft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when ſilently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more eſteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Laurel.
——But come, Love makes us idle.

Druid.

Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you,
And your fair Bride, *Urania.*———I cou'd wiſh
My Youth and Vigour were as heretofore,
When only Courts and Camps cou'd make me happy;
And then I wou'd not bid farewel ſo ſoon
To ſo much Virtue as I've found in you.
Amin. I humbly thank you, Father, for a Goodneſs
That ſhames my poor Returns.
Come pretty *Lyces*, and thou honeſt *Damon*,
With all the reſt of our kind Train;
Let's haſten to the Camp, during this Truce,
Your little ruſtick Sports will find a welcome.
Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.
Amin. No matter, thou canſt not hate a Soldier,
Since I am one; and you muſt be obedient,
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now,
It is the Duty of a *Scythian*'s Wife.
Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by ſuch Ties,
May find a Safety whereſoe'er ſhe flies. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames *joyful, and* Geron.

Orſ. Am I indeed a King?
And is there ſuch a thing as fair *Olympia?*
Hadſt thou not been the firſt had told me this,
By Heaven thou'dſt dy'd for thus concealing it;
Not all the Obligations of my Youth
Should have preſerv'd thee.
Ger. Till now I wanted Opportunity;
For had you known your Quality before,
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that Haſte have overthrown your Intereſt.
Orſ. And canſt thou now provide againſt my Ignorance?
Ger. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our ſide.
Orſ. What's that?
Ger. Thoſe Numbers that I told you ſhould adore you.
Orſ. When ſhall I ſee them, *Geron?*
Ger. E'er long, Sir; ſhould your Deliverance

Be

Be wrought by any other Means than theirs,
It were to ſnatch a Glory from their Hands,
Which they deſign their only Recompence.
Orſ. Oh how I am tranſported with the Joy!
But *Geron*, art thou ſure we do not dream?
Ger. Then Life it ſelf's a Dream——
——Hark, I hear the noiſe——
Within.] Kill the Dog—down with him,
Orſ. Oh how I'm raviſht with this unknown Noiſe.
Within.] Break down the Priſon-Walls and Gates, and force your Paſſage——
Enter Vallentio, *follow'd by a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, dragging in the Keeper all bloody.*
Val. No killing to day, my Fellow-Soldiers, if you can help it; we will not ſtain our Triumphs in Blood—
[*They all ſtand and gaze.* Orſ. *gazes on them.*
Ye Gods, inſtruct me where to bow my Knee——
But this alone muſt be the Deity——
[*Kneels*, Orſ. *lets him kneel, and gazes on him.*
1 *Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in ſuch mean Clothes?
Gorel. Yes, Goodman Fool, why ſhould the Colonel kneel elſe?
2 *Cit.* Oh pray Neighbour let me ſee a little, I never ſaw a King in all the days of my Life. Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?
Gorel. What Queſtions this ignorant Fellow asks!
3 *Cit.* Good lack-a-day, 'tis as a Man may ſay—'tis juſt ſuch another Body as one of us, only he looks a little more terribly.
Ger. Sir, why do you let him kneel?
Orſ. Riſe, and let me look upon thee.
Val. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great Support;
It ought to have been preſented in a more glorious order,
But Time and your Affairs permit not that.
A thouſand Dangers wait upon Delay;
But tho the World be yours, it is not ſafe
Depending on a fickle Multitude,
Whom Intereſt, and not Reaſon renders juſt.

Orſ.

Orſ. Thou art a wondrous Man,

1 *Cit.* Good *Gorel*, ſtand back, and let me ſee a little; my Wife loves Newalties abominationly, and I muſt tell her ſomething about the King.

Gorel. What a Pox have we to do with your Wife? ſtand back.

Val. Now deign, great Sir, to arm your Hand with this— [*Gives* Orſ. *a Sword, he gazes on it.*
Nay, view it well, for tho it be but homely,
It carries that about it can make the Wearer proud;
—an Edge——pray feel it, Sir,——'t has dealt
Many a mortal Wound———
See how it dares the Sun for Brightneſs, Sir!
Or if there be a Stain, it is an Ornament,
Dy'd in the Blood of thoſe that were your Enemies:
It never made a Blow or Thruſt in vain.
——How do you like it, Sir?

Orſ. So well, I know not whether this or thee
Be moſt agreeable to me;
You need not teach me how I am to uſe it,
That I will leave for thoſe that dare offend me.
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious Object?
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia*'s Eyes
That can out-glitter this.

1 *Cit.* Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely?

Val. Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne;
For now's the time to make the World your own.

All ſhouting——Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleomena *and* Semiris, *dreſt as Women again.*

Sem. Dear Madam, I cou'd wiſh you wou'd ſleep awhile.

Cleo. That Peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis*' Death;
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and ſtill,
And I perhaps may thus expire in ſilence——
—Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and ſing to't,

Whilſt

Whilſt I will try to ſleep. [*Lies down on a Couch*, Sem. *plays and ſings.*

SONG, made by *J. Wright* Eſq;

Fair Nymph, remember all your Scorn
Will be by Time repaid;
Thoſe Glories which that Face adorn,
And flouriſh as the riſing Morn,
Muſt one day ſet and fade.
Then all your cold Diſdain for me
Will but increaſe Deformity,
When ſtill the kind will lovely be.
Compaſſion is of laſting Praiſe;
For that's the Beauty ne'er decays.

Fair Nymph, avoid thoſe Storms of Fate
Are to the Cruel due;
The Powers above, tho ne'er ſo late,
Can be, when they revenge your Hate,
As pitileſs as you.
Know, charming Maid, the Powers divine
Did never ſuch ſoft Eyes deſign
To wound a Heart ſo true as mine:
That God who my dear Flame infus'd,
Will never ſee it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return,
[Cleo. *riſes as in a Dream.*
And ſee 'tis not into thy lovely Boſom
That I have ſent my Vengeance.
Sem. What mean you, Madam!
Cleo, But thou, poor Ghoſt———
Inſtead of haſting me to my Revenge,
Endeavour'ſt to touch me with Compaſſion.
Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and ſpeak to?
Cleo. Therſander, why do'ſt rob me of that Face?
Is't to diſarm me of my Indignation?
Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?
Cleo. Ha! do'ſt thou ſee nothing?

Sem.

Sem. Not any thing.
Cleo. Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis'* Face,
Or elſe *Clemanthis* with *Therſander's* Wound.
Sem. Compoſe your Thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a Dream,
An idle Dream, born from a troubled Fancy.
——How was it, Madam?
Cleo. Methought I ſaw *Clemanthis*,
As when he was moſt charming to my Soul,
But pale and languiſhing, having a Wound
Like that I gave his Murderer
To which with one of's Hands he ſeem'd to point;
The other ſtretching out with paſſionate Actions,
And gazing on me,—thus methought he ſpoke:
—See how you recompenſe my faithful Sufferings,
—See the performance of your Promiſes;
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that ſtill ador'd you:
And yet you're not content with all theſe Cruelties,
Tho even in your Anger and my Death,
I ſtill continue faithful and ſubmiſſive.
——Thus ſpoke the lovely Phantom.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.
Cleo. He may come in.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your Will,
And dying ſtill implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which preſumption he deſerves to die;
—But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes:
That was too weak to exerciſe your Will,
Your Cruelty had power alone to kill;
And now from you one Viſit he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more. [*Weeps.*
Cleo. That I will grant to ſatisfy the King.
Lyſ. When he is dead——
He'll ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,

Who ſhall upbraid you with your Cruelty,
And let you ſee, in wounding of *Therſander*,
You've found the readieſt way to kill *Clemanthis.*
Cleo. What means he by theſe Words?
Lyſ. He humbly begs you'l pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Crown, he ſays, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,
And he intreats you would accept it from him.
Cleo. To ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me———
How this agrees with my ſad Dream!
How did thy Maſter know——
Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia?*
[*Advances towards* Lyſ. *and ſhe ſtarts.*
—Sure I have ſeen that Face before——
—Art not *Lyſander*, Page to *Clemanthis*?
Lyſ. Madam, I am, and ever ſerv'd that Maſter.
Cleo. How couldſt thou then come near his Enemy?
Lyſ. Madam, it was by his Command I came.
Cleo. How could *Clemanthis* love his Murderer?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I ſlept, and pleaded for the Prince.
Lyſ. What means the Princeſs?
Enter Pimante.
Pim. Oh Madam, I have News to tell you that will make you forſwear ever fighting again.
Cleo. What mean you?
Pim. As I was paſſing thro a Street of Tents,
I ſaw a wounded Man ſtretcht on the ground;
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,
I heard him ſay to thoſe that ſtrove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your Succours are in vain;
For now I ſee the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis'* Murder.
How! cry'd I out, are you then one of thoſe
Therſander ſent to kill that Cavalier?
Therſander, cry'd he, had no hand in it;
But *Artabazes* ſet us on to kill him.
Here he began to faulter in his Speech;
And ſure he ſpoke the truth, for 'twas his laſt.

Cleo.

Cleo. This looks like Truth. *Therſander*'s every Action
Declar'd too much of Virtue and of Honour,
To be the Author of ſo black a Deed.
—Tell him, I'll viſit him, and beg his pardon.
[*To* Lyſ. *who bows and goes out.*
—Generous *Therſander*, if this News be true,
My Eyes ſhall ſpare ſome drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Therſander's *Tent, he in a Night-gown ſitting on a Couch; by him the King, Officers, Attendants. Enter* Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lyſander; *the King riſes to meet* Cleo. *and ſeats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. Therſander, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as I muſt believe thee,
And here before the King to make Confeſſion
Of what I did refuſe the Queen my Mother.
—Know then, I lov'd, and with a perfect Paſſion,
The moſt unfortunate of Men, *Clemanthis.*
His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was illuſtrious, as were all his Actions;
But I have loſt him by a fatal accident,
That very day he ſhould have fought with you. [*Weeps.*
Ther. Gods! where will this end? [*Aſide.*
Cleo. But e'er the fatal moment of his Death,
Iſmenes beg'd to know who did the Murder:
But he could anſwer nothing but *Therſander*,
And we believ'd it you.
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier;
———You know the reſt———
And doubtleſs you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.
Ther. No, I ſhall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*,
[*He kneels before her.*
If ſhe ſtill love *Clemanthis.*
Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that Voice.
Oh ſtay, this Joy too ſuddenly ſurprizes—
[*Ready to ſwoon.*
—Gently diſtil the Bliſs into my Soul,

Left

Leſt this Exceſs have the effects of Grief:
—Oh, my *Clemanthis!* do I hold thee faſt?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia*?
King. I loſe my Reaſon by this ſtrange encounter!
Ther. Was't then a ſecret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia*?
I ſtill believ'd that was his only Crime.
Cleo. By all my Joys I knew it not—but ſure
This is Enchantment; for it is as certain
Theſe Eyes beheld thee dead.
Pim. Ay, and ſo did I, I'll be ſworn.
Ther. That muſt be poor *Amintas* in my Dreſs,
Whoſe Story when you know, you will bemoan.
Cleo. But oh my Life! the cruel Wound I gave thee,
Let me be well aſſur'd it is not mortal,
Or I am loſt again.
King. The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient
You ſhould forbid him to not to ſpeak too much——
Enter a Soldier.
Sold. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afreſh, for the Plain is cover'd
With numerous Troops, which ſwiftly make this way.
King. They dare not break the Truce.
Sold. I know not, Sir, but ſomething of a King I heard them talk of———
Cleo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word———
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;
It is my Brother who ne'er knew till now
Ought of a peopled World.
King. I long to ſee that Monarch, whoſe Friendſhip I muſt court for you, fair Princeſs:
If you'll accept *Therſander* whom I offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both ſides.
Cleo. Sir, 'tis an Honour which we ought to ſue for.
Ther. And 'tis to me a Bleſſing————
I wanted Confidence to ask of Heaven.
Enter Orſ. Val. Hon. Art. Iſm. *Soldiers*, &c. Orſ. *dreſt gay with a Truncheon in his Hand, advances firſt, is met by the King, who gaze on each other.*
Orſ. If thou be'ſt he that art *Orſames'* Enemy,
I do demand a Siſter at thy Hands. *King.*

King. Art thou *Orſames*?
Orſ. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me:
———Look on me well———
Doſt ſee no marks of Grandure in my Face?
Nothing that ſpeaks me King!
King. I do believe thou art that King, and here
[*Gives him* Cleo.
I do reſign that Siſter thou demandeſt.
Orſ. It is a Woman too! another Woman!
I wou'd embrace thee if I durſt approach thee.
Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your Siſter— [Cleo. *embraces him.*
Orſ. This is the kindeſt Woman I e'er ſaw.
Cleo. Brother, behold this King no more your Enemy,
Since I muſt pay him Duty as a Father.
Enter Queen, Olympia, *Women.*
Orſ. Hah, *Olympia*! ſure 'tis an airy Viſion———
Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.
Qu. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.
King. Riſe Madam, and receive me as your Friend;
This pair of Lovers has united all our Intereſts.
[*Points to* Cleo.
Qu. Heavens! what's this I ſee, *Clemanthis*
And the Prince of *Scythia*?
Ther. Yes, Madam, and a Man that humbly begs
The happy Title of your Son——*Honorius*
Of you I ask the greateſt Pardon— [*Talks to* Olympia.
Orſ. I am a King, and do adore thee too,
And thou ſhalt rule a World with me, my Fair;
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,
Whence thou ſhalt ſhoot a thouſand gilded Arrows.
Olym. What to do, Sir?
Orſ. To ſave the expence of Cruelty;
For they will kill as ſure, but rightly aim'd;
This noble Fellow told me ſo. [*To* Val.
Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me:
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.
Orſ. Inſtruct my Eyes, *Olympia*, for 'tis lately
I've learnt of ſome ſuch thing.
Olym. This, Sir, you ought to kneel to her.

Orſ,

Orſ. Muſt I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee?
[*Kneels.*

Qu. My dear *Orſames*, let my Tears make way.
Before I can aſſure thee of my Joy.

Orſ. Gods! how obliging is this kind Concern!
Not all my Paſſion for my fair *Olympia*
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [*Weeps.*

Qu Thou'ſt greater need of Anger than of Tears,
Having before thy Eyes thy worſt of Enemies,
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,
Thro what ſhe thought her Duty to the Gods;
But now repents her ſuperſtitious Error,
And humbly begs thy Pardon.

Orſ. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.

Qu. I will, my *Orſames*; and 'tis the only Preſent
I can make to expiate my Fault.

Orſ. And I'll receive her as the only thing
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.
Oh *Geron*, ſtill if this ſhould prove a Dream!

Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much leſs pleaſant.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Sir, there are without ſome Shepherdeſſes,
Who ſay they wou'd preſent you [*To* Ther.
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highneſs.

Ther. Let them come in——

They ſeat themſelves. Enter Amin. Ura. *maskt, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, followed with Pipes, or Wind-Muſick. They dance; after which* Amin. *kneels to the Prince,* Ura. *to the Princeſs.*

——My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live?
Fortune requites my Sufferings
With too large a ſhare of Happineſs.

Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.

Ther. This, my Divine, is he who had [*To* Cleo.
The Glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept,
For him had almoſt dy'd.

Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-ſalve
Heals at a diſtance——

Cleo. But why *Amintas*, did you name *Therſander*,
When you were askt who wounded you?

Amin.

Amin. Madam, if loſs of Blood had given me leave,
I wou'd have told you how I came ſo habited,
And who I was, tho not how I was wounded.
King. Still I am in a miſt, and cannot ſee the happy path I tread.
Ther. Anon we will explain the Myſtery, Sir.
Hon. Now, great *Orſames*, 'tis but juſt and fit
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which are not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyful Day.
King. And there we'll join our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Intereſts as our Families.
Orſ. I am content that thou ſhou'dſt give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentio*, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid
I recompenſe thy Services
With any thing leſs grateful than a Woman:
——Here, I will chuſe for thee——
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this Gift, 'tis thine.
[*Gives him* Sem.
Ther. Scythia and *Dacia* now united are:
The God of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, the Epilogue is ſpoken by Mrs. Barry, *as a Nymph; at his Royal Highneſs's ſecond Exile into* Flanders.

EPILOGUE.

AFTER our ſhowing Play of mighty Pains,
We here preſent you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our ruſtick Sports ſometimes may Princes pleaſe,
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with ſome young rural Maid,
On Beds of Graſs beneath a lovely Shade,

'Bove

'Bove all the Pride of City Jilts, whoſe Arts
Are more to gain your Purſes than your Hearts;
Whoſe chiefeſt Beauty lies in being fine;
And Coyneſs is not Virtue, but Deſign.
We uſe no Colours to adorn the Face,
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace,
The neighbouring ſtream ſerves for a Looking-glaſs.
Ambition is not known within our Groves;
Here's no Diſpute for Empire, but for Loves;
The humble Swain his Birth-right here enjoys,
And fears no Danger from the public Voice;
No Wrong nor Inſolence from buſy Powers,
No Rivals here for Crowns, but thoſe of Flowers;
His Country and his Flocks enjoys with eaſe,
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace;
Nor forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly
To foreign Shores for his Security.
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,
And cheerful Homage to the Lord of May;
No Emulation breaks his ſoft Repoſe,
Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes:
No publick Miſchiefs can diſturb his Reign,
And Malice wou'd be buſy here in vain.
Fathers and Sons juſt Love and Duty pay;
This knows to be indulgent, that t'obey.
Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
But to entrap the Wolf that ſteals our Flocks.
Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
Reſtleſs his Nights, thoughtful his Days with Care;
Whoſe Greatneſs, or whoſe Goodneſs can't ſecure
From Outrages which Knaves and Fools procure?
Greatneſs, be gone, we baniſh you from hence,
The nobleſt State is lowly Innocence.
Here honeſt Wit in Mirth and Triumph reigns,
Muſick and Love ſhall ever bleſs our Swains,
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains.

THE

THE CITY HEIRESS:

OR,

Sir *Timothy Treat-all.*

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Otway*, Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey.*

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In ſtriving to reclaim a vitious Age!
Poets may write the Miſchief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,
As you regard at Church what Parſons preach.
But where ſuch Folies, and ſuch Vices reign,
What honeſt Pen has Patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye moſt devoutly ſnore;
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar:

Ye go to Church to glour, and ogle there,
And come to meet more leud convenient here.
With equal Zeal ye honour either Place,
And run ſo very evenly your Race,
Ye improve in Wit juſt as you do in Grace.
It muſt be ſo, ſome Dæmon has poſſeſt
Our Land, and we have never ſince been bleſt.
Ye have ſeen it all, or heard of its Renown,
In Reverend Shape it ſtalk'd about the Town,
Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.
Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,
'Twou'd play the Apoſtolick Function o'er:
But, Heaven have mercy on us when it ſwore.
Whene'er it ſwore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its much at random Halters flew
Round ſome unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,
Tho ſtill the cunning Devil ſav'd its own:
For when the Inchantment could no longer laſt,
The ſubtle Pug moſt dextrouſly uncas'd,
Left awful Form for one more ſeeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From ſilken Doctor home-ſpun Ananias:
Left the leud Court, and did in City fix,
Where ſtill, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,
And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drew in many a Gueſt,
To part with zealous Guinea for——no Feaſt.
Who, but the moſt incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in diſmal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themſelves to get their Livings,
Wou'd lay ſweet Money out in Sham-Thankſgivings?
Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before?
Had you not better ſent your Offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequeſtrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Juſtice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, an old ſeditious Knight, that keeps open Houſe for Commonwealthſmen and true blue Proteſtants, Uncle to *T. Wilding*,	*Mr. Nokes.*
Tom Wilding, a Tory, his diſcarded Nephew,	*Mr. Betterton.*
Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, an old Tory Knight of *Devonſhire*,	*Mr. Lee.*
Sir *Charles Meriwill*, his Nephew, a Tory alſo, in love with L. *Galliard*, and Friend to *Wilding*,	*Mr. Williams.*
Dreſſwell, a young-Gentlemen, Friend to *Wilding*,	*Mr. Bowman.*
Foppington, a Hanger-on on *Wilding*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Jervice, Man to Sir *Timothy.*	

Footmen, Muſick, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Galliard*, a rich City-Widow, in love with *Wilding*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Charlot, the City-Heireſs, in love with *Wilding*	Mrs. *Butler.*
Diana, Miſtreſs to *Wilding*, and kept by him.	Mrs. *Corror.*
Mrs. *Clacket*, a City Baud and Puritan,	Mrs. *Norice.*
Mrs. *Cloſet*, Woman to Lady *Galliard*,	Mrs. *Lee.*

SCENE, *Within the Walls of* London.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

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

Sir *Tim.* TROUBLE me no more: for I am reſolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye ſee, and ſo forth.

Wild. I beſeech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. Dear Uncle——

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. You will be mortify'd————

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. At leaſt hear me out, Sir.

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

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

Sir *Tim.* That's more than I'll ſwear.

Sir *Char.* Your only Heir.

Sir *Tim.*

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* How, Sir!

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

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

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

Sir *Char.* Sir, I confeſs he was to blame.

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

Sir *Char.* If he hath youthful Vices, he has Virtues too.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongſt ye. [*weeping*]. Before he fell to Toryiſm, he was a ſober, civil Youth, and had ſome Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twould have done one's Heart good to have heard him——

wore decent Clothes, was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays; and then I had Hopes of him. [*Still weeping.*

Wild. Ay, Heaven forgive me.

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

Sir *Tim.* 'Twas becauſe the Devil was in's Pocket then.

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

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

Wild. You did ſo, Sir.

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

Sir *Char.* Is it poſſible, Sir?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ſo will I, if Poverty has any Fears of Mortification; and ſo farewel to you, Sir. [*Going.*

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

Sir *Tim.* Moſt religiouſly———

Wild.

Wild. You are?
Sir *Tim.* I am.
Wild. Death, I'll rob.
Sir *Tim.* Do and be hang'd.
Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papiſt.
Sir *Tim.* Do and be damn'd.
Sir *Char.* Bleſs me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls!*
Sir *Tim.* Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd *Turk* or *Jew*, for his own ſake; but as for ſcandalizing me, I defy it: My Integrity has been known ever ſince Forty one; I bought three Thouſand a year in Biſhops Lands, as 'tis well known, and loſt it at the King's return; for which I'm honour'd by the City.
But for his farther Satisfaction, Conſolation, and Deſtruction, know, That I Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my ſelf young enough to marry, d'ye ſee, and will wipe your Noſe with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and ſo forth. [*Going away.*
Wild. Death! marry!
Sir *Char.* Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't ſpoil all.
Wild. Damn him, I've loſt all Patience, and can diſſemble no longer, tho I loſe all—Very good, Sir; harkye, I hope ſhe's young and handſome; or if ſhe be not, amongſt the numerous luſty ſtomacht Whigs that daily noſe your publick Dinners, ſome may be found, that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open Houſe to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generoſity or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts, Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hotheaded Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the King's Liegepeople into Commonwealthſmen; and rather than loſe a Convert, you'll pimp for him. Theſe are your nightly Debauches——Nay, rather than you ſhall want it, I'll cuckold you my ſelf in pure Revenge.
Sir *Tim.* How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

Sir. *Char.* Oh, he cannot be ſo profane.

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

Sir *Tim.* Well, Sir, ſince Nature has furniſht you ſo well, you need but up and ride, ſhow and be rich; and ſo your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding.*

[*Goes out. He looks after him.*

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

[Wild. *ſtands pauſing.*

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

Sir *Char.* Hah! at Church!

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* Hah! if this ſhou'd prove my Widow now.

[*Aſide.*

Wild. And tho at her own diſpoſe, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her againſt the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing ſo much as her Daugh-

Daughter's marrying a villanous Tory. So the young one is forc'd to diſſemble Religion, the beſt Mask to hide a kind Miſtreſs in.

Sir *Char.* This muſt be my Lady *Galliard.* [*Aſide.*

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

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

Wild. Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the deareſt loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, ſmooth as Ruſhes, and plump as Grapes after a Shower, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Diſdain, and yet bewitching ſweet; but then ſhe loves; ſoft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour, Oh, damn the Nonſenſe! wou'd be all my own.

Sir *Char.* 'Tis ſhe, by Heaven! [*Aſide.*] Methinks this Widow ſhou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now ſtand between you and your Uncle.

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* And I muſt follow, to reſolve my Heart in That it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloke. [*Takes his*

Cloke from his Man, and puts it on.] Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth!

Enter People croſs the Stage, as from Church; amongſt 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, *follow'd by Sir* Timothy Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle! He muſt not ſee me here.

[*Throws his Cloke over his Face.*

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

Sir *Anth.* Sir *Timothy Treat-all*!

Sir *Tim.* Why, how long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir *Anth.* About three days, Sir.

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

Sir *Anth.* No, nor ſhall they mar me, Sir.

Sir *Char.* They are diſcourſing; I'll paſs by. [*Aſide.*

[*Ex. Sir* Charles.

Sir *Anth.* As I take it, you came from Church too.

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

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

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

Sir

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Good lack! I ſpeak but what wiſer Men diſcourſe.

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

Sir *Tim.* Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

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

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

Sir *Anth.* If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked?

Sir *Tim.* But I mean honourably———

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

Sir *Tim.* Not I, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* Not you, Sir? why then you're an Aſs, Sir—But is this Lady young and handſom?

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and rich too, Sir,

Sir *Anth.* No matter for Money, ſo ſhe love the Boy.

Sir *Tim.* Love him! no, Sir, ſhe neither does, nor ſhall love him.

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* How, draw, Sir!

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

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

Enter as from Church, Lady Galliard, Cloſet, *and Footman*: Wilding *paſſes careleſly her, Sir* Charles Meriwill *following, wrapt up in his Cloke.*

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

L. *Gal.* Bleſs me! how unconcern'd he paſs'd!

Cloſ. He bow'd low, Madam.

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

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

L. *Gall.* I'll die firſt——Hah, he's going!—Yet now I think on't I have a Toy of his, which to expreſs my ſcorn,

ſcorn, I'll give him back now—this Ring.

Cloſ. Shall I carry it, Madam?

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

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

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

L. *Gal*, Yes.——But what? the God of Love inſtruct me. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam; for I have buſineſs.

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* Death! can ſhe hear this Language?

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

Wild. No, by Heaven, all theſe increaſe my Flame.

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

Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

L. *Gal.* From mine! Heavens, what Contempt is this?

Wild. When firſt I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiſer you, thanks to your Mother's care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,

Forbad

Forbad me wiſh that way ; 'twas kindly urg'd ;
You cou'd not then forbid my Paſſion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes
Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.

Sir *Anth.* Gad, a fine Fellow this !

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, ſhe yields apace.

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

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

Sir *Anth.* Gad, he's i'th' right again too ! a rare Fellow !

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

Sir *Anth.* Hum ! how will he make that out now?

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

And

And every Bleſſing ſeems a kind of Rape.

Sir *Anth.* H'as don't !——A Divine Fellow that ; juſt of my Religion. I am ſtudying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.

[*L.* Gal. *walks away*, Wild. *follows.*

L. *Gal.* Tempt me no more ! what dull unwary Flame
Poſſeſt me all this while ! Confuſion on thee, [*In Rage.*
And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diſeaſes ruin that bewitching Form,
That with the ſoft feign'd Vows debaucht my Heart.

Sir *Char.* Heaven ! can I yet endure ! [*Aſide.*

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

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

L. *Gal.* They will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. *Gal.* I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

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

Sir *Char.* Very fine ? can I endure yet more ? [*Aſide.*

L. *Gal.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

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

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

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, may I preſume to tell you——

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding* boaſt my Love ! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Anth.* The Devil take him my Nephew's quite ſpoil'd ?

Why,

Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. *Gal.* Pray leave me, Sir.

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

Sir *Char.* How, this from thee! nay, then I muſt take more,
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,
T' approach that Lady with your ſaucy Paſſion.

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

Wild. I will not anſwer every idle Queſtion.

Sir *Char.* Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir *Char.* No, dare not; for if you did——

Wild. What durſt you, if I did?

Sir *Char.* Death, cut your Throat, Sir.

[*Taking hold on him roughly.*

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

L. *Gal.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir *Char.* There reſt my Sword to all Eternity.

[*Lays his Sword at her Feet.*

L. *Gal.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Virtue,
To ſee my Face no more,
Who durſt diſpute your Intereſt in me thus,
As for a common Miſtreſs, in your Drink.

[*She goes out, and all but* Wild. *Sir* Anth. *and Sir* Char. *who ſtands ſadly looking after her.*

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

Sir *Char.* I wo'not fight.

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

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

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

Sir *Anth.* You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there's a thouſand

As

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* No, Sir.

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

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

Sir *Anth.* Why there's it now; I thought ſo: kneel'd and wept! a Pox upon thee——I took thee for a prettier Fellow—
You ſhou'd have huſt and bluſter'd at her door,
Been very impudent and ſaucy, Sir,
Leud, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and ſeaſons;
Let her not reſt, nor eat, nor ſleep, nor viſit.
Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importunity.
Watch her cloſe, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till ſhe confeſs the Devil in her,——Love.

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

Sir *Anth.* Strike ſuch a Fiddle-ſtick.———Sirrah, I ſay, do't; what, you can towſe a Wench as handſomely———
You can be leud enough upon occaſion. I known not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I'm reſolv'd thou ſhalt have her,

her, with practiſing a little Courtſhip of my Mode.——— Come———

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Charlot, Foppington, *and* Clacket.

Charl. ENough, I've heard enough of *Wilding*'s Vices, to know I am undone. [*Weeps.*
———*Galliard* his Miſtreſs too! I never ſaw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune: That Rival may be dangerous.

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

Charl. Wondrous Inconſtancy and Impudence!

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

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

Mrs. *Clack.* Ah, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee [*Weeps.*] the ſole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicolas Get-all*, ran away with one of the leudeſt Heathens about Town!

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

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you muſt marry a Man to buy him Breeches, marry an honeſt Man, a religious Man, a Man that bears

a Conſcience, and will do a Woman ſome Reaſon——— Why here's Mr. *Foppington*, Madam; here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as ſtrait as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

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

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

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no preſent Maintenance?

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

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

Enter Maid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wild. [*Without*] *Charlot, Charlot*! am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the Door,
[*Knocks again*; Fop. *ſtill holding it.*

Fop.

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

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

Wild. How, ſick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. *Clack.* She begs you'll come again an Hour hence.

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

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

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

Charl. I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am ſtripping my ſelf before Mr. *Foppington*—Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

[Wild. *breaks open the Door and ruſhes in:* Fop. *ſtands cloſe up at the entrance till he is paſt him, then venturing to ſlip out, finds* Wild. *has made faſt the Door: ſo he is forc'd to return again and ſtand cloſe up behind* Wild. *with ſigns of Fear.*

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

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

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

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

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

Charl. You wou'd, perfiduous as you are, tho all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit. [*Angry.*

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

Mrs. *Clack.* By my Noſe, Mr. *Wilding*! I defy you: I'd

I'd have you to know, I ſcorn any good thing ſhou'd go by my Noſe in an uncivil way.

Wild. I believe ſo.

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

Wild. High!

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

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

Mrs. *Clack.* And I am thus rewarded for my Pains!

[*Weeps.*

Wild. So Tempeſts are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

Mrs. *Clack.* That I ſhou'd be charg'd with ſpeaking ill of you, ſo honeſt, ſo civil a Gentleman——

Charl. No, I have better Witneſs of your Falſhood.

Fop. Hah, S'death ſhe'll name me!

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

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

Mrs. *Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him.

[*Aſide.*

Wild. Galliard! How came ſhe by that Secret of my Life? [*Aſide.*] Why ay, 'tis true, I am there ſometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

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

Wild. Death and the Devil, what Raſcal has been prating

ting to her! [*Aſide.*

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

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, there you ſpoil'd all again——you forgot your ſelf.

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

Mrs. *Clack.* So, that were home and handſom.

Wild. What damn'd Informer does ſhe keep in penſion.

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

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

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look;
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit.
You ſaid you lov'd me, where was then your Truth?
You ſwore you were to be your Uncle's Heir;
Where was your Confidence of me the while,
To think my Generoſity ſo ſcanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
——How every Look betrays my yielding Heart! [*Aſide.*
No, ſince Men are grown ſo cunning in their Trade of Love, the neceſſary Vice I'll practiſe too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncle's Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the moſt unkind,
Becauſe you thought to conquer by that Lye.
To night I'll be reſolv'd.

Wild. Hum! to night!

Charl. To night, or I will think you love me for my Fortune;
Which if you find elſewhere to more advantage, (I may

I may unpitied die——and I ſhou'd die
If you ſhould prove untrue. [*Tenderly to him.*
Mrs. *Clack.* There you've daſht all again.
Wild. I'm reſolv'd to keep my Credit with her——
Here's my Hand;
This Night, *Charlot*, I'll let you ſee the Writings.
—But how? a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas.*
[*Aſide.*
Charl. Hah! that Hand without the Ring!
Nay, never ſtudy for a handſom Lye.
Wild. Ring! Oh, ay, I left it in my Dreſſing-room this Morning.
Charl. See how thou haſt injur'd thy Tongue to Falſhood! Did you not ſend it to a certain Creature
They call *Diana*,
From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me?
Wild. By Heaven 'tis Witchcraft all;
Unleſs this Villain *Foppington* betray me.
Thoſe ſort of Raſcals will do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine—I'll kill the Fool—hah, here!
[*Turns quick, and ſees him behind him.*
Fop. Here, Lord! Lord!
Where were thy Eyes, near *Wilding?*
Wild. Where they have ſpy'd a Raſcal.
Where was this Property conceal'd?
Fop. Conceal'd! What doſt thou mean, dear *Tom?*
Why I ſtood as plain as the Noſe on thy Face, mun.
Wild. But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your ſort to make ſuch baſe returns.
How got this Rogue Admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes?
Fop. Admittance! why thou art ſtark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, follow'd you?
Wild. Whither?
Fop. Why into the Houſe, up ſtairs, ſtood behind you when you ſwore you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in!
Wild. All this, and I not ſee!
Fop. Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady ſaw me, Mrs. *Clacket* ſaw me——Admittance quotha!
Wild. Why did you not ſpeak?

