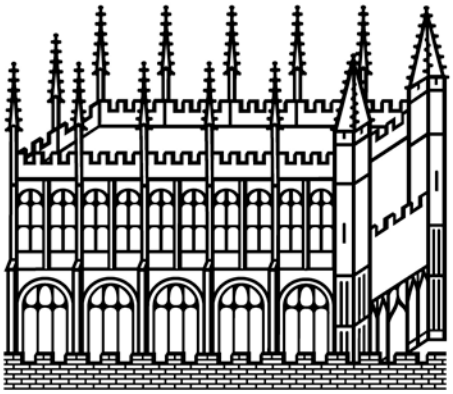


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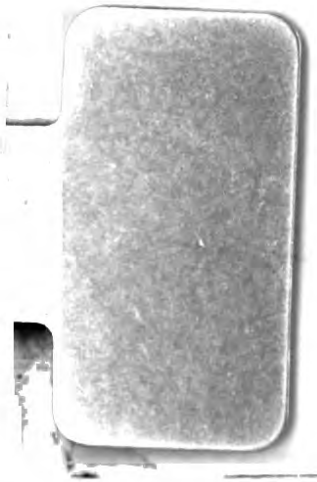
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THE

PLAYS, HISTORIES,

AND NOVELS

OF THE INGENIOUS

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

WITH

LIFE AND MEMOIRS.

Complete in Six Volumes.

Malone I 124.

VOL. IV.



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

PLAYS

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN.*

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING,

Sir PATIENT FANCY.
The WIDOW RANTER; or, the History of BACON in *Virginia.*
The EMPEROR of the MOON.
The AMOROUS PRINCE.
The YOUNGER BROTHER; or, the AMOROUS JILT.

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.

Sir Patient Fancy.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

WE write not now, as th' antient Poets writ,
For your Applauſe of Nature, Senſe and Wit;
But, like good Tradeſmen, what's in faſhion vent,
And cozen you, to give ye all content.
True Comedy, writ even in Dryden's *Style,*
Will hardly raiſe your Humours to a Smile.
Long did his Sovereign Muſe the Scepter ſway,
And long with Joy you did true Homage pay:
But now, like happy States, luxurious grown,
The Monarch Wit unjuſtly you dethrone,
And a Tyrannick Commonwealth prefer,
Where each ſmall Wit ſtarts up and claims his ſhare;
And all thoſe Laurels are in pieces torn,
Which did e'er while one ſacred Head adorn.
Nay, even the Women now pretend to reign;
Defend us from a Poet Joan *again!*

That Congregation's in a hopeful way
To Heaven, where the Lay-Siſters teach and pray.
Oh the great Bleſſing of a little Wit!
I've ſeen an elevated Poet ſit,
And hear the Audience laugh and clap, yet ſay,
Gad after all, 'tis a damn'd ſilly Play:
He unconcern'd, cries only——Is it ſo?
No matter, theſe unwitty things will do,
When your fine fuſtian uſeleſs Eloquence
Serves but to chime aſleep a drouſy Audience.
Who at the vaſt expence of Wit would treat,
That might ſo cheaply pleaſe the Appetite?
Such homely Fare you're like to find to night:
Our Author
Knows better how to juggle than to write:
Alas! a Poet's good for nothing now,
Unleſs he have the knack of conjuring too;
For 'tis beyond all natural Senſe to gueſs
How their ſtrange Miracles were brought to paſs.
Your Preſto Jack be gone, and come again,
With all the Hocus Art of Legerdemain;
Your dancing Teſter, Nut-meg, and your Cups,
Out-does your Heroes and you amorous Fops.
And if this chance to pleaſe you, by that rule,
He that writes Wit is much the greater Fool.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Patient Fancy*, an old rich Alderman, and one that fancies himſelf always ſick,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Leander Fancy, his Nephew, in love with *Lucretia*,	Mr. *Crosby.*
Wittmore, Gallant to the Lady *Fancy*, a wild young Fellow of a ſmall Fortune,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Lodwick Knowell, Son to the Lady *Knowell*, in love with *Iſabella*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Sir *Credulous Eaſy*, a fooliſh *Devonſhire* Knight, deſign'd to marry *Lucretia*,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Curry, his Groom,	Mr. *Richards.*
Roger, Footman to the Lady *Fancy.*	

Five Doctors, Six Servants to Sir *Patient*, Ballad-Singers and Serenaders; Page to the Lady *Knowell.*

WOMEN.

The Lady *Fancy*, Young Wife to Sir *Patient*,	Mrs. *Currer.*
The Lady *Knowell*, an affected learned Woman, Mother to *Lodwick* and *Iſabella*,	Mrs. *Gwin.*
Lucretia, Daughter to the L. *Knowell*,	Mrs. *Price.*
Iſabella, Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Fanny, a Child of ſeven Years old, Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy.*	
Maundy, the Lady *Fancy*'s Woman,	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Betty, Waiting-woman to *Iſabella.*	

SCENE *London*, in two Houſes.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter Lucretia *with* Iſabella.

Iſab. IS much I owe to Fortune, my dear *Lucretia*, for being ſo kind to make us Neighbours, where with Eaſe we may continually exchange our Souls and Thoughts without the attendance of a Coach, and thoſe other little Formalities that make a Buſineſs of a Viſit; it looks ſo like a Journey, I hate it.

Lucr. Attendance is that Curſe to Greatneſs that confines the Soul, and ſpoils good Humour; we are free whilſt thus alone, and can laugh at the abominable Fopperies of this Town.

Iſab. And lament the numberleſs Impertinences wherewith they continually plague all young Women of Quality.

Lucr. Yet theſe are the precious things our grave Parents ſtill chuſe out to make us happy with, and all for a filthy Jointure, the undeniable argument for our Slavery to Fools.

Iſab. Cuſtom is unkind to our Sex, not to allow us free Choice; but we above all Creatures muſt be forced to endure the formal Recommendations of a Parent, and the more inſupportable Addreſſes of an odious Fop; whilſt the obedient Daughter ſtands——thus——with her Hands pinn'd before her, a ſet Look, few Words, and a Mein that cries—Come marry me: out upon't.

Lucr. I perceive then, whatever your Father deſigns, you are reſolv'd to love your own way.

Iſab.

Iſab. Thou mayſt lay thy Maidenhead upon't, and be ſure of the Misfortune to win.

Lucr. My Brother *Lodwick*'s like to be a happy Man then.

Iſab. Faith my dear *Lodwick* or no body in my heart, and I hope thou art as well reſolv'd for my Couſin *Leander*.

Lucr. Here's my Hand upon't, I am; yet there's ſomething ſticks upon my ſtomach, which you muſt know.

Iſab. Spare the Relation, for I have obſerv'd of late your Mother to have order'd her Eyes with ſome ſoftneſs, her Mouth endeavouring to ſweeten it ſelf into Smiles and Dimples, as if ſhe meant to recal Fifteen again, and gave it all to *Leander*, for at him ſhe throws her Darts.

Lucr. Is't poſſible thou ſhou'dſt have perceived it already?

Iſab. Long ſince.

Lucr. And now I begin to love him, 'twould vex me to ſee my Mother marry him——well, I ſhall never call him Father.

Iſab. He'll take care to give himſelf a better Title.

Lucr. This *Devonſhire* Knight too, who is recommended to my Mother as a fit Husband for me, I ſhall be ſo tormented with——My Brother ſwears he's the perteſt, moſt unſufferable Fool he ever ſaw; when he was at my Uncle's laſt Summer, he made all his Diverſion.

Iſab. Prithee let him make ours now, for of all Fops your Country Fop is the moſt tolerable Animal; thoſe of the Town are the moſt unmanageable Beaſts in Nature.

Lucr. And are the moſt noiſy, keeping Fops.

Iſab. Keeping begins to be as ridiculous as Matrimony, and is a greater Impoſition upon the Liberty of Man; the Inſolence and Expence of their Miſtreſſes has almoſt tir'd out all but the old and doting part of Mankind: the reſt begin to know their value, and ſet a price upon a good Shape, a tolerable Face and Mein:—and ſome there are who have made excellent Bargains for themſelves that way, and will flatter ye and jilt ye an antiquated Lady as artfully as the moſt experienc'd Miſs of 'em all.

Lucr. Lord, Lord! what will this World come to?—— but this Mother of mine——*Iſabella.* [*Sighs.*

Iſab. Is diſcreet and virtuous enough, a little too affected, as being the moſt learned of her Sex.

Lucr. Methinks to be read in the Arts, as they call 'em, is the peculiar Province of the other Sex.

Iſab. Indeed the Men would have us think ſo, and boaſt their Learning and Languages; but if they can find any of our Sex fuller of Words, and to ſo little purpoſe as ſome of their Gownmen, I'll be content to change my Petticoats for Pantaloons, and go to a Grammar-ſchool.

Lucr. Oh they're the greateſt Babelards in Nature.

Iſab. They call us eaſy and fond, and charge us with all weakneſs; but look into their Actions of Love, State or War, their rougheſt buſineſs, and you ſhall find 'em ſway'd by ſome who have the luck to find their Foibles; witneſs my Father, a Man reaſonable enough, till drawn away by doting Love and Religion: what a Monſter my young Mother makes of him! flatter'd him firſt into Matrimony, and now into what ſort of Fool or Beaſt ſhe pleaſes to make of him.

Lucr. I wonder ſhe does not turn him to Chriſtianity; methinks a Conventicle ſhould ill agree with her Humour.

Iſab. Oh, ſhe finds it the only way to ſecure her from his Suſpicion, which if ſhe do not e'er long give him cauſe for, I am miſtaken in her Humour.—— But ſee your Mother and my Couſin *Leander*, who ſeems, poor man, under ſome great Conſternation, for he looks as gravely as a Lay-Elder conducting his Spouſe from a Sermon.

Enter L. Knowel *and* Leander.

L. *Kno.* Oh fy upon't. See Mr. *Fancy*, where your Couſin and my *Lucretia* are idling: *Dii boni*, what an inſupportable loſs of time's this?

Lean. Which might be better imploy'd, if I might inſtruct 'em, Madam.

L. *Kno.* Ay, Mr. *Fancy*, in conſultation with the Antients.—Oh the delight of Books! when I was of their age, I always imploy'd my looſer Hours in reading—if ſerious, 'twas *Tacitus*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch's Morals*, or ſome ſuch uſeful Author; if in an Humour gay, I was for Poetry, *Virgil*, *Homer* or *Taſſo*. Oh that Love between

Renaldo

Renaldo and *Armida*, Mr. *Fancy!* Ah the Careſſes that fair *Corcereis* gave, and received from the young Warrior, ah how ſoft, delicate and tender! Upon my Honour I cannot read them in the Excellence of their Original Language, without I know not what Emotions.

Lean. Methinks 'tis very well in our Mother Tongue, Madam.

L. Kno. O faugh, Mr. *Fancy*, what have you ſaid, Mother Tongue! Can any thing that's great or moving be expreſs'd in filthy *Engliſh*?—I'll give you an energetical proof, Mr. *Fancy*; obſerve but divine *Homer* in the *Grecian* Language——*Ton d' apamibominous proſiphe podas ochus Achilleus!* Ah how it ſounds! which engliſh'd dwindles into the moſt grating ſtuff—Then the ſwift-foot *Achilles* made reply: oh faugh.

Lucr. So now my Mother's in her right Sphere.

L. Kno. Come, Mr. *Fancy*, we'll purſue our firſt deſign of retiring into my Cabinet, and reading a leaf or two in *Martial*; I am a little dull, and wou'd fain laugh.

Lean. Methinks, Madam, Diſcourſe were much better with theſe young Ladies. Dear *Lucretia*, find ſome way to releaſe me. [*Aſide.*

L. Kno. Oh, how I hate the impertinence of Women, who for the generality have no other knowledge than that of dreſſing; I am uneaſy with the unthinking Creatures.

Lucr. Indeed 'tis much better to be entertaining a young Lover alone; but I'll prevent her, if poſſible. [*Aſide.*

L. Kno. No, I am for the ſubſtantial pleaſure of an Author. *Philoſophemur!* is my Motto,—I'm ſtrangely fond of you Mr. *Fancy*, for being a Scholar.

Lean. Who, Madam, I a Scholar? the greateſt Dunce in Nature—Malicious Creatures, will you leave me to her mercy? [*To them aſide.*

Lucr. Prithee aſſiſt him in his miſery, for I am mad, and can do nothing towards it. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Who, my Couſin *Leander* a Scholar, Madam?

Lucr. Sure he's too much a Gentleman to be a Scholar.

Iſab. I vow, Madam, he ſpells worſe than a Country Farrier when he preſcribes a Drench.

Lean. Then, Madam, I write the leudeſt hand.

Iſab. Worſe than a Politician or a States-man.

Lucr. He cannot read it himſelf when he has done.

Lean. Not a word on't, Madam.

L. *Kno.* This agreement to abuſe him, I underſtand— [*Aſide.*

———Well then, Mr. *Fancy*, let's to my Cabinet—— your hand.

Lean. Now ſhall I be teas'd unmercifully,—I'll wait on you Madam. [*Exit Lady.*

——Find ſome means to redeem me, or I ſhall be mad. [*Exit* Lean.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Hah my dear *Iſabella* here, and without a Spy! what a bleſſed opportunity muſt I be forc'd to loſe, for there is juſt now arriv'd my Siſter's Lover, whom I am oblig'd to receive: but if you have a mind to laugh a little———

Iſab. Laugh! why are you turn'd Buffoon, Tumbler, or Presbyterian Preacher?

Lod. No, but there's a Creature below more ridiculous than either of theſe.

Lucr. For love's ſake what ſort of Beaſt is that?

Lod. Sir *Credulous Eaſy*, your new Lover juſt come to town Bag and Baggage, and I was going to acquaint my Mother with it.

Iſab. You'll find her well employ'd with my Couſin *Leander.*

Lucr. A happy opportunity to free him: but what ſhall I do now, Brother?

Lod. Oh let me alone to ruin him with my Mother: get you gone, I think I hear him coming, and this Apartment is appointed for him.

Lucr. Prithee haſte then, and free *Leander*, we'll into the Garden. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Iſab.

A Chair and a Table. Enter Sir Credulous *in a riding habit.* Curry *his Groom carrying a Portmantle.*

Lod. Yes—'tis the Right Worſhipful, I'll to my Mother with the News. [*Ex.* Lod.

Sir *Cred.* Come, undo my Portmantle, and equip me, that I may look like ſome body before I ſee the Ladies—

Curry,

Curry, thou ſhalt e'en remove now from Groom to Footman; for I'll ne'er keep Horſe more, no, nor Mare neither, ſince my poor *Gillian*'s departed this Life.

Cur. 'Ds diggers, Sir, you have griev'd enough for your Mare in all Conſcience; think of your Miſtreſs now, Sir, and think of her no more.

Sir *Cred.* Not think of her! I ſhall think of her whilſt I live, poor Fool, that I ſhall, tho I had forty Miſtreſſes.

Cur. Nay, to ſay truth, Sir, 'twas a good-natur'd civil beaſt, and ſo ſhe remain'd to her laſt gaſp, for ſhe cou'd never have left this World in a better time, as the ſaying is, ſo near her Journey's End.

Sir *Cred.* A civil Beaſt! Why was it civilly done of her, thinkeſt thou, to die at *Brentford*, when had ſhe liv'd till to morrow, ſhe had been converted into Money and have been in my Pocket? for now I am to marry and live in Town, I'll ſell off all my Pads; poor Fool, I think ſhe e'en died for grief I wou'd have ſold her.

Cur. 'Twas unlucky to refuſe Parſon *Cuſſet*'s Wife's Money for her, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, and to refuſe her another kindneſs too, that ſhall be nameleſs which ſhe offer'd me, and which wou'd have given me good luck in Horſe-fleſh too; Zoz I was a modeſt fool, that's truth on't.

Cur. Well, well, Sir, her time was come you muſt think, and we are all mortal as the ſaying is.

Sir *Cred.* Well, 'twas the lovingſt Tit:—but Graſs and Hay, ſhe's gone—where be her Shoes, *Curry?*

Cur. Here, Sir, her Skin went for good Ale at *Brentford.* [*Gives him the Shoes.*

Sir *Cred.* Ah, how often has ſhe carry'd me upon theſe Shoes to Mother *Jumbles*; thou remember'ſt her handſome Daughter, and what pure Ale ſhe brew'd; between one and t'other my Rent came ſhort home there; but let that paſs too, and hang ſorrow, as thou ſayſt, I have ſomething elſe to think on.

[*Takes his things out, lays them upon the Table.*

And *Curry*, as ſoon as I am dreſt, go you away to St. *Clement*'s Church-yard, to *Jackſon* the Cobler there.

Cur. What your Dog-tutor, Sir?

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Yes, and ſee how my Whelp proves, I put to him laſt Parliament.

Cur. Yes, Sir.

Enter Leander, *and ſtarts back ſeeing Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* And ask him what Gameſters come to the Ponds now adays, and what good Dogs.

Cur. Yes, Sir.

Lean. This is the Beaſt *Lodwick* ſpoke of; how cou'd I laugh were he deſign'd for any but *Lucretia!* [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* And doſt hear, ask him if he have not ſold his own Dog *Diver* with the white Ear; if I can purchaſe him, and my own Dog prove right, I'll be Duke of Ducking-Pond ads zoz.

[*Sir* Cred. *dreſſes himſelf.*

Well, I think I ſhall be fine anon, he.

Cur. But zo, zo, Sir, as the ſaying is, this Suit's a little out of faſhion, 'twas made that very year I came to your Worſhip, which is five Winters, and as many Summers.

Sir *Cred.* What then Mun, I never wear it, but when I go to be drunk, and give my Voice for a Knight o'th' Shire, and here at *London* in Term time, and that but eight times in eight Viſits to eight ſeveral Ladies to whom I was recommended.

Cur. I wonder that amongſt eight you got not one, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Eight! Zoz I had Eight-ſcore, Mun; but the Devil was in 'em, they were all ſo forward, that before I cou d ſeal and deliver, whip quoth *Jethro*, they were either all married to ſome body elſe, or run quite away; ſo that I am reſolv'd if this ſame *Lucretia* prove not right, I'll e'en forſwear this Town and all their falſe Wares, amongſt which, zoz I believe they vent as many falſe Wives as any *Metropolitan* in Chriſtendom, I'll ſay that for't, and a Fiddle for't, i'faith :—— come give me my Watch out,—ſo, my Diamond Rings too: ſo, I think I ſhall appear pretty well all together, *Curry*, hah.

Lean. Like ſomething monſtrouſly ridiculous, I'll be ſworn. [*Aſide.*

Cur.

Cur. Here's your Purſe of broad Gold, Sir, that your Grandmother gave you to go a wooing withal, I mean to ſhew, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, for ſhe charg'd me never to part with it;—ſo, now for the Ladies. [*Shakes his Ribbons.*

Lod. Leander, what mak'ſt thou here, like a Holy-day Fool gazing at a Monſter?

Enter Lodwick.

Lean. And one I hope I have no great reaſon to fear.

Lod. I am of thy opinion; away, my Mother's coming; take this opportunity with my Siſter, ſhe's i'th Garden, and let me alone with this Fool, for an Entertainment that ſhall ſhew him all at once: away— [*Exit* Lean.

[Lod. *goes in to Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred. Lodwick*, my dear Friend! and little Spark of Ingenuity ——Zoz Man, I'm but juſt come to Town. [*Embrace.*

Lod. 'Tis a joyful hearing, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Not ſo joyful neither, Sir, when you ſhall know poor *Gillian's* dead, my little grey Mare; thou knew'ſt her, mun: Zoz 'thas made me as melancholy as the Drone of a *Lancaſhire* Bag-pipe. But let that paſs; and now we talk of my Mare, Zoz I long to ſee this Siſter of thine.

Lod. She'll be with you preſently, Sir *Credulous.*

Sir *Cred.* But hark ye, Zoz, I have been ſo often fob'd off in theſe matters, that between you and I, *Lodwick*, if I thought I ſhou'd not have her, Zoz, I'd ne'er loſe precious time about her.

Lod. Right, Sir; and to ſay truth, theſe Women have ſo much Contradiction in 'em, that 'tis ten to one but a Man fails in the Art of pleaſing.

Sir *Cred.* Why, there's it:—therefore prithee dear *Lodwick* tell me a few of thy Siſter's Humors, and if I fail,—then hang me Ladies at your Door, as the Song ſays.

Lod. Why faith ſhe has many odd Humors hard enough to hit.

Sir *Cred.* Zoz let 'em be as hard as *Hercules* his Labors in the Vale of *Baſſe*, I'll not be frighted from attempting her.

Lod.

Lod. Why, ſhe's one of thoſe fantaſtick Creatures that muſt be courted her own way.

Sir *Cred.* Why let's hear her way.

Lod. She muſt be ſurpriz'd with ſtrange Extravagancies wholly out of the Road and Method of common Courtſhip.

Sir *Cred.* Shaw, is that all? Zoz I'm the beſt in Chriſtendom at your out-of-the-way bus'neſſes.———Now do I find the Reaſon of all my ill Succeſs; for I us'd one and the ſame method to all I courted, whatever their Humors were; hark ye, prithee give me a hint or two, and let me alone to manage Matters.

Lod. I have juſt now thought of a way that cannot but take———

Sir *Cred.* Zoz, out with it Man.

Lod. Why, what if you ſhould repreſent a dumb Ambaſſador from the blind God of Love.

Sir *Cred.* How, a dumb Ambaſſador? Zoz Man, how ſhall I deliver my Embaſſy then, and tell her how much I love her?——beſides, I had a pure Speech or two ready by heart, and that will be quite loſt. [*Aſide.*

Lod. Fy, fy! how dull you are! why, you ſhall do it by Signs, and I'll be your Interpreter.

Sir *Cred.* Why faith this will be pure; I underſtand you now Zoz, I am old excellent at Signs;——I vow this will be rare.

Lod. It will not fail to do your buſineſs, if well manag'd—but ſtay, here's my Siſter, on your life not a ſyllable.

Enter Lean. Lucr. *and* Iſab.

Sir *Cred.* I'll be rackt firſt, Mum budget,——prithee preſent me, I long to be at it, ſure.

[*He falls back, making Faces and Grimaces.*

Lod. Siſter, I here preſent you with a worthy Knight, ſtruck dumb with admiration of your Beauty; but that's all one, he is employ'd Envoy Extraordinary from the blind God of Love: and ſince, like his young Maſter, he muſt be defective in one of his Senſes, he choſe rather to be dumb than blind.

Lucr. I hope the ſmall Deity is in good Health, Sir?

Iſab.

Iſab. And his Miſtreſs *Pſyche*, Sir?

[*He ſmiles and bows, and makes Signs.*

Lod. He ſays that *Pſyche* has been ſick of late, but ſomewhat recovered, and has ſent you for a Token a pair of Jet Bracelets, and a Cambrick Handkerchief of her own ſpinning, with a Sentence wrought in't, *Heart in hand, at thy command.* [*Looking every word upon Sir* Credulous *as he makes ſigns.*

Sir *Cred.* Zoz, *Lodwick*, what do you mean? I'm the Son of an *Egyptian* if I underſtand thee.

[*Pulls him, he makes ſigns to him to hold his peace.*

Lod. Come, Sir, the Tokens, produce, produce——

[*He falls back making damnable ſigns.*

How! Faith I'm ſorry for that with all my heart,——he ſays, being ſomewhat put to't on his Journey, he was forced to pawn the Bracelets for half a Crown, and the Handkerchief he gave his Landlady on the Road for a Kindneſs received,——this 'tis when People will be fooling———

Sir *Cred.* Why, the Devil's in this *Lodwick*, for miſtaking my Signs thus: hang me if ever I thought of Bracelets or a Handkerchief, or ever received a Civility from any Woman Breathing,——is he bewicht trow? [*Aſide.*

Lean. Lodwick, you are miſtaken in the Knight's meaning all this while. Look on him, Sir,——do not you gueſs from that Look, and wrying of his Mouth, that you miſtook the Bracelets for Diamond Rings, which he humbly begs, Madam, you would grace with your fair Hand?

Lod. Ah, now I perceive it plain.

Sir *Cred.* A Pox of his Compliment. Why this is worſe than t'other.——What ſhall I do in this caſe?—ſhould I ſpeak and undeceive them, they would ſwear 'twere to ſave my Jems: and to part with 'em—Zoz, how ſimply ſhould I look!——but hang't, when I have married her, they are my own again.

[*Gives the Rings, falls back into Grimaces.*

Leander *whiſpers to* Lodwick.

Lod. Enough—Then Siſter, ſhe has ſent you a Purſe of her own knitting full of Broad Gold.

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Broad Gold! why, what a Pox does the Man conjure?

Lod. Which, Sifter, faith you muſt accept of, you ſee by that Grimace how much 'twill grieve him elſe.

Sir *Cred.* A pretty civil way this to rob a Man.—Why, *Lodwick*,—why what a Pox will they have no mercy?—Zoz, I'll ſee how far they'll drive the Jeſt.

[*Gives the Gold and bows, and ſcrapes and ſcrews.*

Lod. Say you ſo, Sir? well I'll ſee what may be done.—Sifter, behold him, and take pity on him; he has but one more humble requeſt to make you, 'tis to receive a Gold Watch which he deſigns you from himſelf.

Sir *Cred.* Why, how long has this Fellow been a Conjurer? for he does deal with the Devil, that's certain,—*Lodwick*——— [*Pulls him.*

Lod. Ay do, ſpeak and ſpoil all, do.

Sir *Cred.* Speak and ſpoil all, quoth he! and the Duce take me if I am not provok'd to't; why how the Devil ſhould he light ſlap-daſh, as they ſay, upon every thing thus? Well, Zoz, I'm reſolv'd to give it her, and ſhame her if ſhe have any Conſcience in her.

[*Gives his Watch with pitiful Grimaces.*

Lod. Now, Sifter, you muſt know there's a Myſtery in this Watch, 'tis a kind of Hieroglyphick that will inſtruct you how a Married Woman of your Quality ought to live.

Sir *Cred.* How, my Watch Myſteries and Hieroglyphicks! the Devil take me, if I knew of any ſuch Virtues it had. [*They are all looking on the Watch.*

Lod. Beginning at Eight, from which down to Twelve you ought to imploy in dreſſing, till Two at Dinner, till Five in Viſits, till Seven at the Play, till Nine i'th' Park, Ten at Supper with your Lover, if your Husband be not at home, or keep his diſtance, which he's too well bred not to do; then from Ten to Twelve are the happy Hours the Bergere, thoſe of intire Enjoyment.———

Sir *Cred.* Say you ſo? hang me if I ſhall not go near to think I may chance to be a Cuckold by the ſhift.

Iſab. Well, Sir, what muſt ſhe do from Twelve till Eight again?

Lod.

Lod. Oh ! thoſe are the dull Conjugal Hours for ſleeping with her own Husband, and dreaming of Joys her abſent Lover alone can give her.

Sir *Cred.* Nay an ſhe be for Sleeping, Zoz, I am as good at that as ſhe can be for her Heart; or Snoring either.

Lod. But I have done; Sir *Credulous* has a dumb Oration to make you by way of farther Explanation.

Sir *Cred.* A dumb Oration ! Now do I know no more how to ſpeak a dumb Speech than a Dog.

Luc. Oh I love that ſort of Eloquence extremely.

Lod. I told you this would take her.

Sir *Cred.* Nay, I know your ſilent Speeches are incomparable, and I have ſuch a Speech in my Head.

Lod. Your Poſtures, your Poſtures, begin, Sir.

[*He puts himſelf into a ready Poſture as if he would ſpeak, but only makes Faces.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſpeak with you. [*To* Lean.

Lean. I'll wait on her,——a Devil on't.———

Pag. I have command to bring you Sir, inſtantly.

Lean. This is ill luck, Madam, I cannot ſee the Farce out; I'll wait on you as ſoon as my good Fortune will permit me. [*Exit.*

Luc. He's going to my Mother, dear *Iſabella*, let's go and hinder their Diſcourſe: Farewel, Sir Ambaſſador, pray remember us to *Pſyche*, not forgetting the little blind Archer, ha, ha, ha.——— [*Ex. laughing.*

Sir *Cred.* So, I have undone all, they are both gone, flown I proteſt; why what a Devil ail'd 'em? Now have been dumb all this while to no purpoſe, you too never told her my meaning right; as I hope to breathe, had any but yourſelf done this, I ſhould have ſworn by *Helicon* and all the reſt of the Devils, you had had a deſign to have abus'd me, and cheated me of all my Moveables too.

Lod. What a hopeful Project was here defeated by my miſtake ! but courage, Sir *Credulous*, I'll put you in a way ſhall fetch all about again.

Sir *Cred.* Say you ſo? ah dear *Lodwick*, let me hear it.

Lod. Why, you ſhall this Night give your Miſtreſs a Serenade.

Sir *Cred.* How! a Serenade!

Lod. Yes, but it muſt be perform'd after an extravagant manner, none of your dull amorous Night-walking Noiſes ſo familiar in this Town; *Lucretia* loves nothing but what's great and extravagant, and paſſes the reach of vulgar practice.

Sir *Cred.* What think you of a ſilent Serenade? Zoz, ſay but the word and it ſhall be done Man, let me alone for Frolicks, i'faith.

Lod. A ſilent one! no, that's to wear a good humour to the Stumps; I wou'd have this want for no Noiſe; the extremes of theſe two Addreſſes will ſet off one another.

Sir *Cred.* Say you ſo? what think you then of the Bagpipe, Tongs, and Grid-iron, Cat-calls, and loud-ſounding Cymbals?

Lod. Naught, naught, and of known uſe; you might as well treat her with Viols and Flute-doux, which were enough to diſoblige her for ever.

Sir *Cred.* Why, what think you then of the King of *Bantam*'s own Muſick?

Lod. How! the King of *Bantam*'s Muſick?

Sir *Cred.* Ay, Sir, the King of *Bantam*'s: a Friend of mine had a Preſent ſent him from thence, a moſt unheard of curioſity I'll aſſure you.

Lod. That, that by all means, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Well, I'll go borrow 'em preſently.

Lod. You muſt provide your ſelf of a Song.

Sir *Cred.* A Song! hang't, 'tis but rummaging the Play-Books, ſtealing thence is lawful Prize——Well, Sir, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Enter Leander.

Lod. I hope 'twill be ridiculous enough, and then the Devil's in't if it do not his Buſineſs with my Mother, for ſhe hates all impertinent Noiſes but what ſhe makes herſelf. She's now going to make a Viſit to your Uncle, purpoſely to give me an opportunity to *Iſabella.*

Le

Lean. And I'm ingag'd to wait on her thither, ſhe deſigns to carry the Fiddles too; he's mad enough already, but ſuch a Viſit will fit him for Bedlam.

Lod. No matter, for you have all a leud Hand with him; between his continual imaginary Sickneſs, and perpetual Phyſic, a Man might take more Pleaſure in an Hoſpital. What the Devil did he marry a young Wife for? and they ſay a handſome Creature too.

Lean. To keep up his Title of Cuckold I think, for ſhe has Beauty enough for Temptation, and no doubt makes the right uſe on't: wou'd I cou'd know it, that I might prevent her cheating my Uncle longer to my undoing.

Lod. She'll be cunning enough for that, if ſhe have Wit: but now thou talk'ſt of Intrigues, when didſt ſee *Witmore*? that Rogue has ſome lucky Haunt which we muſt find out. ——But my Mother expects your attendance; I'll go ſeek my Siſter, and make all the Intereſt there I can for you, whilſt you pay me in the ſame Coin to *Iſabella. Adieu.*

Lean. Truſt my Friendſhip.—— [*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter Lady Fancy, Wittmore, *and* Maundy.

Wit. ENough, my charming Miſtreſs, you've ſet my Soul at Peace, and chaſ'd away thoſe Fears and Doubts my Jealouſy created there.

Maun. Mr. *Wittmore*'s ſatisfy'd of your Conſtancy, Madam; tho had I been your Ladyſhip, I ſhould have given him a more ſubſtantial Proof, which you might yet do, if you wou'd make a handſome uſe of your time.

Wit. Maundy adviſes well; my deareſt, let's withdraw to yonder Covert Arbour, whoſe kind Shades will ſecure

ſecure us a Happineſs that Gods might envy.

[*Offers to lead her out.*

L. *Fan.* I dare not for the world, Sir *Patient* is now aſleep, and 'tis to thoſe few Minutes we are oblig'd for this Enjoyment, which ſhou'd Love make us transgreſs, and he ſhou'd wake and ſurprize us, we are undone for ever: no, let us employ this little time we have in conſulting how we may be often happy, and ſecurely ſo: Oh how I languiſh for the dear opportunity!

Wit. And cou'd you gueſs what Torments I have ſuffer'd in theſe few fatal Months that have divided us, thou wou'dſt pity me.

L. *Fan.*—But to our Buſineſs; for tho I am yet unſuſpected by my Husband, I am eternally plagu'd with his Company; he's ſo fond of me, he ſcarce gives me time to write to thee, he waits on me from room to room, hands me in the Garden, ſhoulders me in the Balcony, nay does the office of my Women, dreſſes and undreſſes me, and does ſo ſmirk at his handywork: in fine, dear *Wittmore*, I am impatient till I can have leſs of his Company, and more of thine.

Wit. Does he never go out of Town?

L. *Fan.* Never without me.

Wit. Nor to Church?

L. *Fan.* To a Meeting-houſe you mean, and then too carries me, and is as vainly proud of me as of his rebellious Opinion, for his Religion means nothing but that, and Contradiction; which I ſeem to like too, ſince 'tis the beſt Cloke I can put on to cheat him with.

Wit. Right, my fair Hypocrite.

L. *Fan.* But dear *Wittmore*, there's nothing ſo comical as to hear me cant, and even cheat thoſe Knaves, the Preachers themſelves, that delude the ignorant Rabble.

Wit. What Miracles cannot your Eyes and Tongue perform!

L. *Fan.* Judge what a fine Life I lead the while, to be ſet up with an old formal doting ſick Husband, and a Herd of ſnivelling grinning Hypocrites, that call themſelves the teaching Saints; who under pretence of ſecuring me to the number of their Flock, do ſo ſneer upon me,

pat

pat my Breaſts, and cry fie, fie upon this faſhion of tempting Nakedneſs. [*Thro the Noſe.*

Wit. Dear Creature, how cou'd we laugh at thy new way of living, had we but ſome Minutes allow'd us to enjoy that Pleaſure alone.

L. *Fan.* Think, dear *Wittmore* think, *Maundy* and I have thought over all our Devices to no purpoſe.

Wit. Pox on't I'm the dulleſt Dog at plotting, thinking, in the world; I ſhould have made a damnable ill Town Poet: Has he quite left off going to the Change?

L. *Fan.* Oh, he's grown cautiouſly rich, and will venture none of his ſubſtantial Stock in tranſitory Traffick.

Wit. Has he no mutinous Cabal, nor Coffee-houſes, where he goes religiouſly to conſult the Welfare of the Nation?

L. *Fan.* His imagin'd Sickneſs has made this their Rendevouz.

Wit. When he goes to his blind Devotion, cannot you pretend to be ſick? that may give us at leaſt two or three opportunities to begin with.

L. *Fan.* Oh! then I ſhould be plagu'd with continual Phyſick and Extempore Prayers till I were ſick indeed.

Wit. Damn the humorous Coxcomb and all his Family, what ſhall we do?

L. *Fan.* Not all, for he has a Daughter that has good Humour, Wit, and Beauty enongh to ſave her,—ſtay—that has jogg'd a Thought, as the Learned ſay, which muſt jog on, till the motion have produc'd ſomething worth my thinking.———

Enter Roger *running.*

Maun. Ad's me here's danger near, our Scout comes in ſuch haſte.

L. *Fan. Roger*, what's the matter?

Rog. My Maſter, Madam, is riſen from ſleep, and is come in to the Garden.———See, Madam, he's here.

L. *Fan.* What an unlucky Accident was this?

Wit. What ſhall I do, 'tis too late to obſcure my ſelf?

L. *Fan.* He ſees you already, thro the Trees,—here—keep your diſtance, your Hat under your Arm; ſo, be very ceremonious, whilſt I ſettle a demure Countenance.———

Maun.

Maun. Well, there never came good of Lovers that were given to too much talking; had you been ſilently kind all this while, you had been willing to have parted by this time.

Enter Sir Patient *in a Night-Gown, reading a Bill.*

Sir *Pat.* Hum,—Twelve Purges for this preſent *January*——as I take it, good Mr. Doctor, I took but Ten in all *December*.—By this Rule I am ſicker this Month, than I was the laſt.—And good Maſter Apothecary, methinks your Prizes are ſomewhat too high: at this rate no body wou'd be ſick.— Here, *Roger*, ſee it paid however,— Ha, hum. [*Sees 'em, and ſtarts back.*] What's here, my Lady Wife entertaining a leud Fellow of the Town? a ſlanting Cap and Feather Blade.

L. *Fan.* Sir *Patient* cannot now be ſpoken with. But, Sir, that which I was going juſt now to ſay to you, was, that it would be very convenient in my opinion to make your Addreſſes to *Iſabella*,—'twill give us opportunities. [*Aſide.*] We Ladies love no Impoſition; this is Counſel my Huſband perhaps will not like, but I would have all Women chuſe their Man, as I have done,——my dear *Witmore*. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* I profeſs ingenuouſly an excellent good Lady this of mine, tho I do not like her Counſel to the young Man, who I perceive would be a Suitor to my Daughter *Iſabella.*

Wit. Madam, ſhould I follow my inclinations, I ſhould pay my Vows no where but there,——but I am inform'd Sir *Patient* is a Man ſo poſitively reſolv'd.——

L. *Fan.* That you ſhould love his Wife. [*Aſide.*

Wit. And I'll comply with that Reſolve of his, and neither love nor marry *Iſabella*, without his Permiſſion; and I doubt not but I ſhall by my Reſpects to him gain his Conſent,—to cuckold him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* I profeſs ingenuouſly, a very diſcreet young Man.

Wit. But, Madam, when may I promiſe my ſelf the ſatisfaction of coming again? For I'm impatient for the Sight and Enjoyment of the fair Perſon I love.

L. *Fan.*

L. *Fan.* Sir, you may come at night, and ſomething I will do by that time ſhall certainly give you that acceſs you wiſh for.

Wit. May I depend upon that Happineſs?

L. *Fan.* Oh, doubt not my power over Sir *Patient.*

Sir *Pat.* My Lady *Fancy*, you promiſe largely.

L. *Fan.* Sir *Patient* here!

Wit. A Devil on him, wou'd I were well off: now muſt I diſſemble, profeſs, and lye moſt confoundedly.

Sir *Pat.* Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.——My Lady *Fancy*, your Ladyſhip is well entertain'd I ſee; have a care you make me not jealous, my Lady *Fancy.*

L. *Fan.* Indeed I have given you cauſe, Sir *Patient*, for I have been entertaining a Lover, and one you muſt admit of too.

Sir *Pat.* Say ye ſo, my Lady *Fancy?*——Well, Sir, I am a Man of Reaſon, and if you ſhew me good cauſes why, can bid you welcome, for I do nothing without Reaſon and Precaution.

Wit. Sir I have.——

Sir *Pat.* I know what you wou'd ſay, Sir; few Words denoteth a Wiſe Head,——you wou'd ſay that you have an Ambition to be my Son-in-Law.

Wit. You gueſs moſt right, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Nay, Sir, I'll warrant I'll read a Man as well as the beſt, I have ſtudied it.

Wit. Now Invention, help me or never.

Sir *Pat.* Your Name I pray? [*Putting off his Hat*

Wit. Fainlove, Sir. *gravely at every Word.*

Sir *Pat.* Good Mr. *Fainlove*, your Country?

Wit. Yorkſhire, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* What, not Mr. *Fainlove*'s Son of *Yorkſhire*, who was knighted in the good days of the late Lord Protector? [*Off his Hat.*

Wit. The ſame, Sir.——I am in, but how to come off again the Devil take me if I know. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* He was a Man of admirable parts, believe me, a notable Head piece, a publick-ſpirited Perſon, and a good Commonwealths-man, that he was, on my word.—Your Eſtate, Sir, I pray?

Wit.

Wit. I have not impair'd it Sir, and I preſume you know its value :—For I am a Dog if I do. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* O' my Word 'tis then conſiderable, Sir; for he left but one Son, and fourteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*, as I take it: which Son, I hear, is lately come from *Geneva*, whither he was ſent for virtuous Education. I am glad of your Arrival, Sir,——Your Religion, I pray?

Wit. You cannot doubt my Principles, Sir, ſince educated at *Geneva.*

Sir *Pat.* Your Father was a diſcreet Man: ah Mr. *Fainlove*, he and I have ſeen better days, and wiſh'd we cou'd have foreſeen theſe that are arriv'd.

Wit. That he might have turn'd honeſt in time, he means, before he had purchas'd Biſhops Lands.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, you have no Place, Office, Dependance or Attendance at Court, I hope?

Wit. None Sir,—Wou'd I had—ſo you were hang'd. [*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Nay, Sir, you may believe, I knew his Capacities and Abilities before I would encourage his Addreſſes.

Sir *Pat.* My Lady *Fancy*, you are a diſcreet Lady;—Well, I'd marry her out of hand, to prevent Mr. *Lodwick*'s hopes: for tho the young man may deſerve well, that Mother of his I'll have nothing to do with, ſince ſhe refuſed to marry my Nephew. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Sir, Father, here's my Lady *Knowell*, and her Family come to ſee you.

Sir *Pat.* How! her whole Family! I am come to keep open Houſe; very fine, her whole Family! ſhe's Plague enough to mortify any good Chriſtian,——Tell her, my Lady and I am gone forth; tell her any thing to keep her away.

Fan. Shou'd I tell a lye, Sir Father, and to a Lady of her Quality?

Sir *Pat.* Her Quality and ſhe are a Couple of Impertinent things, which are very troubleſome, and not to be indur'd I take it.

Fan.

Fan. Sir, we ſhou'd bear with things we do not love ſometimes, 'tis a ſort of Trial, Sir, a kind of Mortification fit for a good Chriſtian.

Sir *Pat.* Why, what a notable talking Baggage is this! How came you by this Doctrine?

Fan. I remember, Sir, you preach'd it once to my Siſter, when the old Alderman was the Text, whom you exhorted her to marry, but the wicked Creature made ill uſe on't.

Sir *Pat.* Go your way for a prating Huſwife, go, and call your Siſter hither. [*Exit* Fanny.]——Well, I'm reſolv'd to leave this Town, nay, and the World too, rather than be tormented thus.

L. *Fan.* What's the matter, Dear, thou doſt ſo fret thy ſelf?

Sir *Pat.* The matter! my Houſe, my Houſe is beſieged with Impertinence; the intolerable Lady, Madam *Romance*, that walking Library of profane Books is come to viſit me.

L. *Fan.* My Lady *Knowell?*

Sir *Pat.* Yes, that Lady of eternal Noiſe and hard Words.

L. *Fan.* Indeed 'tis with pain I am oblig'd to be civil to her, but I conſider her Quality, her Husband was too an Alderman, your Friend, and a great Ay and No Man in th' City, and a painful Promoter of the good Cauſe.

Sir *Pat.* But ſhe's a Fop, my Lady *Fancy*, and ever was ſo, an idle conceited ſhe Fop; and has Vanity and Tongue enough to debauch any Nation under civil Government: but, Patience, thou art a Virtue, and Affliction will come.——Ah, I'm very ſick, alas, I have not long to dwell amongſt the Wicked, Oh, oh.——*Roger*, is the Doctor come?

Enter Roger.

Rog. No, Sir, but he has ſent you a ſmall draught of a Pint, which you are to take, and move upon't.

Sir *Pat.* Ah,——Well, I'll in and take it;——Ah—Sir, I crave your Patience for a moment, for I deſign you ſhall ſee my Daughter, I'll not make long work on't, Sir:

alas I would diſpoſe of her before I die: Ah,—I'll bring her to you, Sir, Ah, Ah.——— [*Goes out with* Roger.

L. *Fan.* He's always thus when viſited, to ſave Charges, —But how, dear *Wittmore*, cam'ſt thou to think of a Name and Country ſo readily?

Wit. Egad I was at the height of my Invention, and the Alderman civilly and kindly aſſiſted me with the reſt; but how to undeceive him———

L. *Fan.* Take no care for that, in the mean time you'll be ſhreudly hurt to have the way laid open to our Enjoyment, and that by my Husband's procurement too: But take heed, dear *Wittmore*, whilſt you only deſign to feign a Courtſhip, you do it not in good earneſt.

Wit. Unkind Creature!

L. *Fan.* I would not have you endanger her Heart neither: for thou haſt Charms will do't.—Prithee do not put on thy beſt Looks, nor ſpeak thy ſofteſt Language; for if thou doſt, thou canſt not fail to undo her.

Wit. Well, my pretty Flatterer, to free her Heart and thy Suſpicions, I'll make ſuch aukard Love as ſhall perſuade her, however ſhe chance to like my Perſon, to think moſt leudly of my Parts.——But 'tis fit I take my leave, for if *Lodwick* or *Leander* ſee me here, all will be ruin'd; death I had forgot that.

L. *Fan.* *Leander*'s ſeldom at home, and you muſt time your Viſits: but ſee Sir *Patient*'s return'd, and with him your new Miſtreſs.

Enter Sir Patient and Isabella.

Sir *Pat.* Here's my Daughter *Iſabella*, Mr. *Fainlove:* ſhe'll ſerve for a Wife, Sir, as times go; but I hope you are none of thoſe.—— Sweet-heart, this Gentleman I have deſign'd you, he's rich and young, and I am old and ſickly, and juſt going out of the World, and would gladly ſee thee in ſafe Hands.

Maun. He has been juſt going this twenty Years. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Therefore I command you to receive the tenders of his Affection.

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Sir Father, my Lady *Knowell*'s in the Garden.

L. *Fan.* My Dear, we muſt go meet her in decency.

Sir

Sir *Pat.* A hard caſe, a Man cannot be ſick in quiet. [*Exit.*

Iſab. A Husband, and that not *Lodwick*! Heaven forbid. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Now Foppery aſſiſt to make me very ridiculous.—Death ſhe's very pretty and inviting; what an inſenſible Dog ſhall I be counted to refuſe the Enjoyment of ſo fair, ſo new a Creature, and who is like to be thrown into my Arms too whether I will or not?——but Conſcience and my Vows to the fair Mother: No, I will be honeſt.—— Madam,——as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'm the Son of a Whore, if you are not the moſt Belle Perſon I ever ſaw, and if I be not damnably in love with you; but a pox take all tedious Courtſhip, I have a free-born and generous Spirit; and as I hate being confin'd to dull Cringing, Whining, Flattering, and the Devil and all of Foppery, ſo when I give an Heart, I'm an Infidel, Madam, if I do not love to do't frankly and quickly, that thereby I may oblige the beautiful Receiver of my Vows, Proteſtations, Paſſions, and Inclination.

Iſab. You're wonderful ingaging, Sir, and I were an Ingrate not to facilitate a return for the Honour you are pleas'd to do me.

Wit. Upon my Reputation, Madam, you're a civil well-bred Perſon, you have all the Agreemony of your Sex, *la belle Taille*, *la bonne Mine*, & *Reparteeé bien*, and are *tout oure toore*, as I'm a Gentleman, *fort agreeable.*—If this do not pleaſe your Lady, and nauſeate her, the Devil's in 'em both for unreaſonable Women.——— [*To* Maund.

Fan. Gemini, Siſter, does the Gentleman conjure?

Iſab. I know not, but I'm ſure I never ſaw a more affected Fop.

Maun. O a damnable impertinent Fop! 'tis pity, for he's a proper Gentleman.

Wit. Well, if I do hold out, Egad I ſhall be the braveſt young Fellow in Chriſtendom: But, Madam, I muſt kiſs your Hand at preſent, I have ſome Viſits to make, Devoirs to pay, neceſſities of Gallantry only, no Love Engagement by *Jove*, Madam; it is ſufficient I have given

my Parole to your Father, to do him the honour of my Alliance; and an unneceſſary Jealouſy will but diſoblige, Madam, your Slave.——— Death, theſe Rogues ſee me, and I'm undone.——— [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Fancy, *Lady* Knowell, *Sir* Credulous *and* Lucretia, *with other Women and Men.*

L. *Know. Iſabella*, your Servant, Madam: being ſenſible of the inſociable and ſolitary Life you lead, I have brought my whole Family to wait on your Ladyſhip, and this my Son *in Futuro*, to kiſs your Hands, I beſeech your Ladyſhip to know him for your humble Servant: my Son and your Nephew, Madam, are coming with the Muſick too, we mean to paſs the whole Day with your Ladyſhip:——and ſee they are here.

Enter Lodwick *pulling in* Wittmore, Leander *with them.*

Lod. Nay, ſince we have met thee ſo luckily, you muſt back with us.

Wit. You muſt excuſe me, Gentlemen.

Lod. We'll ſhew you two or three fine Women.

Wit. Death, theſe Rogues will ruin me——but I have Buſineſs, Gentlemen, that———

Lean. That muſt not hinder you from doing Deeds of Charity: we are all come to teeze my Uncle, and you muſt aſſiſt at ſo good a Work;——come, gad thou ſhalt make love to my Aunt.——— I wou'd he wou'd effectually. [*Aſide.*

Lod. Now I think on't, what the Devil doſt thou do here?

Wit. Here!——oh Sir——I have a deſign upon the Alderman.

Lod. Upon his handſome Wife thou meaneſt; ah Rogue!

Wit. Faith no,— a—'tis to— borrow Mony of him; and as I take it Gentlemen, you are not fit Perſons for a Man of Credit to be ſeen with, I paſs for a graver Man.

Lod. Well, Sir, take your Courſe———but egad he'll ſooner lend thee his Wife than his Money.

[*Exit* Wittmore.

Lean. Aunt, I have taken the boldneſs to bring a Gentleman of my acquaintance to kiſs your Ladyſhip's Hands.

Lod.

Lod. Thy Aunt!—death, ſhe's very handſome.—Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Kiſſes the L.* Fan.

Lean. Prithee imploy this Fool, that I may have an opportunity to entertain thy Siſter.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, what not a Word? not a Compliment? Hah, ——— be brisk, Man, be gay and witty, talk to the Ladies.

Sir *Cred.* Talk to 'em! why, what ſhall I ſay to 'em?

Lod. Any thing, ſo it be to little purpoſe.

Sir *Cred.* Nay, Sir, let me alone for that matter—but who are they, prithee?

Lod. Why, that's my Lady *Fancy*, and that's her Daughter-in-Law, ſalute 'em Man.———

Sir *Cred.* Fair Lady,—I do proteſt and vow, you are the moſt beautiful of all Mothers-in-Law, and the World cannot produce your equal.

Lad. The Rogue has but one method for all Addreſſes. [*They laugh.*

L. *Kno.* Oh abſurd! this, Sir, is the beautiful Mother-in-Law. [*To L.* Fan.

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Cred.* Moſt noble Lady, I cry your mercy. Then Madam, as the Sun amongſt the Stars, or rather as the Moon not in conjunction with the Sun, but in her oppoſition, when one riſes the other ſets, or as the Vulgar call it, Full Moon—I ſay, as the Moon is the moſt beautiful of all the ſparkling Lights, even ſo are you the moſt accompliſh'd Lady under the Moon—and Madam, I am extremely ſenſible of your Charms and celeſtial Graces. [*To* Iſabella.

Sir *Pat.* Why this is abominable and inſupportable.

Lucr. I find Sir, you can talk to purpoſe when you begin once.

Sir *Cred.* You are pleaſed to ſay ſo, noble Lady: but I muſt needs ſay, I am not the worſt bred Gentleman for a Country Gentleman that ever you ſaw; for you muſt know, incomparable Lady, that I was at the Univerſity three Years, and there I learnt my Logick and Rhetorick, whereby I became excellent at Repartee, ſweet Lady. As

for my Eſtate, my Father died ſince I came of Age, and left me a ſmall younger Brother's Portion, dear Lady.

Lucr. A younger Brother's, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Ha, ha, I know what you would infer from that now: but you muſt know, delicious Lady, that I am all the Children my Father had.

Lucr. Witty, I proteſt.

Sir *Cred.* Nay, Madam, when I ſet on't I can be witty.

Lean. Cruel *Lucretia*, leave 'em, and let us ſnatch this opportunity to talk of our own Affairs.

Sir *Cred.* For you muſt know, bright Lady, tho I was pleas'd to railly my ſelf, I have a pretty competent Eſtate of about 3000*l.* a Year, and am to marry Madam *Lucretia.*

L. *Fan.* You are a happy Man, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Not ſo happy neither, ineſtimable Lady, for I loſt the fineſt Mare yeſterday,——but let that paſs: were you never in *Devonſhire*, Madam?

L. *Fan.* Never, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* In troth, and that's pity ſweet Lady; for if you lov'd Hawking, Drinking, and Whoring, —— oh, Lord, I mean Hunting; i'faith there be good Fellows would keep you Company, Madam.

Sir *Pat.* This is a Plot upon me, a mere Plot.——My Lady *Fancy*, be tender of my Reputation, Foppery's catching, and I had as lieve be a Cuckold as Husband to a vain Woman.

Sir *Cred.* Zoz, and that may be as you ſay, noble Sir. Lady, pray what Gentleman's this?——Noble Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Sir *Pat.* Oh cry your mercy, Sir. [*Walks away.*

Sir *Cred.* No Offence, dear Sir, I proteſt: 'slife I believe 'tis the Maſter of the Houſe, he look'd with ſuch Authority;—why who cares, let him look as big as the four Winds, Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, I care not this,—therefore I beg your Pardon, noble Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Pray ſpare your Hat and Legs, Sir, till you come to Court, they are thrown away i'th' City.

Sir

Sir *Cred.* O Lord! dear Sir, 'tis all one for that, I value not a Leg nor an Arm amongſt Friends, I am a *Devonſhire* Knight, Sir, all the World knows, a kind of Country Gentleman, as they ſay, and am come to Town, to marry my Lady *Knowell*'s Daughter.

Sir *Pat.* I'm glad on't, Sir. [*Walks away, he follows.*

Sir *Cred.* She's a deſerving Lady, Sir, if I have any Judgment; and I think I underſtand a Lady, Sir, in the Right Honourable way of Matrimony.

Sir *Pat.* Well, Sir, that is to ſay, you have been married before, Sir; and what's all this to me, good Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Married before! incomparable, Sir! not ſo neither, for there's difference in Men, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Right, Sir, for ſome are Wits, and ſome are Fools.

Sir *Cred.* As I hope to breathe, 'twas a ſaying of my Grandmother's, who us'd to tell me, Sir, that bought Wit was beſt. I have brought Money to Town for a ſmall purchaſe of that kind; for, Sir, I wou'd fain ſet up for a Country Wit. ——Pray Sir, where live the Poets, for I wou'd fain be acquainted with ſome of them.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, I do not know, nor do I care for Wits and Poets. Oh, this will kill me quite; I'll out of Town immediately.

Sir *Cred.* But, Sir, I mean your fine railing Bully Wits, that have Vinegar, Gall and Arſenick in 'em, as well as Salt and Flame, and Fire, and the Devil and all.

Sir *Pat.* Oh defend me! and what is all this to me, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Oh, Sir, they are the very Soul of Entertainment; and, Sir, it is the prettieſt ſport to hear 'em rail and baul at one another——Zoz wou'd I were a Poet.

Sir *Pat.* I wiſh you were, ſince you are ſo fond of being rail'd at. ——If I were able to beat him, I would be much angry,——but Patience is a Virtue, and I will into the Country. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* 'Tis all one caſe to me, dear Sir,—but I ſhould have the pleaſure of railing again, *cum privilegio*; I love fighting with thoſe pointleſs Weapons.—Zoz, Sir, you know if we Men of Quality fall out— (for you are

a Knight I take it) why there comes a Challenge upon it, and ten to one ſome body or other is run thro the Gills; why, a Pox on't, I ſay, this is very damnable, give me Poet's Licence.———

L. *Fan.* Take him off in pity. [*To* Leander.

Lod. Indeed Railing is a Coin only current among the Poets, Sir *Credulous.*

Sir *Pat.* Oh bleſt Deliverance!——what a profane Wretch is here, and what a leud World we live in—Oh *London, London,* how thou aboundeſt in Iniquity! thy young Men are debauch'd, thy Virgins defloured, and thy Matrons all turn'd Bauds! My Lady *Fancy,* this is not Company for you, I take it, let us fly from this vexation of Spirit, on the never-failing Wings of Diſcretion. —

[*Going to lead Lady* Fancy *off,—the Lady* Knowell *ſpeaking to* Iſabella *all this while.*

L. *Kno.* How! marry thee to ſuch a Fop, ſay'ſt thou? Oh egregious! —as thou loveſt *Lodwick,* let him not know his Name, it will be dangerous, let me alone to evade it.

Iſab. I know his fiery Temper too well to truſt him with the ſecret.

L. *Kno.* Hark ye, Sir, and do you intend to do this horrible thing? ———

Sir *Pat.* What thing, my Lady *Knowell?*

L. *Kno.* Why, to marry your Daughter, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Madam.

L. *Kno.* To a beaſtly Town Fool? *Monſtrum horrendum!*

Sir *Pat.* To any Fool, except a Fool of your Race, of your Generation. ———

L. *Kno.* How! a Fool of my Race, my Generation! I know thou meaneſt my Son, thou contumelious Knight, who, let me tell thee, ſhall marry thy Daughter *invito te,* that is, (to inform thy obtuſe Underſtanding) in ſpite of thee; yes, ſhall marry her, tho ſhe inherits nothing but thy dull Enthuſiaſm, which had ſhe been legitimate ſhe had been poſſeſt with.

Sir *Pat.* Oh abominable! you had beſt ſay ſhe is none of my Daughter, and that I was a Cuckold.———

L. *Kno.*

L. *Kno.* If I ſhould, Sir, it would not amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*: I'll tell thee more, thy whole Pedigree,——and yet for all this, *Lodwick* ſhall marry your Daughter, and yet I'll have none of your Nephew.

Sir *Pat.* Shall he ſo, my Lady *Knowell?* I ſhall go near to out-trick your Ladyſhip, for all your politick Learning. 'Tis paſt the canonical Hour, as they call it, or I wou'd marry my Daughter inſtantly; I profeſs we ne'er had good days ſince theſe canonical Fopperies came up again, mere Popiſh Tricks to give our Children time for Diſobedience,—the next Juſtice wou'd ha' ſerv'd turn, and have done the Buſineſs at any Hour: but Patience is a Virtue——*Roger*, go after Mr. *Fain-love*, and tell him I wou'd ſpeak with him inſtantly.

L. *Kno.* Come, come, Ladies, we loſe fleeting time, upon my Honour we do; for, Madam, as I ſaid, I have brought the Fiddles, and deſign to ſacrifice the intire Evening to your Ladyſhip's Diverſion.

Sir *Cred.* Incomparable Lady, that was well thought on; Zoz, I long to be jigging.

Sir *Pat.* Fiddles, good Lord! why, what am I come to?—Madam, I take it, Sir *Patient Fancy's* Lady is not a proper Perſon to make one at immodeſt Revellings, and profane Maſqueradings.

L. *Fan.* Why; ah, 'tis very true, Sir, but we ought not to offend a Brother that is weak, and conſequently a Siſter.

Sir *Pat.* An excellent Lady this, but ſhe may be corrupted, ah ſhe may fall; I will therefore without delay, carry her from this wicked Town.

L. *Kno.* Come, come, Gentlemen, let's in; Mr. *Fancy*, you muſt be my Man;——Sir *Credulous* come, and you ſweet Sir, come Ladies,—*Nunc eſt ſaltandum*, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Sir Patient *as before, Lady* Fancy, Wittmore, Maundy, *and* Roger *with things.*

Sir *Pat. Maundy*, fetch my Clothes, I'll dreſs me and out of Town inſtantly,——perſuade me not. [*To* Wit. *Roger*, is the Coach ready, *Roger?*

Rog. Yes, Sir, with four Horſes.

L. *Fan.* Out of Town! Oh I'm undone then, there will be no hopes of ever ſeeing *Wittmore*. [*Aſide.*]—*Maundy*, oh help me to contrive my ſtay, or I'm a dead Woman.——Sir, ſure you cannot go and leave your Affairs in Town.

Sir *Pat.* Affairs! what Affairs?

L. *Fan.* Why, your Daughter's Marriage, Sir:—and—Sir,——not, Sir, but that I deſire of all things in the World the Bleſſing of being alone with you, far from the Noiſe and leud Diſorders of this filthy Town.

Sir *Pat.* Moſt excellent Woman! ah thou art too good for ſinful Man, and I will therefore remove thee from the Temptations of it.—*Maundy*, my Clothes—Mr. *Fain-love*, I will leave *Iſabella* with my Lady *Fidget*, my Siſter, who ſhall to morrow ſee you married, to prevent farther Inconveniences.

L. *Fan.* What ſhall I do?

Maun. Madam, I have a Deſign, which conſidering his Spleen, muſt this time do our Buſineſs,——'tis——

[*Whiſpers.*

L. *Fan.* I like it well, about it inſtantly, hah———

[*Ex.* Maundy.

Alas, Sir, what ails your Face? good Heaven,——look, *Roger.*

Sir *Pat.* My Face! why, what ails my Face? hah!

L. *Fan.* See, Mr. *Fain-love*, look on my Dear, is he not ſtrangely alter'd?

Wit. Moſt wonderfully.

Sir *Pat.* Alter'd, hah—why where, why how alter'd?—hah, alter'd ſay you?

Wit. Lord, how wildly he ſtares!

Sir

Sir *Pat.* Hah, ſtare wildly!

Rog. Are you not very ſick, Sir?

L. *Fan.* Sick! oh Heavens forbid!——How does my deareſt Love?

Sir *Pat.* Methinks I feel myſelf not well o'th' ſudden—ah—a kind of ſhivering ſeizes all my Limbs,—and am I ſo much chang'd?

Wit. All over, Sir, as big again as you were.

L. *Fan.* Your Face is frightfully blown up, and your dear Eyes juſt ſtarting from your Head; oh, I ſhall ſwoon with the apprehenſion on't.

[*Falls into* Wittmore's *Arms.*

Sir *Pat.* My Head and Eyes ſo big, ſay you: oh I'm wondrous ſick o'th' ſudden,—all over ſay you—oh, oh—Ay, I perceive it now, my Senſes fail me too.

L. *Fan.* How, Sir, your Senſes fail you?

Wit. That's a very bad ſign, believe me.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, ay, for I can neither feel nor ſee this mighty growth you ſpeak of.

[*Falls into a Chair, with great ſigns of Diſorder.*

Wit. Alas, I'm ſorry for that, Sir.

Rog. Sure, 'tis impoſſible, I'll run and fetch a Glaſs, Sir.

[*Offers to go.*

L. *Fan.* Oh ſtay, I wou'd not for the world he ſhould ſee what a Monſter he is,——and is like to be before to morrow. [*Aſide.*

Rog. I'll fit him with a Glaſs,—I'll warrant ye, it ſhall advance our Deſign.

Enter Maundy *with the Clothes, ſhe ſtarts.*

Maun. Good Heaven, what ails you, Sir?

Sir *Pat.* Oh—oh—'tis ſo.

Maun. Lord, how he's ſwoln! ſee how his Stomach ſtruts.

Sir *Pat.* Ah 'tis true, tho I perceive it not.

Maun. Not perceive it, Sir! put on your Clothes and be convinc'd,—try 'em, Sir.

[*She pulls off his Gown, and puts on his Doublet and Coat, which come not near by a handful or more.*

Sir

Sir *Pat.* Ah it needs not,——mercy upon me !———

[*Falls back.*

I'm loſt, I'm gone! Oh Man, what art thou but a Flower? I am poiſon'd, this talking Lady's Breath's infectious; methought I felt the Contagion ſteal into my Heart; ſend for my Phyſicians, and if I die I'll ſwear ſhe's my Murderer: oh ſee, ſee, how my trembling increaſes, oh hold my Limbs, I die.———

Enter Roger *with a magnifying Glaſs, ſhews him the Glaſs; he looks in it.*

Rog. I'll warrant I'll ſhew his Face as big as a Buſhel.

[*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Oh, oh,—I'm a dead Man, have me to Bed, I die away, undreſs me inſtantly, ſend for my Phyſicians, I'm poiſon'd, my Bowels burn, I have within an *Ætna*, my Brains run round, Nature within me reels.

[*They carry him out in a Chair.*

Wit. And all the drunken Univerſe does run on Wheels, ha, ha, ha.

Ah my dear Creature, how finely thou haſt brought him to his Journy's end!

L. *Fan.* There was no other way but this to have ſecur'd my Happineſs with thee; there needs no more than that you come anon to the Garden Back-gate, where you ſhall find admittance;——Sir *Patient* is like to lie alone to night.

Wit. Till then 'twill be a thouſand Ages.

L. *Fan.* At Games of Love Husbands to cheat is fair,
'Tis the Gallant we play with on the ſquare.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene draws off, and diſcovers Lady Knowell, Iſabella, Lucretia, Lodwick, Leander, Wittmore, *Sir* Credulous, *other Men and Women, as going to dance.*

L. *Kno.* COme, one Dance more, and then I think we ſhall have ſufficiently teaz'd the Alderman, and 'twill be time to part.—Sir *Credulous*, where's your Miſtreſs?

Sir *Cred.* Within a Mile of an Oak, dear Madam, I'll warrant you.—Well, I proteſt and vow, ſweet Lady, you dance moſt nobly,—Why, you dance——like——like a ——like a haſty Pudding, before *Jove.*

[*They dance ſome Antick, or Ruſtick Antick.* Lodwick *ſpeaking to* Iſabella.

SONG made by a Gentleman.

SItting by yonder River ſide,
Parthenia *thus to* Cloe *cry'd,*
Whilſt from the fair Nymph's Eyes apace
Another Stream o'er-flow'd her beauteous Face;
Ah happy Nymph, ſaid ſhe, that can
So little value that falſe Creature, Man.

Oft the perfidious things will cry,
Alas they burn, they bleed, they die;
But if they're abſent half a Day,
Nay, let 'em be but one poor Hour away,
No more they die, no more complain,
But like unconſtant Wretches live again.

Lod.

Lod. Well, have you conſider'd of that Buſineſs yet, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. What buſineſs?

Lod. Of giving me admittance to night.

Iſab. And may I truſt your honeſty?

Lod. Oh doubt me not, my mother's reſolv'd it ſhall be a match between you and I, and that very conſideration will ſecure thee: beſides, who would firſt fully the Linen they mean to put on?

Iſab. Away, here's my Mother.

Enter Lady Fancy.

L. Fan. Madam, I beg your pardon for my abſence, the effects of my Obedience, not Will; but Sir *Patient* is taken very ill o'th' ſudden, and I muſt humbly intreat your Ladyſhip to retire, for Reſt is only eſſential to his Recovery.

L. *Kno.* Congruouſly ſpoken, upon my Honour. Oh the impudence of this Fellow your Ladyſhip's Husband, to eſpouſe ſo fair a Perſon only to make a Nurſe of!

L. *Fan.* Alas, Madam!———

L. *Kno.* A Slave, a very Houſhold Drudge.——Oh faugh, come never grieve;——for, Madam, his Diſeaſe is nothing but Imagination, a Melancholy which ariſes from the Liver, Spleen, and Membrane call'd *Meſenterium*; the *Arabians* name the Diſtemper *Myrathial*, and we here in *England*, *Hypochondriacal Melancholy*; I cou'd preſcribe a moſt potent Remedy, but that I am loth to ſtir the Envy of the College.

L. *Fan.* Really Madam, I believe——

L. *Kno.* But as you ſay, Madam, we'll leave him to his Repoſe; pray do not grieve too much.

Lod. Death! wou'd I had the conſoling her, 'tis a charming Woman!

L. *Kno.* Mr. *Fancy*, your Hand; Madam, your moſt faithful Servant.—*Lucretia*, come *Lucretia*.—Your Servant Ladies and Gentlemen.

L. *Fan.* A Devil on her, wou'd the Nimbleneſs of her Ladyſhip's Tongue were in her Heels, ſhe wou'd make more haſte away: oh I long for the bleſt minute.

Lod. Iſabella, ſhall I find admittance anon?

Iſab

Iſab. On fair Conditions.

Lod. Truſt my Generoſity.—Madam, your Slave. [*Ex.*

[*To L.* Fan. *gazing on her, goes out.*

Sir *Cred.* Madam, I wou'd ſay ſomething of your Charms and celeſtial Graces, but that all Praiſes are as far below you, as the Moon in her Oppoſition is below the Sun;—and ſo luſcious Lady, I am yours: Now for my Serenade—— [*Ex. all but L.* Fan. *and* Maundy.

L. *Fan. Maundy*, have you commanded all the Servants to bed?

Maun. Yes, Madam, not a Mouſe ſhall ſtir, and I have made ready the Chamber next the Garden for your Ladyſhip.

L. *Fan.* Then there needs no more but that you wait for *Wittmore*'s coming to the Garden-Gate, and take care no Lights be in the Houſe for fear of Eyes.

Maun. Madam, I underſtand Lovers are beſt by dark, and ſhall be diligent: the Doctor has ſecur'd Sir *Patient* by a ſleeping Pill, and you are only to expect your approaching Happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lady* Knowell's *Chamber.*

Enter Lady Knowell *and* Leander.

L. *Kno. Leander*, raiſe your Soul above that little trifle *Lucretia*;——cannot you gueſs what better Fate attends you? fy, how dull you are! muſt I inſtruct you in plain right-down Terms? and tell you, that I propoſe you Maſter of my Fortune.——Now poſſibly you underſtand me.

Enter Lucretia, *and peeps.*

Lean. I wiſh I did not, Madam,
Unleſs I'd Virtue to deſerve the Bounty;
I have a thouſand hidden Faults Diſſimulation hides,
Inconſtant, wild, debauch'd as Youth can make me.

Lucr. All that will not do your Buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

L. *Kno.* Yet you wou'd have my Daughter take you with theſe Faults; they're Virtues there, but to the name of Mother, they all turn retrograde: I can endure a Man as wild and as inconſtant as ſhe can.

I have a Fortune too that can ſupport that Humour,
That of *Lucretia* does depend on me,
And when I pleaſe is nothing;
I'm far from Age or Wrinkles, can be courted
By Men, as gay and youthful as a new Summer's Morn,
Beauteous as the firſt Bloſſoms of the Spring,
Before the common Sun has kiſs'd their Sweets away,
If with falacious Appetites I lov'd.

Lean. Faith Madam I cou'd wiſh—

L. *Kno.* That I were but Fifteen: but
If there be inequality in Years,
There is ſo too in Fortunes, that might add
A Luſtre to my Eyes, Charms to my Perſon,
And make me fair as *Venus*, young as *Hebe*.

Lean. Madam, you have enough to engage any unconquer'd Heart; but 'twas, I thought, with your allowance I diſpos'd of mine, and 'tis a Heart that knows not how to change.

L. *Kno.* Then 'tis a fooliſh unambitious Heart, unworthy of the Elevation it has not glorious Pride enough to aim at:——Farewel, Sir,—— when you are wiſer, you may find admittance. [*Goes out.*

Lean. Stay, Madam———

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. For what? to hear your Penitence! Forgive me, Madam, I will be a Villain, forget my Vows of Love, made to *Lucretia*.
And ſacrifice both her, and thoſe to Intereſt.
Oh how I hate this whining and diſſembling!

Lean. Do, triumph o'er a wretched Man, *Lucretia*.

Lucr. How! wretched in loving me ſo entirely, or that you cannot marry my Mother, and be Maſter of her mighty Fortune? 'Tis a Temptation indeed ſo between Love and Intereſt, hang me if ever I ſaw ſo ſimple a Look as you put on when my Mother made love to you.

Lean. You may eaſily gueſs the Confuſion of a Man in my Circumſtances, to be languiſhing for the lov'd Daughter, and purſu'd by the hated Mother, whom if I refuſe will ruin all my hopes of thee.

Lucr. Refuſe her! I hope you have more Wit.

Lean.

Lean. Lucretia, cou'd ſhe make a Monarch of me, I cou'd not marry her.

Lucr. And you wou'd be ſo wiſe to tell her ſo?

Lean. I wou'd no more abuſe her, than I cou'd love her.

Lucr. Yet that laſt muſt be done.

Lean. How!

Lucr. Doſt believe me ſo wicked to think I mean in earneſt? No, tell her a fine Story of Love and Liking, gaze on her, kiſs her Hands, and ſigh, commend her Face and Shape, ſwear ſhe's the Miracle of the Age for Wit, cry up her Learning, vow you were an Aſs not to be ſenſible of her Perfections all this while; what a Coxcomb, to doat upon the Daughter when ſuch Charms were ſo viſible in the Mother? Faith ſhe'll believe all this.

Lean. It may be ſo, but what will all this ſerve for?

Lucr. To give us time and opportunity to deceive her, or I'm miſtaken.

Lean. I cannot teach my Tongue ſo much Deceit.

Lucr. You may be a Fool, and cry, Indeed forſooth I cannot love, for alas I have loſt my Heart, and am unworthy of your proffer'd Bleſſings——do, and ſee her marry me in ſpite to this Fop *Eaſy*, this Knight of Nonſenſe: no, no, diſſemble me handſomely and like a Gentleman, and then expect your good Fortune.

Enter Antick.

Ant. Madam, your Mother's coming.

Lucr. Away then, ſhe muſt not ſee us together, ſhe thinks you gone.

Lean. But muſt I carry off no Comfort with me?

Lucr. Will you expoſe me to the incens'd Jealouſy of a Parent? go, or I ſhall hate ye. [*Thruſts him out.*

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Maundy *by dark: Opens the Garden-Door.*

Maun. Now am I return'd to my old Trade again, fetch and carry my Lady's Lovers; I was afraid when ſhe had been married, theſe Night-works wou'd have ended; but

but to ſay truth, there's a Conſcience to be uſed in all things, and there's no reaſon ſhe ſhou'd languiſh with an old Man when a Young Man may be had.——The Door opens, he's come.———

Enter Lodwick.

I ſee you're a punctual Lover, Sir, pray follow me as ſoftly as you can.

Lod. This is ſome one whom I perceive *Iſabella* has made the Confident to our Amours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws off, and diſcovers L.* Fancy *in her Night-gown, in a Chamber as by the dark.*

L. *Fan.* Oh the agreeable Confuſion of a Lover high with expectation of the approaching Bliſs! What Tremblings between Joy and Fear poſſeſs me? All my whole Soul is taken up with *Wittmore*; I've no Ideas, no Thoughts but of *Wittmore*, and ſure my Tongue can ſpeak no other Language, but his Name.—Who's there?

Enter Maundy *leading* Lodwick.

Maun. Madam, 'tis I, and your expected Lover here—I put him into your hands, and will wait your Commands in the next Chamber. [*Exit.* Maun.

Lod. Where are you, my deareſt Creature?

L. *Fan.* Here——— give me your Hand, I'll lead you to thoſe Joys we both ſo long have ſigh'd for.

Lod. Hah! to Joys; ſure ſhe doth but dally with me. [*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Why come you not on, my dear?

Lod. And yet, why this Admiſſion, and i' th' dark too, if ſhe deſign'd me none but virtuous Favours?——What damn'd Temptation's this?

L. *Fan.* Are you bewitch'd? what is't that frights you?

Lod. I'm fix'd: Death, was ever ſuch a Lover?
Juſt ready for the higheſt Joys of Love,
And like a baſhful Girl reſtrain'd by Fear
Of an inſuing Infamy —— I hate to cuckold my own Expectations.

L. *Fan.* Heavens! what can you mean?

Lod.

Lod. Death, what's this?——— ſure 'tis not Virtue in me,—Pray Heaven it be not Impotence!——Where got I this damn'd Honeſty, which I never found my ſelf maſter of till now!——why ſhou'd it ſeize me when I had leaſt need on't?

L. *Fan.* What ails you? are you mad?——we are ſafe, and free as Winds let looſe to ruffle all the Groves; what is't delays you then? Soft.

Lod. Pox o' this thought of Wife, the very Name deſtroys my appetite.

Oh with what Vigour I could deal my Love
To ſome fair leud unknown,
To whom I'd never made a ſerious Vow!

L. *Fan.* Tell me the Myſtery of this ſudden Coldneſs: have I kept my Husband in Town for this? Nay, perſuaded him to be very ſick to ſerve our purpoſe, and am I thus rewarded——ungrateful Man!

Lod. Hah,——'tis not *Iſabella*'s Voice,——your Huſband ſay you?—— [*Takes hold greedily of her Hand.*

L. *Fan.* Is ſafe, from any fear of interrupting us.

Come———theſe Delays do ill conſiſt with Love
And our Deſires; at leaſt if they are equal.

Lod. Death, 'tis the charming Mother!
What lucky Star directed me to night?
O my fair Diſſembler let us haſte
To pay the mighty Tributes due to Love.

L. *Fan.* Follow me then with careful Silence,—— for *Iſabella*'s Chamber joins to this, and ſhe may hear us.

Lod. Not Flowers grow, nor ſmooth Streams glide away,
Not abſent Lovers ſigh, nor breaks the Day,
More ſilently than I'll thoſe Joys receive,
Which Love and Darkneſs do conſpire to give. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes again to a Garden.*

Enter Isabella *and* Fanny *in their Night-gowns.*

Iſab. Well, I have no mind to let this dear mad Devil *Lodwick* in to night.

Fan. Why, Siſter, this is not the firſt Venture you have made of this kind, at this Hour, and in this Place; theſe Arbours

Arbours were they tell-tales, cou'd diſcover many pretty ſtories of your Loves, and do you think they'll be leſs faithful now? pray truſt them once again. Oh I do ſo love to hear Mr. *Lodwick* proteſt, and vow, and ſwear, and diſſemble, and when you don't believe him, rail at you,——avads 'tis the prettieſt Man———

Iſab. I have a ſtrange apprehenſion of being ſurpriz'd to night.

Fan. I'll warrant you, I'll ſit on yon Bank of Pinks, and when I hear a Noiſe I'll come and tell you; ſo *Lodwick* may ſlip out at the back Gate, and we may be walking up and down as if we meant no harm.

Iſab. You'll grow very expert in the Arts of Love, *Fanny.*

Fan. When I am big enough I ſhall do my Endeavour, for I have heard you ſay, Women were born to no other end than to love: And 'tis fit I ſhould learn to live and die in my calling.——Come open the Gate, or you'll repent it, we ſhall have my Father marry you within a day or two to that ugly Man that ſpeaks hard Words,—avads I can't abide him.

Iſab. What Noiſe is that?

Fan. Why 'tis Mr. *Lodwick* at the Garden-Door;—let him in whilſt I'll to my flowry Bank, and ſtand Centinel.——— [*Runs off.* Iſabella *opens the Gate.*

Enter Wittmore.

Wit. Who's there?

Iſab. Speak low, who ſhou'd it be but the kind Fool her ſelf, who can deny you nothing but what you dare not take?

Wit. Not take! what's that? haſt thou reſerves in ſtore?
—Oh come and let me lead thee to thy Bed,
Or ſeat thee on ſome Bank of ſofter Flowers,
Where I may rifle all thy unknown Store.

Iſab. How! ſurely you're not in earneſt?— Do you love me?

Wit. Love thee! by thy dear ſelf, all that my Soul adores,
I'm all impatient Flame! all over Love!
—You do not uſe to doubt, but ſince you do,
Come, and I'll ſatisfy thy obliging Fears,

And

And give thee Proofs how much my Soul is thine,
I'll breathe it all anew into thy Boſom.—
Oh thou art fit for the tranſporting Play,
All looſe and wanton, like the Queen of Love
When ſhe deſcends too meet the Youth in Shades.

Iſab. And are you Sir in earneſt? can it be?

Wit. That queſtion was ſevere, what means my Love?
What pretty Art is this to blow my Flame?
Are you not mine? did we not meet t'enjoy?
I came not with more vigorous eager Haſte,
When our firſt Sacrifice to Love we paid,
Than to perform that Ceremony now.
Come do not let the Sacred Fire burn out,
Which only was prepar'd for Love's rich Altar,
And this is the divine, dark, ſilent Minute—
[*Goes to lead her off.*

Iſab. Hold, Raviſher, and know this ſaucy Paſſion
Has render'd back your Intereſt. Now I hate ye,
And my Obedience to my Father's Will
Shall marry me to *Fain-love*, and I'll deſpiſe ye.
[*Flings from him.*

Wit. Hah! *Iſabella!* Death I have made ſweet work,—ſtay gentle Maid,—ſhe'll ruin all if ſhe go:—ſtay—ſhe knew me, and cunningly drew me to this Diſcovery; I'll after her and undeceive her. [*Runs after her.*

A confus'd Noiſe of the Serenade, the Scene draws off to Lady Fancy's *Anti-chamber.*

Enter Iſabella *groping as in the dark.*

Iſab. Pray Heaven I get undiſcover'd to my Chamber, where I'll make Vows againſt this perjured Man; hah, ſure he follows ſtill; no Wood-Nymph ever fled before a Satyr, with half that trembling haſte I flew from *Lodwick*.—Oh he has loſt his Virtue, and undone me.
[*Goes out groping, and the noiſe of Serenade again.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Lady* Fancy's *Bed-chamber, diſcovers her as before*; Lodwick *as juſt riſen in Diſorder from the Bed, buttoning himſelf, and ſetting himſelf in order*; *and Noiſe at the Door unlatching it.*

Enter Iſabella *groping*, *Sir* Patient *without.*

L. *Fan.* It is this Door that open'd, and which I thought I had ſecur'd.

Sir *Pat.* Oh inſupportable, abominable, and not to be indur'd!

Iſab. Hah my Father! I'm diſcover'd and purſu'd,—grant me to find the Bed.

L. *Fan.* Heavens! t'was my Husband's Voice, ſure we're betray'd. It muſt be ſo, for what Devil but that of Jealouſy cou'd raiſe him at this late hour?

Iſab. Hah, where am I, and who is't that ſpeaks— [*To her ſelf.*

Lod. So, he muſt know that I have made a Cuckold of him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* within.] Call up my Men, the Coachman, Groom, and Butler, the Footmen, Cook, and Gardiner; bid 'em all riſe and arm, with long Staff, Spade and Pitchfork, and ſally out upon the Wicked.

Lod. S'heart! what a Death ſhall I die:—is there no place of ſafety hereabouts—for there is no reſiſting theſe unmerciful Weapons.

Iſab. A Man's Voice!

L. *Fan.* I know of none, nor how to prevent your Diſcovery.

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, oh, lead me forward, I'll lie here on the Garden-ſide, out of the hearing of this helliſh Noiſe.

L. *Fan.* Hah, Noiſe!—what means he?

Lod. Nay, I know not, is there no eſcaping? ——

Iſab. Who can they be that talk thus? ſure I have miſtook my Chamber.

L. *Fan.* Oh he's coming in—I'm ruin'd; what ſhall we do? here—get into the Bed—and cover your ſelf with

with the Clothes—quickly—oh my Confuſion will betray me. [Lodwick *gets into the Bed,* Iſabella *hides behind the Curtain very near to him.*

Enter Sir Patient, *led by* Nurſe *and* Maundy, *with Lights.*

Maun. Pray go back, Sir, my poor Lady will be frighted out of her Wits, at this danger you put your ſelf into, the Noiſe ſhall be ſtill'd.

L. *Fan.* Oh, what's the matter with my Love? what, do you mean to murder him? oh lead him inſtantly back to his Bed.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, oh, no, I'll lie here,——put me to bed, oh I faint,—my Chamber's poſſeſt with twenty thouſand Evil Spirits.

L. *Fan.* Poſſeſt! what ſickly Fancy's this?

Sir *Pat.* Ah the Houſe is beſet, ſurrounded and confounded with profane tinkling, with Popiſh Horn-Pipes, and Jeſuitical Cymbals, more antichriſtian and abominable than Organs, or Anthems.

Nurſe. Yea verily, and ſurely it is the ſpawn of Cathedral Inſtruments plaid on by Babyloniſh Minſtrels, only to diſturb the Brethren.

Sir *Pat.* Ay, 'tis ſo, call up my Servants, and let them be firſt chaſtiz'd and then hang'd; accuſe 'em for *French* Papiſhes, that had a deſign to fire the City, or any thing: —oh I ſhall die—lead me gently to this Bed.

L. *Fan.* To hinder him will diſcover all:—ſtay, Sir.—

Sir *Pat.* Hah, my Lady turn'd rebellious!—put me to Bed I ſay;—[*Throws himſelf forward to the Bed*]—hah —what's here?—what art thou,—a Man,—hah, a Man, Treaſon! betray'd! my Bed's defil'd, my Lady polluted, and I am cornuted; oh thou vile Serpent of my Boſom!

[*She ſtands with her Face towards the Stage in ſigns of fear.*

Iſab. A Man, and in my virtuous Lady Mother's Chamber! how fortunate was I to light on this diſcovery!

L. *Fan.* Well, Sir, ſince you have ſeen him, I beſeech you for my ſake, Dear, pardon him this one time.

[*Coakeſing him.*

Sir

Sir *Pat.* Thou beg his Pardon! Oh was ever heard ſuch Impudence!

L. *Fan.* Indeed, my Love, he is to blame; but we that are judicious ſhould bear with the Frailties of Youth.

Sir *Pat.* Oh inſupportable Audacity!—what canſt thou ſay, falſe Woman?

L. *Fan.* Truly not much in his Defence, my Dear.

Iſab. Oh cunning Devil!——

L. *Fan.* But, Sir, to hide the weakneſs of your Daughter, I have a little ſtrain'd my Modeſty.——

Iſab. Heavens! what ſays ſhe?———

L. *Fan.* 'Tis *Iſabella*'s Lover, Sir, whom I've conceal'd.

Lod. A good hint to ſave both our Credits.

Sir *Pat.* How, Mr. *Fain-love* mean you?

[Lodwick *riſes and comes a little more forward,* Iſabella *does the like, till both meet at the feet of the Bed, and ſtart,* Lodwick *looking ſimply.*

L. *Fan.* Ay, my dear, Mr. *Fain-love.*

Lod. Iſabella here! muſt ſhe know too what a fine inconſtant Dog I am?———

Iſab. Lodwick! and in my Mother's Chamber! may I believe my Eyes!

Sir *Pat.* But how got he hither?—tell me that: oh Youth, Youth, to what degree of Wickedneſs art thou arriv'd?

L. *Fan.* She appointed him to come this Night, Sir, and he going to her Chamber, by miſtake came into mine, it being the next to her's.

Maun. But, Lord, Sir, had you heard how my Lady ſchool'd him, whilſt I ran down to fetch a Light!

Lod. Now does my Conſcience tell me, I am a damn'd Villain.—— [*Aſide, looking pitifully on* Iſabella.

L. *Fan.* But the poor Man preſently perceiv'd his miſtake, and beg'd my pardon in ſuch feeling Terms—that I vow I had not the heart to deny it him.

Iſab. Oh Traytor! wou'd thou hadſt been that Raviſher I took thee for, rather than ſuch a Villain—falſe! and with my Mother too!

L. *Fan.*

L. *Fan.* And juſt then, Sir, you came to the Door, and leſt you ſhou'd ſee him, intreated me to hide him from your Anger,——the Offence is not ſo heinous, Sir, conſidering he is ſo ſoon to marry her.

Sir *Pat.* Well, Sir, and what have you to ſay in your Defence?—hah, how, Mr. *Knowell*,—worſe and worſe,—why how came you hither, Sir? hah,——

L. *Fan.* Not *Wittmore!* oh I am ruin'd and betray'd. [*Falls almoſt in a ſwoon.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, *Iſabella* here too!

Iſab. Yes, Sir, to juſtify her Innocence.

Sir *Pat.* Hah! Innocence! and juſtify! take her away; go out of my ſight, thou Limb of Satan,——take her away, I ſay, I'll talk with you to morrow, Lady Finetricks——I will.————

Iſab. —And I'll know before I ſleep, the myſtery of all this, and who 'twas this faithleſs Man ſent in his room to deceive me in the Garden. [*Goes out.*

Lod. A plague of all ill-luck—how the Devil came ſhe hither? I muſt follow and reconcile her.

[*Going out, Sir* Patient *ſtays him.*

Sir *Pat.* Nay, Sir, we muſt not part ſo till I have known the truth of this Buſineſs, I take it.

Lod. Truth, Sir! oh all that your fair Lady has ſaid, Sir; I muſt confeſs her Eyes have wounded me with Anger, you need not add more to my Shame.———

L. *Fan.* Some little comfort yet, that he prov'd indeed to be *Iſabella*'s Lover: Oh, that I ſhould miſtake ſo unluckily! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Why, I thought it had been Mr. *Fain-love.*

L. *Fan.* By all that's good, and ſo did I.

Lod. I know you did, Madam, or you had not been ſo kind to me: Your Servant, dear Madam.———

[*Going, Sir* Patient *ſtays him.*

L. *Fan.* Pray Sir let him go; oh how I abominate the ſight of a Man that cou'd be ſo wicked as he has been!

Sir *Pat.* Ha,—good Lady, excellent Woman: well Sir, for my Lady's ſake I'll let you paſs with this, but if I catch you here again, I ſhall ſpoil your Intrigues, Sir, marry ſhall I, and ſo reſt ye ſatisfied, Sir.———

Lod. At this time, I am, Sir——Madam, a thouſand Bleſſings on you for this Goodneſs.

L. *Fan.* Ten thouſand Curſes upon thee,—go, boaſt the Ruin you have made. [*Aſide.* to Lod.

Sir *Pat.* Come, no more Anger now, my Lady; the Gentleman's ſorry you ſee, I'll marry my pert Huſwife to morrow for this.—*Maundy*, ſee the Gentleman ſafe out:—ah put me to Bed; ah, this Night's Work will kill me, ah, ah. [*Exeunt* Lodwick *and* Maundy.

The Scene draws over Sir Patient *and Lady: draws again and diſcovers the Garden*, Wittmore, Fanny, *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. How, Mr. *Fain-love*, it cannot be.

Fan. Indeed, Siſter, 'tis the ſame, for all he talks ſo; and he told me his coming was but to try your Virtue only.

Enter Lodwick *and* Maundy *as paſſing over, but ſtand.*

Iſab. That *Fain-love!* whom I am ſo ſoon to marry! and but this day courted me in another Dialect!

Wit. That was my Policy, Madam, to paſs upon your Father with. But I'm a Man that knows the value of the Fair, and ſaw Charms of Beauty and of Wit in you, that taught me to know the way to your Heart was to appear my ſelf, which now I do. Why did you leave me ſo unkindly but now?

Lod. Hah, what's this? whilſt I was grafting Horns on another's Head, ſome kind Friend was doing that good Office for me.

Maun. Sure 'tis *Wittmore!*—oh that Diſſembler—this was his Plot upon my Lady, to gain time with *Iſabella.* [*Aſide.*

Wit. And being ſo near my Happineſs, can you blame me, if I made a trial whether your Virtue were agreeable to your Beauty, great, and to be equally ador'd?

Lod. Death, I've heard enough to forfeit all my Patience!——Draw, Sir, and make a trial of your Courage too.———

Wit.

Wit. Hah, what deſperate Fool art thou? [*Draws.*
Lod. One that will ſee thee fairly damn'd, e'er yield his Intereſt up in *Iſabella*—oh thou falſe Woman!
[*They fight out,* Iſabella *and* Maundy *run off.*

SCENE *changes to the long Street, a Pageant of an Elephant coming from the farther end with Sir* Credulous *on it, and ſeveral others playing on ſtrange confuſed Inſtruments.*

Sir *Cred.* This ſure is extraordinary, or the Devil's in't, and I'll ne'er truſt Serenade more.
[*Come forward, and all play again.*
——Hold, hold, now for the Song, which becauſe I wou'd have moſt deliciouſly and melodiouſly ſung, I'll ſing my ſelf; look ye,——hum——hum.——

Sir *Credulous* ſhould have ſung.

THou Grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
D'on thy Flannel Petticoat quickly, and riſe;
And from thy reſplendent Window diſcover
A Face that wou'd mortify any young Lover:
For I, like great Jove *transformed, do wooe,*
And am amorous Owl, to wit to wooe, to wit to wooe.

A Lover, Ads Zoz, is a ſort of a Tool
That of all Things you beſt may compare to an Owl:
For in ſome dark Shades he delights ſtill to ſit,
And all the Night long he crys wo to wit.
Then riſe my bright Cloris, *and d'on on ſlip ſhoe:*
And hear thy amorous Owl chant, wit to wooe, wit to wooe.

—Well, this won't do, for I perceive no Window open, nor Lady bright appear, to talk obligingly:—perhaps the Song does not pleaſe her: you Ballad-ſingers, have you no good Songs of another faſhion?
1 *Man.* Yes, Sir, Several, *Robin—Hark how the Waters fall, fall, fall!*

Sir *Cred.* How Man! Zoz, remove us farther off, for fear of wetting.

1 *Man.* No, no, Sir, I only gave my Fellow a hint of an excellent Ballad that begins——*Ill-wedded Joys, how quickly do you fade!* [Sings.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, ay, that, we'll have that,—*Ill-wedded Joys, how quickly do you fade,*—[*Sings*] That's excellent! Oh now the Windows open, now, now ſhew your capering Tricks. [*Vaulting.*

[*They all play again.*

Enter a Company of Fellows as out of Sir Patient's *Houſe, led on by a preciſe Clerk, all armed with odd Weapons.*

Abel. Verily, verily, here be theſe Babes of Perdition, theſe Children of Iniquity.

Rog. A pox of your Babes and Children, they are Men, and Sons of Whores, whom we muſt bang confoundedly, for not letting honeſt godly People reſt quietly in their Beds at Midnight.

Sir *Cred.* Who's there?

Rog. There, with a Pox to you; cannot a Right-worſhipful Knight, that has been ſick theſe Twenty Years with taking Phyſick, ſleep quietly in his own Houſe for you; and muſt we be rais'd out of our Beds to quiet your Hell-pipes, in the Devil's name?

Abel. Down with *Gog* and *Magog*, there; there's the rotten Bell weather that leads the reſt aſtray, and defiles the whole Flock.

Rog. Hang your preaching, and let's come to him, we'll maul him. [*Beat Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* Oh Quarter, Quarter, Murder, Help, Murder, Murder!

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Damn theſe Raſcals, who e'er they were, that ſo unluckily redeem'd a Rival from my Fury.—Hah, they are here,—Egad I'll have one touch more with 'em,—the Dogs are ſpoiling my deſign'd Serenade too—have amongſt ye.——[*Fights and beats 'em off.*) Sir *Credulous* how is't?

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Who's there, *Lodwick?* Oh dear Lad, is't thou that haſt redeem'd me from the inchanted Cudgels that demoliſh'd my triumphant Pageant, and confounded my Serenade? Zoz I'm half kill'd, Man,—I have never a whole Bone about me ſure.

Lod. Come in with me——a plague upon the Raſcal that eſcap'd me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lady Knowell's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucretia, *follow'd by Sir* Credulous.

Lucr. MArry'd to morrow! and leave my Mother the poſſeſſion of *Leander!* I'll die a thouſand Deaths firſt,—How the Fool haunts me! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* Nay, delicious Lady, you may ſay your Pleaſure; but I will juſtify the Serenade to be as high a piece of Gallantry as was ever practiſed in our Age, tho not comparable to your Charms and celeſtial Graces, which ſhou'd I praiſe as I ought, 'twou'd require more time than the Sun employs in his natural Motion between the Tropicks; that is to ſay, a whole Year, (for by the way, I am no *Copernican*) for, Dear Madam, you muſt know, my Rhetorick Maſter,—— I ſay, my Rhetorick Maſter, who was————

Lucr. As great a Coxcomb as your ſelf;—pray leave me, I am ſerious—I muſt go ſeek out *Lodwick.*

Sir *Cred.* Leave ye! I thank you for that i'faith, before I have ſpoke out my Speech; therefore I ſay, Divine Lady——becauſe my Rhetorick Maſter commanded the frequent uſe of *Hypallages*, *Allegories*, and the richeſt Figures of that beauteous Art,—becauſe my Rhetorick—

Lucr. I muſt leave the Fool, follow if you dare, for I have no leiſure to attend your Nonſenſe. [*Goes out.*

Enter Lady Knowell.

L. *Kno.* What, alone, Sir *Credulous?* I left you with *Lucretia.*

Sir *Cred. Lucretia!* I'm ſure ſhe makes a very *Tarquinius Sextus* of me, and all about this Serenade,——I proteſt and vow, incomparable Lady, I had begun the ſweeteſt Speech to her——tho I ſay't, ſuch Flowers of Rhetorick——'twou'd have been the very Noſegay of Eloquence, ſo it wou'd; and like an ungrateful illiterate Woman as ſhe is, ſhe left me in the very middle on't, ſo ſnuffy I'll warrant.

L. *Kno.* Be not diſcourag'd, Sir, I'll adapt her to a reconciliation: Lovers muſt ſometimes expect theſe little *Belli fugaces*; the *Grecians* therefore truly named Love *Glucupikros Eros.*

Sir *Cred.* Nay, bright Lady, I am as little diſcourag'd as another, but I'm ſorry I gave ſo extraordinary a Serenade to ſo little purpoſe.

L. *Kno.* Name it no more, 'twas only a Gallantry miſtaken; but I'll accelerate your Felicity, and to morrow ſhall conclude the great diſpute, ſince there is ſuch Volubility and Viciſſitude in mundane Affairs.——[*Goes out.*

Enter Lodwick, *ſtays Sir* Credulous *as he is going out the other way.*

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, whither away ſo faſt?

Sir *Cred.* Zoz, what a Queſtion's there? doſt not know I am to unty the Virgin Zone to morrow, that is, barter Maiden-heads with thy Siſter, that is, to be married to her, Man, and I muſt to *Lincolns-Inn* to my Counſel about it?

Lod. My Siſter juſt now told me of it; but, Sir, you muſt not ſtir.

Sir *Cred.* Why, what's the matter?

Lod. Have you made your Will?

Sir *Cred.* My Will! no, why my Will, Man?

Lod. Then, for the good of your Friends and Poſterity, ſtir not from this place.

Sir *Cred.* Good Lord, *Lodwick*, thou art the ſtrangeſt Man,—what do you mean to fright a body thus?

Lod. You remember the Serenade last night?

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Remember it! Zoz, I think I do, here be the marks on't ſure.—— [*Pulls off his Peruke, and ſhews his Head broke.*

Lod. Ads me, your Head's broke.

Sir *Cred.* My Head broke! why 'twas a hundred to one but my Neck had been broke.

Lod. Faith, not unlikely,——— you know the next Houſe is Sir *Patient Fancy*'s; *Iſabella* too, you know, is his Daughter.

Sir *Cred.* Yes, yes, ſhe was by when I made my dumb Oration.

Lod. The ſame,—— this Lady has a Lover, a mad, furious, fighting, killing Hector, (as you know there are enough about this Town) this Monſieur ſuppoſing you to be a Rival, and that your Serenade was addreſs'd to her———

Sir *Cred.* Enough, I underſtand you, ſet thoſe Rogues on to murder me.

Lod. Wou'd 'twere no worſe.

Sir *Cred.* Worſe! Zoz Man, what the Devil can be worſe?

Lod. Why he has vow'd to kill you himſelf wherever he meets you, and now waits below to that purpoſe.

Sir *Cred.* Sha, ſha, if that be all, I'll to him immediately, and make Affidavit I never had any ſuch deſign. Madam *Iſabella!* ha, ha, alas, poor man, I have ſome body elſe to think on.

Lod. Affidavit! why he'll not believe you, ſhould you ſwear your Heart out: ſome body has poſſeſs'd him that you are a damn'd Fool, and a moſt egregious Coward, a Fellow that to ſave your Life will ſwear any thing.

Sir *Cred.* What curſed Luck's this!———why, how came he to know I liv'd here?

Lod. I believe he might have it from *Leander*, who is his Friend.

Sir *Cred. Leander!* I muſt confeſs I never lik'd that *Leander* ſince yeſterday.

Lod. He has deceiv'd us all, that's the truth on't; for I have lately found out too, that he's your Rival, and has a kind of a———

Sir *Cred.* Smattering to my Miſtreſs, hah, and therefore wou'd not be wanting to give me a lift out of this World; but I ſhall give her ſuch a go-by—— my Lady *Knowell* underſtands the difference between three Thouſand a Year, and——prithee what's his Eſtate?

Lod. Shaw———not ſufficient to pay Surgeons Bills.

Sir *Cred.* Alas poor Rat, how does he live then?

Lod. Hang him, the Ladies keep him; 'tis a good handſome Fellow, and has a pretty Town-Wit.

Sir *Cred.* He a Wit! what, I'll warrant he writes Lampoons, rails at Plays, curſes all Poetry but his own, and mimicks the Players——ha.

Lod. Some ſuch common Notion he has that deceives the ignorant Rabble, amongſt whom he paſſes for a very ſmart Fellow,——'life he's here.

Enter Leander.

Sir *Cred.* Why—what ſhall I do, he will not affront me before Company? hah!

Lod. Not in our Houſe, Sir,—bear up and take no notice on't. [Lod. *whiſpers* Lean.

Sir *Cred.* No notice, quoth he? why my very Fears will betray me.

Lean. Let me alone—*Lodwick*, I met juſt now with an *Italian* Merchant, who has made me ſuch a Preſent?

Lod. What is't prithee?

Lean. A Sort of ſpecifick Poiſon for all the Senſes, eſpecially for that of ſmelling; ſo that had I a Rival, and I ſhou'd ſee him at any reaſonable diſtance, I could direct a little of this Scent up to his Brain ſo ſubtlely, that it ſhall not fail of Execution in a day or two.

Sir *Cred.* How——Poiſon! [*Shewing great Signs of Fear, and holding his Noſe.*

Lean. Nay, ſhou'd I ſee him in the midſt of a thouſand People, I can ſo direct it, that it ſhall aſſault my Enemy's Noſtrils only, without any effects on the reſt of the Company.

Sir *Cred.* Oh,—I'm a dead Man!

Lod. Is't poſſible?

Lean. Perhaps ſome little ſneezing or ſo, no harm; but my Enemy's a dead Man, Sir, kill'd.

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Why, this is the moſt damn'd *Italian* Trick I ever heard of; why this out-does the famous Poiſoner Madam *Brenvilliers*; well, here's no jeſting, I perceive that, *Lodwick.*

Lod. Fear nothing, I'll ſecure you. [*Aſide to him.*

Enter Wittmore.

——*Wittmore!* how is't Friend! thou lookeſt cloudy.

Wit. You'll hardly blame me, Gentlemen, when you ſhall know what a damn'd unfortunate Raſcal I am.

Lod. Prithee what's the matter?

Wit. Why I am to be marry'd, Gentlemen, marry'd to day.

Lod. How, marry'd! nay, Gad, then thou'ſt reaſon; but to whom prithee?

Wit. There's the Devil on't again, to a fine young, fair, briſk Woman, that has all the Temptations Heaven can give her.

Lod. What pity 'tis they ſhou'd be beſtow'd to ſo wicked an end! Is this your Intrigue, that has been ſo long conceal'd from your Friends?

Lean. We thought it had been ſome kind Amour, ſomething of Love and Honour.

Lod. Is ſhe rich? if ſhe be wondrous rich, we'll excuſe thee.

Wit. Her Fortune will be ſuitable to the Jointure I ſhall make her.

Lod. Nay then 'tis like to prove a hopeful Match; what a Pox can provoke thee to this, doſt love her?

Wit. No, there's another Plague, I am curſedly in love elſewhere; and this was but a falſe Addreſs, to hide that real one.

Lod. How, love another? in what quality and manner?

Wit. As a Man ought to love, with a good ſubſtantial Paſſion, without any deſign but that of right-down honeſt Injoyment.

Lod. Ay, now we underſtand thee, this is ſomething. Ah Friend, I had ſuch an Adventure laſt Night.——You may talk of your Intrigues and ſubſtantial Pleaſures, but

if any of you can match mine,——Egad I'll forſwear Womankind.

Lean. An Adventure! prithee where?

Sir *Cred.* What, laſt Night, when you reſcued me from the Bilbo-Blades! indeed ye look'd a little furiouſly.

Lod. I had reaſon, I was juſt then come out of a Garden from fighting with a Man whom I found with my Miſtreſs; and I had at leaſt known who't had been, but for the coming of thoſe Raſcals that ſet on you, who parted us, whilſt he made his eſcape in the Croud.

Wit. Death! that was I, who for fear of being known got away: was't he then that I fought with, and whom I learnt lov'd *Iſabella?* [*Aſide.*

Lod. You muſt know, Gentlemen, I have a ſort of a matrimonial Kindneſs for a very pretty Woman, ſhe whom I tell you I diſturb'd in the Garden, and last night ſhe made me an Aſſignation in her Chamber: when I came to the Garden-door by which I was to have admittance, I found a kind of Neceſſary call'd a baudy Waiting-Woman, whom I follow'd, and thought ſhe wou'd have conducted me to the right Woman; but I was luckily and in the dark led into a Lady's Chamber, who took me for a Lover ſhe expected: I found my happy miſtake, and wou'd not undeceive her.

Wit. This cou'd be none but *Lucia.* [*Aſide.*

——Well, Sir, and what did you do there?

Lod. Do! why what doſt think? all that a Man inſpir'd by Love cou'd do, I followed all the dictates of Nature, Youth, and Vigor.

Wit. Oh hold my Heart——or I ſhould kill the Traitor. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* Follow'd all the dictates of Nature, Youth and Vigor! prithee what's that?

Lod. I kiſs'd a thouſand times her balmy Lips, and greedily took in the nimble Sighs ſhe breath'd into my Soul.

Wit. Oh I can ſcarce contain my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* Pſhaw, is that all Man?

Lod. I claſp'd her lovely Body in my Arms,
And laid my Boſom to her panting Breaſt.

Trembling

Trembling ſhe ſeem'd all Love and ſoft Deſire,
And I all Burnings in a youthful Fire.

Sir *Cred.* Bleſs us, the Man's in a Rapture!

Wit. Damnation on them both.

Sir *Cred.* Well, to the point, Man: what didſt do all this while?

Lean. Faith I fancy he did not ſleep, Sir *Credulous.*

Lod. No, Friend, ſhe had too many Charms to keep me waking.

Sir *Cred.* Had ſhe ſo? I ſhou'd have beg'd her Charms pardon, I tell her that tho.

Wit. Curſe on my Sloth, Oh how ſhall I diſſemble? [*Aſide.*

Lean. Thy Adventure was pretty lucky———but *Wittmore,* thou doſt not reliſh it.

Wit. My Mind's upon my Marriage, Sir: if I thought he lov'd *Iſabella,* I wou'd marry her to be reveng'd on him, at leaſt I'll vex his Soul, as he has tortur'd mine.—Well, Gentlemen, you'll dine with me,——and give me your opinion of my Wife.

Lod. Where doſt thou keep the Ceremony?

Wit. At Sir *Patient Fancy's,* my Father-in-law?

Lod. How! Sir *Patient Fancy* to be your Father-in-law?

Lean. My Uncle?

Wit. He's fir'd,———'tis his Daughter, Sir, I am to marry.——

Lod. Iſabella! Leander, can it be? can ſhe conſent to this? and can ſhe love you?

Wit. Why, Sir, what do you ſee in me, ſhou'd render me unfit to be belov'd? [*Angry.*

Lod. Marry'd to day! by Heaven it muſt not be, Sir. [*Draws him aſide.*

Wit. Why, Sir, I hope this is not the kind Lady who was ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet and charming laſt night.

Lod. Hold, Sir,—we yet are Friends.—

Wit. And might have ſtill been ſo, hadſt thou not baſely rob'd me of my Intereſt.

Lod. Death, do you ſpeak my Language? [*Ready to draw.*

Wit.

Wit. No, take a ſecret from my angry Heart, which all its Friendſhip to thee cou'd not make me utter;——it was my Miſtreſs you ſurpriz'd laſt night.

Lod. Hah, my Lady *Fancy* his Miſtreſs? Curſe on my prating Tongue.——— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* What a Devil's all this, hard Words, Heart-burnings, Reſentments, and all that?

Lean. You are not quarrelling, I hope, my Friends.

Lod. All this, Sir, we ſuſpected, and ſmok'd your borrowing Money laſt night; and what I ſaid was to gain the mighty ſecret that had been ſo long kept from your Friends:—but thou haſt done a baſeneſs———

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Lean. Hold, what's the matter?

Wit. Did you not rob me of the Victory then I've been ſo long a toiling for?

Lod. If I had, 'twould not have made her guilty, nor me a Criminal; ſhe taking me for one ſhe lov'd, and I her for one that had no Intereſt in my Friend: and who the Devil wou'd have refus'd ſo fine a Woman? Nor had I but that I was prevented by her Husband.———But *Iſabella*, Sir, you muſt reſign.

Wit. I will, provided that our Friendſhip's ſafe; I am this day to marry her, and if you can find a means to do't in my room, I ſhall reſign my Intereſt to my Friend; for 'tis the lovely Mother I adore.

Lod. And was it you I fought with in the Garden?

Wit. Yes, and thereby hangs a tale of a miſtake almoſt equal to thine, which I'll at leiſure tell you.

[*Talks to* Lod. *and* Lean.

Sir *Cred.* I'm glad they were Friends; Zoz, here was like to have been a pretty Buſineſs; what damnable work this ſame Womankind makes in a Nation of Fools that are Lovers?

Wit. Look ye, I am a damn'd dull Fellow at Invention, I'll therefore leave you to contrive matters by your ſelves, whilſt I'll go try how kind Fortune will be to me this Morning, and ſee in what readineſs my Bride is. What you do muſt be thought on ſuddenly; I'll wait on you anon, and let you know how matters go.———

I'm

I'm as impatient to know the truth of this, as for an opportunity to enjoy *Lucia.* [*Goes out.*

Lod. Leander, what ſhall I do?

Lean. You were beſt conſult your Mother and Siſter; Women are beſt at Intrigues of this kind: But what becomes of me?

Lod. Let me alone to diſpatch this Fool, I long to have him out of the way, he begins to grow troubleſome:—but now my Mother expects you.

Lean. Prithee be careful of me.——— [*Exit* Lean.

Sir *Cred.* What was this long Whiſper, ſomething about me?

Lod. Why, yes faith, I was perſuading him to ſpeak to his Friend about this Buſineſs; but he ſwears there's no hopes of a Reconciliation: you are a dead Man, unleſs ſome cleanly conveyance of you be ſoon thought on.

Sir *Cred.* Why, I'll keep within doors, and defy Malice and foul Weather.

Lod. Oh, he means to get a Warrant, and ſearch for ſtolen Goods, prohibited Commodities or Conventicles; there's a thouſand Civil Pretences in this Town to commit Outrages—let me ſee.— [*They both pauſe a while.*

Sir *Cred.* Well, I have thought,———and of ſuch a Buſineſs, that the Devil's in't if you don't ſay I am a man of Intrigue.

Lod. What is't?

Sir *Cred.* Ha, ha, ha, I muſt have leave to laugh to think how neatly I ſhall defeat this Son of a Whore of a thunder thumping Hector.

Lod. Be ſerious, Sir, this is no laughing matter; if I might adviſe, you ſhould ſteal into the Country, for two or three days, till the Buſineſs be blown over.

Sir *Cred.* Lord, thou art ſo haſty and conceited of thy own Invention, thou wilt not give a Man leave to think in thy company: why theſe were my very thoughts; nay more, I have found a way to get off clever, tho he watch me as narrowly as an enraged Serjeant upon an Eſcape.

Lod. That indeed wou'd be a Maſter-piece.

Sir *Cred.* Why, look ye, do ye ſee that great Basket there?

Lod. I do,—this you mean.—— [*Pulls in a Basket.*

Sir *Cred.* Very well, put me into this Basket, and cord me down, ſend for a couple of Porters, hoiſt me away with a Direction, to an old Uncle of mine, one Sir *Anthony Bubleton* at *Bubleton-Hall* in *Eſſex*; and then whip ſlap-daſh, as *Nokes* ſays in the Play, I'm gone, and who's the wiſer?

Lod. I like it well.

Sir *Cred.* Nay, loſe no time in applauding, I'll in, the Carrier goes this Morning; farewel, *Lodwick.*——— [*Goes into the Basket.*

I'll be here again on *Thurſday.* [Lod. *writes a Direction.*

Enter Boy.

Lod. By all means, Sir,—— Who's there,—— call a couple of Porters. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir *Cred.* One word more, the Carrier lies at the *Bell* in *Friday-ſtreet*, pray take care they ſet me not on my Head.——— [*Pops in again.*

Enter Boy and two Porters.

Lod. Come hither, cord up this Basket, and carry it where he ſhall direct.—*Leander* will never think he's free from a Rival, till he have him in his poſſeſſion—— To Mr. *Leander Fancy*'s at the next door; ſay 'tis things for him out of the Country.———Write a Direction to him on the Basket-lid. [*Aſide to the Boy.*

[*Porters going to carry off the Basket on a long Pole between 'em.*

Enter Lady Knowell.

L. *Kno.* What's this? whither goes this Basket?

Sir *Cred.* Ah Lord! they are come with the Warrant. [*Peeps out of the Basket.*

Lod. Only Books, Madam, offer'd me to buy, but they do not pleaſe me.

L. *Kno.* Books! nay then ſet down the Basket, Fellows, and let me peruſe 'em; who are their Authors, and what their Language?

Sir *Cred.* A pox of all Learning, I ſay,——'tis my Mother-in-law. [*Porters going to ſet down the Basket.*

Lod.

Lod. Hold, hold, Madam, they are only *Engliſh* and ſome Law-*French.*

L. *Kno.* Oh faugh, how I hate that vile ſort of Reading ! up with 'em again Fellows, and away. [*The Porters take up and go out.*

Lod. God-a-mercy Law-*French.* [*Aſide.*

L. *Kno.* Law-*French !* out upon't, I cou'd find in my heart to have the Porters bring it back, and have it burnt for a Hereſy in Learning.

Lod. Or thrown into the *Thames*, that it may flow back to *Normandy*, to have the Language new modell'd.

L. *Kno.* You ſay well ; but what's all this *ad Iphicli bonis*, where's Sir *Credulous* all this while ? his Affairs expect him.

Lod. So does *Leander* your Ladyſhip within.

L. *Kno. Leander ! Hymen, Hymenæ*, I'll wait on him, *Lodwick* ; I am reſolv'd you ſhall marry *Iſabella* too ; I have a deſign in my head that cannot fail to give you the poſſeſſion of her within this two or three hours.

Lod. Such an Indulgence will make me the happieſt of Men, and I have ſomething to ſay to your Ladyſhip that will oblige you to haſten the Deſign.

L. *Kno.* Come in, and let me know it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Table and Chairs.*

Enter Lady Fancy *in a Morning-dreſs*, Maundy *with Pen, Ink and Paper.*

L. *Fan. Wittmore* in the Garden, ſayſt thou, with *Iſabella !* Oh perjur'd Man ! it was by his contrivance then I was betray'd laſt night.

Maun. I thought ſo too at firſt, Madam, till going to conduct Mr. *Knowel* thro the Garden, he finding Mr. *Wittmore* there with *Iſabella* drew on him, and they both fought out of the Garden : what miſchief's done I know not.———But, Madam, I hope Mr. *Knowell* was not uncivil to your Ladyſhip. I had no time to ask what paſs'd between you.

L. *Fan.* Oh name it not : I gave him all I had reſerv'd for *Wittmore.* I was ſo poſſeſs'd with the thoughts of

of that dear falſe one, I had no ſenſe free to perceive the cheat :———but I will be reveng'd.———Come let me end my Letter, we are ſafe from interruption.

Maun. Yes, Madam, Sir *Patient* is not yet up, the Doctors have been with him, and tell him he is not ſo bad as we perſuaded him.

L. *Fan.* And was he ſoft and kind?———By all that's good ſhe loves him, and they contriv'd this meeting.——My Pen and Ink——I am impatient to unload my Soul of this great weight of Jealouſy.—— [*Sits down, and writes.*

Enter Sir Patient, *looking over her Shoulder a tip-toe.*

Maun. Heaven! here's Sir *Patient*, Madam.

L. *Fan.* Hah,——— and 'tis too late to hide the Paper: I was juſt going to ſubſcribe my Name.

Sir *Pat.* Good morrow, my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladyſhip is well employ'd, I ſee.

L. *Fan.* Indeed I was, and pleaſantly too: I am writing a Love-letter, Sir.——But my Dear, what makes you ſo ſoon up?

Sir *Pat.* A Love-letter!—let me ſee't. [*Goes to take it.*

L. *Fan.* I'll read it to you, Sir.

Maun. What mean you, Madam? [*Aſide.*

Lady Fancy *reads.*

It was but yeſterday you ſwore you lov'd me, and I poor eaſy Fool believ'd; but your laſt Night's Infidelity has undeceiv'd my Heart, and render'd you the falſeſt Man that ever Woman ſigh'd for. Tell me, how durſt you, when I had prepared all things for our Enjoyment, be ſo great a Devil to deceive my languiſhing Expectations? and in your room ſend one that has undone

Your——

Maun. Sure ſhe's mad to read this to him.

Sir *Pat.* Hum,——I profeſs ingenuouſly——I think it is indeed a Love-letter.——My Lady *Fancy*, what means all this? as I take it, here are Riddles and Myſteries in this Buſineſs.

L. *Fan.*

L. *Fan.* Which thus, Sir, I'll unfold.———
[*Takes the Pen, and writes* Iſabella.

Sir *Pat.* How! undone——— Your——— *Iſabella*, meaning my Daughter?

L. *Fan.* Yes, my Dear, going this morning into her Chamber, ſhe not being there, I took up a Letter that lay open on her Table, and out of curioſity read it; as near as I can remember 'twas to this purpoſe: I writ it out now, becauſe I had a mind thou ſhou'dſt ſee't; for I can hide nothing from thee.

Sir *Pat.* A very good Lady I profeſs! to whom is it directed?

L. *Fan.* Why,——Sir——What ſhall I ſay, I cannot lay it now to *Lodwick*——— [*Aſide.*
I believe ſhe meant it to Mr. *Fainlove*, for whom elſe cou'd it be deſign'd? ſhe being ſo ſoon to marry him.

Sir *Pat.* Hah,———Mr. *Fain-love!* ſo ſoon ſo fond and amorous!

L. *Fan.* Alas, 'tis the excuſable fault of all young Women, thou knowſt I was juſt ſuch another Fool to thee, ſo fond———and ſo in love.———

Sir *Pat.* Ha,———thou wert indeed, my Lady *Fancy*, indeed thou wert.——— But I will keep the Letter however, that this idle Baggage may know I underſtand her Tricks and Intrigues. [*Puts up the Letter.*

L. *Fan.* Nay then 'twill out: No I beſeech you, Sir, give me the Letter, I wou'd not for the World *Iſabella* ſhou'd know of my theft, 'twou'd appear malicious in me:——Beſides, Sir, it does not befit your Gravity to be concern'd in the little Quarrels of Lovers.

Sir *Pat.* Lovers! Tell me not of Lovers, my Lady *Fancy*; with Reverence to your good Ladyſhip, I value not whether there be Love between 'em or not. Pious Wedlock is my Buſineſs,——nay, I will let him know his own too, that I will, with your Ladyſhip's permiſſion.

L. *Fan.* How unlucky I am!— Sir, as to his Chaſtiſement, uſe your own diſcretion, in which you do abound moſt plentifully. But pray let not *Iſabella* hear of it; for as I wou'd preſerve my Duty to thee, by communicating

all things to thee, ſo I wou'd conſerve my good Opinion with her.

Sir *Pat.* Ah, what a Bleſſing I poſſeſs in ſo excellent a Wife! and in regard I am every day deſcending to my Grave.———ah——— I will no longer hide from thee the Proviſion I have made for thee, in caſe I die.———

L. *Fan.* This is the Muſick that I long'd to hear.—Die!— Oh that fatal Word will kill me ——— [*Weeps.* Name it no more, if you'd preſerve my Life.

Sir *Pat.* Hah—now cannot I refrain joining with her in affectionate Tears.—No, but do not weep for me, my excellent Lady, for I have made a pretty competent Eſtate for thee. Eight thouſand Pounds, which I have conceal'd inmy Study behind the Wainſcot on the left hand as you come in.

L. *Fan.* Oh tell me not of a tranſitory Wealth, for I'm reſolv'd not to ſurvive thee. Eight thouſand Pound ſay you?——Oh I cannot endure the thoughts on't. [*Weeps.*

Sir *Pat.* Eight thouſand Pounds juſt, my deareſt Lady.

L. *Fan.* Oh you'll make me deſperate in naming it,—— is it in Gold or Silver?

Sir *Pat.* In Gold, my deareſt, the moſt part, the reſt in Silver?

L. *Fan.* Good Heavens! why ſhould you take ſuch pleaſure in afflicting me? [*Weeps.*] ———Behind the Wainſcot ſay you?

Sir *Pat.* Behind the Wainſcot, prithee be pacified,—— thou makeſt me loſe my greateſt Virtue, Moderation, to ſee thee thus: alas, we're all born to die.———

L. *Fan.* Again of dying! Uncharitable Man, why do you delight in tormenting me?—— On the left hand, ſay you as you go in?

Sir *Pat.* On the left hand, my Love: had ever Man ſuch a Wife?

L. *Fan.* Oh my Spirits fail me ——— lead me, or I ſhall faint,——lead me to the Study, and ſhew me where 'tis,——for I am able to hear no more of it.

Sir *Pat.* I will, if you will promiſe indeed and indeed, not to grieve too much. [*Going to lead her out.*

Enter

Enter Wittmore.

Wit. Heaven grant me ſome kind opportunity to ſpeak with *Lucia!* hah, ſhe's here,——and with her the fond Cuckold her Husband.——Death, he has ſpy'd me, there's no avoiding him.——

Sir *Pat.* Oh, are you there, Sir?——*Maundy* look to my Lady,——I take it, Sir, you have not dealt well with a Perſon of my Authority and Gravity.

[*Gropes for the Letter in his pocket.*

Wit. So this can be nothing leſs than my being found out to be no *Yorkſhire* Eſq; a Pox of my *Geneva* Breeding; it muſt be ſo, what the Devil ſhall I ſay now?

Sir *Pat.* And this diſingenuous dealing does ill become the Perſon you have repreſented, I take it.

Wit. Repreſented! ay, there 'tis, wou'd I were handſomely off o' this Buſineſs; neither *Lucia* nor *Maundy* have any intelligence in their demure looks that can inſtruct a Man.——Why, faith, Sir,——I muſt confeſs,—— I am to blame——and that I have——a——

L. *Fan.* Oh, *Maundy*, he'll diſcover all, what ſhall we do?

Sir *Pat.* Have what, Sir?

Wit. From my violent Paſſion for your Daughter——

L. *Fan.* Oh, I'm all Confuſion.———

Wit. Egad I am i'th wrong, I ſee by *Lucia*'s Looks.

Sir *Pat.* That you have, Sir, you wou'd ſay, made a Sport and May-game of the Ingagement of your Word; I take it, Mr. *Fain-love*, 'tis not like the Stock you came from.

Wit. Yes, I was like to have ſpoil'd all, 'sheart what fine work I had made——but moſt certainly he has diſcover'd my Paſſion for his Wife.———Well, Impudence aſſiſt me—— I made Sir, a trifle of my Word, Sir! from whom have you this Intelligence?

Sir *Pat.* From whom ſhou'd I, Sir, but from my Daughter *Iſabella?*

Wit. Iſabella! The malicious Baggage underſtood to whom my firſt Courtſhip was addreſs'd laſt Night, and has betray'd me.

Sir

Sir *Pat.* And Sir, to let you ſee I utter nothing without Precaution, pray read that Letter.

Wit. Hah——a Letter! what can this mean,———'tis *Lucia*'s Hand, with *Iſabella*'s Name to't.—Oh the dear cunning Creature, to make her Husband the Meſſenger too.———How, I ſend one in my room. [*He reads.*

L. *Fan.* Yes, Sir, you think we do not know of the Appointment you made laſt Night; but having other Affairs in hand than to keep your Promiſe, you ſent Mr. *Knowel* in your room,———falſe Man.

Wit. I ſend him, Madam! I wou'd have ſooner died.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, as I take it, he cou'd not have known of your Deſigns and Rendezvous without your Informations. ———Were not you to have met my Daughter here to night, Sir?

Wit. Yes, Sir, and I hope 'tis no ſuch great Crime, to deſire a little Converſation with the fair Perſon one loves, and is ſo ſoon to marry, which I was hinder'd from doing by the greateſt and moſt unlucky Misfortune that ever arriv'd: nothing ſo much amazes me and afflicts me, as to know he was here.

Sir *Pat.* He ſpeaks well, ingenuouſly he does.—Well, Sir, for your Father's ſake, whoſe Memory I reverence, I will for once forgive you. But let's have no more Night-works, no more Gambols, I beſeech you, good Mr. *Fain-love.*

Wit. I humbly thank ye, Sir, and do beſeech you to tell the dear Creature that writ this, that I love her more than Life or Fortune, and that I wou'd ſooner have kill'd the Man that uſurp'd my place laſt Night, than have aſſiſted him.

L. *Fan.* Were you not falſe, then?——Now hang me if I do not credit him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Alas, good Lady! how ſhe's concern'd for my Intereſt, ſhe's even jealous for my Daughter. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Falſe! charge me not with unprofitable Sins; wou'd I refuſe a Bleſſing, or blaſpheme a Power that might undo me? wou'd I die in my full vigorous Health,

or

or live in conſtant Pain? All this I cou'd, ſooner than be untrue.

Sir *Pat.* Ingenuouſly, my Lady *Fancy*, he ſpeaks diſcreetly, and to purpoſe.

L. *Fan.* Indeed, my Dear, he does, and like an honeſt Gentleman; and I ſhou'd think my ſelf very unreaſonable not to believe him.——And Sir, I'll undertake your Peace ſhall be made with your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Pat.* Well, I am the moſt fortunate Man in a Wife, that ever had the bleſſing of a good one.

Wit. Madam, let me fall at your Feet, and thank you for this Bounty.——Make it your own caſe, and then conſider what returns ought to be made to the moſt paſſionate and faithful of Lovers. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Pat.* I profeſs a wonderful good natur'd Youth, this; riſe, Sir, my Lady *Fancy* ſhall do you all the kind Offices ſhe can, o' my word ſhe ſhall.

L. *Fan.* I'm all Obedience, Sir, and doubtleſs ſhall obey you.

Sir *Pat.* You muſt, indeed you muſt; and Sir, I'll defer your Happineſs no longer, this Day you ſhall be marry'd.

Wit. This Day, Sir! ——why, the Writings are not made.

Sir *Pat.* No matter, Mr. *Fain-love*; her Portion ſhall be equivalent to the Jointure you ſhall make her, I take it, that's ſufficient.

Wit. A Jointure quoth he! it muſt be in new *Eutopian* Land then.——And muſt I depart thus, without a kind Word, a Look, or a Billet, to ſignify what I am to expect. [*Looking on her ſtily.*

Sir *Pat.* Come, my Lady *Fancy*, ſhall I wait on you down to Prayer! Sir, you will get your ſelf in order for your Marriage, the great Affair of human Life; I muſt to my Morning's Devotion: Come, Madam.

[*She endeavours to make Signs to* Wittmore.

L. *Fan.* Alas, Sir, the ſaid Diſcourſe you lately made me, has ſo diſorder'd me, and given me ſuch a Pain in my Head, I am not able to endure the Pſalm-finging.

Sir

Sir *Pat.* This comes of your Weeping; but we'll omit that part of th' Exerciſe, and have no Pſalm ſung.

L. *Fan.* Oh by no means, Sir, 'twill ſcandalize the Brethren; for you know a Pſalm is not ſung ſo much out of Devotion, as 'tis to give notice of our Zeal and pious Intentions: 'tis a kind of Proclamation to the Neighbourhood, and cannot be omitted.——Oh how my Head aches!

Wit. He were a damn'd dull Lover, that cou'd not gueſs what ſhe meant by this. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Well, my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladyſhip ſhall be obey'd,——come, Sir, we'll leave her to her Women.

[*Exit Sir* Pat.

[*As* Wittmore *goes out, he bows and looks on her; ſhe gives him a Sign.*

Wit. That kind Look is a ſufficient Invitation.

L. *Fan. Maundy*, follow 'em down, and bring *Wittmore* back again.——[*Exit* Maun.] There's now a neceſſity of our contriving to avoid this Marriage handſomly,———and we ſhall at leaſt make two Hours our own; I never wiſh'd well to long Prayers till this Minute.

Enter Wittmore.

Wit. Oh my dear *Lucia!*

L. *Fan.* Oh *Wittmore!* I long to tell thee what a fatal Miſtake had like to have happened laſt Night.

Wit. My Friend has told me all, and how he was prevented by the coming of your Husband from robbing me of thoſe ſacred Delights I languiſh for. Oh let us not loſe ineſtimable Time in dull talking; but haſte to give each other the only Confirmation we can give, how little we are our own.

L. *Fan.* I ſee *Lodwick*'s a Man of Honour, and deſerves a Heart if I had one to give him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter Sir Patient *and* Roger.

Sir *Pat. Roger*, is Prayer ready, *Roger?*

Rog. Truly nay, Sir, for Mr. *Gogle* hath taken too much

much of the Creature this Morning, and is not in caſe, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* How mean you, Sirrah, that Mr. *Gogle* is overtaken with Drink?

Rog. Nay, Sir, he hath over-eaten himſelf at Breakfaſt only.

Sir *Pat.* Alas, and that's ſoon done, for he hath a ſickly Stomach as well as I, poor Man. Where is *Bartholomew* the Clerk? he muſt hold forth then to day.

Rog. Verily he is alſo diſabled: for going forth laſt Night by your Commandment to ſmite the Wicked, he received a blow over the *Pericranium.*———

Sir *Pat.* Why how now, Sirrah, Latin! the Language of the Beaſt! hah—and what then, Sir?

Rog. Which Blow, I doubt, Sir, hath ſpoil'd both his Praying and his Eating.

Sir *Pat.* Hah! What a Family's here? no Prayer to day!

Enter Nurſe *and* Fanny.

Nurſ. Nay verily it ſhall all out, I will be no more the dark Lanthorn to the deeds of Darkneſs.

Sir *Pat.* What's the matter here?

Nurſ. Sir, this young Sinner has long been privy to all the daily and nightly meetings between Mr. *Lodwick* and *Iſabella*; and juſt now I took her tying a Letter to a String in the Garden, which he drew up to his Window: and I have born it till my Conſcience will bear it no longer.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, ſo young a Baud!—Tell me, Minion—private meeting! tell me truth, I charge ye, when? where? how? and how often? Oh, ſhe's debauch'd!—her Reputation ruin'd, and ſhe'll need a double Portion. Come, tell me truth, for this letter Finger here has told me all.

Fan. Oh Geminy, Sir, then that little Finger's the hougeſeſt great Lyer as ever was.

Sir *Pat.* Huzzy, huzzy—I will have thee whip'd moſt unmercifully: Nurſe, fetch me the Rod.

Fan. Oh, pardon me, Sir, this one time, and I'll tell all. [*Kneels.*

Sir

——Sir——I have ſeen him in the Garden, but not very often.

Sir *Pat.* Often! Oh, my Family's diſhonoured. Tell me truly what he us'd to do there, or I will have thee whipt without ceſſation. Oh I'm in a cold Sweat; there's my fine Maid, was he with her long?

Fan. Long enough.

Sir *Pat.* Long enough!—oh, 'tis ſo, long enough,—for what, hah? my dainty Miſs, tell me, and didſt thou leave 'em?

Fan. They us'd to ſend me to gather Flowers to make Noſegays, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Ah, Demonſtration; 'tis evident if they were left alone that they were naught, I know't.—And where were they the while? in the cloſe Arbour?—Ay, ay—I will have it cut down, it is the Pent-houſe of Iniquity, the very Coverlid of Sin.

Fan. No, Sir, they ſat on the Primroſe Bank.

Sir *Pat.* What, did they ſit all the while, or ſtand—or—lie—or—oh how was't?

Fan. They only ſat indeed, Sir Father.

Sir *Pat.* And thou didſt not hear a Word they ſaid all the while?

Fan. Yes, I did, Sir, and the Man talk'd a great deal of this, and of that, and of t'other, and all the while threw Jeſſamine in her Boſom.

Sir *Pat.* Well ſaid, and did he nothing elſe?

Fan. No, indeed, Sir Father, nothing.

Sir *Pat.* But what did ſhe ſay to the Man again?

Fan. She ſaid, let me ſee.—Ay, ſhe ſaid, Lord you'll forget your ſelf, and ſtay till ſomebody catch us.

Sir *Pat.* Ah, very fine,—then what ſaid he?

Fan. Then he ſaid, Well if I muſt be gone, let me leave thee with this hearty Curſe, A Pox take thee all over for making me love thee ſo confoundedly.

Sir *Pat.* Oh horrible!

Fan. —Oh, I cou'd live here for ever,—that was when he kiſt her—her Hand only. Are you not a damn'd Woman for making ſo fond a Puppy of me?

Sir *Pat.* Oh unheard-of Wickedneſs!

Fan.

Fan. Wou'd the Devil had thee, and all thy Family, e'er I had ſeen thy curſed Face.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, I'll hear no more, I'll hear no more!—why what a blaſphemous Wretch is this?

Fan. Pray, Sir Father, do not tell my Siſter of this, ſhe'll be horribly angry with me.

Sir *Pat.* No, no, get you gone.—Oh I am Heart-ſick—I'll up and conſult with my Lady what's fit to be done in this Affair. Oh never was the like heard of.——

[*Goes out*, Fanny *goes the other way.*

SCENE, *the Lady* Fancy's *Bed-chamber; ſhe's diſcover'd with* Wittmore *in diſorder. A Table, Sword, and Hat.*

Maun. O Madam, Sir *Patient*'s coming up.

L. *Fan.* Coming up, ſay you!

Maun, He's almoſt on the top of the Stairs, Madam.

Wit. What ſhall I do?

L. *Fan.* Oh, damn him, I know not; if he ſee thee here after my pretended Illneſs, he muſt needs diſcover why I feign'd.—I have no excuſe ready,—this Chamber's unlucky, there's no avoiding him; here——ſtep behind the Bed; perhaps he has only forgot his Pſalm-Book, and will not ſtay long. [Wittmore *runs behind the Bed.*

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, oh, pardon this Interruption, my Lady *Fancy*,———Oh, I am half killed, my Daughter, my Honour——my Daughter, my Reputation.

L. *Fan.* Good Heavens, Sir, is ſhe dead?

Sir *Pat.* I wou'd ſhe were, her Portion and her Honour would then be ſav'd. But oh, I'm ſick at Heart, *Maundy* fetch me the Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Cloſet,—ſhe's wanton, unchaſte.

Enter Maundy *with the Bottle.*

Oh I cannot ſpeak it; oh the Bottle—(*Drinks*) ſhe has loſt her Fame, her Shame, her Name.——Oh (*Drinks*) that is not the right Bottle, that with the red Cork (*Drinks*)

[*Exit* Maundy.

and is grown a very t'other-end-of-the-Town Creature, a very Apple of *Sodom*, fair without, and filthy within, what ſhall we do with her? ſhe's loſt, undone; hah! *Enter* Maundy.

let me ſee, (*Drinks*) this is not as I take it—(*Drinks*) —no, 'tis not the right, —ſhe's naught, ſhe's leud, (*Drinks*)—oh how you vex me—(*Drinks*) This is not the right Bottle yet,—(*Drinks*) No, no, here.

[*Gives her the Bottle.*

Maun. You ſaid that with the red Cork, Sir. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Pat.* I meant the blue;—I know not what I ſay. ——In fine, my Lady, let's marry her out of hand, for ſhe is fall'n, fall'n to Perdition; ſhe underſtands more Wickedneſs than had ſhe been bred in a profane Nun- *Enter* Maundy.

nery, a Court, or a Play-houſe, (*Drinks*)—therefore let's marry her inſtantly, out of hand (*Drinks*) Misfortune on Misfortune.—But Patience is a wonderful Virtue, (*Drinks*) —Ha—this is very comfortable,—very conſoling—I profeſs if it were not for theſe Creatures, raviſhing Comforts, ſometimes, a Man were a very odd ſort of an Animal (*Drinks*) But ah—ſee how all things were ordain'd for the uſe and comfort of Man (*Drinks.*)

L. *Fan.* I like this well: Ah, Sir, 'tis very true, therefore receive it plentifully and thankfully.

Sir *Pat.* (*Drinks*) Ingenuouſly—it hath made me marvellous lightſome; I profeſs it hath a very notable Faculty,—very knaviſh—and as it were, waggiſh,——but hah, what have we there on the Table? a Sword and Hat? [*Sees* Wittmore's *Sword and Hat on the Table, which he had forgot.*

L. *Fan.* Curſe on my Dulneſs.——Oh theſe Sir, they are Mr. *Fain-love's*——he being ſo ſoon to be marry'd, and being ſtraitned for time, ſent theſe to *Maundy* to be new trim'd with Ribbon, Sir—that's all. Take 'em away you naughty Baggage, muſt I have Mens things ſeen in my Chamber?

Sir *Pat.* Nay, nay, be not angry, my little Rogue; I like the young Man's Frugality well.——Go, go your ways,

ways, get you gone, and finefy your Knacks, and Tranghams, and do your Buſineſs——go.

[*Smiling on* Maundy, *gently beating her with his Hand: ſhe goes out, he bolts the Door after her, and ſits down on the Bed's feet.*

L. *Fan.* Heavens, what means he!

Sir *Pat.* Come hither to me my little Ape's Face,——Come, come I ſay——what muſt I come fetch you?—Catch her, catch her—catch her, catch her, catch her.

[*Running after her.*

L. *Fan.* Oh, Sir, I am ſo ill I can hardly ſtir.

Sir *Pat.* I'll make ye well, come hither ye Monky-face, did it, did it, did it? alas for it, a poor ſilly Fool's Face, dive it a blow, and I'll beat it.

L. *Fan.* You neglect your Devotion, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* No, no, no Prayer to day, my little Raſcal,—no Prayer to day—poor *Gogle*'s ſick.——Come hither, why you refractory Baggage you, come or I ſhall touze you, ingenuouſly I ſhall; tom, tom, or I'll whip it.

L. *Fan.* Have you forgot your Daughter, Sir, and your Diſgrace?

Sir *Pat.* A fiddle on my Daughter, ſhe's a Chick of the old Cock I profeſs; I was juſt ſuch another Wag when young.—But ſhe ſhall be marry'd to morrow, a good Cloke for her Knavery; therefore come your ways, ye Wag, we'll take a nap together: good faith, my little Harlot, I mean thee no harm.

L. *Fan.* No, o' my Conſcience.

Sir *Pat.* Why then, why then you little Mungrel?

L. *Fan.* His preciſe Worſhip is as it were diſguis'd, the outward Man is over-taken——pray, Sir, lie down, and I'll come to you preſently.

Sir *Pat.* Away you Wag, will you? will you?—Catch her there, catch her.

L. *Fan.* I will indeed,—Death there's no getting from him,—pray lie down—and I'll cover thee cloſe enough I'll warrant thee.———[*Aſide.*]

[*He lies down, ſhe covers him.*

Had ever Lovers ſuch ſpiteful luck! hah——ſurely he

ſleeps, bleſs the miſtaken Bottle.——Ay, he ſleeps,—— whilſt, *Wittmore*—— [*He coming out falls; pulls the Chair down, Sir* Patient *flings open the Curtain.*

Wit. Plague of my over-care, what ſhall I do?

Sir *Pat.* What's that, what Noiſe is that? let me ſee, we are not ſafe; lock up the Doors, what's the matter? What Thunder-Clap was that?

[Wittmore *runs under the Bed; ſhe runs to Sir* Patient, *and holds him in his Bed.*

L. *Fan.* Pray Sir, lie ſtill, 'twas I was only going to ſit down, and a ſudden Giddineſs took me in my Head, which made me fall, and with me the Chair; there is no danger near ye, Sir———I was juſt coming to ſleep by you.

Sir *Pat.* Go, you're a flattering Huſwife; go, catch her, catch her, catch her. [*Lies down, ſhe covers him.*

L. *Fan.* Oh how I tremble at the diſmal apprehenſion of being diſcover'd! Had I ſecur'd my ſelf of the eight thouſand Pound, I wou'd not value *Wittmore*'s being ſeen. But now to be found out, wou'd call my Wit in queſtion, for 'tis the Fortunate alone are wiſe.———

[Wittmore *peeps from under the Bed; ſhe goes ſoftly to the Door to open it.*

Wit. Was ever Man ſo plagu'd?—hah—what's this?—confound my tell-tale Watch, the Larum goes, and there's no getting to't to ſilence it.———Damn'd Misfortune! [*Sir* Patient *riſes, and flings open the Curtains.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, what's that?

L. *Fan.* Heavens! what's the matter? we are deſtin'd to diſcovery. [*She runs to Sir* Patient, *and leaves the Door ſtill faſt.*

Sir *Pat.* What's that I ſay, what's that? let me ſee, let me ſee, what ringing's that, Oh let me ſee what 'tis.

[*Strives to get up, ſhe holds him down.*

L. *Fan.* Oh, now I ſee my Fate's inevitable! Alas, that ever I was born to ſee't. [*Weeps.*

Wit. Death ſhe'll tell him I am here: Nay, he muſt know't,

know't, a Pox of all Invention and Mechanicks, and he were damn'd that firſt contriv'd a Watch.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, doſt weep?———why doſt weep? I ſay, what Noiſe is that? what ringing? hah.———

L. *Fan.* 'Tis that, 'tis that, my Dear, that makes me weep. Alas, I never hear this fatal Noiſe, but ſome dear Friend dies.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, dies! Oh that muſt be I, ay, ay, Oh.

L. *Fan.* I've heard it, Sir, this two Days, but wou'd not tell you of it.

Sir *Pat.* Hah! heard it theſe two Days! Oh, what is't a Death-watch?———hah.———

L. *Fan.* Ay, Sir, a Death-watch, a certain Larum Death-watch, a thing that has warn'd our Family this hundred Years, oh,———I'm the moſt undone Woman!

Wit. A Bleſſing on her for a dear diſſembling Jilt—Death and the Devil, will it never ceaſe?

Sir *Pat.* A Death-watch! ah, 'tis ſo, I've often heard of theſe things—methinks it ſounds as if 'twere under the Bed.——— [*Offers to look, ſhe holds him.*

L. *Fan.* You think ſo, Sir, but that 'tis about the Bed is my Grief; it therefore threatens you: Oh wretched Woman!

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, I'm too happy in a Wife to live long: Well, I will ſettle my Houſe at *Hogſdon*, with the Land about it, which is 500*l.* a Year upon thee, live or die,—do not grieve.——— [*Lays himſelf down.*

L. *Fan.* Oh I never had more Cauſe; come try to ſleep, your Fate may be diverted——whilſt I'll to Prayers for your dear Health.—[*Covers him, draws the Curtains.*] I have almoſt run out all my ſtock of Hypocriſy, and that hated Art now fails me.——Oh all ye Powers that favour diſtreſt Lovers, aſſiſt us now, and I'll provide againſt your future Malice.

[*She makes Signs to* Wittmore, *he peeps.*

Wit. I'm impatient of Freedom, yet ſo much Happineſs as I but now injoy'd without this part of Suffering

had made me too bleſt.———Death and Damnation! what curſt luck have I?

[*Makes Signs to her to open the Door: whilſt he creeps ſoftly from under the Bed to the Table, by which going to raiſe himſelf, he pulls down all the Dreſſing-things: at the ſame inſtant Sir* Patient *leaps from the Bed, and ſhe returns from the Door, and ſits on* Wittmore's *Back as he lies on his Hands and Knees, and makes as if ſhe ſwooned.*

Sir *Pat.* What's the matter? what's the matter? has Satan broke his everlaſting Chain, and got looſe abroad to plague poor Mortals? hah—what's the matter?

[*Runs to his Lady.*

L. *Fan.* Oh help, I die—I faint—run down, and call for help.

Sir *Pat.* My Lady dying? oh ſhe's gone, ſhe faints,—what ho, who waits? [*Cries and bauls.*

L. *Fan.* Oh, go down and bring me help, the Door is lock'd,——they cannot hear ye,——oh——I go——I die.——— [*He opens the Door, and calls help, help.*

Wit. Damn him! there's no eſcaping without I kill the Dog. [*From under her, peeping.*

L. *Fan.* Lie ſtill, or we are undone.———

Sir Patient *returns with* Maundy.

Maun. Hah, diſcover'd!

Sir *Pat.* Help, help, my Lady dies.

Maun. Oh, I perceive how 'tis.——Alas ſhe's dead, quite gone; oh rub her Temples, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, I'm undone then,—[*Weeps*] Oh my Dear, my virtuous Lady!

L. *Fan.* Oh, where's my Husband, my deareſt Husband—Oh bring him near me.

Sir *Pat.* I'm here, my excellent Lady.———

[*She takes him about the Neck, and raiſes her ſelf up, gives* Wittmore *a little kick behind.*

Wit. Oh the dear lovely Hypocrite, was ever Man ſo near diſcovery?——— [*Goes out.*

Sir *Pat.* Oh how hard ſhe preſſes my Head to her Boſom!

Maun.

Maun. Ah, that graſping hard, Sir, is a very bad Sign.

Sir *Pat.* How does my good, my deareſt Lady *Fancy?*

L. *Fan.* Something better now, give me more Air,—that diſmal Larum Death-watch had almoſt kill'd me.

Sir *Pat.* Ah precious Creature, how ſhe afflicts her ſelf for me.—Come, let's walk into the Dining-room, 'tis more airy, from thence into my Study, and make thy ſelf Miſtreſs of that Fortune I have deſign'd thee, thou beſt of Women. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Table, and ſix Chairs.

Enter Iſabella *reading a Letter,* Betty *tricking her.*

Iſab. HOW came you by this Letter?

Bet. Miſs *Fanny* receiv'd it by a String from his Window, by which he took up that you writ to him this Morning.

Iſab. What means this nicety? forbear I ſay.——— [*Puts* Betty *from her.*

Bet. You cannot be too fine upon your Wedding-day.

Iſab. Thou art miſtaken, leave me,——whatever he ſays here to ſatisfy my Jealouſy, I am confirm'd that he was falſe: yet this aſſurance to free me from this intended Marriage, makes me reſolve to pardon him, however guilty.———

Enter Wittmore.

How now! what means this Inſolence? How dare you, having ſo lately made your guilty approaches, venture again into my preſence?

Wit. Why? Is there any danger, but what's ſo viſible, in thoſe fair Eyes?

Iſab. And there may lie enough, Sir, when they're angry. By what Authority do you make this ſaucy Viſit

Wit. That of a Husband, Madam; I come to congratulate the mighty Joy this Day will bring you.

Iſab. Thou darſt not marry me, there will be danger in't.

Wit. Why ſure you do not carry Death in your Embraces, I find no Terror in that lovely Shape, no Daggers in that pretty ſcornful Look; that Breath that utters ſo much Anger now, laſt night was ſweet as new-blown Roſes are,———and ſpoke ſuch Words, ſo tender and ſo kind.

Iſab. And canſt thou think they were addreſs'd to thee?

Wit. No, nor cou'd the Shade of Night hide the Confuſion which diſorder'd you, at the diſcovery that I was not he, the bleſſed he you look'd for.

Iſab. Leave me, thou hated Object of my Soul.

Wit. This will not ſerve your turn, for I muſt marry you.

Iſab. Then thou art a Fool, and draweſt thy Ruin on; why I will hate thee,——hate thee moſt extremely.

Wit. That will not anger me.

Iſab. Why, I will never let thee touch me, nor kiſs my Hand, nor come into my ſight.

Wit. Are there no other Women kind, fair, and to be purchas'd? he cannot ſtarve for Beauty in this Age, that has a ſtock to buy.

Iſab. Why I will cuckold thee, look to't, I will moſt damnably.

Wit. So wou'd you, had you lov'd me, in a year or two; therefore like a kind civil Husband, I've made proviſion for you, a Friend, and one I dare truſt my Honour with,——'tis Mr. *Knowell*, Madam.

Iſab. Lodwick! What Devil brought that Name to his knowledge?——Canſt thou know him, and yet dare hope to marry me?

Wit. We have agreed it, and on theſe conditions.

Iſab. Thou baſely injureſt him, he cannot do a Deed he ought to bluſh for: *Lodwick* do this! Oh do not credit it,—prithee be juſt and kind for thy own Honour's ſake; be quickly ſo, the haſty minutes fly, and will anon make up the fatal Hour that will undo me.

Wit.

Wit. 'Tis true, within an hour you muſt ſubmit to *Hymen*, there's no avoiding it.

Iſab. Nay then be gone, my poor ſubmiſſive Prayers, and all that dull Obedience Cuſtom has made us Slaves to.—— Do ſacrifice me, lead me to the Altar, and ſee if all the holy myſtick Words can conjure from me the conſenting Syllable: No, I will not add one word to make the Charm complete, but ſtand as ſilent in the inchanting Circle, as if the Prieſts were raiſing Devils there.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Enough, enough, my charming *Iſabella*, I am confirm'd.

Iſab. Lodwick! what good Angel conducted thee hither?

Lod. E'en honeſt *Charles Wittmore* here, thy Friend and mine, no Bug-bear Lover he.

Iſab. Wittmore! that Friend I've often heard thee name? Now ſome kind miſchief on him, he has ſo frighted me, I ſcarce can bring my Senſe to ſo much order, to thank him that he loves me not.

Lod. Thou ſhalt defer that payment to more leiſure; we're Men of buſineſs now. My Mother, knowing of a Conſultation of Phyſicians which your Father has this day appointed to meet at his Houſe, has brib'd Monſieur *Turboone* his *French* Doctor in Penſion, to admit of a Doctor or two of her recommending, who ſhall amuſe him with diſcourſe till we get ourſelves married; and to make it the more ridiculous, I will releaſe Sir *Credulous* from the Basket, I ſaw it in the Hall as I came thro, we ſhall have need of the Fool. [*Exit* Wittmore.

Enter Wittmore, *pulling in the Basket.*

Wit. 'Twill do well.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, how is't Man? [*Opens the Basket.*

Sir *Cred.* What, am I not at the Carrier's yet?——— Oh *Lodwick*, thy Hand, I'm almoſt poiſon'd.—— This Basket wants airing extremely, it ſmells like an old Lady's Wedding Gown of my acquaintance.——— But what's the danger paſt, Man?

Lod. No, but there's a neceſſity of your being for ſome time diſguis'd to act a Phyſician.

Sir *Cred.* How! a Phyſician! that I can eaſily do, for I underſtand Simples.

Lod. That's not material, ſo you can but banter well, be very grave, and put on a ſtarch'd Countenance.

Sir *Cred.* Banter! what's that, Man?

Lod. Why, Sir, talking very much, and meaning juſt nothing; be full of Words without any connection, ſenſe or concluſion. Come in with me, and I'll inſtruct you farther.

Sir *Cred.* Pſhaw, is that all? ſay no more on't, I'll do't, let me alone for Bantering—But this ſame damn'd Rival——

Lod. He's now watching for you without, and means to ſouſe upon you; but truſt to me for your ſecurity; come away, I have your Habit ready. (*Goes out.*)—— This day ſhall make thee mine, dear *Iſabella.*——

[*Exit* Lodwick *and* Wittmore.

Enter Sir Patient, Leander, *and* Roger.

Sir *Pat.* Marry *Lucretia!* is there no Woman in the City fit for you, but the Daughter of the moſt notorious antaſtical Lady within the Wall?

Lean. Yet that fantaſtical Lady you thought fit for a Wife for me, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Sir, Foppery with Money had been ſomething; but a poor Fop, hang't 'tis abominable.

Lean. Pray hear me, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a Jackanapes, ingenuouſly you are Sir: marry *Lucretia*, quoth he!

Lean. If it were ſo, Sir, where's her fault?

Sir *Pat.* Why, Mr. Coxcomb, all over. Did I with ſo much care endeavour to marry thee to the Mother, only to give thee opportunity with *Lucretia?*

Enter Lady Knowell.

Lean. This Anger ſhews your great Concern for me.

Sir *Pat.* For my Name I am, but 'twere no matter if thou wert hang'd, and thou deſerveſt it for thy leud cavaliering Opinion.——They ſay thou art a Papiſt too, or at leaſt a Church-of-*England* Man, I profeſs there's not a Pin to chuſe.——Marry *Lucretia!*

L. *Kno.*

L. *Kno.* Were I querimonious, I ſhou'd reſent the Affront this *Balatroon* has offer'd me.

Iſab. Dear Madam, for my ſake do not anger him now. [*Aſide to her.*

L. *Kno.* Upon my Honour you are very free with my Daughter, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* How! ſhe here! now for a Peal from her eternal Clapper; I had rather be confin'd to an Iron-mill.

L. *Kno.* Sure *Lucretia* merits a Husband of as much worth as your Nephew, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* A better, Madam, for he's the leudeſt Hector in the Town; he has all the Vices of Youth, Whoring, Swearing, Drinking, Damning, Fighting,—and a thouſand more, numberleſs and nameleſs.

L. *Kno.* Time, Sir, may make him more abſtemious.

Sir *Pat.* Oh never, Madam! 'tis in's Nature, he was born with it, he's given over to Reprobation, 'tis bred i'th' bone,——he's loſt.

Lean. This is the firſt good Office that ever he did me.

L. *Kno.* What think you, Sir, if in defiance of your Inurbanity, I take him with all theſe Faults my ſelf?

Sir *Pat.* How, Madam!

L. *Kno.* Without more Ambages, Sir, I have conſider'd your former Deſires, and have conſented to marry him, notwithſtanding your Exprobrations.

Sir *Pat.* May I believe this, Madam? and has your Ladyſhip that Goodneſs?—and haſt thou, my Boy, ſo much Wit? Why this is ſomething now.—Well, he was ever the beſt and ſweeteſt-natur'd Youth.——Why, what a notable Wag's this? and is it true, my Boy, hah?

Lean. Yes, Sir, I had told you ſo before, had you permitted me to ſpeak.

Sir *Pat.* Well, Madam, he is only fit for your excellent Ladyſhip, he is the prettieſt civilleſt Lad.——Well, go thy ways; I ſhall never ſee the like of thee; no—Ingenuouſly the Boy's made for ever; two thouſand Pounds a Year, beſides Money, Plate and Jewels; made for ever.—Well, Madam, the ſatisfaction I take in this Alliance, has made me reſolve to give him immediately my Writings of all my Land in *Berkſhire*, five hun-

hundred Pounds a year, Madam : and I wou'd have you married this Morning with my Daughter, ſo one Dinner and one Rejoicing will ſerve both.

L. *Kno.* That, Sir, we have already agreed upon.

Sir *Pat.* Well, I'll fetch the Writings. Come, *Iſabella*, I'll not truſt you out of my ſight to day.

[*Ex. Sir* Pat. *and* Iſab.

Lean. Well then, Madam, you are reſolv'd upon this buſineſs of Matrimony.

L. *Kno.* Was it not concluded between us, Sir, this Morning ? and at the near approach do you begin to fear ?

Lean. Nothing, Madam, ſince I'm convinc'd of your Goodneſs.

L. *Kno.* You flatter, Sir, this is mere Adulation.

Lean. No, I am that wild Extravagant my Uncle render'd me, and cannot live confin'd.

L. *Kno.* To one Woman you mean? I ſhall not ſtand with you for a Miſtreſs or two ; I hate a dull moroſe unfaſhionable Blockhead to my Husband ; nor ſhall I be the firſt example of a ſuffering Wife, Sir. Women were created poor obedient things.

Lean. And can you be content to ſpare me five or ſix nights in a week ?

L. *Kno.* Oh you're too reaſonable.

Lean. And for the reſt, if I get drunk, perhaps I'll give to you : yet in my drink I'm damn'd ill-natur'd too, and may neglect my Duty ; perhaps ſhall be ſo wicked, to call you cunning, deceitful, jilting, baſe, and ſwear you have undone me, ſwear you have raviſh'd from my faithful Heart all that cou'd make it bleſs'd or happy.

Enter Lucretia *weeping.*

L. *Kno.* How now, *Lucretia ?*

Lucr. Oh Madam, give me leave to kneel before, and tell you, if you purſue the Cruelty I hear you're going to commit, I am the moſt loſt, moſt wretched Maid that breathes ; we two have plighted Faiths, and ſhou'd you marry him, 'twere ſo to ſin as Heaven would never pardon.

L. *Kno.* Riſe, Fool.

Lucr.

Lucr. Never till you have given me back *Leander*, or leave to live no more.——Pray kill me, Madam; and the ſame Flowers that deck your nuptial Bed,
Shall ſerve to ſtrow my Herſe, when I ſhall lie
A dead cold Witneſs of your Tyranny.

L. *Kno.* Riſe; I ſtill deſign'd him yours.—I ſaw with pleaſure, Sir, your reclination from my Addreſſes.——— I have proved both your Paſſions, and 'twere unkind not to crown 'em with the due Premium of each others Merits. [*Gives her to* Lean.

Lean. Can Heaven and you agree to be ſo bountiful?

L. *Kno.* Be not amaz'd at this turn, *Rotat omne facum.* ——But no more,——keep ſtill that mask of Love we firſt put on, till you have gain'd the Writings: for I have no Joy beyond cheating that filthy Uncle of thine.—— *Lucretia*, wipe your Eyes, and prepare for *Hymen*, the Hour draws near. *Thaleſſio, Thaleſſio*, as the *Romans* cry'd.

Lucr. May you ſtill be admir'd as you deſerve!

Enter Sir Patient *with Writings, and* Iſabella.

Sir *Pat.* How Madam *Lucretia*, and in Tears?

L. *Kno.* A little diſguſted, Sir, with her Father-in-law, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Oh is that all? hold up thy Head, Sweat-heart, thy turn's next.——Here, Madam, I ſurrender my Title, with theſe Writings, and with 'em my Joy, my Life, my Darling, my *Leander.*——— Now let's away, where's Mr. *Fainlove?*

Iſab. He's but ſtept into *Cheapſide*, to fit the Ring, Sir, and I will be here immediately.

Sir *Pat.* I have Buſineſs anon about eleven of the Clock, a Conſultation of Phyſicians, to confer about this Carcaſe of mine.

Lean. Phyſicians, Sir, what to do?

Sir *Pat.* To do! why to take their advice, Sir, and to follow it.

Lean. For what, I beſeech you, Sir?

Sir *Pat.* Why, Sir, for my Health.

Lean. I believe you are not ſick, Sir, unleſs they make you ſo.

Sir

Sir *Pat.* They make me ſo !——Do you hear him, Madam.——Am not I ſick, Sir? not I, Sir *Patient Fancy*, ſick?

L. *Kno.* He'll deſtroy my Deſign.—How, Mr. *Fancy*, not Sir *Patient* ſick? or muſt he be incinerated before you'll credit it?

Sir *Pat.* Ay, Madam, I want but dying to undeceive him, and yet I am not ſick !

Lean. Sir I love your Life, and wou'd not have you die with Fancy and Conceit.——

Sir *Pat.* Fancy and Conceit ! do but obſerve him, Madam,—what do you mean, Sir, by Fancy and Conceit?

L. *Kno.* He'll ruin all ;——why, Sir,—he means—

Sir *Pat.* Nay, let him alone, let him alone, (with your Ladyſhip's pardon)——Come, Sir,—Fancy and Conceit, I take it, was the Queſtion in debate.———

Lean. I cannot prove this to you, Sir, by force of Argument, but by Demonſtration I will, if you will baniſh all your cozening Quacks, and take my wholeſome Advice.

Sir *Pat.* Do but hear him, Madam : not prove it !

L. *Kno.* Sir, he means nothing.——Not ſick ! alas, Sir, you're very ſick.

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, your Ladyſhip is a Lady of profound Knowledge.——Why, have I not had the advice of all the Doctors in *England*, and have I not been in continual Phyſick this twenty Years :——and yet I am not ſick ! Ask my dear Lady, Sir, how ſick I am, ſhe can inform you. [*L.* Kno. *goes and talks to* Iſab.

Lean. She does her endeavour, Sir, to keep up the Humour.

Sir *Pat.* How, Sir?

Lean. She wiſhes you dead, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* What ſaid the Raſcal? wiſhes me dead !

Lean. Sir, ſhe hates you.

Sir *Pat.* How ! hate me ! what my Lady hate me?

Lean. She abuſes your Love, plays tricks with ye, and cheats ye, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Was ever ſo profane a Wretch ! What, you will not prove this neither?

Lean.

Lean. Yes, by demonſtration too.

Sir *Pat.* Why thou ſaucy Varlet, Sirrah, Sirrah, thank my Lady here I do not cudgel thee.——Well, I will ſettle the reſt of my Eſtate upon her to morrow, I will, Sir; and thank God you have what you have, Sir, make much on't.

Lean. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis not my ſingle Opinion, but the whole City takes notice on't: that I tell it you, Sir, is the Effect of my Duty, not Intereſt. Pray give me leave to prove this to you, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* What, you are at your Demonſtration again?—come—let's hear.

Lean. Why, Sir, give her frequent opportunities,——and then ſurprize her;—or, by pretending to ſettle all upon her,—give her your Power, and ſee if ſhe do not turn you out of Doors;——or——by feigning you are ſick to death——or indeed by dying.

Sir *Pat.* I thank you, Sir,—this indeed is Demonſtration, I take it. [*Pulls off his Hat.*

Lean. I mean but feigning, Sir; and be a witneſs your ſelf of her Sorrow, or Contempt.

Sir *Pat. pauſes*] Hah—hum,—why ingenuouſly this may be a very pretty Project.—Well, Sir, ſuppoſe I follow your advice?—nay, I profeſs I will do ſo, not to try her Faith, but to have the pleaſure to hear her conjugal Lamentations, feel her Tears bedew my Face, and her ſweet Mouth kiſſing my Cheeks a thouſand times; verily a wonderful Comfort.—And then, Sir, what becomes of your Demonſtration.———

Enter Wittmore *with the Ring.*

Oh—— Mr. *Fainlove*, come, come, you're tardy, let's away to Church.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, here is Doctor *Turboon*, and thoſe other Doctors your Worſhip expected.

Enter Lady Fancy.

Sir *Pat.* The Doctors already!——well bring 'em up; come, Madam, we have waited for your Ladyſhip,——bring up the Doctors, *Roger.*

L. *Fan.* *Wittmore*, I have now brought that deſign to happy Concluſions, for which I married this formal Aſs; I'll tell thee more anon,——we are obſerv'd.

L. *Kno.* Oh *Lodwick*'s come!

Enter Lodwick, *Monſieur* Turboon, *Fat Doctor*, Amſterdam, Leyden, *Sir* Credulous.

Sir *Pat.* Doctor *Turboon*, your Servant, I expected you not this two hours.

Turb. Nor had ee com Sir, but for deſe wordy Gentlemen, whos Affairs wode not permit dem to come at your hoar.

Sir *Pat.* Are they *Engliſh* pray?

Turb. Dis is, Sir,—(*pointing to* Lod.) an admirable Phyſician, and a rare Aſtrologer.—Dis ſpeaks good *Engliſh*, bot a *Colender* born. [*Points to Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* What a pox, does the Fellow call me a Cullender?

Lod. He means a *High-Dutch-man* of the Town of *Colen*, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, I have heard of your Fame.——Doctor, pray entertain theſe Gentlemen till my return, I'll be with you preſently.

Lod. Sir, I hope you go not forth to day.

[*Gazing on his Face.*

Sir *Pat.* Not far, Sir.

Lod. There is a certain Star has rul'd this two days, Sir, of a very malignant Influence to Perſons of your Complection and Conſtitution.—Let me ſee—within this two hours and ſix minutes, its Malice will be ſpent, till then it will be fatal.

Sir *Pat.* Hum, reign'd this two Days?—— I profeſs and things have gone very croſs with me this two Days,—a notable Man this.

L. *Kno.* Oh, a very profound Aſtrologer, Sir, upon my Honour I know him.

Sir *Pat.* But this is an Affair of that Importance, Sir,—

Lod. If it be more than Health or Life, I beg your pardon, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Nay, no Offence, Sir, I beſeech you, I'll ſtay, Sir.

L. *Kno.*

L. *Kno.* How! Sir *Patient* not ſee us married?

Sir *Pat.* You ſhall excuſe me, Madam.

L. *Fan.* This was lucky; Oh Madam, wou'd you have my Dear venture out, when a malignant Star reigns! not for the World.

Sir *Pat.* No, I'll not ſtir; had it been any Star but a malignant Star, I had waited on your Ladyſhip: but theſe malignant Stars are very pernicious Stars. Nephew, take my Lady *Knowell*, Mr. *Fainlove* my Daughter; and *Bartholomew* do you conduct my Lady, the Parſon ſtays for you, and the Coaches are at the Door.

[*Exeunt L.* Kno. Lean. Wit. *and* Iſab. *L.* Fancy *and* Bartholomew.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady has ſent for you.

Lod. Sir, I'll be with you preſently; Sir *Credulous*, be ſure you lug him by the Ears with any ſort of Stuff till my return. I'll ſend you a Friend to keep you in countenance.

Sir *Pat.* Pleaſe you to ſit, Gentlemen?

Amſt. Pleaſe you, Sir. [*To Sir* Cred. *who bows and runs back.*

Sir *Cred.* Oh Lord, ſweet Sir, I hope you do not take me—Nay, I beſeech you, Noble Sir——Reverend Sir. [*Turning from one to t'other.*

Leyd. By no means, Sir, a Stranger.

Sir *Cred.* I beſeech you—*Scavantiſſimi Doctores*,—incomparable Sir,—and you—or you.

Fat D. In troth, Sir, theſe Compliments are needleſs, I am ſomething corpulent, and love my eaſe. [*Sits.*

Sir *Cred.* Generous Sir, you ſay well; therefore *Conlicentia*, as the *Grecians* have it. [*Sits.*

Amſt. —Brother.—

Leyd. Nay, good Brother,—Sir *Patient*—

Sir *Pat.* Ingenuouſly, not before you, Mr. Doctor.

Leyd. Excuſe me, Sir, an Alderman, and a Knight.—

Sir *Pat.* Both below the leaſt of the learned Society.

Leyd. Since you will have it ſo. [*All ſit and cry hum,—and look gravely.*

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Hum—hum, moſt Worthy, and moſt Renowned—*Medicina Preſeſſores, qni hic aſſemblati eſti, & vos altra Meſioris*; I am now going to make a Motion for the publick Good of us all, but will do nothing without your Doctorſhips Approbation.

Sir *Pat.* Judiciouſly concluded.

Sir *Cred.* The queſtion then is, *Reverentiſſimi Doctores*, whether—for mark me, I come to the matter in hand, hating long Circumſtances of Words; there being no neceſſity, as our learned Brother *Rabelais* obſerves in that moſt notorious Treatiſe of his call'd *Garagantua*; there is, ſays he, no neceſſity of going over the Hedge when the Path lies fair before ye: therefore, as I ſaid before, I now ſay again, coming to my Queſtion; for as that admirable *Welch* Divine ſays, in that ſo famous Sermon of his, upon her Creat Granfather *Hadam* and her Creat Granmother *Heeve* concerning the *Happell*,—and her will, warrant her, her will keep her to her Text ſtill,—so I ſtick cloſe to my queſtion, which is, *Illuſtriſſimi Doctores*, whether it be not neceſſary to the Affair in hand——to take—a Bottle; and if your Doctorſhips are of my opinion—hold up your Thumbs. [*All hold up their Thumbs.* —Look Sir, you obſerve the Votes of the learned *Cabaliſts.*

Sir *Pat.* Which ſhall be put in Act forthwith———I like this Man well, he does nothing without mature Deliberation.

Enter Brunſwick.

Brun. By your leaves Gentlemen—Sir *Credulous*——

[*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Cred.* Oh—'tis *Lodwick*'s Friend, the Raſcal's dreſs'd like *Vanderbergen* in the *Strand*:——Sir *Patient*, pray know this glorious Doctor, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* A Doctor, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* A Doctor, Sir! yes, and as eloquent a Doctor, Sir, as ever ſet Bill to Poſt: why 'tis——the incomparable —*Brunſwick*, *High-Dutch* Doctor.

Sir *Pat.* You're welcome, Sir,—Pray ſit; ah.—Well, Sir, you are come to viſit a very crazy ſickly Perſon, Sir.

Brun.

Brun. Pray let me feel your Pulſe, Sir;——what think you Gentlemen, is he not very far gone?———

[*Feels his Pulſe, they all feel.*

Sir *Cred.* Ah, far, far.——Pray, Sir, have you not a certain wambling Pain in your Stomach, Sir, as it were, Sir, a——a pain, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Oh very great, Sir, eſpecially in a Morning faſting.

Sir *Cred.* I knew it by your ſtinking Breath, Sir——and are you not troubled with a Pain in your Head, Sir?

Sir *Pat.* In my Head, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* I mean a——kind of a——Pain,——a kind of a *Vertigo*, as the *Latins* call it; and a *Whirligigouſti-can*, as the *Greeks* have it, which ſignifies in *Engliſh*, Sir, a Dizzie-ſwimming kind—of a do ye ſee—a thing—that—a—you underſtand me.

Sir *Pat.* Oh intolerable, intolerable!——why this is a rare Man!

Fat D. Your Reaſon, Sir, for that? [*To Sir* Cred.

Sir *Cred.* My Reaſon, Sir? why, my Reaſon, Sir, is this, *Haly* the *Moore*, and *Rabbi Iſaac*, and ſome thouſands more of learned *Dutchmen*, obſerve your dull Wall Eye and your Whir—*Whirligigouſtiphon*, to be inſeparable.

Brun. A moſt learned Reaſon!

Fat D. Oh, Sir, inſeparable.

Sir *Cred.* And have you not a kind of a——ſomething——do ye mark me, when you make Water, a kind of a ſtopping——and——a——do ye conceive me, I have forgot the *Engliſh* Term, Sir, but in *Latin* 'tis a *Stronggullionibus.*

Sir *Pat.* Oh, Sir, moſt extremely, 'tis that which makes me deſperate, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* Your ugly Face is an infallible Sign; your *Dyſurie*, as the *Arabicks* call it, and your ill-favour'd Countenance, are conſtant Relatives.

All. Conſtant, conſtant.

Sir *Cred.* Pray how do you eat, Sir?

Sir *Pat.* Ah, Sir, there's my diſtraction. Alas, Sir, I have the weakeſt Stomach——I do not make above four Meals

Meals a-day, and then indeed I eat heartily—but alas, what's that to eating to live?—nothing, Sir, nothing.—

Sir *Cred.* Poor Heart, I pity him.

Sir *Pat.* And between Meals, good Wine, Sweet-meats, Caudles,———Cordials and Mirabiliſes, to keep up my fainting Spirits.

Sir *Cred.* A Pox of his Aldermanſhip: an the whole Bench were ſuch notable Swingers, 'twould famiſh the City ſooner than a Siege.

Amſt. Brothers, what do you think of this Man?

Leyd. Think, Sir? I think his Caſe is deſperate.

Sir *Cred.* Shaw, Sir, we ſhall ſoon rectify the quiblets and quillities of his Blood, if he obſerves our Directions and Diet, which is to eat but once in four or five days.

Sir *Pat.* How, Sir, eat but once in four or five days? ſuch a Diet, Sir, would kill me; alas, Sir, kill me.

Sir *Cred.* Oh no, Sir, no; for look ye Sir, the Caſe is thus, do you mind me—ſo that the Buſineſs lying ſo obvious, do ye ſee, there is a certain Method, do ye mark me—in a—Now, Sir, when a Man goes about to alter the courſe of Nature,—the caſe is very plain, you may as well arreſt the Chariot of the Sun, or alter the Eclipſes of the Moon; for, Sir, this being of another Nature, the Nature of it is to be unnatural, you conceive me, Sir?—therefore we muſt crave your abſence, Sir, for a few Minutes, till we have debated this great Affair.

Sir *Pat.* With all my heart, Sir, ſince my Caſe is ſo deſperate, a few hours were not too much. [*Ex. Sir* Pat.

Sir *Cred.* Now, Sir, my ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Oh living heart! what do all theſe Men do in our Houſe? ſure they are a ſort of new-faſhion'd Conventiclers:——I'll hear 'em preach.

[*They drink round the while.*

Amſt. Sir, my ſervice to you, and to your good Lady, Sir.

Leyd. Again to you, Sir, not forgetting your Daughters: they are fine Women, Sir, let Scandal do its worſt.

[*Drinks.*

Turb. To our better trading, Sir.

Brun.

Brun. Faith it goes baldly on, I had the weekly Bill, and 'twas a very thin Mortality; ſome of the better ſort die indeed, that have good round Fees to give.

Turb. Verily, I have not kill'd above my five or ſix this Week.

Brun. How, Sir, kill'd?

Turb. Kill'd, Sir! ever whilſt you live, eſpecially thoſe who have the grand *Verole*; for 'tis not for a Man's Credit to let the Patient want an Eye or a Noſe, or ſome other thing. I have kill'd ye my five or ſix dozen a Week——but times are hard.

Brun. I grant ye, Sir, your Poor for Experiments and Improvement of Knowledge: and to ſay truth, there ought to be ſuch Scavengers as we to ſweep away the Rubbiſh of the Nation. [*Sir* Cred. *and* Fat *ſeeming in Diſcourſe.*

Sir *Cred.* Nay, and you talk of a Beaſt, my ſervice to you, Sir——(*Drinks.*) Ay, I loſt the fineſt Beaſt of a Mare in all *Devonſhire.*

Fat D. And I the fineſt Spaniel, Sir.

[*Here they all talk together till you come to*———purpoſe, Sir.

Turb. Pray what News is there ſtirring?

Brun. Faith, Sir, I am one of thoſe Fools that never regard whether *Lewis* or *Philip* have the better or the worſt.

Turb. Peace is a great Bleſſing, Sir, a very great Bleſſing.

Brun. You are i'th' right, Sir, and ſo my ſervice to you, Sir.

Leyd. Well, Sir, *Stetin* held out nobly, tho the Gazettes are various.

Amſt. There's a world of Men kill'd they ſay; why, what a ſhame 'tis ſo many thouſands ſhould die without the help of a Phyſician.

Leyd. Hang 'em, they were poor Rogues, and not worth our killing; my ſervice to you, Sir, they'll ſerve to fill up Trenches.

Sir *Cred.* Spaniel, Sir! no Man breathing underſtands Dogs and Horſes better than my ſelf.

Fat

Fat D. Your pardon for that, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* For look ye, Sir, I'll tell you the Nature of Dogs and Horſes.

Fat D. So can my Groom and Dog-keeper; but what's this to th' purpoſe, Sir? [*Here they leave off.*

Sir *Cred.* To th' purpoſe, Sir! good Mr. *Hedleburgh*, do you underſtand what's to th' purpoſe? you're a *Dutch* Butter-ferkin, a Kilderkin, a Double Jug.

Fat D. You're an ignorant Blockhead, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* You lye, Sir, and there I was with you again.

Amſt. What, quarrelling, Men of your Gravity and Profeſſion.

Sir *Cred.* That is to ſay, Fools and Knaves: pray, how long is't ſince you left Toping and Napping, for Quacking, good Brother Cater-tray.—but let that paſs, for I'll have my Humour, and therefore will quarrel with no Man, and ſo I drink.——— [*Goes to fill again.*

Brun. —But, what's all this to the Patient, Gentlemen?

Sir *Cred.* Ay,—the Wine's all out,—and Quarrels apart, Gentlemen, as you ſay, what do you think of our Patient? for ſomething I conceive neceſſary to be ſaid for our Fees.

Fat D. I think that unleſs he follows our Preſcriptions he's a dead Man.

Sir *Cred.* Ay, Sir, a dead Man.

Fat D. Pleaſe you to write, Sir, you ſeem the youngeſt Doctor. [*To* Amſt.

Amſt. Your Pardon, Sir, I conceive there may be younger Doctors than I at the Board.

Sir *Cred.* A fine Punctilio this, when a Man lies a dying [*Aſide.*] ——Sir you ſhall excuſe me, I have been a Doctor this 7 Years.

[*They ſhove the Pen and Paper from one to the other.*

Amſt. I commenc'd at *Paris* twenty Years ago.

Leyd. And I at *Leyden*, almoſt as long ſince.

Fat D. And I at *Barcelona* thirty.

Sir *Cred.* And I at *Padua*, Sir.

Fat D. You at *Padua?*

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Yes, Sir, I at *Padua*; why what a pox do ye think I never was beyond Sea?

Brun. However, Sir, you are the youngeſt Doctor, and muſt write.

Sir *Cred.* I will not loſe an inch of my Dignity.

Fat D. Nor I.

Amſt. Nor I.

Leyd. Nor I. [*Put the Paper from each other.*

Brun. Death, what Raſcals are theſe?

Sir *Cred.* Give me the Pen——here's ado about your *Paduas* and Punctilioes. [*Sets himſelf to write.*

Amſt. Every morning a Doſe of my Pills *Merda queoruſticon*, or the Amicable Pill.

Sir *Cred.* Faſting?

Leyd. Every Hour ſixſcore drops of *Adminicula Vitæ.*

Sir *Cred.* Faſting too? [*Sir* Cred. *writes ſtill.*

Fat D. At Night twelve Cordial Pills, *Gallimofriticus.*

Turb. Let Blood once a Week, a Gliſter once a day.

Brun. Cry Mercy, Sir, you're a *French* Man.——After his firſt Sleep, threeſcore reſtorative Pills, call'd *Cheatus Redivivus.*

Sir *Cred.* And laſtly, fifteen Spoonfuls of my *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*, as often as 'tis neceſſary; little or no Breakfaſt, leſs Dinner, and go ſupperleſs to Bed.

Fat D. Hum, your *Aqua Tetrachymagogon?*

Sir *Cred.* Yes, Sir, my *Tetrachymagogon*; for look ye do you ſee Sir, I cur'd the Arch-Duke of *Strumbulo* of a *Gondileero*, of which he dy'd, with this very *Aqua Tetrachymagogon.*

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Pat.* Well, Gentlemen, am I not an intruder?

Fat D. Sir, we have duly conſider'd the ſtate of your Body; and are now about the Order and Method you are to obſerve.

Brun. Ay, this Diſtemper will be the occaſion of his Death.

Sir *Cred.* Hold, Brothers, I do not ſay the occaſion of his Death; but the occaſional Cauſe of his Death.

[*Sir* Pat. *reads the Bill.*

Sir

Sir *Pat.* Why, here's no time allow'd for eating, Gentlemen.

Amſt. Sir, we'll juſtify this Preſcription to the whole College.

Leyd. If he will not follow it, let him die.

All. Ay, let him die.

Enter Lodwick *and* Leander.

Lod. What have you conſulted without me, Gentlemen? [Lod. *reads the Bill.*

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Sir, and find it abſolutely neceſſary for my Health, Sir, I ſhou'd be ſtarv'd: and yet you ſay I am not ſick, Sir. [*To* Lean.

Lod. Very well, very well.

Sir *Pat.* No Breakfaſt, no Dinner, no Supper?

Sir *Cred.* Little or none, but none's beſt.

Sir *Pat.* But Gentlemen conſider, no ſmall thing?

All. Nothing, nothing.

Sir *Cred.* Sir, you muſt write for your Fee. [*To* Lod.

Lod. Now I think on't, Sir, you may eat [*Writes.* a roaſted Pippin cold upon a Vine-leaf, at night.

Lean. Do you ſee, Sir, what damn'd canting Raſcals theſe Doctors are?

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, if all Doctors were ſuch, ingenuouſly I ſhou'd ſoon be weary of Phyſick.

Lean. Give 'em their Fees, Sir, and ſend 'em to the Devil for a company of Cheats.

Sir *Pat.* Truth is, there is no faith in 'em,———well, I thank you for your Care and Pains. [*Gives 'em Fees.*

Sir *Cred.* Sir, if you have any occaſion for me, I live at the red-colour'd Lanthorn, with eleven Candles in't, in the *Strand*; where you may come in privately, and need not be aſhamed, I having no Creature in my Houſe but my ſelf, and my whole Family.——— [*Exeunt.*

Ick quam Van Neder Landt te ſpreken
End helpen Van Pocken end ander gebreken.

That's a top of my Bill, ſweet, Sir.

Fan. Lord, Sir Father, why do you give 'em Money?

Lean.

Lean. For talking Nonſenſe this Hour or two upon his Diſtemper.

Fan. Oh lemini, Sir, they did not talk one word of you, but of Dogs and Horſes, and of killing Folks, and of their Wives and Daughters; and when the Wine was all out, they ſaid they wou'd ſay ſomething for their Fees.

Sir *Pat.* Say you ſo? ——— Knaves, Rogues, Cheats, Murderers! I'll be reveng'd on 'em all,—I'll ne'er be ſick again,—or if I be, I'll die honeſtly of my ſelf without the aſſiſtance of ſuch Raſcals—go, get you gone.—
[*To* Fan. *who goes out.*

Lean. A happy reſolution! wou'd you wou'd be ſo kind to your ſelf as to make a trial of your Lady too; and if ſhe prove true, 'twill make ſome kind of amends for your ſo long being cozen'd this way.