Fop.

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

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

Fop. Oh moſt damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuſe me to my Miſtreſs too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

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

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

Mrs. *Clack.* Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Virtue.

Wild. You ſee now, Madam, how Innocence may ſuffer.

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

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

My Craft will be in catching; which if paſt,
Her Love ſecures me the Kind Wench at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Clack.* What if he ſhould not chance to keep his Word now!

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

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

Charl. Enough; I am reſolv'd upon this Deſign; let's in and practiſe the northern Dialect. [*Ex. both.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Wilding *and* Foppington.

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

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

Enter Dreſſwell.

Wild. Dreſſwell, I was juſt going to ſee for thee.

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

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

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

Wild. To a kind Sinner, *Frank.*

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

Wild. Not knew the Pleaſure! Death, the very Eſſence, the firſt Draughts of Love. Ah, how pleaſant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!
The reſt is all but dully ſipping on.

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

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

Dreſ. True.

Wild. My leud Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel; ſo that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, eſpecially thoſe of my charming Widow, and my

my City-Heireſs, which can by no means be carried on without that damn'd neceſſary call'd ready Mony; I have ſtretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Clothes muſt be had, they muſt, my Friend.

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

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

Fop. Ay, but how, Sir?

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

Fop. Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

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

Fop. I own I thrive by your influence, Sir.

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

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all.

[*Going out, they meet* Diana, *who enters with her Maid* Betty, *and Boy, looks angrily.*

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

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

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

Dia.

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

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

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

Wild. By Heaven, I love thee!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wild. So thou canſt of any thing about thee.

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

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

Dref. How, wilt thou tell him of it then?

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

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

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

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

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

Prithee

Prithee, dear *Dreſſwel*, haſte with the News to him.

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

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

Dia. I'll warrant you for my part.

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

Dia. Doubt not my Art of Diſſimulation.

Wild. Go haſte and dreſs— [*Ex.* Dian. Bet. *and* Boy.

Enter Lady Gall. *and* Cloſet, *above in the Balcony*;

Wild. *going out, ſees them, ſtops, and reads a Paper.*

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

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

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

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

L. *Gall.* Some ſmall Exception to his whining Humour: but I think my chiefeſt diſlike is, becauſe my Relations wiſh it a Match between us.

It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is

not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter ſure.

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

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

Cloſ. He's glad of the excuſe of being forbidden.

L. *Gall.* But *Cloſet*, know'ſt thou not he has abus'd my Fame,
And does he think to paſs thus unupbraided?
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No Trick——Prithee feign to laugh. [Cloſ. *laughs.*

Wild. So, I ſhall not anſwer to that Call.

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

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

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

Wild. I know I ſhould be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter L. Galliard, Wilding, Cloſet *to them*; Wilding *delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

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

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

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

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

L. *Gall.* How can you accuſe me with the want of either? *Wild.*

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

L. *Gall.* Your Uncle you mean.

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

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

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

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

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

L. *Gall.* Of which hopeful number your ſelf are one.

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

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

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd; I had the fame of vanquiſhing where'er I laid my Siege, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honeſt Reputation of lying with the Magiſtrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the neceſſary Affairs of the Nation, ſeditiouſly petitioning: and then I was eſteemed; but now they look on me as a monſtrous thing, that makes

honourable Love to you. Oh hideous, a Husband Lover! ſo that now I may proteſt, and ſwear, and lye my Heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindneſs; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard*'s thrown in my Diſh: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, who wou'd think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding*? Thus the City She-wits are let looſe upon me, and all for you, ſweet Widow: but I am reſolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never ſeeing you, nor writing to you more, will do it. And ſo farewel, faithleſs and ſcandalous honeſt Woman.

L. *Gal.* Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. I am engag'd.

L. *Gal.* You are not.

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

L. *Gal.* Go, this is the nobleſt way of loſing thee.

Cloſ. Muſt I not call him back?

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

[*She ſits down before her Glaſs.*

Enter Boy.

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

L. *Gal.* Admit him; ſure 'tis Sir *Charles*'s Uncle; if he comes to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical Minute. Wou'd he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill *and Sir* Charles.

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

L. *Gal.* Pleaſe you ſit, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeneſs.

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* Still whining?———[*Dreſſing her ſelf careleſſly.*

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

Sir *Char.* Madam, I fear my Viſit is unſeaſonable.

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

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

[*To* Cloſ.

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

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

L. *Gal.* You are ſtill ſo full of Univerſity-Compliments———

Sir *Anth.* D'ye hear that, Sirrah?———Ay, ſo he is, indeed, Madam———To her like a Man, ye knave.

[*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, I am come———

Sir *Anth.* To ſhew your ſelf a Coxcomb.

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

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

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

[*Aſide to him, he minds it not.*

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

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

Sir *Anth.* Confounded Blockhead!———by *George*, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll diſinherit him. [*Aſide.*

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

L. *Gal.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee't, Sir.

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

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

[*She riſes.*

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Give me that Eſſence-bottle. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir *Char.* But for a Recompenſe of all my Sufferings—

L. *Gal.* Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberoſe.

[*To* Cloſ.

Sir *Char.* I beg a Favour you'd afford a Stranger.

L. *Gal.* Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that? [*To* Cloſ.

Cloſ. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*——

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

Sir *Anth.* I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glaſs, Sir, and admire that ſneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A pox on him, he's paſt Grace

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

Enter Wilding, *bruſhes by Sir* Charles.

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

Sir *Char.* Hah, *Wilding!*

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

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

Sir *Char.* You're very free, Sir.

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

Sir *Anth.* A rare Fellow!

Sir *Char.* You will not do't elſewhere?

Wild. Not with ſo much Authority.

Sir *Anth.* An admirable Fellow! I muſt be acquainted with him.

Sir *Char.* Is this the Reſpect you pay Women of her Quality?

Wild. The Widow knows I ſtand not much upon Ceremonies.

Sir *Anth.* Gad, he ſhall be my Heir. [*Aſide ſtill.*

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* Madam, in ſhort——

Sir *Anth.* In ſhort to a Widow, in ſhort! quite loſt.

Sir *Char.* I find you treat me ill for my Reſpect;

And

And when I court you next,
I will forget how very much I love you.

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

Wild. I'll ſtudy to deſerve it, Sir.

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

L. *Gal.* See if my Coach be ready. [*Ex.* Cloſ.

Wild. Whether are you janting now?

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

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;
There they all meet and bargain without Scandal:
Fops of all ſorts and ſizes you may chuſe,
Whig-land offers not ſuch another Market.

Enter Cloſet.

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

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

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

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

Sir *Tim.* How now, Sir, what's your Buſineſs here?

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

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

Wild. That was my Buſineſs, now, Sir: Having in my poſſeſſion the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, I would have made uſe of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard*'s Houſe to have ſecur'd her, till I got things in order

order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, cries I have an Uncle.

L. *Gal.* A well contrived Lye. [*Aſide.*

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Come, Madam, my Coach waits below.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *and* Jervice.

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

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* What Lords have we, *Jervice?*

Jer. Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir *Tim.* None! what ne'er a Lord! ſome miſhap will befall me, ſome dire miſchance! Ne'er a Lord! ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles daily. What nor,

nor Earl, nor Marqueſs, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord! Hum, my Wine will lie moſt villanouſly upon my Hands to Night. *Jervice*, what, have we ſtore of Knights and Gentlemen?

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

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

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformiſt-Parſons.

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Well enough, well enough, *Jervice.*

Enter Mrs. Senſure.

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

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

[*Setting himſelf.*

Jer. Oh, moſt methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild. *with* Diana, *and* Betty.

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

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

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

Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, [*weeping.*] I'm ſure I cannot anſwer you one Queſtion.

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

[*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Tim.*

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

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

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

Bet. Beſides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir *Tim.* I'll marry her out of hand, [*Aſide.*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now; for 'tis not neceſſary you ſhou'd be ſeen here, d'ye ſee. [*Puſhing him out.*

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

Sir *Tim.* And I will keep my word; it is time enough. [*Putting him out.*

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Alas, alas! how ſhreudly thou wert put to't!

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

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

Wild.

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

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

Wild. But the Writings, Sir———

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

[*Puts him out, and addreſſes himſelf to the Lady.*

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

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

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

Enter Jervice.

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Lady, were I a Glutton, I cou'd be ſatisfy'd with feeding on thoſe two bright ſtarry Eyes.

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee't. [*Aſide.*

Dia. So modeſt.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, ask my Maids. [*Aſide.*

Dia. So civil.

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

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* My Heir, Madam! am I ſo viſibly old to be ſo deſperate?
No, I'm in my years of deſires and diſcretion,
And I have thoughts, durſt I but utter 'em;
But modeſtly ſay, Mum——

Dia. I took him for the hopefulleſt Gentleman———

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

Dia. How, Sir!

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

Dia. Undone, undone! Oh, with what Face can I return again!
What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the owning! [*Feigns to weep.*

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

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

Sir *Tim.* As a Tory Poet.

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

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

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

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

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

Dia.

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

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

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

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

Dia. Name it.

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

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

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

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

Dia. What, tho he had my Conſent?

Sir *Tim.* That's nothing, he had not ours.

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

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

Enter Jervice.

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Hah, coming! Call *Senſure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.—And, Madam, I do moſt heartily

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

[*Leads her to the Door: She goes out with* Betty *and* Senſure.

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

Sir *Anth.* [ſinging.]Philander *was a jolly Swain,*
And lov'd by ev'ry Laſs;
Whom when he met upon the Plain,
He laid upon the Graſs.

And here he kiſt, and there he play'd
With this, and then the t'other,
Till every wanton ſmiling Maid
At laſt became a Mother.

And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breathe, then to't again,
Thou'rt Maſter of the Field,
[Clapping Sir *Char.* on the back.

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

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

Sir *Tim.* How! young *Meriwill* ſo cloſe to the Widow——

Madam—

[*Addreſſing himſelf to her, Sir* Char. *puts him by.*

Sir

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

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

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

Sir *Anth.* A rare Boy! he ſhall have all my Eſtate.

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

L. *Gal.* I a leud deſign upon your Body! for what, I wonder?

Sir *Char.* Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. *Gal.* Who, I?

Sir *Char.* Who, you! yes you.
Why are thoſe Eyes dreſt in inviting Love?
Thoſe ſoft bewitching Smiles, thoſe riſing Breaſts,
And all thoſe Charms which make you ſo adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

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

[*Each take a Glaſs, and force Sir* Tim. *on his Knees.*

Sir *Char.*——Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, his Majeſty's Health, and Confuſion to his Enemies.

[*They go to force his Mouth open to drink.*

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

[*Drinks.*

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

Sir *Tim.* This is mere Tyranny.

Enter

Enter Jervice.

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

Sir *Tim.* How, a ſtrange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*——'Ods ſo, he's here!

Enter Wilding *in diſguiſe*, Dreſſwel, *and Footmen and Pages.*

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Not City Perſons of Quality, my Lord.

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

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

Wild. Unleſs Elective Monarchies, which ſo reſemble a Commonwealth.

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

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

Sir *Tim.* I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.*

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

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the Meaſure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair.

[*Pulls out a Ribband, meaſures his Head.*

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

Sir *Anth.* Hah, at it again!

[*Sir* Charles *making ſober Love.*

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

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

[*Aſide.*

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

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

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

Sir *Anth.* We ſcorn to be ſo uncivil.

[*All take the Glaſſes.*

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

Sir *Char.* King of *Poland*! Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

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

Sir *Char.* Away with it. [*Drink all.*

Wild. I ſee, Sir, you ſtill keep up that Engliſh Hoſpitality that ſo renowned our Anceſtors in Hiſtory.

[*Looking on L.* Gal.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, my Lord, my noble Gueſts are my Wife and Children.

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

Sir *Tim.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Your Lordſhip has hit it right: A rare Man this!

Wild. But come, Sir, leave ſerious Affairs, and oblige theſe fair ones.

[*Addreſſes himſelf to* Galliard, *Sir* Charles *puts him by.*

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

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

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

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

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

Wild.

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

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

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

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

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

Dian. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have ſerv'd thee ſo; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth-right—But ſee we're obſerv'd.

[Charlot *liſtening behind him all this while.*

Char. By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his!

[*He going from* Dian. *turns upon* Charlot, *and looks.*

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

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

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

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

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

Char. In any thing that gued is.

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

Char. Ah, wele aday? [*Sighs and ſmiles.*

Wild. A thing I know you do not underſtand.

Char. Gued faith, and ya're 'ith' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often here ya gay men talk of.

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

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

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

Char. Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

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

Char. Marry and I's have a Song to that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature, let me beg it.

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

SONG.

Ah Jenny, *gen your Eyes do kill,*
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd againſt my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,
And ad my bleether Howers.

But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy ſhowering Eyne,
And on the Banks of ſhaded Brooks
I paſs my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleedeth on,
To witneſs if it ſee,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain ſo true as Iee.

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

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

Wild. I muſt ſpeak to *Galliard*, tho all my Fortunes depend

depend on the Diſcovery of my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Anth.* Come, come, a cooling Glaſs about.

Wild. Dear *Dreſſwell*, entertain *Charles Meriwill* a little, whilſt I ſpeak to *Galliard.*

[*The Men go all to the drinking Table.*

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

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

Wild. And think you're not ſo apt to be in Love,
As where the Sun ſhines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconſtancy of your fickle Climate. [*Maliciouſly to her.*
One day all Sun-ſhine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himſelf up in glittering Robes of Hope:
And in the midſt of all their boaſted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud acroſs his Miſtreſs' Brow,
Daſhes the Fool, and ſpoils the gaudy Show.

[*La.* Gal. *obſerving him nearly.*

L. *Gal.* Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then,
I was reſolv'd to be to night a Witneſs
Of that ſworn Love you flatter'd me ſo often with.
By Heaven, I ſaw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Aſſignation? When the Hours?
For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Looſe as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun,
That kiſſes all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. *Gal.* I take him for a ſober Perſon, Sir.

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

L. *Gal.* Your Virtues I perceive are pretty equal ;
Only his Love's the honeſter o'th' two.
Wild. Honeſter ! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune to the Parſon of the Pariſh ;
And I would be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a Licence to boaſt he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with Modeſty and Silence :
For Virtue's but a Name kept from Scandal,
Which the moſt baſe of Women beſt preſerve,
Since Jilting and Hypocriſy cheat the World beſt.
—But we both love, and who ſhall blab the Secret ?
[*In a ſoft Tone.*
L. *Gal.* Oh, why were all the Charms of ſpeaking given
To that falſe Tongue that makes no better uſe of 'em ?
——I'll hear no more of your inchanting Reaſons.
Wild. You muſt.
L. *Gal.* I will not.
Wild. Indeed you muſt.
L. *Gal.* By all the Powers above———
Wild. By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath, unleſs you ſwear this Night to let me ſee you.
L. *Gal.* This Night.
Wild. This very Night.
L. *Gal.* I'd die firſt——At what Hour ?
[*Firſt turns away, then ſighs and looks on him.*
Wild. Oh, name it ; and if I fail——— [*With Joy.*
L. *Gal.* I wou'd not for the World———
Wild. That I ſhou'd fail !
L. *Gal.* Not name the guilty Hour.
Wild. Then I thro eager haſte ſhall come too ſoon,
And do your Honour wrong.
L. *Gal.* My Honour ! Oh that Word !
Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming.
[*Aſide.*
——At Twelve.
L. *Gal.* My Women and my Servants then are up.
Wild. At One, or Two.
L. *Gal.* So late ! 'twill be ſo quickly Day !
Wild. Ay, ſo it will ;
That half our Buſineſs will be left unfiniſht.

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* Hah, what do you mean? what Buſineſs?
Wild. A thouſand tender things I have to ſay;
A thouſand Vows of my eternal Love;
And now and then we'll kiſs and——
L. *Gal.* Be extremely honeſt.
Wild. As you can wiſh.
L. *Gal.* Rather as I command: for ſhou'd he know my wiſh, I were undone. [*Aſide.*
Wild. The Sign——
L. *Gal.* Oh, preſs me not——yet you may come at Midnight under my Chamber-Window.
[*Sir* Char. *ſees 'em ſo cloſe, comes to 'em.*
Sir *Char.* Hold, Sir, hold! Whilſt I am liſtning to the Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterſcarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters—— My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*
Char. Perſuade me not, I burſt with Jealouſy.
[Wild. *turns, ſees* Clacket.
Wild. Death and the Devil, *Clacket*! then 'tis *Charlct*, and I'm diſcover'd to her.
Char. Say, are you not a falſe diſſembling thing?
[*To* Wild. *in anger.*
Wild. What, my little Northern Laſs tranſlated into Engliſh!
This 'tis to practiſe Art in ſpite of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,
Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out thro all your forc'd diſguiſe.
Char. Hah, did you know me then?
Wild. At the firſt glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in Revenge,
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid all Diſcourſes of that nature, I came to Night in this Diſguiſe you ſee, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.
Charl. And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?
Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?
Charl. Yes, when I ſee the Writings.
Wild. Go home, I die if you ſhou'd be diſcover'd:
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.

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

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

Wild. Extremely, Sir; and was preſſing this young Lady to give us a Song.

[*Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.*

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

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

Sir *Tim.* Nay, then ſhe dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, pleaſe you to ſit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.

[*They all ſit*: Charl. *and* Fop. *dance.*

So, ſo; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conſcience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my ſelf, I muſt retire; firſt waiting on your Lordſhip to ſhew you your Apartment, then leave you to *cher entire*: and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will ſettle the Nation, and will reſolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders.*

[*Exeunt all but* Wild. Dreſ. *and* Fop. *Sir* Charles *leading out Lady* Galliard.

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

[*Exit. ſinging.*

Wild. All things ſucceed above my Wiſh, dear *Frank*; Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is ſo;
This night crowns all my Wiſhes.
Laboir, are all things ready for our purpoſe?

[*To his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Piſtols, Habits and Vizors, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treaſure.

Dreſ. I perceive you are reſolv'd to make a thorow-ſtitcht Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good ven-

venture a Caper under the Tipple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

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

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

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

Dreſ. A trivial Buſineſs of ſome ſix thouſand pound a year?

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

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

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

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Dreſſing-Room.*

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Proof of a thing impoſſible!—Away.

Cloſ. Is it a thing ſo impoſſible, Madam, that a Man

of Mr. *Wilding*'s Parts and Perſon ſhould get a City-Heireſs? Such a bonne Mien, and ſuch a pleaſant Wit!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG.

SONG.

In Phillis *all vile Jilts are met,*
Fooliſh, uncertain, falſe, Coquet.
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt,
And ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt.
Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, ſuch Sweetneſs in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can ſave a poor inclining Heart?

In vain a thouſand Times an hour
Reaſon rebels againſt her Power.
In vain I rail, I curſe her Charms;
One Look my feeble Rage diſarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who ſees 'em, can no more be wiſe.

Enter Wilding, *who runs to embrace L.* Gal.

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

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

Wild. Nay, no ſcruples now, deareſt of Dears, no more,
'Tis moſt unſeaſonable——
I bring a Heart full fraight with eager Hopes,
Oppreſt with a vaſt Load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that ſoft white Boſom,
That Storehouſe of rich Joys and laſting Pleaſures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies.

[*She breaks from him.*

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

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

L. *Gal.* Scandalous and vain! by my Appointment, and for ſo leud a purpoſe! guard me ye good Angels.
If after an Affront ſo groſs as this,
I ever ſuffer you to ſee me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An impudent, an open Proſtitute,
Loſt to all ſenſe of Virtue, or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean? [*Aſide.*
Oh, now I underſtand the Myſtery. [*Looking on* Cloſet.
Her Woman's here, that troubleſome piece of Train.
——I muſt remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Cloſet*, I had forgot to tell you, as I came up I heard a Kinſman of yours very earneſt with the Servants below, and in great haſte to ſpeak with you.

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

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

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

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

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

Wild. This Countryman of yours, I ſay, being left Executor of your Father's laſt Will and Teſtament, is come—

come——Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Cue and retire.

Clof. How, Sir!

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

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Whither are you fisking and giggiting now?

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

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

L. *Gal.* This to me?

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

L. *Gal.* Trouble not your ſelf, Sir, to make Excuſes; I'm not ſo fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you! a Rakeſhame, who have not Eſteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honeſt——without Money or Credit, without Land either in preſent or proſpect; and has a dozen hungry Vices, like ſo many bauling Brats at your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable

chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Beſides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Get-all?*

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

L. *Gal.* I never will.

Wild. Unkindly ſaid, you muſt.

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

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

L. *Gal.* I underſtand not theſe new Morals.

Wild. Have Patience I ſay, 'tis clear:
All the Deſires of mutual Love are virtuous.

Can

Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you pleaſe
Your ſelf, and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be?
Beſides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?
L. *Gal.* Heaven will know it; and I—that, that's enough: but when you are weary of me, firſt your Friend, then his, then all the World.
Wild. Think not that time will ever come.
L. *Gal.* Oh, it muſt, it will.
Wild. Or if it ſhould, could I be ſuch a Villain—
Ah cruel! if you love me as you ſay,
You wou'd not thus diſtruſt me.
L. *Gal.* You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er my Tongue,
Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you—ſo well—
Your very Faults, how groſs ſoe'er to me,
Have ſomething pleaſing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praiſe, or Women can deſire;
All Charm without, and all Deſert within.
But yet my Virtue is more lovely ſtill;
That is a Price too high to pay for you;
The Love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we beſtow on them what's kept for Heaven.
Wild. Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this religious Stuff, this godly Nonſenſe.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to preach Virtue to me?
L. *Gal.* I bring you hither! how can you ſay it?
I ſuffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the baſe end you fancy'd, but to take
A laſt Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me;
Believe I ſtill ſhall have a Kindneſs for you,
Always your Friend, your Miſtreſs now no more.
Wild. Cozen'd, abus'd, ſhe loves ſome other Man!
Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before! [*Aſide.*
——Well, Madam, may I at laſt believe
This is your fix'd and final Reſolution?
And does your Tongue now truly ſpeak your Heart,
That has ſo long bely'd it?

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* It does.

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

L. *Gall.* Stay but a Moment.

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

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

Wild. Then keep your Word, Madam.

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

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

L. *Gal.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be falſe, unjuſt, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore—

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Said you moſt eaſily? Oh, inhuman!
Your cruel Words have wak'd a diſmal Thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,
And Weakneſs ſteals upon my Soul apace;
I find I muſt be miſerable———
I wou'd not be thought falſe.
[*In a ſoft Tone, coming near him.*
Wild. Nor wou'd I think you ſo; give me not Cauſe.
L. *Gal.* What Heart can bear diſtruſt from what it loves?
Or who can always her own Wiſh deny? [*Aſide.*
My Reaſon's weary of unequal Strife;
And Love and Nature will at laſt o'ercome.
—Do you not then believe I love you?
[*To him in a ſoft Tone.*
Wild. How can I, while you ſtill remain unkind!
L. *Gal.* How ſhall I ſpeak my guilty Thoughts?
I have not Power to part with you; conceal my Shame, I doubt
I cannot, I fear I ſhou'd not any more deny you.
Wild. Oh heavenly Sound! Oh charming Creature! Speak that Word again, agen, agen! for ever let me hear it.
L. *Gal.* But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. *Charlot*, never?
Wild. Never, never.
L. *Gal.* Turn your Face away, and give me leave
To hide my riſing Bluſhes: I cannot look on you,
[*As this laſt Speech is ſpeaking, ſhe ſinks into his Arms by degrees,*
But you muſt undo me if you will——
Since I no other way my Truth can prove,
——You ſhall ſee I love.
Pity my Weakneſs, and admire my Love.
Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms,
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defy thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Love's kind Fever let me ever lie,
Drunk with Deſire, and raving mad with Joy.
[*Exeunt into Bed-chamber*, Wild. *leading her with his Arms about her.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill *and Sir* Anthony, *Sir* Charles *drunk.*

Sir *Anth.* A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir *Anth.* Why how now, Jack-ſauce, what, capitulate?

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

Sir *Ant.* Are you ſo, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir——Why, what, I ſhall have you whining when ye are ſober again, traverſing your

your Chamber with Arms acroſs, railing on Love and Women, and at laſt defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your ſelf on the whole Sex.

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

Sir *Anth.*—A moſt admirable good-natur'd Boy this! [*Aſide.*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know I have brought thee now hither to the Widow's Houſe, with a Reſolution to have thee order matters ſo, as before thou quitſt her, ſhe ſhall be thy own, Boy.

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

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

Enter Cloſet.

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

Sir *Char.* Where's your Lady?

Cloſ. Softly, dear Sir.

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* I'll not budge.

Sir *Anth.* No not a Foot.

Cloſ. The City you know, Sir, is ſo cenſorious——

Sir *Char.* Damn the City.

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

Sir *Char.*

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

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* And here's my two, becauſe thou art induſtrious. [*Gives her Money, and goes out with her.*

Enter Lady Galliard *in rage, held by* Wilding.

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

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* Ah, leave me———
Leave me alone to ſigh to flying Winds,
That the Infection may be born aloft,
And reach no human Ear.

Wild. Ceaſe, lovely Charmer, ceaſe to wound me more.

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

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

L. *Gal.* Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,
Taught thee the Art of Conqueſt with thy Tongue?
Thy falſe deluding Eyes were ſurely made

Of

Of Stars that rule our Sex's Deſtiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That firſt undo the heedleſs gazers on,
Then ſhew their natural Deformity.
Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then?
Has my increaſe of Paſſion leſſen'd yours?
[*In a ſoft Tone.*
L. *Gal.* Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayeſt me,
And then upbraideſt the Wretchedneſs thou'ſt made.
——Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my Danger,
Yet venture on ſo evident a Ruin.
Wild. Say,——what one Grace is faded?
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more! This charming change of Looks
Raiſes my Flame, and makes me wiſh t'invoke
The harmleſs God again. [*Embraces her.*
L. *Gal.* By Heaven, not all thy Art
Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.
Wild. Oh, I muſt, or die.
L. *Gal.* By all the Powers, by———
Wild. Oh, do not ſwear, leſt Love ſhou'd take it ill
That Honour ſhou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.
——Say that you will half a long Hour hence——
L. *Gal.* Hah!
Wild. Or ſay a tedious Hour.
L. *Gal.* Death, never———
Wild. Or if you——promiſe me then to morrow.
L. *Gal.* No, hear my Vows.
Wild. Hold, ſee me die; if you reſolve 'em fatal to my Love, by Heaven I'll do't.
[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*
L. *Gal.* Ah, what———
Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.
L. *Gal.* I dare not.
Wild. Oh, ſay you will.
L. *Gal.* Alas, I dare not utter it.
Wild. Let's in, and thou ſhalt whiſper it into my Boſom;
Or ſighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. *Gal.*

L. *Gal.* Ah, *Wilding*—— [*Sighs.*

Wild. It toucht my Soul! Repeat that Sigh again.

L. *Gal.* Ah, I confeſs I am but feeble Woman.

[*Leans on him.*

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

L. *Gal.* Hah, young *Meriwill*'s Voice!

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

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

L. *Gal.* Be gone, or you will ruine me for ever.

[*In diſorder.*

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. *Gal.* Here, down the back-ſtairs——— As you have Honour, go and cheriſh mine. [*Pulling him.* —He's gone, and now methinks the ſhivering Fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir Charles, *rudely puſhing* Cloſet *aſide with Sir* Anthony.

Sir *Char.* Deny'd an entrance! nay, then there is a Rival in the Caſe, or ſo; and I'm reſolv'd ſo diſcover the Helliſh Plot, d'ye ſee.

[*Juſt as he enters drunk at one Door,* Wild. *returns at the other.*

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

Wild. The Back-Stairs Door is lockt.

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

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

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

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

Wild. I wou'd not be ſurpriz'd.

As Cloſet *takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark puſhes by Sir* Charles, *and almoſt*

moſt overthrows Sir Anth. *at which they both draw, whilſt he goes out with* Cloſet.

Sir *Char.* Hah, Gad 'twas a Spark!—What, vaniſht! hah———

Sir *Anth.* Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye,

Sir *Char.* Are you ſo, Sir? and I am for the Widow, Sir, and———

[*Juſt as they are paſſing at each other*, Cloſet *enters with a Candle.*

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

Sir *Anth.* Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* Away, I ſay, thou damn'd Domeſtick Intelligence, that comeſt out every half hour with ſome freſh Sham—No Man!—What, 'twas an Appointment only, hum,—which I ſhall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here, [*Searches about*] I ſhall very civilly and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendſhip with him——pray mark that——run him thro the Lungs.

L. *Gal.* Oh, what a Coward's Guilt? what mean you, Sir?

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

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

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

Sir *Char.* Prayer! no more of that, Sweetheart; for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your

your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing ſo late, but a good Husband; and ſee, Heaven has ſent him juſt in the crit—critical minute, to ſupply your Occaſions.

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

Sir *Char.* Come, Widow, let's to Bed.

[*Pulls her, ſhe is angry.*

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

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

Sir *Anth.* He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counſel, and good Company.

[*Getting nearer the Door ſtill.*

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

Sir *Char.* Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye ſee——
Therefore, thou ſometimes neceſſary Utenſil, withdraw.

[*Gives her to Sir* Anth.

Sir *Anth.* Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty.

[*Puſhes her out, and goes out.*

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

Sir *Char.* No frowning; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, Widow; and therefore I am reſolv'd no body ſhall lie with you but my ſelf. You have dangerous Waſps buzzing about your Hive, Widow——mark that——(*She flings from him.*) Nay, no parting but upon terms, which in ſhort, d'ye ſee, are theſe: Down on your Knees, and ſwear me heartily, as Gad ſhall judge your Soul, d'ye ſee, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gal.* To morrow! Oh, I have urgent buſineſs then.

Sir *Char.* So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the neareſt way to the Wood, the ſober diſcreet way of loving,

ing, I am ſorry for you, look ye. [*He begins to undreſs.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir *Char.* Only to go to Bed, that's all.

[*Still undreſſing.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

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

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

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

Sir *Anth. peeping.*] Ah, Rogue! by *George* he out-does my Expectations of him.

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

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

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

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

[*Aſide, peeping unſeen.*

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

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

Hold, I do ſwear I will—

[*He fumbling to undo his Breeches.*

Sir *Char.* What?

L. *Gal.* Marry you.

Sir *Char.* When?

L. *Gal.* Nay, that's too much——Hold, hold, I will to morrow—Now you are ſatisfy'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Ant. *and* Cloſet.

Sir *Anth.*

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

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

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

L. *Gal.* How, upon the Catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Baſe and unkind, is this your humble Love?
Is all your whining come to this falſe Man!
By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.

[*She goes out in a Rage with* Cloſet.

Sir *Char.* Nay, Gad, you're caught, ſtruggle and flounder as you pleaſe, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith.

[*Looking after her.*

——Uncle, get ye home about your Buſineſs; I hope you'll give me the good morrow, as becomes me——I ſay no more, a Word to the Wiſe.———

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

[*Going and returning, is not able to leave him.*

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

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Timothy's *Houſe.*

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

Fop. NOt yet! a plague of this damn'd Widow: The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Caſt, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. *in Rapture and Joy.*

——Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come?

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

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

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

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

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, ſuch a dear Night!

Dreſ. A Pox of Nights, Sir, think of this and the Day to come: which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Wild. The Day to come!
Death, who cou'd be ſo dull in ſuch dear Joys,
To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em!
And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an untimely Viſit, I'd no more power of returning, than committing Treaſon: But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and ſo unſeen I got off. But come——my Diſguiſe. [*Dreſſes.*

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

Wild. 'Tis well: and hark ye, my Friends, I'll preſcribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation: for I have conſider'd, if we modeſtly take nothing but the Writings,

'till be eaſy to ſuſpect the Thief.

Fop. Right; and ſince 'tis for ſecuring our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize——Sirrah, leave the Portmantle here.

[*Exeunt as into the Houſe.*

After a ſmall time,

Enter Jervice *undreſs'd, crying out, purſu'd by ſome of the Thieves.*

Jer. Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

Enter Wilding *with his Sword drawn.*

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

[*They bind and gag him.*

Enter Dreſſwell.

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

Wild. 'Tis well; come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghoſt, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps—this Door leads to my Uncle's Apartment; I know each ſecret Nook where any Treaſure is.

[*All go in, leaving* Jervice *bound on the Stage. Enter* Senſure *running half undreſs'd, as from Sir* Timothy's *Chamber, with his Velvet-Coat on her Shoulders.*

Sen. Help, help! Murder! Murder!

[Dreſ. Lab. *and others purſue her.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dreſ.

Dref. And comment on the Text a little, which I ſuppoſe may be, increaſe and multiply—Here, gag, and bind her. [*Exit.* Dref.

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Lab. Then you'll go near to miſcarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. *and others, leading in Sir* Timothy *in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.*

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

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conſcience, and needleſs Pity———

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

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

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

Fop. You done for the Pope, Srirrah! Why what have you done for the Pope?

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

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

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

Wild. 'Tis very likely; but at this time we ſhall not

take your Word for that.

Sir *Tim.* Bloody-minded Men, are you reſolved to aſſaſſinate me then?

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

Fop. Ay, ay, diſcover, diſcover your Mony, Sir, your ready———

Sir *Tim.* Mony, Sir! good lack is that all? [*Smiling on 'em.*] Why what a Beaſt was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Mony laſt Week to Alderman *Draw-tooth?* Alack, alack, what ſhift ſhall I make now to accommodate you?———But if you pleaſe to come again to morrow——

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

[*Aloud and threatning.*

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

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

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

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

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

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, what you pleaſe, Gentlemen, ſince my Lord's bound——Oh, what Recompence can I make for ſo unhoſpitable Uſage? I am a moſt unfortunate Magiſtrate: hah, who's there, *Jervice*? Alas, art thou here too? What, canſt not ſpeak? but 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will ſerve to beg my Pardon of my Lord?——And then my Heireſs, *Jervice*, ay, my rich Heireſs, why ſhe'll be raviſht: Oh

Oh Heavens, raviſht! The young Rogues will have no Mercy, *Jervice*; nay, perhaps as thou ſay'ſt, they'll carry her away.——Oh that thought! Gad I'd rather the City-Charter were loſt. [*Enter ſome with Bags of Mony.* —Why Gentlemen, rob like Chriſtians, Gentlemen.

Fop. What, do you mutter, Dog?

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

Enter Wild. *and the reſt, with more Bags.*

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

Dreſ. Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in ſpite of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe—What haſt thou here?

(*To* Fop. *who enters with a Bag full of Papers.*

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

Sir *Tim.* Say, Sir? why I'll deny it, Sir; for what Jury will believe ſo wiſe a Magiſtrate as I cou'd communicate ſuch Secrets to ſuch as you? I'll ſay you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in——or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publiſht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not ſo bad yet, but a Man may ſpeak Treaſon within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honeſt conſcientious Jury-Men. And as for the Mony, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbiſh of the Nation out of the way—— Your ſervant, Sir.——So, away with him to *Dreſſwel*'s

Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it.

[*They carry off Sir* Timothy, *and others take up the Bags, and go out with'em.*

Dref. Well, you are ſure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's ſafe, my Lads, the Writings all—

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meaneſt thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, diſpatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done ſo ill, but we dare ſhew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who ſhall bind the laſt Man?

Wild. Honeſt *Laboir*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you get drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Raſcal, and carry things diſcreetly, or you'll be hang'd, that's certain. [*Ex.* Wild. *and* Dref.

Fop. So, now will I i'th' Morning to *Charlot*, and give her ſuch a Character of her Love, as if ſhe have Reſentment, makes her mine. [*Exit.* Fop.

Sir *Tim.* (*calls within*). Ho, *Jenkins*, *Roger*, *Simon!* where are theſe Rogues? none left alive to come to my Aſſiſtance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Raſcals, Sluggards, Drones! ſo ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Cue—and ſtay, I am not yet ſober.

[*Puts himſelf into a drunken Poſture.*

Sir *Tim.* Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I ſay; for I am damnable dry.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, who's there?

Lab. What doleful Voice is that?

Sir *Tim.* What art thou, Friend or Foe?

[*In a doleful Tone.*

Lab. Very direful—why what the Devil art thou?

Sir *Tim.* If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched! What art thou, Ghoſt, Hobgoblin, or walking Spirit? [*Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.*

Sir *Tim.* Oh, neither, neither, but mere Mortal, Sir

Timothy

Timothy Treat-all, robb'd and bound.

[*Coming out led by* Laboir.

Lab. How, our generous Hoſt!

Sir *Tim.* How, one of my Lord's Servants? Alas, alas, how cam'ſt thou to eſcape?

Lab. E'en by miracle, Sir; by being drunk, and falling aſleep under the Hall-Table with your Worſhip's Dog *Tory,* till juſt now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me: and crawling from my Kennel to ſecure the black Jack, I ſtumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to ſerve your Worſhip.

[*Goes to unbind his Hands.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold, I ſay; for I ſcorn to be ſo uncivil to be unbound before his Lordſhip: therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confined too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in diſtreſs? by no means, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not aſham'd to look in the Face, I am an errant Sarazen. [*Exit Sir* Tim. *and* Lab.

SCENE *changes to* Wilding's *Chamber.*

He is diſcover'd ſitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him; to him Sir Timothy *and* Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for ſure I hear ſome coming—— Villains, Rogues! I care not for my ſelf, but for the good pious Alderman. [*Sir* Tim. *as liſtning.*

Sir *Tim.* Wonderful Goodneſs, for me! Alas, my Lord, this ſight will break my Heart. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir *Timothy* ſafe! nay, then I do forgive 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

Wild. It is my Cuſtom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to Bed; and having pray'd that drouſy Slave aſleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aſide.

Sir *Tim.* Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not ſtay till you had ſaid your Prayers?

Wild. By no Perſuaſion——Can you not gueſs who they ſhou'd be, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Oh, ſome damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be ſure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! why what will this World come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but purſue 'em.

[*Offering to go.*

Sir *Tim.* Purſue 'em! alas, they're paſt our reach by this time.

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine: ſome that know each Corner of your Houſe, I'll warrant.

Sir *Tim.* Think ye ſo, my Lord? ay, this comes of keeping open Houſe; which makes ſo many ſhut up their Doors at Dinner-time.

Enter Dreſſwell.

Dreſ. Good Morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke looſe to night?

Sir *Tim.* Only ſome of his Imps, Sir, ſaucy Varlets, inſupportable Raſcals—But well, my Lord, now I have ſeen your Lordſhip at liberty, I'll leave you to your reſt, and go ſee what Harm this night's Work has done.

Wild. I have a little Buſineſs, Sir, and will take this time to diſpatch it in; my Servants ſhall go to Bed, tho 'tis already day——I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir *Tim.* Your time; my Houſe and all I have is yours; and ſo I take my Leave of your Lordſhip [*Ex. Sir* Tim.

Wild. Now for my angry Maid, young *Charlot*;
'Twill be a Task to ſoften her to Peace;
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Bluſhing as tender Roſe-Buds on their Stalks,
Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to raviſh.
———Come, thou ſhalt along with me, I'll truſt thy Friendſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Diana's *Chamber.*

She is diſcover'd dreſſing, with Betty.

Dia. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to loſe no time.

Dia.

Dia. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old Husband, becauſe rich, before ſo young, ſo handſom, and ſo ſoft a Lover as *Wilding?*

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchaſe, Money and Quality may.

Dian. Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with ſuch a Beaſt; ay, there's the Devil, *Betty.* Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,
The ſoft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my Neck,
From thoſe cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I ſhall meet, inſtead of *Tom*'s warm Kiſſes,
A hollow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palſy, ſtinking with Diſeaſe,
By Age and Nature barricado'd up
With a kind Noſe and Chin;
What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours ſupportable?

Bet. What? why ſix thouſand Pounds a Year, Miſtreſs. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you pleaſe.

Dian. Die! no, he's too temperate—Sure theſe Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take ſuch care to live ſo long in this World———No, he'll out-live me.
[*Sighs.*

Bet. In Grace a God he may be hang'd firſt, Miſtreſs—Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he.
[*She goes to open the Door.*

Dian. I cannot bring my Heart to like this Buſineſs; One ſight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the Scale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. *joyful*; Dian. *walks away.*

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;
This happy Day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.
——Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this Morning.
[*Aſide.*

——Fair Excellence, I approach——[*Going toward her.*

Dian. Like Phyſick in a Morning next one's Heart;
[*Aſide.*
Which, tho it be neceſſary, is moſt filthy loathſom.
[*Going from him.*

Sir *Tim.* What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty?
——Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Dian. It will not down.
[*Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.*

Sir *Tim.* Alas, ye Gods, am I deſpis'd and ſcorn'd?
Did I for this ponder upon the Queſtion,
Whether I ſhould be King or Alderman? [*Heroickly.*

Dian. If I muſt marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Heaven! did ſhe name Heaven, *Betty*?

Bet. I think ſhe did, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* I do not like that: What need has ſhe to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Dian. Marriage is a ſort of Hanging, Sir; and I was only making a ſhort Prayer before Execution.

Sir *Tim.* Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing elſe to do.
[*Takes her Hand.*

Dian. Not much, I dare ſwear.

Sir *Tim.* And let us, Fair one, haſte; the Parſon ſtays; beſides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us—I mean, my Nephew.

Dian. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding*.
[*Weeps.*

Sir *Tim.* How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay then I am provok'd—Look on this Head, this wiſe and Reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken meaſure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye ſee.

Dian. A Halter rather.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and it fits it too: and am I ſlighted, I that ſhall receive *Billet-Doux* from *Infanta's*? 'tis moſt uncivil and impolitick.

Dian.

Dian. I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone.
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I ſhed indeed at *Wilding*,
Of whom my fooliſh Heart has now ta'en leave,
And from this Moment is intirely yours.
[*Gives him her Hand, they go out.*

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Charlot, *led by* Foppington, *follow'd by Mrs.* Clacket.

Char. Stay, my Heart miſgives me, I ſhall be undone. —Ah, whither was I going? [*Pulls her Hand from* Fop.

Fop. Do, ſtay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady *Galliard.*

Char. Oh! Take heed leſt you ſin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he paſt the Night with her.

Char. All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. *Clacket.* A very proper Queſtion; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

Char. Oh no; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and ſwore eternal Friendſhip—Haſte, haſte, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it paſt my Power to love him more.

Fop. Oh, how you charm me! [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Char. Yet what art thou? a Stranger to my Heart.
Wherefore, ah why, on what occaſion ſhou'd I?

Mrs. *Clack.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you, your Reputation's gone.

Char. How, am I not honeſt then?

Mrs. *Clack.* Marry Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a ſingle Hour in *Wilding*'s Hands, wou'd not ſwear you have loſt your Maidenhead? And back again I'm ſure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine Hiſtory to be ſung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you ſee *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll ſhortly hear he's married.

Char.

Char. Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on.

[*They going out, meet Sir* Anthony *with Muſick, they return.*

Sir *Anth.* Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the Houſe, and this the Window belonging to my Lady's Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have ſome neat, ſoft, brisk, languiſhing, ſprightly Air now.

Fop. Old *Meriwill*—how ſhall I paſs by him! [*Stand by.*

Sir *Anth.* So, here's Company too; 'tis very well—Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the Buſineſs—Come, come, ſcrew up your Chitterling. [*They play.*

—Hold, hold a little——Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard.*

—Give your Ladyſhip Joy.

Char. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

Fop. How, married her already?

Char. Oh, yes he has. Lovely and falſe, haſt thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, Heavens, Mr. *Foppington*, ſhe faints.—ah me! [*They hold her, Muſick plays.*

Enter Wilding *and* Dreſſwell *diſguis'd as before.*

Wild. Ah, Muſick at Lady *Galliard*'s Door!

Sir *Anth.* Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill*: give your Worſhip and your fair Lady Joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow!

Dreſſ. No matter; prithee advance, and mind thy own Affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meet my Eyes——
Hah!— [*Sees Sir* Charles *come into the Balcony undreſt.*

Sir *Char.* Good morrow, Uncle. Gentleman I thank ye: Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Maſter's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven bleſs your Honour, and your virtuous Bride.

Fop. Wilding! undone.

[*Shelters* Charlot, *that ſhe may not ſee* Wilding.

Wild.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above!

Sir *Anth.* Hah, the Boy's Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this Morning—No matter, here's two to two! come Gentlemen you muſt in.

[*Thruſts the Muſick in, and goes in.*

Dreſſ. Is't not what you expected? nay what you wiſht?

Wild. What then? it comes too ſuddenly upon me—
E'er my laſt Kiſs was cold upon her Lips,
Before the pantings of her Breaſt were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh damn'd deluding Woman!

Dreſ. Be wiſe, and do not ruin where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'ſt to reaſoning, thou haſt loſt me. [*Breaks from him, and runs in.*

Char. I ſay 'twas *Wilding*'s Voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Char. Nay, force me not; by Heaven I'll cry a Rape,
Unleſs you let me go—Not after him!
Yes to the infernal Shades——Unhand me, Sir.

Fop. How, Madam, have you then deſign'd my Ruin?

Char. Oh, truſt me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour.

[*Runs in after* Wild.

Mrs. *Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll e'en after her, and deny to have any hand in the Buſineſs. [*Goes in.*

Fop. Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-bit, that he ſhou'd croſs my Hours juſt in the nick? But ſhall I loſe her thus? No Gad, I'll after her; and come the worſt, I have an Impudence ſhall out-face a *Middleſex*-Jury, and out-ſwear a Diſcoverer. [*Goes in.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Lady Galliard, *purſued by Sir* Charles, and *Footman.*

L. *Gal.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require ſome of his Officers to aſſiſt me inſtantly; and d'ye hear, Raſcal

Raſcal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. [*To the Footman who is going.*

Sir *Char. William*, you may ſtay, *William.*

L. *Gal.* I ſay, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir *Char.* Sirrah, I ſay—know your Lord and Maſter.

Will. I ſhall, Sir. [*Goes out.*

L. *Gal.* Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? purſue me not.

Sir *Char.* You are miſtaken, I'm diſobedient grown, ſince we became one Family; and when I've us'd you thus a Week or two, you will grow weary of this peeviſh fooling.

L. *Gal.* Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am reſolv'd I'll tire thee out merely in ſpite, to have the better of thee.

Sir *Char.* I'm as reſolv'd as you, and do your worſt,
For I'm reſolv'd never to quit thy Houſe.

L. *Gal.* But Malice, there are Officers i'th' City, that will not ſee me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir *Char.* Magiſtrates! why they ſhall be welcome, if they be honeſt and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

L. *Gall.* Are you reſolv'd to be thus obſtinate?
Fully reſolv'd to make this way your Conqueſt?

Sir *Char.* Moſt certainly, I'll keep you honeſt to your Word, my Dear, I've Witneſs——

L. *Gall.* You will?

Sir *Char.* You'll find it ſo.

L. *Gall.* Then know, if thou dareſt marry me, I will ſo plague thee, be ſo reveng'd for all thoſe Tricks thou haſt play'd me———

———Doſt thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir *Char.* Not at all: I'll truſt thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gall.* Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir *Char.* Why then I ſhall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. *Gal.* Then I will game without ceſſation, till I've undone thee.

Sir *Char.* Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be ſure of a Cully; and may they

they rook ye till ye loſe, and fret, and chafe, and rail thoſe youthful Eyes to ſinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered Leanneſs.

L. *Gal.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I pleaſe.

Sir *Char.* For that, ſee who'll petition firſt, and then I'll change for new ones every Night.

Enter William.

Will. Madam, here's Mr. *Wilding* at the Door, and will not be deny'd ſeeing you.

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding*! Oh my eternal Shame! now thou haſt done thy worſt.

Sir *Char.* Now for a Struggle betwixt your Love and Honour!

———Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happineſs,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding*;
But I have too much Honour in my Paſſion,
To let you looſe to ruin: Conſider and be wiſe.

L. *Gal.* Oh, he has toucht my Heart too ſenſibly. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Anth.* (*within*) As far as good Manners goes I'm yours; But when you preſs indecently to the Ladies Chambers, civil Queſtions ought to be askt, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gal.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealouſy, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows: Oh, Guilt, what art thou! [*Aſide.*

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. *and* Dreſſ.

Dreſſ. Prithee, dear *Wilding*, moderate thy Paſſion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will; ſhe ſhall not have the Pleaſure to ſee I am concern'd—Morrow, Widow; you are early up, you mean to thrive I ſee, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir *Char.* Hah, *Wilding*, this that paſt laſt Night at Sir *Timothy*'s for a Man of Quality? Oh, give him way, *Wilding*'s my Friend, my Dear, and now I'm ſure I have the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a haſty Word or two. *Wild.*

Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*—What, are you married then?

L. *Gal.* I hope you've no Exception to my Choice.
[*Scornfully.*

Wild. Falſe Woman, doſt thou glory in thy Perfidy?
[*To her aſide angrily.*
—Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him— [*Aloud.*
Had you lov'd me, you'd pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some ſpruce gay Fool of Fortune, and no more,
Who would have taken ſo much Care on his own ill-favour'd Perſon,
He ſhou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the Care of ſome longing Lover.

L. *Gal.* Death, he will tell him all! (*aſide.*) Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, thou art wondrous falſe,
Falſe as the Love and Joys you feign'd laſt Night.
[*In a ſoft Tone to her.*

L. *Gal.* Oh, Sir, be tender of thoſe treacherous Minutes. [*Softly to him.*
—If this be all you have to ſay to me———
[*Walking away, and ſpeaking aloud.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me ſcurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice. [*Aloud.*
——Curſe on thee, did I only blow the Fire
To warm another Lover?
[*To her ſoftly aſide.*

L. *Gal.* Perjur'd—was't not by your Advice I married?
—Oh where was then your Love? [*Softly to him aſide.*

Wild. So ſoon did I adviſe?
Didſt thou invite me to the Feaſt of Love,
To ſnatch away my Joys as ſoon as taſted?
Ah, where was then your Modeſty and Senſe of Honour?
[*Aſide to her in a low Tone.*

L. *Gal.* Ay, where indeed, when you ſo quickly vanquiſht? [*Soft.*
——But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. [*Aloud.*

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my laſt Effort againſt your ſcorn. [*Shews her the Writings.*

And

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languiſhments cou'd not avail,
Had made ye mine for ever. [*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony, *pulling in Sir* Tim. *and* Diana.

Sir *Anth.* Morrow, *Charles*; Morrow to your Ladyſhip: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am reſolv'd none of my Friends ſhall paſs this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Lady's Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here ſo early?

Sir *Tim.* What has your Ladyſhip ſerv'd me ſo? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not taken Heart of Grace, and ſhew'd your Ladyſhip Trick for Trick? for I have been this Morning about ſome ſuch Buſineſs of Life too, Gentlemen: I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heireſs of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Ha, married to *Diana!*
How fickle is the Faith of common Women! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I ſee your Lordſhip has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordſhip will do my Wedding-dinner the Honour to grace it with your Preſence.

Wild. I ſhall not fail, Sir.
A Pox upon him, he'll diſcover all. [*Aſide.*

L. *Gal.* I muſt own, Sir *Timothy*, you have the better Choice.

Sir *Tim.* I cou'd not help my Deſtiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot *weeping, and* Clacket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me looſe as are my Griefs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, falſe, forſworn!

L. *Gal.* Fair Creature, who is't that you ſeek with ſo much Sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantreſs. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay, then I am diſcover'd.

L. *Gal.* Alas, what wou'dſt thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithleſs Huſband.

Be Judge, ye everlaſting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir *Anth.* How, my Nephew claim'd! Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here?

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, I know her not.—Hark ye, Widow, this is ſome Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, ſhe's ſo pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

L. *Gal.* Vile Man, this will not paſs your Falſhood off.
Sure 'tis ſome Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir *Char.* Death, I'll have the Forgery out;
——Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it ſet thee on to lay a Claim to me?

Charl. To you! Alas, who are you? for till this moment I never ſaw your Face.

L. *Gal.* Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, Madam, ſtark mad! Poor Soul—Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir *Char.* How came you, pretty one, to loſe your Wits thus?

Charl. With loving, Sir, ſtrongly, with too much loving.
———Will you not let me ſee the lovely falſe one?
[*To L.* Gal.
For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

L. *Gal.* Who is he? pray deſcribe him.

Charl. A thing juſt like a Man, or rather Angel!
He ſpeaks, and looks, and loves, like any God!
All fine and gay, all manly, and all ſweet:
And when he ſwears he loves, you wou'd ſwear too
That all his Oaths were true.

Sir *Anth.* Who is ſhe? ſome one who knows her and is wiſer, ſpeak—you, Miſtreſs. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Since I muſt ſpeak, there comes the Man of Miſchief: 'Tis you, I mean, for all your Leering, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Wild. So.

Sir *Tim.* What, my Lord?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Clack*, I never knew your Nephew was a Lord :
Has his Honour made him forget his Honeſty ?
[Charl. *runs and catches him in her Arms.*
Char. I have thee, and I'll die thus graſping thee ;
Thou art my own, no Power ſhall take thee from me.
Wild. Never ; thou trueſt of thy Sex, and deareſt,
Thou ſoft, thou kind, thou conſtant Sufferer,
This moment end thy Fears ; for I am thine.
Charl. May I believe thou art not married then ?
Wild. How can I, when I am yours ?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life ?
Now, Madam, I am reveng'd on all your Scorn,
[*To L.* Gal.
——And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

Sir *Tim.* Why, what are you indeed my Nephew *Thomas ?*

Wild. I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore ſome ſuch Title, till you diſcarded me, and left me to live upon my Wits.

Sir *Tim.* What, and are you no Poliſh Embaſſador then *incognito* ?

Wild. No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but muſt e'en remain as you were ever, Sir, a moſt ſeditious peſtilent old Knave ; one that deludes the Rabble with your Politicks, then leaves 'em to be hang'd, as they deſerve, for ſilly mutinous Rebels.

Sir *Tim.* I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd in courſe, becauſe he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have cozen'd him of his rich Heireſs ; for I am married, Sir, to Mrs. *Charlot.*

Wild. Rather *Diana*, Sir ; I wiſh you Joy : See here's *Charlot.* I was not ſuch a Fool to truſt ſuch Bleſſings with the Wicked.

Sir *Char.* How, Mrs. *Dy* Ladyfi'd ! This is an excellent way of diſpoſing an old caſt-off Miſtreſs.

Sir *Tim.* How, have I married a Strumpet then ?

Dia. You give your Nephew's Miſtreſs, Sir, too coarſe a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir *Tim.*

Sir *Tim.* Undone, undone! I ſhall ne'er make *Guild-hall*-Speech more: but he ſhall hang for't, if there be e'er a Witneſs to be had between this and *Salamanca* for Money.

Wild. Do your worſt, Sir; Witneſſes are out of faſhion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir *Tim.* Then I'm reſolv'd to diſinherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's paſt your Skill too, thanks to my laſt Night's Ingenuity; there [*ſhews him the Writings*] ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd in the preſence of, *&c.*

Sir *Tim.* Bear Witneſs, 'twas he that rob'd me laſt night.

Sir *Anth.* We bear witneſs, Sir, we know of no ſuch matter we, I thank you for that, Sir; wou'd you make Witneſſes of Gentlemen?

Sir *Tim.* No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir *Anth.* Nay, then 'tis a clear Caſe, you can neither hang him or blame him.

Wild. I'll propoſe fairly now; if you'll be generous and pardon all, I'll render your Eſtate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwill's* and Sir *Charles* his Hands———

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without ſo much as wiſhing for your Death.

All. This is but Reaſon.

Sir *Char.* With this Proviſo, that he makes not uſe on't to promote any Miſchief to the King and Government.

All. Good and Juſt. [*Sir* Tim. *pauſſes.*

Sir *Tim.* Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as loſe my Credit by making a Noiſe.———Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his Hand.*

Sir *Char.* See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at laſt into good Nature; yet you'll ſtill be cruel.

L. *Gal.* No, your unwearied Love at laſt has vanquiſht me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye———

One

One laſt look more, and then——be gone, fond Love.

[*Sighing and looking on* Wilding, *giving Sir* Charles *her Hand.*

Sir *Char.* Come, Sir, you muſt receive *Diana* too; ſhe is a cheerful witty Girl, and handſome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home. Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with Buſineſs of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,
Let *Cæſar* be the Kingdom's Care and Love;
Let the hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of juſt Succeſſion:
But may all honeſt Hearts as one agree
To bleſs the King, and Royal *Albany.* [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Perſon of Quality: Spoken by Mrs. *Boteler.*

MY Plot, I fear, will take but with a few,
A rich young Heireſs to her firſt Lover true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and paſt enduring,
Againſt the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
Marrying's the Mask, which Modeſty aſſures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Husband ſounds ſo dull to a Town-Bride,
Ye now-a-days condemn him e'er he's try'd;
E'er in his Office he's confirm'd Poſſeſſor,
Like Trincalo's *you chuſe him a Succeſſor,*
In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,
With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead ſprouts.
Like a poor Parſon bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his Firſt-fruits e'er he enters.
But for ſhort Carnivals of ſtoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year,
Till brought at laſt to a ſtarving Nun's Condition,
You break into our Quarters for Proviſion:
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And 'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care;
A Fool is the Fee-ſimple of a Player,
In which we Women claim a double ſhare.
In other things the Men are Rulers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother-Wit,
By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit.

Take then the Wits, and all their uſeleſs Prattles;
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your firſt Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you ſee in Quality we want?
What can they give, and which we cannot grant?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.
We feel the ſame Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our Dreſs as gay——All underneath as good.
Moſt Men have found us hitherto more true,
And if we're not abus'd by ſome of you,
We're full as fair—perhaps as wholeſom too.
But if at beſt our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will ſerve you but great Ladies;
May queſtion'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Caſe with Laws,
And Muſquetoon at laſt decide the Cauſe.

THE

THE

Feign'd Curtezans;

OR, A

NIGHT'S INTRIGUE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Currer*.

THE Devil take this curſed plotting Age,
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage;
Suſpicions, New Elections, Jealouſies,
Freſh Informations, New Diſcoveries,
Do ſo employ the buſy fearful Town,
Our honeſt Calling here is uſeleſs grown:
Each Fool turns Politician now, and wears
A formal Face, and talks of State-affairs;

Makes

Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Model draws
For Regulation both of Church and Laws;
Tires out his empty Noddle to invent
What Rule and Method's beſt in Government:
But Wit, as if 'twere Jeſuitical,
Is an Abomination to ye all.
To what a wretched paſs will poor Plays come?
This muſt be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome;
'Tis hard——yet——
Not one amongſt ye all I'll undertake,
E'er thought that we ſhould ſuffer for Religion's ſake:
Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th' occaſion
Of any conteſt in our hopeful Nation?
For my own Principles, faith let me tell ye,
I'm ſtill of the Religion of my Cully;
And till theſe dangerous times they'd none to fix on,
But now are ſomething in mere Contradiction,
And piouſly pretend theſe are not days,
For keeping Miſtreſſes, and ſeeing Plays.
Who ſays this Age a Reformation wants,
When Betty Currer's *Lovers all turn Saints?*
In vain, alas, I flatter, ſwear, and vow,
You'll ſcarce do any thing for Charity now:
Yet I am handſom ſtill, ſtill young and mad,
Can wheedle, lye, diſſemble, jilt—egad,
As well and artfully as e'er I did;
Yet not one Conqueſt can I gain or hope,
No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,
So that I want extremely new Supplies;
Of my laſt Coxcomb, faith, theſe were the Price;
And by the tatter'd Enſigns you may know,
Theſe Spoils were of a Victory long ago:
Who wou'd have thought ſuch helliſh Times to have ſeen,
When I ſhou'd be neglected at Eighteen?
That Youth and Beauty ſhou'd be quite undone,
A Pox upon the Whore of Babylon.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Italians.

Moroſini, an old Count, Uncle to *Julio*,	Mr. *Norris.*
Julio, his Nephew, a young Count, contracted to *Laura Lucretia*,	Mr. *Crosby.*
Octavio, a young Count, contracted to *Marcella*, deformed, revengeful,	Mr. *Gillo.*
Crapine, *Moroſini*'s Man.	
Petro, ſuppoſed Pimp to the two Curtezans.	Mr. *Leigh.*

Engliſh.

Sir *Harry Fillamour*, in love with *Marcella*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Mr. *Galliard*, in love with *Cornelia*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sir *Signal Buffoon*, a Fool,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Mr. *Tickletext*, his Governour,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Jack, Sir *Signal*'s Man.	

WOMEN.

Laura Lucretia, a young Lady of Quality, contracted to *Julio*, in love with *Galliard*, and Siſter to *Octavio*,		Mrs. *Lee.*
Marcella, and *Cornelia*,	Siſters to *Julio*, and Nieces to *Moroſini*, paſs for Curtezans by the names of *Euphemia* and *Silvianetta.*	Mrs. *Currer.* / Mrs. *Barry.*
Philippa, their Woman,		Mrs. *Norris.*
Sabina, Confident to *Laura Lucretia*,		Mrs. *Seymour.*

Pages, Muſick, Footmen, and Bravo's.

SCENE, *Rome.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Laura Lucretia, *and* Silvio *richly dreſt*; Antonio *attending, coming all in haſte.*

Sil.. MADAM, you need not make ſuch haſte away, the Stranger that follow'd us from St. *Peter*'s Church purſues us no longer, and we have now loſt ſight of him: Lord, who wou'd have thought the approach of a handſome Cavalier ſhould have poſſeſt *Donna Laura Lucretia* with fear?

Lau. I do not fear, my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I have deſign'd for Love, known to none but him to whom I've deſtin'd my Heart:—ah wou'd he knew the Conqueſt he has made, [*Aſide.*] Nor went I this Evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young Engliſh Cavalier, whom I hop'd to have ſeen there; and I muſt find ſome way to let him know my Paſſion, which is too high for Souls like mine to hide.

Sil. Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the purſuit.

Lau. Let's haſte away then; and, *Silvio*, do you lag behind, 'twill give him an opportunity of enquiring, whilſt I get out of ſight.—Be ſure you conceal my Name and Quality, and tell him—any thing but truth—tell him I am *La Silvianetta*, the young Roman Curtezan, or what you pleaſe to hide me from his knowledge.

[*Exit* Lau.

Enter Julio *and Page in purſuit.*

Jul. Boy, fall you into diſcourſe with that Page, and learn his Lady's Name—whilſt I purſue her farther.

[*Ex* Jul.

Page ſalutes Silvio, *who returns it; they go out as talking to each other.*

Enter Sir Harry Fillamour *and* Galliard.

Fil. He follows her cloſe, whoe'er they be: I ſee this trade of Love goes forward ſtill.

Gal. And will whilſt there's difference in Sexes. But *Harry*, the Women, the delicate Women I was ſpeaking of.

Fil. Prithee tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank*; thou haſt not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'aſt been a dozen times in love, as thou call'ſt it; to me there is no pleaſure like Conſtancy.

Gal. Conſtancy! and wou'dſt thou have me one of thoſe dull Lovers, who believe it their Duty to love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour, for fear of the ſcandalous Name of an Inconſtant? No, my Paſſion, like great Victors, hates the lazy ſtay; but having vanquiſht, prepares for new Conqueſts.

Fil. Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, loſe 'em even in the taking; thou wo't grow penitent, and weary of theſe dangerous Follys.

Gal. But I am yet too young for both: Let old Age and Infirmity bring Repentance,—there's her feeble Province, and even then too we find no plague like being deprived of Woman-kind.

Fil. I hate playing about a Flame that will conſume me.

Gal. Away with your antiquated Notions, and let's once hear ſenſe from thee: Examine but the whole World, *Harry*, and thou wilt find a beautiful Woman the Deſire of the nobleſt, and the Reward of the braveſt.

Fil. And the common Prize of Coxcombs: Times are alter'd now, *Frank*; why elſe ſhou'd the Virtuous be cornuted, the Coward be careſs'd, the Villain roll with ſix, and the Fool lie with her Ladyſhip?

Gal. Mere accident, Sir; the kindneſs of Fortune; but a pretty witty young Creature, ſuch as this *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greateſt Bleſſing this wicked World can afford us.

Fil.

Fil. I believe the lawful enjoyment of ſuch a Woman and honeſt too, wou'd be a Bleſſing.

Gal. Lawful Enjoyment! Prithee what's lawful Enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy 'em as we do Meat, Drink, Air, and Light, and all the reſt of her common Bleſſings?—Therefore prithee, dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a Day, and I will ſhew thee ſuch a *Seigniora*, ſuch a Beauty, another manner of piece than your ſo admired *Viterboan*, *Donna Marcella*, of whom you boaſt ſo much.

Fil. And yet this rare piece is but a Curtezan, in coarſe plain *Engliſh* a very Whore, —who filthily expoſes all her Beauties to him can give her moſt, not love her beſt.

Gal. Why faith, to thy comfort be it ſpoken, ſhe does diſtribute her Charms at that eaſy rate.

Fit. Oh the vaſt diſtance between an innocent Paſſion, and a poor faithleſs Luſt.

Gal. Innocent Paſſion at *Rome*! Oh 'tis not to be nam'd but in ſome Northern Climate: to be an Anchoret here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland*; impoſſibilities, *Harry*.

Gal. Sure thou haſt been adviſing with Sir *Signal Buffoon*'s Governour, that formal piece of Nonſenſe and Hypocriſy.

Fil. No faith, I brought the humour along with me to *Rome*; and for your Governour I have not ſeen him yet, tho he lodge in this ſame Houſe with us, and you promis'd to bring me acquainted with him long ſince.

Gal. I'll do't this very minute.

Fil. No, I'm oblig'd not to engage my ſelf this Evening, becauſe I expect the arrival of Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt Letters aſſured me it would be to night.

Gal. Julio! What, the young *Italian* Count you made me acquainted with laſt Summer in *England*?

Fil. The ſame, the Ambaſſador's Nephew, a good Youth, and one I eſteem.

Enter Julio.

Jul. I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this Beauty is.

Fil. Hah *Julio!* Welcome dear Friend.

[*Embraces him.*

Jul. Sir *Harry Fillamour!* how glad am I to meet you in a Country, where I have power to repay you all thoſe Friendſhips I receiv'd when I was a ſtranger in yours. Monſieur *Galliard* too! nay, then I'm ſure to want no diverſion whilſt I ſtay in *Rome.* [*Salutes* Galliard.

Fil. But pray, what made you leave *England* ſo ſoon?

Jul. E'en the great buſineſs of Mankind, Matrimony. I have an Uncle here, who has provided me Fetters, which I muſt put on, he ſays they will be eaſy; I lik'd the Character of my Miſtreſs well enough, a brave maſculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Donna Laura Lucretia*; till as luck wou'd have it, at my arrival this Evening, ſtepping into St. *Peter*'s Church, I ſaw a Woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I followed to her houſe: but meeting none that cou'd inform me who ſhe was, I left my Page to make the diſcovery, whilſt I with equal impatience came to look you out; whoſe ſight I prefer even to a new Amonr, reſolving not to viſit home, to which I have been a ſtranger this ſeven years, till I had kiſt your hands, and gained your promiſe to accompany me to *Viterbo.*

Fil. Viterbo! is that your place of Reſidence?

Jul. Yes, 'tis a pretty Town, and many noble Familys inhabit there, ſtor'd too with Beauties, at leaſt 'twas wont to be: have you not ſeen it?

Gal. Yes, and a Beauty there too, lately, for his repoſe, who has made him ſigh and look ſo like an Aſs ever ſince he came to *Rome.*

Jul. I am glad you have ſo powerful an Argument, to invite you back: I know ſhe muſt be rare and of quality, that cou'd engage your heart.

Fil. She's both; it moſt unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Perſon of Quality in *England* to a Nobleman at *Viterbo*, who being a Man of a Temper frank and gallant, received me with leſs Ceremony than is uſual

in

in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the Houſe, one of the fineſt *Villa's* belonging to *Viterbo*, and the pleaſure to ſee and converſe at a diſtance with one of the lovelieſt Perſons in the World, a Neice of this old Count's.