Sir *Pat.* I'll about it, this very minute about it,—give me a Chair.———— [*He ſits.*

Lean. So, ſettle your ſelf well, diſorder your Hair,—throw away your Cane, Hat and Gloves,——ſtare, and rowl your Eyes, ſqueeze your Face into Convulſions,—clutch your Hands, make your Stomach heave, ſo, very well,—now let me alone for the reſt——Oh, help, help my Lady, my Aunt, for Heavens ſake help,—come all and ſee him die. [*Weeps.*

Enter Wittmore, *Lady* Fancy, Iſabella, Lucretia, *Lady* Knowell *and* Roger.

Wit. Leander, what's the matter?

Lean. See, Madam, ſee my Uncle in the Agonies of Death.

L. *Fan.* My deareſt Husband dying, Oh! [*Weeps.*

Lean. How hard he ſtruggles with departing Life!

Iſab. Father, dear Father, muſt I in one day receive a Bleſſing with ſo great a Curſe? Oh,—he's juſt going, Madam.——— [*Weeps.*

L. *Fan.* Let me o'ertake him in the Shades below, why do you hold me, can I live without him?—do I diſſemble well?——— [*Aſide to* Wit.

Sir *Pat.* Not live without me!——do you hear that Sirrah? [*Aſide to* Lean.

Lean. Pray mark the end on't, Sir,—feign,—feign.—

L. *Kno.* We left him well, how came he thus o'th' ſudden?

Lean. I fear 'tis an Apoplexy, Madam.

L. *Fan.* Run, run for his Phyſician; but do not ſtir a foot. [*Aſide to* Roger.

Look up, and ſpeak but one kind word to me.

Sir *Pat.* What crys are theſe that ſtop me on my way?

L. *Fan.* They're mine,———your Lady's ——— oh ſurely he'll recover. [*Aſide.*

Your moſt obedient Wife's.

Sir *Pat.* My Wife's, my Heir, my ſole Executrix.

L. *Fan.* Hah, is he in's Senſes? [*Aſide to* Wit.

Oh my dear Love, my Life, my Joy, my All, [*Crys.*

Oh, let me go; I will not live without him.

[*Seems to faint in* Wittmore's *Arms. All run about her.*

Sir *Pat.* Do ye hear that, Sirrah?

Lean. Have yet a little Patience, die away,—very well—Oh he's gone,—quite gone. [*L.* Fan. *ſwoons.*

L. *Kno.* Look to my Lady there, [*Swoons again.*

——Sure ſhe can but counterfeit. [*Aſide.*

[*They all go about her.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, my Lady dying!

Lean. Sir, I beſeech you wait the event. Death! the cunning Devil will diſſemble too long and ſpoil all,——here——carry the dead Corps of my deareſt Uncle to his Chamber. Nurſe, to your Care I commit him now.

[*Exeunt with Sir* Pat. *in a Chair.*

[*All follow but* Wittmore; *who going the other way, meets Sir* Credulous *and* Lodwick, *as before.*

Wit. Lodwick! the ſtrangeſt unexpected News, Sir *Patient*'s dead!

Sir *Cred.* How, dead! we have play'd the Phyſicians to good purpoſe i'faith, and kill'd the Man before we adminiſter'd our Phyſick.

Wit. Egad I fear ſo indeed.

Lod. Dead!

Wit.

Wit. As a Herring, and 'twill be dangerous to keep theſe habits longer.

Sir *Cred.* Dangerous! Zoz Man we ſhall all be hang'd, why our very Bill diſpatch'd him, and our Hands are to't, ——Oh, I'll confeſs all.——— [*Offers to go.*

Lod. Death, Sir, I'll cut your Throat if you ſtir.

Sir *Cred.* Wou'd you have me hang'd for Company, Gentlemen? Oh where ſhall I hide my ſelf, or how come at my Clothes?

Lod. We have no time for that; go get you into your Basket again, and lie ſnug, till I have convey'd you ſafe away,——or I'll abandon you.——— [*Aſide to him.* 'Tis not neceſſary he ſhou'd be ſeen yet, he may ſpoil *Leander*'s Plot. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Cred.* Oh thank ye, dear *Lodwick*,—let me eſcape this bout, and if ever the Fool turn Phyſician again, may he be choak'd with his own *Tetrachymagogon.*

Wit. Go, haſte and undreſs you, whilſt I'll to *Lucia.* [*Exit* Lod.

As Wittmore *is going out at one Door, enter Sir* Patient *and* Leander *at the other Door.*

Lean. Hah, *Wittmore* there! he muſt not ſee my Uncle yet. [*Puts Sir* Pat. *back. Exit* Wit.

Sir *Pat.* Nay, Sir, never detain me, I'll to my Lady, is this your Demonſtration?——Was ever ſo virtuous a Lady—Well, I'll to her, and conſole her poor Heart; ah the Joy 'twill bring her to ſee my Reſurrection!—I long to ſurprize her. [*Going off croſs the Stage.*

Lean. Hold, Sir, I think ſhe's coming, ———bleſt ſight, and with her *Wittmore!* [*Puts Sir* Pat. *back to the Door.*

Enter Lady Fancy *and* Wittmore.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, what's this?

L. *Fan.* Now, my dear *Wittmore*, claim thy Rites of Love without controul, without the contradiction of wretched Poverty or Jealouſy: Now undiſguis'd thou mayſt approach my Bed, and reign o'er all my Pleaſures and my Fortunes, of which this Minute I create thee Lord,
And thus begin my Homage.——— [*Kiſſes him.*

Sir *Pat.* Sure 'tis ſome Fiend! this cannot be my Lady.

Lean. 'Tis ſomething uncivil before your face, Sir, to do this.

Wit. Thou wondrous kind, and wondrous beautiful; that Power that made thee with ſo many Charms, gave me a Soul fit only to adore 'em; nor wert thou deſtin'd to another's Arms, but to be render'd ſtill more fit for mine.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, is not that *Fain-love*, *Iſabella*'s Husband? Oh Villain! Villain! I will renounce my Senſe and my Religion. [*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Another's Arms! Oh call not thoſe hated Thoughts to my remembrance,
Leſt it deſtroy that kindly Heat within me,
Which thou canſt only raiſe and ſtill maintain.

Sir *Pat.* Oh Woman! Woman! damn'd diſſembling Woman. [*Aſide.*

L. *Fan.* Come, let me lead thee to that Maſs of Gold he gave me to be deſpis'd;
And which I render thee, my lovely Conqueror,
As the firſt Tribute of my glorious Servitude.
Draw in the Basket which I told you of, and is amongſt the Rubbiſh in the Hall, [*Exit* Wittmore.] That which the Slave ſo many Years was toiling for, I in one moment barter for a Kiſs, as Earneſt of our future Joys.

Sir *Pat.* Was ever ſo prodigal a Harlot? was this the Saint? was this the moſt tender Comfort that ever Man had?

Lean. No, in good faith, Sir.

Enter Wittmore *pulling in the Basket.*

L. *Fan.* This is it, with a direction on't to thee, whither I deſign'd to ſend it.

Wit. Good morrow to the Day, and next the Gold; open the Shrine, that I may ſee my Saint———Hail the World's Soul.— [*Opens the Basket, Sir* Cred. *ſtarts up.*

L. *Fan.* O Heavens! what thing art thou?

Sir *Cred.* O Pardon, Pardon, ſweet Lady, I confeſs I had a hand in't.

L. *Fan.* In what, thou Slave?——

Sir

Sir *Cred.* Killing the good believing Alderman;—— but 'twas againſt my Will.

L. *Fan.* Then I'm not ſo much oblig'd to thee,—— but where's the Money, the 8000 *l.* the Plate and Jewels, Sirrah?

Witt. Death the Dog has eat it.

Sir *Cred.* Eat it! Oh Lord, eat 8000 *l.* Wou'd I might never come out of the Basket alive, if ever I made ſuch a Meal in my Life.

Wit. Ye Dog, you have eat it; and I'll make ye ſwallow all the Doſes you writ in your Bill, but I'll have it upward or downward. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Pat.* Hah, one of the Rogues my Doctors.

Sir *Cred.* Oh, dear Sir, hang me out of the way rather.

Enter Maundy.

Maun. Madam, I have ſent away the Basket to Mr. *Wittmore*'s Lodgings.

L. *Fan.* You might have ſav'd your ſelf that Labour, I now having no more to do, but to bury the ſtinking Corps of my quandom Cuckold, diſmiſs his Daughters, and give thee quiet poſſeſſion of all. [*To* Witt.

Sir *Pat.* Fair Lady, you'll take me along with you?

[*Snaps, pulls off his Hat, and comes up to her.*

L. *Fan.* My Husband!——I'm betray'd——

Sir *Pat.* Husband! I defy thee, Satan, thou greater Whore than ſhe of *Babylon*; thou Shame, thou Abomination to thy Sex.

L. *Fan.* Rail on, whilſt I diſpoſe my ſelf to laugh at thee.

Sir *Pat. Leander*, call all the Houſe in to be a Witneſs to our Divorce. [*Exit* Lean.

L. *Fan.* Do, and all the World, and let 'em know the Reaſon.

Sir *Pat.* Methinks I find an Inclination to ſwear,—— to curſe my ſelf and thee, that I cou'd no better diſcern thee; nay, I'm ſo chang'd from what I was, that I think I cou'd even approve of Monarchy and Church-Diſcipline, I'm ſo truly convinc'd I have been a Beaſt and an Aſs all my Life.

Enter Lady Knowell, Iſabella, Lucretia, Leander, Lodwick, Fanny, *&c.*

L. *Kno.* Hah, Sir *Patient* not dead?

Sir *Pat.* Ladies and Gentlemen, take notice that I am a Cuckold, a crop-ear'd ſnivelling Cuckold.

Sir *Cred.* A Cuckold! ſweet Sir, ſhaw, that's a ſmall matter in a Man of your Quality.

Sir *Pat.* And I beg your pardon, Madam, for being angry that you call'd me ſo. [*To L.* Kno.] And yours, dear *Iſabella*, for deſiring you to marry my good Friend there [*points to* Witt.] whoſe name I perceive I was miſtaken in:—and yours, *Leander*, that I wou'd not take your Advice long ſince: and yours, fair Lady, for believing you honeſt,——'twas done like a credulous Coxcomb:——and yours, Sir, for taking any of your Tribe for wife, learned or honeſt. [*To Sir* Credulous.

Wit. Faith, Sir, I deceiv'd ye only to ſerve my Friend; and Sir, your Daughter is married to Mr. *Knowell:* your Wife had all my ſtock of Love before, Sir.

[Lod. *and* Iſab. *kneel.*

Sir *Pat.* Why God-a-mercy——ſome comfort that,——God bleſs ye.———I ſhall love Diſobedience while I live for't.

Lod. I am glad on't, Sir, for then I hope you will forgive *Leander*, who has married my Siſter, and not my Mother.

Sir *Pat.* How! has he ſerved me ſo?——I'll make him my Heir for't, thou haſt made a Man of me, my Boy, and faith we will be merry.——Fair Lady, you may depart in peace, fair Lady, reſtoring my Money, my Plate, my Jewels and my Writings, fair Lady.——

L. *Fan.* You gave me no Money, Sir, prove it if you can; and for your Land, 'twas not ſettled with this Proviſo, if ſhe be honeſt?

Sir *Pat.* 'Tis well thou doſt confeſs I am a Cuckold, for I wou'd have it known, fair Lady,

L. *Fan.* 'Twas to that end I married you, good Alderman.

Sir *Pat.* I'faith I think thou didſt, Sweet-heart, i'faith I think thou didſt.

Wit.

Wit. Right, Sir, we have long been Lovers, but want of Fortune made us contrive how to marry her to your good Worſhip. Many a wealthy Citizen, Sir, has contributed to the maintenance of a younger Brother's Miſtreſs; and you are not the firſt Man in Office that has been a Cuckold, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Some comfort that too, the Brethren of the Chain cannot laugh at me.

Sir *Cred.* A very pleaſant old Fellow this: faith I cou'd be very merry with him now, but that I am damnable ſad.——Madam, I ſhall deſire to lay the Saddle on the right Horſe. [*To L.* Kno.

L. *Kno.* What mean you, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* Only Madam, if I were as ſome Men are, I ſhould not be as I am.

L. *Kno.* It may be ſo, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* I ſay no more, but matters are not carried ſo ſwimmingly, but I can dive into the meaning on't.

[*Sir* Patient *talks this while to* Lodwick.

L. *Kno.* I hate this hypothetical way of arguing, anſwer me categorically.

Sir *Cred.* Hypothetical and Categorical! what does ſhe mean now? [*Aſide.*]——Madam, in plain *Engliſh*, I am made a *John-a-Nokes* of, *Jack-hold-my-ſtaff*, a *Merry Andrew* Doctor, to give *Leander* time to marry your Daughter; and 'twas therefore I was hoiſted up in the Basket;—but as the play ſays, 'tis well 'tis no worſe: I'd rather loſe my Miſtreſs than my Life.

Sir *Pat.* But how came this Raſcal *Turboon* to admit you?

Lod. For the Lucre of our Fees, Sir, which was his recompence.

Sir *Pat.* I forgive it you, and will turn Spark, they live the merrieſt Lives——keep ſome City Miſtreſs, go to Court, and hate all Conventicles.

You ſee what a fine City-Wife can do
Of the true-breed; inſtruct her Husband too:
I wiſh all civil Cuckolds in the Nation
Would take example by my Reformation.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Gwin.*

I *Here and there o'erheard a Coxcomb cry,* [Looking
Ah, Rot it——'tis a Woman's Comedy, about.
One, who becauſe ſhe lately chanc'd to pleaſe us,
With her damn'd Stuff, will never ceaſe to teeze us.
What has poor Woman done, that ſhe muſt be
Debar'd from Senſe, and ſacred Poetry?
Why in this Age has Heaven allow'd you more,
And Women leſs of Wit than heretofore?
We once were fam'd in ſtory, and could write
Equal to Men; cou'd govern, nay cou'd fight.
We ſtill have paſſive Valour, and can ſhow,
Wou'd Cuſtom give us leave, the active too,
Since we no Provocations want from you.
For who but we cou'd your dull Fopperies bear,
Your ſaucy Love, and your brisk Nonſenſe hear;
Indure your worſe than womaniſh Affectation,
Which renders you the Nuſance of the Nation;
Scorn'd even by all the Miſſes of the Town,
A Jeſt to Vizard Mask, the Pit-Buffoon;
A Glaſs by which the admiring Country Fool
May learn to dreſs himſelf en Ridicule:
Both ſtriving who ſhall moſt ingenious grow
In Leudneſs, Foppery, Nonſenſe, Noiſe and Show.
And yet to theſe fine things we muſt ſubmit
Our Reaſon, Arms, our Laurels, and our Wit.
Becauſe we do not laugh at you, when leud,
And ſcorn and cudgel ye when ye are rude.
That we have nobler Souls than you, we prove,
By how much more we're ſenſible of Love;

Quickeſt

Quickeſt in finding all the ſubtleſt ways
To make your Joys, why not to make you Plays?
We beſt can find your Foibles, know our own,
And Jilts and Cuckolds now beſt pleaſe the Town;
Your way of Writing's out of faſhion grown.
Method, and Rule——you only underſtand;
Purſue that way of Fooling, and be damn'd.
Your learned Cant of Action, Time and Place,
Muſt all give way to the unlabour'd Farce.
To all the Men of Wit we will ſubſcribe:
But for your half Wits, ye unthinking Tribe,
We'll let you ſee, whate'er beſides we do,
How artfully we copy ſome of you:
And if you're drawn to th' Life, pray tell me then,
Why Women ſhould not write as well as Men.

THE WIDOW RANTER: OR, THE HISTORY OF BACON in *VIRGINIA*.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *Dryden.*

HEaven ſave ye Gallants; and this hopeful Age,
Y' are welcome to the downfal of the Stage:
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation;
And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O'er-ſtocks the Town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That Fops and Knaves grow Drugs, and will not ſell.

In

In vain our Wares on Theaters are ſhown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and Friends.
Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord, what a Pool would there be rais'd from Fools!
Mean time poor Wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French *Commodity.*
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence;
And yet as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry that Oaf was me,
But now you ſtrive about your Pedigree:
Bauble and Cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muſs of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at leaſt,
A ſign the Family is well increas'd.
Of Foreign Cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh *Breed.*
Well! Flouriſh, Countrymen; drink, ſwear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandring in the Wilderneſs about,
At end of forty Years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe Pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a Limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the Punk is common, he's a Sot,
Who needs will father what the Pariſh got.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Indian King called *Cavernio*,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Bacon, General of the *Engliſh*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Colonel *Wellman*, Deputy Governor,	Mr. *Freeman.*
Col. *Downright*, a loyal honeſt Colonel,	Mr. *Harris.*
Hazard, *Friendly*, Two Friends known to one another many Years in *England*,	Mr. *Alexander*, Mr. *Powell.*
Daring, *Fearleſs*, Lieutenant Generals to *Bacon*,	Mr. *Sandford*, Mr. *Cudworth.*
Dullman, a Captain,	Mr. *Bright.*
Timorous Cornet, *Whimſey*, *Whiff*, *Boozer*, Juſtices of the Peace, and very great Cowards,	Mr. *Underhill*, Mr. *Trefuſe*, Mr. *Bowen*, Mr. *Barns.*
Brag, a Captain.	
Grubb, One complain'd of by Capt. *Whiff*, for calling his Wife Whore,	
A Petitioner againſt *Brag*,	Mr. *Blunt.*
Parſon *Dunce*, formerly a Farrier, fled from *England*, and Chaplain to the Governour,	Mr. *Baker.*
Clerk.	
Boy.	

WOMEN.

Indian Queen, call'd *Semernia*, belov'd by *Bacon*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Madam *Surelove*, belov'd by *Hazard*,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Mrs. *Criſante*, Daughter to Colonel *Downright*,	Mrs. *Jordon.*
Widow Ranter, in love with *Daring*,	Mrs. *Currer.*
Mrs. *Flirt*,	Mrs. *Cory.*

Mrs. *Whimſey*, Mrs. *Whiff*, two Maids.
Prieſts, Indians, Coachman, Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, *Virgina* in *Bacon*'s Camp.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room with ſeveral Tables.

Enter Hazard *in a travelling Habit, and a Sea-Boy, carrying his Portmantle.*

Haz. WHAT Town's this, Boy?

Boy. James-Town, Maſter.

Haz. Take care my Trunk be brought aſhore to night, and there's for you Pains.

Boy. God bleſs you, Maſter.

Haz. What do you call this Houſe?

Boy. Mrs. *Flirt*'s, Maſter, the beſt Houſe for Commendation in all *Virginia.*

Haz. That's well, has ſhe any handſome Ladies, Sirrah?

Boy. Oh! ſhe's woundy handſome her ſelf, Maſter, and the kindeſt Gentlewoman———look here ſhe comes, Maſter.———God bleſs you, Miſtreſs, I have brought you a young Gentleman here.

Flirt. That's well, honeſt *Jack.*———Sir you are moſt heartily welcome.

Haz. Madam, your Servant- [*Salutes her.*

Flirt. Pleaſe you to walk into a Chamber, Sir?

Haz. By and by, Madam; but I'll repoſe here awhile for the coolneſs of the Air.

Flirt. This is a Publick Room, Sir, but 'tis at your ſervice.

Haz. Madam, you oblige me.

Flirt. A fine ſpoken Perſon, a Gentleman I'll warrant him: come *Jack*, I'll give thee a Cogue of Brandy for old acquaintance. [*Exeunt Landlady and Boy.*

Hazard *pulls out Pen, Ink and Paper, and goes to write.*

Enter

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Here, *Nell*, a Tankard of cool Drink, quickly.

Nell. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Friend. Hah! who's that Stranger? he ſeems to be a Gentleman.

Haz. If I ſhould give credit to my Eyes, that ſhould be *Friendly*.

Friend. Sir, you ſeem a Stranger; may I take the liberty to preſent my Service to you?

Haz. If I am not miſtaken, Sir, you are the only Man in the World whom I would ſooneſt pledge; you'll credit me, if three Year's abſence has not made you forget *Hazard*.

Friend. Hazard, my Friend! come to my Arms and Heart.

Haz. This unexpected Happineſs o'erjoys me. Who could have imagin'd to have found thee in *Virginia?* I thought thou hadſt been in *Spain* with thy Brother.

Friend. I was ſo till ten Months ſince, when my Uncle Colonel *Friendly* dying here, left me a conſiderable Plantation; and faith I find Diverſions not altogether to be deſpis'd; the God of Love reigns here with as much power, as in Courts or popular Cities. But prithee what Chance (fortunate to me) drove thee to this part of the new World.

Haz. Why faith, ill Company, and that common Vice of the Town, Gaming, ſoon run out my younger Brother's Fortune: for imagining, like ſome of the luckier Gameſters, to improve my Stock at the Groom Porter's, I ventur'd on, and loſt all. My elder Brother, an errant Jew, had neither Friendſhip nor Honour enough to ſupport me; but at laſt being mollified by Perſuaſions, and the hopes of being for ever rid of me, ſent me hither with a ſmall Cargo to ſeek my Fortune——

Friend. And begin the World withal.

Haz. I thought this a better Venture than to turn ſharping Bully, Cully to Prentices and Country Squires, with my Pocket full of falſe Dice, your high and low Flats and Bars; or turn Broker to young Heirs; take up Goods to pay tenfold at the Death of their Fathers, and take Fees

Fees on both ſides; or ſit up all night at the Groom-Porter's, begging his Honour to go a Guinea the better of the lay. No, *Friendly*, I had rather ſtarve abroad, than live pity'd and deſpis'd at home.

Friend. Thou art in the right, and art come juſt in the nick of time to make thy Fortune.——Wilt thou follow my Advice?

Haz. Thou art too honeſt to command any thing that I ſhall refuſe.

Friend. You muſt know then, there is about a Mile from *James-Town* a young Gentlewoman———no matter for her Birth, her Breeding's the beſt this World affords, ſhe is married to one of the richeſt Merchants here; he is old and ſick, and now gone into *England* for the recovery of his Health, where he'll e'en give up the Ghoſt: he has writ her word he finds no Amendment, and reſolves to ſtay another Year. The letter I accidentally took up, and have about me; 'tis eaſily counterfeited, and will be of great uſe to us.

Haz. Now do I fancy I conceive thee.

Friend. Well, hear me firſt, you shall get another Letter writ like this Character, which ſhall ſay, you are his Kinſman, that is come to traffick in this Country, and 'tis his will you ſhould be received into his Houſe as ſuch.

Haz. Well, and what will come of this?

Friend. Why, thou art young and handſome, ſhe young and deſiring; 'twere eaſy to make her love thee; and if the old Gentleman chance to die, you gueſs the reſt, you are no Fool.

Haz. Ay, but if he ſhou'd return———

Friend. If—Why if ſhe love you, that other will be but a ſlender Bar to thy Happineſs; for if thou canſt not marry her, thou mayſt lie with her: and Gad, a younger Brother may pick out a pretty Livelihood here that way, as well as in *England.* Or if this fail, thou wilt find a perpetual Viſiter, the Widow *Ranter*, a Woman bought from the ship by old Colonel *Ranter*; ſhe ſerved him half a Year, and then he marry'd her, and dying in a Year more, left her worth fifty thouſand Pounds Sterling, beſides

ſides Plate and Jewels: She's a great Gallant, but aſſuming the humour of the Country Gentry, her Extravagancy is very pleaſant, ſhe retains ſomething of her primitive Quality ſtill, but is good-natur'd and generous

Haz. I like all this well.

Friend. But I have a further End in this matter; you muſt know there is in the ſame Houſe a young Heireſs, one Colonel *Downright*'s Daughter, whom I love, I think not in vain: her Father indeed has an implacable Hatred to me, for which reaſon I can but ſeldom viſit her, and in this Affair I have need of a Friend in that Houſe.

Haz. Me you're ſure of.

Friend. And thus you'll have an opportunity to manage both our Amours: Here you will find occaſion to ſhew your Courage, as well as expreſs your Love; for at this time the *Indians*, by our ill Management of Trade, whom we have armed againſt our ſelves, very frequently make War upon us with our own Weapons; tho often coming by the worſt, they are forced to make Peace with us again, but ſo, as upon every turn they fall to maſſacring us wherever we lie expoſed to them.

Haz. I heard the News of this in *England*, which haſtens the new Governour's arrival here, who brings you freſh Supplies.

Friend. Would he were landed, we hear he is a noble Gentleman.

Haz. He has all the Qualities of a Gallant Man: beſides, he is nobly born.

Friend. This Country wants nothing but to be peopled with a well-born Race, to make it one of the beſt Colonies in the World; but for want of a Governour we are ruled by a Council, ſome of whom have been perhaps tranſported Criminals, who having acquired great Eſtates, are now become your Honour and Right Worſhipful, and poſſeſs all Places of Authority; there are amongſt them ſome honeſt Gentlemen, who now begin to take upon 'em, and manage Affairs as they ought to be.

Haz. Bacon I think was one of the Council.

Friend.

Friend. Now you have named a Man indeed above the common Rank, by Nature generous, brave, reſolv'd and daring; who ſtudying the Lives of the *Romans* and great Men, that have raiſed themſelves to the moſt elevated Fortunes, fancies it eaſy for ambitious Men to aim at any pitch of Glory. I've heard him often ſay, Why cannot I conquer the Univerſe as well as *Alexander?* or like another *Romulus*, form a new *Rome*, and make my ſelf ador'd?

Haz. Why might he not? Great Souls are born in common Men ſometimes, as well as Princes.

Friend. This Thirſt of Glory cheriſh'd by ſullen Melancholy, I believe, was the firſt motive that made him in love with the young *Indian* Queen, fancying no Hero ought to be within his Princeſs. And this was the reaſon why he ſo earneſtly preſs'd for a Commiſſion, to be made General againſt the *Indians*, which long was promis'd him; but they fearing his Ambition, ſtill put him off, till the Grievances grew ſo high, that the whole Country flock'd to him, and beg'd he would redreſs them.——He took the opportunity, and led them forth to fight, and vanquiſhing brought the Enemy to fair Terms; but now inſtead of receiving him as a Conqueror, we treat him as a Traitor.

Haz. Then it ſeems all the Crime this brave Fellow has committed, is ſerving his Country without Authority.

Friend. 'Tis ſo, and however I admire the Man, I am reſolv'd to be of the contrary Party, that I may make an Intereſt in our new Governor. Thus ſtand Affairs, ſo that after you have ſeen Madam *Surelove*, I'll preſent you to the Council for a Commiſſion.

Haz. But my Kinſman's Character——

Friend. He was a *Leiceſterſhire* younger Brother, came over with a ſmall Fortune, which his Induſtry has increas'd to a thouſand Pounds a year; and he is now Colonel *John Surelove*, and one of the Council.

Haz. Enough.

Friend. About it then, Madam *Flirt* to direct you.

Haz. You are full of your Madams here.

Friend. Oh! 'tis the greateſt Affront imaginable to call a Woman Miſtreſs, tho but a retail Brandy-monger. Adieu.——One thing more, to morrow is our Country-Court, pray do not fail to be there, for the rarity of the Entertainment: but I ſhall ſee you anon at *Surelove*'s, where I'll ſalute thee as my firſt meeting, and as an old Acquaintance in *England*——here's Company, farewel.

[*Exit* Friend.

Enter Dullman, Timorous *and* Boozer.

Hazard *ſits at a Table and writes.*

Dull. Here, *Nell*——Well, Lieutenant *Boozer*, what are you for?

Enter Nell.

Booz. I am for cooling *Nants*, Major.

Dull. Here, *Nell*, a Quart of *Nants*, and ſome Pipes and Tobacco.

Tim. And do ye hear, *Nell*, bid your Miſtreſs come in to joke a little with us; for adzoors I was damnable drunk laſt Night, and I am better at the Petticoat than the Bottle to day.

Dull. Drunk laſt Night, and ſick to Day! how comes that about, Mr. Juſtice? you uſe to bear your Brandy well enough.

Tim. Ay, your ſhier Brandy I'll grant you; but I was drunk at Col. *Downright's* with your high Burgundy Claret.

Dull. A Pox of that paultry Liqnor, your *Engliſh French* Wine, I wonder how the Gentlemen do to drink it.

Tim. Ay, ſo do I, 'tis for want of a little *Virginia* Breeding: how much more like a Gentleman 'tis, to drink as we do, brave edifying Punch and Brandy.—But they ſay, the young Noblemen now, and Sparks in *England*, begin to reform, and take it for their Mornings draught, get drunk by Noon, and deſpiſe the louſy Juice of the Grape.

Enter Mrs. Flirt.

Dull. Come, Landlady, come, you are ſo taken up with Parſon *Dunce*, that your old Friends can't drink a Dram with you.—— What, no ſmutty Catch now, no Gibe

Gibe or Joke to make the Punch go down merrily, and advance Trading? Nay, they ſay, Gad forgive ye, you never miſs going to Church when Mr. *Dunce* preaches.—but here's to you. [*Drinks.*

Flirt. Lords, your Honours are pleas'd to be merry—but my ſervice to your Honour. [*Drinks.*

Haz. Honours! who the Devil have we here? ſome of the wiſe Council at leaſt, I'd ſooner take 'em for Hoggerds. [*Aſide.*

Flirt. Say what you pleaſe of the Doctor, but I'll ſwear he's a fine Gentleman, he makes the prettieſt Sonnets, nay, and ſings 'em himſelf to the rareſt Tunes.

Tim. Nay, the Man will ſerve for both Soul and Body: for they ſay he was a Farrier in *England*, but breaking turn'd Life-guard-man, and his Horſe dying, he counterfeited a Deputation from the Biſhop, and came over here a ſubſtantial Orthodox, But come, where ſtands the Cup? Here, my ſervice to you, Major.

Flirt. Your Honours are pleaſed,——but methinks Doctor *Dunce* is a very ediſying Perſon, and a Gentleman, and I pretend to know a Gentleman; for I my ſelf am a Gentlewoman: my Father was a Baronet, but undone in the late Rebellion, and I am fain to keep an Ordinary now, Heaven help me.

Tim. Good lack, why ſee how Virtue may be bely'd. We heard your Father was a Taylor, but truſting for old *Oliver*'s Funeral broke, and ſo came hither to hide his Head.——But my ſervice to you; what, you are never the worſe?

Flirt. Your Honour knows this is a ſcandalous place, for they ſay your Honour was but a broken Exciſe-Man, who ſpent the King's Money to buy your Wife fine Petticoats; and at laſt not worth a Groat, you came over a poor Servant, tho now a Juſtice of the Peace, and of the Honourable Council.

Tim. Adz zoors, if I knew who 'twas ſaid ſo, I'd ſue him for *Scandalum Magnatum.*

Dull. Hang 'em Scoundrels, hang 'em, they live upon Scandal, and we are Scandal-proof.——They ſay too, that I was a Tinker, and running the Country, robb'd a Gentle-

Gentleman's Houſe there, was put into *Newgate*, got a Reprieve after Condemnation, and was tranſported hither; ——and that you, *Boozer*, was a common Pick-Pocket, and being often flogg'd at the Carts-tale, afterwards turn'd Evidence, and when the Times grew honeſt was fain to flie.

Booz. Ay, ay, Major, if Scandal would have broke our Hearts, we had not arriv'd to the Honour of being Privy-Counſellors.—But come, Mrs. *Flirt*, what never a Song to entertain us?

Flirt. Yes, and a Singer too newly come aſhore.

Tim. Adz zoors, let's have it then.

Enter a Girl who ſings, they bear a Bob.

Haz. Here, Maid, a Tankard of your Drink.

Flirt. Quickly, *Nell*, wait upon the Gentleman.

Dull. Pleaſe you, Sir, to taſte of our Liquor.——My ſervice to you? I ſee you are a Stranger, and alone; pleaſe you to come to our Table?

[*He riſes and comes.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, pray ſit down here; theſe are very honourable Perſons I aſſure you: This is Major *Dullman*, Major of his Excellency's own Regiment, when he arrives; this Mr. *Timorous*, Juſtice a Peace in *Corum*; this Captain *Boozer*, all of the honourable Council.

Haz. With your leave, Gentlemen. [*Sits.*

Tim. My ſervice to you, Sir, [*Drinks.*
What have you brought over any Cargo, Sir? I'll be your Cuſtomer.

Booz. Ay, and cheat him too, I'll warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Haz. I was not bred to Merchandizing, Sir, nor do intend to follow the drudgery of Trading.

Dull. Men of Fortune ſeldom travel hither, Sir, to ſee Faſhions.

Tim. Why, Brother, it may be the Gentleman has a mind to be a Planter; will you hire your ſelf to make a Crop of Tobacco this Year?

Haz. I was not born to work, Sir.

Tim. Not work, Sir! Zoors, your Betters have workt, Sir. I have workt my ſelf, Sir, both ſet and ſtript Tobacco, for all I am of the honourable Council. Not work

work quoth a!—I ſuppoſe, Sir, you wear your Fortune upon your Back, Sir?

Haz. Is it your Cuſtom here, Sir, to affront Strangers? I ſhall expect Satisfaction. [*Riſes.*

Tim. Why, does any body here owe you any thing?

Dull. No, unleſs he means to be paid for drinking with us,——ha, ha, ha.

Haz. No, Sir, I have Money to pay for what I drink: here's my Club, my Guinea, [*Flings down a Guinea.* I ſcorn to be oblig'd to ſuch Scoundrels.

Booz. Hum——call Men of Honour Scoundrels. [*Riſe in huff.*

Tim. Let him alone, let him alone, Brother; how ſhould he learn Manners? he never was in *Virginia* before.

Dull. He's ſome Covent-Garden Bully.

Tim. Or ſome broken Citizen turned Factor.

Haz. Sir, you lye, and you are a Raſcal. [*Flings the Brandy in his Face.*

Tim. Adz zoors he has ſpil'd all the Brandy. [Tim. *runs behind the Door*, Dull *and* Booz. *ſtrike* Hazard.

Haz. I underſtand no Cudgel-play, but wear a Sword to right myſelf. [*Draws, they run off.*

Flirt. Good Heavens! what, quarelling in my Houſe?

Haz. Do the Perſons of Quality in this Country treat Strangers thus?

Flirt. Alas, Sir, 'tis a familiar way they have, Sir.

Haz. I'm glad I know it.—Pray, Madam, can you inform one how I may be furniſh'd with a Horſe and a Guide to Madam *Surelove*'s?

Flirt. A moſt accompliſh'd Lady, and my very good Friend, you ſhall be immediately—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Wellman, Downright, Dunce, Whimſey, Whiff, *and others.*

Well. Come, Mr. *Dunce*, tho you are no Counſellor, yet your Counſel may be good in time of Neceſſity, as now.

Dun. If I may be worthy Advice, I do not look upon our Danger to be ſo great from the *Indians*, as from young *Bacon*, whom the People have nick-nam'd *Fright-all.*

Whim. Ay, ay, that ſame *Bacon*, I would he were well hang'd: I am afraid that under the pretence of killing all the *Indians* he means to murder us, lie with our Wives, and hang up our little Children, and make himſelf Lord and King,

Whiff. Brother *Whimſey*, not ſo hot; with leave of the honourable Board, my Wife is of opinion, that *Bacon* came ſeaſonably to our Aid, and what he has done was for our Defence, the *Indians* came down upon us, and raviſh'd us all, Men, Women, and Children.

Well. If theſe Grievances were not redreſt, we had our Reaſons for it; it was not that we were inſenſible, Captain *Whiff*, of what we ſuffer'd from the Inſolence of the *Indians*; but all knew what we muſt expect from *Bacon*, if that by lawful Authority he had arrived to ſo great a Command as General; nor would we be hufft out of our Commiſſions.

Down. 'Tis moſt certain that *Bacon* did not demand a Commiſſion out of a deſign of ſerving us, but to ſatisfy his Ambition and his Love; it being no ſecret that he paſſionately admires the *Indian* Queen, and under the pretext of a War, intends to kill the King her Husband, eſtabliſh himſelf in her Heart, and on all occaſions make himſelf a more formidable Enemy than the *Indians* are

Whim. Nay, nay, I ever foreſaw he would prove a Villain.

Whiff.

Whiff. Nay, and he be thereabout, my *Nancy* ſhall have no more to do with him,

Well. But Gentleman, the People daily flock to him, for that his Army is too conſiderable for us to oppoſe by any thing but Policy.

Down. We are ſenſible, Gentlemen, that our Fortunes, our Honours, and our Lives are at ſtake; and therefore you are call'd together to conſult what's to be done in this Grand Affair, till our Governour and Forces arrive from *England:* the Truce he made with the *Indians* will be out to morrow.

Whiff. Ay, and then he intends to have another bout with the *Indians.* Let's have patience, I ſay, till he has thrumb'd their Jackets, and then to work with your Politicks as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Down. Colonel *Wellman* has anſwer'd that point, good Captain *Whiff*; 'tis the Event of this Battel we ought to dread; and if won or loſt, will be equally fatal for us, either from the *Indians* or from *Bacon.*

Dunce. With the Permiſſion of the honourable Board, I think I have hit upon an Expedient that may prevent this Battel: your Honours ſhall write a Letter to *Bacon,* where you ſhall acknowledge his Services, invite him kindly home, and offer him a Comiſſion for General—

Whiff. Juſt my *Nancy*'s Counſel——Dr. *Dunce* has ſpoken like a Cherubin, he ſhall have my Voice for General; what ſay you, Brother *Whimſey?*

Down. I ſay he is a Noble Fellow, and fit for a General.

Dunce. But conceive me right, Gentlemen; as ſoon as he ſhall have render'd himſelf, ſeize him, and ſtrike off his Head at the Fort.

Whiff. Hum! his Head——Brother.

Whim. Ay, ay, Dr. *Dunce* ſpeaks like a Cherubin.

Well. Mr. *Dunce,* your Counſel in extremity, I confeſs, is not amiſs; but I ſhould be loth to deal diſhonourably with any Man.

Down. His Crimes deſerve Death, his Life is forfeited by Law, but ſhall never be taken by my conſent by Treachery: If by any Stratagem we could take him alive,

and

and either ſend him for *England* to receive there his Puniſhment, or keep him Priſoner here till the Governour arrive, I ſhould agree to it; but I queſtion his coming in upon our Invitation.

Dun. Leave that to me.

Whim. Come, I'll warrant him, the Rogue's as ſtout as *Hector*, he fears neither Heaven nor Hell.

Down. He's too brave and bold to refuſe our Summons, and I am for ſending him for *England*, and leaving him to the King's Mercy.

Dun. In that you'll find more difficulty, Sir; to take him off here will be more quick and ſudden: for the People worſhip him.

Well. I'll never yield to ſo ungenerous an Expedient. The ſeizing him I am content in the Extremity wherein we are to follow. What ſay you, Colonel *Downright?* ſhall we ſend him a Letter now, while this two days Truce laſts, between him and the *Indians?*

Down. I approve it.

All. And I, and I, and I.

Dun. If your Honours pleaſe to make me the Meſſenger, I'll uſe ſome Arguments of my own to prevail with him.

Well. You ſay well, Mr. *Dunce*, and we'll diſpatch you preſently. [Ex. Well. Down. *and all but* Whim. Whiff *and* Dunce.

Whiff. Ah, Doctor, if you could but have perſuaded Colonel *Wellman* and Colonel *Downright* to have hanged him———

Whim. Why, Brother *Whiff*, you were for making him a General but now.

Whiff. The Counſels of wiſe States-men, Brother *Whimſey*, muſt change as Cauſes do, d'ye ſee.

Dan. Your Honours are in the right; and whatever thoſe two leading Counſellors ſay, they would be glad if *Bacon* were diſpatch'd: but the punctilio of Honour is ſuch a thing.

Whim. Honour, a Pox on't; what is that Honour that keeps ſuch a buſtle in the World, yet never did good as I heard of?

Dun.

Dun. Why, 'tis a fooliſh word only, taken up by great Men, but rarely practis'd.—But if you wou'd be great Men indeed———

Whiff. If he wou'd, Doctor, name, name the way.

Dun. Why, you command each of you a Company—when *Bacon* comes from the Camp, as I am ſure he will, (and full of this ſilly thing call'd Honour, will come unguarded too) lay ſome of your Men in Ambuſh along thoſe Ditches by the *Sevana*, about a Mile from the Town; and as he comes by, ſeize him, and hang him up upon the next Tree.

Whiff. Hum——hang him! a rare Plot.

Whim. Hang him!——we'll do't, we'll do't, Sir, and I doubt not but to be made General for the Action—— I'll take it all upon my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Dun. If you reſolve upon this, you muſt about inſtantly——Thus I ſhall at once ſerve my Country, and revenge my ſelf on the Raſcal for affronting my Dignity once at the Council-Table, by calling me Farrier. [*Ex.* Dr.

Whiff. Do you know, Brother, what we are to do?

Whim. To do! yes, to hang a General, Brother, that's all.

Whiff. All! but is it lawful to hang any General?

Whim. Lawful, yes, that 'tis lawful to hang any General that fights againſt Law.

Whiff. But in what he has done, he has ſerv'd the King and our Country, and preſerv'd our Lives and Fortunes.

Whim. That's all one, Brother; if there be but a Quirk in the Law offended in this Caſe, tho he fought like *Alexander*, and preſerv'd the whole World from Perdition, yet if he did it againſt Law, 'tis lawful to hang him; why what, Brother, is it fit that every impudent Fellow that pretends to a little Honour, Loyalty, and Courage, ſhould ſerve his King and Country againſt the Law? no, no, Brother, theſe things are not to be ſuffer'd in a civil Government by Law eſtabliſh'd,——wherefore let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Surelove's *Houſe.*

Enter Ranter *and her Coachman.*

Ran. Here, *Jeffery*, ye drunken Dog, ſet your Coach and Horſes up, I'll not go till the cool of the Evening, I love to ride in *Freſco.*

Enter a Boy.

Coach. Yes, after hard drinking—[*Aſide.*] It ſhall be done, Madam.

Ran. How now, Boy, is Madam *Surelove* at home?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Ran. Go tell her I am here, Sirrah.

Boy. Who are you pray forſooth?

Ran. Why, you Son of a Baboon don't you know me?

Boy. No, Madam, I came over but in the laſt Ship.

Ran. What, from *Newgate* or *Bridewel?* from ſhoveing the Tumbler, Sirrah, lifting or filing the Cly?

Boy. I don't underſtand this Country Language, forſooth, yet.

Ran. You Rogue, 'tis what we tranſport from *England* firſt——go, ye Dog, go tell your Lady the Widow *Ranter* is come to dine with her——[*Exit* Boy.] I hope I ſhall not find that Rogue *Daring* here ſniveling after Mrs. *Chriſante:* If I do, by the Lord I'll lay him thick. Pox on him why ſhou'd I love the Dog, unleſs it be a Judgment upon me.

Enter Surelove *and* Chriſante.

—— My dear Jewel, how do'ſt do? —— as for you Gentlewoman, you are my Rival, and I am in Rancour againſt you till you have renounc'd my *Daring.*

Chriſ. All the Intereſt I have in him, Madam, I reſign to you.

Ran. Ay, but your Houſe lying ſo near the Camp, gives me mortal Fears—— but prithee how thrives thy Amour with honeſt *Friendly?*

Chriſ. As well as an Amour can that is abſolutely forbid by a Father on one ſide, and purſued by a good Reſolution on the other.

Ran.

Ran. Hay Gad, I'll warrant for *Friendly*'s Reſolution, what tho his Fortune be not anſwerable to yours, we are bound to help one another,——Here, Boy, ſome Pipes and a Bowl of Punch; you know my Humour, Madam, I muſt ſmoak and drink in a Morning, or I am maukiſh all day.

Sure. But will you drink Punch in a Morning?

Ran. Punch! 'tis my Morning's Draught, my Table-drink, my Treat, my Regalio, my every thing; ah my dear *Surelove*, if thou wou'd but refreſh and cheer thy Heart with Punch in a Morning, thou wou'dſt not look thus cloudy all the day.

Enter Pipes and a great Bowl, ſhe falls to ſmoaking.

Sure. I have reaſon, Madam, to be melancholy, I have receiv'd a Letter from my Husband, who gives me an account that he is worſe in *England* than when he was here, ſo that I fear I ſhall ſee him no more, the Doctors can do no good on him.

Ran. A very good hearing. I wonder what the Devil thou haſt done with him ſo long? an old fuſty weather-beaten Skeleton, as dried as Stock-fiſh, and much of the Hue.—Come, come, here's to the next, may he be young, Heaven, I beſeech thee. [*Drinks.*

Sure. You have reaſon to praiſe an old Man, who dy'd and left you worth fifty thouſand Pounds.

Ran. Ay, Gad——and what's better, Sweat-heart, dy'd in good time too, and left me young enough to ſpend this fifty thouſand Pounds in better Company———reſt his Soul for that too.

Chriſ. I doubt 'twill be all laid out in *Bacon*'s mad Lieutenant General *Daring*.

Ran. Faith, I think I could lend it the Rogue on good Security.

Chriſ. What's that, to be bound Body for Body?

Ran. Rather than he ſhould love no body's Body beſides my own; but my fortune is too good to truſt the Rogue, my Money makes me an Infidel.

Chriſ. You think they all love you for that.

Ran. For that, ay, what elſe? if it were not for that, I might ſit ſtill and ſigh, and cry out, a Miracle! a Miracle! at ſight of a Man within my Doors.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd ſpeak with you.

Sure. With me? ſure thou'rt miſtaken; is it not *Friendly?*

Maid. No, Madam, 'tis a Stranger.

Ran. 'Tis not *Daring*, that Rogue, is it?

Maid. No, Madam.

Ran. Is he handſome? does he look like a Gentleman?

Maid. He's handſome, and ſeems a Gentleman.

Ran. Bring him in then, I hate a Converſation without a Fellow,—hah,—a good handſome Lad indeed.

Enter Hazard *with a Letter.*

Sure. With me, Sir, would you ſpeak?

Haz. If you are Madam *Surelove.*

Sure. So I am call'd

Haz. Madam, I am newly arriv'd from *England*, and from your Husband my Kinſman bring you this.———

[*Gives a Letter.*

Ran. Pleaſe you to ſit, Sir.

Haz. She's extremely handſome. [*Aſide—ſits down.*

Ran. Come, Sir, will you ſmoke a Pipe?

Haz. I never do, Madam.

Ran. Oh fie upon't, you muſt learn then, we all ſmoke here, 'tis a part of good Breeding.——Well, well, what Cargo, what Goods have ye? any Points, Lace, rich Stuffs, Jewels; if you have, I'll be your Chafferer, I live hard by, any body will direct you to the Widow *Ranter*'s.

Haz. I have already heard of you, Madam.

Ran. What, you are like all the young Fellows, the firſt thing they do when they come to a ſtrange Place, is to enquire what Fortunes there are.

Haz. Madam, I had no ſuch Ambition.

Ran. Gad, than you're a Fool, Sir; but come, my ſervice to you; we rich Widows are the beſt Commodity this

this Country affords, I'll tell you that. [*This while ſhe reads the Letter.*

Sure. Sir, my Husband has recommended you here in a moſt particular manner, by which I do not only find the eſteem he has for you, but the deſire he has of gaining you mine, which on a double ſcore I render you, firſt for his ſake, next for thoſe Merits that appear in your ſelf.

Haz. Madam, the endeavours of my Life ſhall be to expreſs my Gratitude for this great Bounty.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Mr. *Friendly*'s here.

Sure. Bring him in.

Haz. Friendly!——I had a dear Friend of that name, who I hear is in theſe Parts.——Pray Heaven it be he.

Ran. How now, *Charles.*

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Madam, your Servant——Hah! ſhould not I know you for my dear friend *Hazard.* [*Embracing him.*

Haz. Or you're to blame, my *Friendly.*

Friend. Prithee what calm brought thee aſhore?

Haz. Fortune *de la guerre*, but prithee ask me no Queſtions in ſo good Company, where a Minute loſt from this Converſation is a Misfortune not to be retriev'd.

Friend. Doſt like her, Rogue—— [*Softly aſide.*

Haz. Like her! have I ſight, or ſenſe?——Why, I adore her.

Friend. Mrs. *Chriſante*, I heard your Father would not be here to day, which made me ſnatch this opportunity of ſeeing you.

Ran. Come, come, a Pox of this whining Love, it ſpoils good Company.

Friend. You know, my dear Friend, theſe Opportunities come but ſeldom, and therefore I muſt make uſe of them.

Ran. Come, come, I'll give you a better Opportunity at my Houſe to morrow, we are to eat a Buffalo there, and I'll ſecure the old Gentleman from coming.

Friend. Then I ſhall ſee *Chriſante* once more before I go.

Chriſ. Go—Heavens—whither, my *Friendly?*

Friend. I have received a Commiſſion to go againſt the *Indians*, *Bacon* being ſent for home.

Ran. But will he come when ſent for?

Friend. If he refuſe we are to endeavour to force him.

Chriſ. I do not think he will be forc'd, not even by *Friendly.*

Friend. And faith it goes againſt my Conſcience to lift my Sword againſt him, for he is truly brave, and what he has done, a Service to the Country, had it but been by Authority.

Chriſ. What pity 'tis there ſhould be ſuch falſe Maxims in the World, that noble Actions, howewer great, muſt be criminal for want of a Law to authoriſe 'em.

Friend. Indeed 'tis pity that when Laws are faulty they ſhould not be mended or aboliſh'd.

Ran. Hark ye, *Charles*, by Heaven if you kill my *Daring* I'll piſtol you.

Friend. No, Widow, I'll ſpare him for your ſake.

Haz. Oh ſhe's all divine, and all the Breath ſhe utters ſerves but to blow my Flame.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Dinner's on the Table———

Sure. Pleaſe you, Sir, to walk in—come, Mr. *Friendly.*

[*She takes* Hazard.

Ran. Prithee good Wench bring in the Punch-Bowl.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion.

Diſcovers the Indian *King and Queen ſitting in State, with Guards of* Indians, *Men and Women attending: To them* Bacon *richly dreſs'd, attended by* Daring, Fearleſs *and other Officers; he bows to the King and Queen, who riſe to receive him.*

King. I Am ſorry, Sir, we meet upon theſe Terms, we who ſo often have embrac'd as Friends.

Bac. How charming is the Queen! [*Aſide.*] War, Sir, is not my Buſineſs nor my Pleaſure: Nor was I bred in Arms, my Country's Good has forc'd me to aſſume a Soldier's Life; and 'tis with much regret that I employ the firſt Effects of it againſt my Friends: yet whilſt I may— whilſt this Ceſſation laſts, I beg we may exchange thoſe Friendſhips, Sir, we have ſo often paid in happier Peace.

King. For your part, Sir, you've been ſo noble, that I repent the fatal Difference that makes us meet in Arms. Yet tho I'm young, I'm ſenſible of Injuries; and oft have heard my Grandſire ſay, That we were Monarchs once of all this ſpacious World, till you, an unknown People, landing here, diſtreſs'd and ruin'd by deſtructive Storms, abuſing all our charitable Hoſpitality, uſurp'd our Right, and made your Friends your Slaves.

Bac. I will not juſtify the Ingratitude of my Fore-fathers, but finding here my Inheritance, I am reſolv'd ſtill to maintain it ſo, and by my Sword which firſt cut out my Portion, defend each Inch of Land, with my laſt drop of Blood.

Queen. Even his Threats have thoſe Charms that pleaſe the Heart. [*Aſide.*

King. Come, Sir, let this ungrateful Theme alone, which is better diſputed in the Field.

Queen. Is it impoſſible there might be wrought an underſtanding betwixt my Lord and you? 'Twas to that end I firſt deſired this Truce, my ſelf propoſing to be Mediator, to which my Lord *Cavernio* ſhall agree, could you but condeſcend——I know you are noble: And I have heard you ſay our tender Sex could never plead in vain.

Bac. Alas! I dare not truſt your pleading, Madam: a few ſoft Words from ſuch a charming Mouth would lay me a Conqueror at your Feet, as a Sacrifice for all the Ills he has done you.

Queen. How ſtrangely I am pleas'd to hear him talk. [*Aſide.*

King. Semernia ſee, the Dancers do appear;
Sir, will you take your Seat? [*To* Bacon.

[*He leads the Queen to a Seat, they ſit and talk.*

Bac. Curſe on his Sports that interrupted me, my very Soul was hovering at my Lip, ready to have diſcover'd all its Secrets. But oh! I dread to tell her of my pain, and when I wou'd an awful trembling ſeizes me, and ſhe can only from my dying Eyes read all the Sentiments of my captive Heart. [*Sits down, the reſt wait.*

Enter Indians *that dance Anticks: After the Dance the King ſeems in diſcourſe with* Bacon, *the Queen riſes and comes forth.*

Queen. The more I gaze upon this *Engliſh* Stranger, the more Confuſion ſtruggles in my Soul: Oft I have heard of Love, and oft this Gallant Man (when Peace had made him pay his idle Viſits) has told a thouſand Tales of dying Maids; and ever when he ſpoke, my panting Heart, with a prophetick Fear in Sighs reply'd, I ſhall fall a Victim to his Eyes.

Enter an Indian.

Indian. Sir, here's a Meſſenger from the *Engliſh* Council deſires admittance to the General. [*To the King.*

Bac. With your Permiſſion he may advance.
[*To the King.*

Re-enter Indian *with* Dunce. *A Letter.*

Dun. All Health and Happineſs attend your Honour, this from the honourable Council. [*Gives him a Letter.*

King.

King. I'll leave you till you have diſpatch'd the Meſſenger, and then expect your preſence in the Royal Tent.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Indians.

Bac. Lieutenant, read the Letter. [*To* Daring.

Daring *reads.*

SIR, the neceſſity of what you have acted makes it pardonable, and we could wiſh we had done the Country and our ſelves ſo much Juſtice as to have given you that Commiſſion you deſired.—We now find it reaſonable to raiſe more Forces, to oppoſe theſe Inſolences, which poſſibly yours may be too weak to accompliſh, to which end the Council is ordered to meet this Evening, and deſiring you will come and take your place there, and be pleas'd to accept from us a Commiſſion to command in Chief in this War.———Therefore ſend thoſe Soldiers under your Command to their reſpective Houſes, and haſte Sir to your affectionate Friends————

Fear. Sir, I fear the Hearts and Pen did not agree when this was writ.

Dar. A plague upon their ſhallow Politicks! Do they think to play the old Game twice with us?

Bac. Away, you wrong the Council, who of themſelves are honourable Gentlemen; but the baſe coward Fear of ſome of them, puts the reſt on tricks that ſuit not with their Nature.

Dun. Sir, 'tis for noble ends you are ſent for, and for your ſafety I'll engage my Life.

Dar. By Heaven and ſo you ſhall;——and pay it too with all the reſt of your wiſe-headed Council.

Bac. Your Zeal is too officious now; I ſee no Treachery, and can fear no Danger.

Dun. Treachery! now Heavens forbid, are we not Chriſtians, Sir, all Friends and Countrymen? believe me, Sir, 'tis Honour calls you to increaſe your Fame, and he who would diſſuade you is your Enemy.

Dar. Go cant, Sir, to the Rabble—for us, we know you.

Bac. You wrong me when you but ſuſpect for me; let him that acts diſhonourably fear. My innocence and my good Sword's my Guard.

Dar. If you reſolve to go, we will attend you.

Bac. What go like an invader! No, *Daring*, the Invitation's friendly, and as a Friend attended only by my menial Servants, I'll wait upon the Council, that they may ſee that when I could command it, I came an humble Suppliant for their Favour.——You may return, and tell 'em I'll attend.

Dun. I kiſs your Honour's Hands—— [*Goes out.*

Dar. 'Sdeath, will you truſt the faithleſs Council, Sir, who have ſo long held you in hand with Promiſes, that Curſe of States-men, that unlucky Vice that renders even Nobility deſpis'd?

Bac. Perhaps the Council thought me too aſpiring, and would not add Wings to my ambitious Flight.

Dar. A pox of their conſidering Caps, and now they find that you can ſoar alone, they ſend for you to nip your ſpreading Wings.
Now by my Soul, you ſhall not go alone

Bac. Forbear, leſt I ſuſpect you for a Mutineer; I am reſolv'd to go.

Fear. What, and send your Army home? a pretty fetch.

Dar. By Heaven, we'll not disband, not till we ſee how fairly you are dealt with: If you have a Commiſſion to be General, here we are ready to receive new Orders: If not, we'll ring them ſuch a thundring Peal ſhall beat the Town about their treacherous Ears.

Bac. I do command you not to ſtir a Man, till you're inform'd how I am treated by 'em.——leave me all.

[*Exeunt Officers.*

While Bacon *reads the Letter again, to him the* Indian *Queen with Women waiting.*

Queen. Now while my Lord's aſleep in his Pavilion, I'll try my Power with the General for an Accommodation of a Peace: The very dreams of War fright my ſoft Slumbers that us'd to be employ'd in kinder Buſineſs.

Bac.

Bac. Ha !—the Queen—what Happineſs is this preſents it ſelf which all my Induſtry could never gain ?

Queen, Sir——— [*Approaching him.*

Bac. Preſt with the great extremes of Joy and Fear, I trembling ſtand, unable to approach her.

Queen. I hope you will not think it Fear in me, tho timorous as a Dove by nature fram'd : Not that my Lord, whoſe Youth's unskill'd in War, can either doubt his Courage, or his Forces, that makes me ſeek a Reconciliation on any honourable Terms of Peace.

Bac. Ah Madam ! if you knew how abſolutely you command my Fate, I fear but little Honour would be left me, ſince whatſoe'er you ask me I ſhould grant.

Queen. Indeed I would not ask your Honour, Sir, that renders you too brave in my eſteem. Nor can I think that you would part with that. No not to ſave your Life.

Bac. I would do more to ſerve your leaſt commands than part with trivial Life.

Queen. Bleſs me, Sir, how came I by ſuch a Power ?

Bac. The Gods and Nature gave it you in your Creation, form'd with all the Charms that ever grac'd your Sex.

Queen. Is't poſſible ? am I ſo beautiful ?

Bac. As Heaven, or Angels there.

Queen. Suppoſing this, how can my Beauty make you ſo obliging ?

Bac. Beauty has ſtill a Power over great Souls, and from the moment I beheld your Eyes, my ſtubborn Heart melted to compliance, and from a nature rough and turbulent, grew ſoft and gentle as the God of Love.

Queen. The God of Love ! what is the God of Love ?

Bac. 'Tis a reſiſtleſs Fire, that's kindled thus—at every [*Takes her by the Hand and gazes on her.*

gaze we take from ſuch fine Eyes, from ſuch baſhful Looks, and ſuch ſoft Touches——it makes us ſigh,—— and pant as I do now, and ſtops the breath when e'er we ſpeak of Pain.

Queen. Alas, for me if this ſhould be Love ! [*Aſide.*

Bac.

Bac. It makes us tremble when we touch the fair one; and all the Blood runs ſhivering thro the Veins, the Heart's ſurrounded with a feeble Languiſhment, the Eyes are dying, and the Cheeks are pale, the Tongue is faltring, and the Body fainting.

Queen. Then I'm undone, and all I feel is Love. [*Aſide.* If Love be catching, Sir, by Looks and Touches, let us at diſtance parley—or rather let me fly, for within view is too near——— [*Aſide.*

Bac. Ah! ſhe retires——diſpleas'd I fear with my preſumptuous Love,———Oh pardon, faireſt Creature. [*Kneels.*

Queen. I'll talk no more, our Words exchange our Souls, and every Look fades all my blooming Honour, like Sun-beams on unguarded Roſes—Take all our Kingdoms—make our People Slaves, and let me fall beneath your conquering Sword: but never let me hear you talk again, or gaze upon your Eyes.——— [*Goes out.*

Bac. She loves! by Heaven ſhe loves! and has not Art enough to hide her Flame, tho ſhe have cruel Honour to ſuppreſs it. However I'll purſue her to the Banquet. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Widow* Ranter's *Hall.*

Enter Surelove *fan'd by two Negroes, followed by* Hazard.

Sure. This Madam *Ranter* is ſo prodigious a Treater—oh! I hate a Room that ſmells of a great Dinner, and what's worſe a deſert of Punch and Tobacco—what! are you taking leave ſo ſoon, Couſin?

Haz. Yes Madam, but 'tis not fit I ſhould let you know with what regret I go,———but Buſineſs will be obey'd.

Sure. Some Letters to diſpatch to *Engliſh* Ladies you have left behind——come, Couſin, confeſs.

Haz. I own I much admire the *Engliſh* Beauties but never yet have put their Fetters on.

Sure. Never in love! oh then you have pleaſure to come.

Haz.

Haz. Rather a Pain when there's no Hope attends it.

Sure. Oh ſuch Diſeaſes quickly cure themſelves.

Haz. I do not wiſh to find it ſo; for even in Pain I find a Pleaſure too.

Sure. You are infected then, and come abroad for Cure.

Haz. Rather to receive my Wounds, Madam.

Sure. Already Sir,—whoe'er ſhe be, ſhe made good haſte to conquer, we have few here boaſt that Dexterity.

Haz. What think you of *Chriſante*, Madam?

Sure. I muſt confeſs your Love and your Deſpair are there plac'd right, of which I am not fond of being made a Confident, ſince I am aſſur'd ſhe can love none but *Friendly.* [*Coldly.*

Haz. Let her love on as long as Life ſhall laſt, let *Friendly* take her, and the Univerſe, ſo I had my next wiſh——— [*Sighs.*
Madam, it is your ſelf that I adore——I ſhould not be ſo vain to tell you this, but that I know you have found the Secret out already from my Sighs.

Sure. Forbear Sir, and know me for your Kinſman's Wife, and no more.

Haz. Be ſcornful as you pleaſe, rail at my Paſſion, and refuſe to hear it; yet I'll love on, and hope in ſpite of you; my Flame ſhall be ſo conſtant and submiſſive, it ſhall compel your Heart to ſome return.

Sure. You're very confident of your Power I perceive; but if you chance to find your ſelf miſtaken, ſay your Opinion and your Affectation were miſapply'd, and not that I was cruel. [*Ex.* Surelove.

Haz. Whate'er denials dwell upon your Tongue, your Eyes aſſure me that your Heart is tender. [*Goes out.*

Enter the Bagpiper, playing before a great Bowl of Punch, carry'd between two Negroes, a Highlander dancing after it; the Widow Ranter *led by* Timorous; Chriſante *by* Dullman; *Mrs.* Flirt *and* Friendly, *all dancing after it; they place it on the Table.*

Dull. This is like the noble Widow all over i'faith.

Tim.

Tim. Ay, ay, the Widow's Health in a full Ladle, Major. [*Drinks.*

——But a Pox on't what made that young Fellow here, that affronted us yeſterday, Major?

[*While they drink about.*

Dull. Some damned Sharper that would lay his Knife aboard your Widow, Cornet.

Tim. Zoors, if I thought ſo, I'd arreſt him for Salt and Battery, lay him in Priſon for a ſwinging Fine, and take no Bail.

Dull. Nay, had it not been before my Miſtreſs here, Mrs. *Chriſante*, I had ſwinged him for Yeſterday's Affront; ——ah my ſweet Miſtreſs *Chriſante*——if you did but know what a power you have over me———

Chriſ. Oh you're a great Courtier, Major.

Dull. Would I were any thing for your ſake, Madam.

Ran. Thou art anything, but what thou ſhouldſt be; prithee Major leave off being an old Buffoon, that is, a Lover turn'd ridiculous by Age, conſider thy ſelf a mere rouling Tun of *Nantz*,——a walking Chimney, ever ſmoaking with naſty Mundungus, and then thou haſt a Countenance like an old worm-eaten Cheeſe.

Dull. Well, Widow, you will joke, ha, ha, ha—

Tim. Gad' Zoors ſhe's pure company, ha, ha——

Dull. No matter for my Countenance,—Col. *Downright* likes my Eſtate, and is reſolved to have it a match.

Friend. Dear Widow, take off your damned Major, for if he ſpeak another word to *Chriſante*, I ſhall be put paſt all my patience, and fall foul upon him.

Ran. S'life not for the world——Major I bar Love-making within my Territories, 'tis inconſiſtent with the Punch-Bowl, if you'l drink do, if not be gone.

Tim. Nay, Gad's Zooks, if you enter me at the Punch-Bowl you enter me in Politicks———well, 'tis the beſt Drink in Chriſtendom for a Stateſman.

They drink about the Bagpipe playing.

Ran. Come, now you ſhall ſee what my High-land Valet can do. [*A* Scotch *Dance.*

Dull.

Dull. So——I ſee let the World go which way it will, Widow, you are reſolv'd for mirth,—but come—to the converſation of the Times.

Ran. The Times! why what a Devil ails the Times? I ſee nothing in the Times but a Company of Coxcombs that fear without a Cauſe.

Tim. But if these Fears were laid, and *Bacon* were hanged; I look upon *Virginia* to be the happieſt part of the World, gads zoors,——why there's *England*——'tis nothing to't,——I was in *England* about ſix Years ago, and was ſhewed the Court of Aldermen, ſome were nodding, ſome ſaying nothing, and others very little to purpoſe; but how could it be otherwiſe, for they had neither Bowl of Punch, Bottles of Wine or Tobacco before 'em, to put Life and Soul into 'em as we have here: then for the young Gentlemen—their fartheſt Travels is to *France* or *Italy*, they never come hither.

Dull. The more's the pity by my troth. [*Drinks.*

Tim. Where they learn to ſwear Mor-blew, Mor-dee—

Frien. And tell you how much bigger the *Louvre* is than *Whitehall*; buy a ſuit a-la-mode, get a ſwinging Clap of ſome *French* Marquiſe, ſpend all their Money, and return juſt as they went.

Dull. For the old Fellows, their buſineſs is Uſury, Extortion, and undermining young Heirs.

Tim. Then for young Merchants, their Exchange is the Tavern, their Ware-houſe the Play-houſe, and their Bills of Exchange Billet-Douxs, where to ſup with their Wenches at the other end of the Town,—now judge you what a condition poor *England* is in: for my part I look upon it as a loſt Nation gads zoors.

Dull. I have conſidered it, and have found a way to ſave all yet.

Tim. As how I pray?

Dull. As thus; we have Men here of great Experience and Ability——now I would have as many ſent into *England*, as would ſupply all Places and Offices, both Civil and Military, d'ye ſee; their young Gentry ſhould all travel hither for breeding, and to learn the myſteries of State.

Friend.

Frien. As for the old covetous Fellows, I would have the Tradeſmen get in their Debts, break and turn Troopers.

Tim. And they'd be ſoon weary of Extortion gad zoors.

Dull. Then for the young Merchants, there ſhould be a Law made, none ſhould go beyond *Ludgate.*

Frien. You have found out the only way to preſerve that great Kingdom.

Tim. Well, gad zoors 'tis a fine thing to be a good Stateſman.

Frien. Ay Cornet, which had never been had you ſtaid in Old *England.*

Dull. Why Sir, we were ſomebody in *England.*

Frien. So I heard, Major.

Dull. You heard Sir! what have you heard? he's a Kidnapper that ſays he heard any thing of me———and ſo my ſervice to you.——I'll ſue you, Sir, for ſpoiling my Marriage here by your Scandals with Mrs. *Chriſante:* but that ſhan't do, Sir, I'll marry her for all that, and he's a Raſcal that denies it.

Frien. S'death you lye Sir—I do.

Tim. Gad zoors Sir, lye to a Privy-Counſellor, a Major of Horſe! Brother this is an Affront to our Dignities: draw and I'll ſide with you.

[*They both draw on* Friendly, *the Ladies run off.*

Frien. If I diſdain to draw, 'tis not that I fear your baſe and cowardly Force, but for the reſpect I bear you as Magiſtrates, and ſo I leave you. [*Goes out.*

Tim. An arrant Coward gad zoors.

Dull. A mere Paultroon, and I ſcorn to drink in his Company. [*Exeunt, putting up their Swords.*

SCENE III. *A* Sevana, *or large Heath.*

Enter Whimſey, Whiff, *and* Boozer, *with ſome Soldiers arm'd.*

Whim. Stand—ſtand——and hear the word of Command———do ye ſee yon Cops, and that Ditch that runs along Major *Dullman*'s Plantation?

Booz.

Booz. We do.

Whim. Place your Men there, and lie flat on your Bellies, and when *Bacon* comes, (if alone) ſeize him d'ye ſee.

Whiff. Obſerve the Command now (if alone) for we are not for blood-ſhed.

Booz. I'll warrant you for our parts.

[*Exeunt all but* Whim *and* Whiff.

Whim. Now we have ambuſht our Men, let's light our Pipes, and ſit down and take au encouraging Dram of the Bottle. [*Pulls a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket—they ſit.*

Whiff. Thou art a Knave, and haſt emptied half the Bottle in thy Leathern Pockets; but come here's young *Frightall*'s Health.

Whim. What, drink a Man's Health whom ye are going to hang?

Whiff. 'Tis all one for that, we'll drink his Health firſt, and hang him afterwards, and thou ſhalt pledge me d'ye ſee, and tho 'twere under the Gallows.

Whim. Thou'rt a Traitor for ſaying ſo, and I defy thee.

Whiff. Nay ſince we are come out like loving Brothers, to hang the General, let's not fall out among our ſelves; and ſo here's to you, tho I have no great Maw to this Buſineſs.

Whim. Prithee Brother *Whiff*, do not be ſo villainous a Coward, for I hate a Coward.

Whiff. Nay 'tis not that——but my *Whiff*, my *Nancy* dreamt to night ſhe saw me hanged.

Whim. 'Twas a cowardly Dream, think no more on't; but as Dreams are expounded by contraries, thou ſhalt hang the General.

Whiff. Ay—but he was my Friend, and I owe him at this time a hundred Pounds of Tobacco.

Whim. Nay, then I am ſure thou'dſt hang him if he were thy Brother.

Whiff. But hark——I think I hear the Neighing of Horſes, where ſhall we hide our ſelves? for if we ſtay here, we ſhall be mawled damnably.

[*Exeunt both behind a Buſh, peeping.*

Enter

Enter Bacon, Fearleſs, *and* 3 *or* 4 *Footmen.*

Bac. Let the Groom lead the Horſes o'er the *Sevana*; we'll walk it on Foot, 'tis not a quarter of a Mile to the Town; and here the Air is cool.

Fear. The Breezes about this time of the Day begin to take wing, and fan refreſhment to the Trees and Flowers.

Bac. And at theſe Hours how fragrant are the Groves!

Fear. The Country's well, were but the people ſo.

Bac. But come lets on——[*They paſs to the Entrance.*

Whim. There Boys——— [*The Soldiers come forth and fall on* Bacon.

Bac. Hah! Ambuſh ——

[*Draws,* Fearleſs *and Footmen draw, the Soldiers after a while fighting, take* Bacon *and* Fearleſs, *having laid* 3 *or* 4 *dead.*

Whiff. So, ſo, he's taken; now we may venture out.

Whim. But are you ſure he's taken?

Whiff. Sure! can't you believe your Eyes, come forth; I hate a Coward——Oh Sir, have we caught your Mightineſs.

Bac. Are you the Authors of this valiant Act? None but ſuch villainous Cowards durſt have attempted it.

Whim. Stop his railing Tongue.

Whiff. No, no, let him rail, let him rail now his Hands are ty'd, ha, ha. Why good General *Frightall*, what was no body able d'ye think to tame the roaring Lyon.

Bac. You'll be hanged for this.

Whim. Come, come, away with him to the next Tree.

Bac. What mean you, Villains?

Whiff. Only to hang your Honour a little, that's all. We'll teach you, Sir, to ſerve your Country againſt Law.

As they go off, enter Daring *with Soldiers.*

Dar. Hah—my General betray'd!—this I ſuſpected.

His Men come in, they fall on, releaſe Bacon *and* Fearleſs, *and get Swords.* Whim's *Party put* Whim *and* Whiff *before 'em ſtriking 'em as they endeavour to run on this ſide or that, and forcing 'em to bear up, they are taken after ſome fighting.*

Fear. Did not the General tell you Rogues, you'd be all hang'd? *Whiff.*

Whiff. Oh, *Nancy, Nancy*, how prophetick are thy Dreams!

Bac. Come lets on ———

Dar. S'death what mean you, Sir?

Bac. As I deſigned ——— to preſent my ſelf to the Council.

Dar. By Heavens we'll follow then to ſave you from their Treachery, 'twas this that has befallen you that I feared, which made me at a diſtance follow you.

Bac. Follow me ſtill, but ſtill at ſuch a diſtance as your Aids may be aſſiſting on all occaſions.—*Fearleſs* go back and bring your Regiment down; and *Daring*, let your Sergeant with his Party guard theſe Villains to the Council.

[*Ex.* Bac. Dar. *and* Fearleſs.

Whiff. A Pox on your Worſhip's Plot.

Whim. A Pox of your forwardneſs to come out of the Hedge. [*Ex. Officers, with* Whim. *and* Whiff.

SCENE IV. *The Council-Table.*

Enter Col. Wellman, *Col.* Downright, Dullman, Timorous, *and about ſeven or eight more ſeat themſelves.*

Well. You heard Mr. *Dunce*'s opinion, Gentlemen, concerning *Bacon*'s coming upon our Invitation. He believes he will come, but I rather think, tho he be himſelf undaunted, yet the perſuaſions of his two Lieutenant-Generals, *Daring* and *Fearleſs*, may prevent him—Colonel, have you order'd our Men to be in Arms?

Enter a Soldier.

Down. I have, and they'l attend further order on the *Sevana.*

Sol. May it pleaſe your Honours, *Bacon* is on his way, he comes unattended by any but his Footmen, and Col. *Fearleſs.*

Down. Who is this Fellow?

Well. A Spy I ſent to watch *Bacon*'s Motions.

Sol. But there is a Company of Soldiers in Ambuſh on this ſide of the *Sevana* to ſeize him as he paſſes by.

Well. That's by no order of the Council.

Omnes.

Omnes. No, no, no order.

Well. Nay, 'twere a good deſign if true.

Tim. Gad zoors wou'd I had thought on't for my Troop.

Down. I am for no unfair dealing in any extremity.

Enter a Meſſenger in haſte.

Meſ. An't pleaſe your Honours, the ſaddeſt News—— an Ambuſh being laid for *Bacon*, they ruſh'd out upon him on the *Sevana*, and after ſome fighting took him and *Fearleſs* ———

Tim. Is this your ſad News——zoors wou'd I had a hand in't.

Brag. When on a ſudden, *Daring* and his Party fell in upon us, turn'd the tide——kill'd our Men, and took Captain *Whimſey*, and Captain *Whiff* Pris'ners; the reſt run away, but *Bacon* fought like fury.

Tim. A bloody Fellow!

Down. Whim and *Whiff?* they deſerve Death for acting without order.

Tim. I'm of the Colonel's Opinion, they deſerve to hang for't.

Dull. Why, Brother, I thought you had wiſh'd that the Plot had been yours but now.

Tim. Ay, but the Caſe is alter'd ſince that, good Brother.

Well. Now he's exaſperated paſt all hopes of a Reconciliation.

Dull. You muſt make uſe of the Stateſman's Refuge, wiſe Diſſimulation.

Brag. For all this, Sir, he will not believe but that you mean honourably, and no Perſuaſions could hinder him from coming, ſo he has diſmiſs'd all his Soldiers, and is entring the Town on foot.

Well. What pity 'tis a brave Man ſhould be guilty of an ill Action.

Brag. But the noiſe of his danger has ſo won the Hearts of the Mobile, that they increaſe his Train as he goes, and follow him in the Town like a Victor.

Well. Go wait his coming. [*Exit* Brag.

He grows too popular and muſt be humbled.

Tim.

Tim. I was ever of your mind, Colonel.

Well. Ay, right or wrong——but what's your Counſel now?

Tim. E'en as it uſed to be, I leave it to wiſer Heads.

Enter Brag.

Brag. Bacon, Sir, is entring.

Tim. Gad zoors, wou'd I were ſafe in bed.

Dull. Colonel, keep in your Heat, and treat calmly with him.

Well. I rather wiſh you would all follow me, I'd meet him at the head of all his noiſy Rabble, and ſeize him from the Rout.

Down. What, Men of Authority diſpute with Rakehells! 'tis below us, Sir.

Tim. To ſtake our Lives and Fortunes againſt their nothing.

Enter Bacon, *after him the Rabble with Staves and Clubs, bringing in* Whim. and Whiff *bound.*

Well. What means this Inſolence?—What, Mr. *Bacon*, do you come in Arms?

Bac. I'd need, Sir, come in Arms, when Men that ſhould be honourable can have ſo poor Deſigns to take away my Life.

Well. Thruſt out his following Rabble.

1*ſt Rab.* We'll not ſtir till we have our General ſafe back again.

Bac. Let not your Loves be too officious——but retire———

1*ſt Rab.* At your Command we vaniſh.———

[*The Rabble retire.*

Bac. I hope you'll pardon me, if in my own defence I ſeized on theſe two Murderers.

Down. You did well, Sir, 'twas by no order they acted——ſtand forth and hear your Sentence——in time of War we need no formal Tryals to hang Knaves that act without order.

Whiff. Oh Mercy, Mercy, Colonel—— 'twas Parſon *Dunce*'s Plot.

Down. Iſſue out a Warrant to ſeize *Dunce* immediately—you ſhall be carry'd to the Fort to pray.

Whim.

Whim. Oh good your Honour, I never pray'd in all my Life.

Down. From thence drawn upon a Sledge to the place of Execution—where you ſhall hang till you are dead—and then be cut down and——

Whim. Oh hold——hold——we ſhall never be able to endure half this.

Well. I think the Offence needs not ſo great Puniſhment; their Crime, Sir, is but equal to your own, acting without Commiſſion.

Bac. 'Tis very well explained Sir,——had I been murder'd by Commiſſion then, the Deed had been approved, and now perhaps I am beholding to the Rabble for my Life.

Well. A fine Pretence to hide a popular Fault, but for this once we pardon them and you.

Bac. Pardon! for what? by Heaven I ſcorn your Pardon, I've not offended Honour nor Religion.

Well. You have offended both in taking Arms.

Bac. Should I ſtand by and ſee my Country ruin'd, my King diſhonour'd, and his Subjects murder'd, hear the ſad Crys of Widows and of Orphans? you heard it loud, but gave no pitying ear to't, and till the War and Maſſacre was brought to my own door, my Flocks and Herds ſurprized, I bore it all with Patience. Is it unlawful to defend my ſelf againſt a Thief that breaks into my Doors?

Well. And call you this defending of your ſelf?

Bac. I call it doing of my ſelf that right, which upon juſt demand the Council did refuſe me; if my Ambition, as you're pleaſed to call it, made me demand too much, I left my ſelf to you.

Well. Perhaps we thought it did.

Bac. Sir you affront my Birth——I am a Gentleman, and yet my Thoughts were humble—— I would have fought under the meaneſt of your Paraſites.

Tim. There's a Bob for us, Brother. [*To* Dull.

Bac. But ſtill you put me off with Promiſes—— and when compell'd to ſtir in my Defence I call'd none to my aid,

aid, and thoſe that came, 'twas their own Wrongs that urg'd them.

Down. 'Tis fear'd Sir, under this Pretence, you aim at Government.

Bac. I ſcorn to anſwer to ſo baſe an Accuſation; the height of my Ambition is to be an honeſt Subject.

Well. An honeſt Rebel, Sir——

Bac. You know you wrong me, and 'tis baſely urg'd—but this is trifling——here are my Commiſſions.

[*Throws down Papers*, Down. *reads.*

Down. To be General of the Force againſt the *Indians*, and blank Commiſſions for his Friends.

Well. Tear them in pieces——are we to be impoſed upon? Do ye come in hoſtile manner to compel us?

Down. Be not too rough, Sir, let us argue with him.

Well. I am reſolv'd I will not.

Tim. Then we are all dead Men, Godzoors! he will not give us time to ſay our Prayers.

Well. We every day expect freſh force from *England*, till then, we of our ſelves ſhall be ſufficient to make defence againſt a ſturdy Traitor.

Bac. Traitor! S'death Traitor —— I defy ye, but that my Honour's yet above my Anger, I'll make you anſwer me that Traitor dearly. [*Riſes.*

Well. Hah——am I threatned——Guards ſecure the Rebel. [*Guards ſeize him.*

Bac. Is this your honourable Invitation? Go—— triumph in your ſhort-liv'd Victory, the next turn ſhall be mine. [*Exeunt Guards with* Bac.

A Noiſe of Fighting—Enter Bacon, Wellman's *Guards beat back by the Rabble*, Bacon *ſnatches a Sword from one, and keeps back the Rabble*, Tim. *gets under the Table.*

Down. What means this Inſolence?

Rab. We'll have our General, and knock that Fellow's Brains out, and hang up Colonel *Wellman.*

All. Ay, ay, hang up *Wellman.*

[*The Rabble ſeize* Well. *and* Dull. *and the reſt.*

Dull.

Dull. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I was always for the General.

Rab. Let's barbicu this fat Rogue.

Bac. Be gone, and know your diſtance to the Council.
[*The Rabble let 'em go.*

Well. I'd rather periſh by the meaneſt Hand, than owe my ſafety poorly thus to *Bacon.* [*In Rage.*

Bac. If you perſiſt ſtill in that mind I'll leave you, and conquering make you happy againſt your will.

[*Ex.* Bacon *and Rabble, hollowing a* Bacon, *a* Bacon.

Well. Oh villanous Cowards! who will truſt his Honour with Sycophans ſo baſe? Let us to Arms—by Heaven I will not give my Body reſt, till I've chaſtiſed the boldneſs of this Rebel. [*Exeunt* Well. Down. *and the reſt, all but* Dull. Tim. *peeps from under the Table.*

Tim. What is the roiſtering Hector gone, Brother?

Dull. Ay, ay, and the Devil go with him.
[*Looking ſadly,* Tim. *comes out.*

Tim. Was there ever ſuch a Bull of *Baſhan!* Why, what if he ſhould come down upon us and kill us all for Traitors.

Dull. I rather think the Council will hang us all for Cowards—ah—oh—a Drum—a Drum—oh. [*He goes out.*

Tim. This is the Miſery of being Great,
We're ſacrific'd to every turn of State. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Country Court, a great Table, with Papers, a Clerk writing.

Enter a great many People of all ſorts, then Friendly, *after him* Dullman.

Friend. HOW now, Major; what they ſay *Bacon* ſcar'd you all out of the Council yeſterday: What ſay the People?

Dull.

Dull. Say? they curſe us all, and drink young *Frightall*'s Health, and ſwear they'll fight thro Fire and Brimſtone for him.

Friend. And to morrow will hollow him to the Gallows, if it were his chance to come there.

Dull. 'Tis very likely: Why I am forced to be guarded to the Court now, the Rabble ſwore they would *De-Wit* me, but I ſhall hamper ſome of 'em. Wou'd the Governour were here to bear the brunt on't, for they call us the evil Counſellors.

Enter Hazard, *goes to* Friendly.

Here's the young Rogue that drew upon us too, we have Rods in Piſs for him i'faith.

Enter Timorous *with Bailiffs, whiſpers to* Dullman, *after which to the Bailiffs.*

Tim. Godzoors that's he, do your Office.

Bail. We arreſt you, Sir, in the King's Name, at the ſuit of the honourable Juſtice *Timorous.*

Haz. Justice *Timorous!* who the Devil's he?

Tim. I am the Man, Sir, d'ye ſee, for want of a better; you ſhall repent, Guds zoors, your putting of tricks upon Perſons of my Rank and Quality.

[*After he has ſpoke, he runs back as afraid of him.*

Haz. Your Rank and Quality!

Tim. Ay, Sir, my Rank and Quality; firſt I am one of the honourable Council, next, a Juſtice of Peace in *Quorum*, Cornet of a Troop of Horſe, d'ye ſee, and Church-warden.

Friend. From whence proceeds this, Mr. Juſtice? you ſaid nothing of this at Madam *Ranter*'s yeſterday; you ſaw him there, then you were good Friends.

Tim. Ay, however I have carried my Body ſwimmingly before my Miſtreſs, d'ye ſee, I had Rancour in my Heart, Gads zoors.

Friend. Why, this Gentleman's a Stranger, and but lately come aſhore.

Haz. At my firſt landing I was in company with this Fellow and two or three of his cruel Brethren, where I was affronted by them, ſome Words paſs'd, and I drew—

Tim. Ay, ay, Sir, you ſhall pay for't,——why——what, Sir, cannot a civil Magiſtrate affront a Man, but he muſt be drawn upon preſently?

Friend. Well, Sir, the Gentleman ſhall anſwer your Suit, and I hope you'll take my Bail for him.

Tim. 'Tis enough—I know you to be a civil Perſon.

Timorous *and* Dullman *take their Places on a long Bench placed behind the Table, to them* Whimſey *and* Whiff, *they ſeat themſelves, then* Boozer *and two or three more; who ſeat themſelves: Then enter two, bearing a Bowl of Punch and a great Ladle or two in it; the reſt of the Stage being fill'd with People.*

Whiff. Brothers, it hath been often mov'd at the Bench, that a new Punch-Bowl shou'd be provided, and one of a larger Circumference; when the Bench ſits late about weighty Affairs, oftentimes the Bowl is emptied before we end.

Whim. A good Motion; Clerk, ſet it down.

Clerk. Mr. Juſtice *Boozer*, the Council has order'd you a Writ of Eaſe, and diſmiſs your Worſhip from the Bench.

Booz. Me from the Bench, for what?

Whim. The Complaint is, Brother *Boozer*, for drinking too much Punch in the time of hearing Tryals.

Whiff. And that you can neither write nor read, nor ſay the Lord's Prayer.

Tim. That your Warrants are like a Brewer's Tally, a Notch on a Stick; if a ſpecial Warrant, then a couple. Gods zoors, when his Excellency comes he will have no ſuch Juſtices.

Booz. Why, Brother, tho I can't read my ſelf, I have had *Dalton*'s Country-Juſtice read over to me two or three times, and underſtand the Law. This is your Malice, Brother *Whiff*, becauſe my Wife does not come to your Warehouſe to buy her Commodities,——but no matter, to ſhow I have no Malice in my Heart, I drink your Health.—I care not this, I can turn Lawyer, and plead at the Board. [*Drinks, all pledge him, and hum.*

Dull.

Dull. Mr. Clerk, come to the Tryals on the Dockett.
[*Clerk reads.*

Clerk. The firſt is between his Worſhip Juſtice *Whiff* and one *Grubb.*

Dull. Ay, that *Grubb*'s a common Diſturber, Brother, your Cauſe is a good Cauſe if well manag'd, here's to't.
[*Drinks.*

Whiff. I thank you, Brother *Dullman*———read my Petition. [*Drinks.*

Cler. The Petition of Captain *Thomas Whiff*, ſheweth, That whereas *Gilbert Grubb* calls his Worſhip's Wife *Ann Whiff* Whore, and ſaith he will prove it; your Petitioner deſires the Worſhipful Bench to take it into Conſideration, and your Petitioner ſhall ever pray, *&c.*—— Here's two Witneſſes have made Affidavit *viva voce*, an't like your Worſhips.

Dull. Call *Grubb.*

Cler. Gilbert Grubb, come into the Court.

Grub. Here.

Whim. Well, what can you ſay for your ſelf, Mr. *Grubb.*

Grub. Why, an't like your Worſhip, my Wife invited ſome Neighbours Wives to drink a Cagg of Syder; now your Worſhip's Wife, Madam *Whiff*, being there fuddled, would have thruſt me out of doors, and bid me go to my old Whore Madam *Whimſey*, meaning your Worſhip's Wife. [*To* Whimſey.

Whim. Hah! My Wife called Whore, ſhe's a Jade, and I'll arreſt her Husband here—in an Action of Debts.

Tim. Gad zoors, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be, I'll warrant her.

Whiff. Look ye, Brother *Whimſey*, be patient; you know the humour of my *Nancy*, when ſhe's drunk; but when ſhe's ſober, ſhe's a civil Perſon, and ſhall ask your pardon.

Whim. Let this be done, and I am ſatisfied. And ſo here's to you. [*Drinks.*

Dull. Go on to the Trial.

Grub. I being very angry, ſaid indeed, I would prove her a greater Whore than Madam *Whimſey.*

Cler. An't like your Worſhips, he confeſſes the Words in open Court.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worſhips, ſhe has had two Baſtards, I'll prove it.

Whiff. Sirrah, Sirrah, that was when ſhe was a Maid, not ſince I marry'd her; my marrying her made her honeſt.

Dull. Let there be an order of Court to ſue him for *Scandalum magnatum.*

Tim. Mr. Clerk, let my Cauſe come next.

Cler. The Defendant's ready, Sir. [Hazard *comes to the Board.*

Tim. Brothers of the Bench take notice, that this Hector here coming into Mrs. *Flirt*'s Ordinary, where I was with my Brother *Dullman* and Lieutenant *Boozer*; we gave him good Counſel to fall to work: Now my Gentleman here was affronted at this forſooth, and makes no more to do but calls us Scoundrels, and drew his Sword on us; and had not I defended my ſelf by running away, he had murdered me, and aſſaſſinated my two Brothers.

Whiff. What Witneſs have you, Brother?

Tim. Here's Mrs. *Flirt* and her Maid *Nell*,—beſides, we may be Witneſs for one another, I hope, our Words may be taken.

Cler. Mrs. *Flirt* and *Nell* are ſworn. [*They ſtand forth.*

Whim. By the Oaths that you have taken, ſpeak nothing but the truth.

Flirt. An't pleaſe your Worſhips, your Honours came to my Houſe, where you found this young Gentleman: and your Honours invited him to drink with your Honours; Where after ſome opprobrious Words given him, Juſtice *Dullman*, and Juſtice *Boozer* ſtruck him over the Head; and after that indeed the Gentleman drew.

Tim. Mark that, Brother, he drew.

Haz. If I did, it was *ſe defendendo.*

Tim. Do you hear that, Brothers, he did it in defiance.

Haz. Sir, you ought not to ſit Judge and Accuſer too.

Whiff. The Gentleman's i'th' right, Brother, you cannot do't according to Law.

Tim. Gads zoors, what new tricks, new querks?

Haz.

Haz. Gentlemen take notice, he ſwears in Court.

Tim. Gads zoors, what's that to you, Sir?

Haz. This is the ſecond time of his ſwearing.

Whim. What, do you think we are deaf, Sir? Come, come, proceed.

Tim. I deſire he may be bound to his Good Behaviour, fin'd, and deliver up his Sword, what ſay you, Brother?

[*Jogs* Dull. *who nods.*

Whim. He's aſleep, drink to him and waken him,—— you have miſs'd the Cauſe by ſleeping, Brother. [*Drinks.*

Dull. Juſtice may nod, but never ſleeps, Brother—— you were at——Deliver his Sword—a good Motion, let it be done. [*Drinks.*

Haz. No, Gentlemen, I wear a Sword to right my ſelf.