Jul. Very well, and cou'd you ſee her but at a diſtance, Sir?

Fil. Oh, no, 'twas all I durſt deſire, or ſhe durſt give; I came too late to hope; ſhe being before promiſed in Marriage to a more happy man, the Conſummation of which waits only the arrival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

Enter Petro *like a Barber.*

Gal. Hah! Signior *Petro.*

Fil. Come Sir, we'll take a turn i'th' Gallery, for this Pimp never appears, but *Francis* deſires to be in private.

Gal. Thou wrong'ſt an honeſt ingenious Fellow, to call him Pimp.

Pet. Ah Seignior, what his Worſhip pleaſes!

Gal. That thou art I'll be ſworn, or what any man's Worſhip pleaſes; for let me tell you *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality: for Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing, and Civility-Maſter, your Linguiſt, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp; and a thouſand more Excellencies he has to ſupply the neceſſities of the wanting Stranger.——Well Sirrah——what deſign now upon Sir *Signal* and his wife Governour?——What do you repreſent now?

Pet. A Barber, Sir.

Gal. And why a Barber, good Seignior *Petro*?

Pet. Oh Sir, the ſooner to take the heights of their Judgments; it gives handſome opportunities to commend their Faces: for if they are pleas'd with flattery, the certain ſign of a Fool to be moſt tickled when moſt commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpoſe; they already put great confidence in me, will have no Maſters but of my recommending, all which I ſupply my ſelf, by the help of my ſeveral diſguiſes; by which, and my induſtry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honeſt painful livelihood, by cheating theſe two reverend Coxcombs.

Gal. How the Devil got'ſt thou this credit with 'em?

Pet. O, eaſily Sir, as Knaves get Eſtates, or Fools Employments.

Fil. I hope amongſt all your good qualities, you forgot not your more natural one of pimping.

Pet. No, I aſſure you, Sir; I have told Sir *Signal Buffoon*, that no Man lives here without his Inamorata: which very word has ſo fir'd him, that he's reſolv'd to have his Inamorata whate'er it coſt him; and, as in all things elſe, I have in that too promiſed my aſſiſtance.

Gal. If you aſſiſt him no better than you have done me, he may ſtay long enough for his Inamorata.

Pet. Why faith, Sir, I lie at my Lady night and day; but ſhe is ſo loth to part with that ſame Maiden-head of hers yet—but to morrow night, Sir, there's hopes.—

Gal. To morrow night; Oh 'tis an Age in Love! Deſire knows no time but the preſent, 'tis now I wiſh, and now I wou'd enjoy: a new Day ought to bring a new Deſire.

Pet. Alas, Sir, I'm but an humble Bravo.

Gal. Yes, thou'rt a Pimp, yet want'ſt the Art to procure a longing Lover the Woman he adores, tho but a common Curtezan——Oh confound her Maidenhead—ſhe underſtands her Trade too well, to have that badge of Innocence.

Pet. I offered her her Price, Sir.

Gal. Double it, give any thing, for that's the beſt receipt I ever found to ſotten Womens hearts.

Pet. Well, Sir, ſhe will be this Evening in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to advance your Intereſt—I muſt ſtep and trim Mr. *Tickletext*, and then am at your ſervice. [*Exit.* Petro.

Jul. What is this Knight and his Governour, who have the bleſſed Fortune to be manag'd by this Squire?

Fil. Certain Fools *Galliard* makes uſe of when he has a mind to laugh, and whom I never thought worth a viſit ſince I came to *Rome*: and he's like to profit much by his Travels, who keeps company with all the *Engliſh*, eſpecially the Fops.

Gal.

Gal. Faith, Sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a Judge; and theſe are ſuch antidotes againſt Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.——Our Knight's Father is even the Gentleman of his Houſe, a Fellow, who having the good fortune to be much a Fool and Knave, had the attendant bleſſing of getting an Eſtate of ſome eight thouſand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it; who (to aggrandize the Name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight; but to refine throughout, and make a compleat Fop, was ſent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext*, his zealous Father's Chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man wou'd wiſh to hear preach; the Father wiſely foreſeeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

Jul. 'Twas well conſidered.

Gal. But for the young Spark, there is no deſcription can reach him; 'tis only to be done by himſelf; let it ſuffice, 'tis a pert, ſaucy, conceited Animal, whom you ſhall juſt now go ſee and admire, for he lodges in the houſe with us.

Jul. With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

Fil. And in all probability ſhall ſooner deſire to be rid on't.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Draws off, and diſcovers Mr.* Tickletext *a trimming, his Hair under a Cap, a Cloth before him:* Petro *ſnaps his fingers, takes away the Baſon, and goes to wiping his face.*

Tickletext *and* Petro.

Pet. Ah che Bella! Bella! I ſwear by theſe ſparkling Eyes and theſe ſoft plump dimpled Cheeks, there's not a Seigniora in all *Rome*, cou'd ſhe behold 'em, were able to ſtand their Temptations; and for *La Silvianetta*, my life on't ſhe's your own.

Tick. Teze, teze, ſpeak ſoftly; but honeſt *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and freſh and—hah!

Pet. Ay Sir, as the roſy Morn, young as old Time in his Infancy, and plump as the pale-fac'd Moon.

Tick. He—Why this Travelling muſt needs improve a Man——Why how admirably well-ſpoken your very Barbers are here—[*Aſide.*]—But *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman ſay ſhe lik'd me? did ſhe, Rogue? did ſhe?

Pet. And doated on you Seignior, doated on you.

Tick. Why, and that's ſtrange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a Man may ſay, that a young Lady ſhou'd fall in love with me—[*Aſide.*] Why *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in viſiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

Pet. Sin, Sir! 'tis a frequent thing now-a-days in Perſons of your Complexion.

Tick. Eſpecially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no ſcandal.

Pet. Ah Seignior, where the Ladies are privileg'd, and Fornification licenſed.

Tick. Right! and when 'tis licens'd, 'tis lawful; and when 'tis lawful, it can be no Sin: beſides, *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows?

Pet. Turn her Seignior, alas any way, which way you pleaſe.

Tick. He, he, he! There thou wert knaviſh, I doubt—but I mean convert her—nothing elſe I profeſs, *Barberacho.*

Pet. True Seignior, true, ſhe's a Lady of an eaſy nature, and an indifferent Argument well handled will do't—ha—here's your head of Hair—here's your natural [*combing out his Hair.*] Frize! And ſuch an Air it gives the Face!—So Seignior—Now you have the utmoſt my Art can do. [*Takes away the Cloth, and bows.*

Tick. Well Seignior,—and where's your Looking-glaſs?

Pet. My Looking-glaſs!

Tick.

Tick. Yes Seignior, your Looking-glaſs! an *Engliſh* Barber wou'd as ſoon have forgotten to have ſnapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his Looking-glaſs.

Pet. Ay Seignior, in your Country the Laity have ſo little Honeſty, they are not to be truſted with the taking off your Beard unleſs you ſee't done:—but here's a Glaſs, Sir. [*Gives him the Glaſs.*

[Tick. *ſets himſelf and ſmirks in the Glaſs*, Pet. *ſtanding behind him, making horns and grimaces, which* Tick. *ſees in the Glaſs, gravely riſes, turns towards* Petro.

Tick. Why how now, *Barberacho*, what monſtrous Faces are you making there?

Pet. Ah my Belly, my Belly, Seignior: ah this Wind-Cholick! this Hypocondriack does ſo torment me! ah—

Tick. Alas poor Knave; *certo*, I thought thou hadſt been ſomewhat uncivil with me, I profeſs I did.

Pet. Who I, Sir, uncivil?—I abuſe my Patrone!—I that have almoſt made my ſelf a Pimp to ſerve you?

Tick. Teze, teze, honeſt *Barberacho!* no, no, no, all's well, all's well:—but hark ye——you will be diſcreet and ſecret in this buſineſs now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman from Sir *Signal* and Mr. *Galliard.*

Pet. The Rack, Seignior, the Rack ſhall not extort it.

Tick. Hold thy Hand——there's ſomewhat for thee, [*gives him Money.*] but ſhall I Rogue—ſhall I ſee her to night?———

Per. To night, Sir, meet me in the Piazza *D'Hiſpagnia*, about ten a Clock,—I'll meet you there,—but 'tis fit Seignior——that I ſhould provide a Collation,——'tis the cuſtom here, Sir.———

Tick. Well, well, what will it come to? —here's an Angel.———

Pet. Why Sir, 'twill come to—about—for you wou'd do't handſomely—ſome twenty Crowns.——

Tick. How man, twenty Crowns!

Pet. Ay, Seignior, thereabouts.

Tick.

Tick. Twenty Crowns!—Why, 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

Pet. Alas Seignior, 'tis nothing with her,—ſhe'll look it out in an hour,—ah ſuch an Eye, ſo ſparkling, with an amorous Twire—Then Sir—ſhe'll kiſs it out in a moment,—ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft, and ſo———

Tick. Why has ſhe, has ſhe, Sirrah—hah—here, here, prithee take money, here, and make no words on't——go, go your way, go—But to entertain Sir *Signal* with other matter, pray ſend his Maſters to him; if thou canſt help him to Maſters, and me to Miſtreſſes, thou ſhalt be the good Genius of us both: but ſee where he comes—

Enter Sir Signal.

Sig *Sig.* Hah! *Signior Illuſtriſſimo Barberacho*, let me hug thee, my little *Miphiſtophiloucho* — de ye ſee here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Seignior *Rabbi Manaſeth—Ben—Nebiton*, and ſo forth; hah—view me round. [*Turns round.*

Tick. I profeſs 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

Sir *Sig.* Made for me——Why, Sir, he ſwore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one High German Prince——I have forgot his name—for the Devil can never remember theſe damn'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles.

Tick. No matter, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, but I ſhou'd be loth to be in any man's Clothes, were he never ſo high a German Prince—except I knew his name tho.

Tick. Sir, I hold his name unneceſſary to be remembred, ſo long as 'twas a princely Penniworth.—*Barberacho*, get you gone, and ſend the Maſters. [*Ex.* Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Why how now Governour! how now Seignior *Tickletext*! prithee how cameſt thou ſo tranſmogrified, ha? why thou look'ſt like any new-fledg'd *Cupid.*

Tick. Do I? away, you flatter; do I?

Sir *Sig.* As I hope to breathe, your Face ſhines thro your pouder'd Hair, like you know what on a Barn-door in a froſty morning.

Tick.

Tick. What a filthy compariſon's there for a man of my Coat?

Sir *Sig.* What angry—*Corpo di me* I meant no harm,—Come, ſhall's to a *Bonaroba*, where thou ſhalt part with thy Pupilage, and that of thy Beard together?

Tick. How mean you, Sir, a Curtezan and a Romiſh Curtezan?

Sir *Sig.* Now my Tutor's up, ha, ha, ha—and ever is when one names a Whore; be pacify'd, Man, be pacify'd, I know thou hat'ſt 'em worſe than Beads or Holy-water.

Tick. Away, you are ſuch another Knight——but leave this naughty diſcourſe, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility-Maſters, who are coming.

Sir *Sig.* Ay when, Governour, when? Oh how I long for my Civility-Maſter, that I may learn to out-complement all the dull Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo——No Signiora Belliſſima, baſe le Mane de vos Signiora ſcuſa mia Illuſtriſſimo, caſpeto de Bacco*, and ſo I'll run on, hah Governour, hah! won't this be pure?

Tick. Notably ingenious, I profeſs.

Sir *Sig.* Well, I'll ſend my *Staffiera* for him *incontinente.*—he, *Jack*——a——*Cazo*, what a damn'd *Engliſh* name is *Jack*? let me ſee——I will call him——*Giovanni*, which is as much as to ſay *John!*——he *Giovanni.*

Enter Jack.

Tick. Sir, by your favour, his *Engliſh* Proteſtant Name is *John Pepper*, and I'll call him by ne'er a Popiſh Name in Chriſtendom.

Sir *Sig.* I'll call my own man, Sir, by what name I pleaſe, Sir; and let me tell you Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I ſcorn to be ſerved by any man whoſe name has not an *Acho* or an *Oucho*, or ſome *Italiano* at the end on't—therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you ſhall be diſtinguiſhed and dignify'd hereafter.

Tick. Sir *Signal*, Sir *Signal*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John John*; and I'll not ſee the poor Fellow

Fellow wrong'd of his Name for ne'er a *Giovanni* in *Rome.*

Sir *Sig.* Sir, I tell you that one *Italian* Name is worth two *Engliſh* Names in *Europe*, and I'll be judg'd by my Civility-Maſter.

Tick. Who ſhall end the diſpute if he be of my opinion.

Sir *Sig. Multo voluntiero*, which is as much as to ſay, with all my heart.

Jack. But Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me, if I ſhould change the curſed Name ſhe gave me with her own hands, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sir *Sig.* He *Beſtia!* I'll have no more of your Worſhip, Sirrah, that old *Engliſh* Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Seignior Illuſtriſſimo* or *Patrona Mea*—or—

Tick. Ay, that I like well enough: —but hold, ſure this is one of your Maſters.

Enter Petro *dreſt like a French Fencing-Maſter.*

Pet. Seignior *Barberacho* has ſent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir *Sig. Illuſtriſſimo Seignior Monſieur*, I am the Perſon who am to learn.

Tick. Stay, Sir, ſtay——let me ask him ſome few queſtions firſt: for, Sir, I have play'd at Back-Sword, and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any Man of my time in the Univerſity.

Sir *Sig.* Say you ſo, Mr. *Tickletext?* and faith you ſhall have a bout with him. [Tick. *gravely goes to* Petro.

Tick. Hum—hum—Mr. *Monſieur*—pray what are the Guards that you like beſt?

Pet. Monſieur eder de Quart or de Terſe, dey be both French and Italian: den for your Parades, Degagements, your Advancements, your Eloynements and Retierments, dey be de ſame.

Tick. Cart and Horſe, what new found inventions and words have we here?——Sir, I wou'd know, whether you like St. *George*'s Guard or not.

Pet. Alons—*Monſieur, Mettez vous en Guard!* take de Flurette.

Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* Nay, faith and troth, Governor, thou ſhalt have a Rubbers with him. [Tick. *ſmiling refuſes.*

Tick. Nay, *certo* Sir *Signal*,——and yet you ſhall prevail:—well, Sir, come your ways. [*Takes the Flurette.*

Pet. Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand ſo dat be de *Quart*—now turn it dus—and that be *de Terſe.*

Tick. Hocus Pocus, Hickſius Doxius—here be de Cart, and here be de Horſe—why, what's all this for, hah, Sir ——and where's your Guard all this while?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, where's your Guard, Sir, as my Governour ſays, Sir, hah?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I muſt inſtruct you, I ſee; Come your ways, Sir——

Pet. Attende, attende une peu——truſt de right hand and de right leg forward together.———

Tick. I marry Sir, that's a good one indeed: What ſhall become of my Head then, Sir? what Guard have I left for that, good Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?

Pet. Ah, Morbleu, is not dis for every ting?

Tick. No, marry is not it, Sir; St. *George*'s Guard is beſt for the Head whilſt you live——as thus, Sir.

Pet. Dat, Sir, ha, ha——dat be de Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-ſword, Sir, yes, Back-ſword, what ſhou'd it be elſe?

Pet. And dis be de Single Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a Vengeance, there's a weapon for a Gentleman indeed; is all this ſtir about Single-Rapier?

Pet. Single-Rapier! What wou'd you have for de Gentleman, de Cudgel for de Gentleman?

Tick. No, Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Raſcally *Frenchman*, who comes to abuſe Perſons of Quality with paltry ſingle Rapier!——Single Rapier! Come, Sir, come——put your ſelf in your Cart and your Horſe as you call it, and I'll ſhew you the difference.

[*Undreſſes himſelf till he appears in a ridiculous Poſture.*

Pet.

Pet. Ah, *Monſieur*, me ſall run you two or three times thro the Body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat?—Pox on his ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Tick. Oh, ho, Sir, do your worſt, Sir.

[*They put themſelves into ſeveral Guards, and* Tick. *beats* Pet. *about the Stage—Enter* Gall. Fill. *and* Jul.

Pet. Ah *Monſieur*, *Monſieur*, will you kill a me?

Tick. Ah *Monſieur*, where be your Carts now, and your Horſe, Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?—and your Single-Rapier, Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?——

Gall. Why how now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal Wars are theſe? *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* contending for *Achilles* his Armour?

Pet. If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, why who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for ſo tall a man of hands? but *Corpo de me*, Mr. *Galliard*, I have not ſeen his Fellow.

Tick. Ah, Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgels with e'er a Sophiſter in the College, but verily I have forgotten it: but here's an impudent Frenchman, that wou'd have paſt Single-Rapier upon us.

Gal. How, nay a my word then he deſerv'd to be chaſtis'd for't—but now all's at Peace again; pray know my Kinſman, Sir *Harry Fillamour*.

Sir *Sig.* *Yo baco les manos*, Seignior *Illuſtriſſimo Cavaliero*,—and yours Seigniors, who are *Multo bien Venito.*

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir, you take me Sir—in ſuch a poſture, Sir,—as I proteſt I have not been in this many years. [*Dreſſing himſelf whilſt he talks.*

Fill. Exerciſe is good for health, Sir.

Gal. Sir *Signal*, you are grown a perfect *Italian*: Well, Mr. *Tickletext*, you will carry him home a moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman I ſee.

Tick. Hum, verily, Sir, tho I ſay it, for a Man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reaſonably well—I'll tell you, Sir—it was by my directions and advice that he brought over with him,—two *Engliſh* Knives a thouſand of *Engliſh* Pins, four pair of *Jerſey* Stockings and as many pair of Buckskin Gloves.

Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, for good Gloves you know are very ſcarce Commodities in this Country.

Jul. Here, Sir, at *Rome*, as you ſay, above all other places.

Tick. Certo, mere hedging-Gloves, Sir, and the clouter-leſt Seams.———

Fill. Very right, Sir,—and now he talks of *Rome*,—— Pray, Sir, give me your opinion of the Place—Are there not noble Buildings here, rare Statues, and admirable Fountains?

Tick. Your Buildings are pretty Buildings, but not comparable to our Univerſity Building; your Fountains, I confeſs, are, pretty Springs,—and your Statues reaſonably well carv'd—but, Sir, they are ſo antient they are of no value: then your Churches are the worſt that ever I ſaw.

Gal. How, Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous thro-out all *Europe* for fine Churches.

Fil. What think you of St. *Peter*'s Church, Sir? Is it not a glorious Structure?

Tick. St. *Peter*'s Church, Sir, you may as well call it St. *Peter*'s Hall, Sir: it has neither Pew, Pulpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells; and call you this a Church, Sir? No, Sir, I'll ſay that for little *England*, and a fig for't, for Churches, eaſy Pulpits, [Sir *Sig. ſpeaks*, And ſleeping Pews,] they are as well ordered as any Churches in Chriſtendom: and finer Rings of Bells, Sir, I am ſure were never heard.

Jul. Oh, Sir, there's much in what you ſay.

Fil. But then, Sir, your rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greateſt Maſters of the World, your delicate Muſick and Voices, make ſome amends for the other wants.

Tick. How, Sir! tell me of your rich Altars, your Guegaws and Trinkets, and Popiſh Fopperies; with a deal of Sing-ſong—when I ſay, give me, Sir, five hundred cloſe Changes rung by a ſet of good Ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the Anthems in *Europe*: and for the Pictures, Sir, they are Superſtition, idolatrous, and flat Popery.

Fill. I'll convince you of that Error, that perſuades you harmleſs Pictures are idolatrous. *Tick.*

Tick. How Sir, how Sir, convince me! talk to me of being convinc'd, and that in favour of Popery! No, Sir, by your favour I ſhall not be convinc'd: convinc'd quoth a?—no, Sir, fare you well, an you be for convincing: come away, Sir *Signal*, fare you well, Sir, fare you well: ——convinc'd! [*Goes out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ha, ha, ha, ſo now is my Governour gone in a Fuſtian-fume: well, he is ever thus when one talks of Whoring and Religion: but come, Sir, walk in, and I'll undertake, my Tutor ſhall beg your Pardon, and renounce his Engliſh ill-bred Opinion: nay, his Engliſh Churches too—all but his own Vicaridge.

Fill. I have better diverſion, Sir, I thank you—come, *Julio*, are you for a Walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by?———

Jul. I'll wait on you—— [*Ex.* Fill. *and* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* How in the Garden of *Medices Villa*?—but hark ye, *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtezans, the *Bona Roba*'s, the *Inamorata*'s, and the *Bell Ingrato*'s, hah?

Gal. Oh, doubtleſs, Sir, [*Exit* Gall.

Sir *Sig.* I'll e'en bring my Governour thither to beg his Pardon, on purpoſe to get an opportunity to ſee the fine Women; it may be I may get a ſight of my new Miſtreſs, *Donna Silvianetta*, whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Moroſini *and* Octavio.

Oct. BY Heaven I will not eat, nor ſleep, nor pray for any thing but ſwift and ſure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that falſe deceiving Beauty, or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour*; who, wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive, laughs at my ſhameful eaſineſs, and cries, theſe Joys were never meant for tame *Octavio*.

Enter

Enter Crapine.

Mor. How now, *Crapine*! What, no News, no News of my Nieces yes, *Marcella* and *Cornelia.*

Crap. None, Sir.

Oct. That's wondrous ſtrange, *Rome*'s a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'ſt have News of ſuch trivial things as Women, amongſt the Cardinals Pages; I'll undertake to learn the Religion *de ſtato*, and preſent juncture of all affairs in *Italy*, of a common Curtezan.

Mor. Sirrah, Sirrah, let it be your care to examine all the Nunneries, for my own part not a Petticoat ſhall eſcape me.

Oct. My task ſhall be for *Fillamour.* [*Aſide.*

Mor. I'll only make a viſit to your Siſter *Donna Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you preſently.—

[*Going out, is ſtaid by* Octavio.

Oct. Stay, Sir, defer your viſit to my Siſter *Laura*, ſhe is not yet to know of my being in Town; 'tis therefore I have taken a Lodging in an obſcure ſtreet, and am reſolv'd never to be my ſelf again till I've redeem'd my Honour. Come, Sir, let's walk—

Enter to them, as they are going out, Marcella *and* Cornelia, *dreſt like Curtezans,* Philippa, *and Attendants.*

Mor. Stay, ſtay, what Women are theſe?

Oct. Whores, Sir, and ſo 'tis ten to one are all the kind; only theſe differ from the reſt in this, they generouſly own their trade of Sin, which others deal by ſtealth in; they are Curtezans. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. The Evening's ſoft and calm, as happy Lovers Thoughts;
And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees
Will hide us from the amorous gazing Croud.

Cor. What ſhould we do there, ſigh till our wandering Breath
Has rais'd a general Gale amongſt the Boughs;
To whoſe dull melancholy Muſick we,
Laid on a Bed of Moſs, and new-fallen Leaves,
Will read the diſmal tale of Echo's Love!

—No

—No, I can make better uſe of famous Ovid.
[*Snatches a little Book from her.*
And prithee what a pox have we to do with Trees, Flowers, Fountains, or naked Statues?

Mar. But prithee mad *Cornelia*, let's be grave and wiſe, at leaſt enough to think a little.

Cor. On what? your *Engliſh* Cavalier *Fillamour*, of whom you tell ſo many dull ſtories of his making Love! Oh how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb.

Mar. And ſo do I, I'll therefore think of him no more.

Cor. Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a Virgin grown up to Woman.

Mar. Why, art thou ſuch a Fool to think I love this *Fillamour*?

Cor. It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Viterbo*, where Men are ſcarce, you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*, to tell him you cou'd love no more?

Mar. A too forward Maid, *Cornelia*, hurts her own Fame, and that of all her Sex.

Cor. Her Sex! a pretty conſideration, by my Youth; an Oath I ſhall not violate this dozen years: my Sex ſhou'd excuſe me, if to preſerve their Fame they expected I ſhould ruin my own Quiet; in chuſing an ill-favour'd Husband, ſuch as *Octavio*, before a young handſome Lover, ſuch as you ſay *Fillamour* is.

Mar. I wou'd fain perſuade my ſelf to be of thy mind, —but the World, *Cornelia*——

Cor. Hang the malicious World———

Mar. And there's ſuch Charms in Wealth and Honour too.

Cor. None half ſo powerful as Love, in my opinion; 'slife, Siſter, thou art beautiful, and haſt a Fortune too, which before I wou'd lay out upon ſo ſhameful a purchaſe as ſuch a Bedfellow for life as *Octavio*, I wou'd turn errant keeping Curtezan, and buy my better Fortune.

Mar. That Word too ſtartles me.

Cor. What Curtezan! why, 'tis a noble Title, and has more Votaries than Religion; there's no Merchandize like ours, that of Love, my Siſter:——and can you be frighted with the Vizor, which you your ſelf put on?

Mar.

Mar. 'Twas the only Diſguiſe that cou'd ſecure us from the ſearch of my Uncle and *Octavio*. Our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'll all be diligent,——and ſome Honour I was content to ſacrifice to my eternal Repoſe.

Cor. Spoke like my Siſter! a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to loſe, 'tis true; but our down-right Honeſty I perceive you are reſolv'd we ſhall maintain thro all the dangers of Love and Gallantry; tho to ſay truth, I find enough to do, to defend my Heart againſt ſome of thoſe Members that nightly ſerenade us, and daily ſhow themſelves before our Window, gay as young Bridegrooms, and as full of expectation.

Mar. But is't not wondrous, that amongſt all theſe Crouds we ſhould not once ſee *Fillamour*? I thought the Charms of a fair young Curtezan might have oblig'd him to ſome Curioſity at leaſt.

Cor. Ay! and an *Engliſh* Cavalier too, a Nation ſo fond of all new Faces.

Mar. Heaven, if I ſhou'd never ſee him, and I frequent all publick Places to meet him! or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or ſome other Beauty have employ'd his Thoughts!

Cor. Why, if all theſe if's and or's come to paſs, we have no more to do than to advance in this ſame glorious Profeſſion, of which now we only ſeem to be—in which, to give it its due, there are a thouſand Satisfactions to be found, more than in a dull virtuous Life: Oh the world of Dark-Lanthorn-Men we ſhould have! the Serenades, the Songs, the Sighs, the Vows, the Preſents, the Quarrels, and all for a Look or a Smile, which you have been hitherto ſo covetous of, that *Petro* ſwears our Lovers begin to ſuſpect us for ſome honeſt Jilts; which by ſome is accounted much the leuder ſcandal of the two:——therefore I think faith, we muſt e'en be kind a little to redeem our Reputations.

Mar. However we may railly, certainly there's nothing ſo hard to Woman, as to expoſe her ſelf to villainous Man.

Cor. Faith, Siſter, if 'twere but as eaſy to ſatisfy the

nice ſcruples of Religion and Honour, I ſhould find no great Difficulty in the reſt——Beſides, another Argument I have, our Mony's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honeſtly.

Mar. Then we muſt ſell our Jewels.

Cor. When they are gone, what Jewel will you part with next?

Mar. Then we muſt———

Cor. What, go home to *Viterbo*, ask the old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to Grace again, you to the Embraces of the amiable *Octavio*, and I to St. *Tereſa*'s, to whiſtle thro a Grate like a Bird in a Cage, for I ſhall have little heart to ſing.———But come, let's leave this ſad talk, here's Men—let's walk and gain new Conqueſt, I love it dearly——— [*Walk down the Garden.*

Enter Gall. Fill. *and* Jul. *ſee the Women.*

Gal. Women! and by their garb for our purpoſe too—they're Curtezans, let's follow 'em.

Fil. What ſhall we get by gazing but Diſquiet? if they are fair and honeſt, we look, and perhaps may ſigh in vain; if beautiful and looſe, they are not worth regarding.

Gal. Dear notional Knight, leave your ſatirical Fopperies, and be at leaſt good-humour'd, and let's follow them.

Jul. I'll leave you in the Purſuit, and take this Opportunity to write my Uncle word of my Arrival; and wait on you here anon.

Fil. Prithee do ſo: hah, who's that with ſuch an Equipage? [*Exit* Julio, Fil. *and* Gal. going after. Marcella *and* Cor. *meet juſt entring*, Laura *with her Equipage, dreſt like a Man.*

Gal. Pox, let the Tradeſmen ask, who cringe for ſuch gay Cuſtomers, aud follow us the Women!

[*Exit* Fil. *and* Gal. *down the Scene*, Lau. *looking after 'em.*

Lau. 'Tis he, my Cavalier, my Conqueror: *Antonio*, let the Coaches wait,—and ſtand at diſtance all: Now, *Silvio*, on thy Life forget my Sex and Quality, forget my uſeleſs name of *Laura Lucretia*, and call me Count of—

Sil. What, Madam?

Lau. Madam! ah fooliſh Boy, thy feminine Courage will betray us all:——but—call me—Count—
——and tell me, *Silvio*, how is it I appear?
How doſt thou like my Shape——my Face and Dreſs?
My Mien and Equipage, may I not paſs for Man?
Looks it *en Prince* and Maſculine?

Sil. Now as I live, you look all over what you wiſh, and ſuch as will beget a Reverence and Envy in the Men, and Paſſion in the Women. But what's the Cauſe of all this Transformation?

Lau. Love! Love! dull Boy, cou'dſt thou not gueſs 'twas Love? that dear *Engleſe* I muſt enjoy, my *Silvio.*

Sil. What, he that adores the fair young Curtezan?

Lau. That very he; my Window joins to hers, and 'twas with Charms
Which he' ad prepar'd for her, he took this Heart,
Which met the welcome Arrows in their flight,
And ſav'd her from their Dangers.
Oft I've return'd the Vows he'as made to her,
And ſent him pleas'd away;
When thro the errors of the Night, and diſtance,
He has miſtook me for that happy Wanton,
And gave me Language of ſo ſoft a Power,
As ne'er was breath'd in vain to liſtning Maids.

Sil. But with Permiſſion, Madam, how does this Change of Petticoat for Breeches, and ſhifting Houſes too, advance that Love?

Lau. This Habit, beſides many Opportunities 'twill give me of getting into his acquaintance, ſecures me too from being known by any of my Relations in *Rome*: then I have changed my Houſe for one ſo near to that of *Silvianetta*'s, and ſo like it too, that even you and I have oft miſtook the entrance; by which means Love, Fortune or Chance, may with my Induſtry contrive ſome kind Miſtake that may make me happier than the reſt of Womankind.

Sil. But what ſhall be reſerv'd then for Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt Letters promiſe his Arrival within a Day or two, and whom you're then to marry?

Lau. Reſerv'd for him! a Wife! a Wife, my *Silvio*, That unconcern'd domeſtick Neceſſary,

Who

Who rarely brings a Heart, or takes it ſoon away.—

Sil. But then your Brother, Count *Octavio*, do you not fear his Jealouſy?

Lau. Octavio! Oh, Nature has ſet his Soul and mine at odds,
And I can know no Fear but where I love.

Sil. And then that thing which Ladies call their Honour.

Lau. Honour, that hated Idol, even by thoſe
That ſet it up to worſhip! No,
I have a Soul, my Boy, and that's all Love;
And I'll the Talent which Heaven lent improve.

[*Going out, meets* Marcella *and* Cornelia *follow'd by* Gal. *and* Fil.

Sil. Here be the Curtezans, my Lord.

Lau. Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*! purſu'd too by my Cavalier! I'll round the Garden, and mix my ſelf amongſt 'em. [*Exit with her Train.*

Mar. Prithee, Siſter, let's retire into the Grove, to avoid the Purſuit of theſe Cavaliers.

Cor. Not I, by theſe killing Eyes! I'll ſtand my ground were there a thouſand, all arm'd with conquering Beautys.

Mar. Hah—now on my Conſcience yonder's *Fillamour*.

Cor. Ha! *Fillamour*.

Mar. My Courage fails me at the ſight of him———I muſt retire.

Cor. And I'll to my Art of Love.

[Mar. *retires, and leans againſt a Tree*, Cor. *walks about reading.*

Gal. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis *Silvianetta*: Prithee advance, that thou mayſt behold her, and renounce all honeſt Women; ſince in that one young Sinner there are Charms that wou'd excuſe even to thee all frailty.

Fil. The Forms of Angels cou'd not reconcile me
To Women of her Trade.

Gal. This is too happy an Opportunity, to be loſt in convincing thy Singularity,—— [Gal *goes bowing by the ſide of* Cornelia. Fil. *walks about in the Scene.*
—If Creatures ſo fair and charming as your ſelf, had any need of Prayer, I ſhou'd believe by your profound Attention you were at your Evening's Devotion.

Cor. That you may find your Miſtake in the opinion of my

my Charms, pray believe I am ſo, and ought not to be interrupted.

Gal. I hope a Man may have leave to make his Devotions by you, at leaſt without Danger or Offence.

Cor. I know not that, I have reaſon to fear your Devotion may be ominous; like a blazing Star, it comes but ſeldom,——but ever threatens miſchief——Pray Heaven, I ſhare not in the Calamity.

Gal. Why, I confeſs, Madam, my Fit of Zeal does not take me often; but when it does, 'tis very harmleſs and wondrous hearty.———

Cor. You may begin then, I ſhall not be ſo wicked as to diſturb your Oriſons.

Gal. Wou'd I cou'd be well aſſur'd of that, for mine's Devotion of great Neceſſity, and the Bleſſing I pray for infinitely concerns me; therefore in chriſtian Charity keep down your Eyes, and do not ruin a young Man's good Intentions, unleſs they wou'd agree to ſend kind Looks, and ſave me the expence of Prayer.

Cor. Which wou'd be better laid out, you think, upon ſome other Bleſſing.

Gal. Why faith 'tis good to have a little Bank upon occaſion, tho I hope I ſhall have no great need hereafter,—if the charming *Silvianetta* be but kind, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Cor. You're very well acquainted with my Name, I find.

Gal. Your Name! 'tis all I have to live on!
Like chearful Birds, 'tis the firſt Tune I ſing,
To welcome in the Day:
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains purle it,
And every pretty Sound that fills my Ear,
Turns all to *Silvianetta.* [Fil. *looks awhile on* Marcella.

Fil. Galliard, look there——look on that lovely Woman; 'tis *Marcella*, the beautiful *Marcella.*

[*Offers to run to her*, Gal. *holds him.*

Gal. Hold! *Marcella!* where?

Fil. That Lady there; didſt ever ſee her equal.

Gal. Why faith, as you ſay, *Harry*, that Lady is beautiful—and make us thankful——kind: why 'tis *Euphemia*,

mia, Sir, the very Curtezan I wou'd have ſhew'd you.—

Fil. Forbear, I am not fit for Mirth.

Gal. Nor I in Humour to make you merry;
I tell ye——yonder Woman——is a Curtezan.

Fil. Do not profane, nor rob Heaven of a Saint.

Gal. Nor you rob Mankind of ſuch a Bleſſing, by giving it to Heaven before its time.—I tell thee 'tis a Whore, a fine deſirable expenſive Whore.

Fil. By Heaven it cannot be! I'll ſpeak to her, and call her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy leud Opinion.

[*Offers to, he holds him.*

Gal. Do, ſalute her in good Company for an honeſt Woman——do, and ſpoil her Markets:——'twill be a pretty civil ſpiteful Compliment, and no doubt well taken,——come, I'll convince ye, Sir.

[*Goes and pulls* Philippa.
—Harkye, thou kind Help meet for Man——thou gentle Child of Night—what is the Price of a Night or two of Pleaſure with yonder Lady—*Euphemia*, I mean, that Roman Curtezan——

Fil. Oh Heavens! a Curtezan!

Phil. Sure you're a great Stranger in *Rome*, that cannot tell her Price.

Gal. I am ſo; name it, prithee, here's a young *Engliſh* Purchaſer——Come forward, Man, and cheapen for your ſelf— [*Pulls him.*

Phil. Oh ſpare your pains, ſhe wants no Cuſtomers.—

[*Flings away.*

Fil. No, no, it cannot, muſt not be *Marcella*;
She has too much Divinity about her,
Not to defend her from all Imputation,
Scandal wou'd die to hear her Name pronounc'd.

Phil. Believe me, Madam, he knows you not; I overheard all he ſaid to that Cavalier, and find he's much in love.

Mar. Not know me, and in love! puniſh him Heaven for his Falſhood: but I'll contribute to deceive him on, and ruin him with Perjury.

Fil. I am not yet convinc'd, I'll try her farther. [*Goes to her bowing.*]——But, Madam, is that heavenly Beauty

purchaſable? I'll pay a Heart, rich with ſuch Wounds and Flames——

Gal. Not forgetting the Mony too, good Lad, or your Wounds and Flames will be of little uſe.

[Gal. *goes to* Cornelia.

Mar. He tells you Truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their Men with loving upon the ſquare, Heart for Heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony: to Women of our Profeſſion there's any Rhetorick like ready Mony, nor Billet-deux like Bills of Exchange.

Fil. Oh! that Heaven ſhou'd make two Perſons ſo reſembling, and yet ſuch different Souls. [*Looks on her.*
—'Sdeath, how ſhe darts me thro with every Look!
But if ſhe ſpeak, ſhe heals the Wound again.

Enter Octavio, *with Followers.*

Oct. Hah, my Rival *Filamour* here! fall on—draw, Sir,——and ſay, I gave you one Advantage more, and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on* Fil. *who fights him out; the Ladies run off*: Gal. *falls on the Followers, with whom whilſt he is engag'd, enters* Julio, *draws and aſſiſts him; and* Laura *at the ſame time on the other ſide. Enter* Petro *dreſt like a Civility-Maſter; Sir* Signal *and* Tickletext: *Sir* Signal *climbs a Tree,* Tick. *runs his Head into a Buſh, and lies on his Hands and Knees.* Pet. *aſſiſts* Gal. *and fights out the Bravoes.* Pet. *re-enters.*

Lau. Hah, my Cavalier engag'd amongſt the Slaves!

Pet. My Lady's Lovers! and ſet upon by *Octavio*! we muſt be diligent in our Affairs: Sir *Signal*, where are ye? Seignior *Tickletext.*—I hope they have not miſcarried in the fray.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *vos Servitor, vos Signiora*; miſcarried! no, the Fool has Wit enough to keep out of harm's way.

[*Comes down from the Tree.*

Pet. Oh very diſcreetly done, Seignior.——

[*Sees* Tick. *in a buſh, pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir *Sig.* Why how now, Governour, what afraid of Swords?

Tick. No, Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of Danger.

Enter Gal. *embracing* Laura; *after 'em,* Julio *and* Fil. Fil. *looks about.*

Gal. This Bravery, Sir, was wondrous.

Lau. 'Twas only Juſtice, Sir, you being oppreſt with odds.

Fil. She's gone, ſhe's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

Jul. What was the matter, Sir? how came this Miſchief?

Fil. Oh eaſily, Sir; I did but look, and infinitely loved.

Jul. And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it ſome old Pique?

Fil. I know not, Sir, Oh tell me not of Quarrels. The Woman, Friend, the Woman has undone me.

Gal. Oh a bleſſed Hearing! I'm glad of the Reformation: Sir, you were ſo queamiſh, forſooth, that a Whore wou'd not down with ye; no 'twou'd ſpoil your Reputation.———

Fil. A Whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc'd ſhe were ſo; 'twou'd call my Virtue home, and make me a Man again.

Gal. Thou ly'ſt——thou'rt as weak a Brother as the beſt of us, and believe me, *Harry*, theſe ſort of Damſels are like Witches, if they once get hold of a Man, he's their own till the Charm be ended; you gueſs what that is, Sir.

Fil. Oh, *Frank*, hadſt thou then felt how tenderly ſhe preſt my Hand in hers, as if ſhe wou'd have kept it there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, ſtark mad in Love!——and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me. [*Aſide.*

Gal. Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee,——well, thou ſhalt this Night enjoy her.

Fil. How?

Gal. How! why faith *Harry*, e'en the old way, I know no other. Why thou ſhalt lie with her, Man; come, let's to her.

Fil. Away, let's follow her inſtantly.

[*Going out is ſtopt by Sir* Signal.

Enter

Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Seignior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext* to beg your Pardon—Sir.

Fil. I've other buſineſs, Sir. [*Goes out.*

Gal. Come, let's follow him; and you my generous Cavalier, muſt give me leave to beg the Honour of your Friendſhip.

Lau. My Inclinations, Sir, have given you more—— pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, leſt a farther Inſolence ſhou'd be offer'd you.

Gal. Sir, you oblige too faſt. [*They go out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah *che Diavilo Ayles* theſe hot-brain'd Fellows, ſure they're drunk.

Pet. Oh fy Seignior, drunk, for a Man of Quality—'tis intolerable.

Sir *Sig.* Ay: why how ſo, Seignior *Morigoroſo*?

Pet. Imbriaco had made it a fine Speech indeed.

Sir *Sig.* Why faith, and ſo it had, as thus,—*ach Diavilo Ayles* theſe are hot brain'd Fellows, ſure they are *imbriaco*,——Now wou'd not I be drunk for a thouſand Crowns: *Imbriaco* ſounds *Cinquante per cent* better.—— Come, noble Seignior, let's *andiamo a caſa*, which is as much as to ſay, let's amble home.———

Tick. In troth, wondrous expert———*Certo* Seignior, he's an apt Scholar.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Sir, you ſhall ſee, when I come to my Civilities.———

Pet. Where the firſt Leſſon you ſhall learn, is, how to give and how to receive with a Bon-Grace.

Tick. That receiving Leſſon I will learn my ſelf.

Pet. This unfrequented part of the Garden, Seignior, will fit our purpoſe as well as your Lodgings.—firſt then ——Seigniors, your Addreſs.

[*Puts himſelf in the middle.*

[Petro *bows on both ſides, they do the like.*

—Very well, that's at the Approach of any Perſon of Quality, after which you muſt take out your Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* Snuff-Box; why we take no Snuff, Seignior.

Pet. Then Sir, by all means you muſt learn: for, beſides the Mode and Gravity of it, it inviveates the *Peri-*

cranium; that is, ſapientates the Brain,——that is, inſpires Wit, Thought, Invention, Underſtanding, and the like—you conceive me, Seigniors—— [*Bowing.*

Sir *Sig.* Moſt profoundly, Seigniors.— [*Bowing.*

Pet.——Then Seigniors, it keeps you in confidence, and Countenance; and whilſt you gravely ſeem to take a ſnuſh, you gain time to anſwer to the purpoſe, and in a politick Poſture——as thus———to any intricate Queſtion.

Tick. Hum———*certo* I like that well; and 'twere admirable if a Man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

Pet. Doubtleſs, Seignior, you might, it helps the Memory better than Roſemary: therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* By no means: excuſe me Seignior.

[*Refuſes to take 'em.*

Pet. Ah Baggatelles, Seignior, Baggatelles: and now Seigniors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handſom Grace: Seignior, your Hands——and yours, Seignior; [*Lays Snuff on their hands.*] ——ſo, now draw your hand to and fro under your Noſes, and ſnuff it hard up—Excellent well. [*They daub all their Noſes, and make Grimaces, and ſneeze.*

Sir *Sig.* Methinks, Seignior, this Snuff ſtinks moſt damnably: pray what ſcent do you call this?

Pel. Cackamarda Orangate, a rare Perfume I'll aſſure ye, Sir.

Sir *Sig. Cackamarda Orangate*; and 'twere not for the Name of *Cackamarda*, and ſo forth, a Man had as good have a Sir-reverence at his Noſe.

[*Sneezes often, he crys* bonprovache.

Pet. Bonprovache———Seignior, you do not underſtand it yet, *bonprovache.*

Sir *Sig.* Why Sir, 'tis impoſſible to endure this ſame *Cackamarda*; why Aſſafetida is odoriferous to it. [*Sneezing.*

Pet. 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me:—— but come, Seigniors, wipe your Noſes, and proceed to your giving Leſſon.

Sir *Sig.* As how, Seignior?

Pet.

Pet. Why——preſent me with ſomething——that — Diamond on your Finger, to ſhew the manner of giving handſomly. [*Sir* Sig. *gives it him.*

———Oh fie, Seignior———between your Finger and Thumb——thus—with your other fingers at a diſtance — with a ſpeech, and a bow.———

Sir *Sig.* *Illuſtriſſimo* Seignior, the manifold Obligations,

Pet. Now a fine turn of your hand——thus——Oh that ſets off the Preſent, and makes it ſparkle in the Eyes of the Receiver.—— [*Sir* Sig. *turns his hand.*

Sir *Sig.* Which you have heap'd upon me,——

Pet. There flouriſh again. [*He flouriſhes.*

Sir *Sig.* Obliges me to beg your acceptance of this ſmall Preſent, which will receive a double Luſtre from your fair Hand. [*Gives it him.*

Pet. Now kiſs your fingers ends, and retire back with a bow.

Tick. Moſt admirably perform'd.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, Sir, I have a Docity in me, tho I ſay't: Come Governor, let's ſee how you can out-do me in the Art of preſenting.

Tick. Well, Sir, come; your Snuff-Box will ſerve inſtead of my Ring, will it not?

Pet. By no means, Sir, there is ſuch a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no Preſent becomes either the giving or the receiving Hand half ſo well.

Sir *Sig.* Why, 'twill be reſtor'd again, 'tis but to practiſe by.

Pet. Ay, Seignior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

Tick. Moſt worthy Seignior, I have ſo exhauſted the *Cornucopia* of your Favours, [*Flouriſhes*]—and taſted ſo plenteouſly of the fulneſs of your bounteous Liberality, that to retaliate with this ſmall Gem—is but to offer a Spark, where I have received a Beam of ſuperabundant Sunſhine.— [*Gives it.*

Sir *Sig.* Moſt rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breathe; Tropes and Figures all over.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir *Signal.*

Pet. Excellent—Now let's ſee if you can refuſe as civilly as you gave, which is by an obſtinate denial; ſtand

both together ——Illuſtrious Seigniors, upon my Honour my little Merit has not intitled me to the Glory of ſo ſplendid an Offering; Trophies worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous Feet.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Seignior, no, no.

Pet. Seignior *Tickletext.*

[*He offers, they refuſe going backward.*

Tick. Nay, *certo* Seignior——

Pet. With what confidence can I receive ſo rich a Preſent? Seignior *Tickletext*, ah——Seignior——

Sir *Sig.* I vow Seignior——I'm aſhamed you ſhou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, ſo am I, [*Still going back, he follows.*

Pet. Pardio Baccus, moſt incomparable.——

Tick. But when, Seignior, are we to learn to receive again?——

Pet. Oh, Sir, that's always a Leſſon of it ſelf:—but now, Seigniors, I'll teach you how to act a ſtory?

Sir *Sig.* How, how, Seignior, to act a ſtory?

Pet. Ay, Sir, no matter for words or ſenſe, ſo the Body perform its part well.

Sir *Sig.* How, tell a ſtory without words! why this were an excellent device for Mr. *Tickeltext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has loſt his Sermon-Notes ——why this is wonderful.——

Pet. Oh, Sir, I have taught it Men born deaf [*Gets between 'em: Makes a ſign of being fat; galloping about the Stage.*] and blind:—look ye, ſtand cloſe together, and obſerve—cloſer yet:——a certain Eclejaſtico, Plump and Rich —— Riding along the Road, meets a Paver ſtrapiao,—un Pavaro ſtrapiao, Paure ſtrapiao:—ſtrapiao [*Puts himſelf into the Poſture of a lean Beggar; his hands right down by his ſides,—and picks both their Pockets.* Elemoſuna per un Paure ſtrapiao, par a Moure de Dievos —at laſt he begs a Julio—Neinte (*makes the fat Biſhop*) then the Paure ſtrapiao begs a Mezo Julio—(*lean*) Neinte (*fat*)—une bacio—(*lean*)—Neinte—(*fat*)—at laſt he begs his Bleſſing——and ſee how willingly the Eccleſiaſtick gave his Benediction. [*Opening his Arms, he hits them both*

in

in the face.]—Scuſa ſcuſa mea Patrona's—

[*Begs their pardon.*

Sir *Sig.* Yes, very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

Tick. Marry, I wou'd he had been a little ſparing of that too at this time—(*ſneezes*) a ſhame on't, it has ſtir'd this ſame *Cackamardo* again moſt foully.

Pet. Your Pardon, Seignior;——but come, Sir *Signal,*——let's ſee how you will make this ſilent relation—Come, ſtand between us two———

Sir *Sig.* Nay, let me alone for a memory—come.

Pet. I think I have reveng'd my Backſword-beating.

[*Goes off.*

Sir *Sig.* Un paureo ſtarpado—plump and rich—no, no, the Eccleſiaſtico meet un paureo ſtrapado—and begs the Julio.

Tick. Oh no, Sir, the ſtrapado begs the Julio.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay, and the Eccleſaſtico crys Neinte——(*ſnaps his nail.*) un meze Julio!—Neinte—un Bacio, Neinte: your Bleſſing then Seignior Eccleſaſtico.

[*Spreads out his Arms to give his bleſſing—and hits* Tick.

Tick. Adds me, you are a little too liberal of this ſame Benediction.

Sir *Sig.* Hah—but where's Seignior *Morigoroſo*? what, is he gone?—but now I think on't, 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

Tick. It may be ſo, but I wiſh I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving Leſſon without the taking one; why, this is picking a Man's Pocket, *certo.*

Sir *Sig.* Not ſo, Governour, for then I had had a conſiderable loſs: Look ye here,——how——(*feeling in his Pocket.*) how—(*in another*) how—gone? as I live, my Money, Governour; all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Merchant to day———all gone.———

Tick. Hah—and mine—all my ſtock, the Money which I thought to have made a preſent to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me to—(*Aſide.*)—Undone, undone—Villains, Cutpurſes—Cheats, on, run after him.

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of all ſilent ſtories: Rogue, Thief—undone.——— [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and his* Page.

Jul. HOW, the Lady whom I followed from St. *Peter's* Church a Curtezan?

Pag. A Curtezan, my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

Jul. I know ſhe's fair and young; but is ſhe to be had, Boy?

Pag. My Lord, ſhe is——her Footman told me ſhe was a Zittella.

Jul. How a Zittella!—a Virgin, 'tis impoſſible.

Pag. I cannot ſwear it, Sir, but ſo he told me; he ſaid ſhe had a World of Lovers: Her name is *Silvianetta*, Sir, and her Lodgings—

Jul. I know't, are on the *Corſo*; a Curtezan? and a Zittella too? a pretty contradiction; but I'll bate her the laſt, ſo I might enjoy her as the firſt: whate'er the price be, I'm reſolved upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare my ſelf. (*Going off, Enters* Mor. *and* Octa.)—hah does the Light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earneſt conference with a Cavalier?—'tis he——I'll ſtep aſide till he's paſt, leſt he hinders this Night's diverſion. [*Goes aſide.*

Mor. I ſay 'twas raſhly done, to fight him unexamin'd.

Oct. I need not ask; my Reaſon has inform'd me, and I'm convinc'd, where-e'er he has conceal'd her, that ſhe is fled with *Fillamour*.

Jul. Who is't they ſpeak of?

Mor. Well, well, ſure my Anceſtors committed ſome horrid crime againſt Nature, that ſhe ſent this Peſt of Woman-kind into our Family,——two Nieces for my ſhare!——by Heaven, a Proportion ſufficient to undo ſix Generations.

Jul. Hah! two Nieces, what of them? [*Aſide.*

Mor. I am like to give a bleſſed account of 'em to their

their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return; there's a new plague now:——but my comfort is, I ſhall be mad, and there's an end on't. [*Weeps.*

Jel. My Curioſity muſt be ſatisfied,——have patience, Noble Sir.——

Mor. Patience is a flatterer, Sir,—and an Aſs, Sir; and I'll have none on't—hah, what art thou?

Jul. Has five or ſix Years made ye loſe the remembrance of your Nephew——*Julio*?

Mor. *Julio*! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. [*Weeps.*

Jul. Why ſo, Sir?

Mor. Your Siſters, Sir, your Siſters are both gone.— [*Weeps.*

Jul. How gone, Sir?

Mor. Run away, Sir, flown, Sir.

Jul. Heavens! which way?

Mor. Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle Women—in ſhort, Sir, your Siſter *Marcella* was to have been married to this noble Gentleman,——nay was contracted to him, fairly contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel; but no ſooner was his back turn'd, but in a pernicious Moon-light night ſhe ſhews me a fair pair of heels, with a young Baggage, your other Siſter *Cornelia*, who was juſt come from the Monaſtery where I bred her, to ſee her Siſter married.

Jul. A curſe upon the Sex! why muſt Man's Honour
Depend upon their Frailty?
—Come—give me but any light which way they went,
And I will trace 'em with that careful Vengeance———

Oct. Spoke like a Man, that underſtands his Honour;
And I can gueſs how we may find the Fugitives.

Jul. Oh name it quickly, Sir!

Oct. There was a young Cavalier—ſome time at *Viterbo*,
Who I confeſs had Charms, Heaven has denied to me,
That Trifle, Beauty, which was made to pleaſe
Vain fooliſh Woman, which the brave and wiſe
Want leiſure to deſign.———

Jul. And what of him?

Oct. This fine gay thing came in your Siſter's way, and made

made that Conqueſt Nature meant ſuch Fools for: and, Sir, ſhe's fled with him.

Jul. Oh, ſhow me the Man, the daring hardy Villain,
Bring me but in the view of my Revenge,——and if I fail to take it,
Brand me with everlaſting Infamy.

Oct. That we muſt leave to Fortune and our Induſtry.
—Come, Sir, let's walk and think beſt what to do,———
[*Going down the Scene, enter* Fill. *and* Gall.

Fill. Is not that *Julio*? Boy, run and call him back.
[*Ex. Boy, re-enters with* Jul.

Jul. Oh, *Fillamour*, I have heard ſuch killing news ſince laſt I left thee———

Fill. What prithee?

Jul. I had a Siſter, Friend—dear as my Life,
And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex ;
No Veſtals at the Holy Fire employ'd themſelves
In innocenter buſineſs than this Virgin ;
Till Love, the fatal Fever of her Heart ;
Betray'd her harmleſs Hours ;
And juſt upon the point of being married,
The Thief ſtole in, and rob'd us of this Treaſure :
She'as left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour,
And's fled with the baſe Ruiner of her Virtue.

Fill. And lives the Villain durſt affront ye thus ?

Jul. He does.

Gal. Where, in what diſtant World ?

Jul. I know not.

Fill. What is he call'd ?

Jul. I know not neither,——ſome God direct me to the Raviſher !
And if he ſcape my Rage,
May Cowards point me out for one of their tame Herd.

Fill. In all your Quarrels I muſt join my Sword.

Gal. And if you want,—here's another, Sir, that, tho it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, ſhall not be idle in good company.

Jul. I thank you both ; and if I have occaſion, will borrow their aſſiſtance ; but I muſt leave you for a minute,

I'll

I'll wait on you anon.———

[*They all three walk as down the ſtreet, talking. Enter* Laura, *with her Equipage.*

Lau. Beyond my wiſh, I'm got into his Friendſhip:
But Oh, how diſtant Friendſhip is from Love,
That's all beſtow'd on the fair Proſtitute!
—Ah *Silvio*, when he took me in his Arms,
Preſſing my willing Boſom to his Breaſt,
Kiſſing my Cheek, calling me lovely Youth,
And wond'ring how ſuch Beauty, and ſuch Bravery,
Met in a Man ſo young! Ah then my Boy,
Then in that happy minute,
How near was I to telling all my Soul!
My Bluſhes and my Sighs were all prepar'd;
My Eyes caſt down, my trembling Lips juſt parting.——
But ſtill as I was ready to begin,
He calls out *Silvianetta*!
And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love.
—But ſee—he's here.—

[Fill. *and* Gal. *coming up the Scene.*

Gal. Come, lay by all ſullen Unreſolves: for now the hour of the Berjere approaches, Night, that was made for Lovers.—Hah! my Dear *Sans-Cœur*? my Life! my Soul! my Joy!
Thou art of my opinion!

Lau. I'm ſure I am, whate'er it be.

Gal. Why my Friend here, and I, have ſent and paid our Fine for a ſmall Tenement of Pleaſure, and I'm for taking preſent poſſeſſion;—but hold——if you ſhou'd be a Rival after all.———

Lau. Not in your *Silvianetta*! My Love has a nice Appetite,
And muſt be fed with high uncommon Delicates.
I have a Miſtreſs, Sir, of Quality;
Fair, as Imagination paints young Angels;
Wanton and gay, as was the firſt *Corinna*,
That charm'd our beſt of Poets;
Young as the Spring, and chearful as the Birds
That welcome in the Day;

Witty,

Witty, as Fancy makes the revelling Gods,
And equally as bounteous when ſhe bleſſes.

Gal. Ah, for a fine young Whore with all theſe Charms! but that ſame Quality allays the Joy: there's ſuch a damn'd ado with the Obligation, that half the Pleaſure's loſt in Ceremony.

—Here for a thouſand Crowns reign alone,
Revel all day in Love without controul.

——But come to our buſineſs, I have given order for Muſick, Dark Lanthorns, and Piſtols.

[*This while* Fill. *ſtands ſtudying.*

Fil. Death, if it ſhould not be *Marcella* now!

[*Pauſing aſide.*

Gal. Prithee no more conſidering,——reſolve, and let's about it.

Fill. I wou'd not tempt my Heart again! for Love,
What e'er it may be in another's Breaſt,
In mine 'twill turn to a religious Fire;
And ſo to burn for her, a common Miſtreſs,
Wou'd be an Infamy below her Practice.

Gal. Oh if that be all, doubt not *Harry*, but an Hour's Converſation with *Euphemia* will convert it to as leud a flame, as a man cou'd wiſh.

Lau. What a coil's here about a Curtezan! what ado to perſuade a Man to a Bleſſing all *Rome* is languiſhing for in vain!—Come, Sir, we muſt deal with him, as Phyſicians do with peeviſh Children, force him to take what will cure him.

Fil. And like thoſe damned Phyſicians, kill me for want of method: no, I know my own Diſtemper beſt, and your Applications will make me mad.

Gal. Pox on't, that one cannot love a Woman like a Man, but one muſt love like an Aſs.

Lau. S'heart I'll be bound to lie with all the Women in *Rome*, with leſs ado than you are brought to one.

Gal. Hear ye that, *Henry*? s'death, art not aſham'd to be inſtructed by one ſo young!—But ſee—the Star there appears——the Star that conducts thee to the Shore of Bliſs——

She comes! let's feel thy [Marcella *and* Cornelia *above.*

Heart

Heart, ſhe comes!
So breaks the Day on the glad Eaſtern Hills,
Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis'* Lap:
A Rapture, now, dear Lad, and then fall to; for thou art old Dog at a long Grace.

Fil. Now I'm mere Man again, with all his Frailties—
[*Aſide.*
—Bright lovely Creature!———

Gal. Damn it, how like my Lady's eldeſt Son was that?

Fil. May I hope my Sacrifice may be accepted by you; by Heaven it muſt be ſhe! ſtill ſhe appears more like.—
[*Aſide.*

Mar. I've only time to tell you Night approaches,
And then I will expect you.
[*Enter* Crapine, *gazes on the Ladies.*

Crap. 'Tis ſhe, *Donna Marcella*, on my life, with the young wild *Cornelia*! —hah—yonder's the *Engliſh* Cavalier too; nay then, by this Hand I'll be paid for all my fruitleſs jaunts, for this good news—ſtay, let me mark the Houſe.———

Mar. Now to my Diſguiſe. [*Ex.* Marcella.

Gal. And have you no kind meſſage to ſend to my Heart? cannot this good Example inſtruct you how to make me happy?

Cor. Faith Stranger, I muſt conſider firſt; ſhe's skilful in the Merchandize of Hearts, and has dealt in Love with ſucceſs hitherto, ſhe may loſe one Venture, and never miſs it in her Stock: but this is my firſt, and ſhou'd it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

Gal. I dare ſecure the Goods found———

Cor. And I believe will not lie long upon my hands.

Gal. Faith, that's according as you'll diſpoſe on't, Madam—for let me tell you—gad a good handſome proper Fellow is as ſtaple a Commodity as any's in the Nation;—but I wou'd be reſerv'd for your own uſe. Faith take a Sample to night, and as you like it, the whole Piece; and that's fair and honeſt dealing I think, or the Devil's in't.

Cor.

Cor. Ah Stranger,——you have been ſo over-liberal for thoſe ſame Samples of yours, that I doubt they have ſpoiled the ſale of the reſt;—Cou'd you not afford, think ye, to throw in a little Love and Conſtancy, to inch out that want of Honeſty of yours?

Gal. Love! oh in abundance!
By thoſe dear Eyes, by that ſoft ſmiling Mouth,
By every ſecret Grace thou haſt about thee,
I love thee with a vigorous, eager Paſſion;
—Be kind, dear *Silvianetta*—prithee no,
Say you believe, and make me bleſt to Night.

Crap. Silvianetta! ſo, that's the Name ſhe has rifl'd for *Cornelia*, I perceive. [*Aſide.*

Cor. If I ſhould be ſo kind-hearted, what good uſe wou'd you make of ſo obliging an Opportunity?

Gal. That which the happy Night was firſt ordain'd for.

Cor. Well Seignior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what Courage the Darkneſs will inſpire me with:——till then—farewell.——

Gal. Till then a thouſand times adieu.——

[*Blowing up kiſſes to her.*

Phil. Ah, Madam, we're undone,——yonder's *Crapine*, your Uncle's Valet.

Cor. Now a Curſe on him; ſhall we not have one night with our Cavaliers?——let's retire, and continue to out-wit him, or never more pretend to't. Adieu, Seignior Cavalier——remember Night.———

Gal. Or may I loſe my Senſe to all Eternity.

[*Kiſſes his fingers and bows, ſhe returns it for a while.*

Lau. Gods, that all this that looks at leaſt like Love,
Shou'd be diſpens'd to one inſenſible!
Whilſt every ſyllable of that dear Value,
Whiſper'd to me, wou'd make my Soul all Extaſy. [*Aſide.*
———Oh ſpare that Treaſure for a grateful Purchaſe;
And buy that common Ware with trading Gold,
Love is too rich a Prize!—I ſhall betray my ſelf.——
[*Aſide.*

Gal.

Gal. Away, that's an heretical Opinion, and which
This certain Reaſon muſt convince thee of;
That Love is Love, wherever Beauty is,
Nor can the Name of Whore make Beauty leſs,
Enter Marcella *like a Man, with a Cloke about her.*
Mar. Seignior, is your Name *Fillamour?*
Fil. It is, what wou'd you, Sir?——
Mar. I have a Letter for you—from *Viterbo*, and your *Marcella*, Sir.
Fil. Hah——*Viterbo!* and *Marcella!*
It ſhocks me like the Ghoſt of ſome forſaken Miſtreſs,
That met me in the way to Happineſs,
With ſome new long'd-for Beauty! [*Opens it, reads.*
Mar. Now I ſhall try thy Virtue, and my Fate.—— [*Aſide.*
Fil. What is't that checks the Joy, that ſhou'd ſurprize me at the receit of this?
Gal. How now! what's the cold fit coming on? [*Pauſes.*
Fil. I have no power to go—where this—invites me—
By which I prove 'tis no encreaſe of Flame that warms my Heart,
But a new Fire juſt kindled from thoſe Eyes———
Whoſe Rays I find more piercing than *Marcella*'s.
Gal.—Ay, Gad a thouſand times——prithee what's the matter?
Mar. Oh this falſe—ſouly Man—wou'd I had leiſure
To be reveng'd for this Inconſtancy! [*Aſide.*
Fil. —But ſtill ſhe wants that Virtue I admire.
Gal. Virtue! 'S'death thou art always fumbling upon that dull ſtring that makes no Muſick.——What Letter's that? [*Reads.*] If the firſt Confeſſion I ever made of Love be grateful to you, come arm'd to night with a Friend or too; and behind the Garden of the Fountains, you will receive—hah *Marcella*!—Oh damn it, from your honeſt Woman!——Well, I ſee the Devil's never ſo buſy with a Man, as when he has reſolv'd upon any Goodneſs! S'death, what a rub's here in a fair caſt,—how is't man? Alegremente! bear up, defy him and all's Works.

Fil. But I have ſworn, ſworn that I lov'd *Marcella*; and Honour, Friend, obliges me to go, take her away and marry her.—And I conjure thee to aſſiſt me too.

Gal. What to night, this night, that I have given to *Silvianetta*! and you have promis'd to the fair—*Euphemia*!

Lau. If he ſhou'd go, he ruins my deſign, [*Aſide.*
—Nay, if your word, Sir—be already paſt——

Fil. 'Tis true, I gave my promiſe to *Euphemia*; but that, to Women of her Trade, is eaſily abſolv'd.

Gal. Men keep not Oaths for the ſakes of the wiſe Magiſtrates to whom they are made, but their own Honour, *Harry.*—And is't not much a greater crime to rob a gallant, hoſpitable Man of his Niece, who has treated you with Confidence and Friendſhip, than to keep touch with a well-meaning Whore, my conſcientious Friend?

Lau. Infinite degrees, Sir.

Gal. Beſides, thou'ſt an hour or two good, between this and the time requir'd to meet *Marcella.*

Lau. Which an induſtrious Lover would manage to the beſt advantage.

Gal. That were not given over to Virtue and Conſtancy; two the beſt excuſes I know for Idleneſs.

Fil.—Yes—I may ſee this Woman.

Gal. Why Gad-a-mercy, Lad.

Fil.——And break my Chains, if poſſible.

Gal. Thou wilt give a good eſſay to that I'll warrant thee, Before ſhe part with thee; come let's about it.

[*They go out on either ſide of* Fil. *perſuading him.*

Mar. He's gone, the Curtezan has got the day,
Vice has the ſtart of Virtue every way;
[*Aſide to* Mar.
And for one Bleſſing honeſt Wives obtain,
The happier Miſtreſs does a thouſand gain.
I'll home—and practiſe all their Art to prove,
That nothing is ſo cheaply gain'd as Love. [*Exeunt.*

Gal. Stay what Farce is this—prithee let's ſee a little.
[*Offering to go.*

Enter

Enter Sir Signal, *Mr.* Tickletext, *with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Inkhorn ty'd at his Girdle, and a great Folio under his Arm,* Petro *dreſt like an Antiquary.*

——How now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what dreſt as if you were going a Pilgrimage to *Jeruſalem?*

Tick. I make no ſuch profane Journeys, Sir.

Gal. But where have you been, Mr. *Tickletext?*

Sir *Sig.* Why, Sir, this moſt Reverend and Renowned Antiquary has been ſhowing us Monumental Rarieties and Antiquities.

Gal. 'Tis *Petro*, that Rogue.

Fil. —But what Folio have you gotten there, Sir, *Knox*, or *Cartwright*?

Pet. Nay, if he be got into that heap of Nonſenſe, I'll ſteal off and undreſs. [*Aſide.*] *Ex.* Petro.

[Tick. *opening the Book.*

Tick. A ſmall Volume, Sir, into which I tranſcribe the moſt memorable and remarkable Tranſactions of the Day.

Lau. That doubtleſs muſt be worth ſeeing.

Fil. [*Reads.*] *April* the twentieth, aroſe a very great Storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Rain,—which was a ſhreud ſign of foul Weather. The 22d 9 of our 12 Chickens getting looſe, flew over-board, the other three miraculouſly eſcaping, by being eaten by me that Morning for breakfaſt.

Sir *Sig.* Harkye *Galliard*—thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a Man of Honour to conceal any thing from one's Friend,—know then I am the moſt fortunate Raſcal that ever broke bread,——I am this night to viſit, Sirrah,—the fineſt, the moſt delicious young Harlot, Mum —under the Roſe—in all *Rome*, of *Barberacho*'s acquaintance.

Gal. ——Hah——my Woman on my Life! and will ſhe be kind?