Tim. That's fine, i'faith, Gads zoors I've worn a Sword this dozen Years, and never cou'd write my ſelf.

Whiff. Ay, 'twou'd be a fine World if Men ſhould wear Swords to right themſelves; he that's bound to the Peace ſhall wear no Sword.

Whim. I ſay, he that's bound to the Peace ought to wear no Peruke, they may change 'em for black or white, and then who can know them.

Haz. I hope, Gentlemen, I may be allowed to ſpeak for my ſelf.

Whiff. Ay, what can you ſay for your ſelf, did you not draw your Sword, Sirrah?

Haz. I did.

Tim. 'Tis ſufficient, he confeſſes the Fact, and we'll hear no more.

Haz. You will not hear the Provocation given.

Dull. 'Tis enough, Sir, you drew——

Whim. Ay, ay, 'tis enough, he drew——let him be fin'd

Friend. The Gentleman ſhould be heard, he's Kinſman too to Colonel *John Surelove.*

Tim. Hum——Colonel *Surelove*'s Kinſman.

Whiff. Is he ſo? nay then all the reaſon in the World he ſhould be heard, Brothers.

Whim. Come, come, Cornet, you ſhall be Friends with the Gentleman; this was ſome drunken bout, I'll warrant you.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, ſo it was, Gads zoors.

Whiff. Come, drink to the Gentleman, and put it up.

Tim. Sir, my ſervice to you, I am heartily ſorry for what's paſs'd, but it was in my drink. [*Drinks.*

Whim. You hear his Acknowledgment, Sir, and when he's ſober he never quarrels. Come, Sir, ſit down, my Service to you.

Haz. I beg your excuſe, Gentlemen—I have earneſt buſineſs.

Dull. Let us adjourn the Court, and prepare to meet the Regiments on the *Sevana.* [*All goes but* Friend. *and* Hazard.

Haz. Is this the beſt Court of Judicature your Country affords?

Friend. To give it its due it is not. But how does thy Amour thrive?

Haz. As well as I can wiſh in ſo ſhort a time.

Friend. I ſee ſhe regards thee with kind Eyes, Sighs and Bluſhes.

Haz. Yes, and tells me I am ſo like a Brother ſhe had——to excuſe her kind concern,——then bluſhes ſo prettily, that Gad I cou'd not forbear making a diſcovery of my Heart.

Friend. Have a care of that, come upon her by ſlow degrees, for I know ſhe is virtuous;——but come, let's to the *Sevana*, where I'll preſent you to the two Colonels, *Wellman* and *Dowright*, the Men that manage all till the arrival of the Governour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Sevana or Heath.*

Enter Wellman, Downright, Boozer, *and Officers.*

Well. Have you diſpatch'd the Scouts, to watch the Motions of the Enemies? I know that *Bacon* is violent and haughty, and will reſent our vain Attempts upon him; therefore we muſt be ſpeedy in prevention.

Down.

Down. What Forces have you raiſed ſince our laſt order?

Booz. Here's a Liſt of 'em, they came but ſlowly in, till we promiſed every one a Bottle of Brandy.

Enter Officer and Dunce.

Offi. We have brought Mr. *Dunce* here, as your Honour commanded us; after ſtrict ſearch we found him this Morning in bed with Madam *Flirt.*

Down. No matter, he'll exclaim no leſs againſt the Vices of the Fleſh the next Sunday.

Dunce. I hope, Sir, you will not credit the Malice of my Enemies.

Well. No more, you are free, and what you counſell'd about the Ambuſh, was both prudent and ſeaſonable, and perhaps I now wiſh it had taken effect.

Enter Friend *and* Hazard.

Friend. I have brought an *Engliſh* Gentleman to kiſs your Hands, Sir, and offer you his Service, he is young and brave, and Kinſman to Colonel *Surelove.*

Well. Sir you are welcome; and to let you ſee you are ſo, we will give you your Kinſman's Command, Captain of a Troop of Horſe-Guards, and which I'm ſure will be continued to you when the Governour arrives.

Haz. I ſhall endeavour to deſerve the Honour, Sir.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *all in Buff, Scarf and Feather.*

Down. So, Gentlemen, I ſee you're in a readineſs.

Tim. Readineſs! What means he, I hope we are not to be drawn out to go againſt the Enemy, Major.

Dull. If we are, they ſhall look a new Major for me.

Well. We were debating, Gentlemen, what courſe were beſt to purſue againſt this powerful Rebel.

Friend. Why, Sir, we have Forces enough, let's charge him inſtantly, Delays are dangerous.

Tim. Why, what a damn'd fiery Fellow is this?

Down. But if we drive him to extremities, we fear his ſiding with the *Indians.*

Dull. Colonel *Downright* has hit it; why ſhould we endanger our Men againſt a deſperate Termagant? If he love Wounds and Scars ſo well, let him exerciſe on our

Enemies——but if he will needs fall upon us, 'tis then time enough for us to venture our Lives and Fortunes.

Tim. How, we go to *Bacon*! under ſavour, I think 'tis his duty to come to us, an you go to that, Gads zoors.

Friend. If he do, 'twill coſt you dear, I doubt, Cornet. ——I find by our Liſt, Sir, we are four thouſand Men.

Tim. Gad zoors, not enough for a Breakfaſt for that inſatiate *Bacon*, and his two Lieutenant Generals *Fearleſs* and *Daring*. [Whiff *ſits on the Ground with a Bottle of Brandy.*

Whim. A Morſel, a Morſel.

Well. I am for an attack, what ſay you, Gentlemen, to an attack?—What, ſilent all? What ſay you, Major?

Dull. I ſay, Sir, I hope my Courage was never in diſpute. But Sir, I am going to marry Colonel *Downright*'s Daughter here—and ſhould I be ſlain in this Battle 'twould break her Heart;—beſides, Sir, I ſhould loſe her Fortune. [*Speaks big.*

Well. I'm ſure here's a Captain will never flinch. [*To* Whim.

Whim. Who I, an't like your Honour?

Well. Ay, you.

Whim. Who I? ha, ha, ha: Why, did your Honour think that I would fight?

Well. Fight! yes; why elſe do you take Commiſſions?

Whim. Commiſſions! Oh Lord, O Lord, take Commiſſions to fight! ha, ha, ha; that's a jeſt, if all that take Commiſſions ſhould fight——

Well. Why do you bear Arms then?

Whim. Why, for the Pay; to be called Captain, noble Captain, to ſhow, to cock and look big, and bluff as I do: to be bow'd to thus as we paſs, to domineer and beat our Soldiers: Fight quoth a, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. But what makes you look ſo ſimply, Cornet?

Tim. Why a thing that I have quite forgot, all my Accounts for *England* are to be made up, and I'm undone if they be neglected———elſe I wou'd not flinch for the ſtouteſt he that wears a Sword— [*Looking big.*

Down.

Down. What ſay you, Captain *Whiff?*

[Whiff *almoſt drunk.*

Whiff. I am trying, Colonel, what Mettle I'm made on; I think I am valiant, I ſuppoſe I have Courage, but I confeſs 'tis little of the D—— breed, but a little Inſpiration from the Bottle, and the leave of my *Nancy*, may do wonders.

Enter a Seaman in haſte.

Sea. An't pleaſe your Honours, *Frightall*'s Officers have ſeiz'd all the Ships in the River, and rid now round the Shore, and had by this time ſecur'd the ſandy Beach, and landed Men to fire the Town, but that they are high in drink aboard the Ship call'd the Good-Subject; the Maſter of her ſent me to let your Honours know, that a few Men ſent to his aſſiſtance will ſurprize them and retake the Ships.

Well. Now, Gentlemen, here is a brave occaſion for Emulation——why writ not the Maſter?

Dull. Ay, had ne writ, I had ſoon been amongſt them i'faith; but this is ſome Plot to betray us.

Sea. Keep me here, and kill me if it be not true.

Down. He ſays well—there's a Brigantine and a Shallop ready, I'll embark immediately.

Friend. No, Sir, your Preſence is here more neceſſary, let me have the Honour of this Expedition.

Haz. I'll go your Volunteer, *Charles.*

Well. Who elſe offers to go?

Whim. A mere Trick to kidnap us, by *Bacon*,—if the Captain had writ.

Tim. Ay, ay, if he had writ——

Well. I ſee you're all baſe Cowards, and here caſhier ye from all Commands and Offices.

Whim. Look ye, Colonel, you may do what you pleaſe, but you loſe one of the beſt dreſs'd Officers in your whole Camp, Sir.

Tim. And in me, ſuch a Head-piece.

Whiff. I'll ſay nothing, but let the State want me.

Dull. For my part I am weary of weighty Affairs.

[*In this while* Well. Down. Friend *and* Haz. *talk.*

Well. Command what Men you pleaſe, but Expedition makes you half a Conqueror. [*Ex.* Friend. *and* Haz.

Enter another Seaman with a Letter, gives it to Downright, *he and* Wellman *read it.*

Dow. Look ye now, Gentlemen, the Maſter has writ.

Dull. Has he—he might have writ ſooner, while I was in Command,—if he had—

Whim. Ay, Major—if he had—but let them miſs us.

Well. Colonel, haſte with your Men, and reinforce the Beach, while I follow with the Horſe;—Mr. *Dunce*, pray let that Proclamation be read concerning *Bacon*, to the Soldiers. [*Ex.* Dow. *and* Well.

Dun. It ſhall be done, Sir. Gentlemen, how ſimply you look now.

The Scene opens and diſcovers a Body of Soldiers.

Tim. Why, Mr. Parſon, I have a ſcruple of Conſcience upon me, I am conſidering whether it be lawful to kill, tho it be in War; I have a great averſion to't, and hope it proceeds from Religion.

Whiff. I remember the Fit took you juſt ſo when the *Dutch* beſieged us, for you cou'd not then be perſuaded to ſtrike a ſtroke.

Tim. Ay, that was becauſe they were Proteſtants as we are; but Gads zoors, had they been *Dutch* Papiſts I had maul'd them: but Conſcience———

Whim. I have been a Juſtice of Peace this ſix Years, and never had a Conſcience in my Life.

Tim. Nor I neither, but in this damn'd thing of fighting.

Dun. Gentlemen, I am commanded to read the Declaration of the honourable Council to you. [*To the Soldiers.*

All. Hum, hum, hum———

Booz. Silence—ſilence——— [Dunce *reads.*

Dun. By an order of Council, dated *May* the 10th 1670. To all Gentlemen Soldiers, Merchants, Planters, and whom elſe it may concern. Whereas *Bacon*, contrary to Law and Equity, has to ſatisfy his own Ambition, taken up Arms with a pretence to fight the *Indians*, but indeed to moleſt and enſlave the whole Colony, and to

to take away their Liberties and Properties ; this is to declare, that whoever ſhall bring this Traitor dead or alive to the Council, ſhall have three hundred pounds Reward. And ſo God ſave the King.

All. A Council, a Council ! Hah—— [*Hollow.*

Enter a Soldier haſtily.

Sold. Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen, ſtand to your Arms, *Bacon* is marching this way.

Dun. Hah—what Numbers has he ?

Sold. About a hundred Horſe, in his march he has ſurpriz'd Colonel *Downright*, and taken him Priſoner.

All. Let's fall on *Bacon*——let's fall on *Bacon*, hay. [*Hollow.*

Booz. We'll hear him ſpeak firſt——and ſee what he can ſay for himſelf.

All. Ay, ay, we'll hear *Bacon* ſpeak.

[Dunce *pleads with them.*

Tim. Well, Major, I have found a Stratagem ſhall make us Four the greateſt Men in the Colony, we'll ſurrender our ſelves to *Bacon*, and ſay we disbanded on purpoſe.

Dull. Good ———

Whiff. Why, I had no other deſign in the World in refuſing to fight.

Whim. Nor I, d'ye think I wou'd have excus'd it with the fear of diſordering my Cravat-String elſe.

Dun. Why, Gentlemen, he deſigns to fire *James* Town, murder you all, and then lie with your Wives ; and will you ſlip this opportunity of ſeizing him ?

Booz. Here's a termagant Rogue, Neighbours—we'll hang the Dog.

All. Ay, ay, hang *Bacon*, hang *Bacon.*

Enter Bacon *and* Fearleſs, *ſome Soldiers leading in* Downright *bound* ; Bacon *ſtands a while and ſtares on the Regiments, who are ſilent all.*

Bac. Well, Gentlemen, in order to your fine Declaration, you ſee I come to render my ſelf.

Dun. How came he to know of our Declaration ?

Whiff.

Whiff. Rogues, Rogues among our ſelves, that inform.

Bac. What, are ye ſilent all,——not a Man lift his Hand in Obedience to the Council, to murder this Traytor that has expoſed his Life ſo often for you? Hah, what not for three hundred Pounds?——You ſee I've left my Troops behind, and come all wearied with the Toils of War, worn out by Summers heats, and Winters cold, march'd tedious Days and Nights thro Bogs and Fens as dangerous as your Clamours, and as faithleſs,—what tho 'twas to preſerve you all in Safety, no matter, you ſhou'd obey the grateful Council, and kill this honeſt Man that has defended you.

All. Hum, hum, hum.

Whiff. The General ſpeaks like a Gorgon.

Tim. Like a Cherubin, Man.

Bac. All ſilent yet—where's that mighty Courage, that cried ſo loud but now, A Council, a Council? where is your Reſolution? cannot three hundred Pounds excite your Valour to ſeize that Traitor *Bacon* who has bled for you?

All. A *Bacon*, a *Bacon*, a *Bacon.* [*Hollow.*

Dow. Oh villainous Cowards!—Oh the faithleſs Multitude!

Bac. What ſay you, Parſon?—you have a forward Zeal.

Dun. I wiſh my Coat, Sir, did not hinder me from acting as becomes my Zeal and Duty.

Whim. A plaguy rugged Dog,—that Parſon———

Bac. Fearleſs, ſeize me that canting Knave from out the Herd, and next thoſe honourable Officers.

[*Points to* Dull. Whim. Whiff. *and* Tim. Fearleſs *ſeizes them, and gives them to the Soldiers, and takes the Proclamation from* Dunce, *and ſhews* Bacon; *they read it.*

Dull. Seize us, Sir, you ſhall not need, we laid down our Commiſſions on purpoſe to come over to your Honour.

Whiff. We ever lov'd and honour'd your Honour.

Tim.

Tim. So intirely, Sir—that I wiſh I were ſafe in *James* Town for your ſake, and your Honour were hang'd.

[*Aſide.*

Bac. This fine Piece is of your penning, Parſon,—tho it be countenanc'd by the Council's Names.—Oh Ingratitude! Burn, burn the treacherous Town, fire it immediately.———

Whim. We'll obey you, Sir.

Whiff. Ay, ay, we'll make a Bonfire on't, and drink your Honour's health round about it. [*They offer to go.*

Bac. Yet hold, my Revenge ſhall be more merciful, I ordered that all the Women of Rank ſhall be ſeiz'd and brought to my Camp. I'll make their Husbands pay their Ranſoms dearly; they'd rather have their Hearts bleed than their Purſes.

Fear. Dear General, let me have the ſeizing of Colonel *Downright*'s Daughter; I would fain be plundering for a Trifle call'd a Maiden-head,

Bac. On pain of Death treat them with all reſpect; aſſure them of the Safety of their Honour. Now, all that will follow me, ſhall find a welcome, and thoſe that will not, may depart in Peace.

All. Ha, a General, a General, a General.

[*Some Soldiers go off: Some go to the ſide of* Bacon.

Enter Daring *and Soldiers, with* Chriſante, Surelove, *Mrs.* Whim. *and Mrs.* Whiff, *and ſeveral other Women.*

Bac. Succeſsful *Daring*, welcome, what Prizes have ye?

Dar. The faireſt in the World, Sir; I'm not for common Plunder.

Dow. Hah, my Daughter and my Kinſwoman! ——

Bac. 'Tis not with Women, Sir, nor honeſt Men like you, that I intend to combat; not their own Parents ſhall be more indulgent, nor better Safe-guard to their Honours, Sir: But 'tis to ſave the expence of Blood I ſeize on their moſt valued Prizes.

Dow. But, Sir, I know your wild Lieutenant General has long lov'd my *Chriſante*, and perhaps, will take this time to force her to conſent.

Dar.

Dar. I own I have a Paſſion for *Chriſante*, yet by my General's Life, or her fair ſelf, what now I act is on the ſcore of War, I ſcorn to force the Maid I do adore.

Bac. Believe, me, Ladies, you ſhall have honourable Treatment here.

Chriſ. We do not doubt it, Sir, either from you or *Daring*; if he love me, that will ſecure my Honour; or if he do not, he's too brave to injure me.

Dar. I think you for your juſt opinion of me, Madam.

Chriſ. But, Sir, 'tis for my Father I muſt plead; to ſee his reverend Hands in ſervile Chains; and then perhaps, if ſtubborn to your Will, his Head muſt fall a Victim to your Anger.

Dow. No, my good pious Girl, I cannot fear ignoble uſage from the General: and if thy Beauty can preſerve thy Fame, I ſhall not mourn in my Captivity.

Bac. I'll ne'er deceive your kind Opinion of me—— Ladies, I hope you're all of that Opinion too.

Sure. If ſeizing us can advance your Honour, or be of any uſe conſiderable to you, I ſhall be proud of ſuch a Slavery.

Mrs. *Whim.* I hope, Sir, we ſhan't be raviſh'd in your Camp.

Dar. Fie, Mrs. *Whimſey*, do Soldiers uſe to raviſh?

Mrs. *Whiff.* Raviſh! marry, I fear 'em not, I'd have 'em know, I ſcorn to be raviſh'd by any Man.

Fear. Ay, o' my Conſcience, Mrs. *Whiff*, you are too good-natur'd.

Dar. Madam, I hope you'll give me leave to name Love to you, and try by all ſubmiſſive ways to win your Heart.

Chriſ. Do your worſt, Sir; I give you leave, if you aſſail me only with your Tongue.

Dar. That's generous and brave, and I'll requite it.

Enter Soldier in haſte.

Sol. The Truce being ended, Sir, the *Indians* grow ſo inſolent as to attack us even in our Camp, and have killed ſeveral of our Men.

Bac.

Bac. 'Tis time to check their Boldneſs; *Daring*, haſte, draw up our Men in order to give 'em Battel, I rather had expected their ſubmiſſion.

The Country now may ſee what they're to fear,
Since we that are in Arms are not ſecure.

[Exeunt, leading the Ladies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Temple, with an Indian *God placed upon it, Prieſts and Prieſteſſes attending: Enter* Indian *King on one ſide attended by* Indian *Men; the Queen on the other with Women. All bow to the Idol, and divide on each ſide of the Stage. Then the Muſick playing louder, the Prieſt and Prieſteſſes dance about the Idol with ridiculous Poſtures, and crying (as for Incantations) thrice repeated,* Agah Yerkin, Agah Boah, Sulen Tawarapah, Sulen Tawaraph.

After this ſoft Muſick plays again: then they ſing ſomething fine: after which the Prieſts lead the King to the Altar, and the Prieſteſſes the Queen; they take off little Crowns from their Heads, and offer them at the Altar.

King. INvoke the God of our Quioćto to declare what the Event ſhall be of this our laſt War againſt the *Engliſh* General. [*Soft Muſick ceaſes.*

The Muſick changes to confuſed Tunes, to which the Prieſts and Prieſteſſes dance, antickly ſinging between, the ſame Incantation as before; and then dance again, and ſo invoke

invoke again alternately: *Which Dance ended, a Voice behind the Altar cries, while ſoft Muſick plays,*

The *Engliſh* General ſhall be
A Captive to his Enemy;
And you from all your Toils be freed,
When by your Hand the Foe ſhall bleed:
Aud e'er the Sun's ſwift Courſe be run,
This mighty Conqueſt ſhall be won.

King. I thank the Gods for taking care of us; prepare new Sacrifice againſt the Evening when I return a Conqueror, I will my ſelf perform the Office of a Prieſt.

Queen. Oh, Sir, I fear you'll fall a Victim firſt.

King. What means *Semernia?* why are thy Looks ſo pale?

Queen. Alas, the Oracles have double meanings, their Senſe is doubtful, and their Words Enigmas: I fear, Sir, I cou'd make a truer Interpretation.

King. How, *Semernia!* by all thy Love I charge thee, as you reſpect my Life, to let me know your Thoughts.

Queen. Laſt Night I dream'd a Lyon fell with hunger, ſpite of your Guards, ſlew you, and bore you hence.

King. This is thy Sex's fear, and no Interpretation of the Oracle.

Queen. I cou'd convince you farther.

King. Haſt thou a Secret thou canſt keep from me? thy Soul a Thought that I muſt be a Stranger to? This is not like the Juſtice of *Semernia:* Come unriddle me the Oracle.

Queen. The *Engliſh* General ſhall be a Captive to his Enemy; he is ſo, Sir, already, to my Beauty, he ſays he languiſhes for Love of me.

King. Hah! the General my Rival——but go on——

Queen. And you from all your War be freed: Oh, let me not explain that fatal Line, for fear it mean, you ſhall be freed by Death.

King. What, when by my Hand the Foe ſhall bleed? ——away——it cannot be——

Queen. No doubt, my Lord, you'll bravely ſell your Life, and deal ſome Wounds where you'll receive ſo many.

King.

King. 'Tis Love, *Semernia*, makes thee dream while waking:
I'll truſt the Gods, and am reſolv'd for Battel.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. Haſte, haſte, great Sir, to Arms; *Bacon* with all his Forces is prepar'd, and both the Armies ready to engage,

King. Haſte to my General, bid him charge 'em inſtantly; I'll bring up the Supplies of ſtout *Teroomians*, thoſe ſo well skill'd in the envenom'd Arrow, *Ex.* Indian. —*Semernia*—Words but poorly do expreſs the Griefs of parting Lovers—'tis with dying Eyes, and a Heart trembling——thus—— [*Puts her Hand on his Heart.* they take a heavy leave;—one parting Kiſs, and one Love preſſing ſigh, and then farewel:—but not a long farewel; I ſhall return victorious to thy Arms—commend me to the Gods, and ſtill remember me. [*Exit.*

Queen. Alas! What pity 'tis I ſaw the General, before my Fate had given me to the King—But now—like thoſe that change their Gods, my faithleſs Mind betwixt my two Opinions wavers: while to the Gods my Monarch I commend; my wandring Thoughts in pity of the General makes that Zeal cold, declin'd—ineffectual.— If for the General I implore the Deities, methinks my Prayers ſhould not aſcend the Skies, ſince Honour tells me 'tis an impious Zeal.

Which way ſoever my Devotions move,
I am too wretched to be heard above.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Shows a Field of Tents, ſeen at ſome diſtance thro the Trees of a Wood, Drums, Trumpets and the noiſe of Battel, with hollowing. The* Indians *are ſeen with Battel-Axes to retreat fighting from the* Engliſh, *and all go off; when they re-enter immediately, beating back the* Engliſh, *the* Indian *King at the head of his Men, with Bows and Arrows;* Daring *at the head of the* Engliſh: *They fight off; the Noiſe continues leſs loud as more at diſtance.*

Enter Bacon *with his Sword drawn, meets* Fearleſs *with his Sword drawn.*

Fear. Haſte, haſte, Sir, to the Entrance of the Wood, *Daring*'s engaged paſt hope of a Retreat, venturing too far, purſuing of the Foe; the King in Ambuſh, with his poiſon'd Archers, fell on, and now we are dangerouſly diſtreſt.

Bac. Daring is brave, but he's withal too raſh, come on and follow me to his Aſſiſtance—— [*Goes out.*

A hollowing within, the Fight renews; enter the Indians *beaten back by* Bacon, Daring *and* Fearleſs; *they fight off; the noiſe of Fighting continues a while, this ſtill behind the Wood.*

Enter Indians *flying over the Stage, purſu'd by the King.*

King. Turn, turn ye fugitive Slaves, and face the Enemy; Oh Villains, Cowards, deaf to all Command: by Heaven I had my Rival in my view, and aim'd at nothing but my conquering him—now like a Coward I muſt fly with Cowards, or like a deſperate Madman fall, thus ſingly, midſt the numbers. [*Follows the* Indians.

Enter Bacon *inraged with his Sword drawn,* Fearleſs *and* Daring *following him.*

Bac. — Where is the King, oh ye perfidious Slaves? how, have you hid him from my juſt Revenge?—ſearch all

all the Brakes, and Furzes and the Trees, and let him not eſcape on pain of Death.

Dar. We cannot do wonders, Sir.

Bac. But you can run away.———

Dar. Yes, when we ſee occaſion——yet——ſhou'd any but my General tell me ſo———by Heaven he ſhould find I were no ſtarter.

Bac. Forgive me, I'm mad—the King's eſcaped, hid like a trembling Slave in ſome cloſe Ditch, where he will ſooner ſtarve than fight it out.

Re-enter Indians *running over the Stage, purſued by the King, who ſhoots them as they fly; ſome follow him.*

King. All's loſt—the Day is loſt—and I'm betray'd;—Oh Slaves, that even Wounds can't animate. [*In Rage.*

Bac. The King!

King. The General here! by all the Powers betray'd by my own Men!

Bac. Abandon'd as thou art, I ſcorn to take thee baſely; you ſhall have Soldiers chance, Sir, for your Life, ſince Chance ſo luckily has brought us hither; without more Aids we will diſpute the Day: This Spot of Earth bears both our Armies Fates; I'll give you back the Victory I have won, and thus begin a-new on equal Terms.

King. That's nobly ſaid!—the Powers have heard my Wiſh. You, Sir, firſt taught me how to uſe a Sword, which heretofore has ſerved me with Succeſs: But now—'tis for *Semernia* that it draws, a Prize more valued than my Kingdom, Sir———

Bac. Hah, *Semernia!*

King. Your Bluſhes do betray your Paſſion for her.

Dar. 'Sdeath, have we fought for this, to expoſe the Victory to the conquer'd Foe?

Fear. What fight a ſingle Man——our Prize already.

King. Not ſo, young Man, while I command a Dart.

Bac. Fight him! by Heaven no reaſon ſhall diſſuade me, and he that interrupts me is a Coward; whatever be my Fate, I do command ye to let the King paſs freely to his Tents.

Dar. The Devil's in the General.

Fear.

Fear. S'death his Romantic Humour will undo us.

[*They fight and pauſe.*

King. You fight as if you meant to outdo me this way, as you have done in Generoſity.

Bac. You're not behind-hand with me, Sir, in courteſy: Come, here's to ſet us even— [*Fight again.*

King. You bleed apace.

Bac. You've only breath'd a Vein, and given me new Health and Vigour by it. [*They fight again, Wounds on both ſides, the King ſtaggers*; Bacon *takes him in his Arms*; *the King drops his Sword.* How do you, Sir?

King. Like one——that's hovering between Heaven and Earth; I'm——mounting———ſomewhere——upwards——but giddy with my flight,—I know not where.

Bac. Command my Surgeons,——inſtantly——make haſte; Honour returns, and Love all bleeding's fled.

[*Ex. Fearleſs*

King. Oh *Semernia*, how much more Truth had thy Divinity than the Predictions of the flattering Oracles! Commend me to her—I know you'll—viſit—your fair Captive, Sir, and tell her——oh———but Death prevents the reſt. [*Dies.*

Enter Fearleſs.

Bac. He's gone———and now, like *Cæsar*, I could weep over the Hero I my ſelf deſtroyed.

Fear. I'm glad for your repoſe I ſee him there—'twas a mad hot-brain'd Youth, and ſo he died.

Bac. Come bear him on your Shoulders to my Tent, from whence with all the ſolemn State we can, we will convey him to his own Pavilion.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Some of our Troops purſuing of the Enemy even to their Temples, which they made the Sanctuary, finding the Queen at her Devotion there with all her *Indian* Ladies, I'd much ado to ſtop their violent Rage from ſetting fire to the holy Pile.

Bac. Hang 'em immediately that durſt attempt it, while I my ſelf will fly to reſcue her.

[*Goes out, they bear off the King's Body*; *Ex. all.*

Enter

Enter Whimſey, *pulling in* Whiff, *with a Halter about his Neck.*

Whim. Nay I'm reſolved to keep thee here till his Honour the General comes.—What, to call him Traitor, and run away after he had ſo generouſly given us our freedom, and liſted us Cadees for the next Command that fell in his Army—I'm reſolved to hang thee——

Whiff. Wilt thou betray and peach thy Friend? thy Friend that kept thee Company all the while thou wert a Priſoner——drinking at my own charge———

Whim. No matter for that, I ſcorn Ingratitude, and therefore will hang thee —— but as for thy drinking with me—I ſcorn to be behind-hand with thee in Civility, and therefore here's to thee.

[*Takes a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket, Drinks.*

Whiff. I can't drink.

Whim. A certain ſign thou wo't be hang'd.

Whiff. You us'd to be o' my ſide when a Juſtice, let the Cauſe be how it wou'd. [*Weeps.*

Whim. Ay—when I was a Juſtice I never minded Honeſty, but now I'll be true to my General, and hang thee to be a great Man.—

Whiff. If I might but have a fair Trial for my Life—

Whim. A fair Trial!—come I'll be thy Judge——and if thou canſt clear thy ſelf by Law, I'll acquit thee: Sirrah, Sirrah, what canſt thou ſay for thy ſelf for calling his Honour Rebel? [*Sits on a Drum-head.*

Whiff. 'Twas when I was drunk, an't like your Honour.

Whim. That's no Plea; for if you kill a Man when you are ſober, you muſt be hanged when you are drunk. Haſt thou any thing elſe to ſay for thy ſelf, why Sentence may not paſs upon thee?

Whiff. I deſire the Benefit of the Clergy.

Whim. The Clergy! I never knew any body that ever did benefit by 'em; why thou canſt not read a word.

Whiff. Tranſportation then ———

Whim. It ſhall be to *England* then——but hold——who's this? [Dullman *creeping from a Buſh.*

Dull. So the Danger's over, I may venture out——Pox on't I wou'd not be in this fear again, to be Lord Chief

Chief Juſtice of our Court. Why how now, Cornet? ——what, in dreadful Equipage? Your Battle-Ax bloody, with Bow and Arrows.

Enter Timorous *with Battle-Ax, Bow and Arrows, and Feathers on his Head.*

Tim. I'm in the poſture of the times, Major—I cou'd not be idle where ſo much Action was; I'm going to preſent my ſelf to the General, with theſe Trophies of my Victory here——

Dull. Victory ——what Victory—did not I ſee thee creeping out of yonder Buſh, where thou wert hid all the Fight——ſtumble on a dead *Indian*, and take away his Arms?

Tim. Why, didſt thou ſee me?

Dull. See thee, ay——and what a fright thou wert in, till thou wert ſure he was dead.

Tim. Well, well, that's all one——Gad zoors if every Man that paſſes for valiant in a Battel, were to give an account how he gained his Reputation, the World wou'd be but thinly ſtock'd with Heroes; I'll ſay he was a great War-Captain, and that I kill'd him hand to hand, and who can diſprove me?

Dull. Diſprove thee——why that pale Face of thine, that has ſo much of the Coward in't.

Tim. Shaw, that's with loſs of Blood—— Hah I am overheard I doubt—who's yonder—— [*Sees* Whim. *and* Whiff.] how, Brother *Whiff* in a Hempen Crevat-ſtring.

Whim. He call'd the General Traitor, and was running away, and I'm reſolv'd to peach.

Dull. Hum—and one Witneſs will ſtand good in Law, in caſe of Treaſon——

Tim. Gad zoors, in caſe of Treaſon, he'll be hang'd if it be proved againſt him, were there ne'er a Witneſs at all; but he muſt be tried by a Council of War, Man—Come, come, let's diſarm him— [*They take away his Arms, and pull a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket.*

Whiff. What, I hope you will not take away my Brandy, Gentlemen, my laſt comfort.

Tim. Gads zoors, it's come in good time—— we'll drink it off, here Major— [*Drinks,* Whiff *takes him aſide.*

Whiff.

Whiff. Hark ye Cornet—you are my good Friend, get this matter made up before it comes to the General.

Tim. But this is Treaſon, Neighbour.

Whiff. If I hang—I'll declare on the Ladder how you kill'd your War-Captain.

Tim. Come Brother *Whimſey*—we have been all Friends and loving Magiſtrates together, let's drink about, and think no more of this Buſineſs.

Dull. Ay, ay, if every ſober Man in the Nation ſhould be called to account of the Treaſon he ſpeaks in's Drink, the Lord have mercy upon us all.—Put it up—and let us, like loving Brothers, take an honeſt Reſolution to run away together; for this ſame *Frightall* minds nothing but Fighting.

Whim. I'm content, provided we go all to the Council, and tell them (to make our Peace) we went in obedience to the Proclamation, to kill *Bacon*, but the Traitor was ſo ſtrongly guarded we could not effect it: but mum——— who's here?——

Enter Ranter *and* Jenny, *as Man and Footman.*

Rant. Hah our four reverend Juſtices——I hope the Blockheads will not know me—Gentlemen, can you direct me to Lieutenant General *Daring*'s Tents?

Whiff. Hum, who the Devil's this? —— that's he you ſee coming this way. 'Sdeath, yonder's *Daring*——let's ſlip away before he advances. [*Exeunt all but* Ran. *and* Jen.

Jen. I am ſcar'd with thoſe dead Bodies we have paſs'd over; for God's ſake, Madam, let me know your deſign in coming.

Rant. Why, now I tell thee—my damn'd mad Fellow *Daring*, who has my Heart and Soul, loves *Chriſante*, has ſtolen her, and carried her away to his Tents; ſhe hates him, while I am dying for him.

Jen. Dying, Madam! I never ſaw you melancholy.

Rant. Pox on't no; why ſhould I ſigh and whine, and make my ſelf an Aſs, and him conceited? no, inſtead of ſnivelling I am reſolved———

Jen. What, Madam?

Rant. Gad to beat the Raſcal, and bring off *Chriſante.*

Jen.

Jen. Beat him, Madam! what, a Woman beat a Lieutenant-General?

Rant. Hang 'em, they get a name in War from Command, not Courage; but how know I but I may fight? Gad I have known a Fellow kick'd from one end of the Town to t'other, believing himſelf a Coward; at laſt forced to fight, found he could; got a Reputation, and bullied all he met with; and got a Name, and a great Commiſſion.

Jen. But if he ſhould kill you, Madam.

Ran. I'll take care to make it as comical a Duel as the beſt of 'em; as much in love as I am, I do not intend to die its Martyr.

Enter Daring *and* Fearleſs.

Fear. Have you ſeen *Chriſante* ſince the Fight?

Dar. Yes, but ſhe is ſtill the ſame, as nice and coy as Fortune, when ſhe's courted by the wretched; yet ſhe denies me ſo obligingly, ſhe keeps my Love ſtill in its humble Calm.

Ran. Can you direct me, Sir, to one *Daring*'s Tent? [*Sullenly.*

Dar. One *Daring!*——he has another Epithet to his Name.

Ran. What's that, Raſcal, or Coward?

Dar. Hah, which of thy Stars, young Man, has ſent thee hither, to find that certain Fate they have decreed?

Ran. I know not what my Stars have decreed, but I ſhall be glad if they have ordain'd me to fight with *Daring:*—by thy concern thou ſhou'dſt be he.

Dar. I am, prithee who art thou?

Ran. Thy Rival, tho newly arrived from *England*, and came to marry fair *Chriſante*, whom thou haſt raviſh'd, for whom I hear another Lady dies.

Dar. Dies for me?

Ran. Therefore reſign her fairly—or fight me fairly—

Dar. Come on Sir——but hold——before I kill thee, prithee inform me who this dying Lady is?

Ran. Sir I owe ye no Courteſy, and therefore will do you none by telling you——come Sir, for *Chriſante*——draw. [*They offer to fight,* Fearleſs *ſteps in.*

Fear.

Fear. Hold——what mad Frolick's this?——Sir, you fight for one you never ſaw [*to* Ranter.] and you for one that loves you not. [*To* Dar.

Dar. Perhaps ſhe'll love him as little.

Ran. Gad put it to the Trial, if you dare—if thou be'ſt generous, bring me to her, and whom ſhe does neglect ſhall give the other place.

Dar. That's fair, put up thy Sword—I'll bring thee to her inſtantly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Tent.*

Enter Chriſante *and* Surelove.

Chriſ. I'm not so much afflicted for my Confinement, as I am that I cannot hear of *Friendly.*

Sure. Art not perſecuted with *Daring?*

Chriſ. Not at all; tho he tells me daily of his Paſſion, I rally him, and give him neither Hope nor Deſpair,—— he's here.

Enter Daring. Fear. Rant. *and* Jenny.

Dar. Madam, the Complaiſance I ſhow in bringing you my Rival, will let you ſee how glad I am to oblige you every way.

Ran. I hope the Danger I have expoſed my ſelf to for the Honour of kiſſing your Hand, Madam, will render me ſomething acceptable——here are my Credentials—— [*Gives her a Letter.*

Chriſante *reads.*

Dear Creature, I have taken this Habit to free you from an impertinent Lover, and to ſecure the damn'd Rogue Daring *to my ſelf: receive me as ſent by Colonel* Surelove *from* England *to marry you——favour me—— no more———*

Yours, Ranter.

—Hah *Ranter?* [*Aſide.*] —Sir, you have too good a Character from my Couſin Colonel *Surelove,* not to receive my Welcome. [*Gives* Surelove *the Letter.*

Ran. Stand by General— [*Puſhes away* Daring, *looks big, and takes* Chriſante *by the Hand, and kiſſes it.*

Dar. 'Sdeath, Sir, there's room enough—at firſt ſight ſo kind! Oh Youth, Youth and Impudence, what Temptations are you to Villanous Woman?

Chriſ. I confeſs, Sir, we Women do not love theſe rough fighting Fellows, they're always ſcaring us with one Broil or other.

Dar. Much good may it do you with your tame Coxcomb.

Ran. Well, Sir, then you yield the Prize?

Dar. Ay Gad, were ſhe an Angel, that can prefer ſuch a callow Fop as thou before a Man—-take her and domineer. [*They all laugh.*

——'Sdeath am I grown ridiculous?

Fear. Why haſt thou not found the Jeſt? by Heaven 'tis *Ranter*, 'tis ſhe that loves you; carry on the humour. [*Aſide.* Faith, Sir, if I were you, I wou'd divorce my ſelf to Madam *Ranter.*

Chriſ. Ay, ſhe's a fit Wife for you, ſhe'll fit your Humour.

Dar. Ranter—Gad I'll ſooner marry a ſhe-Bear, unleſs for a Penance for ſome horrid Sin; we ſhould be eternally challenging one another to the Field, and ten to one ſhe beats me there; or if I ſhould eſcape there, ſhe wou'd kill me with drinking.

Ran. Here's a Rogue—does your Couutry abound with ſuch Ladies?

Dar. The Lord forbid, half a dozen wou'd ruin the Land, debauch all the Men, and ſcandalize all the Women.

Fear. No matter, ſhe's rich.

Dar. Ay, that will make her inſolent.

Fear. Nay, ſhe's generous too.

Dar. Yes, when ſhe's drunk, and then ſhe'll laviſh all.

Ran. A pox on him how he vexes me.

Dar. Then ſuch a Tongue—ſhe'll rail and ſmoke till ſhe choke again; then ſix Gallons of Punch hardly recovers her, and never but then is ſhe good-natur'd.

Ran. I muſt lay him on———

Dar.

Dar. There's not a Blockhead in the Country that has not——

Ran. What——

Dar. Been drunk with her.

Ran. I thought you had meant ſomething elſe, Sir. [*In huff.*

Dar. Nay— as for that— I ſuppoſe there is no great difficulty.

Ran. 'Sdeath, Sir, you lye—and you are a Son of a Whore. [*Draws and fences with him, and he runs back round the Stage.*

Dar. Hold——hold Virago—dear Widow hold, and give me thy hand.

Ran. Widow !

Dar. 'Sdeath I knew thee by inſtinct, Widow, tho I ſeemed not to do ſo, in Revenge for the Trick put on me in telling me a Lady dy'd for me.

Ran. Why ſuch a one there is, perhaps ſhe may dwindle forty or fifty years—or ſo—but will never be her own Woman again, that's certain.

Sure. This we are all ready to teſtify, we know her.

Chrif. Upon my Life, 'tis true.

Dar. Widow, I have a ſhreud Suſpicion, that you your ſelf may be this dying Lady.

Ran. Why ſo, Coxcomb?

Dar. Becauſe you took ſuch Pains to put your ſelf into my hands.

Ran. Gad if your Heart were but half ſo true as your Gueſs, we ſhould conclude a Peace before *Bacon* and the Council will—beſides, this thing whines for *Friendly*, and there's no hopes. [*To* Chriſante.

Dar. Give me thy Hand, Widow, I am thine—and ſo entirely, I will never—be drunk out of thy Company :— *Dunce* is in my Tent,——prithee let's in and bind the Bargain.

Ran. Nay, faith, let's ſee the Wars at an end firſt.

Dar. Nay, prithee take me in the humour, while thy Breeches are on—for I never lik'd thee half ſo well in Petticoats.

Ran. Lead on General, you give me good incouragement to wear them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Sevana *in ſight of the Camp; the Moon riſes.*

Enter Friendly, Hazard *and* Boozer, *and a Party of Men.*

Friend. WE are now in ſight of the Tents.

Booz. Is not this a raſh Attempt, Gentlemen, with ſo ſmall Force to ſet upon *Bacon*'s whole Army?

Haz. Oh, they are drunk with Victory and Wine; there will be nought but revelling to night.

Friend. Would we could learn in what Quarter the Ladies are lodg'd, for we have no other buſineſs but to releaſe them——But hark——who comes here?

Booz. Some Scouts, I fear, from the Enemy.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *creeping as in the dark.*

Friend. Let's ſhelter ourſelves behind yonder Trees—leſt we be ſurpriz'd.

Tim. Wou'd I were well at home——Gad zoors, if e'er you catch me a Cadeeing again, I'll be content to be ſet in the fore-front of the Battle for Hawks-Meat.

Whim. Thou'rt afraid of every Buſh.

Tim. Ay, and good reaſon too: Gad zoors, there may be Rogues hid——prithee, Major, do thou advance.

Dull. No, no, go on——no matter of Ceremony in theſe caſes of running away. [*They advance.*

Friend. They approach directly to us, we cannot eſcape them——their numbers are not great——let us advance. [*They come up to them.*

Tim. Oh! I am annihilated.

Whiff. Some of *Frightall*'s Scouts, we are loſt Men. [*They puſh each other foremoſt.*

Friend. Who goes there?

Whim.

Whim. Oh, they'll give us no Quarter; 'twas long of you, Cornet, that we ran away from our Colours.

Tim. Me—'twas the Major's Ambition here—to make himſelf a great Man with the Council again.

Dull. Pox o' this Ambition, it has been the ruin of many a gallant Fellow.

Whiff. If I get home again, the height of mine ſhall be to top Tobacco; would I'ad ſome Brandy.

Tim. Gad zoors, would we had, 'tis the beſt Armour againſt Fear—hum—I hear no body now——prithee advance a little.

Whim. What, before a Horſe-Officer?

Friend. Stand, on your Lives———

Tim. Oh, 'tis impoſſible———I'm dead already.

Friend. What are ye?—ſpeak—or I'll ſhoot.

Whim. Friends to thee,———who the Devil are we Friends to?

Tim. E'en who pleaſe you, Gad zoors.

Friend. Hah—Gads zoors—who's there, *Timorous?*

Tim. Hum—I know no ſuch Scoundrel—[*Gets behind.*

Dull. Hah———that's *Friendly*'s Voice.

Friend. Right———thine's that of *Dullman*——— who's with you?

Dull. Only *Timorous*, *Whimſey* and *Whiff*, all valiantly running away from the Arch-Rebel that took us Priſoners.

Haz. Can you inform us where the Ladies are lodg'd?

Dull. In the hither Quarter, in *Daring*'s Tent; you'll know them by Lanthorns on every corner———there was never better time to ſurprize them———for this day *Daring*'s married, and there's nothing but Dancing and Drinking.

Haz. Married! to whom?

Dull. That I ne'er enquir'd.

Friend. 'Tis to *Chriſante*, Friend———and the Reward of my Attempt is loſt. Oh, I am mad, I'll fight away my Life, and my Deſpair ſhall yet do greater Wonders, than even my Love could animate me to. Let's part our Men, and beſet his Tents on both ſides.

[Friendly *goes out with a Party.*

Haz. Come, Gentlemen, let's on———

Whiff. On, Sir,——we on, Sir?———

Haz. Ay, you on, Sir——to redeem the Ladies.

Whiff. Oh, Sir, I am going home for Money to redeem my *Nancy*.

Whim. So am I, Sir.

Tim. I thank my Stars I am a Batchelor.—Why, what a Plague is a Wife?

Haz. Will you march forward?

Dull. We have atchiev'd Honour enough already, in having made our Campaign here——— [*Looking big.*

Haz. 'Sdeath, but you ſhall go———put them in the front, and prick them on——if they offer to turn back, run them thro.

Tim. Oh, horrid——— [*The Soldiers prick them on with their Swords.*

Whiff. Oh *Nancy*, thy Dream will yet come to paſs.

Haz. Will you advance, Sir? [*Pricks* Whiff.

Whiff. Why ſo we do, Sir; the Devil's in theſe fighting Fellows. [*Exit.*

An Alarm at a diſtance.

Within. To Arms, to Arms, the Enemy's upon us.

A Noiſe of Fighting, after which enters Friendly *with his Party, retreating and fighting from* Daring *and ſome Soldiers,* Ranter *fighting like a Fury by his ſide, he putting her back in vain; they fight out. Re-enter* Daring *and* Friendly *all bloody. Several Soldiers enter with Flambeaux.*

Dar. Now, Sir——what Injury have I ever done you, that you ſhould uſe this Treachery againſt me?

Friend. To take advantage any way in War, was never counted Treachery——and had I murder'd thee, I had not paid thee half the Debt I owe thee.

Dar. You bleed too much to hold too long a Parley—come to my Tent, I'll take a charitable care of thee.

Friend. I ſcorn thy Courteſy, who againſt all the Laws of Honour and of Juſtice, haſt raviſh'd innocent Ladies.

Dar. Sir, your upbraiding of my Honour ſhall never make me forfeit it, or eſteem you leſs——Is there a Lady here you have a Paſſion for?

Friend.

Friend. Yes, on a nobler ſcore than you dareſt own.

Dar. To let you ſee how you're miſtaken, Sir, who-e'er that Lady be whom you affect, I will reſign, and give you both your Freedoms.

Friend. Why, for this Courteſy, which ſhows thee brave, in the next fight I'll ſave thy Life to quit the Obligation.

Dar. I thank you, Sir ;———come to my Tent,——— and when we've dreſs'd your Wounds, and yielded up the Ladies, I'll give you my Paſs-port for your Safe-Conduct back, and tell your Friends i'th' Town, we'll viſit them i'th' Morning.

Friend. They'll meet you on your way, Sir——

Dar. Come my young Soldier, now thou'ſt won my Soul.

An Alarm beats: Enter at another Paſſage Boozer *with all the Ladies* ; *they paſs over the Stage, while* Hazard *and* Downright *beat back a party of Soldiers.* Dull. Tim. Whim. *and* Whiff, *prick'd on by their Party to fight, lay about them like Madmen.* Bacon, Fearleſs *and* Daring *come in, reſcue their Men, and fight out the other Party, ſome falling dead.* Bacon, Fearleſs *and* Daring *return tired, with their Swords drawn. Enter Soldier running.*

Sol. Return, Sir, where your Sword will be more uſeful—a Party of *Indians,* taking advantage of the Night, have ſet fire on your Tents, and borne away the Queen.

Bac. Hah, the Queen ! By Heaven this Victory ſhall coſt them dear ; come, let us fly to reſcue her. [*Goes out.*

SCENE *changes to* Wellman's *Tent.*

Enter Wellman, Bragg, Grubb, *and Officers.*

Well. I cannot ſleep, my Impatience if ſo great to engage this haughty Enemy, before they have repoſed their weary Limbs——Is not yon ruddy Light the Morning's dawn ?

Brag. 'Tis, and pleaſe your Honour.

Well. Is there no News of *Friendly* yet, and *Hazard ?*

Brag. Not yet——'tis thought they left the Camp to night, with ſome deſign againſt the Enemy.

Well. What Men have they?

Bragg. Only *Boozer*'s Party, Sir.

Well. I know they are brave, and mean to ſurprize me with ſome handſome Action.

Enter Friendly.

Friend. I ask a thouſand Pardons, Sir, for quitting the Camp without your leave.

Well. Your conduct and your Courage cannot err; I ſee thou'ſt been in action by thy Blood.

Friend. Sir, I'm aſhamed to own theſe ſlender Wounds, ſince without more my luck was to be taken, while *Hazard* did alone effect the Buſineſs, the reſcuing of the Ladies.

Well. How got ye Liberty?

Friend. By *Daring*'s Generoſity, who ſends ye word he'll viſit you this Morning.

Well. We are prepared to meet him.

Enter Down. Hazard, *Ladies*, Whim. Whiff, Dullman, Tim. *looking big.* Well. *embraces* Down.

Well. My worthy Friend, how am I joyed to ſee you?

Down. We owe our Liberties to theſe brave Youths, who can do Wonders when they fight for Ladies.

Tim. With our aſſiſtance, Ladies.

Whim. For my part I'll not take it as I have done; Gad I find, when I am damnable angry, I can beat both Friend and Foe.

Whiff. When I fight for my *Nancy* here—adsfiſh I'm a Dragon.

Mrs. *Whiff.* Lord, you need not have been ſo haſty.

Friend. Do not upbraid me with your Eyes, *Chriſante*; but let theſe Wounds aſſure you I endeavour'd to ſerve you, tho *Hazard* had the Honour on't.

Well. But, Ladies, we'll not expoſe you in the Camp, ——a Party of our Men ſhall ſee you ſafely conducted to Madam *Surelove*'s; 'tis but a little Mile from our Camp.

Friend. Let me have that honour, Sir.

Chriſ.

Chriſ. No, I conjure you let your Wounds be dreſs'd; obey me if you love me, and *Hazard* ſhall conduct us home.

Well. He had the Toil, 'tis fit he have the Recompence.

Whiff. He the Toil, Sir! what, did we ſtand for Cyphers?

Whim. The very appearance I made in the front of the Battel, aw'd the Enemy.

Tim. Ay, ay, let the Enemy ſay how I maul'd 'em—but Gads zoors, I ſcorn to brag.

Well. Since you've regain'd your Honour ſo glorioufly, I reſtore you to your Commands, you loſt by your ſeeming Cowardice.

Dull. Valour is not always in humour, Sir.

Well. Come, Gentlemen, ſince they've reſolv'd to engage us, let's ſet our Men in order to receive 'em.

[*Exeunt all but the four Juſtices.*

Tim. Our Commiſſions again—you muſt be bragging, and ſee what comes on't; I was modeſt ye ſee, and ſaid nothing of my Proweſs.

Whiff. What a Devil does the Colonel think we are made of Iron, continually to be beat on the Anvil?

Whim. Look, Gentlemen, here's two Evils——if we go we are dead Men; if we ſtay we are hang'd——and that will diſorder my Crevat-ſtring:——therefore the leaſt Evil is to go———and ſet a good Face on the Matter, as I do——— [*Goes out ſinging.*

SCENE, *A thick Wood.*

Enter Queen dreſs'd like an Indian *Man, with a Bow in her Hand, and Quiver at her Back*; Anaria *her Confident diſguis'd ſo too*; *and about a dozen* Indians *led by* Cavaro.

Queen. I tremble yet, doſt think we're ſafe, *Cavaro?*

Cav. Madam, theſe Woods are intricate and vaſt, and 'twill be difficult to find us out—or if they do, this Habit will ſecure you from the fear of being taken.

Queen. Doſt think if *Bacon* find us, he will not know me? Alas, my Fears and Bluſhes will betray me.

Ana. 'Tis certain, Madam, if we ſtay we periſh; for all the Wood's ſurrounded by the Conqueror.

Queen. Alas, 'tis better we ſhould periſh here, than ſtay to expect the Violence of his Paſſion, to which my Heart's too ſenſibly inclin'd.

Ana. Why do you not obey its Dictates then? why do you fly the Conqueror?

Queen. Not fly——not fly the Murderer of my Lord?

Ana. What World, what Reſolution can preſerve you? and what he cannot gain by ſoft Admiſſion, Force will at laſt o'ercome.

Queen. I wiſh there were in Nature one excuſe, either by Force or Reaſon to compel me:—For Oh *Anaria*—I adore this General;—take from my Soul a Truth——till now conceal'd——at twelve Years old——at the *Pauwomungian* Court, I ſaw this Conqueror. I ſaw him young and gay as new-born Spring, glorious and charming as the Mid-day's Sun; I watch'd his Looks, and liſtned when he ſpoke, and thought him more than mortal.

Ana. He has a graceful Form.

Queen. At laſt a fatal Match concluded was between my Lord and me; I gave my Hand, but oh how far my Heart was from conſenting, the angry Gods are Witneſs.

Ana. 'Twas pity.

Queen. Twelve tedious Moons I paſs'd in ſilent Languiſhment; Honour endeavouring to deſtroy my Love, but all in vain; for ſtill my Pain return'd whenever I beheld my Conqueror; but now when I conſider him as Murderer of my Lord—[*Fiercely.*] I ſigh and wiſh——ſome other fatal Hand had given him his Death.——But now there's a neceſſity, I muſt be brave and overcome my Heart: What if I do? ah, whither ſhall I fly? I have no *Amazonian* Fire about me, all my Artillery is Sighs and Tears, the Earth my Bed, and Heaven my Canopy. [*Weeps.* [*Noiſe of Fighting.* Hah, we are ſurpriz'd; Oh, whither ſhall I fly? And yet methinks a certain trembling Joy, ſpite of my Soul,

ſpite

ſpite of my boaſted Honour, runs ſhivering round my Heart.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. Madam, your Out-guards are ſurpriz'd by *Bacon*, who hews down all before him, and demands the Queen with ſuch a Voice, and Eyes ſo fierce and angry, he kills us with his Looks.

Cav. Draw up your poiſon'd Arrows to the head, and aim them at his Heart, ſure ſome will hit.

Queen. Cruel *Cavaro,*———wou'd 'twere fit for me to contradict thy Juſtice. [*Aſide.*

Bac. within. The Queen, ye Slaves, give me the Queen, and live !

He enters furiouſly, beating back ſome Indians; Cavaro's *Party going to ſhoot, the Queen runs in.*

Queen. Hold, hold, I do command ye.

[Bacon *flies on 'em as they ſhoot and miſs him, fights like a Fury, and wounds the Queen in the Diſorder; beats them all out.*

—hold thy commanding Hand, and do not kill me, who wou'd not hurt thee to regain my Kingdom——

[*He ſnatches her in his Arms, ſhe reels.*

Bac. Hah—a Woman's Voice,—what art thou? Oh my Fears !

Queen. Thy Hand has been too cruel to a Heart—whoſe Crime was only tender Thoughts for thee.

Bac. The Queen ! What is't my ſacrilegious Hand has done?

Queen. The nobleſt Office of a gallant Friend, thou'ſt ſav'd my Honour, and haſt given me Death.

Bac. Is't poſſible ! ye unregarding Gods, is't poſſible ?

Queen. Now I may love you without Infamy, and pleaſe my dying Heart by gazing on you.

Bac. Oh I am loſt—for ever loſt—I find my Brain turn with the wild confuſion.

Queen. I faint—oh lay me gently on the Earth.

[*Lays her down.*

Bac. Who waits—— [*Turns in Rage to his Men.*

Make of the Trophies of the War a Pile, and ſet it all on fire

fire, that I may leap into conſuming Flames——while all my Tents are burning round about me. [*Wildly.*
Oh thou dear Prize, for which alone I toil'd!
[*Weeps, and lies down by her.*

Enter Fearleſs *with his Sword drawn.*

Fear. Hah, on the Earth—how do you, Sir?

Bac. What wou'dſt thou?

Fear. Wellman with all the Forces he can gather, attacks us even in our very Camp; aſſiſt us, Sir, or all is loſt.

Bac. Why, prithee let him make the World his Prize, I have no buſineſs with the Trifle now; it contains nothing that's worth my care, ſince my fair Queen—is dead—and by my hand.

Queen. So charming and obliging is thy Moan, that I cou'd wiſh for Life to recompenſe it; but oh, Death falls—all cold upon my Heart, like Mildews on the Bloſſoms.

Fear. By Heaven, Sir, this Love will ruin all—riſe, riſe, and ſave us yet.

Bac. Leave me, what e'er becomes of me——loſe not thy ſhare of Glory——prithee leave me.

Queen. Alas, I fear thy Fate is drawing on, and I ſhall ſhortly meet thee in the Clouds; till then—farewel—even Death is pleaſing to me, while thus I find it in thy Arms—— [*Dies.*

Bac. There ends my Race of Glory and of Life.
[*An Alarm at diſtance—continues a while.*

Bac. Hah—Why ſhould I idly whine away my Life, ſince there are nobler ways to meet with Death? Up, up, and face him then——Hark———there's the Soldier's Knell——and all the Joys of Life——with thee I bid farewel— [*Goes out. The* Indians *bear off the Body of the Queen.*

The Alarm continues: Enter Downright, Wellman, *and others, Swords drawn.*

Well. They fight like Men poſſeſt—I did not think to have found them ſo prepar'd.

Dow. They've good Intelligence——but where's the Rebel?

Well. Sure's he's not in the Fight; Oh that it were my happy chance to meet him, that while our Men look on, we might diſpatch the buſineſs of the War—Come, let's fall in again, now we have taken breath. [*They go out.*

Enter Daring *and* Fearleſs *haſtily, with their Swords drawn; meet* Whim. Whiff, *with their Swords drawn, running away.*

Dar. How now, whither away? [*In anger.*

Whim. Hah, *Daring* here———we are purſuing of the Enemy, Sir; ſtop us not in the purſuit of Glory. [*Offers to go.*

Dar. Stay!———I have not ſeen you in my Ranks to day.

Whiff. Lord, does your Honour take us for Starters?

Fear. Yes, Sirrah, and believe you are now rubbing off—confeſs, or I'll run you thro.

Whiff. Oh mercy, Sir, mercy, we'll confeſs.

Whim. What will you confeſs? we were only going behind yon Hedge to untruſs a point; that's all.

Whiff. Ay, your Honours will ſmell out the truth, if you keep us here long.

Dar. Here, carry them Priſoners to my Tent.

[*Ex. Soldiers with* Whim. *and* Whiff.

Enter Ranter *without a Hat, and Sword drawn.* Daring *angrily goes the other way.*

Ran. A Pox of all ill luck, how came I to loſe *Daring* in the fight? Ha—who's here? *Dullman* and *Timorous* dead—the Rogues are Counterfeits.—I'll ſee what Moveables they have about them, all's lawful Prize in War.

[*Takes their Money, Watches and Rings; goes out.*

Tim. What rob the dead?—why, what will this villanous World come to? [*Claſhing of Swords, juſt as they were going to riſe.*

Enter Hazard *bringing in* Ranter.

Haz. Thou cou'dſt expect no other Fate, young Man; thy Hands are yet too tender for a Sword.

Ran. Thou look'ſt like a good-natur'd Fellow, uſe me civilly, and *Daring* ſhall ranſom me.

Haz.

Haz. Doubt not a generous Treatment. [*Goes out.*

Dull. So, the Coaſt is clear, I deſire to move my Quarters to ſome place of more ſafety——

[*They riſe and go off.*

Enter Wellman *and Soldiers haſtily.*

Well. 'Twas this way *Bacon* fled.
Five hundred Pound for him who finds the Rebel. [*Go out.*

SCENE *changes to a Wood.*

Enter Bacon *and* Fearleſs, *with their Swords drawn, all bloody.*

Bac. 'Tis juſt, ye Gods! that when ye took the Prize for which I fought, Fortune and you ſhould all abandon me.

Fear. Oh fly, Sir, to ſome place of ſafe retreat, for there's no mercy to be hop'd if taken. What will you do? I know we are purſu'd, by Heaven I will not die a ſhameful Death.

Bac. Oh, they'll have pity on thy Youth and Bravery, but I'm above their Pardon. [*A noiſe is heard.*

Within. This way—this way—hay halloo.

Fear. Alas, Sir, we're undone—I'll ſee which way they take. [*Exit.*

Bac. So near! Nay, then to my laſt ſhift.

[*Undoes the Pomel of his Sword.*

Come, my good Poiſon, like that of *Hannibal*; long I have born a noble Remedy for all the Ills of Life.

[*Takes Poiſon.*

I have too long ſurviv'd my Queen and Glory, thoſe two bright Stars that influenc'd my Life are ſet to all Eternity.

[*Lies down.*

Enter Fearleſs, *runs to* Bacon, *and looks on his Sword.*

Fear. —Hah—what have ye done?

Bac. Secur'd my ſelf from being a publick Spectacle upon the common Theatre of Death.

Enter Daring *and Soldiers.*

Dar. Victory, Victory! they fly, they fly, where's the victorious General?

Fear. Here, taking his laſt Adieu.

Dar.

Dar. Dying! Then wither all the Laurels on my Brows, for I ſhall never triumph more in War; where are the Wounds?

Fear. From his own Hand, by what he carried here, believing we had loſt the Victory.

Bac. And is the Enemy put to flight, my Hero?

[*Graſps his Neck.*

Dar. All routed Horſe and Foot; I plac'd an Ambuſh, and while they were purſuing you, my Men fell on behind, and won the day.

Bac. Thou almoſt makeſt me wiſh to live again, if I cou'd live now fair *Semernia*'s dead.——But oh——the baneful Drug is juſt and kind, and haſtens me away——Now while you are Victors, make a Peace with the *Engliſh* Council, and never let Ambition, Love, or Intereſt, make you forget, as I have done, your Duty and Allegiance——Farewel——a long Farewel———

[*Dies embracing their Necks.*

Dar. So fell the *Roman Caſſius*, by miſtake———

Enter Soldiers with Dunce, Tim. *and* Dullman.

Sol. An't pleaſe your Honour, we took theſe Men running away.

Dar. Let 'em looſe——the Wars are at an end, ſee where the General lies——the great-ſoul'd Man, no private Body e'er contain'd a nobler; and he that cou'd have conquered all *America*, finds only here his ſcanty length of Earth. Go, bear the Body to his own Pavilion ——

[*Soldiers go out with the Body.*

tho we are Conquerors we ſubmit to treat, and yield upon Condition: You, Mr. *Dunce*, ſhall bear our Articles to the Council.

Dun. With Joy I will obey you.

Tim. Good General, let us be put in the Agreement.

Dar. You ſhall be obliged ———

[*Ex.* Dar. Dunc. Dull. *and* Tim. *as* Fear. *goes out a Soldier meets him.*

Sol. What does your Honour intend to do with *Whim* and *Whiff*, who are condemn'd by a Council of War?

Enter

Enter Daring, Dullman, Tim. Fearleſs, *and Officers.*

Dar. You come too late, Gentlemen, to be put into the Articles; nor am I ſatisfy'd you're worthy of it.

Dull. Why, did not you, Sir, ſee us lie dead in the Field?

Dar. Yes, but I ſee no Wound about you.

Tim. We were ſtun'd with being knock'd down; Gad zoors, a Man may be kill'd with the but-end of a Muſquet, as ſoon as with the point of a Sword.

Enter Dunce.

Dun. The Council, Sir, wiſhes you Health and Happineſs, and ſends you theſe ſign'd by their Hands——— [*Gives Papers.*

Dar. reads.

That you ſhall have a general Pardon for your ſelf and Friends; that you ſhall have all new Commiſſions, and Daring *to command as General; that you ſhall have free leave to inter your dead General in* James *Town. And to ratify this, we will meet you at Madam* Surelove's *Houſe, which ſtands between the Armies, attended only by our Officers.*

The Council's noble, and I'll wait upon them. [*Exit* Dunce.

SCENE, *a Grove near Madam* Surelove's.

Enter Surelove *weeping*, Well. Chriſante, *Mrs.* Flirt, Ranter *as before*, Down. Haz. Friend. Booz. Brag.

Well. How long, Madam, have you heard the News of Col. *Surelove*'s Death?

Sure. By a Veſſel laſt Night arriv'd.

Well. You ſhou'd not grieve when Men ſo old pay their debt to Nature; you are too fair, not to have been reſerved for ſome young Lover's Arms.

Haz. I dare not ſpeak,—but give me leave to hope.

Sure. The way to oblige me to't, is never to ſpeak to me of Love till I ſhall think it fit —— [Wellman *ſpeaks to* Down.

Well. Come, you ſhan't grant it—'tis a hopeful Youth.

Dow.

Dow. You are too much my Friend to be denied—— *Chriſante*, do you love *Friendly?* nay, do not bluſh—till you have done a fault, your loving him is none—Here, take her young Man, and with her all my Fortune—when I am dead, Sirrah—not a Groat before—unleſs to buy ye Baby-Clouts.

Friend. He merits not this Treaſure, Sir, can wiſh for more.

Enter Daring, Fearleſs, Dunce, *and Officers, they meet* Well. *and* Down. *who embrace 'em.* Dull. *and* Tim. *ſtand.*

Dar. Can you forgive us, Sir, our Diſobedience?

Well. Your offering Peace while yet you might command it, has made ſuch kind impreſſions on us, that now you may command your Propoſitions; your Pardons are all ſeal'd and new Commiſſions.

Dar. I'm not ambitious of that Honour, Sir, but in obedience will accept your Goodneſs: but, Sir, I hear I have a young Friend taken Priſoner by Captain *Hazard*, whom I intreat you will render me.

Haz. Sir—here I reſign him to you. [*Gives him* Rant.

Ran. Faith General, you left me but ſcurvily in Battle.

Dar. That was to ſee how well you cou'd ſhift for your ſelf; now I find you can bear the brunt of a Campaign, you are a fit Wife for a Soldier.

All. A Woman———*Ranter*———

Haz. Faith, Madam, I ſhould have given you kinder Quarter, if I had known my happineſs.

Flirt. I have au humble Petition to you, Sir.

Sure. In which we all join.

Flirt. An't pleaſe you, Sir, Mr, *Dunce* has long made Love to me, and on promiſe of Marriage has— [*Simpers.*

Dow. What has he, Miſtreſs? What has he Mrs. *Flirt?*

Flirt. Only been a little familiar with my Perſon, Sir—

Well. Do you hear Parſon—you muſt marry Mrs. *Flirt.*

Dun. How, Sir, a Man of my Coat, Sir, marry a Brandy-monger?

Well. Of your Calling you mean, a Farrier and no Parſon—— [*Aſide to him.*

She'll leave her Trade, and ſpark it above all the Ladies at Church:

Church: No more——take her, and make her honeſt.

Enter Whim *and* Whiff *ſtript.*

Chriſ. Bleſs me, what have we here?

Whim. Why, an't like your Honours, we were taken by the Enemy——hah, *Daring* here, and *Fearleſs?*

Fear. How now, Gentlemen, were not you two condemn'd to be ſhot for running from your Colours.

Dow. From your Colours!

Fear. Yes, Sir, they were both liſted in my Regiment.

Dow. Then we muſt hang them for deſerting us.

Whim. So, out of the Frying Pan—you know where, Brother——

Whiff. Ay, he that's born to be hang'd——you know the reſt; a Pox of theſe Proverbs.

Well. I know ye well——you're all rank Cowards; but once more we forgive ye; your Places in the Council ſhall be ſupplied by theſe Gentlemen of Senſe and Honour. The Governor when he comes, ſhall find the Country in better hands than he expects to find it.

Whim. A very fair Diſcharge.

Whiff. I'm glad 'tis no worſe, I'll home to my *Nancy.*

Dull. Have we expos'd our Lives and Fortunes for this?

Tim. Gad zoors, I never thriv'd ſince I was a Statesman, left Planting, and fell to promiſing and lying; I'll to my old Trade again, bask under the ſhade of my own Tobacco, and drink my Punch in Peace.

Well. *Come, my brave Youths, let all our Forces meet,*
To make this Country happy, rich and great;
Let ſcanted Europe *ſee that we enjoy*
Safer Repoſe, and larger Worlds, than they.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

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 Mountero Caps at Fel-fares 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 ſecrecy report
Stale 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 were wont, to Plays;
But only on the firſt and ſecond Days:

This made our Poet in his Viſits look
What new ſtrange Courſes for your Time you took;
And to his great regret he found too ſoon,
Baſſet *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.

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Jevern.*

LOng, and at vaſt Expence, th' induſtrious Stage
Has ſtrove to pleaſe a dull ungrateful Age:
With Heroes and with Gods we firſt began,
And thunder'd to you in heroick Strain:
Some dying Love-ſick Queen each Night you injoy'd,
And with Magnificence at laſt were cloy'd:
Our Drums and Trumpets frighted all the Women;
Our Fighting ſcar'd the Beaux and Billet-Doux Men.

So

So Spark in an Intrigue of Quality,
Grows weary of his ſplendid Drudgery;
Hates the Fatigue, and cries a Pox upon her,
What a damn'd Buſtle's here with Love and Honour?
In humbler Comedy we next appear,
No Fop or Cuckold, but ſlap-daſh we had him here;
We ſhow'd you all, but you malicious grown,
Friends Vices to expoſe, and hide your own;
Cry, damn it——This is ſuch, or ſuch a one.
Yet nettled, Plague what does the Scribler mean?
With his damn'd Characters, and Plot obſcene.
No Woman without Vizard in the Nation
Can ſee it twice, and keep her reputation——
That's certain, Forgetting——
That he himſelf, in every groſs Lampoon,
Her leuder Secrets ſpread about the Town;
Whilſt their feign'd Niceneſs is but cautious Fear,
Their own Intrigues ſhould be unravel'd here.
Our next Recourſe was dwindling down to Farce,
Then—Zounds, what Stuff's here? 'tis all o'er my——
Well, Gentlemen, ſince none of theſe has ſped,
Gad, we have bought a Share i'th' ſpeaking Head.
So there you'll ſave a Sice,
You love good Husbandry in all but Vice;
Whoring and drinking only bears a Price.

The Head riſes upon a twiſted Poſt, on a Bench from under the Stage. After *Jevern* ſpeaks to its Mouth.

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!
Stentor. *Oh!—Oh!—Oh!*

After this it ſings *Sawny*, laughs, crys God bleſs the King in order.

Stentor anſwers.

Speak louder Jevern, *if you'd have me repeat;*
Plague of this Rogue, he will betray the Cheat.

He ſpeaks louder, it anſwers indirectly.

—Hum.

—Hum——There'tis again,
Pox of your Eccho with a Northern Strain.
Well—This will be but a nine days Wonder too;
There's nothing laſting but the Puppets Show.
What Lady's Heart's ſo hard, but it would move,
To hear Philander *and* Irene's *Love?*
Thoſe Siſters too, the ſcandalous Wits do ſay,
Two nameleſs keeping Beaux have made ſo gay;
But thoſe Amours are perfect Sympathy,
Their Gallants being as mere Machines as they.
Oh! how the City Wife, with ker nown Ninny,
Is charm'd with come into my Coach,——Miſs Jenny,
Miſs Jenny.
*But overturning——*Frible *crys——Adzigs,*
The jogling Rogue has murder'd all his Kids.
The Men of War cry, Pox on't, this is dull,
We are for rough Sports,—Dog Hector, and the Bull.
Thus each in his degree, Diverſion finds,
Your Sports are ſuited to your mighty Minds;
Whilſt ſo much Judgment in your Choice you ſhow,
The Puppets have more Senſe than ſome of you.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Doctor Baliardo,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Scaramouch, *his Man*,	Mr. *Lee.*
Pedro, *his Boy.*	
Don Cinthio, Don Charmante, *both Nephews to the Vice-Roy, and Lovers of* Elaria *and* Bellemante,	Young Mr. *Powel.* Mr. *Mumford.*
Harlequin, Cinthio's *Man*,	Mr. *Jevern.*
Officer and Clerk.	

WOMEN.

Elaria, *Daughter to the Doctor*,	Mrs. *Cooke.*
Bellemante, *Niece to the Doctor*,	Mrs. *Mumford.*
Mopſophil, *Governant to the young Ladies*,	Mrs. *Cory.*

The Perſons in the Moon, are Don Cinthio, *Emperor*; Don Charmante, *Prince of* Thunderland.
Their Attendants, Perſons that repreſent the Court Cards.
Keplair *and* Galileus, *two Philoſophers.*
Twelve Perſons, repreſenting the Figures of the twelve Signs of the Zodiack.
Negroes, and Perſons that dance.
Muſick, Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.

The SCENE, *NAPLES.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter Elaria *and* Mopſophil.

I.

Curſe upon that faithleſs Maid,
Who firſt her Sex's Liberty betray'd;
Born free as Man to love and range,
Till nobler Nature did to Cuſtom change,
Cuſtom, that dull excuſe for Fools,
Who think all Virtue to conſiſt in Rules.

II.

From Love our Fetters never ſprung;
That ſmiling God, all wanton, gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be
Confined to a reſtleſs Slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glittering Courts, or ſhady Groves.

III.

Then ſhe that Conſtancy profeſs'd,
Was but a well Diſſembler at the beſt;
And that imaginary Sway
She feign'd to give, in ſeeming to obey,
Was but the height of prudent Art,
To deal with greater liberty her Heart.

[After the Song *Elaria* gives her Lute to *Mopſophil.*

Ela. This does not divert me;
Nor nothing will, till *Scaramouch* return,
And bring me News of *Cinthio.*

Mop. Truly I was ſo ſleepy laſt Night, I know nothing of the Adventure, for which you are kept ſo cloſe a Priſoner to day, and more ſtrictly guarded than uſual.

Ela. Cinthio came with Muſick laſt Night under my Window, which my Father hearing, ſallied out with his *Mirmidons* upon him; and claſhing of Swords I heard, but what hurt was done, or whether *Cinthio* were diſcovered to him, I know not; but the Billet I ſent him now by *Scaramouch*, will occaſion me ſoon Intelligence.

Mop. And ſee, Madam, where your truſty *Roger* comes.

Enter Scaramouch, *peeping on all ſides before he enters.*

You may advance, and fear none but your Friends.

Scar. Away and keep the door.

Ela. Oh dear *Scaramouch!* haſt thou been at the Vice-Roy's?

Scar. Yes, yes. [*In heat.*

Ela. And haſt thou delivered my Letter to his Nephew, Don *Cinthio?*

Scar. Yes, yes, what ſhould I deliver elſe?

Ela. Well——and how does he?

[*Fanning himſelf with his Cap.*

Scar. Lord, how ſhould he do? Why, what a laborious thing it is to be a Pimp?

Ela. Why, well he ſhou'd do.

Scar. So he is, as well as a Night-adventuring Lover can be,——he has got but one Wound, Madam.

Ela. How! wounded ſay you? Oh Heavens! 'tis not mortal.

Scar. Why, I have no great skill; but they ſay it may be dangerous.

Ela. I die with Fear, where is he wounded?

Scar. Why, Madam, he is run——quite thro the Heart,——but the Man may live, if I pleaſe.

Ela. Thou pleaſe! torment me not with Riddles.

Scar. Why, Madam, there is a certain cordial Balſam, call'd a fair Lady; which outwardly applied to his Boſom, will prove a better cure than all your Weapon or ſympathetick Pouder, meaning your Ladyſhip.

Ela. Is *Cinthio* then not wounded?

Scar. No otherways than by your fair Eyes, Madam; he got away unſeen and unknown.

Ela. Doſt know how precious time is, and doſt thou fool it away thus? What ſaid he to my Letter?

Scar.

Scar. What ſhould he ſay?

Ela. Why a hundred dear ſoft things of Love, kiſs it as often, and bleſs me for my Goodneſs.

Scar. Why ſo he did.

Ela. Ask thee a thouſand Queſtions of my Health after my laſt night's fright.

Scar. So he did.

Ela. Expreſſing all the kind concern Love cou'd inſpire, for the Puniſhment my Father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my Window laſt night.

Scar. All this he did.

Ela. And for my being confin'd a Priſoner to my Apartment, without the hope or almoſt poſſibility of ſeeing him any more.

Scar. There I think you are a little miſtaken; for beſides the Plot that I have laid to bring you together all this Night,——there are ſuch Stratagems a brewing, not only to bring you together, but with your Father's conſent too; ſuch a Plot, Madam ——

Ela. Ay, that would be worthy of thy Brain; prithee what?———

Scar. Such a Device——

Ela. I'm impatient.

Scar. Such a Conundrum,——Well, if there be wiſe Men and Conjurers in the World, they are intriguing Lovers.

Ela. Out with it.

Scar. You muſt know, Madam, your Father (my Maſter, the Doctor) is a little whimſical, romantick, or Don-Quick-ſottiſh, or ſo.

Ela. Or rather mad.

Scar. That were uncivil to be ſuppoſed by me; but lunatic we may call him, without breaking the Decorum of good Manners; for he is always travelling to the Moon.

Ela. And ſo religiouſly believes there is a World there, that he Diſcourſes as gravely of the People, their Government, Inſtitutions, Laws, Manners, Religion, and Conſtitution, as if he had been bred a *Machiavel* there.

Scar. How came he thus infected firſt?

Ela. With reading fooliſh Books, *Lucian*'s *Dialogue of the Lofty Traveller*, who flew up to the Moon, and thence to Heaven; an heroick Buſineſs, call'd *The Man in the Moon*, if you'll believe a *Spaniard*, who was carried thither, upon an Engine drawn by wild Geeſe; with another philoſophical Piece, *A Diſcourſe of the World in the Moon*; with a thouſand other ridiculous Volumes, too hard to name.

Scar. Ay, this reading of Books is a pernicious thing. I was like to have run mad once, reading Sir *John Mandevil*;——but to the buſineſs,——I went, as you know, to Don *Cinthio*'s Lodgings, where I found him with his dear Friend *Charmante*, laying thei rHeads together for a Farce.

Ela. Farce!

Scar. Ay, a Farce, which ſhall be call'd,—*The World in the Moon:* Wherein your Father ſhall be ſo impos'd on, as ſhall bring matters moſt magnificently about.

Ela. I cannot conceive thee, but the Deſign muſt be good, ſince *Cinthio* and *Charmante* own it.

Scar. In order to this, *Charmante* is dreſſing himſelf like one of the Caballiſts of the *Roſycruſian* Order, and is coming to prepare my credulous Maſter for the greater Impoſition. I have his Trinkets here to play upon him, which ſhall be ready.

Ela. But the Farce, where is it to be acted?

Scar. Here, here, in this very Houſe; I am to order the Decorations, adorn a Stage, and place Scenes proper.

Ela. How can this be done without my Father's Knowledge?

Scar. You know the old Apartment next the great Orchard, and the Worm-eaten Gallery that opens to the River; which place for ſeveral Years no body has frequented; there all things ſhall be acted proper for our purpoſe.

Enter Mopſophil *running.*

Mop. Run, run *Scaramouch*, my Maſter's conjuring for you like mad below, he calls up all his little Devils with horrid Names, his Microſcope, his Horoſcope, his Teleſcope, and all his Scopes.

Scar.

Scar. Here, here,——I had almoſt forgot the Letters ; here's one for you, and one for Mrs. *Bellemante.*

[*Runs out.*

Enter Bellemante *with a Book.*

Bell. Here, take my Prayer-Book, *Oh Ma tres chere.*

[*Embraces her.*

Ela. Thy Eyes are always laughing, *Bellemante.*

Bell. And ſo would yours, had they been ſo well employ'd as mine, this morning. I have been at the Chappel, and ſeen ſo many Beaus, ſuch a number of Plumeys, I cou'd not tell which I ſhould look on moſt ; ſometimes my Heart was charm'd with the gay Blonding, then with the melancholy Noire, anon the amiable Brunet ; ſometimes the baſhful, then again the bold ; the little now, anon the lovely tall : In fine, my Dear, I was embaraſs'd on all ſides, I did nothing but deal my Heart *tout autour.*

Ela. Oh, there was then no danger, Couſin.

Bell. No, but abundance of pleaſure.

Ela. Why, this is better than fighting for *Charmante.*

Bell. That's when he's preſent only, and makes his Court to me ; I can ſigh to a Lover, but will never ſigh after him :———but Oh the Beaus, the Beaus, Couſin that I ſaw at Church.

Ela. Oh you had great devotion to Heaven then !

Bell. And ſo I had ; for I did nothing but admire its Handy-work, but I cou'd not have pray'd heartily, if I had been dying ; but a duce on't, who ſhou'd come in and ſpoil all but my Lover *Charmante*, ſo dreſs'd, ſo gallant, that he drew together all the ſcatter'd fragments of my Heart, confin'd my wandering Thoughts, and fixt 'em all on him : Oh how he look'd, how he was dreſs'd.

SINGS.

Chevalier a Cheveux blonds,
Plus de Mouche, plus de Poudre,
Plus de Ribons et Cannous.

—Oh what a dear raviſhing thing is the beginning of an Amour!

Ela. Thou'rt ſtill in Tune, when wilt thou be tame, *Bellemante?*

Bell. When I am weary of loving, *Elaria.*

Ela. To keep up your Humour, here's a Letter from your *Charmante.*

Bellemante *reads.*

MAlicious Creature, when wilt thou ceaſe to torment me, and either appear leſs charming, or more kind? I languiſh when from you, and am wounded when I ſee you, and yet I am eternally courting my Pain. Cinthio *and I, are contriving how we ſhall ſee you to Night. Let us not toil in vain; we ask but your conſent; the Pleaſure will be all ours, 'tis therefore fit we ſuffer all the Fatigue. Grant this, and love me, if you will ſave the Life of*

Your *Charmante.*

——Live then *Charmante!* Live as long as Love can laſt!

Ela. Well, Couſin, *Scaramouch* tells me of a rare deſign's a hatching, to relieve us from this Captivity; here are we mew'd up to be eſpous'd to two Moon-calfs for ought I know; for the Devil of any human thing is ſuffer'd to come near us without our Governante and Keeper, Mr. *Scaramouch.*

Bell. Who, if he had no more Honeſty and Conſcience than my Uncle, wou'd let us pine for want of Lovers; but thanks be prais'd, the Generoſity of our Cavaliers has open'd their obdurate Hearts with a Golden Key, that lets 'em in at all Opportunities. Come, come, let's in, and anſwer their Billet-Doux. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Doctor, *with all manner of Mathematical Inſtruments hanging at his Girdle*; Scaramouch *bearing a Teleſcope twenty* (*or more*) *Foot long.*

Doct. Set down the Teleſcope.——Let me ſee, what Hour is it?

Scar. About ſix a Clock, Sir.

Doct. Then 'tis about the Hour that the great Monarch of the Upper World enters into his Cloſet; Mount, mount the Teleſcope.

Scar. What to do, Sir?

Doct. I underſtand, at certain moments critical, one may be ſnatch'd of ſuch a mighty conſequence, to let the Sight into the ſecret Cloſet.

Scar. How, Sir, peep into the King's Cloſet! under favour, Sir, that will be ſomething uncivil.

Doct. Uncivil! it were flat Treaſon if it ſhould be known; but thus unſeen, and as wiſe Politicians ſhou'd, I take Survey of all: This is the Stateſman's Peeping-hole, thorow which he ſteals the Secrets of his King, and ſeems to wink at diſtance.

Scar. The very Key-hole, Sir, thorow which, with half an Eye, he ſees him even at his Devotion, Sir.

[*A knocking at the Garden-gate.*

Doct. Take care none enter. [Scar. *goes to the Door.*

Scar. Oh, Sir, Sir, here's ſome ſtrange great Man come to wait on you.

Doct. Great Man! from whence?

Scar. Nay, from the Moon-World, for ought I know, for he looks not like the People of the lower Orb.

Doct. Ha! and that may be; wait on him in.

[*Exit* Scar.

Enter Scaramouch *bare, bowing before* Charmante, *dreſs'd in a ſtrange fantaſtical Habit, with* Harlequin; *ſalutes the Doctor.*

Char. Doctor *Baliardo*, moſt learned Sir, all Hail! Hail from the great Caballa of *Eutopia.*

Doct. Moſt reverend *Bard*, thrice welcome.

[*Salutes him low.*

Char. The Fame of your great Learning, Sir, and Virtue is known with Joy to the renown'd Society.

Doct. Fame, Sir, has done me too much Honour, to bear my Name to the renown'd *Caballa.*

Char. You muſt not attribute it all to Fame, Sir, they are too learned and wiſe to take up things from Fame, Sir; our Intelligence is by ways more ſecret and ſublime, the Stars, and little Dæmons of the Air inform us all things, paſt, preſent, and to come.

Doct. I muſt confeſs the Count of *Gabalis* renders it plain, from Writ divine and humane, there are ſuch friendly and intelligent Dæmons.

Char. I hope you do not doubt that Doctrine, Sir, which holds that the Four Elements are peopled with Perſons of a Form and Species more divine than vulgar Mortals——thoſe of the fiery Regions we call the *Salamanders*, they beget Kings and Heroes, with Spirits like their Deietical Sires; the lovely Inhabitants of the Water, we call Nymphs; thoſe of the Earth are Gnomes or Fairies; thoſe of the Air are Sylphs. Theſe, Sir, when in Conjunction with Mortals, beget immortal Races; ſuch as the firſt-born Man, which had continu'd ſo, had the firſt Man ne'er doated on a Woman.

Doct. I am of that opinion, Sir; Man was not made for Woman.

Char. Moſt certain, Sir, Man was to have been immortaliz'd by the Love and Converſation of theſe charming Sylphs and Nymphs, and Women by the Gnomes and Salamanders, and to have ſtock'd the World with Demi-Gods, ſuch as at this Day inhabit the Empire of the Moon.

Doct. Moſt admirable Philoſophy and Reaſon!——But do theſe Sylphs and Nymphs appear in Shapes?

Char. The moſt beautiful of all the Sons and Daughters of the Univerſe: Fancy, Imagination is not half ſo charming: And then ſo ſoft, ſo kind! but none but the *Caballa* and their Families are bleſt with their divine

Addreſſes.

Addreſſes. Were you but once admitted to that Society———

Doct. Ay, Sir, what Virtues or what Merits can accompliſh me for that great Honour?

Char. An abſolute abſtinence from carnal thought, devout and pure of Spirit; free from Sin.

Doct. I dare not boaſt my Virtues, Sir; Is there no way to try my Purity?

Char. Are you very ſecret?

Doct. 'Tis my firſt Principle, Sir.

Char. And one, the moſt material in our *Roſycruſian* order.—Pleaſe you to make a Tryal?

Doct. As how, Sir, I beſeech you?

Char. If you be thorowly purg'd from Vice, the Opticles of your Sight will be ſo illuminated, that glancing thro this Teleſcope, you may behold one of theſe lovely Creatures, that people the vaſt Region of the Air.

Doct. Sir, you oblige profoundly.

Char. Kneel then, and try your ſtrength of Virtue. Sir,——Keep your Eye fix'd and open.

[*He looks in the Teleſcope.*

[*While he is looking*, Charmante *goes to the Door to* Scaramouch, *who waited on purpoſe without, and takes a Glaſs with a Picture of a Nymph on it, and a Light behind it; that as he brings it, it ſhews to the Audience. Goes to the end of the Teleſcope.*

——Can you diſcern, Sir?

Doct. Methinks, I ſee a kind of glorious Cloud drawn up——and now, 'tis gone again.

Char. Saw you no Fuger?

Doct. None.

Char. Then make a ſhort Prayer to *Alikin*, the Spirit of the Eaſt; ſhake off all earthly Thoughts, and look again. [*He prays.* Charmante *puts the Glaſs into the Mouth of the Teleſcope.*

Doct. ——Aſtoniſh'd, raviſh'd with Delight, I ſee a Beauty young and Angel-like, leaning upon a Cloud.

Char. Seems ſhe on a Bed? then ſhe's repoſing, and you muſt not gaze.

Doct. Now a Cloud veils her from me.

Char. She ſaw you peeping then, and drew the Curtain of the Air between.

Doct. I am all Rapture, Sir, at this rare Viſion—is't poſſible, Sir, that I may ever hope the Converſation of ſo divine a Beauty?

Char. Moſt poſſible, Sir; they will court you, their whole delight is to immortalize——*Alexander* was begot by a Salamander, that viſited his Mother in the form of a Serpent, becauſe he would not make King *Philip* jealous; and that famous Philoſopher *Merlin* was begotten on a Veſtal Nun, a certain King's Daughter, by a moſt beautiful young Salamander; as indeed all the Heroes, and Men of mighty Minds are.

Doct. Moſt excellent!

Char. The Nymph *Egeria*, inamour'd on *Numa Pompilius*, came to him inviſible to all Eyes elſe, and gave him all his Wiſdom and Philoſophy. *Zoroaſter*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Apuleius*, *Aquinius*, *Albertus Magnus*, *Socrates* and *Virgil* had their Zilphid, which the Fooliſh call'd their Dæmon or Devil. But you are wiſe, Sir.

Doct. But do you imagine Sir, they will fall in love with an old Mortal?

Char. They love not like the Vulgar, 'tis the immortal Part they doat upon.

Doct. But Sir, I have a Niece and Daughter which I love equally, were it not poſſible they might be immortaliz'd?

Char. No doubt on't, Sir, if they be pure and chaſte.

Doct. I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em ſo; for I confeſs, Sir, I wou'd fain have a Hero to my Grandſon.

Char. You never ſaw the Emperor of the Moon, Sir, the mighty *Irodonozar?*

Doct. Never, Sir; his Court I have, but 'twas confuſedly too.

Char. Refine your Thoughts Sir, by a Moment's Prayer, and try again. [*He prays.* Char. *claps the Glaſs with the Emperor on it, he looks in and ſees it.*

Doct.

Doct. It is too much, too much for mortal Eyes! I ſee a Monarch ſeated on a Throne—but ſeems moſt ſad and penſive.

Char. Forbear then, Sir; for now his Love-Fit's on, and then he wou'd be private.

Doct. His Love-Fit, Sir!

Char. Ay, Sir, the Emperor's in love with ſome fair Mortal.

Doct. And can he not command her?

Char. Yes, but her Quality being too mean, he ſtruggles, tho a King, 'twixt Love and Honour.

Doct. It were too much to know the Mortal, Sir?

Char. 'Tis yet unknown, Sir, to the Caballiſts, who now are uſing all their Arts to find her, and ſerve his Majeſty; but now my great Affair deprives me of you: To morrow, Sir, I'll wait on you again; and now I've try'd your Virtue, tell you Wonders.

Doct. I humbly kiſs your Hands, moſt learned Sir.

[Charmante *goes out.* Doctor *waits on him to the Door, and returns: to him* Scaramouch. *All this while* Harlequin *was hid in the Hedges, peeping now and then, and when his Maſter went out he was left behind.*

Sca. So, ſo, *Don Charmante* has plaid his Part moſt exquiſitely; I'll in and ſee how it works in his Pericranium.———Did you call, Sir?

Doct. Scaramouch, I have, for thy ſingular Wit and Honeſty, always had a Tenderneſs for thee above that of a Maſter to a Servant.

Sca. I muſt confeſs it, Sir.

Doct. Thou haſt Virtue and Merit that deſerves much.

Sca. Oh Lord, Sir!

Doct. And I may make thee great;—all I require, is, that thou wilt double thy diligent Care of my Daughter and my Niece; for there are mighty things deſign'd for them, if we can keep 'em from the ſight of Man.

Sca. The ſight of Man, Sir!

Doct. Ay, and the very Thoughts of Man.

Sca. What Antidote is there to be given to a young Wench, againſt the Diſeaſe of Love and Longing?

Doct.

Doct. Do you your Part, and becauſe I know thee diſcreet and very ſecret, I will hereafter diſcover Wonders to thee. On pain of Life, look to the Girls; that's your Charge.

Sca. Doubt me not, Sir, and I hope your Reverence will reward my faithful Service with *Mopſophil*, your Daughter's Governante, who is rich, and has long had my Affection, Sir.

Harlequin *peeping, cries Oh Traitor!*

Doct. Set not thy Heart on tranſitory Mortal, there's better things in ſtore—beſides, I have promis'd her to a Farmer for his Son.———Come in with me, and bring the Teleſcope. [*Ex.* Doctor *and* Scaramouch.

Harlequin *comes out on the Stage.*

Har. My Miſtreſs *Mopſophil* to marry a Farmer's Son! What, am I then forſaken, abandon'd by the falſe fair One?

If I have Honour, I muſt die with Rage;
Reproaching gently, and complaining madly.
It is reſolv'd, I'll hang my ſelf——No, when did I ever hear of a Hero that hang'd himſelf?—No, 'tis the Death of Rogues. What if I drown my ſelf?—No, Uſeleſs Dogs and Puppies are drown'd; a Piſtol or a Caper on my own Sword wou'd look more nobly, but that I have a natural Averſion to Pain. Beſides, it is as vulgar as Rats-bane, or the ſlicing of the Weaſand. No, I'll die a Death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal Fame. I have ſomewhere read an Author, either antient or modern, of a Man that laugh'd to death.—I am very tickliſh, and am reſolv'd to die that Death.—Oh *Mopſophil*, my cruel *Mopſophil!*

[*Pulls off his Hat, Sword and Shoes.*

And now, farewel the World, fond Love, and mortal Cares. [*He falls to tickle himſelf, his Head, his Ears, his Arm-pits, Hands, Sides, and Soles of his Feet; making ridiculous Cries and Noiſes of Laughing ſeveral ways, with Antick Leaps and Skips, at laſt falls down as dead.*

Enter

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. *Harlequin* was left in the Garden, I'll tell him the News of *Mopſophil.* [*Going forward, tumbles over him.* Ha, what's here? *Harlequin* dead!———

[*Heaving him up, he flies into a Rage.*

Har. Who is't that thus wou'd rob me of my Honour?

Sca. Honour, why I thought thou'dſt been dead.

Har. Why ſo I was, and the moſt agreeably dead.

Sca. I came to bemoan with thee the mutual loſs of our Miſtreſs.

Har. I know it, Sir, I know it, and that thou art as falſe as ſhe: Was't not a Covenant between us, that neither ſhou'd take advantage of the other, but both ſhou'd have fair play, and yet you baſely went to undermine me, and ask her of the Doctor; but ſince ſhe's gone, I ſcorn to quarrel for her—But let's like loving Brothers, hand in hand, leap from ſome Precipice into the Sea.

Sca. What, and ſpoil all my Clothes? I thank you for that; no, I have a newer way: you know I lodge four pair of Stairs high, let's aſcend hither, and after ſaying our Prayers——

Har. Prayers! I never heard of a dying Hero that ever pray'd.

Sca. Well, I'll not ſtand with you for a Trifle—Being come up, I'll open the Caſement, take you by the Heels, and ſling you out into the Street; after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

Har. The Atchievement's great and new; but now I think on't, I'm reſolv'd to hear my Sentence from the Mouth of the perfidious Trollop, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the Gipſy, tho I venture banging,
To be undeceiv'd, 'tis hardly worth the hanging.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Chamber of* Bellemante.

Enter Scaramouch *groping.*

Sca. So, I have got rid of my Rival, and ſhall here get an Opportunity to ſpeak with *Mopſophil*; for hither ſhe muſt come anon, to lay the young Lady's Night-things in order; I'll hide my ſelf in ſome Corner till ſhe come.

[*Goes on to the further ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Harlequin *groping.*

Har. So, I made my Rival believe I was gone, and hid my ſelf till I got this Opportunity to ſteal to *Mopſophil*'s Apartment, which muſt be hereabouts; for from theſe Windows ſhe us'd to entertain my Love.

[*Advances.*

Scar. Ha, I hear a ſoft Tread,——if it were *Mopſophil*'s, ſhe wou'd not come by dark.

[Harlequin *advancing runs againſt a Table, and almoſt ſtrikes himſelf backwards.*

Har. What was that?—a Table, there I may obſcure my ſelf. [*Groping for the Table.*

What a Devil, is it vaniſh'd?

Sca. Devil,—vaniſh'd! What can this mean? 'Tis a Man's Voice.——If it ſhou'd be my Maſter the Doctor now, I were a dead Man;—he can't ſee me; and I'll put my ſelf into ſuch a Poſture, that if he feel me, he ſhall as ſoon take me for a Church Spout as a Man.

[*He puts himſelf into a Poſture ridiculous, his Arms a-kimbo, his Knees wide open, his Backſide almoſt touching the Ground, his Mouth ſtretched wide, and Eyes ſtaring.* Har. *groping thruſts his Hand into his Mouth, he bites him, the other dares not cry out.*

Har. Ha, what's this? all Mouth, with twenty rows of Teeth.———Now dare not I cry out, leſt the Doctor ſhou'd come, find me here, and kill me—I'll try if it be mortal. [*Making damnable Faces and ſigns of Pain, he draws a Dagger.* Scar. *feels the Point of it, and ſhrinks back, letting go his Hand.* *Scar.*

Scar. Who the Devil can this be? I felt a Poniard, and am glad I ſav'd my Skin from pinking. [*Steals out.*

[Harlequin *groping about, finds the Table, on which there is a Carpet, and creeps under it, liſtning.*

Enter Bellemante, *with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other.*

Bel. I am in a *Belle* Humor for Poetry to night;
I'll make ſome Boremes on Love.
[*She writes and ſtudies.*

Out of a great Curioſity,—A Shepherd did demand of me.———
No, no,——*A Shepherd this implor'd of me.*
[*Scratches out, and writes a-new.*
Ay, ay, ſo it ſhall go.—*Tell me, ſaid he, can you reſign?*—*Reſign*, ay, what ſhall rhyme to *Reſign?*—*Tell me, ſaid he.*— [*She lays down the Tablet, and walks about.*

[Harlequin *peeps from under the Table, takes the Book, writes in it, and lays it up before ſhe can turn.*

[*Reads.*] Ay, ay, ſo it ſhall be,—*Tell me, ſaid he, my* Bellemante; *Will you be kind to your* Charmante?
[*Reads thoſe two lines, and is amaz'd.*
Ha, Heav'ns! What's this? I am amaz'd!
—And yet I'll venture once more. [*Writes and ſtudies.*
—*I bluſh'd and veil'd my wiſhing Eyes.*
[*Lays down the Book, and walks as before.*
———*Wiſhing Eyes!* [Har. *writes as before.*
[*She turns and takes the Tablet.*

Bell. ———*And anſwer'd only with my Sighs.*
Ha! What is this? Witchcraft, or ſome Divinity of Love? Some Cupid ſure inviſible.
Once more I'll try the Charm. [*Writes.*
——*Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?*
[*Studies and walks.*
———*Impart*——— [*He writes as before.*

Bell. —*And without ſpeaking, tell him all my Heart.*
——'Tis here again, but where's the Hand that writ it?
[*Looks about.*

——The

——The little Deity that will be ſeen
But only in his Miracles. It cannot be a Devil,
For here's no Sin nor Miſchief in all this.
Enter Charmante. *She hides the Tablet, he ſteps to her, and ſnatches it from her and reads.*

Char. reads.

Out of a great Curioſity,
A Shepherd this implor'd of me.
Tell me, ſaid he, my Bellemante,
Will you be kind to your Charmante?
I bluſh'd, and veil'd my wiſhing Eyes,
And anſwer'd only with my Sighs.
Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?
And without ſpeaking, tell him all my Heart.

Char. Whoſe is this different Character? [*Looks angry.*
Bell. 'Tis yours for ought I know.
Char. Away, my Name was put here for a blind.
What Rhiming Fop have you been clubbing Wit withal?
Bell. Ah! *mon Dieu!—Charmante* jealous?
Char. Have I not cauſe?—Who writ theſe Boremes?
Bell. Some kind aſſiſting Deity, for ought I know.
Char. Some kind aſſiſting Coxcomb, that I know.
The Ink's yet wet, the Spark is near I find.——
Bell. Ah, *Malheureuſe!* How was I miſtaken in this Man?
Char. Miſtaken! What, did you take me for an eaſy Fool to be impos'd upon?——One that wou'd be cuckolded by every feather'd Fool; that you'd call a *Beau un Gallant Homme.* 'Sdeath! Who wou'd doat upon a fond She-Fop?— a vain conceited amorous Coquette. [*Goes out, ſhe pulls him back.*
Enter Scaramouch *running.*
Sca. Oh Madam! hide your Lover, or we are all undone.
Char. I will not hide, till I know the thing that made the Verſes. [*The Doctor calling as on the Stairs.*
Doct. Bellemante, Niece,—*Bellemante.*

Scar.

Scar. She's coming, Sir.—Where, where ſhall I hide him?——Oh, the Cloſet's open!

[*Thruſts him into the Cloſet by force.*

Doct. Oh Niece! Ill Luck, Ill Luck, I muſt leave you to night; my Brother the Advocate is ſick, and has ſent for me; 'tis three long Leagues, and dark as 'tis, I muſt go.—They ſay he is dying. Here, take my Keys,

[*Pulls out his Keys, one falls down.*

and go into my Study, and look over all my Papers, and bring me all thoſe mark'd with a Croſs and figure of Three, they concern my Brother and I.

[*She looks on* Scaramouch, *and makes pitiful Signs, and goes out.*

———Come *Scaramouch*, and get me ready for my Journey; and on your Life, let not a Door be open'd till my Return. [*Exit.*

Enter Mopſophil. Har. *peeps from under the Table.*

Har. Ha! *Mopſophil*, and alone!

Mop. Well, 'tis a delicious thing to be rich; what a world of Lovers it invites: I have one for every Hand, and the Favorite for my Lips.

Har. Ay, him wou'd I be glad to know. [*Peeping.*

Mop. But of all my Lovers, I am for the Farmer's Son, becauſe he keeps a Calaſh——and I'll ſwear a Coach is the moſt agreeable thing about a Man.

Har. Ho, ho!

Mop. Ah, me,—What's that?

He anſwers in a ſhrill Voice.

Har. The Ghoſt of a poor Lover, dwindled into a Heyho.

[*He riſes from under the Table, and falls at her Feet.* Scaramouch *enters. She runs off ſqueaking.*

Sca. Ha, my Rival and my Miſtreſs!———

Is this done like a Man of Honour, Monſieur *Harlequin*, to take advantages to injure me?

Har. Advantages are lawful in Love and War.

Scar. 'Twas contrary to our League and Covenant; therefore I defy thee as a Traytor.

Har. I ſcorn to fight with thee, becauſe I once call'd thee Brother.

Scar. Then thou art a Poltroon, that's to ſay, a Coward.

Har. Coward! nay, then I am provok'd, come on.

Scar. Pardon me, Sir, I gave the Coward, and you ought to ſtrike. [*They go to fight ridiculouſly, and ever as* Scaramouch *paſſes,* Harlequin *leaps aſide, and skips ſo nimbly about, he cannot touch him for his Life; which after a while endeavouring in vain, he lays down his Sword.*

——If you be for dancing, Sir, I have my Weapons for all occaſions. [Scar. *pulls out a Flute Doux, and falls to playing.* Har. *throws down his, and falls a dancing; after the Dance, they ſhake hands.*

Har. Ha mon bon ami.—Is not this better than duelling?

Scar. But not altogether ſo heroick, Sir. Well, for the future, let us have fair play; no Tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is choſen to be the happy Man, the other ſhall be content.

Ela. within. Couſin *Bellemante,* Couſin.

Scar. 'Slife, let's be gone, leſt we be ſeen in the Ladies Apartment. [Scar. *ſlips* Harlequin *behind the Door.*

Enter Elaria.

Ela. How now, how came you here?——

[*Signs to* Har. *to go out.*

Scar. I came to tell you, Madam, my Maſter's juſt taking Mule to go his Journey to Night, and that *Don Cinthio* is in the Street, for a lucky moment to enter in.

Ela. But what if any one by my Father's Order, or he himſelf ſhould by ſome chance ſurprize us?

Scar. If we be, I have taken order againſt a Diſcovery. I'll go ſee if the old Gentleman be gone, and return with your Lover. [*Goes out.*

Ela. I tremble, but know not whether 'tis with Fear or Joy.

Enter Cinthio.

Cin. My dear *Elaria*— [*Runs to imbrace her, She ſtarts from him.*

——Ha,

—Ha,—ſhun my Arms, *Elaria!*

Ela. Heavens! Why did you come ſo ſoon?

Cin. Is it too ſoon, when'er 'tis ſafe, *Elaria?*

Ela. I die with Fear—Met you not *Scaramouch?* He went to bid you wait a while; what ſhall I do?

Cin. Why this Concern? none of the Houſe has ſeen me. I ſaw your Father taking Horſe.

Ela. Sure you miſtake, methinks I hear his Voice.

Doct. below]—My Key——The Key of my Laboratory. Why, Knave *Scaramouch*, where are you?

Ela. Do you hear that, Sir?—Oh, I'm undone! Where ſhall I hide you?——He approaches.

[*She ſearches where to hide him.*

Ha! my Couſin's Cloſet's open,——ſtep in a little.

[*He goes in, ſhe puts out the Candle.*

Enter the Doctor. She gets round the Chamber to the Door, and as he advances in, ſhe ſteals out.

Doct. Here I muſt have dropt it; a Light, a Light there.

Enter Cinthio *from the Cloſet, pulls* Charmante *out, they not knowing each other.*

Cin. Oh this perfidious Woman! No marvel ſhe was ſo ſurpriz'd and angry at my Approach to Night.

Cha. Who can this be?——but I'll be prepar'd.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Doct. Why *Scaramouch*, Knave, a Light!

[*Turns to the Door to call.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Light, and ſeeing the two Lovers there, runs againſt his Maſter, puts out the Candle, and flings him down and falls over him. At the entrance of the Candle,* Charmante *ſlipt from* Cinthio *into the Cloſet.* Cinthio *gropes to find him; when* Mopſophil *and* Elaria, *hearing a great Noiſe, enter with a Light.* Cinthio *finding he was diſcover'd falls to acting a Mad-man,* Scaramouch *helps up the Doctor, and bows.*

Ha,——a Man,——and in my Houſe,——Oh dire Miſfortune!——Who are you, Sir?

Cin. Men call me *Gog Magog*, the Spirit of Power; My Right-hand Riches holds, my Left-hand Honour.

Is

Is there a City Wife wou'd be a Lady?—Bring her to me,
Her eaſy Cuckold ſhall be dubb'd a Knight.

Ela. Oh Heavens! a Mad-man, Sir.

Cin. Is there a tawdry Fop wou'd have a Title?
A rich Mechanick that wou'd be an Alderman?
Bring 'em to me,
And I'll convert that Coxcomb, and that Blockhead, into Your Honour and Right-Worſhipful.

Doct. Mad, ſtark mad! Why Sirrah, Rogue—*Scaramouch*—How got this Mad-man in? [*While the Doctor turns to* Scaramouch, Cinthio *ſpeaks ſoftly to* Elaria.

Cin. Oh, thou perfidious Maid! Who haſt thou hid in yonder conſcious Cloſet? [*Aſide to her.*

Scar. Why, Sir, he was brought in a Chair for your Advice; but how he rambled from the Parlour to this Chamber, I know not.

Cin. Upon a winged Horſe, ycleped *Pegaſus*,
Swift as the fiery Racers of the Sun,
—— I fly ——— I fly ————
See how I mount, and cut the liquid Sky. [*Runs out.*

Doct. Alas poor Gentleman, he's paſt all Cure.——But Sirrah, for the future, take you care that no young mad Patients be brought into my Houſe.

Scar. I ſhall, Sir,——and ſee,—here's your Key you look'd for.

Doct. That's well; I muſt be gone—Bar up the Doors, and upon Life or Death let no man enter.

[*Exit Doctor, and all with him, with the Light.*

Charmante *peeps out—and by degees comes all out, liſtning every ſtep.*

Char. Who the Devil cou'd that be that pull'd me from the Cloſet? but at laſt I'm free, and the Doctor's gone; I'll to *Cinthio*, and bring him to paſs this Night with our Miſtreſſes. [*Exit.*

As he is gone off, enter Cinthio *groping.*

Cin. Now for this lucky Rival, if his Stars will make this laſt part of his Adventure ſuch. I hid my ſelf in the next Chamber, till I heard the Doctor go, only to return to be reveng'd. [*He gropes his way into the Cloſet, with his Sword drawn.*

Enter

Enter Elaria *with a Light.*

Ela. Scaramouch tells me *Charmante* is conceal'd in the Cloſet, whom *Cinthio* ſurely has miſtaken for ſome Lover of mine, and is jealous; but I'll ſend *Charmante* after him, to make my peace and undeceive him. [*Goes to the Door.* —Sir, Sir, where are you? they are all gone, you may adventure out. [Cinthio *comes out.* Ha,———*Cinthio* here?

Cin. Yes, Madam, to your ſhame:
Now your Perfidiouſneſs is plain, falſe Woman,
'Tis well your Lover had the Dexterity of eſcaping, I'ad ſpoil'd his making Love elſe. [*Goes from her, ſhe holds him.*

Ela. Prithee hear me.

Cin. But ſince my Ignorance of his Perſon ſaves his Life, live and poſſeſs him, till I can diſcover him. [*Goes out.*

Ela. Go peeviſh Fool—
Whoſe Jealouſy believes me given to change,
Let thy own Torments be my juſt Revenge. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Antick Dance.

After the Muſick has plaid, enter Elaria; *to her* Bellemante.

Ela. HEavens *Bellemante!* Where have you been?

Bell. Fatigu'd with the moſt diſagreeable Affair, for a Perſon of my Humour, in the World. Oh, how I hate Buſineſs, which I do no more mind, than a Spark does the Sermon, who is ogling his Miſtreſs at Church all the while: I have been ruffling over twenty Reams of Paper for my Uncle's Writings.

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. So, ſo, the old Gentleman is departed this wicked World, and the Houſe is our own for this Night.—Where are the Sparks? where are the Sparks?

Ela.

Ela. Nay, Heaven knows.

Bell. How! I hope not ſo; I left *Charmante* confin'd to my Cloſet, when my Uncle had like to have ſurpriz'd us together: Is he not here?

Ela. No, he's eſcap'd, but he has made ſweet doings.

Bell. Heavens Couſin! What?

Ela. My Father was coming into the Chamber, and had like to have taken *Cinthio* with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your Cloſet, not knowing of *Charmante*'s being there, and which, in the dark, he took for a Gallant of mine; had not my Father's Preſence hinder'd, I believe there had been Murder committed; however they both eſcap'd unknown.

Scar. Pſhaw, is that all? Lovers Quarrels are ſoon Adjuſted; I'll to 'em, unfold the Riddle, and bring 'em back—take no care, but go in and dreſs you for the Ball; *Mopſophil* has Habits which your Lovers ſent to put on: the Fiddles, Treat, and all are prepar'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Mopſophil.

Mop. Madam, your Couſin *Florinda*, with a Lady, are come to viſit you.

Bell. I'm glad on't, 'tis a good Wench, and we'll truſt her with our Mirth and Secret. [*They go out.*

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Page with a Flambeau, follow'd by Cinthio; *paſſes over the Stage.* Scaramouch *follows* Cinthio *in a Campaign Coat.*

Scar. 'Tis *Cinthio*—Don *Cinthio.* [*Calls, he turns.* Well, what's the Quarrel?—How fell ye out?

Cin. You may inform your ſelf I believe, for theſe cloſe Intrigues cannot be carried on without your Knowledge.

Scar. What Intrigues, Sir? be quick, for I'm in haſte.

Cin. Who was the Lover I ſurpriz'd i'th' Cloſet?

Scar. Deceptio viſus, Sir; the Error of the Eyes.

Cin. Thou Dog, I felt him too; but ſince the Raſcal 'ſcaped me, I'll be reveng'd on thee.

Goes

[*Goes to beat him; he running away, runs againſt* Harlequin, *who is entering with* Charmante, *and like to have thrown 'em both down.*

Char. Ha,——What's the matter here?

Scar. Seignior Don *Charmante.* [*Then he ſtruts courageouſly in with 'em.*

Char. What, *Cinthio* in a Rage!
Who's the unlucky Object?

Cin. All Man and Woman Kind: *Elaria*'s falſe.

Char. Elaria falſe! take heed, ſure her nice Virtue is proof againſt the Vices of her Sex.
Say rather *Bellemante*,
She who by Nature's light and wavering.
The Town contains not ſuch a falſe Impertinent.
This Evening I ſurpriz'd her in her Chamber,
Writing of Verſes, and between her Lines
Some Spark had newly pen'd his proper Stuff.
Curſe of the Jilt, I'll be her Fool no more.

Har. I doubt you are miſtaken in that, Sir, for 'twas I was the Spark that writ the proper Stuff to do you ſervice.

Char. Thou!

Scar. Ay, we that ſpend our Lives and Fortunes here to ſerve you,—to be us'd like Pimps and Scoundrels. Come, Sir, ſatisfy him who 'twas was hid i'th' Cloſet, when he came in and found you.

Cin. Ha,—is't poſſible? Was it *Charmante?*

Char. Was it you, *Cinthio?* Pox on't, what Fools are we, we cou'd not know one another by Inſtinct?

Scar. Well, well, diſpute no more this clear Caſe, but let's haſten to your Miſtreſſes.

Cin. I'm aſhamed to appear before *Elaria.*

Char. And I to *Bellemante.*

Scar. Come, come, take Heart of Grace; pull your Hats down over your Eyes; put your Arms acroſs; ſigh and look ſcurvily; your ſimple Looks are ever a Token of Repentance: come——come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe. The Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings to be drawn up at Pleaſure.*

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopſophil, *and Ladies, dreſs'd in Maſking Habits.*

Ela. I am extremely pleas'd with theſe Habits, Couſin

Bell. They are *à la Gothic* and *Uncommune.*

Lady. Your Lovers have a very good Fancy, Couſin, I long to ſee 'em.

Ela. And ſo do I. I wonder *Scaramouch* ſtays ſo, and what Succeſs he has.

Bell. You have no cauſe to doubt, you can ſo eaſily acquit your ſelf; but I, what ſhall I do? who can no more imagine who ſhou'd write thoſe Boremes, than who I ſhall love next, if I break off with *Charmante.*

Lady. If he be a Man of Honour, Couſin, when a Maid proteſts her Innocence——

Bell. Ay, but he's a Man of Wit too, Couſin, and knows when Women proteſt moſt, they likely lye moſt.

Ela. Moſt commonly, for Truth needs no aſſeveration.

Bell. That's according to the Diſpoſition of your Lover, for ſome believe you moſt, when you moſt abuſe and cheat 'em; ſome are ſo obſtinate, they wou'd damn a Woman with Proteſting, before ſhe can convince 'em.

Ela. Such a one is not worth convincing, I wou'd not make the World wiſe at the expence of a Virtue.

Bell. Nay, he ſhall e'en remain as Heaven made him for me, ſince there are Men enough for all uſes.

Enter Charmante *and* Cinthio, *dreſs'd in their Gothic Habits,* Scaramouch, Harlequin *and Muſick.* Charmante *and* Cinthio *kneel.*

Cin. Can you forgive us? [Elaria *takes him up.*

Bell. That, *Cinthio,* you're convinc'd, I do not wonder; but how *Charmante* is inſpir'd, I know not.

[*Takes him up.*

Char. Let it ſuffice, I'm ſatisfy'd, my *Bellemante.*

Ela

Ela. Pray know my Couſin *Florinda.*

[*They ſalute the Lady.*

Bell. Come, let us not loſe time, ſince we are all Friends.

Char. The beſt uſe we can make of it, is to talk of Love.

Bell. Oh! we ſhall have time enough for that hereafter; beſides, you may make Love in Dancing as well as in Sitting; you may gaze, ſigh, and preſs the Hand, and now and then receive a Kiſs, what wou'd you more?

Char. Yes, wiſh a little more.

Bell. We were unreaſonable to forbid you that cold Joy, nor ſhall you wiſh long in vain, if you bring Matters ſo about, to get us with my Uncle's Conſent.

Ela. Our Fortunes depending ſolely on his Pleaſure, which are too conſiderable to loſe.

Cin. All things are order'd as I have written you at large; our Scenes and all our Properties are ready; we have no more to do but to banter the old Gentleman into a little more Faith, which the next Viſit of our new Cabaliſt *Charmante* will complete. [*The Muſick plays. Enter ſome Anticks, and dance. They all ſit the while.*

Ela. Your Dancers have performed well, but 'twere fit we knew who we have truſted with this Evening's Intrigue.

Cin. Thoſe, Madam, who are to aſſiſt us in carrying on a greater Intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our Kinsmen.

Ela. Then they are doubly welcome.

[*Here is a Song in Dialogue, with Flute Doux and Harpſicords, between a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs; which ended, they all dance a Figure Dance.*

Cin. Hark, what Noiſe is that? ſure 'tis in the next Room.

Doct. within] *Scaramouch, Scaramouch!*

[Scaramouch *runs to the Door, and holds it faſt.*

Scar. Ha,——the Devil in the likeneſs of my old Maſter's Voice, for it is impoſſible it ſhould be he himſelf.

Char. If it be he, how got he in? did you not ſecure the Doors?

Ela. He always has a Key to open 'em. Oh! what ſhall we do? there's no eſcaping him; he's in the next Room, thro which you are to paſs.

Doct. Scaramouch, Knave, where are you?

Scar. 'Tis he, 'tis he, follow me all ——— [*He goes with all the Company behind the Front Curtain.*

Doct. within.] I tell you, Sirrah, I heard the noiſe of Fiddles.

Peter within.] No ſurely, Sir, 'twas a Miſtake. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Scaramouch *having plac'd them all in the Hanging, in which they make the Figures, where they ſtand without Motion in Poſtures, he comes out. He opens the Door with a Candle in his Hand. Enter the Doctor, and* Peter *with a Light.*

Scar. Bleſs me, Sir! Is it you—or your Ghoſt?

Doct. 'Twere good for you, Sir, if I were a thing of Air; but as I am a ſubſtantial Mortal, I will lay it on as ſubſtantially—— [*Canes him. He cries.*

Scar. What d'ye mean, Sir? what d'ye mean?

Doct. Sirrah, muſt I ſtand waiting your Leiſure, while you are roguing here? I will reward ye. [*Beats him.*

Scar. Ay, and I ſhall deſerve it richly, Sir, when you know all.

Doct. I gueſs all, Sirrah, and I heard all, and you ſhall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the Fiddles, you Rogue?

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!

Doct. Ay, Fiddles, Knave.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!——Where?

Doct. Here, here I heard 'em, thou falſe Steward of thy Maſter's Treaſure.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir! Sure 'twas Wind got into your Head, and whiſtled in your Ears, riding ſo late, Sir.

Doct. Ay, thou falſe Varlet, there's another debt I owe thee, for bringing me ſo damnable a Lye: My Brother's

ther's well———I met his Valet but a League from Town, and found thy Roguery out. [*Beats him. He cries.*

Scar. Is this the Reward I have for being ſo diligent ſince you went?

Doct. In what, thou Villain? in what?

[*The Curtain is drawn up, and diſcovers the Hangings where all of them ſtand.*

Scar. Why look you, Sir, I have, to ſurprize you with Pleaſure, againſt you came home, been putting up this Piece of Tapeſtry, the beſt in *Italy*, for the Rareneſs of the Figures, Sir.

Doct. Ha! hum—It is indeed a ſtately Piece of Work; how came I by 'em?

Scar. 'Twas ſent your Reverence from the Virtuoſo, or ſome of the Cabaliſts.

Doct. I muſt confeſs, the Workmanſhip is excellent;—but ſtill I do inſiſt I heard the Muſick.

Scar. 'Twas then the tuning of the Spheres, ſome Serenade, Sir, from the Inhabitants of the Moon.

Doct. Hum, from the Moon,——and that may be.

Scar. Lord, d'ye think I wou'd deceive your Reverence?

Doct. From the Moon, a Serenade,——I ſee no ſigns on't here, indeed it muſt be ſo——I'll think on't more at leiſure. [*Aſide.*

——Prithee what Story's this? [*Looks on the Hangings.*

Scar. Why, Sir,—'Tis———

[*Peter and* Scaramouch *hold Candles near. He takes a Perſpective, and looks thro it; and coming nearer,* Harlequin, *who is plac'd on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on the Head with his Trunchion. He ſtarts, and looks about.* Harlequin *ſits ſtill.*

Doct. Hold up the Candles higher, and nearer.

Scar. Sir———

Doct. What was that ſtruck me?

Scar. Struck you, Sir! Imagination.

Doct. Can my Imagination feel, Sirrah?

Scar. Oh the moſt tenderly of any part about one, Sir!

Doct. Hum——that may be.

Scar. Are you a great Philoſopher, and know not that, Sir?

Doct. This Fellow has a glimpſe of Profundity. [*Aſide. Looks again.*

—— I like the Figures well.

Scar. You will, when you ſee 'em by Day-light, Sir.

[Har. *hits him again. The Doctor ſees him.*

Doct. Ha,—Is that Imagination too?—Betray'd, betray'd, undone! run for my Piſtols, call up my Servants *Peter*, a Plot upon my Daughter and my Niece!

[*Runs out with* Peter. Scaramouch *puts out the Candle, they come out of the Hanging, which is drawn away. He places 'em in a Row juſt at the Entrance.*

Scar. Here, here, fear nothing, hold by each other, that when I go out, all may go; that is, ſlip out, when you hear the Doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your reſpective Lodgings.

Cin. And leave thee to bear the Brunt?

Scar. Take you no care for that, I'll put it into my Bill of Charges, and be paid all together.

Enter the Doctor with Piſtols, and Peter.

Doct. What, by dark? that ſhall not ſave you, Villains, Traitors to my Glory and Repoſe.——*Peter*, hold faſt the Door, let none 'ſcape. [*They all ſlip out.*

Pet. I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Doctor gropes about, ſtamps and calls.*

Doct. Lights there—Lights—I'm ſure they cou'd not 'ſcape.

Pet. Impoſſible, Sir.

Enter Scaramouch *undreſs'd in his Shirt, with a Light; he ſtarts.*

Scar. Bleſs me!——what's here?

Doct. Ha—Who art thou? [*Amz'd to ſee him enter ſo.*

Scar. I, who the Devil are you, and you go to that?

[*Rubs his Eyes, and brings the Candle nearer, looks on him.*

———Mercy upon us!——Why what is't you, Sir, return'd ſo ſoon?

Doct.

Doct. Return'd! [*Looking ſometimes on him, ſometimes about.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, did you not go out of Town laſt night, to your Brother the Advocate?

Doct. Thou Villain, thou queſtion'ſt me, as if thou knew'ſt not that I was return'd.

Scar. I know, Sir! how ſhou'd I know? I'm ſure I am but juſt awaked from the ſweeteſt Dream.——

Doct. You dream ſtill, Sirrah, but I ſhall wake your Rogueſhip.—Were you not here but now, ſhewing me a piece of Tapeſtry, you Villain?

Scar. Tapeſtry! [Mopſophil *liſtning all the while.*

Doct. Yes Rogue, yes, for which I'll have thy Life. [*Offering a Piſtol.*

Scar. Are you ſtark mad, Sir? or do I dream ſtill?

Doct. Tell me, and tell me quickly, Rogue, who were thoſe Traitors that were hid but now in the Diſguiſe of a piece of Hangings. [*Holds the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Scar, Bleſs me! you amaze me, Sir. What conformity has every Word you ſay, to my rare Dream! Pray let me feel you, Sir,——Are you human?

Doct. You ſhall feel I am, Sirrah, if thou confeſs not.

Scar. Confeſs, Sir! What ſhall I confeſs?——I underſtand not your Cabaliſtical Language; but in mine, I confeſs that you wak'd me from the rareſt Dream—— Where methought the Emperor of the Moon-World was in our Houſe, dancing and revelling; and methoughts his Grace was fallen deſperately in love with Mrs. *Elaria,* and that his Brother, the Prince, Sir, of *Thunderland,* was alſo in love with Mrs. *Bellemante*; and methoughts they deſcended to court 'em in your Abſence——— And that at laſt you ſurpriz'd 'em, and that they tranſform'd themſelves into a Suit of Hangings to deceive you. But at laſt, methought you grew angry at ſomething, and they all fled to Heaven again; and after a deal of Thunder and Lightning, I wak'd, Sir, and hearing human Voices here, came to ſee what the Matter was.

[*This while the Doctor leſſens his ſigns of Rage by degrees, and at laſt ſtands in deep Contemplation.*

Doct. May I credit this?

Scar. Credit it! By all the Honour of your Houſe, by my unſeparable Veneration for the Mathematicks, 'tis true, Sir.

Doct. That famous *Roſycruſian*, who yeſterday viſited me, told me the Emperor of the Moon was in love with a fair Mortal———This Dream is Inſpiration in this Fellow——He muſt have wondrous Virtue in him, to be worthy of theſe divine Intelligences. [*Aſide.*

——But if that Mortal ſhou'd be *Elaria!* but no more, I dare not yet ſuppoſe it—perhaps the thing was real and no Dream, for oftentimes the groſſer part is hurried away in Sleep by the force of Imagination, and is wonderfully agitated——This Fellow might be preſent in his Sleep,——of this we've frequent Inſtances——I'll to my Daughter and my Niece, and hear what Knowledge they may have of this.

Mop. Will you ſo? I'll ſecure you, the Frolick ſhall go round. [*Aſide.*

Doct. Scaramouch, if you have not deceiv'd me in this Matter, time will convince me farther; if it reſt here, I ſhall believe you falſe.

Scar. Good Sir, ſuſpend your Judgment and your Anger till then.

Doct. I'll do't, go back to bed. [*Ex.* Doct. *and* Peter.

Scar. No, Sir, 'tis Morning now—and I'm up for all day.——This Madneſs is a pretty ſort of pleaſant Diſeaſe, when it tickles but in one Vein—Why here's my Maſter now, as great a Scholar, as grave and wiſe a Man, in all Argument and Diſcourſe, as can be met with; yet name but the Moon, and he runs into ridicule, and grows as mad as the Wind.

Well Doctor, if thou canſt be madder yet,
We'll find a Medicine that ſhall cure your Fit,
———Better than all *Galenicus.* [*Goes out.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws off, diſcovers* Elaria,, Bellemante *and* Mopſophil *in Night-Gowns.*

Mop. You have your Leſſons, ſtand to it bravely, and the Town's our own, Madam.

[*They put themſelves in Poſtures of Sleeping, leaning on the Table,* Mopſophil *lying at their Feet. Enter* Doctor *ſoftly.*

Doct. Ha, not in Bed! this gives me mortal Fears.

Bell. Ah, Prince—— [*She ſpeaks as in her Sleep.*

Doct. Ha, Prince! [*Goes nearer, and liſtens.*

Bell. How little Faith I give to all your Courtſhip, who leaves our Orb ſo ſoon. [*In a feign'd Voice.*

Doct. Ha, ſaid ſhe Orb? [*Goes nearer.*

Bell. But ſince you are of a celeſtial Race,
And eaſily can penetrate
Into the utmoſt limits of the Thought,
Why ſhou'd I fear to tell you of your Conqueſt?
———And thus implore your Aid.

[*Riſes and runs to the* Doctor; *kneels, and holds him faſt. He ſhews ſigns of Joy.*

Doct. I am raviſh'd!

Bell. Ah, Prince Divine, take pity on a Mortal.

Doct. I am rapt!

Bell. And take me with you to the World above!

Doct. The Moon, the Moon ſhe means; I am tranſported, over-joy'd, and ecſtaſyd!

[*Leaping and jumping from her Hands, ſhe ſeems to wake.*

Bell. Ha, my Uncle come again to interrupt us!

Doct. Hide nothing from me, my dear *Bellemante* ſince all already is diſcover'd to me—and more.

Ela. Oh, why have you wak'd me from the ſoſteſt Dream that ever Maid was bleſt with?

Doct. What—what my beſt *Elaria?* [*With over-joy.*

Ela. Methought I entertain'd a Demi-God, one of the gay Inhabitants of the Moon.

Bell. I'm ſure mine was no Dream—I wak'd, I heard, I ſaw, I ſpoke—and danc'd to the Muſick of the Spheres; and methought my glorious Lover ty'd a Diamond Chain about my Arm——and ſee 'tis all ſubſtantial.

[*Shows her Arm.*

Ela. And mine a Ring, of more than mortal Luſtre.

Doct. Heaven keep me moderate! leſt exceſs of Joy ſhou'd make my Virtue leſs. [*Stifling his Joy.*

——There is a wondrous Myſtery in this,
A mighty Bleſſing does attend your Fates.
Go in and pray to the chaſte Powers above
To give you Virtue for ſuch Rewards. [*They go in.*

——How this agrees with what the learned Cabaliſt inform'd me of laſt Night! He ſaid, that great *Iredonozor*, the Emperor of the Moon, was enamour'd on a fair Mortal. It muſt be ſo——and either he deſcended to court my Daughter perſonally, which for the rareneſs of the Novelty, ſhe takes to be a Dream; or elſe, what they and I beheld, was viſionary, by way of a ſublime Intelligence:——And poſſibly—'tis only thus: the People of that World converſe with Mortals.—— I muſt be ſatisfy'd in this main Point of deep Philoſophy.

I'll to my Study,—for I cannot reſt,
Till I this weighty Myſtery have diſcuſs'd.

[*Ex. very gravely.*

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Enter Scaramouch *with a Ladder.*

Scar. Tho I am come off *en Cavalier* with my Maſter, I am not with my Miſtreſs, whom I promiſed to conſole this Night, and 'tis but juſt I ſhou'd make good this Morning; 'twill be rude to ſurprize her ſleeping, and more gallant to wake her with a Serenade at her Window.

[*Sets the Ladder to her Window, fetches his Lute, and goes up the ladder.*

He

He plays and ſings this Song.

When Maidens are young and in their Spring
Of Pleaſure, of Pleaſure, let 'em take their full Swing
full Swing,—full Swing,
And love, and dance, and play, and ſing.
For Silvia, *believe it, when Youth is done,*
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum;
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum.

Then Silvia *be wiſe—be wiſe—be wiſe,*
Tho Painting and Dreſſing for awhile are Supplies,
And may ——— ſurprize ———
But when the Fire's going out in your Eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies.
And then to hear Love, to hear Love from you,
I'ad as live hear an Owl cry——— Wit to woo,
Wit to woo, Wit to woo.

Enter Mopſophil *above.*

Mop. What woful Ditty-making Mortal's this,
That e'er the Lark her early Note has ſung,
Does doleful Love beneath my Caſement thrum?
—Ah, Seignior *Scaramouch*, is it you?

Scar. Who ſhou'd it be that takes ſuch pains to ſue!

Mop. Ah, Lover moſt true blue.

Enter Harlequin *in Woman's Clothes.*

Har. If I can now but get admittance, I ſhall not only deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers, but get ſome opportunity, in this Diſguiſe, to ſlip this Billet-Doux into *Mopſophil*'s Hand, and bob my Comrade *Scaramouch.*—Ha, What do I ſee?—My Miſtreſs at the Window, courting my Rival! Ah Gipſy!

Scar. But we loſe precious time, ſince you deſign me a kind Hour in your Chamber.

Har. Oh Traitor!

Mop. You'll be ſure to keep it from *Harlequin.*

Har. Ah yes, he, hang him Fool, he takes you for a Saint.

Scar. Harlequin! Hang him, ſhotten Herring.
Har. Ay, a Cully, a Noddy.
Mop. A meer Zany.
Har. Ah, hard-hearted *Turk.*
Mop. Fit for nothing but a Cuckold.
Har. Monſter of Ingratitude! How ſhall I be reveng'd?
[Scar. *going over the Balcony.*
—Hold, hold, thou perjur'd Traitor.
[*Cries out in a Woman's Voice.*
Mop. Ha, diſcover'd!—a Woman in the Garden!
Har. Come down, come down, thou falſe perfidious Wretch.
Scar. Who in the Devil's Name, art thou?
And to whom doſt thou ſpeak?
Har. To thee, thou falſe Deceiver, that haſt broke thy Vows, thy lawful Vows of Wedlock. [*Bawling out.*
Oh, oh, that I ſhou'd live to ſee the Day. [*Crying.*
Scar. Who mean you, Woman?
Har. Whom ſhou'd I mean but thou,—my lawful Spouſe?
Mop. Oh Villain! Lawful Spouſe!—Let me come to her. [Scar. *comes down, as* Mopſophil *flings out of the Balcony.*
Scar. The Woman's mad—hark ye Jade, how long have you been thus diſtracted?
Har. E'er ſince I lov'd and truſted thee, falſe Varlet.
———See here, the Witneſs of my Love and Shame.
[*Bawls, and points to her Belly.*
Juſt then Mopſophil *enters.*
Mop. How! with Child! Out Villain, was I made a Property?
Scar. Hear me.
Har. Oh, thou Heathen Chriſtian! was not one Woman enough?
Mop. Ay, Sirrah, anſwer to that.
Scar. I ſhall be ſacrific'd.
Mop. I am reſolv'd to marry to morrow——either to the Apothecary or the Farmer, Men I never ſaw, to be reveng'd on thee, thou termagant Infidel.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Doct. What Noiſe, what Out-cry, what Tumult's this?

Har. Ha, the Doctor!——What ſhall I do?

[*Gets to the Door,* Scar. *pulls her in.*

Doct. A Woman! ſome Baud I am ſure;—Woman, what's your Buſineſs here? ha.

Har. I came, an't like your Seigniorſhip, to Madam the Governante here, to ſerve her in the Quality of a *Fille de Chambre* to the young Ladies.

Doct. A *Fille de Chambre!* 'tis ſo, a ſhe Pimp.

Har. Ah, Seignior—— [*Makes his little dapper Leg. inſtead of a Curt'ſy.*

Doct. How now, what do you mock me?

Har. Oh Seignior! [*Gets nearer the Door.*

Mop. Stay, ſtay, Miſtreſs; and what Service are you able to do the Seignior's Daughters?

Har. Is this Seignior Doctor *Baliardo,* Madam?

Mop. Yes.

Har. Oh! he's a very handſome Gentleman—indeed.

Doct. Ay, ay, what Service can you do, Miſtreſs?

Har. Why Seignior, I can tie a Crevat the beſt of any Perſon in *Naples,* and I can comb a Periwig———and I can——

Doct. Very proper Service for young Ladies; you, I believe, have been *Fille de Chambre* to ſome young Cavaliers.

Har. Moſt true, Seignior; why ſhou'd not the Cavaliers keep *Filles de Chambre,* as well as great Ladies *Valets de Chambre?*

Doct. Indeed 'tis equally reaſonable.—'Tis a Baud. [*Aſide.*

But have you never ſerv'd Ladies?

Har. Oh yes, I ſerv'd a Parſon's Wife.

Doct. Is that a great Lady?

Har. Ay, ſurely, Sir, what is ſhe elſe? for ſhe wore her Mantuas of *Brocade d' or,* Petticoats lac'd up to the Gathers, her Points, her Patches, Paints and Perfumes, and ſat in the uppermoſt place in the Church too.

Mop.

Mop. But have you never ſerv'd Counteſſes and Dutcheſſes?

Har. Oh, yes, Madam; the laſt I ſerv'd, was an Alderman's Wife in the City.

Mop. Was that a Counteſs or a Dutcheſs?

Har. Ay, certainly—for they have all the Money; and then for Clothes, Jewels, and rich Furniture, and eating, they out-do the very *Vice-Reine* her ſelf.

Doct. This is a very ignorant running Baud,—therefore firſt ſearch her for *Billets-Doux*, and then have her pump'd.

Har. Ah, Seignior,—Seignior. [Scar. *ſearches him, finds Letters.*

Scar. Ha, to *Elaria.*—and *Bellemante!*

[*Reads the Outſide, pops 'em into his Boſom.*

Theſe are from their Lovers.

—Ha, a Note to *Mopſophil.*—Oh, Rogue! have I found you?

Har. If you have, 'tis but Trick for your Trick, Seignior *Scaramouch*, and you may ſpare the Pumping.

Scar. For once, Sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your Letters.—Sir, do you not know who this is?

Why 'tis a Rival of mine, who put on this Diſguiſe to cheat me of Miſtreſs *Mopſophil.*—See here's a Billet to her.

Doct. What is he?

Scar. A Mungrel Dancing-Maſter; therefore, Sir, ſince all the Injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a Dance, and let the Agility of his Heels ſave his Bones, with your Permiſſion, Sir.

Doct. With all my Heart, and am glad he comes off ſo comically, [Harlequin *dances.*

[*A knocking at the Gate.* Scar. *goes and returns.*

Scar. Sir, Sir, here's the rare Philoſopher who was here yeſterday.

Doct. Give him Entrance, and all depart.

Enter Charmante.

Char. Bleſt be thoſe Stars that firſt conducted me to ſo much Worth and Virtue; you are their Darling, Sir, for whom they wear their brighteſt Luſtre.

Your

Your Fortune is eſtabliſh'd, you are made, Sir.

Doct. Let me contain my Joy.

[*Keeping in an impatient Joy.*

———May I be worthy, Sir, to apprehend you?

Char. After long ſearching, watching, faſting, praying, and uſing all the virtuous means in Nature, whereby we ſolely do attain the higheſt Knowledge in Philoſophy; it was reſolv'd, by ſtrong Intelligence—you were the happy Sire of that bright Nymph, that had infaſcinated, charm'd, and conquer'd the mighty Emperor *Iredonozor*, the Monarch of the Moon.

Doct. I am undone with Joy! ruin'd with Tranſport.

[*Aſide.*

—Can it—can it, Sir,—be poſſible?

[*Stifling his Joy, which breaks out.*

Char. Receive the Bleſſing, Sir, with Moderation.

Doct. I do, Sir, I do.

Char. This very Night, by their great Art, they find,
He will deſcend, and ſhew himſelf in Glory.
An Honour, Sir, no Mortal has receiv'd
This ſixty hundred years.

Doct. Hum—ſay you ſo, Sir; no Emperor ever deſcend this ſixty hundred years? [*Looks ſad.*

—Was I deceiv'd laſt Night? [*Aſide.*

Char. Oh! yes, Sir, often in Diſguiſe, in ſeveral Shapes and Forms, which did of old occaſion ſo many fabulous Tales of all the Shapes of *Jupiter*—but never in their proper Glory, Sir, as Emperors. This is an Honour only deſign'd to you.

Doct. And will his Grace—be here in Perſon, Sir?

[*Joyful.*

Char. In Perſon———and with him, a Man of mighty Quality, Sir, 'tis thought, the Prince of *Thunderland*—but that's but whiſper'd, Sir, in the Cabal, and that he loves your Niece.

Doct. Miraculous! how this agrees with all I've ſeen and heard——To Night, ſay you Sir?

Char. So 'tis conjectur'd, Sir,——ſome of the Cabaliſts are of opinion, that laſt Night there was ſome Sally from the Moon.

Doct.

Doct. About what Hour, Sir?

Char. The Meridian of the Night, Sir, about the Hours of Twelve or One; but who deſcended, or in what Shape, is yet uncertain.

Doct. This I believe, Sir.

Char. Why, Sir?

Doct. May I communicate a Secret of that nature?

Char. To any of the Cabaliſts, but none elſe.

Doct. Then know——laſt Night, my Daughter and my Niece were entertain'd by thoſe illuſtrious Heroes.

Char. Who, Sir, the Emperor, and Prince his Couſin?

Doct. Moſt certain, Sir.

But whether they appear'd in ſolid Bodies, or Fantomical, is yet a Queſtion; for at my unlucky approach, they all transform'd themſelves into a Piece of Hangings.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, their Shapes are numerous; and 'tis alſo in their power to transform all they touch, by virtue of a certain Stone they call the *Ebula.*

Doct. That wondrous *Ebula*, which *Gonzales* had?

Char. The ſame, by virtue of which, all Weight was taken from him, and then with eaſe the lofty Traveller flew from *Parnaſſus Hill*, and from *Hymethus Mount*, and high *Gerania*, and *Acrocorinthus*, thence to *Taygetus*, ſo to *Olympus* Top, from whence he had but one ſtep to the Moon. Dizzy he grants he was.

Doct. No wonder, Sir, Oh happy great *Gonzales!*

Char. Your Virtue, Sir, will render you as happy—but I muſt haſte——this Night prepare your Daughter and your Niece, and let your Houſe be dreſs'd, perfum'd, and clean.

Doct. It ſhall be all perform'd, Sir.

Char. Be modeſt, Sir, and humble in your Elevation; for nothing ſhews the Wit ſo poor, as Wonder, nor Birth ſo mean, as Pride.

Doct. I humbly thank your Admonition, Sir, and ſhall, in all I can, ſtruggle with human Frailty.

[*Brings* Char. *to the Door bare.* *Ex.*

Enter Scaramouch, *peeping at the other Door.*

Scar. So, ſo, all things go glorioufly forward, but my own Amour, and there is no convincing this obſtinate Woman

Woman, that 'twas that Rogue *Harlequin* in Diſguiſe, claim'd me; ſo that I cannot ſo much as come to deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers. I muſt get in with this damn'd Miſtreſs of mine, or all our Plot will be ſpoil'd for want of Intelligence.

——Hum, the Devil does not uſe to fail me at a dead Lift. I muſt deliver theſe Letters, and I muſt have this Wench—tho but to be reveng'd on her for abuſing me—Let me ſee—ſhe is reſolv'd for the Apothecary or the Farmer. Well, ſay no more, honeſt *Scaramouch*; thou ſhalt find a Friend at need of me——and if I do not fit you with a Spouſe, ſay that a Woman has out-witted me.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with the Town-Gate, where an Officer ſtands with a Staff like a London *Conſtable.*

Enter Harlequin *riding in a Calaſh, comes through the Gate towards the Stage, dreſs'd like a Gentleman ſitting in it. The Officer lays hold of his Horſe.*

Officer. HOld, hold, Sir, you I ſuppoſe know the Cuſtoms that are due to this City of *Naples*, from all Perſons that paſs the Gates in Coach, Chariot, Calaſh, or *Siege Volant.*

Har. I am not ignorant of the Cuſtom, Sir, but what's that to me?

Off. Not to you, Sir! why, what Privilege have you above the reſt?

Har. Privilege, for what, Sir?

Off. Why for paſſing, Sir, with any of the before-named Carriages.

Har.

Har. Art mad?—Doſt not ſee I am a plain Baker, and this my Cart, that comes to carry Bread for the Vice-Roy's, and the City's Uſe?———ha.

Off. Are you mad, Sir, to think I cannot ſee a Gentleman Farmer and a Calaſh, from a Baker and a Cart?

Har. Drunk by this Day—and ſo early too? Oh you're a ſpecial Officer? unhand my Horſe, Sirrah, or you ſhall pay for all the Damage you do me.

Off. Hey day! here's a fine Cheat upon the Vice-Roy: Sir, pay me, or I'll ſeize your Horſe.

[Har. *ſtrikes him. They ſcuffle a little.*

———Nay, and you be ſo brisk, I'll call the Clerk from his Office.

Calls.——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk.

[*Goes to the Entrance to call the Clerk, the mean time* Har. *whips a Frock over himſelf, and puts down the hind part of the Chariot, and then 'tis a Cart.*

Enter Clerk.

Cler. What's the matter here?

Off. Here's a Fellow, Sir, will perſuade me, his Calaſh is a Cart, and refuſes the Cuſtoms for paſſing the Gate.

Cler. A Calaſh——Where?———I ſee only a Carter and his Cart. [*The Officer looks on him.*

Off. Ha, what a Devil was I blind?

Har. Mr. Clerk, I am a Baker, that came with Bread to ſell, and this Fellow here has ſtopt me this Hour, and made me loſe the ſale of my Ware; and being drunk, will out-face me I am a Farmer, and this Cart a Calaſh.

Cler. He's in an Error, Friend, paſs on.

Har. No Sir, I'll have ſatisfaction firſt, or the Vice-Roy ſhall know how he's ſerv'd by drunken Officers, that are a Nuſance to a Civil Government.

Cler. What do you demand, Friend?

Har. Demand,———I demand a Crown, Sir.

Off. This is very hard——Mr. Clerk——If ever I ſaw in my Life, I thought I ſaw a Gentleman and a Calaſh.

Cler. Come, come, gratify him, and ſee better hereafter.

Off. Here Sir,—if I muſt, I muſt. [*Gives him a Crown.*

Cler. Paſs on, Friend. [*Ex.* Clerk.

Har.

Har. *unſeen, puts up the back of his Calaſh, and whips off his Frock, and goes to drive on. The Officer looks on him, and ſtops him again.*

Off. Hum, I'll ſwear it is a Calaſh——Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk, come back, come back. [*Runs out to call him. He changes as before.*

Enter Officer *and* Clerk.

——Come Sir, let your own Eyes convince you, Sir.

Cler. Convince me, of what, you Sot?

Off. This is a Gentleman, and that a——ha—— [*Looks about on* Har.

Cler. Stark drunk! Sirrah, if you trouble me at every Miſtake of yours thus, you ſhall quit your Office.

Off. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I am a little in Drink I confeſs, a little blind and mad——Sir,——This muſt be the Devil, that's certain. [*The Clerk goes out.*

Har. *puts up his Calaſh again, and pulls off his Frock and drives out.*

———Well, now to my thinking, 'tis as plain a Calaſh again as ever I ſaw in my Life, and yet I'm ſatisfy'd 'tis nothing but a Cart. [*Ex.*

SCENE changes to the Doctor's Houſe. The Hall.

Enter Scaramouch *in a Chair, which is ſet down and open'd on all ſides, and on the top repreſents an Apothecary's Shop, the Inſide being painted with Shelves and rows of Pots and Bottles*; Scaramouch *ſitting in it dreſs'd in Black, with a ſhort black Cloke, a Ruff, and little Hat.*

Scar. The Devil's int, if either the Doctor, my Maſter, or *Mopſophil*, know me in this Diſguiſe—And thus I may not only gain my Miſtreſs, and out-wit *Harlequin*, but deliver the Ladies thoſe Letters from their Lovers, which I took out of his Pocket this Morning; and who wou'd ſuſpect an Apothecary for a Pimp?—Nor can the Jade *Mopſophil*, in Honour, refuſe a Perſon of my Gravity, and ſo well ſet up.— *Pointing to his Shop.*

——Hum, the Doctor here firſt, this is not ſo well, but I'm prepar'd with Impudence for all Encounters.

Enter

Enter the Doctor. Scaramouch *ſalutes him gravely.* —Moſt Reverend Doctor *Baliardo.* [*Bows.*

Doct. Seignior——— [*Bows.*

Scar. I might thro great Puſillanimity, bluſh to give you this Anxiety, did not I opine you were as gracious as communicative and eminent; and tho you have no Cogniſance of me, your humble Servant,—yet I have of you,—you being ſo gravely fam'd for your admirable Skill both in Galenical and Paracelſian *Phænomena's*, and other approv'd Felicities in Vulnerary Emeticks, and purgative Experiences.

Doct. Seignior, — your Opinion honours me — rare Man this.

Sca. And tho I am at preſent buſied in writing——thoſe few Obſervations I have accumulated in my Peregrinations, Sir; yet the Ambition I aſpir'd to, of being an ocular and aurial Witneſs of your Singularity, made me treſpaſs on your ſublimer Affairs.

Doct. Seignior———

Scar. —Beſides a violent Inclination, Sir, of being initiated into the Denomination of your learned Family, by the Conjugal Circumference of a Matrimonial Tye, with that ſingularly accompliſh'd Perſon—Madam, the Governante of your Hoſtel——

Doct. Hum—A Sweet-heart for *Mopſophil!* [*Aſide.*

Scar. And if I may obtain your Condeſcenſion to my Hymenæal Propoſitions, I doubt not my Operation with the Fair One.

Doct. Seignior, ſhe's much honour'd in the Overture, and my Abilities ſhall not be wanting to fix the Concord. ———But have you been a Traveller, Sir?

Scar. Without Circumlocutions, Sir, I have ſeen all the Regions beneath the Sun and Moon.

Doct. Moon, Sir! You never travell'd thither, Sir?

Scar. Not in *Propria Perſona*, *Seignior*, but by Speculation, I have, and made moſt conſiderable Remarks on that incomparable *Terra Firma*, of which I have the compleateſt Map in Chriſtendom——and which *Gonzales* himſelf omitted in his *Coſmographia* of the *Lunar Mundus.*

Doct.

Doct. A Map of the *Lunar Mundus*, Sir! may I crave the Honour of ſeeing it?

Scar. You ſhall, Sir, together with a Map of *Terra Incognita*; a great Rarity, indeed, Sir.

Enter Bellemante.

Doct. Jewels, Sir, worth a King's Ranſom!

Bell. Ha,——What Figure of a Thing have we here, bantering my credulous Uncle?——This muſt be ſome Scout ſent from our *Forlorn Hope*, to diſcover the Enemy, and bring in freſh Intelligence.———Hum, that Wink tipt me ſome Tidings, and ſhe deſerves not a good Look, who underſtands not the Language of the Eyes.——Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Doct. Let it wait, I am employ'd———

[*She creeps to the other ſide of* Scaramouch, *who makes Signs with his Hand to her.*

Bell. Ha, 'tis ſo:—This Fellow has ſome Novel for us, ſome Letter or Inſtructions, but how to get it—

[*As* Scar. *talks to the Doctor, he takes the Letters by degrees out of his Pocket, and unſeen, gives 'em* Bellemante *behind him.*

Doct. But this Map, Seignior; I proteſt you have fill'd me with Curioſity. Has it ſignify'd all things ſo exactly, ſay you?

Scar. Omitted nothing, Seignior, no City, Town, Village, or Villa; no Caſtle, River, Bridge, Lake, Spring, or Mineral.

Doct. Are any, Sir, of thoſe admirable Mineral Waters there, ſo frequent in our World?

Scar. In abundance, Sir: the Famous *Garamanteen*, a young *Italian*, Sir, lately come from thence, gives an account of an excellent *Scaturigo*, that has lately made an Ebulation there, in great Reputation with the Lunary Ladies.

Doct. Indeed, Sir! be pleas'd Seignior, to 'ſolve me ſome Queries that may enode ſome appearances of the Virtue of the Water you ſpeak of.

Scar. Pox upon him, what Queſtions he asks—but I muſt on [*Aſide.*] Why Sir, you muſt know,—the Tincture of this Water upon Stagnation ceruleates, and the Crocus upon

upon the Stones flaveces ; this he obſerves——to be, Sir, the Indication of a generous Water.

Doct. Hum—— [*Gravely nodding.*

Scar. Now, Sir, be pleas'd to obſerve the three Regions : if they be bright, without doubt *Mars* is powerful; if the middle Region or Camera be palled, *Filia Solis* is breeding.

Doct. Hum.

Scar. And then the third Region, if the Fæces be volatile, the Birth will ſoon come *in Balneo.* This I obſerved alſo in the Laboratory of that ingenious Chymiſt *Lyſidono*, and with much Pleaſure animadverted that Mineral of the ſame Zenith and Nadir, of that now ſo famous Water in *England*, near that famous Metropolis, call'd *Iſlington.*

Doct. Seignior——

Scar. For, Sir, upon the Infuſion, the Crows Head immediately procures the Seal of *Hermes* ; and had not *Lac Virginis* been too ſoon ſuck'd up, I believe we might have ſeen the Conſummation of *Amalgama.*

[Bellemante *having got her Letters, goes off. She makes Signs to him to ſtay a little. He nods.*

Doct. Moſt likely, Sir.

Scar. But, Sir, this *Garamanteen* relates the ſtrangeſt Operation of a Mineral in the Lunar World, that ever I heard of.

Doct. As how, I pray, Sir ?

Scar. Why, Sir, a Water impregnated to a Circulation with *prima Materia* ; upon my Honour, Sir, the ſtrongeſt I ever drank of.

Doct. How, Sir ! did you drink of it ?

Scar. I only ſpeak the words of *Garamanteen*, Sir.
——Pox on him, I ſhall be trapt. [*Aſide.*

Doct. Cry Mercy, Sir.—— [*Bows.*

Scar. The Lunary Phyſicians, Sir, call it *Urinam Vulcani*, it calybeates every ones Excrements more or leſs according to the Gradus of the natural Calor.——To my Knowledge, Sir, a Smith of a very fiery Conſtitution is grown very opulent by drinking theſe Waters.

Doct. How, Sir, grown rich by drinking the Waters, and to your Knowledge ?

Scar.

Scar. The Devil's in my Tongue. To my Knowledge, Sir; for what a Man of Honour relates, I may ſafely affirm.

Doct. Excuſe me, Seignior——

[*Puts off his Hat again gravely.*

Scar. For, Sir, conceive me how he grew rich; ſince he drank thoſe Waters he never buys any Iron, but hammers it out of *Stercus Proprius.*

Enter Bellemante *with a Billet.*

Bell. Sir, 'tis three a Clock, and Dinner will be cold.

[*Goes behind* Scaramouch, *and gives him the Note and goes out.*

Doct. I come Sweet-heart; but this is wonderful.

Scar. Ay, Sir, and if at any time Nature be too infirm, and he prove Coſtive, he has no more to do, but apply a Load-ſtone *ad Anum.*

Doct. Is't poſſible?

Scar. Moſt true, Sir, and that facilitates the Journey *per Viſcera.*——But I detain you, Sir:——another time Sir,—I will now only beg the Honour of a Word or two with the Governante, before I go.

Doct. Sir, ſhe ſhall wait on you, and I ſhall be proud of the Honour of your Converſation. [*Ex.* Doctor.

Enter to him Harlequin, *dreſs'd like a Farmer, as before.*

Har. Hum——What have we here, a Taylor or a Tumbler?

Scar. Ha——Who's this?—Hum—What if it ſhou'd be the Farmer that the Doctor has promis'd *Mopſophil* to? My Heart miſgives me. [*They look at each other a while.* Who wou'd you ſpeak with, Friend?

Har. This is, perhaps, my Rival the Apothecary.—Speak with, Sir! why what's that to you?

Scar. Have you Affairs with Seignior Doctor, Sir?

Har. It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, Sir?

While they ſeem in angry Diſpute, enter Mopſophil.

Mop. Seignior Doctor tells me I have a Lover waits me, ſure it muſt be the Farmer or the Apothecary. No matter which, ſo a Lover, that welcomeſt Man alive. I am reſolv'd to take the firſt good Offer, tho but in revenge of

of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, for putting Tricks upon me.——Ha,——Two of 'em !

Scar. My Miſtreſs here ! [*They both bow, and advance, putting each other by.*

Mop. Hold Gentlemen,—do not worry me. Which of you wou'd ſpeak with me ?

Both. I, I, I, Madam——

Mop. Both of you ?

Both. No, Madam, I, I.

Mop. If both Lovers, you are both welcome ; but let's have fair Play, and take your turns to ſpeak.

Har. Ay, Seignior, 'tis moſt uncivil to interrupt me.

Scar. And diſingenuous, Sir, to intrude on me. [*Putting one another by.*

Mop. Let me then ſpeak firſt.

Har. I'm dumb.

Scar. I acquieſce.

Mop. I was inform'd there was a Perſon here had Propoſitions of Marriage to make me.

Har. That's I, that's I— [*Shoves* Scar. *away.*

Scar. And I attend to that conſequential *Finis.* [*Shoves* Har. *away.*

Har. I know not what you mean by your *Finis*, Seignior ; but I am come to offer my ſelf this Gentlewoman's Servant, her Lover, her Husband, her Dog in a Halter, or any thing.

Scar. Him I pronounce a Paltroon, and an ignominious Utenſil, that dares lay claim to the renowned Lady of my *Primum Mobile* ; that is, my beſt Affections. [*In Rage.*

Har. I fear not your hard Words, Sir, but dare aloud pronounce, if *Donna Mopſophil* like me, the Farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a Match, and my Chariot's ready at the Gate to bear her off, d'ye ſee.

Mop. Ah, how that Chariot pleads. [*Aſide.*

Scar. And I pronounce, that being intoxicated with the ſweet Eyes of this refulgent Lady, I come to tender her my nobleſt Particulars, being already moſt advantageouſly ſet up with the circumſtantial Implements of my Occupation. [*Points to the Shop.*

Mop.

Mop. A City Apothecary, a moſt genteel Calling—— Which ſhall I chuſe?——Seignior Apothecary, I'll not expoſtulate the circumſtantial Reaſons that have occaſion'd me this Honour.

Scar. Incomparable Lady, the Elegancy of your Repartees moſt excellently denotes the Profundity of your Capacity.

Har. What the Devil's all this? Good Mr. Conjurer, ſtand by—and don't fright the Gentlewoman with your elegant Profundities. [*Puts him by.*

Scar. How, a Conjurer! I will chaſtiſe thy vulgar Ignorance, that yclepes a Philoſopher a Conjurer. [*In Rage.*

Har. Loſaphers!———Prithee, if thou be'ſt a Man, ſpeak like a Man——then.

Scar. Why, what do I ſpeak like? what do I ſpeak like?

Har. What do you ſpeak like!—why you ſpeak like a Wheel-Barrow.

Scar. How!

Har. And how.

[*They come up cloſe together at half Sword Parry; ſtare on each other for a while, then put up and bow to each other civilly.*

Mop. That's well, Gentlemen, let's have all Peace, while I ſurvey you both, and ſee which likes me beſt.

[*She goes between 'em, and ſurveys 'em both, they making ridiculous bows on both ſides, and Grimaces the while.*

——Ha, now on my Conſcience, my two fooliſh Lovers, *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*; how are my Hopes defeated?—but faith I'll fit you both. [*She views 'em both.*

Scar. So, ſhe's conſidering ſtill, I ſhall be the happy Dog. [*Aſide.*

Har. She's taking aim, ſhe cannot chuſe but like me beſt. [*Aſide.*

Scar. Well, Madam, how does my Perſon propagate? [*Bowing and ſmiling.*

Mop. Faith Seignior, now I look better on you, I do not like your Phiſnomy ſo well as your Intellects; you diſ-

diſcovering ſome circumſtantial Symptoms that ever denote a villanous Inconſtancy.

Scar. Ah, are you pleas'd, Madam.

Mop. You are miſtaken, Signior, I am diſpleas'd at your Grey-Eyes, and black Eye-brows, and Beard; I never knew a Man with thoſe Signs, true to his Miſtreſs or his Friend. And I wou'd ſooner wed that Scoundrel *Scaramouch*, that very civil Pimp, that mere pair of chymical Bellows that blow the Doctor's projecting Fires, that Deputy-urinal Shaker, that very Guzman of *Salamanca*, than a Fellow of your infallible *Signum Mallis.*

Har. Ha, ha, ha, you have your Anſwer, Seignior Friskin —— and may ſhut up your Shop and be gone.—Ha, ha, ha.

Scar. Hum, ſure the Jade knows me. [*Aſide.*

Mop. And as for you, Seignior——

Har. Ha, Madam. [*Bowing and ſmiling.*

Mop. Thoſe Lanthorn Jaws of yours, with that moſt villanous Sneer and Grin, and a certain fierce Air of your Eyes, looks altogether moſt fanatically——which with your notorious Whey Beard, are certain Signs of Knavery and Cowardice; therefore I'ad rather wed that Spider *Harlequin*, that Sceleton Buffoon, that Ape of Man, that Jack of Lent, that very Top, that's of no uſe, but when 'tis whip'd and laſh'd, that piteous Property I'ad rather wed than thee.

Har. A very fair Declaration.

Mop. You underſtand me——and ſo adieu ſweet Gliſter-pipe, and Seignior Dirty-Boots, Ha, ha, ha. [*Runs out.*

[*They ſtand looking ſimply on each other, without ſpeaking a while.*

Scar. That I ſhou'd not know that Rogue *Harlequin.* [*Aſide.*

Har. That I ſhou'd take this Fool for a Phyſician. [*Aſide.*

———How long have you commenc'd Apothecary, Seignior?

Scar. Ever ſince you turn'd Farmer.——Are not you a damn'd Rogue to put theſe Tricks upon me, and moſt diſhonourably break all Articles between us?

Har.

Har. And are not you a damn'd Son of a——ſomething——to break Articles with me?

Scar. No more Words, Sir, no more Words, I find it muſt come to Actions, draw. [*Draws.*

Har. Draw!——ſo I can draw, Sir. [*Draws.*

They make a ridiculous cowardly Eight. Enter the Doctor, which they ſeeing, come on with more Courage. He runs between, and with his Cane beats the Swords down.

Doct. Hold, hold, what mean you, Gentlemen?

Scar. Let me go, Sir, I am provok'd beyond meaſure, Sir.

Doct. You muſt excuſe me, Seignior.

[*Parlies with* Harlequin.

Scar. I dare not diſcover the Fool for his Maſter's ſake, and it may ſpoil our Intrigue anon; beſides, he'll then diſcover me, and I ſhall be diſcarded for bantering the Doctor. [*Aſide.*

—A Man of Honour to be ſo baſely affronted here.

[*The Doctor comes to appeaſe* Scaramouch.

Har. Shou'd I diſcover this Raſcal, he wou'd tell the old Gentleman I was the ſame that attempted his Houſe to day in Woman's Clothes, and I ſhould be kick'd and beaten moſt inſatiably.

Scar. What Seignior, for a Man of Parts to be impos'd upon, and whip'd thro the Lungs here—like a Mountebank's Zany for ſham Cures——Mr. Doctor, I muſt tell you 'tis not civil.

Doct. I am extremely ſorry for it, Sir,—and you ſhall ſee how I will have this Fellow handled for the Affront to a Perſon of your Gravity, and in my Houſe.——Here *Pedro.*

Enter Pedro.

——Take this Intruder, or bring ſome of your Fellows hither, and toſs him in a Blanket. [*Exit* Pedro.

Har. *going to creep away*, Scar. *holds him.*

Har. Hark ye, bring me off, or I'll diſcover all your Intrigue. [*Aſide to him.*

Scar. Let me alone.

Doct. I'll warrant you ſome Rogue that has ſome Plot on my Niece and Daughter.

Scar. No, no, Sir, he comes to impoſe the groſſeſt Lye upon you, that ever was heard of.

Enter Pedro *with others, with a Blanket. They put* Harlequin *into it, and toſs him.*

Har. Hold, hold, I'll confeſs all, rather than indure it.

Doct. Hold, what will you confeſs, Sir.

[*He comes out, makes ſick Faces.*

Scar. ——That he's the greateſt Impoſtor in Nature. Wou'd you think it, Sir? he pretends to be no leſs than an Ambaſſador from the Emperor of the Moon, Sir.

Doct. Ha, Ambaſſador from the Emperor of the Moon! [*Pulls off his Hat.*

Scar. Ay, Sir, thereupon I laugh'd, thereupon he grew angry—I laugh'd at his Reſentment, and thereupon we drew, and this was the high Quarrel, Sir.

Doct. Hum—Ambaſſador from the Moon. [*Pauſes.*

Scar. I have brought you off, manage him as well as you can.

Har. Brought me off, yes, out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Why, how the Devil ſhall I act an Ambaſſador? [*Aſide.*

Doct. It muſt be ſo, for how ſhou'd either of theſe know I expected that Honour? [*He addreſes him with profound Civility to* Har. Sir, if the Figure you make, approaching ſo near ours of this World, have made us commit any undecent Indignity to your high Character, you ought to pardon the Frailty of our mortal Education and Ignorance, having never before been bleſs'd with the Deſcenſion of any from your World.

Har. What the Devil ſhall I ſay now? [*Aſide.*

——I confeſs I am, as you may ſee by my Garb, Sir, a little *Incognito*, becauſe the publick Meſſage I bring is very private——which is, that the mighty *Iredonozor*, Emperor of the Moon, with his moſt worthy Brother, the Prince of *Thunderland*, intend to ſup with you to Night. ——Therefore be ſure you get good Wine.——Tho by the way let me tell you, 'tis for the ſake of your fair Daughter.

Scar.

Scar. I'll leave the Rogue to his own Management. I preſume, by your whiſpering, Sir, you wou'd be private, and humbly begging pardon, take my leave. [*Exit.*

Har. You have it, Friend. Does your Niece and Daughter drink, Sir!

Doct. Drink, Sir?

Har. Ay, Sir, drink hard?

Doct. Do the Women of your World drink hard, Sir?

Har. According to their Quality, Sir, more or leſs; the greater the Quality, the more profuſe the Quantity.

Doct. Why that's juſt as 'tis here; but your Men of Quality, your Stateſmen, Sir, I preſume they are ſober, learned, and wiſe.

Har. Faith, no Sir; but they are, for the moſt part, what's as good, very proud and promiſing, Sir, moſt liberal of their Word to every fauning Suiter, to purchaſe the ſtate of long Attendance, and cringing as they paſs; but the Devil of a Performance, without you get the Knack of bribing in the right Place and Time; but yet they all defy it, Sir.

Doct. Juſt, juſt, as 'tis here.—But pray, Sir, how do theſe Great men live with their Wives?

Har. Moſt nobly, Sir, my Lord keeps his Coach, my Lady hers; my Lord his Bed, my Lady hers; and very rarely ſee one another, unleſs they chance to meet in a Viſit, in the Park, the Mall, the Tour, or at the Baſſet-Table, where they civilly ſalute and part, he to his Miſtreſs, ſhe to play.

Doct. Good lack! juſt as 'tis here.

Har. —Where, if ſhe chance to loſe her Money, rather than give out, ſhe borrows of the next amorous Coxcomb, who, from that Minute, hopes, and is ſure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind Opportunity.

Doct. —Juſt as 'tis here.

Har. As for the young Fellows that have Money, they have no Mercy upon their own Perſons, but wearing Nature off as faſt as they can, ſwear, and whore and drink, and borrow as long as any rooking Citizen will lend

till having dearly purchaſed the heroick Title of a Bully or a Sharper, they live pity'd of their Friends, and deſpis'd by their Whores, and depart this tranſitory World, diverſe and ſundry ways.

Doct. Juſt, juſt as 'tis here!

Har. As for the Citizen, Sir, the Courtier lies with his Wife; he in revenge, cheats him of his Eſtate, till rich enough to marry his Daughter to a Courtier, again gives him all——unleſs his Wife's over-gallantry breaks him; and thus the World runs round.

Doct. The very ſame 'tis here.——Is there no preferment, Sir, for Men of Parts and Merit?

Har. Parts and Merit! what's that? a Livery, or the handſome tying a Cravat; for the great Men prefer none but their Foot-men and Valets.

Doct. By my Troth juſt as 'tis here.
——Sir, I find you are a Perſon of moſt profound Intelligence——under Favour, Sir, are you a Native of the Moon, or this World?

Har. The Devil's in him for hard Queſtions.
——— I am a *Neapolitan*, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I Honour you; good luck, my Countryman! How got you to the Region of the Moon, Sir?

Har. A plaguy inquiſitive old Fool!
——Why, Sir,——Pox on't, what ſhall I ſay?—I being—one day in a muſing Melancholy, walking by the Sea-ſide—there aroſe, Sir, a great Miſt, by the Sun's exhaling of the Vapours of the Earth, Sir.

Doct. Right, Sir.

Har. In this Fog, or Miſt, Sir, I was exhal'd.

Doct. The Exhalations of the Sun draw you to the Moon, Sir?

Har. I am condemn'd to the Blanket again.—I ſay, Sir, I was exhal'd up, but in my way—being too heavy, was drop'd into the Sea.

Doct. How, Sir, into the Sea?

Har. The Sea, Sir, where the Emperor's Fiſherman caſting his Nets, drew me up, and took me for a ſtrange and monſtrous Fiſh, Sir,—and as ſuch, preſented me to his Mightineſs,—who going to have me Spitchcock'd for his own eating——— *Doct.*

Doct. How, Sir, eating?

Har. What did me I, Sir (Life being ſweet) but fall on my Knees, and beſought his Glorioufneſs not to eat me, for I was no Fiſh, but a Man; he ask'd me of what Country, I told him of *Naples*; whereupon the Emperor overjoy'd ask'd me if I knew that moſt reverend and learned Doctor *Baliardo*, and his fair Daughter. I told him I did: whereupon he made me his Bed-fellow, and the Confident to his Amour to Seigniora *Elaria.*

Doct. Bleſs me, Sir! how came the Emperor to know my Daughter?

Har. There he is again with his damn'd hard Queſtions.——Know her, Sir,—Why—you were walking abroad one day.

Doct. My Daughter never goes abroad, Sir, farther than our Garden.

Har. Ay, there it was indeed, Sir,—and as his Highneſs was taking a Survey of this lower World—thro a long Perſpective, Sir,—he ſaw you and your Daughter and Neice, and from that very moment fell moſt deſperately in love.——But hark, the ſound of Timbrels, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets.——The Emperor, Sir, is on his way, prepare for his Reception.

[*A ſtrange Noiſe is heard of Braſs Kettles, and Pans, and Bells, and many tinkling things.*

Doct. I'm in a Rapture——How ſhall I pay my Gratitude for this great Negotiation?——but as I may, I humbly offer, Sir. [*Preſents him with a rich Ring and a Purſe of Gold.*

Har. Sir, as an Honour done the Emperor, I take your Ring and Gold. I muſt go meet his Highneſs.

[*Takes leave.*

Enter to him Scaramouch, *as himſelf.*

Scar. Oh, Sir! we are aſtoniſh'd with the dreadful ſound of the ſweeteſt Muſick that ever Mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, Sir?

Doct. Heard it, yes, Fool,——'tis the Muſick of the Spheres, the Emperor of the Moon-World is deſcending.

Scar. How, Sir, no marvel then, that looking towards the South, I ſaw ſuch ſplendid Glories in the Air.

Doct. Ha, ſaw'ſt thou ought deſcending in the Air?

Scar. Oh, yes, Sir, Wonders! haſte to the old Gallery, whence, with the help of your Teleſcope, you may diſcover all.

Doct. I would not loſe a moment for the lower Univerſe.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopſophil, *dreſs'd in rich Antick Habits.*

Ela. Sir, we are dreſs'd as you commanded us, what is your farther Pleaſure?

Doct. It well becomes the Honour you're deſign'd for, this Night to wed two Princes—come with me and know your happy Fate. [*Ex.* Doctor *and* Scar.

Ela. Bleſs me! My Father, in all the reſt of his Diſcourſe ſhows ſo much Senſe and Reaſon, I cannot think him mad, but feigns all this to try us.

Bell. Not mad! Marry Heavens forbid, thou art always creating Fears to ſtartle one; why if he be not mad, his want of Sleep this eight and forty hours, the Noiſe of ſtrange unheard-of Inſtruments, with the fantaſtick Splendour of the unuſual Sight, will ſo turn his Brain and dazzle him, that in Grace and Goodneſs, he may be mad, if he be not;—come, let's after him to the Gallery, for I long to ſee in what ſhowing Equipage our princely Lovers will addreſs to us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Gallery richly adorn'd with Scenes and Lights.*

Enter Doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, *and* Mopſophil. *Soft Muſick is heard.*

Bell. Ha——Heavens! what's here? what Palace is this?—No part of our Houſe, I'm ſure.

Ela. 'Tis rather the Apartment of ſome Monarch.

Doct. I'm all amazement too; but muſt not ſhow my Ignorance.——Yes, *Elaria,* this is prepar'd to entertain two Princes.

Bell. Are you ſure on't, Sir? are we not, think you, in that World above, I often heard you speak of? in the Moon, Sir?

Doct.

Doct. How ſhall I reſolve her—For ought I know, we are. [*Aſide.*

Ela. Sure, Sir, 'tis ſome Inchantment.

Doct. Let not thy female Ignorance profane the higheſt Myſteries of natural Philoſophy : To Fools it ſeems Inchantment——but I've a Senſe can reach it—ſit and expect the Event.—Hark, I am amaz'd, but muſt conceal my Wonder, that Joy of Fools——and appear wiſe in Gravity.

Bell. Whence comes this charming Sound, Sir?

Doct. From the Spheres—it is familiar to me.

[*The Scene in the Front draws off, and ſhews the Hill of* Parnaſſus; *a noble large Walk of Trees leading to it, with eight or ten Negroes upon Pedeſtals, rang'd on each ſide of the Walks. Next* Keplair *and* Galileus *deſcend on each ſide, oppoſite to each other, in Chariots, with Perſpectives in their Hands, as viewing the Machine of the Zodiack. Soft Muſick plays ſtill.*

Doct. Methought I ſaw the Figure of two Men deſcend from yonder Cloud on yonder Hill.

Ela. I thought ſo too, but they are diſappear'd, and the wing'd Chariot's fled.

Enter Keplair *and* Galileus.

Bell. See, Sir, they approach. [*The Doctor riſes and bows.*

Kep. Moſt reverend Sir, we, from the upper World, thus low ſalute you—*Keplair* and *Galileus* we are call'd, ſent as Interpreters to Great *Iredonozor*, Emperor of the Moon, who is deſcending.

Doct. Moſt reverend Bards—profound Philoſophers—thus low I bow to pay my humble Gratitude.

Kep. The Emperor, Sir, ſalutes you, and your fair Daughter.

Gal. And, Sir, the Prince of *Thunderland* ſalutes you, and your fair Neice.

Doct. Thus low I fall to thank their Royal Goodneſs.

[*Kneels. They take him up.*

Bell. Came you, moſt reverend Bards, from the Moon-World?

Kep. Moſt lovely Maid, we did.

Doct. May I preſume to ask the manner how?

Kep. By Cloud, Sir, thro the Regions of the Air, down to the fam'd *Parnaſſus*; thence by Water, along the River *Helicon*, the reſt by Poſt upon two wing'd Eagles.

Doct. Sir, are there ſtore of our World inhabiting the Moon?

Kep. Oh, of all Nations, Sir, that lie beneath it in the Emperor's Train! Sir, you will behold abundance; look up and ſee the Orbal World deſcending; obſerve the Zodiack, Sir, with her twelve Signs.

[*Next the Zodiack deſcends, a Symphony playing all the while; when it is landed, it delivers the twelve Signs: Then the Song, the Perſons of the Zodiack being the Singers. After which, the Negroes dance and mingle in the* Chorus.

A Song for the Zodiack.

LET murmuring Lovers no longer repine,
But their Hearts and their Voices advance;
Let the Nymphs and the Swains in the kind Chorus join,
And the Satyrs and Fauns in a Dance.
Let Nature put on her Beauty of May,
And the Fields and the Meadows adorn;
Let the Woods and the Mountains reſound with the Joy.
And the Echoes their Triumph return.

Chorus.

For ſince Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since theſe wounded Hearts,
And thoſe cou'd deſtroy,
There ne'er was more Cauſe for your Triumphs and Joy,

Hark, hark, the Muſick of the Spheres,
Some Wonder approaching declares;
Such, ſuch, as has not bleſs'd your Eyes and Ears
This thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Years.

See,

See, ſee what the Force of Love can make,
Who rules in Heaven, in Earth and Sea;
Behold how he commands the Zodiack,
While the fix'd Signs unhinging all obey.
Not one of which, but repreſents
The Attributes of Love,
Who governs all the Elements
In Harmony above.

Chorus.

For ſince Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew coy;
Since theſe wounded Hearts,
And thoſe cou'd deſtroy,
There ne'er was more cauſe for your Triumphs and Joy.

The wanton Aries *firſt deſcends,*
To ſhow the Vigor and the Play,
Beginning Love, beginning Love attends,
When the young Paſſion is all-over Joy,
He bleats his ſoft Pain to the fair curled Throng,
And he leaps, and he bounds, and loves all the day long.
At once Love's Courage and his Slavery
In Taurus *is expreſs'd,*
Tho o'er the Plains the Conqueror be,
The generous Beaſt
Does to the Yoke ſubmit his noble Breaſt;
While Gemini *ſmiling and twining of Arms,*
Shews Love's ſoft Indearments and Charms;
And Cancer's *ſlow Motion the degrees do expreſs,*
Reſpectful Love arrives to Happineſs.
Leo *his ſtrength and Majeſty,*
Virgo *her bluſhing Modeſty,*
And Libra *all his Equity.*
His Subtilty does Scorpio *ſhow,*
And Sagittarius *all his looſe deſire,*
By Capricorn *his forward Humour know,*
And Aqua, *Lovers Tears that raiſe his Fire,*
While Piſces, *which intwin'd do move,*
Shew the ſoft Play, and wanton Arts of Love.

Chorus.

For ſince Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew coy;
Since theſe wounded Hearts,
And thoſe cou'd deſtroy,
There ne'er was more Cauſe for Triumphs and Joy.

——See how ſhe turns, and ſends her Signs to Earth.—Behold the Ram, *Aries*——ſee *Taurus* next deſcends; then *Gemini*——ſee how the Boys embrace.——Next *Cancer*, then *Leo*, then the *Virgin*; next to her *Libra*—*Scorpio*, *Sagittar*, *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, *Piſces*. This eight thouſand Years no Emperor has deſcended, but *Incognito*; but when he does, to make his Journey more magnificent, the Zodiack, Sir, attends him.

Doct. 'Tis all amazing, Sir.

Kep. Now, Sir, behold the Globick World deſcends two thouſand Leagues below its wonted Station, to ſhew Obedience to its proper Monarch.

[*After which, the Globe of the Moon appears, firſt like a new Moon, as it moves forward it increaſes till it comes to the Full. When it is deſcended, it opens, and ſhews the Emperor and the Prince. They come forth with all their Train, the Flutes playing a Symphony before them, which prepares the Song. Which ended the Dancers mingle as before.*

A SONG.

ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth,
Eternal IO'S *ſing;*
The Gods of Love deſcend to Earth,
Their Darts have loſt the Sting.
The Youth ſhall now complain no more
Of Sylvia's *needleſs Scorn,*
But ſhe ſhall love, if he adore,
And melt when he ſhall burn.

The

The Nymph no longer ſhall be ſhy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And Daphne *now no more ſhall fly*
The wounded panting God;
But all ſhall be ſerene and fair,
No ſad Complaints of Love
Shall fill the gentle whiſpering Air,
No echoing Sighs the Grove.

Beneath the Shades young Strephon *lies,*
Of all his Wiſh poſſeſs'd;
Gazing on Sylvia's *charming Eyes,*
Whoſe Soul is there confeſs'd.
All ſoft and ſweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art.
And tho ſhe yields with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

——See, Sir, the Cloud of Foreigners appears, *French, Engliſh, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Ruſſians, Indians,* and the nearer Climes of Chriſtendom; and laſtly, Sir, behold the mighty Emperor.———

[*A Chariot appears, made like a Half Moon, in which is* Cinthio *for the Emperor, richly dreſs'd, and* Charmante *for the Prince, rich, with a good many Heroes attending.* Cinthio's *Train born by four Cupids. The Song continues while they deſcend and land. They addreſs themſelves to* Elaria *and* Bellemante.——— *Doctor falls on his Face, the reſt bow very low as they paſs. They make ſigns to* Keplair.

Kep. The Emperor wou'd have you riſe, Sir, he will expect no Ceremony from the Father of his Miſtreſs.

[*Takes him up.*

Doct. I cannot, Sir, behold his Mightineſs——the Splendor of his Majeſty confounds me.

Kep. You muſt be moderate, Sir, it is expected.

[*The two Lovers make all the Signs of Love in dumb ſhow to the Ladies, while the ſoft Muſick plays again from the end of the Song.*

Doct.

Doct. Shall I not have the Joy to hear their heavenly Voices, Sir?

Kep. They never ſpeak to any Subject, Sir, when they appear in Royalty, but by Interpreters, and that by way of Stentraphon, in manner of the Delphick Oracles.

Doct. Any way, ſo I may hear the Senſe of what they wou'd ſay.

Kep. No doubt you will——But ſee the Emperor commands by Signs his Foreigners to dance.

[*Soft Muſick changes. A very Antick Dance. The Dance ended, the Front Scene draws off, and ſhows a Temple, with an Altar, one ſpeaking through a Stentraphon from behind it. Soft Muſick plays the while.*

Kep. Moſt Learned Sir, the Emperor now is going to declare himſelf, according to his Cuſtom, to his Subjects. Liſten.——

Sten. Moſt Reverend Sir, whoſe Virtue did incite us,
Whoſe Daughter's Charms did more invite us;
We come to grace her with that Honour,
That never Mortal yet had done her;
Once only, *Jove* was known in Story,
To viſit *Semele* in Glory.
But fatal 'twas, he ſo enjoy'd her,
Her own ambitious Flame deſtroy'd her.
His Charms too fierce for Fleſh and Blood,
She dy'd embracing of her God.
We gentler marks of Paſſion give,
The Maid we love, ſhall love and live;
Whom viſibly we thus will grace,
Above the reſt of human Race.
Say, is't your Will that we ſhou'd wed her,
And nightly in Diſguiſes bed her?

Doct. The Glory is too great for Mortal Wife.

[*Kneels with Tranſport.*

Sten. What then remains, but that we conſummate
This happy Marriage in our ſplendid State?

Doct. Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great Bleſſing.

Cinthio *takes* Elaria *by the Hand*; Charmante, Bellemante; *two of the Singers in white being Prieſts, they lead 'em to the Altar, the whole Company dividing on either ſide. Where, while a Hymeneal Song is ſung, the Prieſt joins their Hands: The Song ended, and they marry'd, they come forth; but before they come forward, two Chariots deſcend one on one ſide above, and the other on the other ſide; in which is* Harlequin *dreſs'd like a Mock Hero, with others; and* Scaramouch *in the other, dreſs'd ſo in Helmets.*

Scar. Stay mighty Emperor, and vouchſafe to be the Umpire of our Difference. [Cinthio *ſigns to* Keplair.

Kep. What are you?

Scar. Two neighbouring Princes to your vast Dominion.