Sir *Sig.* Kind! hang Kindneſs Man, I'm reſolv'd upon Conqueſt by Parly or by Force.

Gal. Spoke like a Roman of the firſt Race, when noble Rapes, not whining Courtſhip, did the Lover's buſineſs.

Sir *Sig.* 'Sha, Rapes Man! I mean by force of Money, pure dint of Gold, faith and troth: for I have given 500 Crowns

Crowns entrance already, &• *Par Dios Bacchus* 'tis *tropo Caro*——*tropo Caro*, Mr. *Galliard.*

Gal. And what's this high-priz'd Lady's Name, Sir?

Sir *Sig. La Silvianetta*,—and lodges on the *Corſo*, not far from St. *James*'s of the Incurables——very well ſituated in caſe of diſaſter—hah.

Gal. Very well,—and did not your wife Worſhip know this *Silvianetta* was my Miſtreſs?

Sir *Sig.* How! his Miſtreſs! what a damn'd Noddy was I to name her! [*Aſide.*

Gal. D'ye hear fool! renounce me this Woman inſtantly, or I'll firſt diſcover it to your Governour, and then cut your Throat, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *Doux Ment*—dear *Galliard*—Renounce her,—*Corpo de mi*, that I will ſoul and body, if ſhe belong to thee, Man.————

Gal. No more; look to't——look you forget her Name——or but to think of her——farewel——

[*Nods at him.*

Sir *Sig.* Farewell, quoth ye——'tis well I had the Art of diſſembling after all, here had been a ſweet broil upon the Coaſt elſe.——

Fil. Very well, I'd trouble my ſelf to read no more, ſince I know you'l be ſo kind to the world to make it publick.

Tick. At my return, Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will print it, and think it will deſerve it.

Lau. This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

Fil. Yet theſe Mooncalfs dare pretend to the breeding of our Youth; and the time will come, I fear, when none ſhall be reputed to travel like a Man of Quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon by one of theſe pedantick Novices, who inſtructs the young Heir in what himſelf is moſt profoundly ignorant of.

Gal. Come, 'tis dark, and time for our Deſign,—— your Servant Seigniors. [*Exeunt* Fil. *and* Gal.

Lau. I'll home, and watch the kind deceiving Minute, that may conduct him by miſtake to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Petro, *like* Barberacho, *juſt as* Tick. *and Sir* Signal *are going out.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh *Barberacho*, we are undone! Oh the Diavillo take that Maſter you ſent me? *Pet.*

Pet. Maſter, what Maſter?

Sir *Sig.* Why, Seignior Morigoroſo!

Pet. Mor—oſo—what ſhou'd he be?

Sir *Sig.* A Civility-Maſter he ſhould have been, to have taught us good Manners;——but the Cornuto cheated us moſt damnably, and by a willing miſtake taught us nothing in the World but Wit.

Pet. Oh abominable Knavery; why, what a kind of Man was he?

Sir *Sig.* ——Why——much ſuch another as your ſelf.

Tick. Higher, Seignior, higher.

Sir *Sig.*——Ay, ſomewhat higher——but juſt of his pitch.

Pet. Well, Sir, and what of this Man?

Sir *Sig.* Only pickt our Pockets, that's all.

Tick. Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for Snuff.

Tick. And his Bleſſing to boot when he had done.

Sir *Sig.* A vengeance on't, I feel it ſtill.

Pet. Why, this 'tis to do things of your own head; for I ſent no ſuch Seignior Moroſo——but I'll ſee what I can do to retrieve 'em——I am now a little in haſte, farewel.— [*Offers to go,* Tick. *goes out by him and jogs him.*

Tick. Remember to meet me——farewel *Barberacho.*

[*Goes out, Sir* Sig. *pulls him.*

Sir *Sig. Barberacho*——is the Lady ready?

Pet. Is your Money ready?

Sir *Sig.* Why now, tho I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kick'd about this Intrigue, I muſt advance. [*Aſide.*]——But doſt think there's no danger?

Pet. What in a delicate young amorous Lady, Seignior?

Sir *Sig.* No, no, mum, I don't much fear the Lady; but this ſame mad fellow *Galliard,* I hear, has a kind of a hankering after her———

Now dare not I tell him what a diſcovery I have made.

[*Aſide.*

Pet.

Pet. Let me alone to ſecure you, meet me in the *Piazzo d'Hiſpagnia*, as ſoon as you can get your ſelf in order; where the two Fools ſhall meet, and prevent either's coming. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Enough,—here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I loſt the laſt Sum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that Handſel; away, here's company. [*Ex.* Pet. *Enter* Octavio. Now will I diſguiſe my ſelf, according to the mode of the Roman Inamorato's; and deliver my ſelf upon the place appointed. [*Ex. Sir* Sig.

Oct. On the *Corſo* didſt thou ſee 'em?

Crap. On the *Corſo*, my Lord, in diſcourſe with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Piſtole, to let him into the Garden a-nights at *Viterbo*, to talk with *Donna Marcella* from her Chamber Window, I think I ſhou'd remember him.

Oct. Oh that Thought fires me with Anger fit for my Revenge, [*Aſide.*
And they are to Serenade 'em, thou ſay'ſt?

Crap. I did, my Lord: and if you can have patience till they come, you will find your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

Oct. I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravoes to attack him: if I can act but my Revenge to night, how ſhall I worſhip Fortune? Keep out of ſight, and when I give the word, be ready all. I hear ſome coming, let's walk off a little.———

Enter Marcella *in Man's Clothes, and* Philippa *as a Woman with a Lanthorn.* Oct. *and* Crap. *go off the other way.*

Mar. Thou canſt never convince me, but if *Crapine* ſaw us, and gaz'd ſo long upon us, he muſt know us too; and then what hinders but by a diligent watch about the Houſe, they will ſurprize us, e'er we have ſecur'd our ſelves from 'em?

Phil. And how will this expoſing your ſelf to danger prevent 'em?

Mar. My deſign now is, to prevent *Fillamour*'s coming into danger, by hindring his approach to this Houſe: I wou'd

wou'd preſerve the kind Ingrate with any hazard of my own; and 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of *Octavio.* I'm deſperate with that thought, and fear no danger: however, be you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me——ha——who comes here?———

Enter Tickletext *with a Periwig and Crevat of Sir* Signal's*: A Sword by his ſide, and a dark Lanthorn; ſhe opens hers, looks on him and goes out.*

Tick. A Man! now am I, tho an old Sinner, as timorous as a young Thief: 'tis a great inconvenience in theſe Popiſh Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to ſteal a Wench without danger; not that I need fear who ſee me except *Galliard*, who ſuſpecting my buſineſs, will go near to think I am wickedly inclin'd. Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his Study, and Sir *Henry* is no nocturnal Inamorato, unleſs like me he diſſemble it.—Well, *certo* 'tis a wonderful pleaſure to deceive the World: And as a learned Man well obſerv'd, that the Sin of Wenching lay in the Habit only; I having laid that aſide, *Timothy Tickletext*, principal Holder-forth of the *Covent-Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himſelf.

Enter Gal. *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Gal. Where the Devil is this *Fillamour*? and the Muſick? which way cou'd he go to loſe me thus?

[*Looks towards the Door.*

———He is not yet come———

Tick. Not yet come——that muſt be *Barberacho*!—Where are ye, honeſt *Barberacho*, where are ye?

[*Groping towards* Gal.

Gal. Hah! *Barberacho*? that Name I am ſure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor; it muſt be one of thoſe—Where are ye Seignior, where are ye?

[*Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn——— and ſhuts it ſtrait.*

—Oh 'tis the Knight,———are you there, Seignior?

Tick. Oh art thou come, honeſt Raſcal—conduct me quickly, conduct me to the beautiful and fair *Silvianetta.*

[*Gives him his Hand.*

Gal.

Gal. Yes, when your Dogſhip's damn'd. *Silvianetta*! 'Sdeath, is ſhe a Whore for Fools? [*Draws.*

Tick. Hah Mr. *Galliard*, as the Devil would have it; ——I'm undone if he ſees me.

[*He retires haſtily*, Gal. *gropes for him.*

Gal. Where are you Fop? Buffoon! Knight!

Tickletext *retiring haſtily runs againſt* Octavio, *who is juſt entering, almoſt beats him down*; Oct. *ſtrikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws:* Tick. *gets cloſe up in a corner of the Stage*; Oct. *gropes for him, as* Gal. *does, and both meet and fight with each other.*

—What dare you draw,—you have the impudence to be valiant then in the dark, [*they paſs*] I wou'd not kill the Rogue,—'Sdeath you can fight then, when there's a Woman in the caſe!

Oct. I hope 'tis *Fillamour*; [*Aſide.*] You'll find I can, and poſſibly may ſpoil your making Love to night.

Gal. Egad Sweet-heart, and that may be, one civil Thruſt will do't;——and 'twere a damn'd rude thing to diſappoint ſo fine a Woman,——therefore I'll withdraw whilſt I'm well. [*He ſlips out.*

Enter Sir Signal, *with a Maſquerading Coat over his Clothes, without a Wig or Crevat, with a dark Lanthorn.*

Sir *Sig.* Well, I have moſt neatly eſcap'd my Tutor; and in this diſguiſe defy the Devil to claim his own.—— Ah *Caſpeto de Deavilo*; What's that?

[*Advancing ſoftly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of* Oct. *Sword, as he is groping for* Gal.

Oct. Traitor, dareſt thou not ſtand my Sword?

Sir *Sig.* Hah! Swords! no Seignior——*ſcuſa mea*, Seignior,——

[*Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-ſtretcht Arms, runs his Lanthorn in* Julio's *face, who is juſt entring; finds he's oppos'd with a good puſh backward, and ſlips aſide into a corner over-againſt* Tickletext; Julio *meets* Octavio, *and fights him*; Oct. *falls,* Julio *opens his Lanthorn, and ſees his miſtake.*

Jul. Is it you, Sir?

Oct. *Julio*! From what Miſtake grew all this Violence?

Jul. That I ſhou'd ask of you, who meet you arm'd againſt me.

Oct. I find the Night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come to ſhare with me the hopes of dear Revenge. [*Gropes for his Lanthorn, which is dropt.*

Jul. I'd rather have purſu'd my kinder Paſſion,
Love, and Deſire, that brought me forth to night,

Oct. I've learnt where my falſe Rival is to be this Evening.
And if you'll join your Sword, you'll find it well employ'd.

Jul. Lead on, I'm as impatient of Revenge as you.—

Oct. Come this way then, you'll find more Aids to ſerve us. [*Goes out.*

Tick. —So! Thanks be prais'd, all's ſtill again, this Fright were enough to mortify any Lover of leſs Magnanimity than my ſelf.——Well of all Sins, this itch of Whoring is the moſt hardy,—the moſt impudent in Repulſes, the moſt vigilant in watching, moſt patient in waiting, moſt frequent in Dangers; in all Diſaſters but Diſappointment, a Philoſopher: yet if *Barberacho* come not quickly, my Philoſophy will be put to't *certo.*

This while Sir Signal *is venturing from his Poſt, liſtening, and ſlowly advancing towards the middle of the* Stage.

Sir *Sig.* The Coaſt is once more clear, and I may venture my Carcaſe forth again,——tho ſuch a Salutation as the laſt, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand.———The Battoon I cou'd bear with, the Fortitude and Courage of a Hero: But theſe dangerous Sharps I never lov'd. What different Rencounters have I met withal to night, *Corpo de me*? A Man may more ſafely paſs the Gulf of *Lyons*, than convoy himſelf into a Baudy-Houſe in *Rome*; but I hope all's paſt, and I will ſay with *Alexander*,——*Vivat Eſperance en deſpetto del Fatto.* [*Advances a little.*

Tick. Sure I heard a noiſe!—No, 'twas only my ſurmiſe. [*They both advance ſoftly, meeting juſt in the middle of the Stage, and coming cloſe up to*

each other; both cautiouſly ſtart back, and ſtand a tipto in the poſture of Fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after liſtening and hearing no Noiſe) draw back their Hands at touching each other's; and ſhrinking up their Shoulders, make grimaces of more Fear.

Tick. Que Equeſto.

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a Man's Voice!—I'll try if I can fright him hence. [*Aſide.*

Una Malladette Spiritto Incarnate. [*In a horrible tone.*

Tick. Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate*! that Devil's Voice I ſhou'd know.

Sir *Sig.* See Seignior! *Una Spiritto*, which is to ſay, *un Spiritalo, Immortallo, Incorporalla, Inanimate, Immaterialle, Philoſophical, Inviſible ——Unintelligible—— Diavillo.* [*In the ſame tone.*

Tick. Ay, ay, 'tis my hopeful Pupil, upon the ſame deſign with me, my life on't, cunning young Whoremaſter;———I'll cool your Courage———good Seignior *Diavillo*; if you be the *Diavillo*, I have *una certaina Immateriale Inviſible Conjuratione*, that will ſo neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavilloſhip.*———

[*Pulls out his wooden Sword.*

Sir *Sig.* How! he muſt needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the Devil. [*Endeavours to get away,* Tick. *beats him about the Stage.*]———Ah Seignior, Seignior, *Mia*! ah—*Caſpeto de Baccus—he cornuto*, I am a damn'd ſilly Devil that have no dexterity in vaniſhing.

[*Gropes and finds the Door——going out, meets juſt entring* Fillamour, Galliard, *with all the Muſick ——he retires, and ſtands cloſe.*

———Hah,———what have we here, new Miſchief?——

[Tick. *and he ſtands againſt each other, on either ſide of the Stage.*

Fil. Prithee how came we to loſe ye?

Gal. I thought I had follow'd ye———but 'tis well we are met again. Come tune your Pipes.———

[*They play a little, enter* Marcella *as before.*

Mar. This muſt be he. [*Goes up to 'em.*

Gal. Come, come, your Song, Boy, your Song.

Whilſt

Whilſt 'tis ſinging, Enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine, *and Bravo's.*

The SONG.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore,
Il mio Core non fa per te } bis.
Suffrir non vo tormenti
Senza mai ſperar mar ce
Belta che ſia Tiranna,
Belta che ſia Tiranna,
Dell meo offerto recetto non e
Il tuo rigor ſingunna
Se le pene
Le catene
Tenta auolgere al mio pie
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Luſinghiero, Luſinghiero, } bis.
Pui non Credo alta tue fe
L' incendio del tuo foce
Nel mio Core pui vivo none
Belta che li die Luoce
Belta che li die Luoce
Ma il rigor L'Ardore s'bande
Io non ſato tuo gioce
Ch' il Veleno
Del mio ſeno
Vergoroſo faggito ſe n'e.
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Oct. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.——
Tick. Hah, draw——then there's no ſafety here *certo.* [*Aſide.*

Octavio, Julio, *and their Party draw, and fight with* Fil. *and* Gal. Marcella *ingages on their ſide; all fight, the Muſick confuſedly amongſt 'em*: Gal. *loſes his Sword, and in the hurry gets a Baſe Viol, and happens to ſtrike* Tickletext, *who is getting away——his Head breaks its way quite thro, and it hangs about his neck; they fight out.*

Enter Petro *with a Lanthorn. Sir* Signal *ſtands cloſe ſtill.*

Tick. Oh undone, undone! where am I, where am I?

Pet. Hah——that's the voice of my amorous *Ananias*, —or I am miſtaken—what the Devil's the matter?

[*Opens his Lanthorn.*

—Where are ye, Sir?—hah, cuts ſo—what new-found Pillory have we here?

Tick. Oh honeſt *Barberacho*, undo me, undo me quickly.

Pet. So I deſign, Sir, as faſt as I can—or loſe my aim—there, Sir, there: All's well—I have ſet you free, come follow me the back way into the houſe.

[*Ex.* Pet. *and* Tickletext.

Enter Fillamour *and* Marcella, *with their Swords drawn*, Gal. *after 'em.*

Gal. A plague upon 'em, what a quarter's here for a Wench, as if there were no more i'th' Nation?—wou'd I'd my Sword again. [*Gropes for it.*

Mar. Which way ſhall I direct him to be ſafer?—how is it, Sir? I hope you are not hurt.

Fil. Not that I feel, what art thou ask'ſt ſo kindly?

Mar. A Servant to the Roman Curtezan, who ſent me forth to wait your coming, Sir; but finding you in danger, ſhar'd it with you.——Come, let me lead you into ſafety, Sir——

Fil. Thou'ſt been too kind to give me cauſe to doubt thee.

Mar. Follow me, Sir, this Key will give us entrance thro the Garden. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio *with his Sword in his hand.*

Oct. Oh! what damn'd luck had I ſo poorly to be vanquiſh't! When all is huſh'd, I know he will return,—therefore I'll fix me here, till I become a furious Statue—but I'll reach his heart.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *lamentivolo fato*———what bloody Villains theſe Popiſh *Italians* are?

Enter Julio.

Oct. Hah——I hear one coming this way——

—hah—the door opens too, and he makes toward it——

pray Heaven he be the right, for this I'm ſure's the Houſe.

—Now

—Now Luck, an't be thy will——

[*Follows* Julio *towards the door ſoftly.*

Jul. The Rogues are fled, but how ſecure I know not:—
And I'll purſue my firſt deſign of Love,
And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind——

Enter Laura *from the Houſe in a Night-gown.*

Lau. Whiſt——who is't names *Silvianetta*?

Jul. A Lover, and her Slave—

[*She takes him by the hand.*

Lau. Oh, is it you,——are you eſcap'd unhurt?
Come to my Boſom—and be ſafe for ever—

Jul. 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge muſt ſtay,——this hour is thine, fond Boy; the next that is my own I'll give to Anger.——

Oct. Oh, ye pernicious Pair,—I'll quickly change the Scene of Love into a rougher and more unexpected Entertainment.

[*She leads* Julio *in.*—Oct. *follows cloſe, they ſhut the door upon 'em. Sir* Sig. *thruſts out his head to hearken, hears no body, and advances.*

Sir *Sig.* Sure the Devil reigns to night; wou'd I were ſhelter'd, and let him rain Fire and Brimſtone: for paſs the ſtreets I dare not—this ſhou'd be the Houſe——or hereabouts I'm ſure 'tis. —Hah—what's this—a String—of a Bell I hope———I'll try to enter; and if I am miſtaken, 'tis but crying Con licentia. [*Rings, enter* Philippa.

Phil. Who's there?

Sir *Sig.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.——

Phil. Who——the Engliſh Cavalier?

Sir *Sig.* The ſame——I am right———I ſee I was expected.

Phil. I'm glad you're come——give me your hand.—

Sir *Sig.* I am fortunate at laſt,—and therefore will ſay with the famous Poet.

—No Happineſs like that atchiev'd with Danger,
Which once o'ercome——I lie at Rack and Manger.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fillamour *and* Galliard, *as in* Silvianetta's *Apartment.*

Fill.— HOw ſplendidly theſe common Women live!
How rich is all we meet with in this Palace;
And rather ſeems the Apartment of ſome Prince,
Than a Receptacle for Luſt and Shame.

Gal. You ſee, *Harry*, all the keeping Fools are not in our Dominions; but this grave, this wiſe People, are Miſtreſs-ridden too.

Fill. I fear we have miſtook the Houſe, and the Youth that brought us in may have deceived us, on ſome other deſign; however whilſt I've this—I cannot fear—[*Draws.*

Gal. A good caution, and I'll ſtand upon my guard with this; but ſee—here's one will put us out doubt.
[*Pulls a Piſtol out of his pocket.*

Fill. Hah! the fair Inchantreſs.
[*Enter* Mar. *richly and looſely dreſt.*

Mar. What, on your guard, my lovely Cavalier? Lies there a danger
In this Face and Eges, that needs that rough reſiſtance?
—Hide, hide that mark of Anger from my ſight,
And if thou wou'dſt be abſolute Conqueror here,
Put on ſoft Looks, with Eyes all languiſhing,
Words tender, gentle Sighs, and kind Deſires.

Gal. Death, with what unconcern he hears all this!
Art thou poſſeſt?——Pox, why doſt not anſwer her?

Mar. I hope he will not yield— [*Aſide.*
——He ſtands unmov'd—
Surely I was miſtaken in this Face,
And I believe in Charms that have no power.

Gal. 'Sdeath, thou deſerveſt not ſuch a noble Creature,—have 'em both my ſelf.—— [*Aſide.*

Fill

Fill. ——Yes, thou haſt wondrous power,
And I have felt it long. [*Pauſingly.*
Mar. How!
Fill. ——I've often ſeen that Face——but 'twas in
Dreams: and ſleeping lov'd extremely!
And waking—ſigh'd to find it but a Dream:
The lovely Phantom vaniſh'd with my Slumbers,
But left a ſtrong Idea on my heart
Of what I find in perfect Beauty here,
——But with this difference, ſhe was virtuous too.
Mar. What ſilly ſhe was that?
Fill. She whom I dream'd I lov'd.
Mar. You only dreamt that ſhe was virtuous too;
Virtue it ſelf's a Dream of ſo ſlight force,
The very fluttering of Love's Wings deſtroys it;
Ambition, or the meaner hope of Intereſt, wakes it to nothing;
In Men a feeble Beauty ſhakes the dull ſlumber off.——
Gal. Egad, ſhe argues like an Angel, *Harry.*
Fill. ——What haſte thou'ſt made to damn thy ſelf ſo young! Haſt thou been long thus wicked? haſt thou ſinn'd paſt Repentance?
Heaven may do much to ſave ſo fair a Criminal;
Turn yet, and be forgiven.
Gall. What a Pox doſt thou mean by all this Canting?
Mar. A very pretty Sermon, and from a Prieſt ſo gay,
It cannot chuſe but edify.
Do Holy men of your Religion, Seignior, wear all this Habit?
Are they thus young and lovely? Sure if they are,
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladies;
The Laity muſt come abroad for Miſtreſſes.
Fill. Oh that this charming Woman were but honeſt!
Gal. 'Twere better thou wert damn'd; honeſt!
Pox thou doſt come out with things ſo mal a propo—
Mnr. Come leave this Mask of fooliſh Modeſty,
And let us haſte where Love and Muſick calls;
Muſick, that heightens Love, and makes the Soul
Ready for ſoft Impreſſions.
Gal. So, ſhe will do his buſineſs with a Vengeance.

Fill. Plague of this tempting Woman, ſhe will ruin me:
I find weak Virtue melt from round my Heart,
To give her Tyrant Image a Poſſeſſion:
So the warm Sun thaws Rivers icy Tops,
Till in the ſtream he ſees his own bright Face.

Gal. Now he comes on apace,—how is't, my Friend?
Thou ſtand'ſt as thou'dſt forgot thy buſineſs here,
——The Woman, *Harry*, the fair Curtezan;
Canſt thou withſtand her Charms? I've buſineſs of my own, Prithee fall to——and talk of Love to her.

Fill. Oh, I cou'd talk Eternity away,
In nothing elſe but Love;——cou'dſt thou be honeſt?

Mar. Honeſt! was it for that you ſent two thouſand Crowns,
Or did believe that trifling Sum ſufficient
To buy me to the ſlavery of Honeſty?

Gal. Hold there, my brave Virago.

Fill. No, I wou'd ſacrifice a nobler Fortune,
To buy thy Virtue home.

Mar. What ſhou'd it idling there?

Fill. Why——make thee conſtant to ſome happy Man,
That wou'd adore thee for't.

Mar. Unconſcionable! conſtant at my years?
—Oh 'twere to cheat a thouſand,
Who between this and my dull Age of Conſtancy,
Expect the diſtribution of my Beauty.

Gal. 'Tis a brave Wench—— [*Aſide.*

Fill. Yet charming as thou art, the time will come
When all that Beauty, like declining Flowers,
Will wither on the Stalk,——but with this difference,
The next kind Spring brings Youth to Flowers again,
But faded Beauty never more can bloom.
—If Intereſt make thee wicked, I can ſupply thy Pride.—

Mnr. Curſe on your neceſſary Traſh!——which I deſpiſe, but as 'tis uſeful to advance our Love.

Fill. Is Love thy buſineſs? who is there born ſo high,
But Love and Beauty equals?
And thou mayſt chuſe from all the wiſhing World.
This Wealth together wou'd inrich one Man,
Which dealt to all, wou'd ſcarce be Charity.

Mar.

Mar. Together! 'tis a Maſs wou'd ranſom Kings:
Was all this Beauty given for one poor petty Conqueſt?
—I might have made a hundred Hearts my ſlaves,
In this loſt time of bringing one to Reaſon.——
Farewell, thou dull Philoſopher in Love;
When Age has made me wiſe, I'll ſend for you again.
[*Offers to go*, Gal. *holds her.*

Gal. By this good Light, a noble glorious Whore.

Fill. Oh ſtay, I muſt not let ſuch Beauty fall,
—A Whore—conſider yet the Charms of Reputation,
The Eaſe, the Quiet, and Content of Innocence,
The awful Reverence all good Men will pay thee,
Who, as thou art, will gaze without reſpect,
—and cry—what pity 'tis ſhe is—a Whore——

Mar. O you may give it what coarſe name you pleaſe,
But all this Youth and Beauty ne'er was given,
Like Gold to Miſers, to be kept from uſe. [*Going out.*

Fill. Loſt, loſt——paſt all Redemption.

Gal. Nay, Gad, thou ſhalt not loſe her ſo—I'll fetch her back, and thou ſhalt ask her pardon.
[*Runs out after her.*

Fil. By Heaven 'twas all a Dream! an airy Dream!
The viſionary Pleaſure diſappears,—and I'm my ſelf again,
—I'll fly before the drouſy Fit o'ertake me.
[*Going out, Enter* Gal. *and then* Marcella.

Gal. Turn back—ſhe yields, ſhe yields to pardon thee,
Gone! nay, hang me if ye part.
[*Runs after him, ſtill the Piſtol in his Hand.*

Mar. Gone! I have no leiſure now for more diſſembling. [*Takes the Candle, and goes in.*

Enter Petro, *leading in Mr.* Tickletext, *as by dark.*

Pet. Remain here, Seignior, whilſt I ſtep and fetch a light.

Tick. Do ſo, do ſo, honeſt *Barberacho.*——Well, my eſcape even now from Sir *Signal* was miraculous, thanks to my Prudence and Proweſs; had he diſcover'd me, my Dominion had ended, and my Authority been of none effect *certo.*

Philippa *at the door guts in Sir* Signal.

Phil. Now, Seignior, you're out of danger, I'll fetch a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here.
[*Exit.* Phil. *Sir* Sig. *advances a little.*

Enter Petro *with a light, goes between 'em, and ſtarts.*

Tick. Sir *Signal*!———

Sir *Sig.* My Governour!

Pet. The two Fools met! a pox of all ill luck! Now ſhall I loſe my Credit with both my wife Patrons; my Knight I cou'd have put off with a ſmall Harlot of my own, but my Levite having ſeen my Lady *Cornelia*, that is, *La Silvianetta*,———none but that *Suſanna* wou'd ſatisfy his Elderſhip. But now they have both ſav'd me the labour of a farther invention to diſpatch 'em.

Sir *Sig.* I perceive my Governour's as much confounded as my ſelf;———I'll take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent, and put it upon him faith———Ah, Governour, will you never leave your whoring? never be ſtaid, ſober and diſcreet, as I am.

Tick. So, ſo, undone, undone! juſt my Documents to him.——— [*Walks about, Sir* Sig. *follows.*

Sir *Sig.* And muſt I neglect my precious ſtudies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your Perſon? Will you never conſider where you are? In a leud Papiſt Country, amongſt the Romiſh Heathens! And for you, a Governour, a Tutor, a Director of unbridled Youth, a Gownman, a Politician; for you, I ſay, to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero Dreſs, an unlawful Weapon by your ſide, going the high way to Satan, to a Curtezan; and to a Romiſh Curtezan! Oh Abomination! Oh *ſcandalum infinitum*!

Tick. Paid in my own Coin.

Pet. So, I'll leave the Devil to rebuke Sin; and to my young Lady, for a little of her aſſiſtance in the management of this Affair. [*Exit* Pet.

Tick. I do confeſs, I grant ye I am in the houſe of a Curtezan, and that I came to viſit a Curtezan, and do intend to viſit each Night a ſeveral Curtezan, till I have finiſhed my work.——

Sir *Sig.* Every night one! Oh Glutton!

Tick. My great work of Converſion, upon the whole Nation, Generation, and Vocation of this wicked provoking ſort of Womankind call'd Curtezans. I will turn 'em; yes, I will turn 'em, for 'tis a ſhame that Man ſhou'd bow down to thoſe that worſhip Idols.

And

And now I think, Sir, I have ſufficiently explain'd the buſineſs in hand,—as honeſt *Barberacho* is my witneſs ;—— And for you—to—ſcandalize—me—with ſo naughty an Interpretation—afflicteth me wonderfully.———

[*Pulls out his handkerchief, and weeps.*

Sir *Sig.* —Alas, poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be ſav'd it grieves my heart to ſee thee weep ; faith and troth now, I thought thou hadſt ſome carnal Aſſignation : —but ne'er ſtir, I beg thy pardon, and think thee as innocent as my ſelf, that I do—but ſee, the Lady's here—s'life dry your Eyes man. [*Enter* Cornelia, Phil. *and* Pet.

Cor. I cou'd beat thee for being thus miſtaken, and am reſolv'd to flatter him into ſome miſchief, to be reveng'd on 'em for this diſappointment ; go you, and watch for my Cavalier the while.

Tick. Is ſhe come ? Nay then turn me looſe to her.

Cor. My Cavalier ! [*Addreſſing to Sir* Sig. Tick. *pulls him by, and ſpeaks.*

Tick. ———Lady———

Sir *Sig.* You, Sir ! why who the Devil made you a Cavalier ? moſt *Potentiſſima Seigniora*, I am the man of Title, by name Sir *Signal Buffoon*, ſole Son and Heir to Eight Thouſand Pound a Year.———

Tick. Oh Sir, are you the Man ſhe looks for ?

Sir *Sig.* I Sir ? no Sir : I'd have ye to know, Sir, I ſcorn any Woman, be ſhe never ſo fair, unleſs her deſign be honeſt and honourable.

Cor. The Man of all the World I've choſen out, from all the Wits and Beauties I have ſeen,———to have moſt finely beaten. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* How! in love with me already,———ſhe's damnable handſome too: now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Why fly you not into my Arms, [*She approaching, he ſhunning.*

Theſe Arms that were deſign'd for ſoft Embraces ?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the Devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em——and I think that's civil, egad.

Tick. Why how now, *Barberacho*, what, am I cozen'd

cozen'd then, and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour?

[*Aſide* to Petro.

Pet. Lord, Seignior, that ſo wiſe a man as you cannot perceive her meaning,——for the Devil take me if I can.

[*Aſide.*

—Why this is done to take off all ſuſpicion from you—— and lay it on him;——don't you conceive it, Seignior?

Tick. Yes, honeſt Rogue,——Oh the witty Wag-tail, ——I have a part to play too, that ſhall confirm it—— young Gentlewoman.——

Cor. Ah Belle ingrate, is't thus you recompenſe my ſuffering Love? to fly this Beauty ſo ador'd by all, that ſlight the ready Conqueſt of the World, to truſt a Heart with you?—Ah——*Traditor Cruella.*

Sir *Sig.* Poor Heart, it goes to the very ſoul of me to be ſo coy and ſcornful to her, that it does; but a pox on't, her over-fondneſs will diſcover all.

Tick. Fly, fly, young Man, whilſt yet thou haſt a ſpark of Virtue ſhining in thee, fly the temptations of this young Hypocrite; the Love that ſhe pretends with ſo much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable and unlawful; firſt indecent, as ſhe is Woman—for thou art Woman—and beautiful Woman—yes, very beautiful Woman; on whom Nature hath ſhew'd her height of excellence in the outwork, but left thee unfiniſht, imperfect and impure.

Cor. Heavens, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of my Sir *Domine*; now is he beſide his Text, and will ſpoil all.

Tick. Secondly, Unwarrantable; by what Authority doſt thou ſeduce with the Allurements of thine Eyes, and the Conjurements of thy Tongue, the Waſtings of thy Hands, and the Tinklings of thy Feet, the young Men in the Villages?

Cor. Sirrah, how got this Madman in? ſeize him, and take him hence.

Sir *Sig.* *Corpo de mi*, my Governour tickles her notably I'faith—but had he let the care of my Soul alone to night, and have let me taken care of my Body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

Tick. Thirdly Unlawful———

Cor. Quite diſtracted! in pity take him hence, and lead

lead him into Darkneſs, 'twill ſuit his Madneſs beſt.

Tick. How, diſtracted! take him hence.

Pet. This was lucky——I knew ſhe wou'd come again —Take him hence—yes into her Bed-chamber——pretty device to get you to her ſelf, Seignior.

Tick. Why, but is it?—Nay then I will facilitate my departure—therefore I ſay, Oh moſt beautiful and tempting Woman——— [*Beginning to preach again.*

Cor. Away with him, give him clean ſtraw and darkneſs, And chain him faſt, for fear of further miſchief.

Pet. She means for fear of loſing ye.

Tick. Ah Baggage! as faſt as ſhe will in thoſe pretty Arms. [*Going to lead him off.*

Sir *Sig.* Hold, hold, man; mad ſaid ye!—ha, ha, ha —mad! why we have a thouſand of theſe in *England* that go looſe about the ſtreets, and paſs with us for as ſober diſcreet religious perſons, as a man ſhall wiſh to talk nonſenſe withal.

Pet. You are miſtaken, Seignior, I ſay he is mad, ſtark mad.

Sir *Sig.* Prithee *Barberacho* what doſt thou mean?

Pet. To rid him hence, that ſhe may be alone with you——'slife, Sir, you're madder than he———don't you conceive?——

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay; nay, I confeſs, Illuſtriſſima Seigniora, my Governour has a Fit that takes him now and then, a kind of a frenſy,——a fegary———a whimſy—a maggot, that bites always at naming of Popery:——ſo——he's gone.——Belliſſima Seigniora,——you have moſt artificially remov'd him—and this extraordinary proof of your affection is a ſign of ſome ſmall kindneſs towards me; and tho I was ſomething coy and reſerv'd before my Governour, Excellentiſſima Seigniora, let me tell you, your Love is not caſt away.