Har. Knights of the Sun, our honourable Titles,
And fight for that fair Mortal, *Mopſophil.*

Mop. Bleſs us!——my two precious Lovers, I'll warrant; well, I had better take up with one of them, than lie alone to Night.

Scar. Long as two Rivals we have lov'd and hop'd,
Both equally endeavour'd, and both fail'd.
At laſt by joint Conſent, we both agreed
To try our Titles by the Dint of Lance,
And choſe your Mightineſs for Arbitrator.

Kep. The Emperor gives Conſent.

[*They both all arm'd with gilded Lances and Shields of Black, with golden Suns painted. The Muſick plays a fighting Tune. They fight at Barriers, to the Tune.*——Harlequin *is often foil'd, but advances ſtill; at laſt* Scaramouch *throws him, and is Conqueror; all give Judgment for him.*

Kep. The Emperor pronounces you are Victor.——
[*To* Scar.

Doct. Receive your Miſtreſs, Sir, as the Reward of your undoubted Valour—— [*Preſents* Mopſophil.

Scar. Your humble Servant, Sir, and *Scaramouch* returns you humble Thanks. [*Puts off his Helmet.*

Doct.

Doct. Ha,—*Scaramouch!* [*Bawls out, and falls in a Chair. They all go to him.*
My Heart miſgives, me——Oh, I am undone and cheated every way. [*Bawling out.*

Kep. Be patient, Sir, and call up all your Virtue,
You're only cur'd, Sir, of a Diſeaſe
That long has reign'd over your nobler Faculties.
Sir, I am your Phyſician, Friend and Counſellor;
It was not in the Power of Herbs or Minerals,
Of Reaſon, common Senſe, and right Religion,
To draw you from an Error that unmann'd you.

Doct. I will be patient, Gentlemen, and hear you.
———Are not you *Ferdinand?*

Kep. I am,—and theſe are Gentlemen of Quality,
That long have lov'd your Daughter and your Niece;
Don Cinthio this, and this is *Don Charmante,*
The Vice-Roy's Nephews both.
Who found as Men—'twas impoſſible to enjoy 'em,
And therefore try'd this Stratagem.

Cin. Sir, I beſeech you, mitigate your Grief,
Altho indeed we are but mortal Men,
Yet we ſhall love you, ſerve you, and obey you.

Doct. Are not you then the Emperor of the Moon?
And you the Prince of *Thunderland?*

Cin. There's no ſuch Perſon, Sir.
Theſe Stories are the Fantoms of mad Brains,
To puzzle Fools withal—the Wiſe laugh at 'em—
Come, Sir, you ſhall no longer be impos'd upon.

Doct. No Emperor of the Moon, and no Moon-World!

Char. Ridiculous Inventions.
If we'ad not lov'd you, you'ad been ſtill impos'd on;
You had brought a Scandal on your learned Name,
And all ſucceeding Ages had deſpis'd it. [*He leaps up.*

Doct. Burn all my Books, and let my study blaze,
Burn all to Aſhes, and be ſure the Wind
Scatter the vile contagious monſtrous Lyes.
——Moſt Noble Youths—you've honour'd me with your Alliance, and you, and all your Friends, Aſſiſtances in this glorious Miracle, I invite to Night to revel with me.

me.—Come all and ſee my happy Recantation of all the Follies, Fables have inſpir'd till now. Be pleaſant to repeat your Story, to tell me by what kind degrees you cozen'd me.

I ſee there's nothing in Philoſophy———
Of all that writ, he was the wiſeſt Bard, who ſpoke this mighty Truth———

" He that knew all that ever Learning writ,
" Knew only this—that he knew nothing yet.

EPILOGUE,

To be ſpoken by Mrs. *Cooke.*

With our old Plays, as with dull Wife it fares,
To whom you have been marry'd tedious Year
You cry——She's wondrous good, it is confeſs'd,
But ſtill 'tis Chapon Boüillé *at the beſt;*
That conſtant Diſh can never make a Feaſt:
Yet the pall'd Pleaſure you muſt ſtill purſue,
You give ſo ſmall Incouragement for new;
And who would drudge for ſuch a wretched Age,
Who want the Bravery to ſupport one Stage?
The wiſer Wits have now new Meaſures ſet,
And taken up new Trades, that they may hate.
No more your nice fantaſtick Pleaſures ſerve,
Your Pimps you pay, but let your Poets ſtarve.
They long in vain for better Uſage hop'd,
Till quite undone and tir'd, they dropt and dropt;
Not one is left will write for thin third Day,
Like deſperate Pickeroons, no Prize no Play;
And when they have done their beſt, the Recompence
Is, Damn the Sot, his Play wants common Senſe,

Ill.

Ill-natur'd Wits, who can ſo ill requite
The drudging Slaves, who for your Pleaſure write.
Look back on flouriſhing Rome, *ye proud Ingrates,*
And ſee how ſhe her thriving Poets treats:
Wiſely ſhe priz'd 'em at the nobleſt Rate,
As neceſſary Miniſters of State,
And Contributions rais'd to make 'em great.
They from the publick Rank ſhe did maintain,
And freed from want, they only writ for Fame;
And were as uſeful in a City held,
As formidable Armies in the Field.
They but a Conqueſt over Men purſu'd,
While theſe by gentle force the Soul ſubdu'd.
Not Rome *in all her happieſt Pomp cou'd ſhow*
A greater Cæsar *than we boaſt of now;*
Auguſtus *reigns, but Poets ſtill are low.*
May Cæsar *live, and while his mighty Hand*
Is ſcattering Plenty over all the Land;
With God-like Bounty recompenſing all,
Some fruitful drops may on the Muſes fall;
Since honeſt Pens do his juſt cauſe afford
Equal Advantage with the uſeful Sword.

THE

THE Amorous Prince.

PROLOGUE.

WELL! you expect a Prologue to the Play,
And you expect it too Petition-way;
With Chapeau bas *beseeching you t' excuse*
A damn'd Intrigue of an unpractis'd Muse;
Tell you it's Fortune waits upon your Smiles,
And when you frown, Lord how you kill the whiles!
Or else to rally up the Sins of th' Age,
And bring each Fop in Town upon the Stage;
And in one Prologue run more Vices o'er,
Than either Court or City knew before:
Ah! that's a Wonder which will please you too,
But my Commission's not to please you now.
First then for you grave Dons, who love no Play
But what is regular, Great Johnson's *way;*
Who hate the Monsieur with the Farce and Droll,
But are for things well said with Spirit and Soul;
'Tis

'Tis you I mean, whoſe Judgment will admit
No Interludes of fooling with your Wit;
You're here defeated, and anon will cry,
'Sdeath! wou'd 'twere Treaſon to write Comedy.
So! there's a Party loſt; now for the reſt,
Who ſwear they'd rather hear a ſmutty Jeſt
Spoken by Nokes *or* Angel, *than a Scene*
Of the admir'd and well penn'd Cataline;
Who love the the comick Hat, the Jig and Dance,
Things that are fitted to their Ignorance:
You too are quite undone, for here's no Farce
Damn me! you'll cry, this Play will be mine A——
Not ſerious, nor yet comick, what is't then?
Th' imperfect iſſue of a lukewarm Brain:
'Twas born before its time, and ſuch a Whelp;
As all the after-lickings could not help.
Bait it then as ye pleaſe, we'll not defend it,
But he that diſ-approves it, let him mend it.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Frederick, Son to the Duke.
Curtius, his Friend.
Lorenzo, a rich extravagant Lord, a kind of Favorite to *Frederick*.
Antonio, a Nobleman of *Florence*.
Alberto, his dear Friend, a Nobleman also.
Pietro, Man to *Curtius*.
Galliard, Servant to the Prince.
Valet to *Antonio*.

WOMEN.

Clarina, Wife to *Antonio*.
Iſmenia, Siſter to *Antonio*, in love with *Alberto*.
Laura, Siſter to *Lorenzo*, in love with *Curtius*.
Cloris, Siſter to *Curtius*, diſguis'd like a Country Maid, in love with *Frederick*.
Iſabella, Woman to *Clarina*.
Lucia, Maid to *Cloris*.
Guilliam, Man to *Cloris*, a Country-fellow.
Pages and Muſick.

SCENE, *The Court of* Florence.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Chamber of Cloris.

Enter Cloris *dreſt in her Night Attire, with* Frederick *dreſſing himſelf.*

Clo. AND will you leave me now to Fears,
Which Love it ſelf can hardly ſatisfy?
But thoſe, and that together ſure will kill me,
If you ſtay long away.
Fred. My Dear, 'tis almoſt day, and we muſt part;
'Should thoſe rude Eyes 'mongſt whom thou dwell'ſt perceive us,
'Twould prove unhappy both to thee and me.
Clor. And will you, Sir, be conſtant to your Vows?
Fred. Ah *Cloris!* do not queſtion what I've ſworn;
If thou would'ſt have it once again repeated,
I'll do't. By all that's good, I'll marry thee;
By that moſt Holy Altar, before which we kneel'd,
When firſt I ſaw the brighteſt Saint that e'er ador'd it;
I'll marry none but thee, my deareſt *Cloris.*
Clor. Sir, you have ſaid enough to gain a credit
With any Maid, tho ſhe had been deceiv'd
By ſome ſuch Flatteries as theſe before.
I never knew the pains of Fear till now; [*Sighs.*
And you muſt needs forgive the Faults you make,
For had I ſtill remain'd in Innocence,
I ſhould have ſtill believ'd you.
Fred. Why doſt thou not, my Love?
Clor. Some doubts I have, but when I look on you,
Tho I muſt bluſh to do ſo, they all vaniſh;
But I provide againſt your abſence, Sir.

Fred.

Fred. Make no proviſion, *Cloris*, but of Hope,
Prepare thy ſelf againſt a Wedding day,
When thou ſhalt be a little Deity on Earth.
Clor. I know not what it is to dwell in Courts,
But ſure it muſt be fine, ſince you are there;
Yet I could wiſh you were an humble Shepherd,
And knew no other Palace than this Cottage;
Where I would weave you Crowns, of Pinks and Daiſies,
And you ſhould be a Monarch every *May*.
Fred. And *Cloris*, I could be content to ſit
With thee, upon ſome ſhady River's Bank,
To hear thee ſing, and tell a Tale of Love.
For theſe, alas! I could do any thing;
A Sheep-hook I could prize above a Sword;
An Army I would quit to lead a Flock,
And more eſteem that Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Bay:
All this I could, but Dear I have a Father,
Whom for thy ſake, to make thee great and glorious,
I would not loſe my Int'reſt with.
But *Cloris*, ſee, the unkind day approaches,
And we muſt kiſs and part.
Clor. Unkind it is indeed, may it prove ſo
To all that wiſh its preſence,
And paſs as ſoon away,
That welcome Night may re-aſſume its place,
And bring you quickly back.
Fred. With great impatience I'll expect that Hour,
That ſhall conduct me in its Shades to thee;
Farewel.
Clor. Farewel, Sir, if you muſt be gone. [*Sighs.*
Fred. One Kiſs, and then indeed I will be gone.
[*Kiſſes her.*
A new blown Roſe kiſt by the Morning Dew,
Has not more natural Sweetneſs.
Ah *Cloris!* can you doubt that Heart,
To whom ſuch Bleſſings you impart?
Unjuſtly you ſuſpect that Prize,
Won by ſuch Touches and ſuch Eyes.

My

My Faireſt, turn that Face away,
Unleſs I could for ever ſtay;
Turn but a little while I go.

Clor. Sir, I muſt ſee the laſt of you.

Fred. I dare not diſobey; adieu till Evening. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Clor. How now, *Lucia*; is my Father up?

Luc. No, not a Mouſe stirs yet; I have kept a true Watch all this Night, for I was cruelly afraid leſt we ſhould have been ſurpriz'd———
Is the Prince gone? but why do I ask, that may read it in your ſad Looks.

Clor. Yes, he is gone, and with him too has taken— [*Sighs.*

Luc. What has he taken? I'll ſwear you frighten me.

Clor. My heart, *Lucia.*

Luc. Your Heart, I am glad 'tis no worſe.

Clor. Why, what doſt think he ſhould have taken?

Luc. A thing more hard to have been recovered again.

Clor. What thing prithee?

Luc. Your Maiden-head.

Clor. What's that?

Luc. A thing young Gallants long extremely for,
And when they have it too, they ſay
They care not a Daiſy for the Giver.

Clor. How comeſt thou ſo wiſe, *Lucia?*

Luc. Oh the fine Gentleman that comes a-nights with the Prince, told me ſo much, and bid me be ſure never to part with it for fine Words; for Men would lye as often as they ſwore; and ſo bid me tell you too.

Clor. Oh *Lucia!*

Luc. Why do you ſigh?

Clor. To think if Princes were like common Men,
How I ſhould be undone,
Since I have given him all I had to give;
And who that looks on him can blame my Faith?

Luc. Indeed he ſurpaſſes *Damon* far;
But I'ad forgot my ſelf, you are the Prince's Wife;
He ſaid you ſhould be kneel'd to, and ador'd,

And

And never look'd on but on Holy-days:
That many Maids ſhould wait upon your call,
And ſtrow fine Flowers for you to tread upon.
Muſick and Love ſhould daily fill your Ears,
And all your other Senſes ſhould be raviſh'd
With wonders of each kind, great as your Beauty.

Clor. Lucia, methinks you have learnt to ſpeak fine things.

Luc. I have a thouſand more I've heard him ſay;
Oh I could liſten a whole Night to hear him talk:
But hark, I hear a Noiſe, the Houſe is up,
And muſt not find us here.

Clor. Lock up this Box of Jewels for me.

Luc. Oh rare! what did theſe come to night?

Clor. Yes, yes, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove.*

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro.

Cur. I wonder the Prince ſtays ſo long;
I do not like theſe Night-works;
Were I not confident of *Cloris's* Virtue,
——Which ſhall no more be tempted.
I hear ſome coming, and hope 'tis he——
Pietro, are the Horſes ready? [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick.

Cur. Sir, you are welcome from *Cloris's* Arms.

Fred. With much ado, I am got looſe from thoſe fair
Fetters, but not from thoſe of her Beauty;
By theſe ſhe ſtill inflames me,
In ſpite of all my humours of Inconſtancy;
So ſoft and young, ſo fair and innocent,
So full of Air, and yet of Languiſhment;
So much of Nature in her Heart and Eyes,
So timorous and ſo kind without diſguiſe:
Such untaught Sweets in every part do move,
As 'gainſt my Reaſon does compel my Love;
Such artleſs ſmiles look ſo unorder'd too,
Gains more than all the charms of Courts can do;

From

From Head to Foot, a ſpotleſs Satue ſeems,
As Art, not Nature, had compos'd her Limbs;
So white, and ſo unblemiſh'd, oh *Curtius!*
I'm raviſht beyond Senſe when I but think on't;
How much more muſt my Surprize be,
When I behold theſe Wonders.
Cur. And have you ſeen her, Sir, in all this Beauty?
Oh Hell! [*Aſide.*
Fred. Curtius, I will not hide my Soul from thee;
I have ſeen all the marvels of that Maid.
Cur. My Soul, learn now the Art of being diſguis'd;
[*Aſide.*
——'Tis much, my Lord, that one
Bred in ſuch ſimple Innocence,
Should learn ſo ſoon ſo much of Confidence:
Pray, Sir, what Arts and Cunning do you uſe?
Fred. Faith time and importunity refuſe no body.
Cur. Is that the way? had you no other Aids?
Made you no promiſe to her, Sir, of Marriage?
Fred. Oh, yes in abundance, that's your only bait,
And tho they cannot hope we will perform it,
Yet it ſecures their Honour and my Pleaſure.
Cur. Then, Sir, you have enjoy'd her?
Fred. Oh yes, and gather'd Sweets
Would make an Anchoret neglect his Vow,
And think he had miſtook his way to future bliſs,
Which only can be found in ſuch Embraces;
'Twas hard to gain, but, *Curtius*, when once Victor,
Oh how the joys of Conqueſt did enſlave me!
Cur. But, Sir, methinks 'tis much that ſhe ſhould yield,
With only a bare promiſe that you'd marry her.
Fred. Yes, there was ſomething more——but———
Cur. But, what Sir, you are not married.
Fred. Faith yes, I've made a Vow,
And that you know would go as far as any other Man.
Cur. But ſhe it ſeems forgot you were the Prince?
Fred. No, ſhe urg'd that too,
And left no Arguments unus'd
Might make me ſenſible of what I did;
But I was fixt, and overcame them all,

Re-

Repeating ſtill my Vows and Paſſions for her,
Till in the preſence of her Maid and Heaven
We ſolemnly contracted.
Cur. But, Sir, by your permiſſion was it well?
Fred. What wouldſt thou have him do
That's all on fire, and dies for an Enjoyment?
Cur. But having gain'd it, do you love her ſtill?
Fred. Yes, yes, extremely,
And would be conſtant to the Vows I've made,
Were I a Man, as thou art of thy ſelf;
But with the aid of Counſels I muſt chuſe,
And what my Soul adores I muſt refuſe.
Cur. This Paſſion, Sir, Poſſeſſion will deſtroy,
And you'l love leſs, the more you do enjoy.
Fred. That's all my hope of cure; I'll ply that game,
And ſlacken by degrees th' unworthy flame.
Cur. Methinks, my Lord, it had more generous been
To've check'd that flame when firſt it did begin,
E'er you the ſlighted Victory had won,
And a poor harmleſs Virgin quite undone:
And what is worſe, you've made her love you too.
Fred. Faith that's the greater miſchief of the two;
I know to ſuch nice virtuous Souls as thine,
My juſter Inclination is a Crime:
But I love Pleaſures which thou canſt not prize,
Beyond dull gazing on thy Miſtreſs Eyes,
The lovely Object which enſlaves my Heart,
Muſt yet more certain Cures than Smiles impart:
——And you on *Laura* have the ſame deſign.
Cur. Yes, Sir, when juſtify'd by Laws divine.
Fred. Divine! a pleaſant Warrant for your Sin,
Which being not made, we ne'er had guilty been.
But now we ſpeak of *Laura*,
Prithee when is't that I ſhall ſee that Beauty?
Cur. Never I hope [*Aſide.*] I know not, Sir,
Her Father ſtill is cruel, and denies me,
What ſhe and I have long made ſuit in vain for:
But, Sir, your Intereſt might prevail with him,
When he ſhall know I'm one whom you eſteem;

He will allow my flame, and my addreſs,
He whom you favour cannot doubt Succeſs.
Fred. This day I will begin to ſerve thee in it.
Cur. Sir, 'twill be difficult to get acceſs to her,
Her Father is an humorous old Man,
And has his fits of Pride and Kindneſs too.
Fred. Well, after Dinner I will try my Power,
And will not quit his Lodgings till I have won him.
Cur. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Fred. Come let us haſte, the Day comes on apace.
[*Ex.* Fred.
Cur. I'll wait upon you, Sir.
Oh *Cloris*, thou'rt undone, falſe amorous Girl;
Was it for this I bred thee in obſcurity,
Without permitting thee to know what Courts meant,
Leſt their too powerful Temptation
Might have betray'd thy Soul?
Not ſuffering thee to know thy Name or Parents,
Thinking an humble Life might have ſecur'd thy Virtue:
And yet I ſhould not hate thee for this Sin,
Since thou art bred in ſo much Innocence,
Thou couldſt not dream of Falſity in Men:
Oh that it were permitted me to kill this Prince,
This falſe perfidious Prince;
And yet he knows not that he has abus'd me.
When did I know a Man of ſo much Virtue,
That would refuſe ſo ſweet and ſoft a Maid?
——No, he is juſt and good, only too much miſled
By Youth and Flattery;
And one to whom my Soul is ty'd by Friendſhip;
——Yet what's a Friend, a name above a Siſter?
Is not her Honour mine?
And ſhall not I revenge the loſs of it?
It is but common Juſtice.
But firſt I'll try all gentle means I may,
And let him know that *Cloris* is my Siſter;
And if he then perſevere in his Crime,
I'll lay my Intereſt and my Duty by,
And puniſh him, or with my Honour die. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Apartment of* Antonio.

Enter Lorenzo *pulling in of* Iſabella.

Lor. Nay, nay, *Iſabella*, there's no avoiding me now, you and I muſt come to a parley. Pray what's the reaſon you took no notice of me, when I came with ſo civil an addreſs too?

Iſab. Can you ever think to thrive in an Amour, when you take notice of your Miſtreſs, or any that belongs to her, in publick, and when ſhe's a married Woman too?

Lor. Good *Iſabella*, the loſer may have leave to ſpeak, I am ſure it has been a plaguy dear Amour to me.

Iſab. Let me hear you name that again, and you ſhall miſs of my Aſſiſtance.

Lor. Nay, do but hear me a little; I vow 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing in the World, a Man muſt part from ſo much Money as I have done, and be confin'd to Signs and Grimaces only, to declare his Mind in: if a Man has a Tongue, let him exerciſe it, I ſay, as long as he pays for ſpeaking.

Iſab. Again with your paying for't? I ſee you are not to be reclaim'd; farewel———

Lor. Stay good *Iſabella*, ſtay, and thou ſhalt hear not one word of that more, tho I am ſoundly urg'd to't.

Iſab. Yes, yes, pray count them, do; I know you long to be at it, and I am ſure you will find you are in Arrears to us.

Lor. Say you ſo, I am not of that opinion: but well, ——let me ſee——here 'tis, here 'tis——my Bill of Charge for courting *Clarina*.

[*Draws out his Table Book, and reads.*

Iſab. And here's mine for the returns that have been made you; begin, begin. [*Pulls out her Book.*

Lor. Item, two hundred Crowns to *Iſabella* for undertaking.

Iſab. Item, I have promis'd *Lorenzo* to ſerve him in his Amour with all Fidelity.

Lor. Well, I own that Debt paid, if you keep your word——out with it then—— [*He croſſes that out.*
Item, two thouſand Crowns in a Bracelet for *Clarina*; what ſay you to that now, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. Item, the day after they were preſented, ſhe ſaluted you with a ſmile at the Chappel.

Lor. And doſt thou think it was not dearly bought?

Iſab. No Man in *Florence* ſhould have had it a Souce cheaper.

Lor. Say you ſo, *Iſabella?* out with it then.
[*Croſſes it out.*
Item, one hundred more to thee for preſenting them.

Iſab. Which I did with ſix lyes in your Commendation, worth ten Piſtoles a piece for the exactneſs of a Lye; write there indebted to me———

Lor. Nay then thou doſt deſerve it: Reſts due to *Iſabella.* [*Writes.*
Item, Innumerable Serenades, Night-walks, Affronts and Fears; and laſtly, to the Poets for Songs, and the like.

Iſab. All which was recompenſed in the exceſſive laughing on you that Day you praunc'd under our Window on Horſe-back, when you made ſuch a deal of Capriol and Curvet.

Lor. Yes, where I ventur'd my Neck to ſhew my Activity, and therefore may be well accounted amongſt my Loſſes.

Iſab. Then ſhe receiv'd your Preſents, ſuffer'd your Serenades, without ſending her Foot-men to break your Pate with the Fiddles.

Lor. Indeed that was one of the beſt Signs; for I have been a great Sufferer in that kind upon the like occaſions: but doſt thou think in Conſcience that this ſhould ſatisfy?

Iſab. Yes, any reaſonable Man in the World, for the firſt Month at leaſt; and yet you are ſtill up with your Expences, as if a Lady of her Quality were to be gain'd without them.——Let me hear of your Expences more, and I'll———

Lor. Oh ſweet *Iſabella!* upon my Knees I beg thou wilt take no fatal Reſolution; for I proteſt, as I am a Man

Man of Honour, and adore thy Sex, thou ſhalt only ſee, not hear of my Expences more; and for a ſmall teſtimony of it, here take this; there's twenty Piſtoles upon Reputation. [*Gives her Money.*

Iſab. Fy, fy, 'tis not brave, nor generous to name the Sum, you ſhould have ſlid it into my Coat, without ſaying what you had done.

Lor. What ſignifies that mun, as long as 'tis current, and you have it ſure?

Iſab. Well, leave the management of your Affairs to me——What ſhall we do? here's *Alberto.*

Enter Alberto.

Lor. Well, who can help it? I cannot walk inviſible.

Alb. Lorenzo, what making Love to *Iſabella?*

Lor. She'l ſerve, my Lord, for want of a better.

Iſab. That's but a coarſe Complement.

Lor. 'Twill ſerve to diſguiſe a Truth however. [*Aſide to her. Ex.* Iſab. Faith I'll tell you, Sir, 'twas ſuch another Damſel as this, that ſav'd me five hundred Pound once upon a time; and I have lov'd the whole Tribe of Waiting-women the better ever ſince.

Alb. You have reaſon; how was it?

Lor. Why look you, Sir, I had made Love a long time to a Lady; but ſhe ſhall be nameleſs, ſince ſhe was of a quality not to be gain'd under the aforeſaid Sum: well, I brought it, came pouder'd and perfum'd, and high in expectation.

Alb. Well, Sir.

Lor. And ſhe had a very pretty Wench, who was to conduct me, and in the dark too; and on my Conſcience, I e'en fell aboard of her, and was as well accommodated for my five, as five hundred Pounds, and ſo return'd.

Alb. A great defeat to the Lady the while, on my word.

Lor. Ay, ſhe ſmelt the Plot, and made a Vow to follow the *Italian* mode for the future; and be ſerv'd in Affairs of that kind by none but an old Woman.

Alb. 'Twas wittily reſolv'd.
Lor. Are you for the Preſence this Morning.
Alb. No, I have buſineſs here with *Antonio.*
Lor. Your Servant, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Alb. I do not like this Fellow's being here,
The moſt notorious Pimp and Raſcal in *Italy*;
'Tis a vile ſhame that ſuch as he ſhould live,
Who have the form and ſenſe of Man about them,
And in their Action Beaſt;
And that he thrives by too.
Enter Iſabella.
——*Iſabella,* is *Antonio* ſtirring?
Iſab. He is, pleaſe your Lordſhip to walk in.
Alb. You may tell him I wait here:
For I would avoid all opportunity of ſeeing *Clarina.*
[*Aſide.*
Iſab. My Lord, you need not ſtand upon Ceremonies.
[*Exit* Alberto.
Enter Clarina *and* Iſmena, *dreſs'd like one another in every thing, laughing and beholding one another.*
——Dreſs'd already! now on my conſcience I know not which is which: Pray God *Antonio* be not miſtaken at night, for I'll be ſworn I am by day-light.
Iſm. Doſt think I may paſs thus for *Clarina?*
Iſab. Madam, you are the ſame to a hair; wou'd I might never ſtir if I can do any thing but wonder.
Clar. But hark, *Iſabella,* if thou ſhou'dſt have heard amiſs, and that thy information ſhould not be good, thou haſt defeated us of a deſign, wherein we promiſe our ſelves no little pleaſure.
Iſm. Yes I vow, all the Jeſt is loſt if it be ſo.
Iſab. I doubt 'twill be a true Jeſt on your ſide. [*Aſide.*
—I warrant you, Madam, my Intelligence is good; and to aſſure you of what I have ſaid, I dare undertake you ſhall hear the ſame over again: for juſt now *Alberto* is come to viſit my Lord, who I am ſure will entertain him with no other ſtories, but thoſe of his Jealouſy, and to perſuade him to court you.
Clar. 'Tis ſtrange, ſince he ſet him that Taſk ſo long ago, he would not begin before.

Iſm.

Iſm. Nay, pray God he begin now; Siſter, he has hitherto took me for thee, and ſometimes his Eyes give me hope of a ſecret Fire within, but 'twill not out; and I am ſo impatient till he declares himſelf, that if he do not do it ſoon, I ſhall e'en tell him who I am; for perhaps the Wife takes off the appetite, which would ſharpen upon knowledge of the Virgin.

Clar. What then, you'll have all the Sport to your ſelf? —But, *Iſmena*, remember my little Revenge on *Antonio* muſt accompany your Love to *Alberto.*

Iſab. But why this reſemblance? for, Madam, ſince he never ſaw you, and takes *Iſmena* to be you; might you not ſtill paſs ſo, without this likeneſs?

Clar. Didſt thou not ſay *Antonio* left the Court and City, on purpoſe to give *Alberto* the more freedom to court me?——Whilſt he was away, I needed but retire, and *Iſmena* appear, and 'twould ſuffice; but now he is return'd, he may chance to ſee them together, *en paſſant*, or ſo, and this dreſs will abuſe him as well as *Alberto*; for without that, this Plot of ours ſignifies little.

Iſm. Ay, truly for my part, I have no other deſign than doing my Siſter a ſervice.

Iſab. The Plot is very likely to thrive I ſee, ſince you are ſo good at diſſembling.

Iſm. Fie *Iſabella*, what an ill opinion you have of me?—But Siſter, 'tis much *Alberto* being ſo intimate with *Antonio*, ſhould never ſee you all this whole ſix Months of your being married.

Clar. Had you been bred any where but in a Monaſtery, you would have known 'tis not the cuſtom here for Men to expoſe their Wives to the view of any.

Iſab. I hear them coming, let's away, and pray liſten to the Truths I have already told you. [*They retire.*

SCENE IV

Enter Antonio *and* Alberto. Clarina *and* Iſmena *liſten.*

Alb. Once more *Antonio*, welcome back to Court.

Ant. Oh my dear Friend, I long'd for thy Embraces;
—How goes the Game I left with thee to play?
What ſays my Wife, my beautiful *Clarina?*
Alb. Clarina!———
Ant. Yes *Clarina*, have you not ſeen her yet?
I left the Court on purpoſe, for 'twas not handſome
For me to introduce you,
Leſt ſhe had look'd upon't as ſome deſign.
Alb. Seen her—yes—
Ant. And I conjur'd her too, to give you freedoms
Even equal to *Antonio*;
As far as I durſt preſs with modeſty,
And with pretence of Friendſhip;
And have you not attempted her?
Alb. Yes——but 'tis in vain.
Ant. Oh villanous Diſſembler! [*Aſide.*
Alb. She's cruel, ſtrangely cruel,
And I'm reſolv'd to give the Courtſhip o'er.
Ant. Sure, Friend, thou haſt not us'd thy wonted power.
Alb. Yes, all that I know I am maſter of, I us'd.
Ant. But didſt thou urge it home? did ſhe not ſee
Thy Words and Actions did not well agree?
Canſt thou diſſemble well? didſt cry and melt,
As if the pain you but expreſs'd, you felt?
Didſt kneel, and ſwear, and urge thy Quality,
Heightning it too with ſome Diſgrace on me?
And didſt thou too aſſail her feeble ſide?
For the beſt bait to Woman is her Pride;
Which ſome miſ-call her Guard:
Didſt thou preſent her with the ſet of Jewels?
For Women naturally are more inclin'd
To Avarice, than Men: pray tell me Friend.
—Vile Woman! did ſhe take them——
Alb. I never ask'd her that.
Clar, Poor *Antonio*, how I pity him. [*A ſide.*
Ant. No!
Alb. No, I've done enough to ſatisfy thy Jealouſy.
Here take your ſet of Jewels back again; [*Gives a Box.*
Upon my Life *Clarina* is all Chaſtity.

Ant.

Ant. I were the happieſt Man on Earth, were this but true;
But what are ſingle Courtſhips?—give her theſe,
Which will aſſiſt thy Tongue to win her Heart;
And that once got, the other ſoon will follow;
There's far more Women won by Gold than Induſtry:
Try that, my dear *Alberto*,
And ſave thy Eyes the trouble of diſſembling.

Alb. Content thee here, and do not tempt thy Fate,
I have regard unto thy Honour, Friend;
And ſhould ſhe yield, as Women are no Gods,
Where were thy future Joys?
What is't could make thee happy, or reſtore
That true Contentment which thou hadſt before?
Alas! thou tempt'ſt me too, for I am frail,
And Love above my Friendſhip may prevail.

Ant. This will not do;
No, as thou art my Friend, and lov'ſt my Honour,
Purſue *Clarina* further;
Rally afreſh, and charge her with this Preſent,
Diſturb her every night with Serenades;
Make Love-Songs to her, and then ſing them too;
Thou haſt a Voice enough alone to conquer.

Alb. Fool *Antonio!* [*Aſide.*

Ant. Come, wilt thou undertake it once again?

Alb. I would not.

Ant. I am reſolv'd to get this tryal made,
And if thou doſt refuſe thy Amity,
I'll try a Friend more willing, tho leſs faithful;
With thee my Wife and Honour too are ſafe,
For ſhould ſhe yield, and I by that were loſt,
'Twere yet ſome eaſe,
That none but thou wert witneſs to't.

Alb. Well, if it muſt be done, I'ad rather do't,
Than you ſhould be expos'd to th' ſcorn of others.

Ant. Spoke like my noble Friend;
Come dine with her to day, for I muſt leave you,
And give you all the opportunity
A real Lover wiſhes with a Miſtreſs.

Iſm. So we have heard enough. [*Ex.* Clar. *and* Iſm.

Ant. Oh were *Clarina* chaſte, as on my Soul
I cannot doubt, more than that I believe
All Womankind may be ſeduc'd from Virtue ;
I were the Man of all the World moſt bleſs'd
In ſuch a Wife, and ſuch a Friend as thou.
Alb. But what if I prevail, *Antonio?*
Ant. Then I'll renounce my faith in Womankind,
And place my ſatisfaction in my Amity.
——But ſee ſhe comes, I'll leave you to your task.
Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.
Iſm. Antonio not yet gone——
This muſt ſecure me. [*Pulls down her Veil.*
Ant. Clarina, why thus clouded?
Iſab, I ſee he has moſt happily miſtaken.
Iſm. I was going, Sir, to viſit *Laura*—
Ant. You muſt not go, I've buſineſs to the Duke,
And you muſt entertain my Friend till my return ;
It is a freedom not uſual here amongſt Ladies,
But I will have it ſo ;
Whom I eſteem, I'll have you do ſo too.
Iſm. Sir, I am all obedience.
[*Exit* Antonio, *ſhe pulls off her Veil* ; Alberto *ſalutes her with ſeeming lowneſs.*
Alb. Oh how my Soul's divided
Between my Adoration and my Amity ! [*Aſide.*
Friendſhip, thou ſacred band, hold faſt thy Intereſt ;
For yonder Beauty has a ſubtle power,
And can undo that knot, which other Arts
Could ne'er invent a way for.
Enter Antonio, *and liſtens at the Door.*
Ant. I'll ſee a little how he behaves himſelf. [*Aſide.*
Alb. But ſhe's *Antonio*'s Wife ; my Friend *Antonio*, [*Aſide.*
A Youth that made an Intereſt in my Soul,
When I had Language ſcarce to expreſs my ſenſe of it.
Ant. Death ! he ſpeaks not to her. [*Aſide.*
Alb. So grew we up to Man, and ſtill more fit ;
And ſhall a gaudy Beauty,
A thing which t'other day I never ſaw,
Deprive my Heart of that kind Heat,

And

And place a new and unknown Fire within? [*Aſide.*
Clarina, 'tis unjuſt.
Iſm. Sir, did you ſpeak to me?
Alb. I have betray'd my ſelf—— [*Aſide.*
Madam, I was ſaying how unjuſt it was
Antonio ſhould leave me all alone with a Lady,
Being certainly the worſt to entertain them in the World.
Ant. His Face aſſures me he ſpeaks of no Love to her now.
Iſm. Alas, he ſpeaks not of me.
Sure *Iſabella* was miſtaken, who told me that he lov'd me.
——*Alberto*, if thou art oblig'd to me, [*Aſide.*
For what I have not yet obſerv'd in thee,
Oh do not ſay my Heart was eaſily won,
But blame your Eyes, whoſe forces none can ſhun.
Ant. Not a word, what can he mean by this?
Iſm. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit a while?
Iſab. Madam, the inner Chamber is much better, for there he may repoſe upon the Cuſhions till my Lord's return; I ſee he is not well——
—And you are both ſick of one Diſeaſe. [*Aſide.*
Alb. I thank you, here's more Air,
——And that I need, for I am all on fire, [*Aſide.*
And every Look adds fuel to my flame.
—I muſt avoid thoſe Eyes, whoſe Light miſguides me:
—Madam, I have ſome buſineſs calls me hence,
And cannot wait my Friend's return.
Iſm. Antonio, Sir, will think 'tis my neglect
That drove you hence; pray ſtay a little longer.
Alb. You ſhall command me, if you can diſpenſe
With ſo dull Company.
Iſab. I can with any thing *Antonio* loves.
Alb. Madam, it is a Virtue that becomes you;
For tho your Husband ſhould not merit this,
Your Goodneſs is not leſs to be admir'd;
But he's a Man ſo truly worth your Kindneſs,
That 'twere a Sin to doubt
Your Paſſion for him were not juſtly paid.
Iſm. Sir, I believe you, and I hope he thinks
That my opinion of him equals yours;

'Tis

'Tis plain he loves me not ; [*Aſide.*
Perhaps his Virtue, thinking me *Clarina*,
May hide the real Paſſion of his Soul.
Oh Love, what dangerous Paths thou mak'ſt us tread !
Ant. Cold, cold as Devotion, oh inhuman Friendſhip ! [*Aſide.*
Alb. What ſhall I do next? I muſt either be rude,
And ſay nothing, or ſpeak of Love to her ;
And then, my Friend, thou'rt loſt ſhould I prevail,
And I'm undone ſhould ſhe not hear my Tale,
Which for the World I would not have her hear ;
And yet I fear my Eyes too much declare.
Iſm. Since he's in ſo ill an Humour, let's leave him,
I'm ſatisfy'd now that thou'rt miſtaken.
[*Ex.* Iſmena *and* Iſabella *unſeen.*
Alb. But they ſhall gaze no more on hers,
Nor ſtray beyond the limits of a juſt Salute.
—I will my Honour to my Love prefer,
And my *Antonio* ſhall out-rival her. [*Looks about, and miſſes them.*
—Ah, am I left alone !—how frail is Man !
That which laſt Moment I reſolv'd upon,
I find my Heart already diſapproves,
And grieve her loſs ; can this be ought but Love?
My Soul's diſſatisfy'd now ſhe is gone,
And yet but now I wiſh'd to be alone.
—Inform me, Love, who ſhares the better part,
Friendſhip, or thee, in my divided Heart. [*Offers to go.*
Enter Antonio, *and ſtays him.*
Ant. Whither in ſuch haſte?
Thou look'ſt e'en as ſad as a Lover repuls'd,
I fear that Fate's not thine.
Alb. Now for a lye to ſatisfy him. [*Aſide.*
Prithee diſcharge me of this toil of diſſembling,
Of which I grow as weary as ſhe's of hearing it.
Ant. Indeed !
Alb. Sure thou haſt a deſign to make her hate me.
Ant. Do you think ſo in earneſt, why, was ſhe angry?

Alb. Oh! hadſt thou ſeen her pretty bluſhing Scorn,
Which ſhe would fain have hid,
Thou wouldſt have pitied what I made her ſuffer.
Ant. Is't poſſible!
And didſt preſent her with the Box of Jewels?
Alb. Yes.
Ant. And kneel, and cry and ſwear, and——
Alb. All, all.
Ant. I hardly gave thee time for ſo much Courtſhip,
——But you are ſure ſhe was diſpleaſed with it?
Alb. Extremely.
Ant. Enough *Alberto*; adieu to thee and Friendſhip.
Alb. What mean you?
Ant. Ask your own Guilt, it will inform thee beſt.
Alb. Thou canſt not think *Clarina* has abus'd thee.
Ant. I do not think ſhe has, nor have you try'd her;
In that you have not only diſoblig'd me,
But now you would impoſe upon my Weakneſs
——Did I not ſee how unconcern'd you were,
And hardly paying her a due reſpect;
And when ſhe even invited thee to ſpeak,
Moſt rudely thou wert ſilent?
Alb. Be calm *Antonio*, I confeſs my error,
And hate that Virtue taught me to deceive thee;
—Here take my Hand,——
I'll ſerve you in good earneſt.
Ant. And now I do believe thee,
Go— thou ſhalt loſe no time, I muſt away,
My Soul's in torment, till I am confirm'd
Of my *Clarina*'s Virtue;
I do believe thou haſt a generous Shame,
For what thou'ſt ſaid and done to me thy Friend.
For could I doubt thy Love, oh how ridiculous
This act of mine would ſeem!
But 'tis to thee, as to my Soul I come,
Diſputing every petty Crime and Doubt.
Alb. Antonio, is there need of Oaths between us?
Ant. No, I credit thee; go in,
And prithee dreſs thy Eyes in all their Charms;

For this uncertainty diſturbs me more,
Than if I knew *Clarina* were a——Whore.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Apartment of Frederick.

Enter Frederick *with a Letter, and* Galliard.

Fred. NOT allow me to ſpeak to her, ſay ye, 'tis ſtrange; didſt ſay it was the Prince that ſent thee?

Ser. My Lord, I did, but he ſays, he cares not for a thouſand Princes.

Fred. I am reſolv'd I will ſee this Woman;
—Harkye, go back again and ſay— [*Whiſpers.*

Enter Lorenzo *drunk.*

Lor. Hah the Prince——he muſt not ſee me in this pickle; for I would not loſe my Reputation of Wenching for this of Drinking; and I am ſure I cannot be excellent at both, they are inconſiſtent.

Ser. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Lor. Your Highneſs's humble Servant.

Fred. Ha, ha, what *Lorenzo* in debauch?

Lor. Now my Tongue will betray me:——Faith, my Lord, I have took ſix, but am come briskly off; by this hand, my Lord, I am Cock over five ſtout Rogues too I can tell you at this ſport.

Fred. I did not think thou hadſt had that Virtue.

Lor. I'll tell you, Sir, 'tis neceſſary thoſe of my Office and Quality ſhould have more Virtues than one to recommend them; but to tell you truth, for now I am moſt apt for that, I was drunk in mere Malice to day.

Fred. Malice, againſt whom prithee?

Lor. Why, why, Sir, the humorous old Fellow my Father, he will not hear reaſon from me when I am ſober.

My

My Lord, you know *Curtius* is an honeſt Fellow, and one of us too; my Siſter *Laura* is a good pretty Wench, he loves her, and ſhe likes him; and becauſe this teſty old Blade has done himſelf, do you think I can bring him to conſider; No, not for my Life, he won't conſider, Sir; and now am I got drunk to ſee how that will edify him.

Fred. How! is *Laura*, the Miſtreſs of *Curtius*, your Siſter?

Lor. Yes marry is ſhe, Sir, at leaſt by the Mother's ſide; and to tell you truth, we are too good-natur'd to believe *Salvator* our Father.

Fred. Thy Siſter, and Daughter to *Salvator?*

Lor. So ſaid my Mother, but ſhe was handſome; and on my conſcience liv'd e'en in ſuch another debauch'd World as 'tis now, let them ſay what they will of their primitive Virtue.

Fred. May not I ſee this Siſter of thine, *Lorenzo*?

Lor. Yes by *Venus* ſhall you, Sir, an ſhe were my Mother.

Fred. But art ſure thy Father will permit us?

Lor. My Father permit us! he may do what he will when I am ſober, but being thus fortify'd with potent Wine, he muſt yield obedience to my Will. Why, my Lord, I'll tell you, I'll make him ask me bleſſing when I am in this almighty Power.

Fred. And is thy Siſter ſo very fine?

Lor. The Girl is well, and if ſhe were not my Siſter, I would give you a more certain Proof of my opinion of her; ſhe has excellent good Hair, fine Teeth, and good Hands, and the beſt natur'd Fool—Come, come, Sir, I'll bring you to her, and then I'll leave you;
For I have a ſmall Affair of Love to diſpatch.

Fred. This is a freedom that ſutes not with the Humour of an *Italian.*

Lor. No faith, my Lord; I believe my Mother play'd foul play with ſome *Engliſhman*, I am ſo willing to do you a good office to my Siſter. And if by her Humour you become of that opinion too, I ſhall hope to render my ſelf more acceptable to you by that Franchiſe.

Enter

Enter Galliard, *whiſpers.*

Fred. Thou knoweſt my grateful Temper,
——No matter; here carry this Letter to *Cloris*,
And make ſome excuſe for my not coming this Evening.
[*Gives him a Letter, and goes out with* Lorenzo.

Ser. So, poor Laſs, 'tis a hundred to one if ſhe be not lay'd by now, and *Laura* muſt ſucceed her: Well, even *Frederick*, I ſee, is but a Man, but his Youth and Quality will excuſe him; and 'twill be call'd Gallantry in him, when in one of us, 'tis Ill-nature and Inconſtancy.

SCENE II.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain to deny it; do you think I have liv'd to theſe years, and cannot interpret croſs Arms, imperfect Replies, your ſudden Weepings, your often Sighing, your melancholy Walks, and making Verſes too? and yet I muſt not ſay that this is Love.

Iſm. Art thou ſo notable a Judge of it?

Iſab. I ſhould be, or I am a very dull Scholar, for I have loſt the fooliſh Boy as many Darts, as any Woman of my age in *Florence.*

Iſm. Thou haſt paid dear for thy knowledge then.

Iſab. No, the hurt one did, the other ſtill made good, with very little Pain on either ſide.

Iſm. I muſt confeſs, I think it is not ſo hard to get Wounds, as 'tis to get them cur'd again.

Iſab. I am not of your opinion, nor ever ſaw that Man who had not Faults to ſpare, as well as Charms to kill.

Iſm. Since thou'rt ſo good a Judge of Man, prithee tell me how thou lik'ſt *Alberto.*

Iſab. I knew 'twould come to this—— [*Aſide.*
Why, well, Madam.

Iſm. No more than ſo?

Iſab. Yes wondrous well, ſince I am ſure he loves you, and that indeed raiſes a Man's Value.

Iſm. Thou art deceiv'd, I do not think he loves me.

Iſab.

Iſab. Madam, you cannot but ſee a thouſand Marks on't.

Iſm. Thou haſt more Skill than I; but prithee why does he not tell me ſo himſelf?

Iſab. Oh Madam, whilſt he takes you for *Clarina*,
'Twould ſhew his diſreſpect to tell his Love?
But when he knows *Iſmena* is the Object,
He'll tire you with the wiſh'd for ſtory.

Iſm. Ah, thou art a pleaſing Flatterer.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, *Alberto* is without.

Iſm. Tell him I'm indiſpos'd, and cannot ſee him now.

Iſab. Nay, good Madam, ſee him now by all means,
For I am ſure my Lord *Antonio* is abſent on purpoſe.
——Bid him come in Boy. [*Exit Page.*

Enter Alberto.

Iſm. Antonio, Sir, is not return'd.

Alb. Madam, this Viſit was not meant to him,
But by a Cauſe more preſſing I am brought,
Such as my Paſſion, not My Friendſhip taught;
A Paſſion which my Sighs have only ſhewn,
And now beg leave my baſhful Tongue may own.
The knowledge, Madam, will not much ſurpriſe,
Which you have gain'd already from mine Eyes;
My timorous Heart that way my Tongue would ſpare,
And tells you of the Flames you've kindled there:
'Tis long I've ſuffered under this Conſtraint,
Have always ſuffer'd, but ne'er made Complaint;
And now againſt my will I muſt reveal
What Love and my Reſpect would fain conceal.

Iſm. What mean you, Sir? what have you ſeen in me,
That ſhould encourage this temerity?

Alb. A world of Beauties, and a world of Charms,
And every Smile and Frown begets new harms;
In vain I ſtrove my Paſſion to ſubdue,
Which ſtill increas'd the more I look'd on you;
Nor will my Heart permit me to retire,
But makes my Eyes the convoys to my Fire,
And not one Glance you ſend is caſt away.

Iſm.

Iſm. Enough, my Lord, have you nought elſe to ſay?
The Plot's betray'd, and can no further go; [*Smiles.*
The Stratagem's diſcover'd to the Foe;
I find *Antonio* has more Love than Wit,
And I'll endeavour too to merit it.

Alb. What you have ſaid, I do confeſs is true,
Antonio beg'd I would make love to you;
But, Madam, whilſt my heart was unconfin'd,
A thouſand ways the Treachery I declin'd——
But now, *Clarina*, by my Life I ſwear,
It is my own concern that brings me here:
Had he been juſt to you, I had ſuppreſs'd
The Flames your Eyes have kindled in my Breaſt;
But his Suſpicion rais'd my Paſſion more,
And his Injuſtice taught me to adore:
But 'tis a Paſſion which you may allow,
Since its effects ſhall never injure you.

Iſm. You have oblig'd me, Sir, by your Confeſſion,
And I ſhall own it too at ſuch a rate,
As both becomes my Duty to *Antonio*,
And my Reſpect to you; but I muſt beg
You'll never name your Paſſion to me more,
That guilty Language, Sir, I muſt not hear:
—And yet your ſilence kills me. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Very well diſſembled. [*Aſide.*

Alb. I can obey you, Madam, tho I cannot live,
Whilſt you command me ſilence;
For 'tis a Flame that dares not look abroad
To ſeek for pity from another's Eyes.

Iſm. How he moves me! if this were real now,
Or that he knew to whom he made this Courtſhip—
[*Aſide.*

Alb. Oh do not turn away as if diſpleas'd.

Iſm. No more, you've diſcompos'd my thoughts;
Be gone, and never let me ſee thy Face again.

Alb. Madam, I go, and will no more offend you,
—But I will look my laſt—farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Iſab. Pray, Madam, call him back, he may be deſperate.
—My Lord, return——

Iſm. Alberto, tell me what you'd have me do.

Alb.

Alb. Ah Madam, do not put me to my choice,
For Lovers are unreaſonable;
If I might name it, I would have you love me.
Iſm. Love you, and what would be the end of that?
Alb. I cannot tell, but wiſh you were inclin'd
To make a tryal, Madam;
I have no thought or wiſh beyond that Bleſſing,
And that once gain'd, ſure I ſhould ask no more.
Iſm. Were I inclin'd to this, have you conſider'd
The fatal Conſequences which attend
The breach of Vows and Friendſhip?
Alb. Madam, *Antonio* firſt was falſe to you,
And not to puniſh that were ſuch a Virtue
As he would never thank you for;
By all that's good, till he prov'd ſo to you,
He had my Soul in keeping;
But this act makes me reſolve
To recompenſe his Folly.
Iſm. You've found the eaſieſt Paſſage to my Heart,
You've took it on the weakeſt ſide;
——But I muſt beg you will pretend no further.
Alb. Divine *Clarina*, let me pay my Thanks
In this ſubmiſſive Poſture, and never riſe, [*Kneels.*
Till I can gain ſo much upon your Credit,
As to believe my Paſſion tends no farther
Than to adore you thus——and thus poſſeſs you.
[*Kiſſes her hand, and bows.*
Iſm. Have not I diſſembled finely, *Iſabella?* [*Aſide.*
Iſab. Yes, if you could make me believe 'tis ſo.
[*Aſide.*
Iſm. Riſe, Sir, and leave me, that I may bluſh alone
For what I've parted with ſo eaſily;
Pray do not viſit me again too ſoon,
—But uſe your own diſcretion, and be ſecret.
Alb. Madam, the bleſſed Secret here is lodg'd,
Which Time ſhall ne'er reveal to human Knowledge.
[*Ex.* Alb.
Iſm. I'm glad he's gone before *Antonio*'s return.

Enter.

Enter Laura *weeping.*

——What, *Laura* all in Tears! the reaſon pray.

Lau. Madam, the Prince, conducted by my Brother,
About an Hour ſince made me a Viſit;
The Man of all the World I would have ſhun'd,
Knowing his amorous and inconſtant Temper.
—At his approach he bluſht and ſtarted back,
And I with great amazement did the like.
With fear I loſt all power of going from him,
As he had done of making his Addreſs;
He gaz'd and wonder'd, and I gaz'd on him,
And from his ſilence I became amaz'd.
—My Brother ſtood confounded at our Poſtures,
And only by the motion of his Head
(Which now he turn'd to me, then to the Prince)
We knew that he had Life.

Iſm. Well, how recover'd ye?

Lau. The Prince then kneel'd, but could approach no nearer;
And then as if he'd taken me for ſome Deity,
He made a long diſorder'd amorous Speech,
Which brought me back to Senſe again:
But *Lorenzo* told him that I was a Mortal,
And brought him nearer to me,
Where he began to make ſuch Vows of Love———

Iſm. What then?

Lau. Then I am ruin'd———
To all I ſaid he found a contradiction,
And my denials did but more inflame him;
I told him of the Vows I'ad made to *Curtius*,
But he reply'd that *Curtius* was a Subject.
But ſure at laſt I'ad won upon his Goodneſs,
Had not my Father enter'd,
To whom the Prince addreſt himſelf;
And with his moving tale ſo won upon him,
Or rather by his Quality,
That he has gain'd his leave to viſit me,
And quite forbids me e'er to ſpeak to *Curtius.*

Iſm. Alas the day, is this all?

Lau. All! can there be more to make me miſerable?

Iſm.

Iſm. I ſee no reaſon thou haſt to complain :
Come, wipe your Eyes, and take a good Heart ; for I'll tell thee a Story of my own, that will let thee ſee I have much more cauſe to weep ; and yet I have a thouſand little Stratagems in my Head, which give me as many hopes. This unlucky reſtraint upon our Sex, makes us all cunning ; and that ſhall aſſiſt thee now with my help, I warrant thee ; come in with me, and know the reſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Iſab. So, ſo, diſguiſe it how you will, I know you are a real Lover ; and that ſecret ſhall advance my Love-deſign. Yes Madam, now I will be ſerv'd by you, or you ſhall fail to find a Friend of me. [*Ex.* Iſab.

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo *drunk, with a Page, and Muſick, as in the dark.*

Lor. Here's the Door, begin and play your beſt,
But let them be ſoft low Notes, do you hear? [*They play.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Muſick at my Lodgings ! it is *Alberto* ; oh how I love him for't——if *Clarina* ſtand his Courtſhip, I am made ; I languiſh between Hope and Fear.

Lor. Stay Friend, I hear ſomebody. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Pag. 'Tis nobody, Sir.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, and my Plots ripe ; [*Aſide.*

Lorenzo *retires the while a little further.*

'Twill not ſure be hard to get him, under pretence of ſeeing *Clarina*, into my Chamber, and then I'll order him at my pleaſure ; *Iſmana* is on my ſide, for I know all her Secrets, and ſhe muſt wink at mine therefore.
[*She retires.*

Lor. Thou art in the right Boy,
I think indeed 'twas nothing. [*Plays again.*

Enter Alberto.

Alb. She yields, bad Woman !
Why ſo eaſily won ?
By me too, who am thy Husband's Friend :

Oh

Oh dangerous Boldneſs! unconſidering Woman!
I lov'd thee, whilſt I thought thou couldſt not yield;
Bot now that Eaſineſs has undone thy Intereſt and my Heart,
I'll back, and tell thee that it was to try thee.

Lor. No, no, 'twas my Fears, away with the Song,
I'll take it on your word that 'tis fit for my purpoſe.

Fid. I'll warrant you, my Lord.

SONG.

IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove
Of a Heart that can ne'er give attendance to Love;
So hard to be done,
That nothing ſo young
Could e'er have reſiſted a Paſſion ſo long.

Yet nothing I left unattempted or ſaid,
That might ſoften the Heart of this pitileſs Maid;
But ſtill ſhe was ſhy,
And would bluſhing deny,
Whilſt her willinger Eyes gave her Language the lye.

Since, Phillis, *my Paſſion you vow to deſpiſe,*
Withdraw the falſe Hopes from your flattering Eyes:
For whilſt they inſpire
A reſiſtleſs vain Fire,
We ſhall grow to abhor, what we now do admire.

[*Ex.* Muſick.

Alb. What's this, and at *Clarina*'s Lodgings too?
Sure 'tis *Antonio*, impatient of delay,
Gives her a Serenade from me.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. 'Tis the Fool himſelf—my Lord, where are you?

Alb. How! a Woman's Voice! 'tis dark, I'll advance.

Lor. Thou Simpleton, I told thee there was ſomebody.

Pag. Lord, Sir, 'tis only *Iſabella* that calls you.

Lor. Away Sirrah, I find by my Fears 'tis no Woman.

[*Goes out with the Page.*

Iſab.

Iſab. Why don't you come? here's nobody.
Alb. Here I am.
Iſab. Where?
Alb. Here. [*Gives her his Hand.*
Iſab. My Lord, you may venture, *Clarina* will be alone within this Hour, where you ſhall entertain her at your freedom: but you muſt ſtay a while in my Chamber till my Lord's a bed; for none but I muſt know of the favour ſhe deſigns you.
Alb. Oh Gods! what Language do I hear——
Falſe and Perfidious Woman, I might have thought,
Since thou wert gain'd ſo eaſily by me,
Thou wouldſt with equal haſte yield to another.
Iſab. It is not *Lorenzo*, what ſhall I do? [*She ſteals in.*
Enter Lorenzo *and* Page.
Lor. A Pox of all damn'd cowardly fear! Now did I think I had drunk Nature up to Reſolution: I have heard of thoſe that could have dar'd in their Drink; but I find, drunk or ſober, 'tis all one in me.
Alb. The Traitor's here,
Whom I will kill whoe'er he be.
Lor. Boy, go ſee for *Iſabella.*
Boy. I ſee a Man ſhould not be a Coward and a Lover once——*Iſabella*, *Iſabella*, ſhe's gone, Sir. [*Calls.*
Alb. Yes Villain, ſhe's gone, and in her room
Is one that will chaſtiſe thy Boldneſs.
Lor. That's a proud word tho, whoe'er thou be; but how I ſhall avoid it, is paſt my Underſtanding.
Alb. Where art thou, Slave?
[Alberto *gropes for him, he avoids him.*
Pag. Take heart Sir, here's company which I will
Get to aſſiſt you——
Enter Antonio.
Sir, as you are a Gentleman, aſſiſt a ſtranger ſet upon by Thieves. [*They fight*, Antonio *with* Alberto, Alberto *falls, is wounded.* Lor *runs away the while.*
Alb. Whoe'er thou be'ſt that takes the Traitor's part, Commend me to the wrong'd *Antonio.*
Ant. Alberto! dear *Alberto*, is it thee?
Alb. Antonio!

Ant.

Ant. I am aſham'd to ſay I am *Antonio*;
Oh Gods, why would you ſuffer this miſtake?
Alb. I am not wounded much,
My greateſt pain is my concern for thee;
Friend, thou art wrong'd, falſely and baſely wrong'd;
Clarina, whom you lov'd and fear'd,
Has now betray'd thy Honour with her own.
Ant. Without that ſad addition to my Grief,
I ſhould not long have born the weight of Life,
Having deſtroy'd thine by a dire miſtake.
Alb. Thou art deceiv'd.
Ant. Alas, why was it not permitted me
To loſe my Friend, or Wife? had one ſurviv'd,
I might have dy'd in ſilence for the other;
Oh my *Alberto!* oh *Clarina* too!—— [*Weeps.*
Alb. Come, do not grieve for me, I ſhall be well,
I yet find ſtrength enough to get away;
And then I'll let thee know my Fate and thine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clarina, Iſmena, *and* Iſabella *weeping.*

Iſab. For Heaven ſake, Madam, pardon me.
Clar. Be dumb for ever, falſe and treacherous Woman,
Was there no way but this to maſk your Cheat?
A Lye which has undone us all.
Iſab. Alas, 'twas in the dark, how could I know him?
Pray forgive it me, and try my future Service.
Clar. I never will forgive thee, naughty Girl;
Alberto now incens'd will tell *Antonio* all.
Iſab. What need you care, Madam?
You are ſecure enough.
Clar. Thou ſalv'ſt an Error with a greater ſtill;
Doſt thou not know *Antonio*'s Jealouſy,
Which yet is moderate, rais'd to a higher pitch,
May ruin me, *Iſmena*, and thy ſelf?
Iſm. Siſter, there cannot be much harm in this;
'Tis an ill chance, 'tis true, for by it we have loſt
The pleaſure of an innocent Revenge

Upon

Upon *Antonio*; but if underſtood,
We have but miſs'd that end.
Clar. Oh *Iſmena!*
This Jealouſy is an unapprehenſive madneſs,
A non-ſenſe which does ſtill abandon Reaſon.
Iſab. Madam, early in the Morning
I'll to *Alberto*'s Lodgings, and tell him the miſtake.
Clar. 'Twill be too late.
Iſm. Siſter, what think you if I go myſelf?
Clar. You ſhould not be ſo daring;
Beſides, I bluſh to think what ſtrange opinion
He'll entertain of me the while.
Iſm. Do not let that afflict you,
Fetch my Veil, and if *Antonio* chance to aſk for me,
Tell him I'm gone to *Laura.* [*Ex.* Iſab.
Believe me, I will ſet all ſtrait again.
Enter Iſabella *with the Veil.*
Clar. Thou haſt more Courage, Girl, than I.
Iſm. What need is there of much of that, to encounter a gay young Lover, where I am ſure there cannot be much danger?
Clar. Well take your chance, I wiſh you luck Sir,
For I am e'en as much bent upon Revenge,
As thou art upon Marriage.
Iſm. Come, my Veil, this and the Night will enough ſecure me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Diſcovers* Alberto *and* Antonio.

Alb. Nay thou ſhalt ſee't before thou doſt revenge it;
In ſuch a caſe, thy ſelf ſhould be the Witneſs,
She knows not what has paſt to night between us,
Nor ſhould ſhe, if thou couldſt contain thy Rage?
And that, *Antonio*, you ſhall promiſe me:
To morrow place thy ſelf behind the Arras,
And from thy Eyes thy own Misfortunes know.
——What will not diſobliged Paſſion do? [*Aſide.*

Ant. I'll hide my Anger in a ſeeming calm,
And what I have to do conſult the while,
And mask my Vengeance underneath a Smile. [*Ex.* Ant.

Page. My Lord, there is without a Lady
Deſires to ſpeak with you.

Alb. Who is't?

Page. I know not, Sir, ſhe's veiled.

Enter Iſmena *weeping.*

Alb. Conduct her in.

Iſm. Oh *Alberto*, *Iſabella* has undone us all!

Blp. She weeps, and looks as innocent.
——What mean you, falſe diſſembling *Clarina?*
What, have you borrow'd from Deceit new Charms,
And think'ſt to fool me to a new belief?

Iſm. How Sir, can you too be unkind? Nay then 'tis time to die; alas, there wanted but your credit to this miſtake, to make me truly miſerable.

Alb. What Credit? What Miſtake? oh undeceive me,
For I have done thee Injuries paſt Forgiveneſs,
If thou be'ſt truly innocent.

Iſm. If *Iſabella*, under pretence of courting me for *Lorenzo*, whom ſhe deſigns to make a Husband, has given him freedoms will undo my Honour, if not prevented soon.

Alb. May I credit this, and that it was not by thy Command she did it?

Iſm. Be witneſs Heaven, my Innocence in this,
Which if you will believe, I'm ſafe again.

Alb. I do believe thee, but thou art not ſafe.
Here, take this Ponyard, and revenge thy Wrongs,
Wrongs which I dare not beg a Pardon for.

[*He gives her a Dagger.*

Iſm. Why, Sir, what have you done? have you deceiv'd me, and do you not indeed love me?

Alb. Oh *Clarina!* do not ask that Question,
Too much of that has made me ruin thee;
It made me jealous, drunk with Jealouſy,
And then I did unravel all my Secrets.

Iſm. What Secrets, Sir? you have then ſeen *Antonio.*

Alb. Yes.

Iſm.

Iſm. Hah——Now Wit, if e'er thou did'ſt poſſeſs a Woman, aſſiſt her at her need. [*Aſide.*
——Well, Sir, riſe and tell me all.

Alb. I will not riſe till you have pardoned me,
Or puniſhed my Misfortune.

Iſm. Be what it will, I do forgive it thee.

Alb. *Antonio*, Madam, knows my Happineſs,
For in my Rage I told him that you lov'd me;
———What ſhall I do?

Iſm. I cannot blame you tho it were unkind.

Alb. This I could help, but I have promis'd him,
That he ſhall be a witneſs of this Truth;
What ſay you, Madam, do I not merit Death?
Oh ſpeak, and let me know my doom whate'er it be.

Iſm. Make good your Word.

Alb. What mean you?

Iſm. What you have promiſed him, perform as you intended.

Alb. What then?

Iſm. Then come as you deſign'd to viſit me.

Alb. But let me know what 'tis you mean to do,
That I may act accordingly.

Iſm. No. Anſwer me to every Queſtion ask'd,
And I perhaps may ſet all ſtrait again;
It is now late, and I muſt not be miſſing:
But if you love me, be no more jealous of me,
———Farewel.

Alb. Muſt I be ignorant then of your Deſign?

Iſm. Yes, *Alberto*;
And you ſhall ſee what Love will make a Woman do.
[*He leads her out.*

Alb. Now am I caught again, inconſtant Nature.
——Would ſhe had leſs of Beauty or of Wit,
Or that *Antonio* did but leſs deſerve her;
Or that ſhe were not married,
Or I'ad leſs Virtue, for 'tis that which awes me.
That tender ſenſe of nothing,
And makes the other Reaſons ſeem as Bugbears.
——I love *Clarina* more than he can do.
And yet this Virtue doth oppoſe that Love,

Tells me there lurks a Treaſon there
Againſt *Antonio*'s and *Clarina*'s Virtue.
——'Tis but too true indeed, and I'm not ſafe,
Whilſt I conceal the Criminal within:
I muſt reveal it, for whilſt I hide the Traitor,
I ſeem to love the Treaſon too;
I will reſign it then, ſince 'tis leſs blame
To periſh by my Pain, than live with Shame. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick *and* Laura.

Fred. LAura, conſider well my Quality,
And be not angry with your Father's Confidence,
Who left us here alone.

Lau. He will repent that Freedom when he knows
What uſe you've made on't, Sir.

Fred. Fy, fy, *Laura*, a Lady bred at Court, and yet want complaiſance enough to entertain a Gallant in private! this coy Humour is not *à-la-mode.*——Be not ſo peeviſh with a Heart that dies for you.

Lau. Pray tell me, Sir, what is't in me that can encourage this?

Fred. That which is in all lovely Women, *Laura*;
A thouſand Bluſhes play about your Cheeks,
Which ſhows the briskneſs of the Blood that warms them.
——If I but tell you how I do adore you,
You ſtrait decline your Eyes;
Which does declare you underſtand my meaning,
And every Smile or Frown betrays your Thoughts,
And yet you cry, you do not give me cauſe.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Curtius, Madam, waits without.

Fred. I do not like his haſte,
———Tell him he cannot be admitted now.

Lau

Lau. Sir, he is one that merits better treatment from you ;
How can you injure thus the Man you love ?
Fred. Oh Madam, ask your Eyes, thoſe powerful Attracts,
And do not call their Forces ſo in queſtion,
As to believe they kindle feeble Fires,
Such as a Friendſhip can ſurmount. No, *Laura*,
They've done far greater Miracles.
Lau. Sir, 'tis in vain you tell me of their Power,
Unleſs they could have made a nobler Conqueſt
Than Hearts that yield to every petty Victor.
——Look on me well,
Can nothing here inform you of my Soul,
And how it ſcorns to treat on theſe Conditions ?
[*Looks on him, he gazes with a half Smile.*
Fred. Faith, no, *Laura.*
I ſee nothing there but wondrous Beauty,
And a deal of needleſs Pride and Scorn,
And ſuch as may be humbled.
Lau. Sir, you miſtake, that never can abate.
But yet I know your Power may do me injuries ;
But I believe you're guilty of no Sin,
Save your Inconſtancy, which is ſufficient ;
And, Sir, I beg I may not be the firſt [*Kneels and weeps.*
May find new Crimes about you.
Fred. Riſe *Laura*, thou haſt but too many Beauties,
Which pray be careful that you keep conceal'd.
[*Offers to go.*
Lau. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Fred.—But why ſhould this interpoſing Virtue check me ?
—Stay *Laura*, tell me ; muſt you marry *Curtius ?*
Lau. Yes Sir, I muſt.
Fred. Laura, you muſt not.
Lau. How, Sir !
Fred. I ſay you ſhall not marry him,
Unleſs you offer up a Victim,
That may appeaſe the Anger you have rais'd in me.
Lau. I'll offer up a thouſand Prayers and Tears.
Fred. That will not do.

Since thou'ſt deny'd my juſt Pretenſions to thee,
No leſs than what I told you of ſhall ſatisfy me.
Lau. Oh where is all your Honour and your Virtue?
Fred. Juſt where it was, there's no ſuch real thing.
I know that thou wert made to be poſſeſt,
And he that does refuſe it, loves thee leaſt.
——There's danger in my Love, and your Delay,
And you are moſt ſecure whilſt you obey.
[*He pulls her gently.*
Lau. Then this ſhall be my ſafety, hold off,
[*She draws a Dagger.*
Or I'll forget you are my Prince. [*He laughs.*
Fred. Pretty *Virago*, how you raiſe my Love?
——I have a Dagger too; what will you do?
[*Shows her a Dagger.*
Enter Curtius.
Cur. How! the Prince! arm'd againſt *Laura* too!
[*Draws.*
Fred. Traitor, doſt draw upon thy Prince?
Cur. Your Pardon, Sir, I meant it on a Raviſher,
A foul miſguided Villain, [*Bows.*
One that ſcarce merits the brave name of Man;
One that betrays his Friend, forſakes his Wife,
And would commit a Rape upon my Miſtreſs.
Fred. Her Preſence is thy Safety, be gone and leave me.
Cur. By no means, Sir; the Villain may return,
To which fair *Laura*, ſhould not be expos'd.
Fred. Slave, dar'ſt thou diſobey? [*Offers to fight.*
Cur. Hold, Sir, and do not make me guilty of a Sin,
Greater than that of yours.
Enter Salvator.
Salv. Gods pity me; here's fine doings!—Why how came this roiſtring Youngſter in my Houſe? Sir, who ſent for you, hah?
Cur. Love.
Salv. Love, with a Witneſs to whom? my Daughter? —No, Sir, ſhe's otherwiſe diſpos'd of I can aſſure you. Be gone and leave my Houſe, and that quickly too; and thank me that I do not ſecure thee for a Traitor.
Cur. Will you not hear me ſpeak?

Salv.

Salv. Not a word, Sir, go be gone ; unleſs your Highneſs will have him apprehended. [*To* Fred.

Fred. No Sir, it ſhall not need—*Curtius*, look to hear from me.—— [*Comes up to him, and tells him ſo in a menacing Tone, and go out ſeverally.*

Salv. Go Mrs. *Minks*, get you in. [*Ex.* Salv. *and* Laur.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick *paſſing in anger over the Stage, meets* Lorenzo.

Lor. O Sir, I'm glad I've found you ; for I have the rareſt News for you.

Fred. What News ?

Lor. Oh the Devil, he's angry ;———Why, Sir, the prettieſt young———

Fred. There's for your Intelligence.

[*Strikes him, and goes out.*

Lor. So, very well ; how mortal is the favour of Princes ! theſe be turns of State now ; what the Devil ails he trow ; ſure he could not be offended with the News I have brought him ; if he be, he's ſtrangely out of tune : and ſure he has too much Wit to grow virtuous at theſe Years. No, no, he has had ſome repulſe from a Lady ; and that's a wonder ; for he has a Tongue and a Purſe that ſeldom fails : if Youth and Vigour would ſtretch as far, he were the wonder of the Age.

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Lorenzo, didſt thou ſee the Prince ?

Lor. Marry did I, and feel him too.

Cur. Why, did he ſtrike you ?

Lor. I'm no true Subject if he did not ; and that only for doing that Service which once was moſt acceptable to him.——Prithee what's the matter with him, hah ?

Cur. I know not, leave me.

Lor. Leave thee, what art thou out of humour too ? Let me but know who 'tis has diſoblig'd thee, and I'll—

Cur. What wilt thou ?

Lor. Never ſee his Face more, if a Man.

Cur. And what if a Woman?

Lor. Then ſhe's an idle peeviſh Slut, I'll warrant her.

Cur. Conclude it ſo, and leave me.

Lor. Nay, now thou haſt ſaid the only thing that could keep me with thee, thou mayſt be deſperate; I'll tell you *Curtius*, theſe female Miſchiefs make Men take dangerous Reſolutions ſometimes.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Curtius, I've ſomething to deliver to your Ears. [*Whiſpers.*

Cur. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcome.

Lor. Well, I will be hang'd if there be not ſome Miſchief in agitation; it cannot be wenching; they look all too dull and ſober for that; and beſides, then I ſhould have been a party concern'd.

Cur. The place and time.

Alb. An hour hence i'th' Grove by the River-ſide.

Cur. Alone thou ſay'ſt?

Alb. Alone, the Prince will have it ſo.

Cur. I will not fail a moment. [*Ex.* Alb.

—So this has eas'd my heart of half its Load.

Lor. I'll ſneak away, for this is ſome fighting Buſineſs, and I may perhaps be invited a Second, a Compliment I care not for. [*Offers to go.*

Cur. Lorenzo, a word with you.

Lor. 'Tis ſo, what ſhall I do now? [*Aſide*

Cur. Stay.

Lor. I am a little in haſte, my Lord.

Cur. I ſhall ſoon diſpatch you.

Lor. I believe ſo, for I am half dead already with Fear. [*Aſide.*]—Sir, I have promis'd to make a viſit to a Lady, and——

Cur. What I've to ſay will not detain you long.

Lor. What a Dog was I, I went not when he firſt deſir'd me to go! Oh Impertinency, thou art juſtly rewarded!

Cur. Lorenzo, may I believe you love me?

Lor. Now what ſhall I ſay, Ay or no? [*Aſide.*

The Devil take me if I know.

Cur. Will you do me a favour?

Lor. There 'tis again. [*Aſide.*

Cur.

Cur. I know I may truſt thee with a ſecret.
Lor. Truly *Curtius*, I cannot tell,
In ſome caſes I am not very retentive.
Cur. I am going about a buſineſs, that perhaps
May take up all the time I have to live,
And I may never ſee thy Siſter more;
Will you oblige me in a Meſſage to her?
Lor. You know you may command me;
——I'm glad 'tis no worſe. [*Aſide.*
Cur. Come, go with me into my Cabinet,
And there I'll write to *Laura*;
And prithee if thou hear'ſt that I am dead,
Tell her I fell a Sacrifice to her,
And that's enough, ſhe underſtands the reſt.
Lor. But harkye, *Curtius*, by your favour, this is but a ſcurvy Tale to carry to your Miſtreſs; I hope you are not in earneſt.
Cur. Yes.
Lor. Yes! why, what a fooliſh idle humour's this in you? I vow 'twill go near to break the poor Girl's Heart;——Come be advis'd, Man.
Cur. Perhaps I may conſider on't for that reaſon.
Lor. There are few that go about ſuch buſineſſes, but have one thing or other to conſider in favour of Life; I find that even in the moſt magnanimous:—Prithee who is't with?
Cur. That's counſel; and pray let this too which I have told you be a ſecret, for 'twill concern your Life.
Lor. Good *Curtius*, take it back again then; for a hundred to one but my over-care of keeping it will betray it.
Cur. Thou loveſt thy ſelf better.
Lor. Well, that's a comfort yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Cloris *dreſs'd like a Country-Boy, follow'd by* Guilliam *a Clown*; Cloris *reading a Letter.*
Clo. reads. Cloris *beware of Men*; *for tho I my ſelf be one,*

Yet I have the Frailties of my Sex, and can diſſemble too;
Truſt none of us, for if thou doſt, thou art undone;
We make Vows to all alike we ſee,
And even the beſt of Men, the Prince,
Is not to be credited in an affair of Love.
—Oh *Curtius*, thy advice was very kind;
Had it arriv'd before, I'ad been undone!
—Can *Frederick* too be falſe?
A Prince, and be unjuſt to her that loves him too?
—Surely it is impoſſible—
Perhaps thou lov'ſt me too, and this may be
[*Pointing to the Letter.*
Some Plot of thine to try my Conſtancy:
—Howe'er it be, ſince he could fail laſt night
Of ſeeing me, I have at leaſt a cauſe to juſtify
This ſhameful change; and ſure in this Diſguiſe,
I ſhall not ſoon be known, doſt think I ſhall?
[*Looks on her ſelf.*

Guil. Why forſooth, what do you intend to paſs for, a Maid or a Boy?

Clo. Why, what I ſeem to be, will it not do?

Guil. Yes, yes, it may do, but I know not what;
I would Love would tranſmography me to a Maid now,
——We ſhould be the prettieſt Couple:
Don't you remember when you dreſs'd me up the laſt Carnival, was not I the woundieſt handſome Laſs a body could ſee in a Summer's day? There was *Claud* the Shepherd as freakiſh after me, I'll warrant you, and ſimper'd and tript it like any thing.

Clo. Ay, but they ſay 'tis dangerous for young Maids to live at Court.

Guil. Nay, then I ſhould be loth to give temptation.
—Pray forſooth, what's that you read ſo often there?

Clo. An advice to young Maids that are in love.

Guil. Ay, ay, that ſame Love is a vengeance thing,
Wou'd I were in love too; I ſee it makes a body valiant;
One neither feels Hunger nor Cold that is poſſeſt with it.

Clo. Thou art i'th' right, it can do Miracles.

Guil. So it ſeems, for without a Miracle you and I could never have rambled about theſe Woods all night without

without either Bottle or Wallet: I could e'en cry for hunger now.

Clo. What a dull Soul this Fellow hath?
Sure it can never feel the generous Pains
Of Love, as mine does now; oh how I glory
To find my Heart above the common rate!
Were not my Prince inconſtant,
I would not envy what the Bleſſed do above:
But he is falſe, good Heaven!— [*Weeps.* Guil. *howls.*
—What doſt feel, that thou ſhouldſt weep with me?

Guil. Nothing but Hunger, ſharp Hunger, forſooth.

Clo. Leave calling me forſooth, it will betray us.

Guil. What ſhall I call you then?

Clo. Call me, *Philibert*, or any thing;
And be familiar with me: put on thy Hat, leſt any come and ſee us.

Guil. 'Tis a hard name, but I'll learn it by heart.
—Well *Philibert*—What ſhall we do when we come to Court? [*Puts on his Hat.*
Beſides eating and drinking, which I ſhall do in abundance.

Clo. We muſt get each of us a Service:
——But thou art ſuch a Clown.

Guil. Nay, ſay not ſo, honeſt *Philibert:* for look ye, I am much the properer Fellow of the two. [*Walks.*

Clo. Well, try thy fortune; but be ſure you never diſcover me, whatever Queſtions may chance to be asked thee.

Guil. I warrant thee, honeſt Lad, I am true and truſty; But I muſt be very familiar with you, you ſay.

Clo. Yes, before Company.

Guil. Pray let me begin and practiſe a little now,
An't pleaſe you, for fear I ſhould not be ſaucy enough,
When we arrive at Court.

Clo. I'll warrant you you'll ſoon learn there.

Guil Oh Lord, *Philibert! Philibert!* I ſee a Man a coming moſt deadly fine, let's run away.

Clo. Thus thou haſt ſerv'd me all this night, there's not a Buſh we come at, but thou ſtart'ſt thus.

Guil.

Guil. 'Tis true you are a Lover, and may ſtay the danger on't; but I'll make ſure for one.

Clo. It is the Prince, oh Gods! what makes he here?
With Looks diſorder'd too; this Place is fit for Death and ſad
Deſpair; the melancholy Spring a ſleepy murmur makes,
A proper Conſort for departing Souls,
When mix'd with dying Groans, and the thick Boughs
Compoſe a diſmal Roof;
Dark as the gloomy Shades of Death or Graves.
—He comes this way, I'll hide my ſelf awhile.
[*Goes behind a Buſh.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. But yet not this, nor my deſpight to *Laura*,
Shall make me out of love with Life,
Whilſt I have youthful Fires about my Heart:
—Yet I muſt fight with *Curtius*,
And ſo chaſtiſe the Pride of that fond Maid,
Whoſe ſaucy Virtue durſt controul my Flame.
—And yet I love her not as I do *Cloris*;
But fain I would have overcome that Chaſtity,
Of which the fooliſh Beauty boaſts ſo.

Clo. Curtius I thank thee, now I do believe thee.
Guilliam, if thou ſeeſt any fighting anon, [*The Prince*
Be ſure you run out and call ſome body. *walks.*

Guil. You need not bid me run away, when I once ſee them go to that.

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Sir, I am come as you commanded me.

Fred. When you conſider what you've lately done,
You will not wonder why I ſent for you;
And when I mean to fight, I do not uſe to parly:
Come draw.

Cur. Shew me my Enemy, and then if I am ſlow—

Fred. I am he, needſt thou one more powerful?

Cur. You, Sir! what have I done to make you ſo?

Fred. If yet thou want'ſt a further proof of it,
Know I'll diſpute my Claim to *Laura*.

Cur. That muſt not be with me, Sir;
God forbid that I ſhould raiſe my Arm againſt my Prince.

If

——If *Laura* have ſo little Faith and Virtue,
To render up that Right belongs to me,
With all my heart I yield her
To any but to you:
And, Sir, for your own ſake you muſt not have her.
Fred. Your Reaſon?
Cur. Sir, you're already married.
Fred. Thou lyeſt, and ſeek'ſt excuſes for thy Cowardice.
Cur. I wiſh you would recal that haſty Injury;
Yet this I'll bear from you, who know 'tis falſe.
Fred. Will nothing move thee?
Cur. You would believe ſo, Sir, if I ſhould tell you,
That beſides all this, I have a juſter Cauſe.
Fred. Juſter than that of *Laura?* call it up, then,
And let it ſave thee from a further ſhame.
Cur. Yes ſo I will, 'tis that of *Cloris*,
Who needs my aids much more;
Do you remember ſuch a Virgin, Sir?
For ſo ſhe was till ſhe knew *Frederick*,
The ſweeteſt Innocent that ever Nature made.
Fred. Not thy own Honour, nor thy Love to *Laura*,
Would make thee draw, and now at *Cloris'* Name
Thou art incens'd, thy Eyes all red with Rage:
——Oh thou haſt rouz'd my Soul!
Nor would I juſtify my Wrongs to her,
Unleſs it were to ſatisfy my Jealouſy,
Which thou haſt rais'd in me by this concern.
——Draw, or I'll kill thee.
Cur. Stay, Sir, and hear me out.
Fred. I will not ſtay, now I reflect on all
Thy former kindneſs to her——
Cur. I will not fight, but I'll defend my ſelf.
[*They fight.*
Fred. We are betray'd.
Cur. Yes, Sir, and you are wounded.
[Guil. *runs bawling out, they are both wounded.*
Clo. Oh Heaven defend the Prince! [*She peeps.*

Fred.

Fred. I hear ſome coming, go be gone,
And ſave thy ſelf by flight.
[Frederick *ſtands leaning on his Sword.*
Cur. Sir, give me leave to ſtay, my flight will look like Guilt.
Fred. By no means, *Curtius*, thou wilt be taken here, and thou ſhalt never charge me with that Crime of betraying thee: when we meet next, we'll end it.
Cur. I muſt obey you then. [*Exit.*
Enter Cloris.
Clo. Sir, has the Villain hurt you? [*She ſupports him.*
—Pray Heaven my Sorrows do not betray me now;
For ſince he's falſe, I fain would die conceal'd. [*Aſide.*
—Shew me your Wound, and I will tie it up.
Alas, you bleed extremely.—— (come;
Fred. Kind Youth, thy Succours are in vain, tho welFor tho I bleed, I am not wounded much.
Clo. No? why did you let him paſs unpuniſh'd then,
Who would have hurt you more?
Enter Guilliam *with* Galliard.
Serv. Where was't?
Guil. Look ye, Sir, there, don't you ſee them?
Serv. How does your Highneſs? This Fellow told me of a quarrel here, which made me haſte.
Fred. Be ſilent, and carry me to my own apartment.
Serv. Alas, Sir, is it you that fought?
Fred. No more Queſtions.———
Kind Boy, pray leave me not till I have found a way to recompenſe thy pretty care of me.
Clo. I will wait on you, Sir. [*Exeunt all but* Guil.
Enter Lorenzo. *Peeps firſt.*
Lor. What's the matter here? the Prince is wounded too.
Oh what a Dog was I to know of ſome ſuch thing,
And not ſecure them all?
[Lor. *ſtands gazing at* Guil. Guil. *ſtands tabering his Hat, and ſcruing his Face.*
—What's here? Ha, ha, ha, this is the pleaſanteſt Fellow that e'er I ſaw in my Life. Prithee Friend, what's thy Name?

Guil.

Guil. My Name, an't ſhall like ye.
My Name, it is *Guilliam.*

Lor. From whence comeſt thou?

Guil. From a Village a great huge way off.

Lor. And what's thy buſineſs here, hah?

Guil. Truly, Sir, not to tell a Lye;
I come to get a Service here at Court.

Lor. A Service at Court! ha, ha, that's a pleaſant Humour i'faith. Why Fellow, what canſt thou do?

Guil. Do Sir! I can do any thing.

Lor. Why what canſt thou do? canſt thou dreſs well?
—Set a Peruke to advantage, tie a Crevat,
And Cuffs? put on a Belt with dexterity, hah?
Theſe be the Parts that muſt recommend you.

Guil. I know not what you mean, but I am ſure I can do them all.

Lor. Thou art confident it ſeems, and I can tell you, Sirrah, that's a great ſtep to Preferment;
——But well, go on then, canſt ride the great Horſe?

Guil. The biggeſt in all our Town
I have rid a thouſand times.

Lor. That's well; canſt fence?

Guil. Fence Sir, what's that?

Lor. A Term we uſe for the Art and Skill of handling a Weapon.

Guil. I can threſh, Sir.

Lor. What's that, Man?

Guil. Why, Sir, it is—it is—threſhing.

Lor. An Artiſt I vow; canſt play on any Muſick?

Guil. Oh moſt rogically, Sir, I have a Bagpipe that every Breath ſets the whole Village a dancing.

Lor. Better ſtill; and thou canſt dance I'll warrant?

Guil. Dance, he, he, he, I vow you've light on my Maſter-piece, y'fegs.

Lor. And I'll try thee: Boy, go fetch [*To the Page.*
ſome of the Muſick hither which I keep in pay. [*Ex.* Boy.
——But hark you, Friend, tho I love Dancing very well, and that may recommend thee in a great degree; yet 'tis wholly neceſſary that you ſhould be valiant too: We Great ones ought to be ſerv'd by Men of Valour, for we

are

are very liable to be affronted by many here to our Faces, which we would gladly have beaten behind our Backs. —But Pox on't, thou haſt not the Huff and Grimace of a Man of Proweſs.

Guil. As for fighting, tho I do not care for it, yet I can do't if any body angers me, or ſo.

Lor. But I muſt have you learn to do't when any body angers me too.

Guil. Sir, they told me I ſhould have no need on't here; but I ſhall learn.

Lor. Why you Fool, that's not a thing to be learn'd,
——That's a brave Inclination born with Man,
A brave undaunted ſomething, a thing that,
That comes from, from, I know not what,
For I was born without it.

Enter Page and Muſick.

Oh are you come? let's ſee, Sirrah, your Activity,
For I muſt tell you that's another ſtep to Preferment.

[*He dances a Jig* en Paiſent.

'Tis well perform'd; well, hadſt thou but Wit, Valour, *Bone Mine*, good Garb, a Peruke, Conduct and Secrecy in Love-Affairs, and half a dozen more good Qualities, thou wert fit for ſomething; but I will try thee. Boy, let him have better Clothes; as for his Documents, I'll give him thoſe my ſelf.

Guil. Hah, I don't like that word, it ſounds terribly.

[*Aſide. Ex. Page and* Guil.

Lor. This Fellow may be of uſe to me; being doubtleſs very honeſt, becauſe he is ſo very ſimple: For to ſay truth, we Men of Parts are ſometimes over-wiſe, witneſs my laſt night's retreat from but a ſuppoſed Danger, and returning to fall into a real one. Well, I'll now to *Iſabella*, and know her final Reſolution; if *Clarina* will be kind, ſo; if not, there be thoſe that will.
——And tho I cannot any Conqueſt boaſt
For all the Time and Money I have loſt,
At leaſt of *Iſabel* I'll be reveng'd,
And have the flattering Baggage ſoundly ſwing'd;
And rather than ſhe ſhall eſcape my Anger,
My ſelf ſhall be the Hero that ſhall bang her. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. MAdam, turn your back to that ſide,
For there *Antonio* is hid; he muſt not ſee your Face: now raiſe your Voice, that he may hear what 'tis you ſay.

Iſm. I'll warrant you, *Iſabella:*
Was ever wretched Woman's Fate like mine,
Forc'd to obey the rigid Laws of Parents,
And marry with a Man I did not love?

Ant. Oh there's my cauſe of Fear. [Ant. *peeps.*

Iſm. Tho ſince I've had him, thou know'ſt I have endeavour'd
To make his Will my Law,
Till by degrees and Cuſtom, which makes things natural,
I found this Heart, which ne'er had been engag'd
To any other, grow more ſoft to him;
And ſtill the more he lov'd, the more I was oblig'd,
And made returns ſtill kinder; till I became
Not only to allow, but to repay his Tenderneſs.

Iſab. She counterfeits rarely. [*Aſide.*
Madam, indeed I have obſerv'd this truth.

Iſm. See who 'tis knocks. [*One knocks.*

Ant. What will this come to? [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Madam, 'tis *Alberto.*

Enter Alberto. *Bows.*

Iſm. My Lord, you've often told me that you lov'd me,
Which I with Womens uſual Pride beliv'd;
And now, encourag'd by my hopeful Promiſes,
You look for ſome Returns: Sir, is it ſo?

Alb. What means ſhe?
Pray Heaven I anſwer right. [*Aſide.*
——Madam, if I have err'd in that belief,
To know I do ſo, is ſufficient puniſhment.
——Lovers, Madam, tho they have no returns,
Like ſinking Men, ſtill catch at all they meet with;

And whilſt they live, tho in the midſt of Storms,
Becauſe they wiſh, they alſo hope for Calms.
Iſm. And did you, Sir, conſider who I was?
Alb. Yes, Madam, Wife unto my Friend *Antonio*,
The only Man that has an Intereſt here:
——But, Madam, that muſt ſtill ſubmit to Love.
Iſm. Canſt thou at once be true to him and me?
Alb. Madam, I know not that;
But ſince I muſt loſe one,
My Friendſhip I can better lay aſide.
Iſm. Haſt thou forgot how dear thou art to him?
Alb. No, I do believe I am, and that his Life
Were but a worthleſs trifle, if I needed it.
Yet, Madam, you are dearer to him ſtill
Than his *Alberto*; and 'tis ſo with me:
——Him I eſteem, but you I do adore;
And he whoſe Soul's inſenſible of Love,
Can never grateful to his Friendſhip prove.
Iſm. By your example, Sir, I'll ſtill retain
My Love for him; and what I had for you,
Which was but Friendſhip, I'll abandon too.
Ant. Happy *Antonio.*—— [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Pray what have you *Antonio* cannot own?
Has he not equal Beauty, if not exceeding thine?
Has he not equal Vigour, Wit, and Valour?
And all that even raiſes Men to Gods,
Wert not for poor Mortality?
——Vain Man, couldſt thou believe
That I would quit my Duty to this Husband,
And ſacrifice his Right to thee?
——Couldſt thou believe me yeſterday?
When from thy Importunity and Impudence,
To ſend thee from me,
I promiſed thee to love thee.
——Nay rather, treacherous Man,
Couldſt thou believe I did hate thee then,
Who baſely would betray thy Friend and me?
Alb. Sure this is earneſt. [*Aſide.*
Ant. Oh brave *Clarina!* [*Aſide.*

Iſm.