Cor. Oh, Sir, you bleſs too faſt; but will you ever love me?

Sir *Sig.* Love thee! ay and lie with thee too, moſt magnanimous Seigniora, and beget a whole Race of Roman *Julius Cæſar*'s upon thee; nay, now we're alone, turn me looſe to Impudence, i'faith.

[*Ruffles her*; *Enter* Philippa *in haſte, ſhutting the door after her.*

Phil.

Phil. Oh, Madam, here's the young mad *Engliſh* Cavalier got into the Houſe, and will not be deny'd ſeeing you.

Cor. This was lucky.

Sir *Sig.* How, the mad *Engliſh* Cavalier! if this ſhou'd be our young Count *Galliard* now——I were in a ſweet taking——Oh I know by my fears 'tis he; Oh, prithee what kind of a manner of Man is he?

Phil. A handſom—reſolute—brave—bold—

Sir *Sig.* Oh, enough, enough—Madam, I'll take my leave—I ſee you are ſomething buſy at preſent—and I'll—

Cor. Not for the World:—*Philippa*, bring in the Cavalier———that you may ſee there's none here fears him, Seignior.

Sir *Sig.* Oh, hold, hold———Madam, you are miſtaken in that point; for, to tell you the truth, I do fear—having—a certain———Averſion or Antipathy——to—Madam——a Gentleman———Why Madam, they're the very Monſters of the Nation, they devour every Day a Virgin.———

Cor. Good Heavens! and is he ſuch a Fury?

Sir *Sig.* Oh, and the verieſt Beelzebub;———beſides, Madam, he vow'd my Death, if ever he catcht me near this Houſe; and he ever keeps his word in caſes of this Nature———Oh, that's he, [*Knocking at the Door.*] I know it by a certain trembling Inſtinct about me!——— Oh, what ſhall I do———

Cor. Why———I know not.———can you leap a high Window?

Sir *Sig.* He knocks again,——I proteſt I am the worſt Vaulter in Chriſtendom.—Have you no moderate danger—between the two extremes of the Window or the mad Count? no Cloſet?—Fear has dwindled me to the ſcantling of a Mouſehole.

Cor. Let me ſee,—I have no leiſure to purſue my Revenge farther, and wilt reſt ſatisfy'd with this,——for this time. [*Aſide.*]———Give me the Candle,———and whilſt *Philippa* is conducting the Cavalier to the Alcove by dark, you may have an Opportunity to ſlip out—— perhaps there may be danger in his being ſeen——[*Aſide.* Farewel Fool— [*Ex.* Cornelia *with the Candle*, Phil. *goes to the Door, lets in* Gal. *takes him by the hand.*

Gal.

Gal. Pox on't, my Knight's bound for *Viterbo*, and there's no perſuading him into ſafe Harbour again——— He has given me but two hours to diſpatch matters here,—and then I'm to imbark with him upon this new Diſcovery of honourable Love, as he calls it, whoſe Adventurers are Fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity called a Wife! a Voyage very ſuitable to my Humour.——— Who's there?———

Phil. A Slave of *Silvianetta*, Sir; give me your hand.

[*Ex. over the ſtage, Sir* Sig. *goes out ſoftly.*

The SCENE *changes to a Bed-chamber Alcove,* Petro *leading in* Tickletext.

Pet. Now, Seignior, you're ſafe and happy in the Bed-chamber of your Miſtreſs————who will be here immediately I'm ſure; I'll fetch a Light, and put you to Bed in the mean time———

Tick. Not before Supper I hope, honeſt *Barberacho.*

Pet. Oh Seignior, that you ſhall do lying, after the manner of the antient *Romans.*

Tick. Certo, and that was a marvellous good lazy Cuſtom. [*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Phillippa, *with* Galliard *by dark.*

Phil. My Lady will be with you inſtantly——[*Goes out.*

Tick. Hah, ſure I heard ſome body come ſoftly in at the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman.

[*He advances forward.*

Gal. Silence and Night, Love and dear Opportunity,

[*In a ſoft Tone.*

Join all your aids to make my *Silvia* kind;
For I am fill'd with the expecting Bliſs.

[Tick. *thruſts his Head out to liſten.*

And much Delay or Diſappointment kills me.

Tick. Diſappointment kills me,————and me too, *certo*———'tis ſhe—— [*Gropes about.*

Gal. Oh haſte, my Fair, haſte to my longing Arms,
Where are you, dear and lovelieſt of your Sex?

Tick. That's I, that's I, *my Alma, mea Core, mea Vita!* [*Groping and ſpeaking low.*

Gal. Hah—art thou come, my Life! my Soul! my Joy! [*Goes to embrace* Tick. *they meet and kiſs.*

'Sdeath.

'Sdeath what's this, a bearded Miſtreſs! Lights, Lights there, quickly Lights! nay, curſe me if thou ſcap'ſt me.

Tick. *ſtruggles to get away, he holds him by the Crevat and Perriwig; Enter* Petro *with a Candle.*

Gal. Barberacho——confound him, 'tis the Fool whom I found this Evening about the Houſe, hovering to rooſt him here!——Ha——what the Devil have I caught——a *Tartar*? eſcap'd again! the Devil's his Confederate.——

Pet. *puts out the Candle, comes to* Tick. *unties his Crevat behind, and he ſlips his head out of the Perriwig, and gets away, leaving both in* Gal's *hands.*

Pet. Give me your Hand, I'll lead you a back-pair of ſtairs thro the Garden.

Tick. Oh, any way to ſave my Reputation——oh—

Gal. Let me but once more graſp thee, and thou ſhalt find more ſafety in the Devil's Clutches: none but my Miſtreſs ſerve ye! [*Gropes out after him.*

Pet. *with* Tick. *running over the Stage,* Gal. *after 'em, with the Crevat and Perriwig in one Hand, his Piſtol in t'other.*

Enter Philippa *with a Light.*

Phil. Mercy upon us! what's the matter? what Noiſe is this——hah a Piſtol! what can this mean?

[*A Piſtol goes off.*

Enter Sir Signal *running.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh ſave me, gentle Devil, ſave me, the Stairs are fortify'd with Cannons and double Culverins; I'm purſu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd Men! here's Gold in abundance, ſave me.——————

Phil. What Cannons? what armed Men?

Sir *Sig.* Finding my ſelf purſu'd as I was groping my way thro the Hall, and not being able to find the Door, I made towards the ſtairs again, at the foot of which I was ſaluted with a great Gun—a pox of the Courteſy.

Gal. [*Without*] Where are ye, Knight, Buffoon, Dog of *Egypt*?

Sir *Sig.* Thunder and Lightning! 'tis *Galliard*'s Voice.

Phil. Here, ſtep behind this Hanging————there's a Chimney which may ſhelter ye till the Storm be over,—— if you be not ſmother'd before.

[*Puts*

[*Puts him behind the Arras.*

Enter Gal. *as before, and* Corn. *at the other door.*

Cor. Heavens! what rude Noiſe is this?

Gal. Where have you hid this Fool, this luckyFool?
He whom blind Chance, and more ill-judging Woman,
Has rais'd to that Degree of Happineſs,
That witty Men muſt ſigh and toil in vain for?

Cor. What Fool, what Happineſs?

Gal. Ceaſe, cunning falſe one, to excuſe thy ſelf,
See here the Trophies of your ſhameful Choice,
And of my Ruin, cruel——fair Deceiver!

Cor. Deceiver, Sir, of whom? in what deſpairing minute did I ſwear to be a conſtant Miſtreſs? to what dull whining Lover did I vow, and had the heart to break it?

Gal. Or if thou hadſt, I know of no ſuch Dog as wou'd believe thee:
No, thou art falſe to thy own Charms, and haſt betray'd
To the poſſeſſion of the vileſt Wretch (them
That ever Fortune curſt with Happineſs;
Falſe to thy Joys, falſe to thy Wit and Youth:
All which thou'ſt damn'd with ſo much careful Induſtry
To an eternal Fool,
That all the Arts of Love can ne'er redeem thee.

Sir *Sig.* Meaning me, meaning me.

[*Peeping out of the Chimney, his Face blackt.*

Cor A Fool! what Indiſcretion have you ſeen in me, ſhou'd make ye think I wou'd chooſe a witty Man for a Lover, who perhaps loves out his Month in pure good Huſbandry, and in that time does more Miſchief than a hundred Fools. You conquer without Reſiſtance, you treat without Pity, and triumph without Mercy: and when you are gone, the World crys——ſhe had not Wit enough to keep him, when indeed you are not Fool enough to be kept! Thus we forfeit both our Liberties and Diſcretion with you villanous witty Men: for Wiſdom is but good Succeſs in things, and thoſe that fail are Fools.

Gal. Moſt gloriouſly diſputed!
You're grown a Machivellian in your Art.

Cor. Oh, neceſſary Maxims only, and the firſt Politicks we learn from Obſervation———I have known a Curtezan grown infamous, deſpis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the poſſeſſion

Poſſeſſion of you witty Men, who when ſhe had the luck to break her Chains, and caſt her Net for Fools, has liv'd in ſtate, finer than Brides upon their Wedding day, and more profuſe than the young amorous Coxcomb that ſet her up an Idol.

Sir *Sig.* Well argued of my ſide, I ſee the Baggage loves me! [*Peeping out with a Face more ſmutted.*

Gal. And haſt thou? Oh, but prithee jilt me on,
And ſay thou haſt not deſtin'd all thy Charms
To ſuch a wicked Uſe.
Is that dear Face and Mouth for Slaves to kiſs?
Shall thoſe bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and ſerve
But to reflect the Images of Fools?

Sir *Sig.* That's I ſtill. [*Peeping more black.*

Gal. Shall that ſoft tender Boſon be approacht
By one who wants a Soul, to breathe in languiſhment
At every Kiſs that preſſes it?

Sir *Sig.* Soul! what a pox care I for Soul—as long as my Perſon is ſo amiable?

Gal. No, renounce that dull Diſcretion that undoes thee,
Cunning is cheaply to be wiſe; leave it to thoſe that have
No other Powers to gain a Conqueſt by,
It is below thy Charms.
———Come ſwear, and be foreſworn moſt damnably,
Thou haſt not yielded yet; ſay 'twas intended only,
And tho thou ly'ſt, by Heaven I muſt believe thee;
———Say,———haſt thou—given him———all?

Cor. I've done as bad, we have diſcours'd th' Affair,
And 'tis concluded on.———

Gal. As bad! by Heaven much worſe! diſcours'd with him!
Wert thou ſo wretched, ſo depriv'd of Senſe,
To hold Diſcourſe with ſuch an Animal?
Damn it; the Sin is ne'er to be forgiven.
———Hadſt thou been wanton to that leud degree,
By dark he might have been conducted to thee;
Where ſilently he might have ſerv'd thy purpoſe,
And thou hadſt had ſome poor excuſe for that:
But bartering words with Fools admits of none.

Cor. I grant ye,———had I talk'd ſenſe to him, which had been enough to have loſt him for ever.

Sir

Sir *Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearful 'tis of loſing me! [*Aſide.*

Gal. That's ſome Atonement for thy other Sins,——— Come break thy Word, and waſh it quite away.

Sir *Sig.* That cogging won't do, my good Friend, that won't do.

Gal. Thou ſhalt be juſt and perjur'd, and pay my Heart the debt of Love you owe it.

Cor. And wou'd you have the Heart———to make a Whore of me?

Gal. With all my Soul, and the Devil's in't if I can give thee a greater proof of my Paſſion.

Cor. I rather fear you wou'd debauch me into that dull ſlave call'd a Wife.

Gal. A Wife! have I no Conſcience, no Honour in me? Prithee believe I wou'd not be ſo wicked—
No,—my Deſires are generous, and noble,
To ſet thee up, that glorious inſolent thing,
That makes Mankind ſuch Slaves, almighty Curtezan!
——Come, to thy private Chamber let us haſte,
The ſacred Temple of the God of Love;
And conſecrate thy Power. [*Offers to bear her off.*

Cor. Stay, do you take me then for what I ſeem?

Gal. I am ſure I do, and wou'd not be miſtaken for a Kingdom;
But if thou art not, I can ſoon mend that fault,
And make thee ſo.———Come I'm impatient to begin the Experiment. [*Offers again to carry her off.*

Cor. Nay then I am in earneſt,—hold miſtaken Stranger——I am of noble Birth; and ſhou'd I in one hapleſs loving Minute deſtroy the Honour of my Houſe, ruin my Youth and Beauty, and all that virtuous Education my hoping Parents gave me?

Gal. Pretty diſſembled Pride and Innocence! and wounds no leſs than ſmiles!—Come let us in,———where I will give thee leave to frown and jilt; ſuch pretty Frauds advance the Appetite. [*Offers again.*

Cor. By all that's good I'm a Maid of Quality,
Bleſt with a Fortune equal to my Birth.

Gal. I do not credit thee; or if I did,
For once I wou'd diſpenſe with Quality,

And

And to expreſs my Love, take thee with all theſe Faults.
Cor. And being ſo, can you expect I'll yield?
Gal. The ſooner for that reaſon, if thou'rt wife;
The Quality will take away the Scandal.———
Do not torment me longer— [*Offers to lead her again.*
Cor. Stay and be undeceiv'd,—I do conjure ye.—
Gal. Art thou no Curtezan?
Cor. Not on my Life, nor do intend to be.
Gal. No Proſtitute? nor doſt intend to be?
Cor. By all that's good, I only feign to be ſo.
Gal. No Curtezan! haſt thou deceiv'd me then?
Tell me thou wicked honeſt cozening Beauty,
Why didſt thou draw me in, with ſuch a fair Pretence,
Why ſuch a tempting Preface to invite,
And the whole Piece ſo uſeleſs and unedifying?
———Heavens! not a Curtezan!
Why from thy Window didſt thou take my Vows,
And make ſuch kind Returns? Oh damn your Quality:
What honeſt Whore but wou'd have ſcorn'd thy Cunning?
Cor. I make ye kind Returns!
Gal. Perſuade me out of that too; 'twill be like ye.
Cor. By all my Wiſhes I never held Diſcourſe with you —but this Evening, ſince I firſt ſaw your Face.
Gal. Oh the Impudence of Honeſty and Quality in Wo-man!
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me!
Bear witneſs, oh thou gentle Queen of Night,
Goddeſs of Shades, ador'd by Lovers moſt;
How oft under thy Covert ſhe has damn'd her ſelf,
With feigned Love to me! [*In Paſſion.*
Cor. Heavens! this is Impudence: that Power I call to witneſs too, how damnably thou injur'ſt me. [*Angry.*
Gal. You never from your Window talk'd of Love to me?
Cor. Never.
Gal. So, nor you're no Curtezan?
Cor. No, by my Life.
Gal. So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good?
Cor. By all that's good, never.
Gal. So, and you are real honeſt, and of Quality?
Cor. Or may I ſtill be wretched.
Gal. So, then farewell Honeſty and Quality!———
'Sdeath, what a Night, what Hopes, and what a Miſtreſs, have

have I all loſt for Honeſty and Quality! [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Stay,———

Gal. I will be rack'd firſt, let go thy hold! [*In fury.*

———Unleſs thou wou'dſt repent.— [*In a ſoft tone.*

Cor. I cannot of my fixt Reſolves for Virtue!
—But if you could but—love me—honourably—
For I aſſum'd this Habit and this Dreſs———

Gal. To cheat me of my Heart the readieſt way:
And now, like gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o'er till you have hook'd in my laſt ſtake, my Body too, you cozen me with Honeſty.——Oh damn the Dice——I'll have no more on't I, the Game's too deep for me, unleſs you play'd upon the ſquare, or I could cheat like you.
—Farewel Quality— [*Goes out.*

Cor. He's gone; *Philippa*, run and fetch him back;
I have but this ſhort Night allow'd for Liberty;
Perhaps to morrow I may be a Slave. [*Ex.* Phil.
—Now o' my Conſcience there never came good of this troubleſome Virtue—hang't I was too ſerious; but a Devil on't, he looks ſo charmingly—and was ſo very preſſing, I durſt truſt my gay Humour and good Nature no farther.

[*She walks about, Sir* Signal *peeps and then comes out.*

Sir *Sig.* He's gone!—ſo, ha, ha, ha.
As I hope to breathe, Madam, you have moſt neatly diſpatcht him; poor fool—to compare his Wit and his Perſon to mine.——

Cor. Hah, the Coxcomb here ſtill.———

Sir *Sig.* Well, this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet.

Cor. Ah——— [*Looking about on him, ſees his face black, ſqueeks and runs away.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah, whe what the Deavilo's that for?
—Whe 'tis I, 'tis I, moſt *Sereniſſima Signiora*!
[Gal. *returns and* Philippa.

Gal. What noiſe is that, or is't ſome new deſign
To fetch me back again?

Sir *Sig.* How! *Galliard* return'd!

Gal. Hah! what art thou? a Mortal or a Devil?

Sir *Sig.* How, not know me? now might I paſs upon him moſt daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilſhip already, and dare venture no more Conjurationing.

Gal.

Gal. Dog, what art thou——not ſpeak! Nay then I'll inform my ſelf, and try if you be fleſh and blood.

[*Kicks him, he avoids.*

Sir *Sig.* No matter for all this—'tis better to be kick'd than diſcovered, for then I ſhall be kill'd:—and I can ſacrifice a Limb or two to my Reputation at any time.

Gal. Death, 'tis the Fool, the Fool for whom I am abus'd and jilted; 'tis ſome revenge to diſappoint her Cunning, and drive the Slave before me——Dog! were you her laſt reſerve? [*Kicks him, he keeps in his cry.*

Sir *Sig.* Still I ſay Mum.

Gal. The Aſs will ſtill appear thro all diſguiſes,
Nor can the Devil's ſhape ſecure the Fool——

[*Kicks him, he runs out, as* Cor. *enters and holds* Gal.

Cor. Hold, Tyrant——

Gal. Oh Women, Women, fonder in your Appetites
Than Beaſts, and more unnatural!
For they but couple with their Kind, but you
Promiſcuouſly ſhuffle your Brutes together,
The Fop of buſineſs with the lazy Gown-man—the learned Aſs with the illiterate Wit——the empty Coxcomb with the Politician, as dull and inſignificant as he; from the gay Fool made more a Beaſt by Fortune to all the loath'd infirmities of Age. Farewel——I ſcorn to croud with the dull Herd, or graze upon the Common where they fatten.

[*Goes out.*

Fill. I know he loves, by this concern I know it,
And will not let him part diſſatisfied. [*Goes out.*

Cor.—By all that's good I love him more each moment, and know he's deſtin'd to be mine.—— [Enter *Marcella.*
——What hopes, *Marcella*? what is't we next ſhall do?

Mar. Fly to our laſt reſerve; come, let's haſte and dreſs: in that diſguiſe we took our flight from *Viterbo* in,
——and ſomething I reſolve.

Cor. My ſoul informs me what——I ha't! a Project worthy of us both—which whilſt we dreſs I'll tell thee,
—and by which,
My dear *Marcella*, we will ſtand or fall:
'Tis our laſt Stake we ſet; and have at all.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petro, Tickletext, *from the Garden.*

Tick. HAſte honeſt *Barberacho*, before the Day diſcover us to the wicked World, and that more wicked *Galliard.*

Pet. Well Seignior, of a bad turn it was a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal*! the Scandal lies at his door now Sir,—ſo the Ladder's faſt, you may now mount and away.———

Tick. Very well, go your ways, and commend me, honeſt *Barberacho*, to the young Gentlewoman, and let her know, as ſoon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my Reputation, I'll viſit her again.

Pet. I'll warrant ye, Seignior, for the future.

Tick. So, now get you gone leſt we be diſcover'd.

Pet. Farewell Seignior, *a bon viage.*

[*Ex.* Pet. Tick *deſcends.*

Tick. 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have loſt my Lanthorn in the fray! [*Groping.*]——hah—whereabouts am I—hum———what have we here!——ah, help, help, help! [*Stumbles at the Well, gets hold of the Rope, and ſlides down in the Bucket.*] I ſhall be drown'd, Fire, Fire, Fire! for I have Water enough! Oh for ſome Houſe,—ſome Street; nay wou'd *Rome* itſelf were a ſecond time in flames, that my Deliverance might be wrought by the neceſſity for Water: but no human Help is nigh—oh!

Enter Sir Sig. *as before.*

Sir *Sig.* Did ever any Knight-Adventurer run thro ſo many Diſaſters in one night! my worſhipful Carcaſe has been cudgel'd moſt plentifully, firſt bang'd for a Coward, which by the way was none of my Fault. I cannot help Nature: then clawed away for a *Diavillo*, there I was the Fool; but who can help that too? frighted with *Gal*'s coming into an Ague; then chimney'd into a Fever, where I had a fine Regale of Soot, a Perfume which nothing but my *Cackamarda Orangate* cou'd exceed; and which I find by [*ſnuffs*] my ſmelling has defac'd Nature's Image, and a ſecond time made me be ſuſpected for

a

a Devil.——let me ſee———[*Opens his Lanthorn, and looks on his Hands.*] 'tis ſo——I am in a cleanly Pickle: if my Face be of the ſame Hue, I am fit to ſcare away old *Beelzebub* himſelf efaith: [*Wipes his* Face.] ——ay, 'tis ſo, like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier: well I'll home, ſcrub my ſelf clean if poſſible, get me to Bed, deviſe a handſom Lye to excuſe my long ſtay to my Governour, and all's well, and the Man has his Mare again. [*Shuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs againſt the Well.* ——*Que queſto* (*feels gently.*) Make me thankful 'tis ſubſtantial Wood, by your leave——[*Opens his Lanthorn.* How! a Well! ſent by Providence that I may waſh my ſelf, leſt People ſmoke me by the ſcent, and beat me anew for ſtinking: [*Sets down his Lanthorn, pulls off his Masking-Coat, and goes to draw Water.*] 'Tis a damnable-heavy Bucket! now do I fancy I ſhall look, when I am waſhing my ſelf, like the ſign of the Labour-in-vain.

Tick. So, my cry is gone forth, and I am deliver'd by Miracle from this Dungeon of Death and Darkneſs, this cold Element of Deſtruction———

Sir *Sig.* Hah—ſure I heard a diſmal hollow Voice.

[Tick. *appears in the Bucket above the Well.*

Tick. What, art thou come in Charity?

Sir *Sig.* Ah *le Diavilo, le Diavilo, le Diavilo.*

[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frighted away.*

Enter Fillamour *and Page, he returns.*

———How, a Man! was ever wretched Wight ſo miſerable, the Devil at one hand, and a *Roman* Night-walker at the other; which danger ſhall I chuſe?———

[*Gets to the door of the Houſe.*

Tick. So, I am got up at laſt———thanks to my Knight. for I am ſure 'twas he! hah he's here———I'll hear his Buſineſs. [*Goes near to* Fillamour.

Fil. Confound this Woman, this bewitching Woman:
I cannot ſhake her from my ſullen Heart;
Spite of my Soul I linger hereabouts,
And cannot to *Viterbo.*

Tick. Very good; a dainty Raſcal this!

Enter Galliard *with a Lanthorn, as from* Silvia's *Houſe, held by* Philippa.

Fil. ———Hah, who's this coming from her Houſe? perhaps

perhaps 'tis *Galliard.*

Gal. No Argument ſhall fetch me back, by Heaven.

Fil. 'Tis the mad Rogue.

Tick. Oh Lord, 'tis *Galliard*, and angry too; now cou'd I but get off, and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project———but 'tis impoſſible without diſcovery.

Phil. But will you hear her, Seignior?

Gal. That is, will I loſe more time about her? plague on't I have thrown away already ſuch Songs and Sonnets, ſuch Madrigals and Poſies, ſuch Night-walks, Sighs, and direful Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any Woman of Conſcience and Religion; and now to be popt i'th' mouth with Quality! Well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honeſt well-meaning Damſels hereafter, hang me :————farewel, old Secret, farewel.

[*Ex.* Philippa.

——Now am I aſham'd of being cozen'd ſo damnably, *Fillamour*, that virtuous Raſcal, will ſo laugh at me; s'heart cou'd I but have debaucht him, we had been on equal terms.———but I muſt help my ſelf with lying, and ſwear I have———a———

Fil. You ſhall not need, I'll keep your Counſel, Sir.

Gal. Hah———*eſtes vous la?* ———

Tick. How, *Fillamour* all this while! ſome Comfort yet, I am not the only Profeſſor that diſſembles: but how to get away———

Gal. Oh *Harry*, the moſt damnably defeated!

[*A Noiſe of Swords.*

Fil. Hold? what Noiſe is that? two Men coming this way as from the houſe of the Curtezans.

Enter Julio *backwards, fighting* Octavio *and Bravoes.*

Gal. Hah on retreating,——S'death I've no Sword!

Enter Julio *and* Octavio *fighting.*

Fil. Here's one, I'll take my Page's.

[*Takes the Boy's Sword.*

Gal. Now am I mad for miſchief; hold my Lanthorn, Boy. [*They fight on* Julio's *ſide, and fight* Octavio *out at t'other ſide*: *Enter* Laura *and* Sabina *at the Fore-door, which is the ſame where Sir* Signal *ſtands*: Tick. *groping*

up that way, finds Sir Sig. *juſt entring in*; Laura *and* Sab. *paſs over the ſtage.*

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a door open! I care not who it belongs to, 'tis better dying within Doors like a Man, than in the Street like a Dog.

[*Going in,* Tick. *in great fear comes up and pulls him.*

Tick. Seignior, gentle Seignior, whoe'er you are that owns this Manſion, I beſeech you to give Protection to a wretched Man half dead with Fear and Injury.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, I defy the Devil to be more dead with Fear than I—Seignior you may enter, perhaps 'tis ſome body that will make an Excuſe for us both,—but hark, they return. [*Both go in, juſt after* Lau. *and* Sab. *enter.*

Lau. He's gone! he's gone! perhaps for ever gone.—Tell me, thou ſilly Manager of Love, how got this Ruffian in? how was it poſſible without thy Knowledge he cou'd get Admittance?

Sab. Now as I hope to live and learn, I know not, Madam, unleſs he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he eaſily conceal'd himſelf; no doubt ſome Lover of *Silvianetta*'s, who miſtaking you for her, took him too for a Rival.

Lau. 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is to blame, my curſed Fortune,
Who like Miſers deals her ſcanty Bounties with ſo ſlow a hand,
That or we die before the Bleſſing falls,
Or have it ſnatcht ere we can call it ours.
[*Raving.*] To have him in my Houſe, to have him kind,
Kind as young Lovers when they meet by ſtealth;
As fond as Age to Beauty, and as ſoft
As Love and Wit cou'd make impatient Youth,
Preventing even my Wiſhes and Deſires,
—Oh Gods! and then, even then to be defeated,
Then from my o'erjoy'd Arms to have him ſnatcht;
Then when our Vows had made our Freedom lawful;
What Maid cou'd ſuffer a Surprize ſo cruel?
——The Day begins to break.—go ſearch the Streets,
And bring me news he's ſafe, or I am loſt.

Enter Gal. Fil. *and* Jul.

Fill. Galliard, where art thou?

Gal.

Gal. Here ſafe, and by thy ſide.——

Lau. 'Tis he!

Jul. Whoe'er he were, the Rogue fought like a Fury, and but for your timely Aid I'd been in ſome Danger.

Fil. But *Galliard*, thou wert telling me thy Adventure with *Silvianetta*; there may be comfort in't.

Lau. So, now I ſhall hear with what concern he ſpeaks of me.—— [*Aſide.*

Gal. Oh damn her, damn her!

Lau. Hah!

Gal. The verieſt Jilt that ever learnt the Art.

Lau. Heavens!

Gal. Death, the Whore took me for ſome amorous *Engliſh* elder Brother, and was for Matrimony, in the Devil's name; thought me a loving Fool, that ne'er had ſeen ſo glorious a ſight before, and wou'd at any rate enjoy.

Lau. Oh Heav'n! I'm amaz'd, how much he differs from the thing he was but a few Minutes ſince. [*Aſide.*

Gal. And to advance her Price, ſet up for Quality; nay ſwore ſhe was a Maid, and that ſhe did but act the Curtezan.

Lau. Which then he ſeem'd to give a credit to.——
O the forſworn Diſſembler!

Gal. But when I came to the matter then in debate, ſhe was for honourable Love forſooth, and wou'd not yield, no marry wou'd ſhe, not under a Licence from the Parſon of the Pariſh.

Jul. Who was it, prithee? 'twere a good Deed to be ſo reveng'd on her.

Gal. Pox on her; no, I'm ſure ſhe's a damn'd Gipſy, for at the ſame time ſhe had her Lovers in reſerve, lay hid her Bed-chamber.

Lau. 'Twas that he took unkindly,
And makes me guilty of that rude Addreſs.

Gil. Another Lover had ſhe?

Gal. Yes, our Coxcomb Knight Buffoon, laid by for a reliſhing Bit, in caſe I prov'd not ſeaſon'd to her Mind.

Lau. Hah, he knew him then.

Gal. But damn her, ſhe paſſes with the Night, the Day will bring new Objects.

Fil. Oh I do not doubt it, *Frank.*

Lau. Falſe and Inconſtant! Oh I ſhall rave, *Silvio* — [*Aſide to* Sil.

Enter Cornelia *in Men's Clothes with a Letter.*

Cor. Here be the Cavaliers: give me, kind Heaven, but hold of him; and if I keep him not, I here renounce my Charms of Wit and Beauty——Seigniors, is there a Cavalier amongſt ye, call'd *Fillamour*?

Fil. I own that Name; what wou'd you, Sir?

Cor. Only deliver this, Seignior. [Fil. *goes aſide, opens his Lanthorn, and reads,* Jul. *and* Gal. *talk aſide.*

Fil. [Reads. *I'll only tell you I am Brother to that* Marcella *whom you have injur'd, to oblige you to meet me an Hour hence, in the* Piazo d'Hiſpagnio: *I need not ſay with your Sword in your hand, ſince you will there meet* Julio Sebaſtiano Moroſini!—Hah! her Brother ſure return'd from Travel. [*Aſide.*

———Seignior,—I will not fail to anſwer it as he deſires. [*To* Cornelia.

I'll take this Opportunity to ſteal off undiſcover'd. [*Aſide going out.*

Cor. So, I've done my Siſter's Buſineſs; now for my own.

Gal. But my good Friend, pray what Adventure have you been on to night.

Jul. Faith, Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleaſant one, I came juſt now from *Silvianetta*, the fair young Curtezan.

Cor. Hah! what ſaid the Man—came from me! [*Aſide.*

Gal. How, Sir, you with *Silvianetta!* when?

Jul. Now, all the dear live-long Night.

Cor. A pox take him, who can this be? [*Aſide.*

Gal. This night! this night! that is not yet departed.

Jul. This very happy Night,—I told you I ſaw a lovely Woman at St. *Peter*'s Church.

Gal. You did ſo.

Jul. I told you too I follow'd her home, but cou'd learn neither her Name nor Quality; but my Page getting into the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me News of both: her Name *Silvianetta*, her Quality a Curtezan.

Cor. I at Church yeſterday! now hang me if I had any ſuch devout Thoughts about me: why what a damn'd ſcandalous Raſcal's this?

Jul.

Jul. Fill'd with hopes of Succeſs, at night I made her a Viſit, and under her Window had a skirmiſh with ſome Rival, who was then ſerenading her.

Gal. Was't he that fought us then,—— [*Aſide.* —— But it ſeems you were not miſtaken in the Houſe——— On with your Story pray—Death, I grow Jealous now— [*Aſide.*] You came at Night you ſaid?

Jul. Yes, and was receiv'd at the door by the kind *Silvianetta*, who ſoftly whiſper'd me, come to my Boſom, and be ſafe for ever! and doubtleſs took me for ſome happier Man.

Lau. Confuſion on him, 'twas my very Language! [*Aſide raving.*

Jul. Then led me by dark into her Chamber.

Cor. Oh this damn'd lying Raſcal! I do this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. But oh the things, the dear obliging things, the kind, the fair young Charmer ſaid and did.

Gal. To thee!

Jul. To me.

Gal. Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtezan?

Jul. That paſſes, Sir, for ſuch, but is indeed of Quality.

Cor. This Stranger is the Devil, how ſhou'd he know that Secret elſe?

Jul. She told me too 'twas for my ſake alone, whom from the firſt Minute ſhe ſaw ſhe lov'd, ſhe had aſſum'd that Name and that Diſguiſe, the ſooner to invite me.

Lau. 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd!—Oh my Heart!

Gal. Curſe on the publick Jilt, the very Flattery ſhe wou'd have paſt on me.

Cor. Pox take him, I muſt draw on him, I cannot hold. [*Aſide.*

Gal. Was ever ſuch a Whore?

Lau. Oh that I knew this Man, whom by miſtake I laviſht all the Secrets of my Soul to! [*Aſide.*

Jul. I preſt for ſomething more than dear Expreſſions, And found her yield apace;
But ſighing, told me of a fatal Contract,
She was oblig'd to make to one ſhe never ſaw;
And yet if I wou'd vow to marry her, when ſhe cou'd prove to merit it, ſhe wou'd deny me nothing.

Lau. 'Tw as I by Heaven, that heedleſs Fool was I.

Jul. Which I with Lover's eager Joy perform'd,
And on my Knees utter'd the haſty Words,
Which ſhe repeated o'er, and gave me back.

Gal. So, he 'has ſwallow'd with a vengeance the very Bait ſhe had prepar'd for me, or any body that wou'd bite. [*Aſide.*

Jul. But e'er I cou'd receive the dear Reward of all my Vows, I was drawn upon by a Man that lay hid in her Chamber, whether by chance or deſign I know not; who fought me out, and was the ſame you found me engag'd with.

Cor. A pleaſant Raſcal this, as e'er the Devil taught his Leſſon to.

Gal. So, my Comfort is, ſhe has jilted him too moſt damnably.

Cor. Sliſe, I have anger enough to make me valiant; why ſhou'd I not make uſe on't, and beat this lying Villain whilſt the Fit holds?