Iſm. Speak, Traitor, to my Fame and Honour;
Was there no Woman, but *Antonio*'s Wife,
With whom thou couldſt commit ſo foul a Crime?
And none but he to bring to publick Shame?
A Man who truſted thee, and lov'd thee too?
—Speak—and if yet thou haſt a ſenſe of Virtue,
Call to the Saints for pardon, or thou dy'ſt.
[*She draws a Poniard, and runs at him*; *he ſteps back to avoid it.*
Alb. Hold *Clarina!*—I am amaz'd.
Iſm. But ſtay.
Thou ſay'ſt my Beauty forc'd thee to this Wickedneſs,
And that's the cauſe you have abus'd *Antonio.*
—Nor is it all the Power I have with him,
Can make him credit what I tell him of thee;
And ſhould I live, I ſtill muſt be purſu'd by thee,
And unbeliev'd by him:
—*Alberto*, thou ſhalt ne'er be guilty more,
Whilſt this—and this may meet.
[*Offering to wound her ſelf, is ſtay'd by* Alb. *and* Iſab. *they ſet* Iſm. *in a Chair*; Alb. *kneels weeping.*
Alb. Hold, my divine *Clarina.*———
Ant. Shall I diſcover my ſelf, or ſteal away? [*Aſide.*
And all aſham'd of Life after this Action,
Go where the Sun or Day may never find me?
Oh! what Virtue I've abus'd———
Curſe on my little Faith;
And all the Curſes Madneſs can invent,
Light on my groundleſs Jealouſy. [*Ex.* Antonio.
Alb. Clarina, why ſo cruel to my Heart?
'Tis true, I love you, but with as chaſte an Ardour,
As Souls departing pay the Deities,
When with inceſſant Sighs they haſte away,
And leave Humanity behind. Oh! ſo did I
Abandon all the leſſer Joys of Life,
For that of being permitted but t'adore ye.
Alas, if 'twere diſpleaſing to you,
Why did your ſelf encourage it?
I might have languiſh'd, as I did before,

And

And hid thoſe Crimes which make you hate me now.
—Oh I am loſt! *Antonio*, thou'ſt undone me;
[*He riſes in Rage.*
—Hear me Ungrate; I ſwear by all that's good,
I'll waſh away my Miſchief with thy Blood.
Iſab. *Antonio* hears you not, Sir, for he's departed.
Iſm. Is *Antonio* gone?
[*She looks pertly up, who before lay half dead.*
Alb. How's this, has ſhe but feign'd?
Iſm. No, it was but feign'd; I hope this proof
Of what I have promis'd you, does not diſpleaſe.
Alb. Am I thus fortunate, thus ſtrangely happy?
Iſm. Time will confirm it to you—go, do not
Now thank me for't, but ſeek *Antonio* out;
Perhaps he may have too great a Senſe of the
Miſchiefs his Jealouſies had like to have caus'd:
But conjure him to take no notice of what's paſt to me;
This eaſy flight of mine ſecures our Fears,
And ſerves to make *Antonio* confident,
Who now will unbelive his Eyes and Ears;
And ſince before, while I was innocent,
He could ſuſpect my Love and Duty too,
I'll try what my diſſembling it will do.
——Go haſte.——
Alb. Madam, I go, ſupriz'd with Love and Wonder.
[*Ex.* Alb.
Iſm. You'll be more ſupriz'd, when you know [*Aſide.*
That you are cheated too as well as *Antonio.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Curtius *diſguiſ'd in a black Peruke and Beard, with* Pietro *diſguiſed alſo.*
Cur. Well, what haſt thou learn'd?
Piet. News enough, Sir, but none good;
That the Prince's Wounds are but ſmall,
So that he intends to take the Air this Evening;
That he follicits *Laura* hard;
And, Sir, that you are proclaim'd Traitor.
Cur. So, what ſays the Meſſenger you ſent to *Cloris?*
Piet.

Piet. Sir, he brings ſad tidings back.
Cur. What tidings? is ſhe dead?
That would revive my Soul,
And ſortify my eaſy Nature with ſome wicked Notions,
As deep as thoſe this flattering Prince made uſe of,
When he betray'd my Siſter, pretty *Cloris:*
—Come, ſpeak it boldly, for nothing elſe
Will make me do her Juſtice.
Piet. No, Sir, ſhe is not dead,
But fled, and none knows whither;
Only *Guilliam* attends her.
Cur. Worſe and worſe; but what of *Laura?*
Piet. She, Sir, is kept a Priſoner by her Father,
And ſpeaks with none but thoſe that come from *Frederick.*
Cur. *Laura* confin'd too! 'tis time to haſten then,
With my, till now, almoſt diſarm'd Revenge:
—Thus I may paſs unknown the Streets of *Florence,*
And find an opportunity to reach this Prince's Heart,
—Oh, Vengeance! luxurious Vengeance!
Thy Pleaſures turn a Rival to my Love,
And make the mightier Conqueſt o'er my Heart.
—*Cloris,* I will revenge thy Tears and Sufferings;
And to ſecure the Doom of him that wrong'd thee,
I'll call on injur'd *Laura* too.
—Here take theſe Pictures——and where thou ſee'ſt
[*Gives him Boxes.*
A knot of Gallants, open one or two, as if by ſtealth,
To gaze upon the Beauties, and then ſtraight cloſe them—
But ſtay, here comes the only Man
I could have wiſh'd for; he'll proclaim my Buſineſs
Better than a Picture or a Trumpet. [*They ſtand by.*
[Curtius *takes back the Pictures.*
Enter Lorenzo *and* Guilliam *dreſt in finish'd Clothes, but the ſame high-crown'd Hat.*
Lor. Did, ha, ha, ha, did ha, ha; did ever any mortal Man behold ſuch a Figure as thou art now? Well, I ſee 'tis a damnable thing not to be born a Gentleman; the Devil himſelf can never make thee truly jantee now. ——Come, come, come forward; theſe Clothes become thee, as a Saddle does a Sow; why com'ſt thou not?
—Why

——Why——ha, ha, I hope thou haſt not hanſel'd thy new Breeches, thou look'ſt ſo filthily on't.

[*He advances, looking ſourly.*

Guill. No, Sir, I hope I have more manners than ſo; but if I ſhould, 'tis not my fault; for the neceſſary Houſes are hard to be met withal here at Court.

Lor. Very well, Sirrah; you begin already to be witty with the Court: but I can tell you, it has as many neceſſary Places in't, as any Court in Chriſtendom——— But what a Hat thou haſt?

Guill. Why Sir, tho I ſay't, this is accounted of in our Village; but I had another but now, which I blew off in a high Wind; and I never miſt it, till I had an occaſion to pluck it off to a young Squire, they call a Lacquey; and Fegs I had none at all: and becauſe I would not loſe my Leg for want of a Hat, I fetch'd this; and I can tell you, Sir, it has a faſhionable Brim.

Lor. A Fool's head of your own, has it not?
The Boys will hoot at us as we paſs——hah,
Who be theſe, who be theſe———

[*Goes towards* Cur. *and* Piet.

Cur. Here—this to *Don Alonoſo*——this to the *Engliſh* Count; and this you may ſhew to the young *German* Prince——and this——I will reſerve for higher Prices.

[*Gives* Piet. *Pictures.*

Piet. Will you ſhew none to the Courtiers, Sir?

Cur. Away you Fool, I deal in no ſuch Traſh.

Lor. How Sir, how was that? pray what, came we to gain your diſ-favour?

Cur. I cry you mercy, Sir, pray who are you?

Lor. A Courtier, Sir, I can aſſure you, and one of the beſt Rank too; I have the Prince's ear, Sir.
—What have you there, hah?—Pictures? let me ſee—
What, are they to be bought?

Cur. Sir, they are Copies of moſt fair Originals, not to be bought but hired.

Lor. Say you ſo, Friend? the Price, the Price.

Cur. Five thouſand Crowns a Month, Sir.

Lor. The Price is ſomewhat ſaucy.

Cur.

Cur. Sir, they be curious Pieces, were never blown upon, have never been in Courts, nor hardly Cities.

Lor. Upon my word that's conſiderable; Friend, pray where do you live?

Cur. In the *Piazzo*, near the Palace.

Lor. Well, put up your Ware, ſhew not a face of them till I return! for I will bring you the beſt Chapman in all *Florence*, except the Duke himſelf.

Cur. You muſt be ſpeedy then, for to morrow I ſhall be going towards *Rome*.

Lor. A ſubtle Raſcal this: thou think'ſt, I warrant, to make a better Market amongſt the Cardinals.——But take my word, ne'er a Cardinal of them all comes near this Man, I mean, to bring you in Matters of Beauty—ſo, this will infallibly make my Peace again: [*Aſide.* look ye Friend———Be ready, for 'tis the Prince, the noble generous *Frederick*, that I deſign your Merchant.

[*Goes out.*

Cur. Your Servant, Sir,—that is *Guilliam*; I cannot be miſtaken in him, go call him back.

[Pietro *fetches him back, who puts on a ſurly Face.*

———Friend what art thou?

Guil. What am I? why what am I? doſt thou not ſee what I am? a Courtier, Friend.

Cur. But what's thy Name?

Guil. My Name, I have not yet conſidered.

Cur. What was thy Name?

Guil. What was my Name?

Cur. Yes, Friend, thou hadſt one.

Guil. Yes, Friend, thou hadſt one.

Cur. Dog, do'ſt eccho me? do'ſt thou repeat? I ſay again, what is thy Name? [*Shakes him.*

Guil. Oh horrible!—why, Sir, it was *Guilliam* when I was a ſilly Swain.

Cur. *Guilliam*—the ſame; didſt thou not know a Maid whoſe name was *Cloris?*

Guil. Yes, there was ſuch a Maid, but now ſhe's none.

Cur. Was ſuch a Maid, but now ſhe's none!

———The Slave upbraids my Griefs. [*Aſide.*

Guil. Yes, Sir, ſo I ſaid.

Cur.

Cur. So you ſaid!

Guil. Why, yes Sir, what do you repeat?

Cur. What mean you, Sirrah? have you a mind to have your Throat cut? tell me where ſhe is.

Guil. I dare as well be hang'd.
Now muſt I deviſe a lye, or never look *Cloris* in the Face more. [*Aſide.*

Cur. Here's Gold for thee; I will be ſecret too.

Guil. Oh, Sir, the poor Maid you ſpeak of is dead.

Cur. Dead! where dy'd ſhe? and how?

Guil. Now am I put to my wits; this 'tis to begin in Sin, as our Curate ſaid: I muſt go on: [*Aſide.*
——Why Sir, ſhe came into the Wood—and hard by a River-ſide—ſhe ſigh'd, and ſhe wept full ſore; and cry'd two or three times out upon *Curtius*,—and—then—
[*Howls.*

Cur. Poor *Cloris*, thy Fate was too ſevere.

Guil. And then as I was ſaying, Sir, ſhe leapt into the River, and ſwam up the Stream. [Cur. *weeps.*

Piet. And why up the Stream, Friend?

Guil. Becauſe ſhe was a Woman—and that's all.
[*Ex.* Guil.

Cur. Farewel, and thank thee.
—Poor *Cloris* dead, and baniſh'd too from *Laura!*
Was ever wretched Lover's Fate like mine!
—And he who injures me, has power to do ſo;
—But why, where lies this Power about this Man?
Is it his Charms of Beauty, or of Wit?
Or that great Name he has acquir'd in War?
Is it the Majeſty, that holy ſomething,
That guards the Perſon of his Demi-god?
This awes not me, there muſt be ſomething more.
For ever, when I call upon my Wrongs,
Something within me pleads ſo kindly for me,
As would perſuade me that he could not err.
——Ah, what is this? where lies this Power divine,
That can ſo eaſily make a Slave of mine? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick, *and* Cloris *finely dreſs'd.*

Fred. 'Tis much methinks, a Boy of ſo dejected, humble Birth, ſhould have ſo much of Senſe and Soul about him.

Clo. I know not that; but if I have a thought
Above that humble Birth or Education,
It was inſpir'd by Love.

Fred. Still you raiſe my Wonder greater;
——Thou a Lover?

Clo. Yes, my Lord, tho I am young,
I've felt the power of Beauty;
And ſhould you look upon the Object, Sir,
Your Wonders ſoon will ceaſe;
Each Look does even animate Inſenſibles,
And ſtrikes a reverend Awe upon the Soul:
Nothing is found ſo lovely.

Fred. Thou ſpeak'ſt prettily, I think Love
Indeed has inſpir'd thee.

Clo. Theſe were the Flatteries, Sir, ſhe us'd to me;
Of her it was I learn'd to ſpeak, and ſigh,
And look, as oft you ſay, I do on you.

Fred. Why then, it ſeems ſhe made returns?

Clo. Ah? Sir, 'twas I that firſt was bleſt,
I firſt the happy Object was belov'd;
For, 'twas a Perſon, Sir, ſo much above me,——
It had been Sin to've rais'd my Eyes to her;
Or by a glance, or ſigh, betray my Pain.
But Oh! when with a thouſand ſoft Expreſſions,
She did encourage me to ſpeak of Love!
——My God! how ſoon extravagant I grew,
And told ſo ſoft the ſtory of my Paſſion,
That ſhe grew weary of the repeated Tale,
And puniſh'd my preſumption with a ſtrange neglect.
[*Weeps.*

Fred. How, my good *Philibert?*

Clo. Would ſuffer me to ſee her Face no more.

Fred. That was pity; without a Fault?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I was guilty of no Crime,
But that of having told her how I lov'd her;
For all I had I ſacrific'd to her;
——Poor worthleſs Treaſures to any but a Lover;
And ſuch you know accept the meaneſt things,
Which Love and true Devotion do preſent.
When ſhe was preſent, I found a thouſand ways
To let her know how much I was her Slave;
And abſent, ſtill invented new ones,
And quite neglected all my little Buſineſs;
Counting the tedious Moments of the Day
By Sighs and Tears; thought it an Age to night,
Whoſe Darkneſs might ſecure our happy meeting:
But we ſhall meet no more on theſe kind Terms. [*Sighs.*
Fred. Come, do not weep, ſweet Youth, thou art too young,
To have thy blooming Cheeks blaſted with ſorrow;
Thou wilt out-grow this childiſh Inclination,
And ſhalt ſee Beauties here, whoſe every glance
Kindle new Fires, and quite expel the old.
Clo. Oh never, Sir.
Fred. When I was firſt in love, I thought ſo too,
But now with equal ardour
I doat upon each new and beauteous Object.
Clo. And quite forget the old?
Fred. Not ſo; but when I ſee them o'er again,
I find I love them as I did before.
Clo. Oh God forbid, I ſhould be ſo inconſtant!
No, Sir, tho ſhe be falſe, ſhe has my Heart,
And I can die, but not redeem the Victim.
Fred. Away you little Fool, you make me ſad
By this reſolve: but I'll inſtruct you better.
Clo. I would not make you ſad for all the World.
Sir, I will ſing, or dance, do any thing
That may divert you.
Fred. I thank thee *Philibert*, and will accept
Thy Bounty; perhaps it may allay thy Griefs awhile too.
Clo. I'll call the Muſick, Sir. [*She goes out.*
Fred. This Boy has ſtrange agreements in him.

Enter

Enter Cloris *with Muſick.*
She bids them play, and dances a Jig.

This was wondrous kind, my pretty *Philibert.*

Enter Page.

Page. *Lorenzo*, my Lord, begs admittance.

Fred. He may come in.

Enter Lorenzo.

——Well, *Lorenzo*, what's the News with thee?
——How goes the price of Beauty, hah?

Lor. My Lord, that queſtion is *a propos* to what I have to ſay; this Paper will anſwer your Queſtion, Sir —
[*Gives him a Paper, he reads.*
—Hah, I vow to gad a lovely Youth; [Lor. *gazes on* Phil.
But what makes he here with *Frederick?*
This Stripling may chance to mar my market of Women now——
'Tis a fine Lad, how plump and white he is; [*Aſide.*
Would I could meet him ſomewhere i'th' dark, I'd have a fling at him, and try whether I were right *Florentine.*

Fred. Well, Sir, where be theſe Beauties?

Lor. I'll conduct you to them.

Fred. What's the Fellow that brings them?

Lor. A *Grecian*, I think, or ſomething.

Fred. Beauties from *Greece*, Man!

Lor. Why, let them be from the Devil, ſo they be new and fine, what need we care? ——But you muſt go to night.

Fred. I am not in a very good condition to make Viſits of that kind.

Lor. However ſee them, and if you like them, you may oblige the Fellow to a longer ſtay, for I know they are handſome.

Fred. That's the only thing thou art judge of;
——Well, go you and prepare them;
And *Philibert*, thou ſhalt along with me;
I'll have thy Judgment too.

Clo. Good Heaven, how falſe he is! [*Aſide.*

Lor. What time will your Highneſs come?

Fred. Two Hours hence. [*Ex.* Fred.

Lor. So then I ſhall have time to have a bout with this

jilting Huſwife *Iſabella*, for my Fingers itch to be at her. [*Aſide.* [*Ex.* Lorenzo.

Clo. Not know me yet? cannot this Face inform him?
My Sighs, nor Eyes, my Accent, nor my Tale?
Had he once thought of me, he muſt have found me out.
——Yes, yes, 'tis certain I am miſerable;
He's going now to ſee ſome freſher Beauties,
And I, he ſays, muſt be a witneſs of it;
This gives me Wounds, painful as thoſe of Love:
Some Women now would find a thouſand Plots
From ſo much Grief as I have, but I'm dull;
Yet I'll to *Laura*, and adviſe with her,
Where I will tell her ſuch a heavy Tale,
As ſhall oblige her to a kind concern:
——This may do; I'll tell her of this Thought,
This is the firſt of Art I ever thought on;
And if this prove a fruitleſs Remedy,
The next, I need not ſtudy, how to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lorenzo, *meets* Guilliam, *who paſſes by him, and takes no notice of him.*

Lor. How now, Manners a few?

Guil. I cry you heartily, Sir, I did not ſee you.

Lor. Well, Sirrah, the News.

Guil. Sir, the Gentlewoman whom you ſent me to ſays that ſhe'll meet you here.

Lor. That's well, thou mayſt come to be a States-man in time, thou art a fellow of ſo quick diſpatch: But hark ye, Sirrah, there are a few Leſſons I muſt learn you, concerning Offices of this nature; but another time for that: but—— [*Whiſpers.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Valet.

Iſab. Here he is; and prithee, when thou ſeeſt him in my Chamber, go and tell my Lord, under pretence of the care you have of the Honour of his Houſe.

Val. I warrant you, let me alone for a Tale, and a Lye at the end on't; which ſhall not over-much incenſe him, nor yet make him neglect coming. *Ex.* Val.

Lor.

Lor. Oh are you there, Miſtreſs? what have you now to ſay for your laſt Night's Roguery? Are not you a Baggage? confeſs.

Iſab. You have a mind to loſe your opportunity again, as you did laſt Night, have ye not? Pray God your own Shadow ſcare you not, as it did then; and you will poſſibly believe no body meant you harm then, nor now.

Lor. Art thou in earneſt?

Iſab. Are you in earneſt?

Lor. Yes that I am, and that *Clarina* ſhall find, if I once come to her.

Iſab. Come, leave your frippery Jeſts, and come in.

Lor. Guilliam, be ſure you attend me here, and whoever you ſee, ſay nothing; the beſt on't is, thou art not much known. [Iſab. *and* Lor. *go in.*

Guil. Well, I ſee there is nothing but ſoutering in this Town; wou'd our *Lucia* were here too for me, for all the Maids I meet with are ſo gigliſh and ſcornful, that a Man, as I am, gets nothing but flouts and flings from them. Oh, for the little kind Laſs that lives under the Hill, of whom the Song was made; which becauſe I have nothing elſe to do, I will ſing over now; hum, hum,

The Song for *Guilliam.*

IN a Cottage by the Mountain
Lives a very pretty Maid,
Who lay ſleeping by a Fountain,
Underneath a Myrtle ſhade;
Her Petticoat of wanton Sarcenet,
The amorous Wind about did move,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love.

'Tis ſomething cold, I'll go take a Nipperkin of Wine.
[*Goes out.*

Enter Iſab. *and* Lor. *above, as frighted into the Balcony.*

Lor. This was ſome trick of thine, I will be hang'd elſe.

Iſab. Oh, I'll be ſworn you wrong me;
Alas, I'm undone by't. [Ant. *at the Door knocks.*

Ant. Open the Door, thou naughty Woman.

Lor. Oh oh, what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?

Ant. Open the Door, I ſay.

Lor. Oh 'tis a damnable leap out at this Balcony.

Iſab. And yet you are a dead Man, if you ſee him.

Ant. Impudence, will you open the Door?

Iſab. I will, Sir, immediately.

Lor. Deviſe ſome way to let me down, or I will throw thee out; no Ladder of Ropes, no Device?
——If a Man would not forſwear Whoring for the future that is in my condition, I am no true Gentleman.

Ant. Open, or I will break the Door.

Iſab. Hold the Door, and ſwear luſtily that you are my Husband, and I will in the mean time provide for your ſafety, tho I can think of none but the Sheets from the Bed. [*He holds the Door.*

Lor. Any thing to ſave my Life;
——Sir, you may believe me upon my Honour,
I am lawful Husband to *Iſabella*,
And have no deſigns upon your Houſe or Honour.
[Iſab. *this while faſtens the Sheets, which are to be ſuppos'd from the Bed to the Balcony.*

Ant. Thou art ſome Villain.

Lor. No, Sir, I am an honeſt Man, and married lawfully.

Ant. Who art thou?

Lor. Haſt thou done?

Iſab. Yes, but you muſt venture hard.

Iſab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, Sir.

Lor. A Pox on her, now I am aſham'd to all eternity.

Iſab. Sir, let me beg you'l take his Word and Oath to night, and to morrow I will ſatisfy you.
[Lor. *gets down by the Sheets.*

Ant. Look you make this good, or you ſhall both dearly pay for't.

Lor. I am alive, yes, yes, all's whole and ſound, which is a mercy, I can tell you; this is whoring now: may I turn *Franciſcan*, if I could not find in my heart to do

do penance in Camphire Poſſet, this Month, for this. —Well, I muſt to this Merchant of Love, and I would gladly be there before the Prince : for ſince I have miſt here, I ſhall be amorous enough, and then I'll provide for *Frederick* ;
For 'tis but juſt, altho he be my Maſter,
That I in theſe Ragouſts ſhould be his Taſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Iſmena *with a Veil.*

Iſm. Alberto is not come yet, ſure he loves me ;
But 'tis not Tears, and Knees, that can confirm me :
No, I muſt be convinc'd by better Argument.
——Deceit, if ever thou a Guide wert made
To amorous Hearts, aſſiſt a Love-ſick Maid.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Your pleaſure, Madam ?
——Oh that ſhe would be brief,
And ſend me quickly from her,
For her Eyes will overthrow my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*

Iſm. Alberto, do you love me ?

Alb. No.

Iſm. No ! have you deceiv'd me then ?

Alb. Neither, *Clarina* ; when I told you ſo,
By Heaven 'tis perfect Truth.

Iſm. And what have I done ſince ſhould merit your Diſ-eſteem ?

Alb. Nothing but what has rais'd it.

Iſm. To raiſe your Eſteem, then it ſeems, is to leſſen your Love ; or, as moſt Gallants are, you're but pleas'd with what you have not ; and love a Miſtreſs with great Paſſion, till you find your ſelf belov'd again, and then you hate her.

Alb. You wrong my Soul extremely,
'Tis not of that ungrateful nature ;
To love me is to me a greater Charm
Than that of Wit or Beauty.

Iſm. I'm glad on't, Sir ; then I have pleaſant News for you, I know a Lady, and a Virgin too, that loves

you with ſuch Paſſion, as has oblig'd me to become her Advocate.

Alb. I am very much oblig'd to her,
If there be any ſuch.

Iſm. Upon my Life there is; I am in earneſt,
The Lady is my Siſter too.

Alb. How, *Clarina*, this from you?

Iſm. Nay, I have promis'd her, that you ſhould love (her too,
Since both her Birth and Beauty merits you.

Alb. Away, falſe Woman: I love your Siſter!
No, I will hate you both.

Iſm. Why ſo Angry?
Alas, it is againſt my Will I do it.

Alb. Did you betray my Faith, when 'twas ſo eaſy
To give a credit to your tale of Love?
——Oh Woman, faithleſs Woman!

Iſm. *Alberto*, with a world of ſhame I own
That I then lov'd you, and muſt do ſo ſtill:
But ſince that Love muſt be accounted criminal,
And that a world of danger does attend it;
I am reſolv'd, tho I can never quit it,
To change it into kind Eſteem for you;
And would ally you, Sir, as near to me,
As our unkind Stars will permit me.

Alb. I thank you, Madam: Oh what a ſhame it is,
To be out-done in Virtue, as in Love!

Iſm. Another favour I muſt beg of you,
That you will tell *Antonio* what is paſt.

Alb. How mean you, Madam?

Iſm. Why, that I love you, Sir,
And how I have deceiv'd him into confidence.

Alb. This is ſtrange; you cannot mean it ſure.

Iſm. When I intend to be extremely good,
I would not have a ſecret Sin within,
Tho old, and yet repented too: no Sir,
Confeſſion always goes with Penitence.

Alb. Do you repent you that you lov'd me then?

Iſm. Not ſo; but that I did abuſe *Antonio.*

Alb. And can you think that this will cure his Jealouſy?

Iſm.

Ism. Doubtleſs it will, when he knows how needleſs 'tis;
For when they're moſt ſecure, they're moſt betray'd:
Beſides, I did but act the part he made;
And Ills he forces, ſure he'll not upbraid.
Go ſeek out *Antonio.*
Alb. You have o'ercome me, Madam, every way,
And this your laſt Command I can obey;
Your ſiſter too I'll ſee, and will eſteem,
But you've my Heart, which I can ne'er redeem.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Laura, *and* Cloris *like a Boy, as before.*

Lau. FOrward dear *Cloris.*
Clo. And, Madam, 'twas upon a Holiday,
It chanc'd Prince *Frederick* came into our Village,
On ſome reports were made him of my Beauty,
Attended only by the noble *Curtius:*
They found me in the Church at my Devotion,
Whom *Frederick* ſoon diſtinguiſhed from the reſt;
He kneel'd down by me, and inſtead of Prayer,
He fell to praiſe—but 'twas my Beauty only;
——That I could tell you, of my ſtrange ſurprize!
My Zeal was all diſordered, and my Eyes
Fed on the falſe, not real Sacrifice.
——I wanted Art my Sentiments to hide,
Which from my Eyes and Bluſhes ſoon he ſpy'd.
Lau. And did you know him then?
Clo. Not till he left me:
——But, to be ſhort, Madam, we parted there;
But e'er he went he whiſper'd in my ear,
And ſigh'd, Ah *Cloris!* e'er you do depart,
Tell me, where 'tis you will diſpoſe your Heart?
——Pray give me leave to viſit it again,
Your Eyes that gave can only eaſe my Pain.

I, only bluſhing, gave him my conſent;
He paid his Thanks in Sighs, and from me went.
That night, alas, I took but little reſt;
The new and ſtrange Diſorder in my Breaſt
Can, Madam, only by your ſelf be gueſt.
Lau. I'll not deny that I'm a Lover too,
And can imagine what was felt by you.
Clo. No ſooner did the welcome Day appear,
But *Lucia* brought me word the Prince was there;
His very Name diſorder'd me much more,
Than did his Sight or Touch the day before;
So ſoon my riſing Love grew up to power,
So ſoon he did become my Conqueror.
——How pale and trembling, when he did appear,
I grew, he too had marks of Love and Fear.
——But I'll omit the many viſits paid,
Th' unvalued Preſents, and the Oaths he made,
My kind Diſputes on all his Letters writ,
How all my Doubts were anſwer'd by his Wit;
How oft he vow'd to marry me, whilſt I
Durſt not believe the pleſing Perjury:
——And only tell you, that one night he came,
Led by deſigns of an impatient Flame;
When all the Houſe was ſilently aſleep,
Except my ſelf, who Love's ſad Watch did keep;
Arm'd with his Ponyard, and his Breaſt all bare,
His Face all pale with reſtleſs Love and Fear;
So many wild and frantick things he ſaid,
And ſo much Grief and Paſſion too betray'd,
So often vow'd he'd finiſh there his Life,
If I refus'd him to become his Wife;
That I half-dying, ſaid it ſhould be ſo;
Which tho I fear'd, Oh how I wiſh'd it too!
Both proſtrate on the Ground i'th' face of Heaven,
His Vows to me, and mine to him were given:
——And then, oh then, what did I not reſign!
With the aſſurance that the Prince was mine. [*Weeps.*
Lau. Poor *Cloris*, how I pity thee!
Since Fate has treated me with equal rigor;
—*Curtius* is baniſh'd, *Frederick* ſtill purſues me,

And

And by a cruel Father I'm confin'd,
And cannot go to ſerve my ſelf or thee. [*One knocks.*
Lor: without.] Siſter *Laura*, Siſter.
Lau. It is my Brother, would he would be kind,
And ſet us free; he ſhall not ſee thee,
And I'll perſuade him.
[*As ſhe puts* Cloris *into her Cloſet, enter* Lorenzo *with a Letter.*
Lor. Hah, locking her Cloſet! now, were I a right *Italian*, ſhould I grow jealous, and enrag'd at I know not what: hah Siſter! what are you doing here? Open your Cabinet, and let me ſee't.
Lau. Sir, 'tis in diſorder, and not worth your ſeeing now.
Lor. 'Tis ſo, I care not for that, I'll ſee't.
Lau. Pray do not, Brother.
Lor. Your denial makes me the more inquiſitive.
Lau. 'Tis but my ſaying, he came from the Prince, and he dares not take it ill. [*Aſide.*
——Here, Sir. [*Gives him the Key.*
Lor. And here's for you too; a Letter from *Curtius*, and therefore I would not open it: I took it up at the Poſt-houſe. [*She reads, and ſeems pleas'd.*
Now if this ſhould prove ſome ſurly Gallant of hers, and give me a ſlaſh o'er the Face for peeping, I were but rightly ſerv'd; and why the Devil ſhould I expect my Siſter ſhould have more Virtue than my ſelf? She's the ſame fleſh and blood: or why, becauſe ſhe's the weaker Veſſel, ſhould all the unreaſonable burden of the Honour of our Houſe, as they call it, be laid on her Shoulders, whilſt we may commit a thouſand Villanies? but 'tis ſo—
Here, open the Door;
I'll put her before me however.
[*She opens the Door, and brings out* Cloris.
Lau. Sir, 'tis *Philibert* from the Prince.
Lor. Why how now, Youngſter, I ſee you intend to thrive by your many Trades; ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, i'faith? but, Sirrah, this is my Siſter, and your Prince's Miſtreſs; take notice of that.
Clo. I know not what you mean.

Lor.

Lor. Sir, you cannot deceive me ſo;
And you were right ſerv'd, you would be made fit for nothing but the great *Turk*'s Seraglio.

Clo. You miſtake my buſineſs, Sir.

Lor. Your Bluſhes give you the lye, Sirrah; but for the Prince's ſake, and another reaſon I have, I will pardon you for once.

Lau. He has not done a fault, and needs it not.

Lor. Was he not alone with thee?
And is not that enough? Well, I ſee I am no *Italian* in Punctilio's of honourable Revenge. There is but one experiment left to prove my ſelf ſo; and if that fail, I'll e'en renounce my Country.—Boy, harkye,—there is a certain kindneſs you may do me, and get your pardon for being found here.

Clo. You ſhall command me any thing.

Lor. Prithee how long haſt thou been ſet up for thy ſelf, hah?

Clo. As how, Sir?

Lor. Poh, thou underſtand'ſt me.

Clo. Indeed I do not, Sir; what is't you mean?

Lor. A ſmooth-fac'd Boy, and ask ſuch a Queſtion?
Fy, fy, this Ignorance was ill counterfeited
To me that underſtand the World.

Clo. Explain your ſelf, Sir.

Lor. Lookye, ten or twenty Piſtoles will do you no hurt, will it?

Clo. Not any, Sir.

Lor. Why ſo, 'tis well any thing will make thee apprehend.

Clo. I ſhall be glad to ſerve you, Sir, without that fee.

Lor. That's kindly ſaid——
I ſee a Man muſt not be too eaſy of belief: had I been ſo, this Boy would have been at, what d'ye mean Sir? And Lord I underſtand you not. Well, *Philibert*, here's earneſt to bind the Bargain; I am now in haſte; when I ſee thee next, I'll tell thee more. [Lorenzo *whiſpers to* Laura.

Clo. This 'tis to be a Favourite now;
I warrant you I muſt do him ſome good office to the (Prince,
Which I'll be ſure to do.

Lor.

Lor. Nay it muſt be done, for ſhe has us'd me baſely;
Oh 'tis a Baggage.
Lau. Let me alone to revenge you on *Iſabella*,
Get me but from this Impriſonment.
Lor. I will: whilſt I hold the old Man in a diſpute,
Do you two get away; but be ſure thou pay'ſt her home.
Lau. I warrant you, Sir, this was happy;
Now ſhall I ſee *Curtius*.
Lor. Philibert, I adviſe you to have a care of wenching: 'twill ſpoil a good Face, and mar your better market of the two. [*Ex.* Lor.
Lau. Come let us haſte, and by the way, I'll tell thee of a means that may make us all happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Alberto *melancholy.*

Alb. Antonio ſaid he would be here,
I'm impatient till he come——
Enter Antonio.
Ant. Alberto, I have ſuch a Project for thee!
Alb. Hah—— [*Gazes.*
Ant. What ails thee, art thou well?
Alb. No.
Ant. Where art thou ſick?
Alb. At Heart, *Antonio*, poiſon'd by thy Jealouſy;
——Oh thou haſt ruin'd me, undone my Quiet,
And from a Man of reaſonable Virtue,
Haſt brought me to a wild diſtracted Lover.
Ant. Explain your ſelf.
Alb. Thou'ſt taught me, Friend, to love *Clarina*;
Not, as I promis'd thee, to feign, but ſo,
That I, unleſs I do poſſeſs that Object,
I think muſt die; at beſt be miſerable.
Ant. How, Sir, have I done this?
Alb. Yes, *Antonio*, thou haſt done this.
Ant, My dear *Alberto*, ſaid you that you lov'd her?
Alb. Yes, *Antonio*, againſt my will I do;
As much againſt my will, as when I told her ſo;
Urg'd by thy needleſs Stratagem.

Ant.

Ant. Name it no more, it was an idle Fault,
Which I do ſo repent me,
That if you find I ſhould relapſe again,
Kill me, and let me periſh with my Weakneſs:
And were that true you tell me of your Paſſion,
Sure I ſhould wiſh to die, to make you happy.
Alb. That's kindly ſaid, and I ſubmit to you,
And am content to be out-done in Amity.
Ant. Yes, I'll reſign my Claims, and leave the World;
Alberto, 'tis unkind to think I would be happy
By ways muſt ruin you:
But ſure you tell me this, but only to afflict me.
Alb. 'Tis truth, *Antonio*, I do love *Clarina*;
And, what is yet far worſe for thy repoſe,
Believe my ſelf ſo bleſs'd to be belov'd.
Ant. How, to be belov'd by her!
——Oh dire effects of Jealouſy!
Alb. All that you ſaw to day was only feign'd,
To let you ſee, that even your Eyes and Ears
Might be impos'd upon.
Ant. Can it be poſſible!
Alb. And now ſhe thinks ſhe is enough reveng'd;
And lets you know, in her feign'd Scorn to me,
That all your Sleights and Cunnings are but vain:
She has deceiv'd them all, and by that Art,
Gives you a Confidence, and me a Heart.
Ant. I muſt confeſs, it is but juſt in her
To puniſh thus the Errors of my Fear;
I do forgive her, from my Soul I do.
——But, Sir, what ſatisfaction's this to you?
Alb. Clarina happy, I'll from Court retire,
And by that Abſence quench my Hopeleſs Fire:
War I will make my Miſtreſs, who may be,
Perhaps, more kind than ſhe has been to me;
Where tho I cannot conquer, 'twill allow
That I may die; that's more than this will do.
Ant. —Why did you, Sir, betray my Weakneſs to her?
Tho 'twas but what I did deſerve from you.
Alb. By all that's good, ſhe knew the Plot before,
From *Iſabella*, who it ſeems o'erheard us,

When

When you once preſs'd me to't :
And had we wanted Virtue, thoud'ſt been loſt.
Ant. I own the Crime ;
And firſt I beg thy Pardon,
And after that will get it from *Clarina* ;
Which done, I'll wait upon thee to the Camp,
And ſuffer one year's Penance for this Sin,
Unleſs I could divert this Reſolution,
By a Propoſal *Clarina* bid me make you.
Alb. What was it, Sir ?
Ant. I have a Siſter, Friend, a handſome Virgin,
Rich, witty, and I think ſhe's virtuous too ;
Return'd laſt Week from St. *Tereſia*'s Monaſtery.
Alb. Sure any thing that is to thee ally'd,
Muſt find a more than bare Reſpect from me ;
But certain 'tis I ne'er ſhall love again,
And have reſolv'd never to marry any,
Where Intereſt, and not Love, muſt join our hands.
Ant. You cannot tell what Power there lies in Beauty ;
Come you ſhall ſee her, and if after that,
You find you cannot love her,
We'll both to *Candia*, where we both will prove
Rivals in Honour, as we're now in Love.
——But I'ad forgot to tell thee what I came for ;
I muſt this Evening beg your Company,
Nay. and perhaps your Sword : come along with me,
And by the way I'll tell you the Adventure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Lodgings of* Curtius.

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro, *diſguis'd as before.*
Cur. I wonder we hear no news yet of the Prince,
I hope he'll come ; *Pietro*, be the Bravoes ready,
And the Curtezans ?
Piet. My Lord, they'll be here immediately, all well dreſs'd too.
Cur. They be thoſe Bravoes that belong to me ?
Piet. Yes, Sir, the ſame ;
But *Antonio* is their Patron.

Cur.

Cur. They be ſtout and ſecret ; 'tis well,
Is the Muſick and all things ready?
For I'll not be ſeen till my Part is to be play'd.
What Arms have they?
Piet. Piſtols, Sir, would you have other?
Cur. No, I have not yet conſider'd how to kill him,
Nor ſcarce reſolv'd to do ſo any way.
What makes this ſtrange Irreſolution in me?
——Sure 'tis the force of ſacred Amity,
Which but too ſtrictly was obſerv'd by me.
——My Prince, and Friend, my Wife, and Siſter too ;
Shall not thoſe laſt, the powerful firſt out-do?
My Honour, and my Love, are there ingag'd,
And here, by ties of Duty, I'm oblig'd :
I ſatisfy but theſe, if he muſt bleed ;
But ruin the whole Dukedom in the Deed,
The hopeful Heir of all their noble Spoils,
And Joy and Recompence of all their Toils.
——Why ſo was *Cloris*, *Laura* too, to me,
Which both were raviſh'd from me, Prince, by thee.
[*Knocks within.*
Piet. Sir, they be the Bravoes and Curtezans.
[Pietro *goes out.*
Cur. 'Tis well, I need not talk with them,
They underſtand their work.
Piet. They do, my Lord, and ſhall be ready at your (ſtamp ;
They are all *Neapolitans*, you know, Sir.
Cur. Are they the better for that?
Piet. Much, Sir, a *Venetian* will turn to your Enemy,
If he will give him but a Souſe more than you have done ;
And your *Milaneſe* are fit for nothing but to
Rob the Poſt or Carrier ; a *Genoeſe* too
Will ſooner kill by Uſury than Sword or Piſtol ;
A *Roman* fit for nothing but a Spy.
Cur. Well, Sir, you are pleaſant with my Countrymen.
Piet. I'll be ſo with my own too, Sir ; and tell you,
That the *Malteſe*, who pretend to ſo much Honour
And Gravity, are fit only to rob their Neighbours
With pretence of Piety.

And

——And the *Sicilians* ſo taken up with Plots,
How to kill their Vice-Roy, that it keeps them
From being Rogues to a leſs degree.
Bnt I have done, Sir, and beg your pardon.

Cur. Didſt leave the Letter, I commanded thee,
For *Laura?*

Piet. I did, my Lord,

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, here's the Prince juſt coming.

Cur. Pray, Sir, conduct him in,
I'm ready for him. [*Ex.* Cur. *and* Piet.

Enter the Prince, conducted by two Women in Maſquerade, with Lights, he endeavouring to take off their Maſks. [*Ex.* two Women.

He walks about while this Song is ſinging.

What is the recompence of War,
But ſoft and wanton Peace?
What the beſt Balſam to our Scars,
But that which Venus *gave to* Mars,
When he was circled in a kind Embrace?

Behold a Prince, who never yet
Was vanquiſh'd in the Field;
Awhile his Glories muſt forget,
And lay his Laurels at the feet
Of ſome fair Female Power, to whom he'll yield.

Fred. What's this the Preparation?

Lor. Yes, ſo it ſhould ſeem? but had you met with ſo many defeats as I have done to night, you would willingly excuſe this Ceremony.

Muſick for the Dance.

Enter Antonio *with* Iſmena, Alberto *with* Clarina, Laura *and* Cloris *with two Men more, and all dreſs'd in Maſquerade, with Vizards; they dance. The Prince ſits down: the Dance being done, they retire to one ſide; and* Alberto *comes and preſents him* Clarina, *and*

and bows and retires; who puts off her Maſk, and puts it on again, and retires.

Fred. She's wondrous fair;
Sure in his whole Cabal he cannot ſhow a fairer—
Lor. She reſembles *Clarina*; I wiſh your Highneſs would ſee further, and then perhaps this would fall to my lot, for I love her for likeneſs ſake.
[Antonio *preſents* Iſmena, *and retires as the other.*
Fred. This I confeſs out-does the other; an Innocency dwells upon her Face, that's ſtrangely taking, is it not, *Lorenzo?*
Lor. To ſay truth, ſhe is very fine indeed.
[*They preſent* Laura.
Fred. Hah! I am amaz'd; ſee *Lorenzo*,
Doſt thou not know that Face?
Lor. O' my Conſcience and Soul, 'tis my own Siſter *Laura*; why how now Miſtreſs, do things go thus with you i'faith? [*She ſhakes her Hand, as not underſtanding him.*
Ant. Sir, ſhe underſtands you not.
Lor. Is it not *Laura* then?
Ant. No, Sir, it is a Stranger.
Fred. Let her be what ſhe will, I'll have her.
[Fred. *ſeems to talk, when ſhe anſwers in Grimaces.*
Lor. There have been Examples in the World of the good Offices done by a Brother to a Siſter; but they are very rare here, and therefore will ſurely be the more acceptable.
Well, Sir, have you fix'd, that I may chuſe?
Fred. I have, and had he thouſands more, [Lor. *goes*
I would refuſe them all for this fair Creature. *to* Clar.
Enter Pietro.
Piet. Sir, all things are ready as you deſire,
But my Maſter muſt firſt ſpeak with you alone.
Fred. About the Price I'll warrant you;
Let him come in: [*All go out but* Fred. *to him* Cur.
——Are you the Maſter of the Ceremony?
Cur. I am.

Fred.

Fred. Be ſpeedy then, and by my Impatiency to be with that agreeable Stranger, gueſs at my Approbation of the Ladies, and which I chuſe.

Cur. Your mighty Heat, Sir, will be ſoon allay'd.

Fred. Shall it?

Cur. Yes, Sir, it ſhall, for you muſt die.

Fred. Sure thou art mad to tell me ſo, whoe'er thou be'ſt,
Whilſt I have this about me. [*Draws.*

Cur. That, Sir, you draw in vain; ſtand off—— [*Offers a Piſtol.*

Fred. What new conceited Preparation's this?

Cur. When you know this Face, it will inform you. [*Pulls off his falſe Beard.*

Fred. Curtius! I am betray'd, oh Villain! [*Offers to fight.*

Cur. Ho, within there—— [*He calls, and all the masked Men come out, and offer their Piſtols at* Frederick.

Fred. Hold, I am the Prince of *Florence.*

Cur. Theſe, Sir, are Rogues, and have no ſenſe of (ought,
But Miſchief in their Souls;
Gold is their Prince and God,——go, be gone—— [*They withdraw.*
——See, Sir, I can command them.

Fred. Curtius, why doſt thou deal thus treacherouſly (with me?
Did I not offer thee to fight thee fairly?

Cur. 'Tis like the Injuries, Sir, that you have done me;
Pardon me if my Griefs make me too rude,
And in coarſe terms lay all your Sins before you.
——Firſt, Sir, you have debauch'd my lovely Siſter,
The only one I had;
The Hope and Care of all our noble Family:
Thou Prince didſt raviſh all her Virtue from her,
And left her nothing but a deſperate ſenſe of Shame,
Which only ſerv'd to do her ſelf that Juſtice,
Which I had executed, had ſhe not prevented me.

Fred. In this, upon my Soul, you do me wrong.

Cur. Next, (Oh how unlike a brave and generous Man!)

Without

Without a Cauſe, you caſt me from your Boſom;
Withdrew the Honour of your promis'd Friendſhip,
And made me partner in my Siſter's Fate;
Only with this difference, that ſhe
You left to act a Murder on her ſelf;
And mine you would have been ſo kind to've done
With your own hand, but my reſpect prevented it.
——Next, Sir, you raviſh'd *Laura* from me,
And under a pretence of ſacred Friendſhip,
You prov'd your ſelf the worſt of Enemies;
And that's a Crime you dare not ſay was Ignorance,
As you perhaps will plead your Sin to *Cloris* was.
Fred. *Cloris*, why what haſt thou to do with *Cloris?*
Cur. She was my Siſter, *Frederick.*
Fred. Thy Siſter!
Cur. Yes, think of it well,
A Lady of as pure and noble Blood,
As that of the great Duke thy Father,
Till you, bad Man, infected it.
—Say, ſhould I murder you for this baſe Action,
Would you not call it a true Sacrifice?
And would not Heaven and Earth forgive it too?
Fred. No, had I known that ſhe had been thy Siſter,
I had receiv'd her as a Gift from Heaven;
And ſo I would do ſtill.
Cur. She muſt be ſent indeed from Heaven,
If you receive her now.
Fred. Is *Cloris* dead? Oh how I was to blame!
[*Weeps.*
—Here thou mayſt finiſh now the Life thou threaten'ſt.
Cur. Now, Sir, you know my Juſtice and my Power;
Yet ſince my Prince can ſhed a Tear for *Cloris*,
I can forgive him;—here, Sir,—ſend me to *Cloris*,
[*Kneels, and offers the Sword.*
That Mercy poſſibly will redeem the reſt
Of all the Wrongs you've done me;
And you ſhall find nothing but Sorrow here,
And a poor broken Heart that did adore you.
Fred. Riſe *Curtius*, and divide my Dukedom with me;
Do any thing that may preſerve thy Life,

And

And gain my Pardon ; alas thy Honour's ſafe,
Since yet none knows that *Cloris* was my Siſter,
Or if they do, I muſt proclaim this truth ;
She dy'd thy Prince's Wife.
Cur. Theſe Tidings would be welcome to my Siſter,
And I the fitting'ſt Man to bear the News.
[*Offers to ſtab himſelf* ; *is held by* Frederick, Laura, *and* Cloris, *who come in with* Iſabella, *dreſs'd like* Philibert, *and the reſt.*
Lau. Stay *Curtius*, and take me with thee in the way.
Cur. Laura, my deareſt *Laura!* how came you hither?
Lau. Commanded by your Letter ; have you forgot it?
Fred. Curtius, look here, is not this *Cloris'* Face?
Cur. The ſame ; Oh my ſweet Siſter, is it thee?
[Curtius *goes to embrace her, ſhe goes back.*
Fred. Do not be ſhy, my Soul, it is thy Brother.
Cur. Yes, a Brother who deſpis'd his Life,
When he believ'd yours loſt or ſham'd :
But now the Prince will take a care of it.
Clo. May I believe my Soul ſo truly bleſſ'd?
Fred. Yes, *Cloris*, and thus low I beg thy pardon
[*Kneels.*
For all the Fears that I have made thee ſuffer.
Enter all the reſt, firſt Antonio *and* Alberto, *without their Vizards.*
Clo. Riſe, Sir, it is my Duty and my Glory.
Alb. Sir, we have Pardons too to beg of you.
Fred. Antonio and *Alberto*, what turn'd Bravoes?
Cur. I am amaz'd.
Ant. You'll ceaſe your Wonder, Sir, when you ſhall know,
—Thoſe Bravoes which formerly belong'd to you,
And now maintain'd by me ; which *Pietro* hir'd
For this night's ſervice ; and from them we learnt
What was to be done, (tho not on whom)
But that we gueſs'd, and thought it but our duty
To put this Cheat on *Curtius* ;
Which had we ſeen, had been reſolv'd to kill you,
Had been by us prevented :

The

The Ladies too would needs be Curtezans
To ſerve your Highneſs.
Fred. I'm much oblig'd to them, as you.
—*Cloris*, a while I'll leave thee with thy Brother,
Till I have reconcil'd thee to my Father:
To marry me, is what he long has wiſh'd for,
And will, I know, receive this News with Joy.
[*Exit*
Lor. Here's fine doings; what am I like to come to if he
Turn honeſt now? This is the worſt piece of Inconſtancy
He ever was guilty of; to change ones Humour, or ſo,
Sometimes, is nothing: but to change Nature,
To turn good on a ſudden, and never give a Man
Civil warning, is a Defeat not be endur'd;
I'll ſee the end on't tho. [*Goes out.*
Alb. Here *Antonio*—imagine how I love thee,
Who make thee ſuch a Preſent.
[*Gives him* Clarina, *who is dreſs'd juſt as* Iſmena *was, and* Iſmena *in a Maſquing Habit.*
Ant. Clarina, can you pardon my Offence,
And bleſs me with that Love,
You have but juſtly taken from me?
Clar. You wrong me, Sir, I ne'er withdrew my Heart,
Thou you, but too unkindly, did your Confidence.
Ant. Do not upbraid me; that I was ſo to blame,
Is ſhame enough: pray pardon, and forget it.
Clar. I do.
Ant. Alberto, to ſhew my Gratitude in what I may,
I beg you would receive *Iſmena* from me.
Alb. Who's this?
Ant. Iſmena, whom I promis'd thee.
Alb. It is *Clarina*; do you mock my Pain?
[*Shows* Iſmena.
Ant. By Heaven not I; this is *Clarina*, Sir.
Alb. That thy Wife *Clarina!*
A Beauty which till now I never ſaw. (but now,
Ant. Sure thou art mad, didſt thou not give her me
And haſt not entertain'd her all this night?

Alb.

Alb. Her Habit and her Vizard did deceive me;
I took her for this lady,——Oh bleſs'd Miſtake!
Iſm. I ſee you're in the dark, but I'll unfold the Riddle,
——Sir, in the Paſſage from the Monaſtery,
Attended only by my Confeſſor,
A Gentleman, a Paſſenger, in the ſame Boat,
Addreſs'd himſelf to me;
And made a many little Courtſhips to me:
I being veil'd, he knew not who receiv'd them,
Nor what Confuſion they begot in me.
At the firſt ſight, I grew to great eſteem of him,
But when I heard him ſpeak——
I'm not aſham'd to ſay he was my Conqueror.
Alb. Oh, Madam, was it you?
Who by your Converſation in that Voyage,
Gave me Diſquiets,
Which nothing but your Eyes could reconcile again?
Iſm. 'Twas I whom you deceiv'd with ſome ſuch Language.
—After my coming home I grew more melancholy,
And by my ſilence did increaſe my Pain;
And ſoon *Clarina* found I was a Lover,
Which I confeſs'd at laſt, and nam'd the Object.
She told me of your Friendſhip with *Antonio*,
And gave me hopes that I again ſhould ſee you:
——But *Iſabella* over-heard the Plot,
Which, Sir, *Antonio* did contrive with you,
To make a feigned Courtſhip to *Clarina*,
And told us all the ſtory.
Alb. Oh how I'm raviſh'd with my Happineſs!
Iſm. *Clarina*, Sir, at firſt was much inrag'd,
And vow'd ſhe would revenge her on *Antonio*;
But I beſought her to be pleas'd again,
And ſaid I would contrive a Counter-Plot,
Should ſatisfy her Honour and Revenge.
Thus, Sir, I got a Garment like to hers;
And to be courted, tho but in jeſt, by you,
I run all hazards of my Brother's Anger,
And your opinion of my Lightneſs too.

Clar.

Clor. 'Twas a Temptation, Sir, I would not venture
Leſt from the reaſons of a juſt Revenge, (on,
And ſo much Beauty as *Alberto* own'd,
My Virtue ſhould not well ſecure your Intereſt.
Ant. But why, *Iſmena*, was that killing Plot,
When I was hid behind the Arras? for now I confeſs all.
Iſm. To make *Alberto* confident of my Love,
And try his Friendſhip to the utmoſt point.
——*Alberto* too I found had ſome reſerves,
Which I believ'd his Amity to you.
Alb. Yes, Madam, whilſt I took you for his Wife,
I thought it crime enough but to adore you;
But now I may with honour own my Paſſion:
I will, *Iſmena*, confidently aſſure you,
That I will die, unleſs you pity me.
Iſm. She that durſt tell you, Sir, how much ſhe lov'd,
When you believ'd it was a Sin to do ſo,
Will now make good that Promiſe with *Antonio*'s leave.
Ant. With perfect Joy, *Iſmena*, I reſign thee.
[Ant. *gives him* Iſm.
Alb. By double Ties you now unite our Souls;
Tho I can hardly credit what I ſee,
The Happineſs ſo newly is arriv'd. [*To* Ant.
Enter Prince, Lorenzo, *and* Guilliam, *who comes up ſcraping to* Cloris.
Fred. My Father is the kindeſt Man on Earth,
And *Cloris* ſhall be welcome to his Boſom;
Who'll make him happy in my Reformation.
—Here *Curtius*, take *Laura*, who, I find,
Had rather be my Siſter than my Miſtreſs:
The Duke commands it ſo.
Cur. Till you have pardon'd me my late Offences,
I muſt deny myſelf ſo great a Happineſs. [Cur *kneels.*
Fred. Riſe, you have it.
Enter Salvator.
Sal. Is here not a Renegado belongs to me?
Lau. No, Sir, my Faith's entire,
And *Curtius* has the keeping of it.
Sal. Who made him Maſter of it, hau?
Lau. Heaven, my Inclinations, and the Prince.

Sal.

Sal. Three powerful Oppoſers;
Take her, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And mayſt thou be happy with her.
Fred. Alberto, would this Court afforded
A Lady worthy thee.
Alb. Sir, I'm already ſped, I humbly thank you.
Lor. Sped, quoth ye? Heaven defend
Me from ſuch Fortune.
Fred. Lorenzo, I had forgot thee; thou ſhalt e'en marry too.
Lor. You may command me any thing but marrying.
Iſab. What think you then of a ſmooth-fac'd Boy?
Lor. A Pox on him, ſure he will not tell now, will he?
Iſab. My Lord, I beg your leave to challenge *Lorenzo.*
Fred. What to a Duel, *Philibert?*
Lor. Phil. Phil. hold, do not ruin the Reputation
Of a Man that has acquir'd Fame amongſt the female Sex;
I proteſt I did but jeſt.
Iſab. But, Sir, I'm in earneſt with you.
Fred. This is not *Philibert.*
Iſab. No, Sir, but *Iſabella*——that was *Philibert.*
[*Pointing to* Cloris.
Clo. Yes, Sir, I was the happy Boy to be belov'd,
When *Cloris* was forgotten.
Fred. Oh how you raiſe my Love and Shame!
But why did *Iſabella* change her Habit?
Clo. Only to take my place, leſt you would miſs me,
Who being with *Laura*, at the Lodgings of *Clarina*,
And comparing the Words of her Letter
With what the Bravoes had confeſs'd to *Antonio*,
We found the Plot which was laid for you,
And join'd all to prevent it.
Fred. 'Twas ſure the work of Heaven.
Iſab. And now, Sir, I come to claim a Husband here.
Fred. Name him, and take him.
Iſab. Lorenzo, Sir.
Lor. Of all Cheats, commend me to a Waiting-Gentlewoman;
I her Husband?
Ant. I am a Witneſs to that Truth.

Fred. 'Tis plain againſt you; come, you muſt be honeſt.

Lor. Will you compel me to't againſt my will?
Oh Tyranny, conſider, I am a Man of Quality and Fortune.

Iſab. As for my Qualities, you know I have ſufficient,
And Fortune, thanks to your Bounty, conſiderable too.

Fred. No matter, he has enough for both.

Lor. Nay, Sir, an you be againſt me,
'Tis time to reform in my own defence;
But 'tis a thing I never conſider'd, or thought on.

Fred. Marry firſt, and conſider afterwards.

Lor. That's the uſual way I confeſs;
Come, *Iſabella*, ſince the Prince commands it,
I do not love thee, but yet I'll not forſwear it;
Since a greater Miracle than that is wrought,
And that's my marrying thee;
Well, 'tis well thou art none of the moſt beautiful,
I ſhould ſwear the Prince had ſome deſigns on thee elſe.

Clo. Yes, *Guilliam*, ſince thou haſt been ſo faithful,
I dare aſſure thee *Lucia* ſhall be thine. [*Aſide to* Guil.

Guil. *bows.*

Fred. Come, my fair *Cloris*, inveſt thy ſelf
In all the Glories which I lately promis'd:
——And Ladies, you'll attend her to the Court,
And ſhare the Welcomes which the Duke provides her;
Where all the Sallies of my flattering Youth
Shall be no more remember'd, but as paſt.
Since 'tis a Race that muſt by Man be run,
I'm happy in my Youth it was begun;
It ſerves my future Manhood to improve,
Which ſhall be ſacrific'd to War and Love.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Cloris.

Ladies, the Prince was kind at laſt,
But all the Danger is not paſt;
I cannot happy be till you approve
My haſty condeſcenſion to his Love.
'Twas want of Art, not Virtue, was my Crime;
And that's, I vow, the Author's Fault, not mine.
She might have made the Women pitileſs,
But that had harder been to me than this:
She might have made our Lovers conſtant too,
A Work which Heaven it ſelf can ſcarcely do;
But ſimple Nature never taught the way
To hide thoſe Paſſions which ſhe muſt obey.
E'en humble Cottages and Cells,
Where Innocence and Virtue dwells,
Than Courts no more ſecure can be
From Love and dangerous Flattery.
Love in rural Triumph reigns,
As much a God amongſt the Swains,
As if the Sacrifices paid
Were wounded Hearts by Monarchs made:
And this might well excuſe th' Offence,
If it be ſo to love a Prince.
But, Ladies, 'tis your Hands alone,
And not his Power, can raiſe me to a Throne;
Without that Aid I cannot reign,
But will return back to my Flocks again.

Guilliam *advances.*

Guil. *How, go from Court! nay, zay not zo.*
Hear me but ſpeak before you go:
Whoy zay the Ladies ſhould refuſe ye,
The Bleads I'm ſure will better uſe ye——
So long as ye are kind and young,
I know they'll clap ye right or wrong.

THE

THE YOUNGER BROTHER; OR, The Amorous Jilt.

PROLOGUE,

By an unknown Hand.

Spoke by Mr. *Powell.*

AS Rivals of each other jealous prove,
And both ſtrive which ſhall gain the Lady's Love,
So we for your Affections daily vie:
Not an Intriguer in the Gallery
(Who ſqueezes hand of Phillis *mask'd, that ſtood*
Ogling for Sale, in Velvet Scarf and Hood)

Can with more Paſſion his dear Nymph purſue,
Than we to make Diverſion fit for you.
Grant we may pleaſe, and we've our outmoſt Aim,
'Tis to your Favour only we lay claim.
In what can we oblige? Cou'd we preſent you
With Miſtreſs young, and ſafe, it wou'd content you;
Then Husbands, weary'd out with Spouſe alone,
And hen-peck'd Keepers that drudge on with one,
I fancy hither wou'd in Crouds reſort,
As thick as Men for Offices to Court:
Who'd ſtay behind? the Beau above Threeſcore,
Wou'd hobble on, and gape for one bit more;
Men of all Stations, from the Nobles, down
To grave Sir Roger *in his Cap and Gown,*
Wou'd hither come. But we ſome time muſt take,
E'er we a Project of ſuch moment make;
Since that's laid by, for your Diverſion then,
We do invite the Brothers of the Pen;
The Courtier, Lawyer, Soldier, Player too,
Wit n'er had more Encouragement than now;
Tho free, or Aliens to our Stage, we take 'em,
Not kick 'em out, but native Subjects make 'em.
The Ladies too are always welcome here,
Let 'em in Writing or in Box appear.
To that fair Sex we are oblig'd to day,
Oh! then be kind to a poor Orphan-Play,
Whoſe Parent while ſhe liv'd oblig'd you all;
You prais'd her living, and you mourn'd her Fall.
Who cou'd, like her, our ſofter Paſſions move,
The Life of Humour, and the Soul of Love?
Wit's eldeſt Siſter; thro-out every Line,
You might perceive ſome female Graces ſhine.
For poor Aſtrea's *Infant we implore,*
Let it then live, tho ſhe is now no more.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Prince Frederick,	*Mr.* Verbruggen.
Sir Rowland Marteen,	*Mr.* Johnſon.
George Marteen,	*Mr.* Powel.
Mr. Welborn,	*Mr.* Horden.
Sir Merlin Marteen,	*Mr.* Pinkethman.
Sir Morgan Blunder,	*Mr.* Bullock.
Mr. Twang,	*Mr.* Smeaton.
Britton,	*Mr.* Kent.

Conſtable and Watch.

WOMEN.

Mirtilla,	*Mrs.* Knight.
Olivia,	*Mrs.* Verbruggen.
Tereſia,	*Mrs.* Temple.
Lady Blunder,	*Mrs.* Powel.
Mrs. Manage,	*Mrs.* Willis.
Lady Youthly,	*Mrs.* Harris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter George Marteen, *in a rich Riding Habit, with his Valet* Britton.

Geo. WEre you with Mrs. *Manage, Britton?*

Britt. Yes, Sir; and ſhe cries as much for her wanting room for you in her Houſe, as ſhe would have done ſome forty Years ago for a Diſappointment of her Lover. But ſhe aſſures me, the Lodging ſhe has taken for you, is the beſt in all *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Geo. And did you charge her to ſend *Mirtilla*'s Page to me?

Britt. I did, Sir; and he'll be with you inſtantly.

Geo. 'Tis well——Then ſhall I hear ſome News of my *Mirtilla.* [*Aſide.*

Britton, haſte thee, and get my Equipage in order; a handſome Coach, rich Liveries, and more Footmen: for 'tis Appearance only paſſes in the World——And d'ye hear, take care none know me by any other Name than that of *Lejere.*

Britt. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Geo. I came not from *Paris* into *England*, as my old Father thinks, to reform into a dull wretched Life in *Wales.* No, I'll rather truſt my kind Miſtreſs Fortune, that has ſtill kept me like her Darling, than purchaſe a younger Brother's narrow Stipend, at the expence of my Pleaſure and Happineſs.

Enter Olivia *in a Page's Habit. She runs and embraces* George.

Oliv. My ever charming Brother!

Geo. My beſt, my dear *Olivia!*

Oliv.

Oliv. The ſame lovely Man ſtill! Thy Gallantry and Beauty's all thy own; *Paris* could add no Graces to thy Air; nor yet pervert it into Affectation.

Geo. Spare me, and tell me how *Mirtilla* fares.

Oliv. I think, Brother, I writ you word to *Paris*, of a Marriage concluded betwixt me and *Welborn.*

Geo. That Letter I receiv'd: but from the dear *Mirtilla*, not one ſoft word; not one tender Line has bleſt my Eyes, has eas'd my panting Heart this tedious three Months ſpace; and thou with whom I left the weighty Charge of her dear Heart, to watch her lovely Eyes, to give me notice when my Rivals preſs'd, and when ſhe waver'd in her Faith to me, even thou wert ſilent to me, cruel Siſter.

Oliv. Thou wilt be like a Lover preſently, and tire the Hearer with a Book of Words, of heavy Sighs, dying Languiſhments, and all that huddle of Nonſenſe; and not tell me how you like my Marriage.

Geo. Welborn's my Friend, and worthy of thy Heart.

Oliv. I never ſaw him yet; and to be ſold unſeen, and unſigh'd for, in the Flower of my Youth and Beauty, gives me a ſtrange averſion to the Match.

Geo. Oh! you'll like him when you ſee him—But my *Mirtilla.*———

Oliv. Like him——no, no, I never ſhall——what, come a Stranger to my Husband's Bed? 'Tis Proſtitution in the leudeſt manner, without the Satisfaction; the Pleaſure of Variety, and the Bait of Profit, may make a lame excuſe for Whores, who change their Cullies, and quit their nauſeous Fools——No, no, my Brother, when Parents grow arbitrary, 'tis time we look into our Rights and Privileges; therefore, my dear *George*, if e'er thou hope for Happineſs in Love, aſſiſt my Diſobedience.

Geo. In any worthy Choice be ſure of me; but canſt thou wiſh Happineſs in Love, and not inform me ſomething of *Mirtilla?*

Oliv. I'll tell you better News——our hopeful elder Brother, Sir *Merlin*, is like to be diſinherited; for he is, Heaven be thanked———

Geo. Marry'd to ſome Town-Jilt, the common fate of Coxcombs.

Oliv. Not ſo, my dear *George*, but ſets up for a celebrated Rake-hell, as well as Gameſter; he cou'd not have found out a more dextrous way to have made thee Heir to four Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Geo. What's that without *Mirtilla?*

Oliv. Prithee no more of her——Love ſpoils a fine Gentleman: Gaming, Whoring and Fighting, may qualify a Man for Converſation; but Love perverts all one's Thoughts, and makes us fit Company for none but one's ſelf; for even a Miſtreſs can ſcarce diſpenſe with a ſighing, whining Lover's Company long, tho all he ſays flatters her Pride.

Geo. Why doſt thou trifle with me, when thou knoweſt the Violence of my Love?

Oliv. I wiſh I could any way divert your Thoughts from her, I would not have your Joy depend on ſuch a fickle Creature.

Geo. Mirtilla falſe! What, my *Mirtilla* falſe!

Oliv. Even your *Mirtilla*'s falſe, and married to another.

Geo. Married! *Mirtilla* married! 'Tis impoſſible.

Oliv. Nay married to that bawling, drinking Fool, Sir *Morgan Blunder.*

Geo. Married, and married to Sir *Morgan Blunder!* a Sot, an ill-bred ſenſeleſs Fool; almoſt too great a Fool to make a Country Juſtice?

Oliv. No doubt, ſhe had her Aims in't, he's a very convenient Husband, I'll aſſure you, and that ſuits her Temper: he has Eſtate and Folly enough, and ſhe has Youth, and Wantonneſs enough to match 'em.

Geo. Her Choice gives me ſome Comfort, and ſome Hopes; for I'll purſue her, but for Revenge, not Love.

Oliv. Forget her rather, for ſhe's not worth Revenge, and that way 'twill be none; proſtitute in Soul as Body, ſhe doats even on me in Breeches.

Geo. On thee, her Page? doat on thee, a Youth! ſhe knew thee not as Woman.

Oliv.

Oliv. No, that Secret I have kept to do you Service.—At firſt ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd me for your ſake, becauſe you recommended me; and when I ſung, or plaid upon my Flute, wou'd kiſs my Cheek, and ſigh, and often (when alone) wou'd ſend for me, and ſmile, and talk, and ſet my Hair in Curls, to make me ſaucy and familiar with her. One Day ſhe ſaid, *Endimion*, thy Name-ſake was thus careſs'd by *Cynthia:* A Goddeſs did not ſcorn the humble Swain, whom by her Love ſhe equal'd to her Deity. She found that I had Senſe to underſtand her, and paid her Advances back with equal Ardour.

Geo. Oh, Curſe! where learnt ſhe all this Wickedneſs? [*Aſide.*

Oliv. But ſhe being oblig'd to go for *Flanders*, to ſee her Siſter take the holy Habit, I feign'd a Sickneſs to be left behind, hoping that Abſence might abate her Flame; yet ſhe return'd more amorous, and fearing the Thefts of Love might wound her Honour, ſhe thought a Husband would ſecure that Shame; and luckily my Aunt arriv'd from *Wales*, and brought Sir *Morgan* with her, who lodging where we did, at Mrs. *Manage*'s, my Aunt (that doats on Quality in either Sex) made up this haſty Match, unknown to me, tho for my ſake.

Geo. What will not faithleſs Woman do, when ſhe is raging?

Oliv. And now having ſo well prepar'd the way, ſhe grows impatient for an Opportunity; and thou art arriv'd, moſt happily to ſuccour me.

Geo. No, for ſome days keep this habit on, it may be uſeful to us; but I muſt ſee this faithleſs perjur'd Woman, which I muſt contrive with Mrs. *Manage.*

Oliv. Yet pray reſolve to ſee my Father firſt; for now's the critical time to make thy Fortune: he came to Town laſt night, and lodges here at Mrs. *Manage*'s, with my Aunt *Blunder.*

Geo. What, in the Houſe with thee, and not know thee?

Oliv. No more than a Prieſt does Compaſſion; he thinks me at *Hackney*, making Wax Babies, where he intends to viſit me within theſe three days.——But I for-

got

got to tell you, our Brother, Sir *Merlin*, lodges in this Houſe with you; and ſhou'd he know you——

Geo. 'Tis impoſſible——I've not ſeen him, or my Father, theſe five Years. Abſence, my Growth, and this unexpected Equipage, will not be penetrated by his Capacity.

Oliv. True, he'll never look for his Brother *George*, in the Gallantry and Perſon of Monſieur *Lejere*——My good Father expects you home, like the prodigal Son, all torn and tatter'd, and as penitent too.

Geo. To plod on here, in a laborious Cheating, all my Youth and Vigour, in hopes of drunken Pleaſures when I'm old; or elſe go with him into *Wales*, and there lead a thoughtleſs Life, hunt, and drink, and make love to none but Chamber-maids. No, my *Olivia*, I'll uſe the ſprightly Runnings of my Life, and not hope diſtant Pleaſures from its Dregs.

Oliv. For that, uſe your Diſcretion; now equip your ſelf to your preſent Buſineſs; the more ſimply you are clad and look, the better. I'll home and expect you.

[*Exit.*

Geo. Do ſo, my good Siſter; a little formal Hypocriſy may do, 'twill reliſh after Liberty; for a Pleaſure is never ſo well taſted, as when it's ſeaſon'd with ſome Oppoſition.

Enter Britton.

Britt. Sir, I've News to tell you, will ſurprize you; Prince *Frederick* is arriv'd.

Geo. Is't poſſible? I left him going for *Flanders*.

Britt. Paſſing by our Door, and ſeeing your Livery, he enquir'd for you; and finding you here, alighted juſt now. But ſee, Sir, he's here.

Enter Prince Frederick; *they meet and embrace.*

Geo. My Life's Preſerver, welcome to my Arms, as Health to ſick Men.

Fred. And thou to mine, as the kind Miſtreſs to the longing Lover; my Soul's Delight, and Darling of the Fair.

Geo. Ah Prince! you touch my bleeding Wound.

Fred.

Fred. Ha *Lejere!* leave to unhappy Lovers, thoſe Sighs, thoſe folded Arms, and down-caſt Eyes.

Geo. Then they are fit for me: my Miſtreſs, Sir, that Treaſure of my Life, for whom you've heard me ſigh, is perjur'd, falſe, and married to another. Yet what is worſe, I find my Prince, my Friend, here in my native Country, and am not able to pay him what his Greatneſs merits.

Fred. You pain me when you compliment my Friendſhip. [*Embracing.*

Geo. Perhaps you will not think me worth this Honour, when you ſhall hear my Story.

Prince. Thou canſt ſay nothing I can value leſs.

Geo. Perhaps too my way of Living has deceiv'd you, being ſtill receiv'd by Princes, as Companions in all their Riots, Loves, and Divertiſements; where ev'n you did me the Honour to eſteem, and call me Friend.

Prince. Whate'er thou art, I'm ſure thy Mind's illuſtrious.

Geo. My Family, I muſt confeſs, is honourable; but, Sir, my Father was the younger Houſe, of which my unhappy ſelf was deſtin'd to be laſt: I'm a *Cadet*, that Out-caſt of my Family, and born to that curſe of our old *Engliſh* Cuſtom. Whereas in other Countries, younger Brothers are train'd up to the Exerciſe of Arms, where Honour and Renown attend the Brave; we baſely bind our youngeſt out to Slavery, to lazy Trades, idly confin'd to Shops or Merchants Books, debaſing of the Spirit to the mean Cunning, how to cheat and chaffer.

Prince. A Cuſtom inſupportable!———

Geo. To this, to this low wretchedneſs of Life, your Servant, Sir—— was deſtin'd by his Parents, and am yet this bound indentur'd Slave.

Prince. Thou haſt no cauſe to quarrel with thy Stars, ſince Virtue is moſt valu'd when oppreſt—Are all your Merchants Apprentices thus gay?

Geo. Not all——but, Sir, I could not bow my Mind to this ſo neceſſary Drudgery; and yet however, I aſſum'd my native Temper, when out o'th' Trading City; in it, I forc'd my Nature to a dull ſlovenly Gravity, which well

well enough deceiv'd the buſy Block-heads; my Clothes and Equipage I lodg'd at this End of the Town, where I ſtill paſs'd for ſomething better than I was, whene'er I pleas'd to change the Trader for the Gentleman.

Prince. And liv'd thus undiſcover'd——

Geo. With Eaſe, ſtill lov'd and courted by the Great, ever play'd high with thoſe durſt venture moſt; and durſt make Love where'er my Fancy lik'd: but ſometimes running out my Maſter's Caſh, (which was ſupply'd ſtill by my Father) they ſent me, to reform my expenſive Life, a Factor, into *France*—ſtill I eſſay'd to be a plodding Thriver, but found my Parts not form'd for dirty Buſineſs.

Prince. There's not a Thought, an Action of thy Soul, that does not tend to ſomething far more glorious.

Geo. If yet you think me worthy of your Favour, command that Life you have ſo oft preſerv'd.

Prince. No more;——Thou haſt increas'd my Value for thee.—Oh! take my Heart, and ſee how't has been us'd by a fair Charmer, ſince I ſaw thee laſt——That ſullen day we parted, you for *England*, you may remember I deſign'd for *Flanders*.

Geo. I do with Melancholy, Sir, remember it.

Prince. Arriv'd at *Ghent*, I went to ſee an *Engliſh* Nun initiated, where I beheld the pretty Innocent, deliver'd up a Victim to fooliſh Chaſtity; but among the Relations, then attending the Sacrifice, was a fair Siſter of the young Votreſs, but ſo ſurpaſſing all I'ad ſeen before, that I neglecting the dull holy Buſineſs, paid my Devotion to that kneeling Saint.

Geo. That was the neareſt way to Heaven, my Lord.

Prince. Her Face, that had a thouſand Charms of Youth, was heighten'd with an Air of Languiſhment; a lovely Sorrow dwelt upon her Eyes, that taught my new-born-Paſſion Awe and Reverence.

Geo. This Deſcription of her fires me.—— [*Aſide.*

Prince. Her dimpl'd Mouth, her Neck, her Hand, her Hair, a Majeſty and Grace in every Motion, compleated my Undoing; I rav'd, I burnt, I languiſh'd with Deſire, the holy Place cou'd ſcarce contain my Madneſs: with Pain,

Pain, with Torture, I reſtrain'd my Paſſion when ſhe retir'd, led ſadly from the Altar. I, mixing with the Croud, enquir'd her Name and Country; her Servant told me, that ſhe was of Quality, and liv'd in *England*, nay, in this very Town: this gave me Anguiſh not to be conceiv'd, till I reſolv'd to follow her, which is the cauſe you find me here ſo ſoon. Thy Aid, thy Aid, *Lejere*, or I am loſt.

Geo. I wiſh to live no longer than to ſerve your Highneſs: if ſhe be, Sir, a Maid of Quality, I ſhall ſoon find her out, and then you'll eaſily conquer. You've all the Youth, and Beauty, that can charm; and what gains moſt upon a Woman's Heart, you've a powerful Title, Sir, a ſort of Philter, that ne'er fails to win. But you've not told me yet the Lady's Name.

Prince. I had forgot that;——'Tis in theſe Tablets:
[*Gives him the Tablets.*
I'm now in haſte, going to receive ſome Bills: I lodge at *Welborn*'s, who came over with me, being ſent for to be marry'd.

Geo. I know the Houſe, 'tis in *Southampton-Square:*
I'll wait upon your Highneſs——— [*Exit* Prince.
Let me ſee——Daughter to a deceas'd Lord; a Maid, and no Dowry, but Beauty; living in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*
[*Opening the Tablets, reads.*
—Ha!—her Name *Mirtilla! Mirtilla!* [*Pauſes.*
Prince, thou haſt paid thy ſelf for all the Favours done me.
Mirtilla!——— [*Pauſes.*
Why yes, *Mirtilla!* He takes but what ſhe has given away already.———
Oh! damn her, ſhe has broke her Faith, her Vows, and is no longer mine——And thou'rt my Friend.
[*Pauſes again.*
Mirtilla's but my Miſtreſs, and has taken all the Repoſe of my poor Life away——Yes, let him take her, I'll reſign her to him; and therefore ſhut my Eyes againſt her Charms: fix her Inconſtancy about my Heart, and ſcorn whatever ſhe can give me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Morgan Blunder *in a Night-Gown and Cap*; *to him* Manage *with a Caudle.*

Man. Your Lady Mother has ſent you a Caudle, Sir.

Sir *Mor.* Good Mrs. *Manage*, remember my kind Love to my Lady Mother, and tell her, I thank her for her Poſſet, but never eat in a Morning after hard drinking over night.

Man. Ah, Sir, but now you're marry'd to a fine Lady, you ought to make much of your ſelf.

Sir *Mor.* Good Madam, as little of your Matrimony as of your Caudle; my Stomach is plaguy ſqueamiſh, and a hair of the old Dog's worth both of 'em. Oh! ſick! ſick!

Enter Sir Merlin, *ſinging a Song in praiſe of a Rake-hell's Life.*

A SONG.

The *Town-Rake*; written by Mr. *Motteux.*

I.

WHat Life can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's,
When in Youth his full Swing of all Pleaſure he takes?
At Noon, he gets up, for a Whet, and to dine,
And wings the dull Hours with Mirth, Muſick and Wine;
Then jogs to the Play-houſe, *and chats with the Masks,*
And thence to the Roſe, *where he takes his three Flasks.*
There, great as a Cæſar, *he revels, when drunk,*
And ſcours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk;
Then finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?

II.

He, like the Great Turk, *has his Favorite She;*
But the Town's his Seraglio, *and ſtill he lives free.*

Some-

Sometimes ſhe's a Lady; but as he muſt range,
Black-Betty, *or* Oyſter-Doll, *ſerves for a Change.*
As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feaſt;
He thinks him that's ſobereſt the moſt like a Beaſt.
At Houſes of Pleaſure breaks Windows and Doors;
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores.
Rare work for the Surgeon, and Midwife he makes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?

III.

Thus in Covent-Garden *he makes his Campaign,*
And no Coffee-houſe haunts, but to ſettle his Brain.
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,
Unleſs 'tis to get the beſt Wenches and Drink.
He dwells in a Tavern, and lies ev'ry where,
And improving his hours, lives an Age in a Year:
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haſte;
And thus he lives longeſt, becauſe he lives faſt:
Then a Leap in the dark to the Devil he takes.
What Death can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?

Sir *Mer.* Why, how now, Sir *Morgan*, I ſee you'll make a Husband of the right Town-Mode: What, married but four Days, and at your ſeparate Apartment already?

Sir *Morg.* A Plague of your what d'ye call ums.

Sir *Mer.* Rakehells you would ſay, Couſin, an honourable Appellation for Men of Bravery.

Sir *Morg.* Ay, ay, your Rakehells——I was never ſo muddled with Treaſon, Tierce Claret, Oaths and Dice, all the Days of my Life—Was I in case to do Family duty? S'life you drank down all my Love, all my Prudence too; Gad forgive me for it.

Sir *Mer.* Why, how the Devil cam' thſtu to boear thy Liquor ſo ill? Ods my Life, you drunk like a *French-man* new come to the Univerſity.

Sir *Mor.* Pox, I can bear their drinking as well as any Man; but your *London* way of Bouſing and Politics does not agree with my Conſtitution. Look ye, Couſin, ſit

quietly to't, and I'll ſtand my ground; but to have ſcreaming Whores, noiſy Bullies, rattling Dice, ſwearing and curſing Gameſters, Couz. turns the Head of a Country-Drinker, more than the Wine.

Sir *Merl.* Oh! Uſe, Couſin, will make an able Man.

Sir *Mor.* Uſe, Couſin! Uſe me no Uſes; for if ever you catch me at your damn'd Clubs again, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid: Why you talk downright Treaſon.

Sir *Merl.* Treaſon, ay————

Sir *Morg.* Ah Couſin, why we talk'd enough to—— hang us all.

Sir *Merl.* My honeſt Country-Couz. when wilt thou underſtand the *Guelphs*, and the *Gibelins*; and learn to talk Treaſon o' this ſide the Law? bilk a Whore without remorſe; break Windows, and not pay for 'em; drink your Bottle without asking Queſtions; kill your Man without letting him draw; play away your Money without fear of your Spouſe, and ſtop her Mouth by undermining her Noſe?

Sir *Morg.* Come, come, look you Couſin, one word of Advice now I'm ſober; what the Devil ſhould provoke thee and me to put ourſelves on our twelve Godfathers for a Frolick? We who have Eſtates. I ſhou'd be loth to leave the World with a ſcurvy Song, compoſed by the Poet *Sternhold.*

Enter at the Door Sir Rowland, *hearkning.*

Or why, d'ye ſee, ſhou'd I expoſe my Noddle to the Billmen in Flannel, and lie in the *Roundhouſe*, when I may go to bed in a whole skin with my Lady Wife?

Sir *Mer.* Gad, Sir *Morgan*, thou haſt ſometimes pretty ſmart ſatirical Touches with thee; uſe but *Will*'s Coffee-houſe a little, and with thy Eſtate, and that Talent, thou mayſt ſet up for a Wit.

Sir *Mor.* Mercy upon me, Sir *Merlin*, thou art ſtark mad: What, I a Wit! I had rather be one of your Rake-hells: for, look ye, a Man may ſwear and ſtare, or ſo; break Windows, and Drawers Heads, or ſo; unrig a needy Whore, and yet keep one's Eſtate: but ſhou'd I

turn

turn Wit, 'twere impoſſible; for a Wit with an Eſtate, is like a Priſoner among the Cannibals.

Sir *Merl.* How ſo, good Sir *Morgan?*

Sir *Morg.* Why, the needy Rogues only feed him with Praiſe, to fatten him for their Palates, and then devour him.

Sir *Merl.* I applaud your choice, Couſin; for what Man of Bravery wou'd not prefer a Rake to a Wit? The one enjoys the Pleaſures, the other can only rail at; and that not out of Conſcience, but Impotence: for alas! a Wit has no quarrel to Vice in Perfection, but what the Fox had to the Grapes; he can't play away his hundred Pound at ſight; his Third Day won't afford it; and therefore he rails at Gameſters; Whores ſhun him, as much as Noblemen, and for the ſame cauſe, Money; thoſe care not to ſell their Carcaſes for a Sonnet, nor theſe to ſcatter their Guineas, to be told an old Tale of a Tub, they were ſo well acquainted with before.

Sir *Mor.* What's that, Sir *Merlin?*

Sir *Merl.* Why, their Praiſe; ——for the Poet's Flattery ſeldom reaches the Patron's Vanity; and what's too ſtrong ſeaſon'd for the rest of the World, is too weak for their Palates.

Sir *Morg.* Why, look ye, Couſin, you're a ſhreud Fellow: Whence learn'd you this Satire? for I'm ſure 'tis none of thy own; for I ſhou'd as ſoon ſuſpect thee guilty of good Nature, as Wit.

Sir *Merl.* I ſcorn it; and therefore I confeſs I ſtole the Obſervation from a Poet; but the Devil pick his Bones for diverting me from the noble Theme of Rakehells.

Sir *Morg.* Noble Theme, Sir *Merlin!* look ye, d'ye ſee: Don't miſtake me, I think 'tis a very ſcurvy one; and I wou'd not have your Father know that you ſet up for ſuch a Reprobate; for Sir *Rowland* would certainly diſinherit thee.

Sir *Merl.* O keep your muſty Morals to your ſelf, good Country Couz; they'll do you ſervice to your *Welch* Criminals, for ſtealing an Hen, or breaking up a Wenches Incloſure, or ſo, Sir *Morgan*; but for me, I deſpiſe 'em: I have not been admitted into the Family of the *Rake-hellorums*

hellorums for this, Sir: Let my Father drink old *Adam*, read the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, *The Country Juſtice's Calling*, or for a Regale, drink the dull Manufacture of Malt and Water; I defy him; he can't cut off the Entail of what is ſettled on me: and for the reſt, I'l truſt Dame *Fortune*; and pray to the Three Fatal Siſters to cut his rotten Thred in two, before he thinks of any ſuch Wickedneſs.

Enter Sir Rowland *in a great Rage.*

Sir *Rowl.* Will you ſo, Sir? Why how now, Sirrah! get you out of my Houſe, Rogue; get out of my Doors, Raſcal. [*Beats him.*

Enter Lady Blunder.

L. *Blund.* Upon my Honour now, Brother, what's the matter? Whence this ungenerous Diſturbance?

Sir *Rowl.* What's the matter! the diſturbance! Why, Siſter, this Rogue here——this unintelligible graceleſs Raſcal here, will needs ſet up for a Rakehell, when there's ſcarce ſuch a thing in the Nation, above an Ale-draper's Son; and chuſes to be aukardly out of faſhion, merely for the ſake of Tricking and Poverty; and keeps company with the ſenſeleſs, profane, lazy, idle, noiſy, groveling Raſcals, purely for the ſake of ſpending his Eſtate like a notorious Blockhead: But I'll take care he ſhall not have what I can diſpoſe of—You'll be a Rake-hell, will you?

L. *Blund.* How Couſin! Sure you'll not be ſuch a filthy beaſtly thing, will you?

Sir *Merl.* Lord, Aunt, I only go to the Club ſometimes, to improve my ſelf in the Art of Living, and the Accompliſhments of a fine Gentleman.

Sir *Rowl.* A fine Gentleman, Sot, a fine Coxcomb! [*Beats him.*

Sir *Morg.* Hold, hold, good Uncle; my Couſin has been only drawn in, a little or ſo, d'ye ſee, being Heir to a good Eſtate; and that's what his Club wants, to pay off old Tavern Scores, and buy Utenſils for Whores in Faſhion.

Sir *Row.* My Eſtate ſold to pay Tavern-Scores, and keep naſty Whores!

L. *Blun.*

L. *Blun.* Whores! ay filthy Creatures; do they deal in Whores? Pray Couſin what's a Rake-hell?

Sir *Rowl.* A Rake-hell is a Man that defies Law and good Manners, nay, and good Senſe too; hates both Morality and Religion, and that not for any Reaſon (for he never thinks) but merely becauſe he don't underſtand 'em: He's the Whore's Protection and Puniſhment, the Baud's Tool, the Sharper's Bubble, the Vintner's Property, the Drawer's Terror, the Glaſier's Benefactor; in ſhort, a roaring, thoughtleſs, heedleſs, ridiculous, univerſal Coxcomb.

Sir *Merl.* O Lord, Aunt, no more like him than an Attorney's like an honeſt Man. Why a Rake-hell is—

Sir *Rowl.* What, Sirrah! what, you Rebel?

[*Strikes him.*

L. *Blun.* Nay, good Brother, permit my Nephew to tell us his Notion.

Sir *Merl.* Why, Aunt, I ſay a Rake-hell is your only Man of Bravery; he ſlights all the Force of Fortune, and ſticks at no Hazard——plays away his hundred Pounds at ſight, pays a Lady's Bill at ſight, drinks his Bottle without equivocation, and fights his Man without any Provocation.

Sir *Row.* Nay then, Mr. Rogue, I'll be ſworn thou art none: Come, Sir, will you fight, Sir? will you fight, Sir? Ha! [*Draws his Sword.*

Sir *Mer.* Fight, Sir! fight, Sir!

Sir *Rowl.* Yes, fight, Sir: Come, ſpare your Prayers to the three Fatal Siſters, and cut my Thred thy ſelf, thou graceleſs reprobate Raſcal—Come, come on, you Man of Bravery. [*Runs at Sir* Merlin, *who retires before him: Sir* Morgan *holds Sir* Rowland.

Sir *Merl.* Oh, good Sir, hold: I recant, Sir, I recant.

Sir *Rowl.* [*Putting up.*] Well, I'm ſatisfy'd thou'lt make no good Rake-hell in this Point, whatever you will in the others. And ſince Nature has made thee a Coward, Inclination a Coxcomb, I'll take care to make thee a Beggar; and ſo thou ſhalt be a Rake-hell but in Will. I'll diſinherit thee, I will, Villain.

L. *Blun.* What, diſinherit your eldeſt Son, Brother?

Sir

Sir *Merl.* Ay, Aunt, his very Heir apparent? Aunt, to ſhow you how the old Gentleman has miſrepreſented us, give me leave to preſent you a Dance I provided to entertain your Son with, in which is repreſented all the Beauties of our Lives.

L. *Blun.* Oh! by all means, Couſin, by all means.

Sir *Merl.* What hoa? *Roger*, bring in the Dancers.

Here the Dance, repreſenting Rake-hells, Conſtable, Watch, &c.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Sir, who do's your Worſhip think is arriv'd?

Sir *Row.* My Son *George*, I hope, come in the Nick.

Phil. Even ſo, Sir, from *Paris*—— [*Exit.*

Sir *Rowl.* The Prodigal return'd! then kill the fatted Calf.