Gal. And you deſign to keep theſe Vows, tho you're contracted to another Woman?

Jul. I neither thought of breaking thoſe, or keeping theſe; my Soul was all employ'd another way.

Lau. —It ſhall be ſo, *Silvio,*—I've thought upon a way that muſt redeem all:——hark and obſerve me.
[*Takes* Sil. *and whiſpers to him.*

Jul. But I'm impatient to purſue my Adventure, which I muſt endeavour to do, before the Light diſcover the Miſtake.——Farewel, Sir. [*Ex.* Julio.

Gal. Go and be ruin'd quite, ſhe has the Knack of doing it.

Sil. I'll warrant ye, Madam, for my Part. [*Ex.* Laura.

Gal. I have a damn'd hankering after this Woman: why cou'd I not have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has? I ſtand as little on my Word as he: a good round Oath or two had done the Buſineſs.—But a pox on't, I lov'd too well to be ſo wiſe. [Silvio *comes up to him.*

Sab. Con licentia, Seignior; is your Name *Galliard?*

Gal. I am the Man, ſweet Heart,——let me behold thee—hah—*Sans Cœur*'s Page!

Sab. A duce of his Lanthorn, what ſhall I ſay now? Softly

——Softly, Seignior, I am that Page whoſe chiefeſt Buſineſs is to attend my Lord's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Cor. His Miſtreſs! whoſe Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs, s'life, how that little Word has nettled me! [*Aſide, liſtning cloſe.*

Gal. Upon my Life the Woman that he boaſted of—[*Aſide hugging of himſelf.*] ——A fair young amorous—noble——Wanton———a———

And ſhe wou'd ſpeak with me, my lovely Boy?

Sab. You have prevented the Commands I had; but ſhould my Lord know of it———

Gal. Thou wert undone, I underſtand thee——

And will be ſecret as a Confeſſor,
As lonely Shades, or everlaſting Night.
Come lead the way.

Cor. Where I will follow thee, tho to the Bed of her thou'rt going too, and even prevent thy very Buſineſs there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Laura, *as before, in a Night-Gown.*

Lau. Now for a Power that never yet was known
To charm this Stranger quickly into Love.
Aſſiſt my Eyes, thou God of kind Deſires;
Inſpire my Language with a moving Force,
That may at once gain and ſecure the Victory.

Enter Silvio.

Sab. Madam, your Lover's here: your time's but ſhort; conſider too, Count *Julio* may arrive.

Lau. Let him arrive; having ſecur'd my ſelf of what I (love,
I'll leave him to complain his unknown Loſs
To careleſs Winds as pitileſs as I—*Sabina*, ſee the Rooms
Be fill'd with Lights, whilſt I prepare my ſelf to entertain him.
Darkneſs ſhall ne'er deceive me more ———

[*Enter to* Sil. Gal. *gazing about him,* Cor. *peeping at the Door.*

Gal. All's wondrous rich,—gay as the Court of Love,
But ſtill and ſilent as the Shades of Death;
—Hah—Muſick! and excellent!

[*Soft Muſick whilſt they ſpeak.*

Pox on't——but where's the Woman?—I need no preparation.——

Cor. No, you are always provided for ſuch Encounters, and can fall to *ſans* Ceremony,——but I may ſpoil your Stomach. [*A Song tuning.*

Gal. A Voice too! by Heaven and 'tis a ſweet one:
Grant ſhe be young, and I'll excuſe the reſt,
Yet vie for Pleaſure with the happieſt *Roman.*

[*The Song as by* Laura, *after which ſoft Muſick till ſhe enters.*

The S O N G by a Perſon of Quality.

FArewel the World and mortal Cares,
The raviſh'd Strephon *cry'd,*
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by Phillis' *ſide:*
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
Whilſt not one Thought of mine
At any other Bliſs ſhall aim,
But thoſe dear Arms, but thoſe dear Arms of thine.

Still let me gaze in thy bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue;
I nothing ask t'increaſe my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long.
In cloſe Embraces let us lie,
And ſpend our Lives to come;
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's, be each other's Tomb.

——Death, I'm fir'd already with her Voice———

Cor. So, I am like to thrive.——

Enter Julio.

Jul. What mean theſe Lights in every Room, as if to make the day without the Sun, and quite deſtroy my Hopes!—hah, *Galliard* here!

Cor. A Man! grant it ſome Lover, or ſome Husband, Or any thing that will but ſpoil the Sport. (Heaven, The Lady! Oh blaſt her, how fair ſhe is!

Enter

Enter Laura *with her Lute, dreſt in a careleſs rich Dreſs, follow'd by* Sabina, *to whom ſhe gives her Lute.*

Jul. Hah! 'tis the ſame Woman.

Lau. A Stranger here! What Art can help me now?—
[*Sees* Julio *and ſtarts.*

Gal. By all my Joys a lovely Woman 'tis.

Lau. Help me, Deceit, Diſſembling, all that's Woman—
[*She ſtarts and gazes on* Gal. *pulling* Silvio.

Cor. Sure I ſhou'd know that Face. ———

Lau. Ah look my *Silvio*, is't not he?——it is!
That Smile, that Air, that Mien, that Bow is his:
'Tis he, by all my Hopes, by all my Wiſhes.

Gal. He! yes, yes, I am he, I thank my Stars,
And never bleſt 'em half ſo much for being ſo,
As for the dear Variety of Woman. (neſt.

Cor. Curſe on her Charms, ſhe'll make him love in ear-

Lau. It is my Brother; and Report was falſe.
[*Going towards him.*

Gal. How, her Brother! Gad I'm ſorry we are ſo near akin with all my Soul; for I'm damnably pleas'd with her.

Lau. Ay, why do ye ſhun my Arms? or are ye Air?
And not to be enclos'd in human Twines——
Perhaps you are the Ghoſt of that dead Lord,
That comes to whiſper Vengeance to my Soul.

Gal. S'heart, a Ghoſt! This is an odd preparative to Love. [*Aſide.*

Cor. 'Tis *Laura*, my Brother *Julio*'s Miſtreſs, and Siſter to *Octavio.*

Gal. Death, Madam! do not ſcare away my Love with Tales of Ghoſts, and Fancies of the Dead. I'll give ye Proofs I'm living loving Man, as errant an amorous Mortal as Heart can wiſh——I hope ſhe will not jilt me too.
[*Aſide.*

Cor. So! he's at his common Proof for all Arguments; if ſhe ſhou'd take him at his Word now, and ſhe'll be ſure to do't.

Lau. Amiable Stranger, pardon the Miſtake,
And charge it on a Paſſion for a Brother:
Devotion was not more retir'd than I,
Veſtals or widow'd Matrons when they weep;

Till by a fatal Chance I ſaw in you,
The dear Reſemblance of a murder'd Brother. [*Weeps.*

Jul. What the Devil can ſhe mean by this? [*Aſide.*

Lau. I durſt not truſt my Eyes, yet ſtill I gaz'd,
And that encreas'd my Faith you were my Brother:
But ſince they err'd, and he indeed is dead,
Oh give me leave to pay you all that Love,
That Tenderneſs and Paſſion that was his. [*Weeping.*

Cor. So, I knew ſhe wou'd bring Matters about ſome way or other. Oh Miſchief, Miſchief, help me! S'life I can be wicked enough when I have no uſe on't! and now have, I'm as harmleſs as a Fool. [*As* Gal. *is earneſtly talking to* Lau. Julio *pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Lau. Oh ſave me, ſave me from the Murderer.

Jul. Hah!

Gal. A Murderer, where?

Lau. I faint, I die with horror of the Sight!

Gal. Hah——my Friend a Murderer! ſure you miſtake him, Madam; he ſaw not *Rome* till yeſterday; an honeſt Youth, Madam, and one that knows his diſtance upon occaſion!——S'life how cam'ſt thou here?——prithee be gone and leave us.

Jul. Why, do you know this Lady, Sir?

Gal. Know her!—a—ay, ay,——Man——and all her Relations, ſhe's of Quality:—withdraw, withdraw—Madam——a——he is my Friend, and ſhall be civil.——

Lau. I have an eaſy Faith for all you ſay:———but yet however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he wou'd depart———he is ſo like my Brother's Murderer, that one Look more wou'd kill me———

Jul. A Murderer! charge me with Cowardice, with Rapes or Treaſons———Gods, a Murderer!

Cor. A Devil on her, ſhe has robb'd the Sex of all their Arts of Cunning.

Gal. Pox on't thou'rt rude; go, in good Manners go.

Lau. I do conjure ye to torture me no more:
If you wou'd have me think you're not that Murderer,
Be gone, and leave your Friend to calm my Heart
Into ſome kinder Thoughts.

Gal. Ay, prithee go, I'll be ſure to do thy Buſineſs for thee.

Cor.

Cor. Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly Part, no doubt.———

Jul. 'Tis but in vain to ſtay——I ſee ſhe did miſtake her Man laſt night, and 'twas to Chance I am in debt for that good Fortune;——I will retire to ſhew my Obedience, Madam. [*Exit.* Jul. Gal. *going to the door with him.*

Lau. He's gone, and left me Miſtreſs of my Wiſh.
Deſcend ye little winged Gods of Love,
Deſcend and hove round our Bower of Bliſs;
Play all in various Forms about the Youth,
And empty all your Quivers at his Heart. [*Aſide.*

[Gal. *returns, ſhe takes him by the hand.*

———Advance thou dearer to my Soul than Kindred,
Thou more than Friend or Brother.
Let meaner Souls baſe-born conceal the God;
Love owns his Monarchy within my Heart,
So Kings that deign to viſit humble Roofs,
Enter diſguis'd, but in a noble Palace,
Own their great Power, and ſhew themſelves in Glory.

Gal. I am all Tranſport with this ſudden Bliſs,
And want ſome kin Allay to fit my Soul for Recompence.

Cor. Yes, yes, my forward Friend, you ſhall have an Allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to Diſappointment.

Gal. My Soul's all Wonder; now let us retire,
And gaze till I have ſoften'd it to Love.
[*Going out, is met by* Cor.

Cor. Madam!

Lau. More Interruption!——hah—— [*Turns.*

Cor. My Maſter, the young Count *Julio*—

Lau. Julio!

Gal. What of him? [*Aſide.*

Cor. Being juſt now arriv'd at *Rome*——

Lau. Heavens arriv'd! [*Aſide.*

Cor. Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

Lau. Sure Stranger, you miſtake.——

Cor. If, Madam, you are *Laura Lucretia.*———

Gal. Laura Lucretia! by Heaven the very Woman he's to marry. [*Aſide.*

Lau. This would ſurprize a Virgin leſs reſolv'd:
But what have I to do with ought but Love? [*Aſide.*

—And

—And can your Lord imagine this an Hour
To make a ceremonious Viſit in?

Gal. Riddles by Love! or is't ſome Trick again? [*Aſide.*

Cor. Madam, where Vows are paſt, the want of Ceremony may be pardon'd.

Lau. I do not uſe to have my Will diſputed,
Be gone, and let him know I'll be obeyed.

Cor. S'life ſhe'll out-wit me yet,——— [*Aſide.*
Madam, I ſee this Niceneſs is not general,
—You can except ſome Lovers.

Gal. My pert young Confident, depart, and let your Maſter know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain Curtezan, *Silvianetta*, where he has paſt the Night, and given his Vows.

Lau. Dearly devis'd, and I muſt take the hint. [*Aſide ſmiling.*

Cor. He knows me ſure, and ſays all this to plague me. [*Aſide.*
My Lord, my Maſter with a Curtezan! he's but juſt now arriv'd.

Gal. A pretty forward ſaucy lying Boy this; and may do well in time.——Madam, believe him not, I ſaw his Maſter yeſterday,———convers'd with him.——I know him, he's my Friend; —'twas he that parted hence but now,—he told me all his Paſſion for a Curtezan ſcarce half an hour ſince.

Cor. So!

Lau. I do not doubt it, Oh how I love him for this ſeaſonable Lye:
—And can you think I'll ſee a perjur'd Man, [*To* Cor.
Who gives my intereſt in him to another?
—Do I not help ye out moſt artfully?—*Laughing to* Gal.

Cor. I ſee they are reſolv'd to out-face me.

Gal. Nay, vow'd to marry her.

Lau. Heavens, to marry her!

Cor. To be conquer'd at my own Weapon to!——— Lying? 'tis a hard caſe.— [*Aſide.*

Gal. Go Boy, you may be gone; you have your Anſwer, Child, and may depart—Come, Madam, let us leave him.

Cor.

Cor. Gone, no help! Death I'll quarrel with him,——nay fight him,—damn him,———rather than loſe him thus.———Stay, Seignior. [*Pulls him.*] —You call me Boy———but you may find your ſelf miſtaken, Sir,—And know———I've that about me may convince ye.

[*Shewing his Sword.*

———'Thas done ſome Execution.

Gal. Prithee on whom, on what ſmall Village Curs? The barking of a Maſtiff wou'd unman thee. [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Hold—follow me from the refuge of her Arms; As thou'rt a Man, I do conjure thee do't:

—I hope he will, I'll venture beating for't. [*Aſide.*

Gal. Yes, my brisk little Raſcal I will—a—

Lau. By all that's good you ſhall not ſtir from hence; ho, who waits there, *Antonio, Silvio, Gaſpero?*[*Enter all.* —take that fierce Youth, and bear him from my ſight.

Cor. You ſhall not need; s'life theſe rough Rogues will be too hard for me; I've one prevention left,—farewel.

May'ſt thou ſupply her with as feeble Art,
As I ſhou'd do, were I to play thy part.

[*Goes out with the reſt.*

Gal. He's gone, now let's redeem our bleſſed Minutes loſt. [*Go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*— Piazo d'Hiſpagnia.

Enter Julio *alone.*

Jul. Now by this breaking Day-light I cou'd rave: I knew ſhe miſtook me laſt night, which made me ſo eager to improve my lucky Minutes. Sure *Galliard* is not the Man, I long to know the Myſtery;—hah—who's here? —*Fillamour*!

Enter Fillamour *met by* Marcella *in Man's Clothes*; *they paſs by each other and juſtle.*

Mar. I take it, you are he I look for, Sir.

Fil. My name is *Fillamour.*

Mar. Mine, *Julio Sebaſtiano Moroſini.*

Jul. Hah my name, by Heaven! *Aſide.*

Fill. I doubt it not, ſince in that lovely Face

I ſee the charming Image of *Marcella.*

Jul. Hah!—

Mar. You might, e'er Travel ruffled me to Man. [*Aſide.*

———I ſhou'd return thy Praiſe whilſt I ſurvey thee,
But that I came not here to compliment;—draw—
[*Draws.*

Fill. Why, cauſe thou'rt like *Marcella*?

Mar. That were ſufficient reaſon for thy Hate,
But mine's becauſe thou haſt betray'd her baſely.
—She told me all the ſtory of her Love,
How well you meant, how honeſtly you ſwore,
And with a thouſand Tears imploy'd my Aid
To break the Contract ſhe was forc'd to make
T' *Octavio*, and give her to your Arms:
I did, and brought you word of our Deſign,
—I need not tell ye what returns you made;
Let it ſuffice, my Siſter was neglected,
Neglected for a Curtezan,———a Whore;
I watcht, and ſaw each Circumſtance of Falſhood.

Jul. Damnation! what means this?

Fill. I ſcorn to ſave my Life by Lyes or Flatteries;
But credit me, the Viſit that I made
I durſt have ſworn had been to my *Marcella*;
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the ſame,
Only the buſineſs of her Language differ'd,
And undeceiv'd my hope.

Mar. In vain thou think'ſt to flatter me to Faith,———
When thou'dſt my Siſter's Letter in thy hand, which ended that diſpute,
Even then I ſaw with what regret you read it;
What care you took to diſobey it too———
The ſhivering Maid, half dead with fears and terrors of the Night,
In vain expected a Relief from Love or thee.
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd her.

Jul. Hold, much miſtaken Youth; 'tis I am *Julio*, thou *Fillamour* know'ſt my name, know'ſt I arriv'd but yeſterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing News of both my Siſters Flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,——and thou art ſome Impoſture. [*To* Marcella.

Mar.

Mar. If this now ſhou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.——— [*Aſide.*

Fill. Fled! *Marcella* fled!

Jul. 'Twas ſhe I told thee yeſterday was loſt;
But why art thou concern'd?———explain the Myſtery.

Fill. I lov'd her more than Life; nay, even than Heaven;
And doſt thou queſtion my concern for her?
Say how, and why, and whither is ſhe fled?

Jul. Oh wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her Lover's Arms; or if I found her innocent, reſtore her to *Octavio.*

Fill. To *Octavio*! and is my Friendſhip of ſo little worth, you cannot think I merit her?

Jul. This is ſome trick between 'em; but I have ſworn moſt ſolemnly, have ſworn by Heaven and my Honour to reſign her, and I will do't or die—therefore declare quickly, declare where ſhe is, or I will leave thee dead upon the place. [*To* Marcella.

Mar. So, Death or *Octavio*, a pretty hopeful Choice this!

Fil. Hold! by Heaven you ſhall not touch a ſingle hair, thus—will I guard the Secret in his boſom.

[*Puts himſelf between 'em, draws.*

Jul. 'Tis plain thou'ſt injur'd me,—and to my Honour I'll ſacrifice my Friendſhip, follow me. [*Ex.* Jul. Fil.

Enter Petro *and* Cornelia.

Mar. Ah *Petro*, fly, fly, ſwift and reſcue him.———

[*Ex.* Pet. *with his Sword in his hand.*

Cor. Oh have I found thee, fit for my purpoſe too? Come, haſte along with me,——thou muſt preſent my Brother *Julio* inſtantly, or I am loſt, and my Project's loſt, and my Man's loſt, and all's loſt.

Enter Petro.

Pet. Victoria, Victoria, your Cavalier's the Conqueror; the other wounded in his Sword-hand, was eaſily diſarmed.

Mar. Then let's retire, if I am ſeen I'm loſt;—*Petro*, ſtay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this houſe;——I muſt be ſpeedy now.———

Cor. Remember this is *Julio.* [*Pointing to* Marcella.

Pet.

Pet. I know your deſign, and warrant ye my part:—hah, *Octavio.* [*Exit.*

Enter Octavio, Moroſini *and* Crapine.

Oct. Now Cowardice, that everlaſting Infamy, dwell ever on my face, that Men may point me out that hated Lover that ſaw his Miſtreſs falſe, ſtood tamely by whilſt ſhe repeated Vows ; nay, was ſo infamous, ſo dully tame, to hear her ſwear her Hatred and Averſion, yet ſtill I calmly liſten'd ; tho my Sword were ready, and did not cut his throat for't.

Mor. I thought you ſaid you'd fought.

Oct. Yes, I did rouze at laſt, and wak'd my Wrongs ;
But like an Aſs, a patient Fool of Honour,
I gave him friendly notice I wou'd kill him ;
And fought like Prizers, not as angry Rivals.

Mor. Why that was handſome,—I love fair play ; what wou'd you elſe have done?

Oct. Have fall'n upon him like a ſudden Storm, (*Enter* Pet. *and* Fill.) quick unexpected in his height of Love :—ſee—ſee yonder ; or I'm miſtaken by this glimmering Day, or that is *Fillamour* now entering at her door ; 'tis he, by my Revenge—What ſay you, Sir?

Mor. By th' Maſs I think 'twas he———

[*Enter* Julio.

Oct. Julio, I've caught the Wantons in their Toil,
I have 'em faſt, thy Siſter and her Lover. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Eternal Shame light on me if they ſcape then.

Oct. Follow me quick, whilſt we can get Admittance.

Jul. Where———here?

Oct. Here,—come all and ſee her Shame and my Revenge.

Jnl. And are you not miſtaken in the Houſe?

Oct. Miſtaken ! I ſaw the Raviſher enter juſt now, thy Uncle ſaw it too ; Oh my exceſſive Joy ! come, if I lye—ſay I'm a Dog, a Villain. [*Exeunt as into the Houſe.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber. Enter Sir* Signal *a little groping.*

Sir *Sig.* There's no finding my way out,———and now does Fear make me fancy this ſome inchanted Caſtle.—

Enter

Enter Tick. *liſtening.*

Tick. Hah, an inchanted Caſtle!

Sir *Sig.* Belonging to a monſtrous Giant; who having ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopican*'s Daughter, keeps her here inclos'd, and that I a wandring Knight am by fickle Fortune ſent to her Deliverance. [Tick. *liſtens.*

Tick. How's that! ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopican*'s Daughter; bleſs me, what unlawful Wickedneſs is practis'd in this Romiſh Heatheniſh Country! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* And yet the Devil of any Dwarf, Squire or Damſel have I met with yet,——wou'd I were cleanlily off this buſineſs——hah, Lights as I live, and People coming this way!——bleſs me from the Giant!——Oh Lord what ſhall I do!——

[*Falls on his Knees.*

Tick. I fear no Giants, having Juſtice on my Side; but Reputation makes me tender of my Perſon.——Hah—what's this, a Curtain: I'll wind my ſelf in this, it may ſecure me. [*Winds himſelf in a Window-Curtain.*

Sir *Sig.*——They're entring, what ſhall I do?————hah——here's a Corner; defend me from a Chimney.

(*Creeps to the Corner of the Window, and feels a ſpace between* Tick's *Legs and the Corner; creeps in, and ſtands up juſt behind* Tickletext. *Enter* Gal. *leading* Laura; Sab. *with Lights juſt after 'em*; Jul. Oct. Mor. *and* Crap.

Oct. Juſt in the happy Minute!

Gal. I've ſworn by every God, by every Power divine, to marry thee, and ſave thee from the Tyranny of a forc'd Contract.—Nay Gad, if I loſe a fine Wench for want of Oaths this bout, the Devil's in me.

Oct. What think ye now, Sir?

Jul. Damnation on her, ſet my Rage at Liberty,
That I may kill 'em both. [Mor. *holds him.*

Mor. I ſee no cauſe for that, ſhe may be virtuous yet.

Oct. Do ye think as ſuch to paſs her off on me,
Or that I'll bear the Infamy of your Family?
No, I ſcorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival.

Mor. Nay then I'll ſee fair Play,—turn and defend thy Life. [*Goes to* Gal. *who turns.*

Jul. Whilſt I do Juſtice on the Proſtitute:—hah—
Defend me, 'tis the Woman that I love.
[*He gazes, ſhe runs to* Gal.

Lau. Octavio!

Oct. Laura! my Siſter, perfidious ſhameful———
[*Offers to kill her.*

Jul. Hold, thy Siſter this? that Siſter I'm to marry.

Lau. Is this then *Julio*? and do all the Powers conſpire to make me wretched?

Oct. May I be dumb for ever.
[*Holds his Sword down, and looks ſadly*; Jul. *holds* Lau. *by one hand, pleads with* Oct. *with the other. Enter* Fillamour *and* Pet.

Fil. ——Hah, *Galliard*, in danger too. [*Draws, ſteps to 'em*, Mor. *puts between.*

Oct. Fillamour here! how now, what's the matter Friend? [*They talk whilſt enter* Marcella *and* Cornelia.

Cor. Hah, new Broils; ſure the Devil's broke looſe to night.——my Uncle as I live!
Mor. *pleads between* Fil. *and* Octavio.

Mar. And *Octavio*, where ſhall we fly for Safety?

Cor. I'll even truſt to my Breeches, 'tis too late to retreat;——s'life here be our Cavaliers too; nay then, ne'er fear falling into the Enemies hands.

Fil. I, I fled with *Marcella*! had I been bleſt with ſo much Love from her, I wou'd have boaſted on't i'th' face of Heaven.

Mor. La ye, Sir. [*To* Octavio.

Fil. The lovely Maid I own I have a Paſſion for;
But by the Powers above the Flame was ſacred,
And wou'd no more have paſt the Bounds of Honour
Or Hoſpitality, than I wou'd baſely murder; and were ſhe free,
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine.

Mor. Look ye, Sir, a plain caſe this.

Gal. He tells ye ſimple truth, Sir.

Oct. Was it not you this ſcarce paſt night I fought with here, in the Houſe by dark, juſt when you had exchanged your Vows with her?

Lau. Heavens! was it he? [*Aſide.*

Fil. This Minute was the firſt I ever enter'd here.

Jul. 'Twas I, Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and this the Lady.

Lau.

Lau. And muſt I yield at laſt? [*Aſide.*

Oct. Wonders and Riddles!

Gal. And was this the *Silvianetta*, Sir, you told the Story of? [*Slily.*

Jul. The ſame whom Inclination, Friends, and Deſtiny, conſpire to make me bleſt with.

Gal. So many Diſappointments in one night wou'd make a Man turn honeſt in ſpite of Nature.

[*Sir* Sig. *peeps from behind.*

Sir *Sig.* Some Comfort yet, that I am not the only Fool defeated.

Oct. I'm ſatisfy'd (*To* Fil.)—but what cou'd move you, Sir—(*to* Gal.) to injure me, one of my Birth and Quality?

Gal. Faith, Sir, I never ſtand upon Ceremony when there's a Woman in the caſe,—nor knew I 'twas your Siſter: Or if I had, I ſhou'd ha' lik'd her ne'er the worſe for that, had ſhe been kind.

Jul. It is my Buſineſs to account with him,
And I am ſatisfy'd he has not injur'd me, he is my Friend.

Gal. That's frankly ſaid; and uncompell'd, I ſwear ſhe's innocent.

Oct. If you're convinc'd, I too am ſatisfy'd,
And give her to you whilſt that Faith continues.

[*Gives him her.*

Lau. And muſt I, muſt I force my Heart to yield?
And yet his generous Confidence obliges me. [*Aſide.*

Oct. And here I vow by all the ſacred Powers, (*kneels*) that puniſh Perjury, never to ſet my Heart on faithleſs Woman;—never to love nor marry; (*Riſes*) Travel ſhall be my buſineſs—thou my Heir. [*To* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* So, poor ſoul, I'll warrant he has been defeated too.

Mar. Marcella, Sir, will take ye at your Word.

Fil. Marcella!

Mar. Who owns with Bluſhes Truths ſhou'd be conceal'd, but to prevent more Miſchief,—That I was yours, Sir, was againſt my Will, (*to* Oct.) my Soul was *Fillamour*'s e'er you claim'd a right in me; tho I never ſaw or held diſcourſe with him, but at an awful diſtance,—— nor knew he of my Flight.

Oct.

Oct. I do believe, and give thee back my Claim, I ſcorn the brutal part of Love; the nobleſt Body, where the Heart is wanting. [*They all talk aſide*, Cornelia *comes up to* Galliard.

Cor. Why how now, Cavalier, how like a diſcarded Favourite do you look now, who whilſt your Authority laſted, laid about ye, domineer'd, huft and bluſter'd, as if there had been no end on't; now a Man may approach ye without terror——You ſee the Meat's ſnatcht out of your Mouth, Sir, the Lady's diſpoſed on; whoſe Friends and Relations you were ſo well acquainted with.

Gal. Peace Boy, I ſhall be angry elſe ———

Cor. Have you never a caſt Miſtreſs, that will take compaſſion on you: Faith what think ye of the little Curtezan now?

Gal. As ill as e'er I did; what's that to thee?

Cor. Much more than you're aware on, Sir——and faith, to tell you Truth, I'm no Servant to Count *Julio*, but e'en a little miſchievous Inſtrument ſhe ſent hither to prevent your making love to *Donna Laura.*

Gal. 'Tis ſhe her ſelf.—how cou'd that Beauty hide it ſelf ſo long from being known? (*Aſide.*)——Malicious little Dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor ſuffer the Hungry to feed themſelves, what ſpiteful Devil cou'd move thee to treat a Lover thus? but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye.

Cor. On me!

Gal. You think I did not know thoſe pretty Eyes, that lovely Mouth I have ſo often kiſt in cold imagination.

Cor. Softly, Tormentor. [*They talk aſide.*

Mar. In this diſguiſe we parted from *Viterbo*, attended only by *Petro* and *Philippa*: At *Rome* we took the Title and Habit of two Curtezans; both to ſhelter us from knowledge, and to oblige *Fillamour* to viſit us, which we believ'd he would in curioſity; and yeſterday it ſo fell out as we deſired.

Fill. Howe'er my Eyes might be impoſed upon, you ſee my Heart was firm to its firſt Object; can you forget and pardon the miſtake?

Jul. She ſhall, and with *Octavio*'s and my Uncle's leave,—thus make your Title good.— [*Gives her to* Fill.

Oct.

Oct. 'Tis vain to ſtrive with Deſtiny. [*Gives her.*

Mor. With all my heart,—but where's *Cornelia* all this while?

Gal. Here's the fair Stragler, Sir.

[*Leads her to* Mor. *he holds his Cane up to her.*

Mor. Why thou Baggage, thou wicked Contriver of Miſchief, what excuſe had'ſt thou for running away? thou had'ſt no Lover.

Cor. 'Twas therefore, Sir, I went to find one; and if I am not miſtaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that uſe and purpoſe.

Gal. Gad I thank ye for that,——I hope you'll ask my leave firſt, I'm finely draw-in i'faith——Have I been dreaming all this night of the poſſeſſion of a new-gotten Miſtreſs, to wake and find my ſelf noos'd to a dull Wife in the morning?

Fill. Thou talk'ſt like a Man that never knew the Pleaſures thou deſpiſeſt; faith try it, *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy paſt looſe way of living.

Cor. And to encourage a young Setter up, I do here promiſe to be the moſt Miſtreſs-like Wife,—You know, Seignior, I have learnt the trade, tho I had not ſtock to practiſe; and will be as expenſive, inſolent, vain, extravagant and inconſtant, as if you only had the keeping part, and another the amorous Aſſignations. What think ye, Sir?

Fill. Faith ſhe pleads well, and ought to carry the Cauſe.

Gal. She ſpeaks Reaſon, and I'm reſolv'd to truſt good Nature:—Give me thy dear hand.——

[*They all join to give it him, he kiſſes it.*

Mor. And now ye are both ſped, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil queſtion; are you ſure you have been honeſt? if you have, I know not by what miracle you have liv'd.

Pet. Oh, Sir, as for that, I had a ſmall ſtock of Caſh in the hands of a couple of *Engliſh* Bankers, one Sir *Signal Buffoon*—

Sir *Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*, what a pox does he mean me trow? [*Peeping.*

Pet. ——And one Mr. *Tickletext.*

Tick. How was that? *certo* my Name!

(*Peeps out, and both ſee each other; their Faces being cloſe together, one at one ſide the Curtain, and t'other at t'other.*

Gal.

Gal. and *Fill.* Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Sig.* And have I caught you i'faith, Mr. Governour? Nay ne'er put in your head for the matter, here's none but Friends, mun.

Gal. How now, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* Speak of the Devil, and he appears.

[*Pulls his Governour forward.*

Tick. I am undone,—but good Sir *Signal*, do not cry Whore firſt, as the old Proverb ſays.

Sir *Sig.* And good Mr. Governour, as another old Proverb ſays, do not let the Kettle call the Pot black-arſe?—

Fill. How came you hither, Gentlemen?

Sir *Sig.* Why faith, Sir, divining of a Wedding or two forward, I brought Mr. Chaplain to give you a caſt of his Office, as the ſaying is.

Fill. What, without Book, Mr. *Tickletext*?

Cor. How now, ſure you miſtake, theſe are two Lovers of mine.

Sir *Sig.* How, Sir, your Lovers! we are none of thoſe, Sir, we are *Engliſhmen.*

Gal. You miſtake, Sir *Signal*, this is *Silvianetta.*

Sir *Sig.* and *Tick.* How! [*Aſide.*

Gal. Here's another Spark of your acquaintance,——do you know him?

Tick. How *Barberacho*: nay then all will out.——

Gal. Yes, and your Fencing and Civility-Maſter.

Sir *Sig.* Ay,—Why was it you that pickt our Pockets then, and cheated us?

Gal. Moſt damnably,—but ſince 'twas for the ſupply of two fair Ladies, all ſhall be reſtor'd again.

Tick. Some comfort that.

Fill. Come, let's in and forgive all; 'twas but one Night's Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

Sir *Sig.* And Governour, pray let me have no more Domineering and Uſurpation: but as we have hitherto been honeſt Brothers in Iniquity, ſo let's wink hereafter at each others Frailties;

Since Love and Women eaſily betray Man,
From the grave Gown-man to the buſy Lay-man.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

SO hard the times are, and ſo thin the Town,
Tho but one Playhouſe, that muſt too lie down;
And when we fail, what will the Poets do?
They live by us as we are kept by you:
When we disband, they no more Plays will write,
But make Lampoons, and libel ye in ſpite;
Diſcover each falſe Heart that lies within,
Nor Man nor Woman ſhall in private ſin;
The preciſe whoring Husband's haunts betray,
Which the demurer Lady to repay,
In his own coin does the juſt debt defray.
The brisk young Beauty link'd to Lands and Age,
Shuns the dull Property, and ſtrokes the youthful Page;
And if the Stripling apprehend not ſoon,
Turns him aſide, and takes the brawny Groom;
Whilſt the kind Man ſo true a Husband proves,
To think all's well done by the thing he loves;
Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to hear
Whate'er Heaven ſends, or Horns or luſty Heir.
Fops of all ſorts he draws more artfully,
Than ever on the Stage did Nokes *or* Leigh*:*
And Heaven be prais'd when theſe are ſcarce, each Bro-
O'th' Pen contrives to ſet on one another. *(ther*
Theſe are the effects of angry Poets Rage,
Driven from their Winter-Quarters on the Stage;
And when we go, our Women vaniſh too,
What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do?
And where but here can he expect to find
A gay young Damſel manag'd to his mind,
Who ruins him, and yet ſeems wondrous kind?

On

One inſolent and falſe, and what is worſe,
Governs his Heart, and manages his Purſe,
Makes him whate'er ſhe'd have him to believe,
Spends his Eſtate, then learns him how to live?
I hope theſe weighty Conſiderations will
Move ye to keep us altogether ſtill;
To treat us equal to our great Deſert,
And pay your Tributes with a franker Heart;
If not, th' aforeſaid Ills will come, and we muſt part.

The End of the Second Volume.