Enter George *dreſt like a Prentice.*

—My own dear Boy, thou art welcome to my Arms, as e'er thy Mother was; for whoſe dear ſake I pardon all thy Follies. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Merl.* Ay, Sir, I had a Mother too, or I'm bely'd—— [*Weeping.*

Pox take him that he ſhould come juſt in the nick, as the old Fellow ſays—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Row.* Yes, you had a Mother, whom in my Youth I was compel'd to marry; and Gad, I think, I got thee with as ill a Will; but *George* and my *Olivia* in heat of Love, when my deſire was new. But harkye Boy *George*, you have coſt me a damn'd deal of Money, Sirrah; but you ſhall marry, and redeem all, *George.*

Geo. What you pleaſe, Sir; to ſtudy Virtue, Duty and Allegiance, ſhall be my future Buſineſs.

Sir *Rowl.* Well ſaid, *George*, here's a Boy now.

Sir *Merl.* Virtue and Allegiance! Lord, Lord, how came ſo ſneaking a fellow to ſpend five thouſand Pounds of his Maſter's Caſh?

Sir *Rowl.* She's rich, *George*, but ſomething homely.

Geo. She'll not be proud then, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Row.* Not much of her Beauty—ſhe's of a good ſtaid Age too, about ſome fourſcore

Geo. Better ſtill, Sir, I ſhall not fear Cuckoldom.

Sir *Row.* For that I cannot anſwer; but ſhe has two thouſand a year. I mean to ſettle my Family, and then—marry my ſelf, *George.*

L. *Blun.* What to this old Lady's Grand-daughter? Methinks ſhe's more fit for your Son, Sir *Rowland,* and the old Lady for you.

Sir *Row.* No, no, the young Rogues can help themſelves with Miſtreſſes; but 'tis well if an old Man can keep his Wife to himſelf——I've invited 'em to Dinner to day, and ſee, they are come.

Enter Lady Youthly, *led by her Chaplain, and leaning on a Staff, and* Tereſia.

L. *Youth.* Where's Sir *Rowland Marteen?* Oh, your Servant, Sir, I am come. [*Runs againſt* George.

Chap. Your Ladyſhip is miſtaken, this is not Sir *Rowland,* but a handſome proper young Man.

L. *Youth.* A young Man! I cry your mercy heartily——Young Man, I alighted in the Sun, and am almoſt blind.

Geo. With wondrous old Age. [*Aſide.*

L. *Youth.* Good lack, Sir *Rowland,* that I ſhou'd miſtake a young Man ſo!

Sir *Row.* Ay, Madam, and ſuch a young Man too.

L. *Youth.* Ay, ay, I ſee him now.

[*Puts on her Spectacles.*

Geo. S'death, what a Sepulcher is here, to bury a Huſband in? How came ſhe to eſcape the Flood? for ſure ſhe was not born ſince. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Row.* This is the luſty Lad, my Son *George,* I told your Ladyſhip of.

L. *Youth.* Co ſo, cot ſo, is it ſo, Sir? I ask your Pardon, Sir. Mr. *Twang,* take a ſurvey of him, and give me your Opinion of his Perſon and his Parts.

Twang. Truly, Madam, the young Man is of a comely Perſonage and Lineaments.

L. *Youth.* Of what, Sir?—Lord I have ſuch a Cold. [*Coughs.*

Geo.

Geo. Which ſhe got when the *Picts* went naked.

L. *Blun.* Madam, you have a Power over Sir *Rowland*; pray intreat him to take his Son, Sir *Merlin*, into Grace again. [*To* Tereſia.

Tere. That, Sir, you muſt grant me; pray let me know the Quarrel. [*Sir* Rowland *ſeems to tell.*

Geo, By Heaven ſhe's fair, as the firſt ruddy Streaks of opening Day. [*Looking on* Tereſia. Young as the budding Roſe, ſoft as a *Cupid*, but never felt his Dart, ſhe is ſo full of Life and Gaiety. Pray, Madam, who is that Lady? [*To Lady* Blun.

L. *Blun.* The Grandchild of your Miſtreſs, and your Mother that muſt be.

Geo. Then I ſhall cuckold my Father, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Row.* For your ſake, Madam, once again I re-eſtabliſh him in my Family; but the firſt Fault caſhiers him—Come let's in——Here, my Lady *Youthly*, take *George* by the hand; but have a care of the young Rogue, if he comes once to touch ſo brisk a Widow, he ſets her Heart on fire.

Geo. Which will burn like a ſnuff of a Candle; no body will be able to endure it. [*Aſide.*

——So Fortune, I ſee, provides for me:
On this hand Wealth, on that young Pleaſures lie;
He ne'er wants theſe, who has that kind Supply.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Rowland, Tereſia, *and Lady* Youthly, *&c.*

L. *Youth.* WELL, Sir *Rowland*, if I ſhould be inclin'd to caſt away my ſelf on your Son *George*, what wou'd you ſettle?

Sir *Row.* Settle! not a Souſe, Madam; he carries the beſt younger Brother's Fortune in *Chriſtendom* about him.

L. *Youth.*

L. *Youth.* Why, the young Man's deſerving, I confeſs. But he's your Son, Sir *Rowland*, and ſomething ought to be ſettled upon the Heirs of our Bodies, lawfully begotten.

Sir *Row.* All *Hercules* his Labours were a Jig to his that ſhall beget 'em. [*Aſide.*
If you like him upon theſe terms, to make him Maſter of your Fortune——

L. *Youth.* For that, let him truſt to me, and his own deſervings.

Sir *Row.* No truſting in theſe fickle Times, Madam—Why, I'll let the young ſturdy Rogue out to hire; he'll make a pretty Livelihood at Journey-Work; and ſhall a Maſter-Workman, a Husband, deſerve nothing?

L. *Youth.* Ay, theſe Husbands that know their own Strength, as they ſay, ſet ſo high a value on their conjugal Virtues. And if he be diſloyal, again o't'other ſide he gives a Wife ſo ill an Example—for we are all liable to Temptations.

Sir *Row.* Well ſaid; if thou beeſt ſo, it muſt be the old Tempter himſelf. [*Aſide.*
Look ye, Madam, I'll propoſe a fair Swap; if you'll conſent that I ſhall marry *Tereſia*, I'll conſent that you ſhall marry *George.*

L. *Youth.* How, my Grand-daughter? Why, I deſign'd her for your eldeſt Son, Sir *Merlin*; and ſhe has a good Fortune of five hundred a year that I cannot hinder her of; and is too young for you.

Sir *Row.* So is *George* for your Ladyſhip; and as for his Fortune, 'tis more than likely I ſhall make him my eldeſt Son.

L. *Youth.* Say you ſo, Sir? well, I'll conſider, and take Advice of my Friends.

Sir *Row.* Conſider! alas, Madam, my Houſe will be beſieged by all the Widows in Town; I ſhall get more by ſhewing him, than the *Rhinoceros.* Gad, I'll ſell the young Rogue by Inch of Candle, before he's debauch'd and ſpoil'd in this leud Town.

L. *Youth.* Well, ſuppoſe——

Sir *Row.* Nothing under *Tereſia*—Gad, I think ſome old Dog-Star reigns to Day, that ſo many old Hearts are

burning in their Sockets——I'm in love with this young Tittymouſe here, moſt damnably—Well, what ſay you, Widow? Speak now, or you know the Proverb.

L. *Youth.* Well, Sir *Rowland*, you are too hard for me. [*Ex. all but* Tereſia.

Enter Olivia, *runs to her and embraces her.*

Tere. 'Tis as you ſaid, *Olivia*, I am deſtin'd to your Father.

Oliv. What, the Sentence is paſt then?

Tere. Ay, but the Devil is in us, if we ſtay till Execution Day: Why this is worſe than being mew'd up at *Hackney-School*——my Fortune's my own, without my Grandmother, and with that Stock I'll ſet up for my ſelf, and ſee what Traffick this wide World affords a young beginner.

Oliv. That's well reſolv'd; I am of the ſame mind, rather then marry Mr. *Wellborn*, whom I never ſaw.—— But prithee let's ſee what we have in Stock, beſides ready Money——What Toys and Knick-nacks to invite.

Tere. Faith my Inventory is but ſmall——Let me ſee ——Firſt, one pretty well made Machine, call'd a Body, of a very good Motion, fit for ſeveral uſes——one pretty conceited Head-Piece, that will fit any body's Coxcomb, ——when 'tis grave and dull, 'twill fit an Alderman; when politick and buſy, a Stateſman; turn it to Intrigue, 'twill fit a City Wife; and to Invention, it will ſet up an Evidence.

Oliv. Very well!

Tere. Item, One Tongue, that will prattle Love, if you put the Heart in time (for they are Commodities I reſolve ſhall go together) I have Youth enough to pleaſe a Lover, and Wit enough to pleaſe my ſelf.

Oliv. Moſt excellent Trifles all! As for my out-ſide, I leave to the Diſcretion of the Chafferer; but I have a rare Device, call'd an Invention, that can do many Feats; a Courage that wou'd ſtock a Coward; and a pretty Implement, call'd a Heart, that will ſtrike fire with any convenient force: I have eight thouſand Pounds to let out on any able Security, but not a Groat, unleſs I like the Man.

Tere.

Tere. Thus furniſh'd, we ſhall ruin all the *Jews*, and undo the *India* Houſes——But where ſhall we ſhow? where meet with the Love-Merchants?

Oliv. What think you of the Gallery at the Play in Masks?

Tere. Shu, a State-Trick, firſt taken up by Women of Quality, and now run into Ridicule, by all the little common Devils of the Town; and is only a Trap for a Termer, a ſmall new rais'd Officer, or a City Cully, where they baul out their eighteen Pence in Baudy, and filthy Nonſenſe, to the diſturbance of the whole Houſe, and the King's Peace: the Men of Quality have forſaken it.

Oliv. What think you of the Mall?

Tere. As too publick to end an Intrigue; our Affairs require a Conqueſt as ſudden as that of *Cæſar*, who came, ſaw and overcame.

Oliv. 'Tis true, beſides there's ſo many Cruiſers, we ſhall never board a Prize. What think you of the Church?

Tere. An hypocritical Shift; of all Masks I hate that of Religion; and it ſhou'd be the laſt place I'd wiſh to meet a Lover in, unleſs to marry him.

Oliv. And Faith that's the laſt thing a Lover ſhou'd do, but we are compell'd to haſte, 'tis our laſt Refuge: if we cou'd but ſee and like our Men, the buſineſs were ſoon diſpatcht.——Let me ſee—Faith e'en put on Breeches too, and thus diſguis'd ſeek our Fortune——I am within theſe three days to be fetch'd from *Hackney* School, where my Father believes me ſtill to be, and thou in that time to be marry'd to the old Gentleman; Faith reſolve—and let's in and dreſs thee—away, here's my Lady——— [*They run out.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirtilla *and Mrs.* Manage.

Mirt. Ah, let me have that Song again.

A Song by Mr. *Gildon.*

I.

NO, Delia, *no: What Man can range*
From ſuch Seraphic Pleaſure?
'Tis want of Charms that make us change,
To graſp the Fury, Treaſure.
What Man of Senſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs,
For Hopes and empty Poſſibilities?

II.

Vain Fools! that ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In hopes of Chymic Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both want of Gold and Pleaſure.
Rich in my Delia, *I can wiſh no more;*
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

Man. Not ſee him, Madam——I proteſt he's handſomer, and handſomer, *Paris* has given him ſuch an Air:——Lord, he's all over Monſieur—Not ſee him Madam——Why? I hope you do not, like the fooliſh ſort of Wives, deſign a ſtrict Obedience to your Husband.

Mir. Away, a Husband!——when Abſence, that ſure Remedy of Love, had heal'd the bleeding Wound *Lejere* had made, by Heaven I thought I ne'er ſhou'd love again—but ſince *Endymion* has inſpir'd my Soul, and for that Youth I burn, I pine, I languiſh.

Enter.

Enter George *richly dreſt, ſtands at a diſtance gazing on* Mirtilla.

Man. See, Madam, there's an Object may put out that Flame, and may revive the old one.

Mir. Shame and Confuſion.——*Lejere.*

[*Turns and walks away.*

Geo. Yonder ſhe is, that Mien and Shape I know, tho the falſe Face be turn'd with ſhame away.

[*Offers to advance, and ſtops.*

———'Sdeath, ——I tremble! yet came well fortify'd with Pride and Anger. I ſee thou'ſt in thy Eyes a little Modeſty. [*Goes to her nearer.*

That wou'd conceal the Treaſons of thy Heart.

Mir. Perhaps it is their Scorn that you miſtake.

Geo. It may be ſo; ſhe that ſets up for Jilting, ſhou'd go on; 'Twere mean to find remorſe, ſo young, and ſoon: Oh, this gay Town has glorioufly improv'd you amongſt the reſt; that taught you Perjury.

Mir. Alas! when was it ſworn?

Geo. In the bleſt Age of Love,
When every Power look'd down, and heard thy Vows.

Mir. I was a Lover then; ſhou'd Heaven concern it ſelf with Lovers Perjuries, 'twould find no leiſure to preſerve the Univerſe.

Geo. And was the Woman ſo ſtrong in thee, thou couldſt not wait a little? Were you ſo raving mad for Fool and Huſband, you muſt take up with the next ready Coxcomb. Death, and the Devil, a dull clumſey Boor! ——What was it charm'd you? The beaſtly quantity of Man about him?

Mir. Faith a much better thing, five thouſand Pounds a Year, his Coach and Six, it ſhews well in the *Park.*

Geo. Did I want Coach, or Equipage, and Shew?

Mir. But ſtill there wanted Fool, and Fortune to't; He does not play at the Groom-Porter's for it; nor do the Drudgery of ſome worn-out Lady.

Geo. If I did this, thou hadſt the ſpoils of all my Nation's Conqueſts, while all the whole World was wondering whence it came; for Heav'n had left thee nothing

but thy Beauty, that dear Reward of my induſtrious Lover

Mir. I do confeſs———

Geo. Till time had made me certain of a Fortune, which now was haſting on.———

And is that ſtore of Love and wondrous Joys I had been hoarding up ſo many tender Hours, all laviſh'd on a Brute, who never luſted 'bove my Lady's Woman? for Love he underſtands no more than Senſe.

Mir. Prithee reproach me on—— [*Sighs.*

Geo. 'Sdeath, I cou'd rave! Is this ſoft tender Boſom to be preſt by ſuch a Load of Fool? Damnation on thee —Where got'ſt thou this coarſe Appetite? Take back the Powers, thoſe Charms ſhe's ſworn adorn'd me, ſince a dull, fat-fac'd, noiſy, taudry Blockhead, can ſerve her turn as well. [*Offers to go.*

Mir. You ſhall not go away with that Opinion of me.———

Geo. Oh, that falſe Tongue can now no more deceive————Art thou not marry'd? Tell me that, falſe Charmer.

Mir. Yes.—— [*Holding him.*

Geo. Curſe on that word: wou'd thou hadſt never learnt it—it gave thy Heart, and my Repoſe away.

Mir. Doſt think I marry'd with that dull deſign? Canſt thou believe I gave my Heart away, becauſe I gave my Hand?——Fond Ceremony that——A neceſſary trick, deviſ'd by wary Age, to traffick 'twixt a Portion and a Jointure; him whom I lov'd, is marry'd to my Soul.

Geo. Art thou then mine? And wilt thou make Atonement, by ſuch a charming way?—Come to my claſping Arms.

Enter Lady Blunder *at the Door. Sees 'em, and offers to go out again.*

L. *Blun.* Oh, Heavens! How rude am I?——Cry Mercy, Madam, I proteſt I thought you'd been alone.

Geo. 'Sdeath! my Aunt *Blunder!* [*Aſide.*

Mir. Only this Gentleman, Madam———

L. *Blun.* Sir, I beg your Pardon——and am really ſorry ————

Geo

Geo. That you find me with your Daughter, Madam.

L. *Blun.* I hope you take me to be better bred, Sir: Nor had I interrupted you, but for an Accident that has happen'd to Sir *Morgan*, coming out of the City in a beaſtly Hackney-Coach, he was turn'd over in *Cheap-ſide*, and ſtriking the filthy Coach-man, the naſty Mob came out, and had almoſt kill'd him, but for a young Gentleman, a Stranger, that came to his Reſcue, and whom he has brought to kiſs your Ladyſhip's Hands—But I'll inſtruct him in his Duty, he ſhall wait till your Ladyſhip is more at leiſure——alas! he's already on the Stairs.

[*Exit.*

Mir. Let him wait there ——*Lejere*, 'tis neceſſary you depart, ſure of my Heart, you cannot fear the reſt; the Night is haſting on; truſt me but ſome few Hours, and then, *Lejere*, I'll pay you back with Intereſt.

Geo. All Bleſſings light on thee.
But will your Lady Mother make no Diſcovery of my being here?

Mir. She'd ſooner pimp for me, and believe it a part of good Breeding:——away, I hear 'em coming.

[*She puts him out at a back-Door.*

Enter Lady Blunder *peeping.*

L. *Blun.* He's gone———Sir *Morgan*, you may approach.

Enter Sir Morgan, *pulling in the Prince, Sir* Merlin, *and a Page to the Prince.*

Sir *Mor.* Nay, as Gat ſhall ſave me, Sir, you ſhall ſee my Lady, or ſo, d'ye ſee, and receive the Thanks of the Houſe.

Prince. As Gat ſhall ſave me, Sir, I am ſorry for it—another time, Sir: I have earneſt buſineſs. Now, I am ſure nothing worth ſeeing can belong to this litter of Fools.

L. *Blun.* My Daughter is a Perſon of Quality, I aſſure you, Sir.

Prince. I doubt it not Madam——if ſhe be of the ſame Piece—Send me a fair Deliverance.

[*Sir* Morgan *leads him to* Mirtilla, *he ſtarts.*
——Ha! What bright Viſion's that?

Mir. Heav'n! 'Tis the lovely Prince I ſaw in Flanders.
[*Aſide.*

Sir *Merl.* Look how he ſtares—why, what the Devil ails he?

Sir *Morg.* To her, Sir, or ſo d'ye ſee, what a Pox are you afraid of her?

L. *Blun.* He's in Admiration of her Beauty, Child.

Prince. By Heav'n the very Woman I adore!
[*Aſide.*

Sir *Morg.* How d'ye, ſee Sir, how do ye, ha, ha, ha?

Prince. I cannot be miſtaken; for Heav'n made nothing but young Angels like her!

Sir *Morg.* Look ye Page, is your Maſter in his right Wits?

Sir *Merl.* Sure he's in love, and Love's a deviliſh thing.

Sir *Morg.* Sa, ho, ho, ho, where are you Sir, where are you?

Prince. In Heav'n! [*Puts him away.*
Oh! do not rouze me from this charming Slumber, leſt I ſhou'd wake, and find it but a Dream.

Sir *Merl.* A plaguy dull Fellow this, that can ſleep in ſo good Company as we are.

Sir *Morg.* Dream——A Fiddle-ſtick; to her, Man, to her, and kiſs her ſoundly, or ſo, d'ye ſee.

Sir *Merl.* Ay, ay; kiſs her, Sir, kiſs her—ha, ha, ha, he's very ſimple.

Prince. Kiſs her,——there's univerſal Ruin in her Lips.

Mir. I never knew 'em guilty of ſuch Miſchiefs.

Sir *Morg.* No, I'll be ſworn, I have kiſt 'em twenty times, and they never did me harm.

Prince. Thou kiſs thoſe Lips? impoſſible, and falſe; they ne'er were preſt but by ſoft *Southern* Winds.

Sir *Morg.* *Southern* Winds—ha, ha, lookye d'ye ſee Boy, thy Maſter's mad, or ſo, d'ye ſee——why, what a Pox, d'ye think I never kiſs my Wife, or ſo d'ye ſee.

Prince.

Prince. Thy Wife !——

Mir. He will betray his Paſſion to theſe Fools : Alas, he's mad——and will undo my Hopes. [*Aſide.*

Prince. Thou mayſt as well claim Kindred to the Gods ; ſhe's mine, a Kingdom ſhall not buy her from me.

Sir *Morg.* Hay day, my Wife yours ! look ye, as d'ye ſee, what is it *Midſummer-moon* with you, Sir, or ſo, d'ye ſee ?

Mir. In pity give him way, he's madder than a Storm.

Prince. Thou know'ſt thou art, and thy dear Eyes confeſs it——a numerous Train attended our Nuptials, witneſs the Prieſt, witneſs the ſacred Altar where we kneel'd——when the bleſt ſilent Ceremony was perform'd.

Mir. Alas ! he's mad, paſt all recovery mad.

Sir *Merl.* Mad, ſay, poor Soul—Friend, how long has your Maſter been thus intoxicated ?

Page. He's mad indeed to make this Diſcovery. [*Aſide.*

Alas, Sir, he's thus as often as he ſees a beautiful Lady, ſince he loſt a Miſtreſs, who dy'd in *Flanders* to whom he was contracted.

Sir *Merl.* Good lack———ay, ay, he's diſtracted, it ſeems.

Page. See how he kneels to her ! ſtand off, and do but mind him.

Mir. Riſe, Sir,——you'l ruin me——diſſemble if you love—or you can ne'er be happy. [*In a low Voice, and raiſing him.*

Prince. My Tranſport is too high for a Diſguiſe——give me ſome hope, promiſe me ſome Relief, or at your Feet I'll pierce a wounded Heart.

Mir. Riſe, and hope for all you wiſh : Alas, he faints——— [*She takes him up, he falls upon her Boſom.*

Page. Hold him faſt, Madam, between your Arms, and he'll recover preſently. Stand all away.———

Prince. Oh! tell me, wilt thou bleſs my Youth and Love? Oh! ſwear, leſt thou ſhouldſt break—for Women wou'd be Gods, but for Inconſtancy.

Page. See, he begins to come to himſelf again——keep off———

Mir. You have a thouſand Charms that may ſecure you—The Ceremony of my Nuptials is every Evening celebrated, the noiſe of which draws all the Town together; be here in Maſquerade, and I'll contrive it ſo, that you ſhall ſpeak with me this Night alone.

Prince. So, now let my Soul take Air——

L. *Blun.* What pity 'tis ſo fine a Gentleman ſhou'd be thus.

Mir. You muſt be bringing home your Fops to me, and ſee what comes of it. [*As ſhe paſſes out.*

Sir *Mor.* Fops! I thought him no more a Fop, than I do my own natural Couſin here. [*Ex.* Mir. *in Scorn.*

Prince. Where am I? [*The Page has whiſper'd him.*

Sir *Merl.* Why, here, Sir, here, at Sir *Morgan Blunder*'s Lodging in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Prince. That's well, he has told me—Where have I been this long half hour, and more?

Sir *Merl.* Nay, the Lord knows.

Prince. I fancy'd I ſaw a lovely Woman.

Sir *Merl.* Fancy'd——why ſo you did Man, my Lady *Mirtilla Blunder.*

Prince. Methought, I ſlept upon her ſnowy Boſom, and dreamt I was in Heaven, where I claim'd her.

Sir *Merl.* Good lack aday—why, ſo you did, Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Prince. And rav'd on Love; and talk'd abundance of Nonſenſe.

Sir *Morg.* Ha, ha, ha, by my Troth, and ſo you did, Sir.

Prince. I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis an infirmity I have that ever takes me at the approach of a fine Woman, which made me ſo unwilling to ſee your Lady.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye, I ask your Pardon heartily, or ſo, d'ye ſee—and am ſorry you are not in a Condition to viſit her often.

Prince.

Prince. I ſhall be better when I am us'd to her; 'tis the firſt time only affects me.

Sir *Morg.* Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to uſe your ſelf to her, or ſo, d'ye ſee——ſhe's a civil Perſon, and a Perſon of Quality before I marry'd her, d'ye ſee.

L. *Blun.* My Son tells you Truth, Sir.

Prince. Madam, I doubt it not, pray beg her Pardon, and do you give me yours. [*Bows and kiſſes her Hand, and goes out.*

L. *Blun.* A moſt accompliſh'd Perſon—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia *and* Tereſia, *in Mens Clothes.*

Oliv. Well, the Ball does not begin theſe three Hours, and we'll divert our ſelves at my Aunt's Baſſet-Table, which you ſee is preparing; her natural Propenſity to oblige both Sexes makes her keep a Bank on purpoſe to bring 'em together. There we ſhall ſee the old and the young, the ugly and the handſome, Fools that have Money, and Wits that have none; and if the Table affords us nothing to pleaſe the Appetite, we'll abroad for Forage.

Enter Sir Merlin *pulling in* George, *follow'd by Sir* Morgan, *Page and Footmen to* George.

Sir *Merl.* Nay, Sir, I am reſolv'd you ſhall honour my Aunt's Baſſet-Table———

Geo. My Aunt's Baſſet-Table! There may be Money ſtirring among theſe Fools, and Fortune may befriend me. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Merl.* Sir *Morgan*, pray know this worthy Gentleman, I have the honour to lodge in the Houſe with him. [*They ſalute one another.*

Sir, this is Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a Perſon of Quality in *Wales*, I aſſure you.

Geo. I queſtion it not, Sir, and am proud of the Honour of kiſſing your Hands.

Teres. Yonder's a handſom Gentleman.

Oliv. My Brother *George*, as I live, 'tis as I cou'd wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter Welborn.

Welb. Lejere!

Geo. Welborn! Welcome from *Paris*, I heard of your arrival from Prince *Frederick*.

Welb. Yes, I am come to my Deſtruction, Friend.

Geo. Ay, thou'rt to be marry'd, I hear, to a *Welch* Fortune.

Welb. Tho Matrimony be a ſufficient Curſe, yet that's not the worſt—I am fall'n moſt damnably in love, ſince I arriv'd, with a young Creature I ſaw in the *Mall* t'other Night; of Quality ſhe was, I dare ſwear, by all that was about her; but ſuch a Shape! a Face! a Wit! a Mind, as in a moment quite ſubdu'd my Heart: ſhe had another Lady with her, whom (dogging her Coach) I found to be a Neighbour of mine, and Grand-Daughter to the Lady *Youthly*; but who my Conqueror was I never ſince could learn.

Oliv. 'Slife, *Tereſia*, yonder's the handſom Fellow that entertain'd us with ſo much Wit, on *Thurſday* laſt in the *Mall*.

Tere. What, when you chang'd your Breeches for Petticoats at my Lodgings.

Oliv. That Night, and ever ſince, I have felt a ſort of Tendre for him.

Tere. As I do for his Friend——Pray Heav'n he be not marry'd! I fear he has laid an Imbargo on my Heart, before it puts out of the Port.

Geo. Are you not for the Baſſet?

Welb. No, I've buſineſs at the Ball to night; beſides, my Lady *Blunder* has a Quarrel to me for laſt Night's Debauch; I'll wait on you in the Morning.

[*Exit* Welborn.

Geo. Well, you to your Buſineſs, and I to mine.

[*Speaks as the reſt go out.*

Let the dull trading Fool by Buſineſs live,
Stateſmen by Plots; the Courtier cringe to thrive;
The Fop of Noiſe and Wealth be cullied on,
And purchaſe no one Joy by being undone,

Whilſt

Whilſt I by nobler careleſs ways advance,
Since Love and Fortune are acquir'd by Chance.
[*Exeunt.*

A Song, ſung by Sir *Rowland* in the ſecond Act.

To *TERESIA.*

THO the Young prize Cupid's *Fire,*
'Tis more valu'd by the Old;
The Sun's Warmth we now admire,
More than when the Seaſon's cold.

Dialogues in the Maſque, at the beginning of the third Act.

He. TIme and Place you ſee conſpire,
With tender Wiſhes, fierce Deſire;
See the willing Victim ſtands
To be offer'd by your Hands:
Ah! Let me on Love's Altars lying,
Claſp my Goddeſs whilſt I'm dying.

She. Oh Lord! what hard words, and ſtrange things d'ye ſay;
Your Eyes too ſeem cloſing, and juſt dying away:
Ah! pray what d'ye want? Explain but your mind,
Which did I but know, perhaps I'd be kind.

He. My pretty ſoft Maid, full of innocent Charms,
I languiſh to ſigh out my Soul in thy Arms;
Oh! then, if I'm lov'd, deny not the Bliſs,
But tell me I'm happy, with a raviſhing Kiſs.

She

She. Oh! Fy, Sir, I vow I cannot endure you;
Be civil, or elſe I'll cry out I aſſure you;
I will not be kiſs'd ſo, nor tumbled, not I,
I'll tell all your tricks, that I will, if I die.

He. Nay, never diſſemble, nor ſmother that Fire;
Your Bluſhes, and Eyes betray your Deſire.
The Practis'd, not Innocent, dally with Bliſs,
Then prithee be kind, and taſte what it is.

She. Let me die now, you're grown a ſtrange ſort of a Man,
To force a young Maid, let her do what ſhe can;
I fear now I bluſh to think what we're doing,
And is this the end of all you Men's wooing?

He. At this Pleaſure all aim, both Godly and Sinners,
And none of 'em bluſh for't but poor young Beginners.
In Pleaſure both Sexes, all Ages agree,
And thoſe that take moſt, moſt happy will be.

Chorus. In Pleaſure both Sexes, *&c.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Olivia *as a Man*, Tereſia *in Maſquerade*; *the Scene opens, and diſcovers Lady* Youthly, *Lady* Blunder, Mirtilla, Manage, *Prince* Frederick *in a rich Habit*, Welborn *in one like his, with a Cloke over him, ſtands aſide, and ſeveral others of both Sexes.*

Oliv. OH, my dear *Tereſia*, I'm loſt in Love! I've ſeen a Man,——or rather 'tis an Angel! ſo gay, ſo ſoft, ſo charming, and ſo witty; ſo dreſs'd! ſo ſhap'd! and danc'd with ſuch an Air!

Tere. Hey day! Prithee where's this Wonder to be ſeen?

Oliv. Why doſt thou ask? Haſt thou not ſeen a Man of Dreſs, and Movement of uncommon Faſhion?

Tere. A great many, very odd, and fantaſtick, I'm ſure my dear Man is none of 'em. [*Sighs.*

Oliv. Thy Heart when fir'd burns eaſily, and ſoft, but I am all impatient, Darts, and Flames, all the effects of Love are panting in my Heart, yet never ſaw his Face: but ſee, he comes, and I muſt find a way to let him know the miſchiefs he has done.

Mir. Endimion, where's Sir *Morgan?*

Oliv. At his uſual Diverſion, Madam, drinking.

Mir. Do you wait near me to Night, I may perhaps have kinder Buſineſs for you e'er the Morning.

Oliv. You heap too many Bleſſings on me, Madam.

Prince. Oh, turn thy lovely Eyes upon thy Slave, that waits and watches for a tender Look.

Mir. Oh, Sir, why do you preſs a yielding Heart too much, undone by what you've ſaid already?

Oliv. Thoſe ſoft Addreſſes muſt be thoſe of Love. [*Aſide*

Mir. My Honour was in danger when I promis'd—— and yet I bluſh to tell you I was pleas'd, and bleſt the dear neceſſity that forc'd me.

Oliv.

Oliv. Ha! 'tis the Man I love———and courts *Mirtilla*, and ſhe receives him with inviting Looks. 'Sdeath, ſhe's a common Lover! already I'm arriv'd to Jealouſy!

Enter George *in Maſquerade, with a Paper on his Back and Breaſt, goes to* Mirtilla, *fees one courting her.*

Geo. What gilded thing is that?——I muſt diſturb 'em————

'Tis I, *Mirtilla*, languiſhing for the appointed Happineſs, while you, perhaps, are taken up with different Thoughts——

Mir. Lejere! How very feeble do old Lovers charm! Only the new and gay have pow'r to warm—How ſhall I put him off? For now my ambitious Love declares for *Frederick*; 'tis great to enſlave a Prince. . [*Aſide.*

——*Lejere*——wait till I give the word—perhaps it may be late—go mix your ſelf i'th' Crowd, you may be elſe ſuſpected— [*Goes from him.*

Tere. I have a ſhreud gueſs that this ſhou'd be my Man by his Shape, and Mein. [*Looking round about* George. Let me ſee——What's this written on his Back?——— To be lett ready furniſh'd—— [*Reading it.*

A very good hearing: So ho, ho, ho, who's within here? [*Claps him on the Back.*

Geo. Who's there? [*Exit* Olivia.

Tere. Love and Fortune.

Geo. Two very good Friends of mine, prithee who art thou that bring'ſt 'em?

Tere. A wandring Nymph, that has had a ſwinging Character of your Perſon and Parts——if thou be'ſt the Man, prithee dear Stranger, let me ſee thy Face; and if I'm not miſtaken, 'tis ten to one, but we may go near to ſtrike up ſome odd Bargain or other.

Geo. And I am as likely a Fellow for ſome odd Bargain or other, as ever you met with—Look ye, am I the Man?

Tere. Let me ſee—a very handſome Face, inclining to round; fine wanton Eyes, with a plaguy roguiſh Lear; plump, round, red Lips; not tall, nor low, and extreme-

ly

ly well faſhion'd. [*Reads all this in her Tablets.* —Ay, ay, you are the Man———

Geo. I am glad on't, and prithee dear Creature, let me ſee if thou art not the Woman—

Tere. Heav'n! what Woman, Sir?

Geo. Why, any Woman that's pretty, witty, young, and good-natur'd.

Tere. I had rather ſhew any thing almoſt than my Face.

Geo. Faith, and that's kind; but every thing in its due time: I love to arrive at Happineſs by degrees, there's as much Pleaſure in the Journey of Love, as in the Arrival to't, and the firſt Stage is a handſom Face.

Tere. Where you bait a while, take a ſhort Survey, and away.

Geo. To Wit, and good Humour; where a Man finds Pleaſure enough to engage him a long while.

Tere. Then to all the ſmall Villages, call'd little Freedoms, kiſſing, playing, fooling, ſighing, dying—and ſo on to the laſt Stage, where Whip and Spur laid by, all tir'd and dull, you lazily lie down and ſleep.

Geo. No, I'm a more vigorous Lover: And ſince in the Country of true Love, there remains a *Terra Incognita*, I ſhall always be making new Diſcoveries.

Tere. True Love! is there ſuch a thing in the whole Map of Nature?

Geo. Yes, I once diſcover'd it in my Voyage round the World.

Tere. Sure 'tis ſome enchanted Place, and vaniſhes as ſoon as 'tis approach'd.

Enter Sir Rowland.

Geo. Faith, let's ſet out for it, and try; if we loſe our Labour, we ſhall, like Searchers for the Philoſophers Stone, find ſomething that will recompenſe our pains.—

[*Lady* Youthly *ſees her, and ſends her Woman to take her from him.*

Ha, gone—I muſt not part ſo with you—I'll have you in my Eye. [*The* Spaniſh *Dance: Whilſt they dance, the Prince talks to* Mirtilla.

Mir.

Mir. This Night gives you an Aſſignation——I tremble at the thought——Ah, why will you purſue me thus to Ruin? Why with reſiſtleſs Charms invade my Heart, that cannot ſtand their Force——alone——without my Woman?——the Enterprize with you would be too dangerous.

Prince. Dangerous to be ador'd! and at your Feet behold your Slave making eternal Vows?

Mir. If I were ſure that you would paſs no further—

Prince. Let the fond God of Love be my Security——will you not truſt a Deity?

Mir. Whom ſhould ſhe truſt, that dares not truſt her ſelf?

Geo. That is ſome Lover, whom I muſt obſerve. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Alas, the Foe's within that will betray me, Ambition, and our Sex's Vanity——Sir, you muſt prevail——

Prince. And in return, for ever take my Soul.

Mir. Anon I'll feign an Illneſs, and retire to my Apartment, whither this faithful Friend ſhall bring you, Sir. [*Pointing to* Manage.

Geo. Hum!——that looks like ſome Love Bargain, and *Manage* call'd to Witneſs. By Heav'n, gay Sir, I'll watch you.

Tere. But hark ye, my Fellow-Adventurer, are you not marry'd?

Geo. Marry'd——that's a Bug-word——prithee if thou haſt any ſuch Deſign, keep on thy Mask, leſt I be tempted to Wickedneſs.

Tere. Nay, truth is, 'tis a thouſand pities to ſpoil a handſom man, to make a dull Husband of: I have known an old batter'd Bully of Seventy, unmarry'd, more agreeable for a Gallant, than any ſcurvy, out-of-humour'd Husband at Eight and Twenty.

Geo. Gad, a thouſand times.

Tere. Know, I have Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Geo. Good.

Tere And the Devil and all of Expectation from an old Woman.

Geo. Very good.

Tere.

Tere. And this Youth, and little Beauty to lay out in love. [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Geo. Tereſia! the lovely Maid deſign'd for my Mother! now, what a Dog am I? that gives me the greater Guſt to her, and wou'd fain cuckold my Father.

[*Talks to her aſide.*

[Mirtilla *ſeems to faint.*

Man. My Lady faints———help, help.

Mir. Only the Heat oppreſſes me———but let it not diſturb the Company, I'll take the Air a little, and return.

[*Goes out with* Manage.

Geo. Is this deſign'd or real? —perhaps ſhe is retir'd for me———Mrs. *Manage.*——

[Manage *re-enters, he pulls her by the Sleeve.*

Man. Ha! Monſieur *Lejere!* what ſhall I feign to put him off withal. [*Aſide.*

Geo. Why doſt thou ſtart? How does my dear *Mirtilla?*

Man. Repoſing, Sir, a while, but anon I'll wait on her for your admittance.

[*Prince* Frederick *puts on* Welborn's *Cloke, goes out, and* Welborn *enters into the Company dreſs'd like the Prince.*

Geo. Ha, ſhe ſpoke in paſſing by that gay thing—— What means it, but I'll trace the Myſtery.

Sir *Row.* The young People are lazy, and here's nothing but gaping and peeping in one another's Vizards; come, Madam, let you and I ſhame 'em into Action.

[*Sir* Rowland *and Lady* Youthly *dance. After the Dance,* Olivia *enters with a Letter, and gives it to* Welborn.

Wel. Ha! what's this, Sir, a Challenge?

Oliv. A ſoft one, Sir.

Wel. A Billet———whoever the Lady be, (*Reads.*) She merits ſomething for but believing I am worth her Mirth.

Oliv. I know not, Sir, how great a Jeſt you may make of it; but I aſſure you the Lady is in earneſt, and if you be at leiſure to hear Reaſon from her———

Wel.

Wel. Fair and ſoftly, my dear Love-Meſſenger, I am for no haſty Bargains; not but I ſhou'd be glad to hear Reaſon from any of the Sex———But I have been ſo damnably jilted———Is ſhe of Quality.

Oliv. Yes.

Wel. Then I'll not hear any thing from her: they are troubleſome, and inſolent; and if ſhe have a Husband, to hide her Intrigues ſhe has recourſe to all the little Arts and Cunnings of her Sex; and ſhe that jilts her Husband, will her Lover.

Oliv. She is not troubled with a Husband, Sir.

Wel. What, ſhe's parted from the Fool! then ſhe's expenſive, and for want of Alimony, jilts all the believing Block-heads that ſhe meets with.

Oliv. But this is a Maid, Sir.

Wel. Worſe ſtill! At every turn ſhe's raving on her Honour; then if ſhe have a Kinſman, or a Brother, I muſt be challeng'd.

Oliv. Sir, you miſtake, my Lady is for Matrimony.

Wel. How!

Oliv. You have not forſworn it, I hope.

Wel. Not ſo———but———

Oliv. If a Lady, young and handſom, and Ten Thouſand Pounds———

Wel. Nay, I am not poſitive———

Enter Sir Morgan, *and Sir* Merlin, *drunk, ſinging.*

Wiſe Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to that Man,
That ſince Life is but ſhort, lives as long as he can.

Sir *Morg.* Where is my Lady *Mirtilla*, Rogues?

Sir *Merl.* And my Miſtreſs, Raſcals? For we are reſolv'd to ſhew our ſelves in Triumph to our Wives and Miſtreſſes.

L. *Youth.* Your Miſtreſs, Sir *Merlin*? miſtake not your Mark.

Sir *Merl.* Ha! Art thou there, old Cathedral? Why thou look'ſt as magnificently as old Queen *Beſs* in the *Weſtminſter*-Cupboard.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye as d'ye ſee, when *Adam* wore a Beard, ſhe was in her Prime, or ſo, d'ye ſee. [*Sings.*

L. *Youth.*

L. *Youth.* Sir, you are a ſaucy *Jack*, and your Father ſhall correct you.

Sir *Merl.* My Father! my Father's an old Toaſt, d'ye ſee; and I hope to ſee him hang'd.

Sir *Row.* Here's a Heathen-Chriſtian! ſee his Father hang'd!

Sir *Merl.* Ay hang'd, and all the old Fathers in *Chriſtendom.* Why, what a Pox ſhou'd Fathers trouble the World for? when I come to reign in Parliament, I will enact it Felony, for any Father to have ſo little Grace to live, that has a Son at Years of Diſcretion.

Sir *Row.* A damd'd Rogue, I'll diſinherit him immediately.

L. *Blun.* Is it ſo great a Crime, Brother, for a Gentleman to be drunk?

Sir *Merl.* You lye like a Son of a Whore——I have been drinking Confuſion to all the Fathers and Husbands in *England.*

Sir *Morg.* How, Sir, Confuſion to Husbands! Look ye d'ye ſee, Sir, ſwallow me that Word, or I'll make you depoſit all the conjugal Wine you have drunk.

Sir *Merl.* I depoſit all your Wine! Sirrah, you're a Blunderbuſs.

Sir *Morg.* Sirrah, you are a diminutive Bully.

Sir *Merl.* Sirrah, you're the Whore of *Babylon*, and I defy you.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye d'ye ſee, I ſcorn to draw upon a drunken Man, or ſo, I being ſober; but I boldly challenge you into the Cellar, where thou ſhalt drink till thou renounce thy Character, or talk Treaſon enough to hang thee, and that's fair and civil.

Sir *Merl.* Agreed; and when I'm drunk enough to raviſh, I'll cuckold my old Dad, and fight him for his Miſtreſs.

Sir *Row.* I have no Patience; I'll kill the Dog, becauſe I'll have the Law on my ſide——Come on, Sir.

[*Draws, the Ladies run out.*

[*Sir* Merlin *draws.* George *runs in and parts 'em.*

Geo. Villain! Raſcal! What, draw upon thy Father!

Sir

Sir *Row.* Pray, Sir, who are you? that I may thank you for my Life.

Geo. One, Sir, whoſe Duty 'twas.

[*Pulls off his Vizard.*

Sir *Row.* What, my dear *George!*——I'll go and cut off the Intail of my Eſtate preſently, and thou ſhalt have it all, Boy, thou ſhalt—— [*Exeunt all but* George.

Geo. Fortune is ſtill my Friend: Had but *Mirtilla* been ſo! I wonder that ſhe ſends not to me: my Love's impatient, and I cannot wait—while the dull Sot is boozing with his Brother-Fools in the Cellar, I'll ſoftly to the Chamber of my Love——Perhaps ſhe waits me there—

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber, and Alcove, diſcovers* Mirtilla *and Prince* Frederick.

Prince. Oh! I am raviſh'd with exceſs of Joy.

Mir. Enough, my charming Prince! Oh, you have ſaid enough.

Prince. Never, my *Mirtilla!*
The Sun that views the World, nor the bright Moon, that favours Lovers Stealths, ſhall ever ſee that Hour. Vaſt, as thy Beauties, are my young Deſires; and every new Poſſeſſion kindles new Flames, ſoft as thy Eyes, ſoft as thy tender Touches; and e'er the Pantings of my Heart are laid, new Tranſports, from new Wiſhes, dance about it, and ſtill remain in Love's harmonious Order.

[*Kiſſes and embraces her.*

Enter George, *ſoftly.*

Geo. This Houſe I know, and this should be her Bed-Chamber, becauſe the beſt; and yet methought I heard another Voice——but I may be miſtaken.

Prince. I faint with Pleaſure of each tender Claſp; I ſigh, and languiſh, gazing on thy Eyes! and die upon thy Lips, with every Kiſs.

Geo. Surely I know that Voice! Torments, and Hell! ——but 'tis impoſſible. [*Aſide.*

Prince.

Prince. Oh! ſatisfy my Doubt, my trembling Doubt! Am I belov'd? Have I about me ought engaging to thee, Charmer of my Soul?

Geo. It is the Prince. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Ah, Prince! Can you ſuch needleſs Queſtions ask, after the Sacrifice which I have made?

Geo. Hell take thee for that Falſhood. [*Draws.*

Mir. Think not the mighty Preſent of your Jewels, enough to purchaſe Provinces, has bought one ſingle Sigh, or Wiſh: No, my dear Prince, you owe 'em all to Love, and your own Charms.

Geo. Oh damn'd, diſſembling Jilt! [*Aſide.*

Prince. No more, no more, my Soul's oppreſt with Joy: let me unload it in thy tender Arms, and ſigh it out into thy raviſhing Boſom.

Geo. Death, and Damnation!———— I ſhall forget his Quality and Virtue, forget he was my Friend, or ſav'd this Life; and like a River, ſwell'd with angry Tides, o'erflow thoſe Banks that made the Stream ſo gay.

Mir. Who's there?——I heard a Voice—*Manage?*

Geo. Yes. [*Softly.*

Prince. Approach, thou Confident of all my Joys; approach, and be rewarded——

[*Prince takes his Jewel from his Hat.*

Geo. Yes, for my excellent Bauding——By Heav'n I dare not touch his princely Perſon.

Prince. Where art thou? take this Jewel, and retire.

[*Gropes for his Hand, gives it him.*

Geo. E'en my Misfortunes have a ſort of Luck; but I'll withdraw, for fear this Devil about me ſhou'd raiſe my too raſh Hand againſt his Life. [*Exit.*

Prince. Come, my eternal Pleaſure——each Moment of the happy Lover's Hour, is worth an Age of dull, and common Life.

[*Exeunt into the Alcove, the Scene ſhuts.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Garden by Night ſtill.*

Enter George *with his Sword in his Hand, as before.*

Geo. Why do I vainly call for Vengeance down, and have it in my Hand?——By Heav'n, I'll back——Whither? To kill a Woman, a young perjur'd Woman!——Oh, ye falſe Fair Ones! ſhou'd we do you Juſtice, a univerſal Ruin wou'd enſue; not one wou'd live to ſtock the World anew. Who is't among ye All, ye Fair Deceivers, ye charming Miſchiefs to the noble Race, can ſwear ſhe's Innocent, without Damnation? No, no, go on—be falſe—be fickle ſtill: You act but Nature—But my faithless Friend—where I repoſe the ſecrets of my Soul—except this one—Alas! he knew not this:—Why do I blame him then?

Enter Olivia, *dreſs'd as before.*

Oliv. Fire! Fire! Fire!

Geo. Olivia's Voice!——Ha! what art thou? Thy Voice ſhou'd be *Olivia*'s, but thy Shape—and yet a Woman is all o'er Diſguiſe.

Enter Lady Blunder *in her Night-Gown.*

L. *Blun.* Fire! Fire! Fire! My Son, my dear Sir *Morgan.*

Enter Sir Rowland, *and Servants.*

Sir *Row.* A Pox on your Son, and mine to boot; they have ſet all the Sack-Butts a Flaming in the Cellar, thence the Miſchief began. *Timothy*, *Roger*, *Jeffrey*, my Money-Trunks, ye Rogues! my money-Trunks!

L. *Blun.* My Son, good *Roger!* my own Sir *Moggy!*

Sir *Row.* The ten thouſand Pounds, ye Raſcal, in the Iron Trunk, that was to be paid Mr. *Welborn* for *Olivia*'s Portion. [*Exit.*

L. *Blun.* Oh my Son! my Son!—run to the Parſon, *Sam.* and let him ſend the Church-Buckets. Oh, ſome help! ſome help!

Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, Heavens! my Lady *Mirtilla*'s Chamber's all on Flame.

Enter

Enter Britton.

Geo. Ha,——the Prince! I had forgot his Danger.

Man. Ah! look up, and ſee how it burns.

Geo. Britton, a Million for a Ladder!

Man. Bleſſing on you, Sir, if you dare venture thro the Houſe; there lies one in the Fore-Garden.

Brit. The Paſſage is on fire, Sir, you cannot go.

Geo. Revenge is vaniſh'd, and Love takes its place: Soft Love, and mightier Friendſhip ſeizes all. I'll ſave him, tho I periſh in the Attempt.

[*Runs out*, Britton *after him.*

Enter at another Door, Sir Rowland.

L. *Blun.* A thouſand Pound for him that ſaves Sir *Morgan!*

Sir *Rowl.* And, do ye hear, let my Rogue lie; I'd rather he ſhould be burnt, than hang'd on *Tyburn* Road, for murdering his Father.——But where's Boy *George?*

Enter Men with Trunks.

Rog. Safe, Sir, I hope; he was not in the Houſe.

Sir *Rowl.* So, ſo, away with theſe Trunks to my Lady *Youthly*'s in *Southampton*-Square, and tell her we muſt trouble her to night. Come, Siſter, let's away.

[*Ex. Lady* Blunder, *and Sir* Rowland.

Prince Frederick *and* Mirtilla, *appear at the Window, the Flame behind 'em.*

Prince. Help, help, and ſave *Mirtilla!* Ask any Price, my Life, my Fortune! All!

Mir. Oh, Heav'ns, the Flame purſues us as we fly.

Prince. No help! Oh Gods, I ſhall prevent the Flame, and periſh by my Fears to ſee you die!

Mir. Alas! Sir, you with eaſe may ſave your Life! This Window you may leap, but I want Courage.

Prince. No, my *Mirtilla*, if it be thy Fate, I'll graſp thee, ev'n in Flames, and die with thee.

Mir. We die! we die! the Flame takes hold of us.

Enter George *with a Ladder, and puts it to the Window.*

Prince. Ha! ſome pitying God takes care of us.

Haſte, haſte, my Charmer ; Heav'n has ſent us Aid.

[*Puts her on the Ladder, ſhe deſcends into* George's *Arms ; after her, the Prince.* George *puts her into* Manage's *Arms, ſhe faints ; he runs up to receive the Prince.*

Prince. Lejere ! dear Man of Luck——Some happy Star reign'd at thy glorious Birth ; every thing is proſperous thou eſpouſeſt.——How fares my Love, the Treaſure of my Soul?

Man. Only fainting with the Fright, but ſhe recovers.

Prince. My Chair there, quickly, that waits for me.—

Enter Chair ; he puts her, and Manage *into it.*

Enter Olivia.

Carry 'em to Mr. *Welborn*'s, to my Lodgings there, and then return to me ; for I am wondrous faint, and cannot walk.

Oliv. Ha ! by my Life, my Man !

Prince. But if I might impoſe ſo much, *Lejere*, upon thy Friendſhip, I beg thou wouldſt ſee her ſafely carry'd to my Lodgings at *Welborn*'s.

Geo. You ſhall command me, Sir.

[*Exeunt Chair*, George *and* Britton.

Oliv. You ſeem not well, Sir, pray repoſe upon my Arm a while.

Prince. I thank you, Sir, indeed I am not well.

Oliv. Methinks I find a Pleaſure but in touching him—Wou'd I cou'd ſee his Face by all this fatal Light.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. So, ſo, the Fire abates, the Engines play'd rarely, and we have Ten Guineas here, Neighbours, to watch about the Houſe ; for where there's Fire, there's Rogues——Hum, who have we here?——How now, Mr.——Hum, what have you got under your Arm there, ha? Take away this Box of Jewels.

[*Sir* Morgan, *and Sir* Merlin, *creeping out of the Cellar Window.*

Ha, who have we here creeping out of the Cellar-Window? more Rogues !

Sir

Sir *Merl.* Sirrah! you're a Baud, Sirrah! and for a Teſter will wink at the Vices of the Nation, Sirrah! Call Men of the beſt Quality Rogues! that have ſtood for Knights of the Shire, and made the Mobile drunk, Sirrah!

Conſt. We cry you Mercy, Sir, we did not know your Worſhips.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye d'ye ſee, here's a Crown for you; carry us to the next Tavern, and we'll make thee, and all thy Mirmidons, as drunk as a Boat in a Storm.

Oliv. Sir, I find you have Intereſt with theſe arbitrary Tyrants of the Pariſh; pray will you bail me, and this Gentleman?

Sir *Merl.* What, *Endimion!* my Lady *Mirtilla*'s Page? He lent me Money to Night at the Baſſet-Table; I'll be bound Hand and Foot for him, Mr. Conſtable, and gad we'll all to the Tavern, and drink up the Sun, Boys.

Oliv. Yonder Gentleman too has receiv'd ſome hurt by the Fire, and muſt go home, Sir; but you muſt reſtore him the Box, Mr. Conſtable.

Sir *Morg.* Ay, ay, lookye d'ye ſee, return the Gentleman all; they're Gentlemen, and our intimate Friends, d'ye ſee. [*Exeunt Prince, and* Olivia.

Enter a Servant.

Conſt. Stand: Who goes there?

Sir *Morg. Philip*——Lookye d'ye ſee, he ſhall along with us to the Tavern.

Serv. Sir *Morgan*, I came to ſeek you: your Lady Mother ſent me back on purpoſe; ſhe has ſpoil'd her Beauty with crying for you.

Sir *Morg.* And waſh'd off all her Paint?——Or ſo d'ye ſee! Gad ſa' me, *Philip*, this is ill Luck. Come let us go drink down Sorrow.

Serv. Being ſent of ſuch an Errand, as your Safety, Sir, I dare not ſtay and drink now, before I've ſatisfy'd your Mother.

Sir *Merl.* Not drink! I charge you in the King's Name, Mr. Conſtable, bring him along.

[*The Conſtable and Watch ſeize him.*

Sings.

Wiſe Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,
That ſince Life is but ſhort, lives as long as he can.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Prince's Lodgings.

Enter Page with Lights, ſets 'em on the Table. [Ex.

Enter Mirtilla, *led by Mrs.* Manage.

Mir. HA! where am I, *Manage?*

Man. Heav'n be thanked, Madam, at the Prince's Lodgings.

Mir. What happy Star conducted us, and ſav'd us from the Fury of the Flames?

Man. Thoſe whoſe Influence are always gracious to your Ladyſhip.

Mir. But where's the Prince? where's my illuſtrious Lover?

Man. Waiting the Return of the Chair, Madam.

Mir. But my *Endimion!*—Is *Endimion* ſafe!

Man. Madam, he is: I ſaw him in the Garden.

Mir. Then periſh all the reſt—Go ſend to ſearch him out, and let him inſtantly be brought to me——Ha——*Lejere.*

Enter George.

Geo. Baud, ſtand aſide—and do your Office yonder—
[*Puts away* Manage.
Why are you frighted, Madam, becauſe I'm not the Lover you expected?

Mir. What Lover! be witneſs Heaven——

Geo.

Geo. That thou art falſe, falſe as the inſatiate Seas, that ſmiling tempt the vain Adventurer, whom flattering, far from any ſaving there, ſwell their falſe Waves to a deſtructive Storm.

Mir. Why all this mighty Rage?———Becauſe I diſappointed you to night?

Geo. No, by Heaven, I dully cou'd have waited for the Hour; have hop'd, and wiſh'd, and languiſh'd out an Age. But, oh *Mirtilla!* Oh thou perjur'd Fair!—— But vaniſh all the Softneſs of my Soul, I will be ſatirical.

A Plague, a Torment, to your fickle Sex,
Thoſe ſmiling, ſighing, weeping Hypocrites.

Mir. And can you think my Flight is criminal? becauſe I ſav'd this worthleſs Life——for you——

Geo. What Innocence adorns her Tongue, and Eyes! while Hell and Furies give her Heart its motion. You know not where you are?

Mir. Perhaps I do not.

Geo. Swear, for thou'rt damn'd already, and by what black Degrees I will unfold: When firſt I ſaw this gay, this glorious Miſchief, tho nobly born, 'twas hid in mean Obſcurity; the ſhining Viper lay half dead with Poverty, I took it up, and laid it next my Heart, fed it, and call'd its faded Beauties back.

Mir. Confeſs'd; And what of this?

Geo. Confirm'd you mine, by all the Obligations Profuſeneſs cou'd invent, or Love inſpire.

Mir. And yet at your Return you found me marry'd to another.

Geo. Death and Hell! that was not yet the worſt: You flatter'd me with ſome Pretence of Penitence; but on the Night, the dear deſtructive Night, you rais'd my Hopes to all diſtracting Love cou'd wiſh——that very Night——Oh let me rave and die, and never think that Diſappointment o'er!

Mir. What, you ſaw me courted at the Ball, perhaps.

Geo. Perhaps I ſaw it in your Chamber too. Breathleſs and panting, with new-acted Joys, the happy Lover lay——Oh *Mirtilla!*

Mir. Nay, if he knows it, I'll deny't no more. [*Aſide.*

Geo. There is no Honeſty in all thy Kind.

Mir. Or if there be, thoſe that deal in't are weary of their Trade. But where's the mighty Crime?

Geo. No, I expect thou ſhouldſt out-face my Eyes, out-ſwear my Hearing, and out-lye my Senſes——The Prince! the Prince! thou faithleſs dear deſtruction.

Mir. The Prince! good Heaven! Is all this Heat for him?

Geo. Thou own'ſt the Conqueſt then?

Mir. With as much Vanity as thou wouldſt do, if thou hadſt won his Sword: Haſt thou took care wiſely to teach me all the Arts of Life, and doſt thou now upbraid my Induſtry? Look round the World, and thou ſhalt ſee, *Lejere*, Ambition ſtill ſupplies the place of Love. The worn-out Lady, that can ſerve your Intereſt, you ſwear has Beauties that out-charms Fifteen; and for the Vanity of Quality, you feign and languiſh, lye, proteſt, and flatter—All Things in Nature cheat, or elſe are cheated.

Geo. Well ſaid; take off thy Veil, and ſhew the Jilt.

Mir. You never knew a Woman thrive ſo well by real Love, as by Diſſimulation: This has a thouſand Arts and Tricks to conquer; appears in any Shape, in any Humour; can laugh or weep, be coy or play, by turns, as ſuits the Lover beſt, while ſimple Love has only one Road of Sighs and Softneſs; theſe to *Lejere* are due: But all my Charms, and Arts of gay diſſembling, are for the credulous Prince.——Ha—he's here!——and with him the dear Youth that has enſlav'd me, who triumphs o'er the reſt. [*Aſide.*

Enter Prince Frederick, Olivia *following, ſees* Mirtilla, *and withdraws.*

Oliv. Ha! *Mirtilla*, and my Brother here? Oh how I long to ſee that Stranger's Face. [*Aſide.*

Prince. Mirtilla, thou Charmer of Life's dull and tedious Hours, how fares thy Heart? Dwells any Pantings

ings there, but thoſe that Love, and his dear Joys create?

Mir. Or if there do, you ſhou'd excuſe it now.

Geo. How many Devils reign in beauteous Woman!

Prince. My dear *Lejere*, congratulate my Joys; take all my Friendſhip thou—but thou my Soul. Come, come, my Friend, let us retire together; I'll give thee leave to gaze upon my Heaven, and feed on all the Sweets that Friendſhip may: But all the reſt of the vaſt Store is mine.

Man. Madam, *Endimion* is already here.

[*Aſide to her.*

Mir. Thou haſt reviv'd me—Let him wait my Call.

[*Exit* Prince *and* Mirtilla, George *goes out, and peeps at the Door.* Olivia *comes forward*

Oliv. Spite, Spite, and dire Revenge, ſeize my fond Soul!——Oh that I were a Man, a looſe leud Man; how eaſily wou'd I rob him of her Heart, and leave him but the ſhadow of Enjoyment!

Re-enter George.

Geo. Now, my dear Siſter, if thou ever lov'dſt me, revenge thy Brother on this perjur'd Woman, and ſnatch her from this gallant Rival's Arms. She loves thee—— Diſſemble thou to love again; meet her Advances with an equal Ardour, and when thou haſt wound her up to dalliance, I'll bring the Prince a witneſs of her Shame.

Oliv. But what if he ſhou'd kill me——

Geo. I'll take care of that.

Oliv. Then e'er the morning dawns, you ſhall behold it: She languiſhes to ſee me, and I wait on purpoſe for her Commands.

Geo. As I cou'd wiſh: Be ſure to act the Lover well.

[*Exit.*

Oliv. As well as I can act it.

Enter Welborn, *habited as laſt.*

That all Mankind are damn'd, I'm poſitive; at leaſt all Lovers are.

Wel. What have we here? the Spark that rally'd me about a Woman at the Ball to night? Who is it, Sir, you curſe ſo heartily.

Oliv. Ha, how beautiful he is——how many Charms dwell in that lovely Face—— [*Aſide.*
'Tis you I curſe.

Wel. Gad, I thank you for that, you were kinder to night, when you told me of a fine Woman that was in love with me.

Oliv. Why, what have you to do with Woman-kind?

Wel. A pretty civil Queſtion; has the Lady that ſent you a mind to be inform'd?

Oliv. Or if ſhe had, you're not at leiſure now, you are taken up, Sir, with another Beauty. Did not you ſwear, never to ſpeak to Woman-kind, till I had brought her, I told you, ſigh'd for you?

Wel. Right, and I have kept my word religiouſly.

Oliv. The Devil you have, witneſs the Joy *Mirtilla* gave your Soul: Even now you were all Tranſport, all Extaſy of Love; by Heaven you had forgot you brought me in, and paſt triumphant in *Mirtilla*'s Arms, Love in your Heart, and Pleaſure in your Eyes.

Wel. Ay, ſure he miſtakes me for the amorous Prince, and thus, perhaps, has miſtook me all the Night: I muſt not undeceive him. [*Aſide.*
Whate'er you ſaw, I have a Heart unwounded, a Heart that never ſoundly loved, a little ſcratch it got the other day by a young Beauty in the *Mall*, her Name I know not, but I wiſh'd to know it, and dogg'd her Coach, I ſigh'd a little after her, but ſince ne'er ſaw the lovely Viſion.

Oliv. Sure this was I. [*Aſide.*
What Livery had ſhe, Sir?

Wel. That I took notice of, 'twas Green and Gold—Since that, I trifle now and then with Love, to chaſe away this Image, and that's all.

Oliv. Ha, now I view him well, 'tis the ſame handſome Fellow that entertain'd us in the *Mall* laſt Thurſday.

Wel. Come, Sir, 'tis late, pleaſe you to take a Bed with me to Night, where we'll beget a better Underſtanding.

Oliv.

Oliv. A better than you imagine——'Sdeath to bed with him, I tremble at the thought—Sir, I do not love a Bedfellow.

Wel. Sir, I have lent my Lodgings to a Stranger of Quality, or I wou'd offer you a ſingle Bed——but for once you may diſpenſe with a Bedfellow.

Oliv. I will not put you to that trouble, Sir.

Wel. Do you deſign to make me your Friend, and uſe me with Ceremony? Who waits there?

Enter Footman.

Oliv. 'Slife, what ſhall I do? I cou'd even conſent, to prevent his going to *Mirtilla*——beſides, I have no home to go to——

Wel. Come, no more Scruples—here—a Night-Gown and a Cap for the Gentleman.

Oliv. What ſhall I do?—I have a little urgent Buſineſs, Sir.

Wel. If there be abſolute neceſſity, I'll ſee you to your Lodgings.

Oliv. Oh, by no means, Sir. 'Sdeath, whither can I go?

Wel. Why do you pauſe? Deal freely with me, Sir, I hope you do not take me for a Lover of my own Sex—Come, come to bed.

Oliv. Go you, Sir, I'll ſit and read by you till Day.

Wel. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye think my Bed's infectious?

Oliv. I ſhall betray my Sex in my denial, and that at laſt I can but do if Neceſſity compel me to't. [*Aſide.*
Go on, Sir, you have ſham'd me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and George.

Prince. And thus thou haſt my whole Adventure out, ſhort was the Conqueſt, but the Joys are laſting.

Geo. I am glad on't, Sir.

Prince. Why doſt wear a Cloud upon thy brows, when Love's gay Sunſhine dances in my Eyes? If thou'rt her Lover too, I pity thee; her ſolemn Vows breath'd in the height of Love, diſarm me of thy hopes, if Friendſhip wou'd permit thee.

Geo. I do not think it, Sir——

Prince. Not think it, not think that ſhe has ſworn!

Geo. Yes, doubtleſs, Sir——ſhe's prodigal of Vows, and I dare ſwear, by all ſhe's ſworn by, ſhe'll break 'em all: She has leſs Faith than all the fickle Sex, uncertain and more wanton than the Winds, that ſpare no Births of Nature in their wild courſe, from the tall Cedar to the Flowers beneath, but ruffle, raviſh, and ruin all.

Prince. I ſpeak of my *Mirtilla.*

Geo. Why ſo do I —— of yours, of mine, or any Man's *Mirtilla.*

Prince. Away, ſhe that with force of Love can ſigh and weep——

Geo. This very ſhe, has all the while diſſembled! Such Love ſhe deals to every gaudy Coxcomb, how will ſhe practiſe then upon a Hero?

Prince. Away, it cannot be.

Geo. By all your Friendſhip to me, Sir, 'tis truth.

Prince. Racks and Tortures!—let her have made of me a mere Example, by whom the cozen'd World might have grown wiſe: No matter, then I had been pleas'd, tho cullyed——Why haſt thou ruined my Repoſe with Truths that carry more Damnation than a Lye? But Oh—thou art my Friend, and I forgive thee.

Geo. Sir, I have done, and humbly ask your Pardon.

[*Offers to go.*

Prince. Stay, ſtay, *Lejere,*——if ſhe be falſe, thou'rt all the World has left me; and I believe——but canſt thou prove this to me?

Geo. Perhaps I may before the Morning's dawn.

Prince. Ha, prove it here—here, in this very Houſe!

Geo. Ay, here, Sir.

Prince. What, in my Lodgings will ſhe receive her Spark——by Heaven, were he the darling Son of a Monarch, an Empire's Hope, and Joy of all the Fair, he ſhou'd not live to rifle me of Peace.——Come, ſhew me this deſtin'd Victim to my Rage.

Geo. No, my Revenge is only comical——If you wou'd ſee how Woman can diſſemble, come on, and follow me.

Prince. What, diſturb her Reſt! Didſt thou not ſee her fainting with the Fatigues this Night had given her, and begg'd me I wou'd leave her to Repoſe?

Geo.

Geo. Yes, and wonder'd at her Art; and when you begg'd to watch by her Bed-ſide, with what dear Promiſes ſhe put you off; while every word fell freely from her Tongue, as if't had been her laſt, ſo very ſick ſhe was—till you were gone—Hark—a Door opens—I will obſcure the Lights. [*Puts away the Lights.*

Enter Olivia. *They retire a little.*

Oliv. Was ever Maid ſo near being undone? Oh Heavens! in bed with the dear Man I love, ready to be betray'd by every Sigh. [George *peeps.*

Geo. 'Tis *Olivia.*

Enter Manage *groping.*

Man. I left him here——what, by dark? *Endimion,* young, handſome Sir, where are you? [*Calls* Olivia.

Geo. Do you hear that, Sir?

Man. Oh, are you here?—— [*Runs againſt* Olivia.

Oliv. 'Slife, 'tis *Manage*——how ſhall I eſcape?——

[*Aſide.*

Man. Come, Sir, my Lady *Mirtilla* has diſmiſs'd her troubleſome Lovers, for your more agreeable Company.

Geo. D'ye hear that, Sir?

Man. Come ſoftly on, Sir, and follow me.

Oliv. I'm all Obedience—
She cannot raviſh me, and that's a Comfort.

[*Aſide, going out.*

Prince. Oh, *Lejere*—can this be poſſible? Can there be ſuch a Woman?

Geo. Follow him, Sir, and ſee—

Prince. See what!—be witneſs of her Infamy? Hell! Hell, and all the Fires of Luſt poſſeſs her! when ſhe's ſo old and leud, all Mankind ſhun her.—I'll be a Coward in my own dire Revenge, and uſe no manly Mercy.—But oh, I faint, I faint with Rage and Love, which like two meeting Tides, ſwell into Storms.——Bear me a minute to my Couch within.

Geo. What have I done! now I repent my Raſhneſs.

SCENE

SCENE *draws off, diſcovers* Mirtilla *at her Toylet, dreſs'd.*

Enter Manage, *leading* Olivia *in as* Endymion, *who falls at* Mirtilla's *Feet, whilſt ſhe's there, ſings a Song; ſhe takes him up.*

Mir. Riſe,—When Lovers are alone they pardon Ceremony.——I ſent for you to end the Night with me; ſay—how ſhall we employ it?

Oliv. I'll ſigh, and gaze upon your lovely Face.

Mir. Nothing but ſigh, and gaze; we ſhall grow dull.

Oliv. I'll tell you Tales of Love, and ſing you Songs.

Mir. Thy Voice, 'tis true, can charm a thouſand ways; but Lovers time their Joys, theſe for the Day, thoſe for the lovely Night. And when they would be ſilently in love, have Muſick of ſoft Sighs and gentler Whiſpers.

Oliv. Oh, Love inſpires all this—What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Mir. Nay, think not becauſe I ſent for you alone, while Night and Silence favour Lovers Stealths, to take advantage of my yielding Heart.

Oliv. I wou'd to Heaven ſhe were in earneſt now.

A Noiſe. Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, hide your Favourite, Madam —— do you hear.

Mir. A jealous Lover only, comes in ſuch a Storm—Dear, to my Heart, whoſe Safety is my Life. Submit to be conceal'd—but where— Oh Heavens, he comes—'Tis for you I fear— [*They ſearch for a place.*

Man. He comes——

Mir. Here, let my Train ſecure you——Till now I never found the right Uſe of long Trains and Farthingals.

[*She kneels,* Man. *puts her Train over* Olivia.

Enter Prince and George, *at the Door.*

Geo. 'Sdeath, you have made theſe Pauſes and Alarms to give her time to jilt you.

Prince.

Prince. Pray Heaven ſhe do——I'd not be undeceiv'd for all the Sun ſurveys. [*Enters.*

Mir. My Lord the Prince! now you are kind indeed. [*Goes and embraces him.*

—hah! what means this Unconcern?

Prince. I thought I'ad left you ſick, extremely ſick.

Mir. And are you griev'd to find my Health return?

Prince. No, wondrous glad of it. You're mighty gay, *Mirtilla*, much in Glory.

Mir. Can he, who lays his Fortune at my Feet, think me too glorious for his Arms and Eyes?

Geo. Fifty to one the Gipſy jilts him yet. [*Aſide.*

Prince. Pray Heaven ſhe lyes but handſomly— [*Aſide.*

—for mine, *Mirtilla!* Ha—ha—

Mir. Am I not yours? You cannot doubt my Vows.

Geo. She'll do't, and make me love her anew for her rare dexterity at diſſembling.

Prince. I left you wearied, going to your Bed, but find you at your Toylet gayly dreſs'd, as if ſome Conqueſt you deſign'd e'er morning.

Mir. Manage, Sir, from the Fire, ſecur'd theſe Trifles, and I was trying ſeveral Dreſſes on; that this ſlight Beauty that you ſay has charm'd you, might, when you ſaw it next, complete the Conqueſt.

Geo. And that thou wilt, if Flattery can do't.

Prince. Now, were ſhe guilty, as I am ſure ſhe's not, this Softneſs would undo me, and appeaſe me.

Mir. You ſeem as if you doubted what I ſay. [*This while,* Olivia *gets off unſeen.*

By all the Powers——

Prince. Hold, I ſcorn to need an Oath to fix my Faith; Oh! thou art all divine, and canſt not err. [*Embraces her.*

Curs'd be the Tongue that dares profane thy Virtue, and curs'd the liſtning Fool that dares believe it.

Geo. What a poor, wretched, baffled thing is Man, by feebler Woman aw'd and made a Coxcomb!

Mir. Durſt any one traduce my Virtue, Sir? and is it poſſible that you could hear it?——Then periſh all the Beauties you have flatter'd. [*Tears her Head-things.*

Prince.

Prince. Come to my Arms, thou Charmer of my Soul! and if one ſpark of Jealouſy remain, one of thoſe precious Tears ſhall quench the Crime—Oh, come, and let me lead thee to thy Bed, and breathe new Vows into thy panting Boſom.

[*Leads her off, ſhe looks back on* George *and ſmiles.*

Geo. Now all the Plagues of injur'd Lovers wreck thee; 'Sdeath, where has ſhe hid *Olivia?* or how am I deceiv'd?—'Tis Day, and with it new Invention riſe to damn this Woman to the ſin of Shame; break all the Chains that hold the princely Youth, and ſink her with her fancy'd Power and Vanity. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Lady* Youthly's.

Enter Sir Rowland *half dreſs'd, Lady* Blunder *in an Undreſs, Lady* Youthly *in her morning-dreſs,* Tereſia *and Mr.* Twang.

Sir *Row.* Morrow my Lady *Youthly*, and thank you for my Night's Lodging——You are as early up as if it had been your Wedding-day.

L. *Youth.* Truly, Sir *Rowland*, that I intend.

Sir *Row.* But where's the Bride-groom, Madam?

Enter Roger.

How now, *Roger*, what, no news yet of *George?*

Rog. Alas! none Sir, none, till the Rubbiſh be removed.

Sir *Row.* Rubbiſh— What— what is *George* become the Rubbiſh of the World then? [*Weeps.*

Twang. Why, Man is but Duſt, as a Man may ſay, Sir.

L. *Blun.* But are you ſure, *Roger*, my Jewel, my Sir *Moggy* eſcap'd?

Rog. The Watch drew him out of the Cellar-window, Madam.

L. *Youth.* How, Mr. *Twang*, the young Gentleman burnt—Oh— [*Falls in a Chair.*

Tere. Alas! my Grandmother faints with your ill News —Good Sir *Rowland* comfort her, and dry your Eyes.

Sir

Sir *Row.* Burnt, Madam! No, no, only the Houſe fell on him, or ſo——

[*Feigns Chearfulneſs, and ſpeaks to Lady* Youthly.

L. *Youth.* How! the Houſe fell on him—Oh!

Sir *Row.* Ah, Madam, that's all; why, the young Rogue has a Back like an Elephant—'twill bear a Caſtle, Madam.

L. *Youth.* Alas, good Man: What a Mercy 'tis, Mr. *Twang*, to have a Back like an Elephant!

L. *Blun.* Of what wonderful Uſe it is upon occaſion—

Sir *Row.* Ay—but—but I ſhall never ſee him more, Back nor Breaſt. [*Weeps.*

Twang. Good Sir, diſcomfort not my Lady—Conſider Man's a Flower—

Sir *Row.* Ay, but *George* was ſuch a Flower! He was, Mr. *Twang*, he was the very Pink of Prentices. Ah! what a rare rampant Lord Mayor he wou'd have made? And what a ſwinging Sheriff— [*Cries.*

Tere. What, cry, ſo near your Wedding-day, Sir *Rowland?*

Sir *Row.* Well, if he be gone—Peace be with him: and 'Ifaks, Sweet-heart, we'll marry, and beget new Sons and Daughters—but—but I ſhall ne'er beget another *George.* [*Cries.*

Tere. This is but a Scurvy Tune for your hymenical Song, Sir.

Sir *Row.* Alas! Mrs. *Tereſia*, my Inſtrument is untun'd, and good for nothing now but to be hung upon the Willows.

Cry within. Murder, Murder, Murder!

Enter Footman. *Sir* Merlin *with his Sword drawn, and* *Sir* Morgan.

Sir *Row.* What's here, my Rogue?

Twang. What's the matter, Gentlemen, that ye enter the Houſe in this hoſtile manner?

Sir *Morg.* What, Mr. *Twang*, d'ye ſee!

Sir *Mer.* Ay, ay—ſtand by Divinity—and know, that we, the Pillars of the Nation, are come, d'ye ſee—to raviſh.

L. *Blun.* Oh, my dear Sir *Morgan.* [*Embraces him.*

Sir

Sir *Morg.* I do not intend to raviſh, like a *Jew*, in my own Tribe——

L. *Youth.* What ſay they, Mr. *Twang*, raviſh? Oh, ſave my Honour—lead me to my Bed-Chamber, where, if they dare venture to come, they come upon their Peril. [Twang *leads her out.* *Sir* Morgan *goes to* Tere.

Sir *Mer.* Old Fellow, do'ſt hear? Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy*, deliver me my *Creſſida*, d'ye ſee, peaceably, or I am reſolved to bear her off *Vi & Armis.*

L. *Blun.* Sweet Nephew retire, we are juſt upon making your Peace.

Sir *Mer.* Ha—Old Queen *Gwiniver*, without her Ruff on?

[*Sir* Merlin *takes hold of her to bear her off*; *ſhe cries:* *Sir* Rowland *draws upon him.* *As they are going to fight*, George *enters.*

Geo. Is there a Man in Nature's Race ſo vile, dares lift a guilty Hand againſt his Father?

Sir *Mer.* Father me no Fathers; I fight for *Tereſia*, my lawfully begotten Spouſe.

Geo. That I once called you Brother, ſaves your Life; therefore reſign your Sword here at his reverend Feet.

Sir *Mer.* Sirrah; you lye, Sirrah——

Geo. There, drag away this Brute.

[*Diſarms him.* *To the Footman.*

Sir *Mer.* Rogues, Dogs, bring Mrs. *Tereſia* along with you.

Tere. Sure this is my fine Fellow—and yet the very ſame that's to be married to my Grandmother; nor can that City Habit hide the Gentleman.

[George *ſpeaks this while with his Father, who embraces him.*

Sir *Morg.* Burnt, ſay you, Mrs. *Tereſia*, d'ye ſee—— my Lady *Mirtilla* burnt! Nay then, 'tis time to go to ſleep, get ſober, and marry again. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Row.* Enough, my Boy, enough; thou deſerv'ſt my whole Eſtate, and thou ſhalt have it, Boy—This day thou ſhalt marry the Widow, and I her Grand-child. I'll to my Lawyers, and ſettle all upon thee inſtantly. [*Goes out.*

Geo. How! marry to day—Old Gentleman, you muſt be cozen'd; and Faith, that goes againſt my Conſcience—

Ha,

Ha, the fair, the young *Tereſia* there——When a Man's bent upon Wickedneſs, the Devil never wants an Opportunity to preſent him with: that ſhe ſhou'd be in my way now—Fair Creature, are you reſolv'd to be my Mother-in-law?

Tere. As ſure as you to be my Grandfather, Sir——— And ſee———the News of your being come, has rais'd my Grandmother.

Enter Lettice *and Lady* Youthly.

Geo. A Pox upon her, her Ghoſt had been leſs frightful.

Tere. I cou'd have ſpar'd her now too; but ſee ſhe advances as ſwift as Time.

Geo. And as old: What ſhall I do? I die to ſpeak with you———

L. *Youth.* Where, where's this young welcome Gentleman?—Oh, are you here, Sir—

[*She ſees him not, but runs upon him.*

Lettice, take *Tereſia*, and get you to your Chamber, ſhe has her Trinkets to get ready againſt the Wedding anon, for we'll make but one work of both.

Tere. Ay, 'twill ſave Charges, Madam———

L. *Youth.* Ay, ay, get you gone, Lovers ſometimes wou'd be private.

Geo. Harkye—leave me not to her mercy; by Love, if you do, I'll follow you to your Chamber.

Tere. Leave you! no, hang me if I do, till I have told you a piece of my mind, for I find there's no dallying.

L. *Youth.* Well, Sir, I have finiſh'd the great Work.

Geo. I wiſh you had——*Tereſia*; once you made me hope you did not hate me.

L. *Youth.* What ſays he, *Tereſia?*

Tere. He ſays he hopes you do not hate him, Madam.

L. *Youth.* No, by my Troth, Sir; I feel ſomething for you, I have not felt before.

Geo. Not theſe threeſcore Years, I dare ſwear——— You have too much Wit, *Tereſia*, to have been only pleas'd with the embroider'd Coat, and gaudy Plume, where ſtill the Man's the ſame.

L. *Youth.* What ſays he, embroider'd Coat and Plume?

Tere. He hopes your Ladyſhip likes him ne'er the worſe, for being without thoſe Fopperies.

L. *Youth.* Marry do I not, I love not this over-finery in a Husband; thoſe Fellows that dreſs, think ſo well of themſelves, they never mind their Wives.

Geo. Are you ſo dull, *Tereſia*, not to ſee, this Habit was put on, only to get an opportunity to tell you my Paſſion.

L. *Youth.* Tell me of his Paſſion! was it ſo, alas, good young Man——Well, well, I'll defer your Joys no longer, this Night ſhall make you happy; Mr. *Twang* ſhall join us, Sir.

Geo. A bleſſed hearing——you ſee, charming Maid, how very ſhort a ſpace there is between this and the haſtning Hour; ſtand not on Virgin Niceties, but anſwer me, our time admits of no Conſideration.

Tere. I have not been this Four and Twenty Hours a Lover, to need conſidering; as ſoon as you had my Heart, you had my Conſent, and that was the firſt moment I ſaw you at the Baſſet-Table.

Geo. Ha! at the Baſſet-Table?

Tere. Yes, I was the frank Youth that lent you Money —but no more—your Time and Place.

L. *Youth.* What are you prating to him there?

Tere. He doubts your Love, Madam, and I'm confirming it.

L. *Youth.* Alas, good Gentleman!——anon I'll convince him——for in the Ev'ning, Sir, the Prieſt ſhall make us one.

Geo. Ah, Madam, I cou'd wiſh 'twere not ſo long defer'd, for ſure I love you like a ſighing Swain; and as a Proof of it, I have here prepar'd an Emblem of my Love in a Dance of Country Lovers, where Paſſion is ſincere.

L. *Youth.* Good-lack-a-day, indeed you're ſo obliging: But pray let us have the Dance. [*Dance.*

L. *Youth.* Very pretty indeed. Come, good Gentleman, don't droop, don't droop; come, hold up your Head ——— you may be allowed one Kiſs beforehand.

Geo.

Geo. [*Kiſſes her.*] Oh, what a peſtilential Blaſt was there! [*Aſide.*

L. *Youth.* Come, come, *Tereſia*, come with me.

Geo. to *Tereſia.* I'll ſend a Chair to your Back-gate anon, that ſhall wait you on the Field-ſide, and bring you whither I ſhall appoint. Get ready inſtantly.

Tere. And if I fail, may I be eternally damn'd to the Embraces of old Age. [*Exeunt all but* George

Geo. Mirtilla, thus thy Scorn I will out-brave,
And let my Father the kind Cheat forgive;

If I with dexterous charitable care
Eaſe him of Burdens he wants ſtrength to bear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Welborn *dreſſing himſelf; to him a Footman with a Letter.*

Wel. PRithee what became of the Spark that lay with me laſt Night?

Foot. I know not, Sir, he 'roſe before day——What Letter's this, Sir? It lay upon your Toilet.

[*Gives* Welborn *a Letter.*

Wel. To the dear Man whoſe Name I would be glad to know ——— [*Reads.*

Hum——a Woman's Hand—— [*Opens it.*

The Lady you ſaw laſt Thurſday *in the* Mall, *you had in Bed with you laſt Night.* Adieu.

Oh! dull Divinity of Love! that by no Inſtinct, no ſympathizing Pains or Pleaſure, could inſtruct my Senſe, how near I was to Happineſs!

Enter George, *fine.*

——*Lejere*, behold me here the moſt unlucky Fellow breathing. Thou know'ſt I told thee how I was in love with

with a young Woman in the *Mall:* And this very Night I had this very Woman in my Arms.

Geo. Is this your ill Luck, Sir?

Wel. 'Sdeath, all the while I took her for a Man: But finding me aſleep, ſhe ſoftly roſe; and, by a Light yet burning in my Chamber, ſhe writ this Billet, and left it on my Table. [*Gives it* George, *he reads it.*

Geo. By all that's good, *Olivia!*—And were you very honeſt, Sir?

Wel. To my eternal Shame, as chaſte as Ice.

Geo. What will you ſay now, *Charles*, if I bring this Woman to you again?

Wel. Canſt thou? Oh, let me kiſs thy Lips away.

Geo. For all her Frolick, *Charles*, ſhe's very honeſt, a Fortune, and of Quality—and were't not for *Olivia*, thou ſhouldſt marry her.

Wel. Olivia I ne'er ſaw, and now 'twill be too late.

Geo. Nay then, Sir, I muſt fight in her Defence.

Wel. You fight in her defence! Why, doſt thou love her?—By all that's good, I will reſign her to thee.

Geo. You ſhall not, Sir; and know ſhe is my Siſter.

Wel. Olivia thy Siſter!———

Geo. Ask no more Queſtions, but defend your ſelf, if you refuſe to marry her; for her Honour's mine.

Wel. Were ſhe an Angel, I muſt love this Woman.

Geo. Then thou ſhalt have her——Haſte, and get a Licence——no more——truſt my Friendſhip——Go.

[*Exit* Welborn.

Enter Olivia.

Olivia, where did you lie laſt Night?———Nay do not bluſh, for you may yet be virtuous.

Oliv. Virtuous! Not the young Roſes in the bud ſecur'd, nor breaking Morn ungaz'd at by the Sun, nor falling Snow has more of Purity.

Geo. I do believe you; but your dangerous Frolicks will make the World talk ſhamefully.

Oliv. Let them talk on, I will not humour Fools.

Geo. No more—here's *Manage*——Contrive an Aſſignation with *Mirtilla*; but do not hide again where none may

may find you. This done, I'll tell you more, and make you happy. How now, *Manage*, is the Prince ſtirring?

Man. He's in his Dreſſing-Room, Sir,——This from my Lady, Sir. [*Slides the Letter into* Olivia's *Hand as ſhe paſſes out.*

Geo. What have you there, *Olivia?* [*Takes the Billet.*

Oliv. An Aſſignation from you perjur'd Miſtreſs, Sir.

Geo. 'Tis well——you muſt obey the Summons; and wind her up to all the height of Love; then let her looſe to Shame. I'll bring her Lover in the height of Dalliance, who, when he ſees her Perfidy, will hate her.

Oliv. And then the lovely Man ſtands fair for me. [*Aſide.*

Geo. Go write an Anſwer back——and wait her hour. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *The Dreſſing-Room. Diſcovers the Prince at his Toylet, dreſſing. Muſick and a Song.*

Enter George, *waits till the Song is ended. The Prince ſees him, comes to him with Joy, and falls about his Neck.*

SONG, by Mr. *Gildon.*

I.

AH Charmion! *ſhroud thoſe killing Eyes,*
That dart th' extremes of Pleaſure,
Elſe Celidon, *tho favour'd, dies*
As well as him that you deſpiſe,
Tho with this diff'rent meaſure:
While lingring Pains drag on his Fate,
Diſpatch is all th' Advantage of my State;
For, ah! you kill with Love, as well as Hate.

Abate

II.

Abate thy Luxury of Charms,
And only Part diſcover;
Your Tongue, as well as Eyes, has Arms
To give a Thouſand fatal Harms
To the poor liſtening Lover:
Thy Beams, like Glorys veil'd ſhou'd be,
And like the Front of Heav'n, unſeen, paſs by;
For to behold 'em, in full force, we die.

Prince. Lydia, Oh! I faint, I die with thy Beauty's Luxury! by Heaven, I'm all Rapture, Love, and Joy: Such a dear Night, *Lejere!*———Poets may fancy preſſing Goddeſſes, on downy Beds of Clouds ——— But oh, *Lejere!*———Thoſe Gods were never half ſo bleſt as I!

Geo. What pity 'twere to wake you from this Dream.

Prince. It is not in the Power of Time nor Age: For even then *Mirtilla* will have Charms! Oh, how ſhe ſpeaks! how well ſhe'll grace a Story!

Geo. How gay her Wit! how movingly ſhe writes!

Prince. I do believe ſhe does. [*A little ſeriouſly.*

Geo. Would it diſpleaſe you, ſhould you ſee a Billet from her?

Prince. That's as it were directed. [*Gravely.*

Geo. You would not credit what you ſaw laſt Night.

Prince. Nor wou'd have loſt that Night for all the Treaſure the vaſt Ocean hides.

Geo. I wou'd not have a Man, ſo good and great, be made a Woman's Property——There, Sir.

[*Gives him the Billet.*

Prince. I'll not believe it her's; there are a thouſand ways to ruin Innocence; if ſhe be falſe——ſhe's damn'd. Confirm me, and of courſe I ſhall deſpiſe her. You cure me, when you ſhew her worth my Scorn.

Geo. Will you be rul'd then, and believe it Friendſhip in me?

Prince. I will.

Geo.

Geo. Give her, by Abſence, but an Opportunity; feign ſome Excuſe to leave the Town to day.

Prince. See where ſhe comes——

Enter Mirtilla.

Adorn'd with all the beauteous Wonders of her Sex. The Gods of Love are playing in her Eyes, and give us Wounds from ev'ry graceful Motion. Ah, my *Mirtilla!* how ſhall I ſupport the Abſence of a many coming Hours, that languiſh, being from thee but a Moment?

Mir. I hope, my Lord, Fate is not ſo unkind, to let me live without you many Hours.

Prince. Can all this be diſſembl'd? [*Aſide to* George.

Geo. How much more have I heard? yet all was falſe.

Prince. I muſt this Day——this tedious live-long Day, be abſent from thy Sight——but ſhall be back i'th' Evening: I'll leave *Lejere* to wait on your Commands.

Mir. Lejere ſhall ever, Sir, be dear to me——But I'll retire, and ſigh till your Return——that World affords no Pleaſure where you are not.

Prince. Do you hear that, Sir? [*Aſide to* George. Till Night, thou deareſt Bleſſing of my Life——Adieu.

[Mirtilla *going out, pulls* Lejere *by the Sleeve.*

Mir. Thou little, miſchievous informing Thing, how vainly haſt thou laviſh'd out Invention! [*Smiling. Exit.*

Prince. By Heaven, methinks 'twere Sin but to ſuſpect her.

Geo. Think ſo; I'll trouble your Repoſe no more: I've done my Duty, and I wou'd not ſee you made a—

Prince. Property—Ha—A loath'd convenient Tool—A Woman's Implement—'Sdeath! ſhe that off—Looſe to the naſty Love of every Fool, that will be flatter'd, cozen'd, jilted, cuckolded—No more—I will, unſeen, convey my ſelf into the Cloſet in my Dreſſing-Room; 'tis near her Bed——and if I find her wanton——

Geo. If you find her——the Youth is waiting now that ſhall convince you.

Prince. Where?——Oh ſet the happy Slave but in my View, and——

Geo.

Geo. No faith, Sir, be convinc'd before you ſtrike, for fear ſhe jilt you out of Senſe and Reaſon——

Prince. Come to my Cloſet, from thence we may obſerve all that paſſes in her Chamber; from whence I'll break upon the perjur'd Fair, like Thunder from a Cloud, and more deſtructive. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *diſcovers* Mirtilla *and* Manage.

Mir. Is the Prince gone?

Man. Yes, Madam.

Mir. Then bring *Endimion* to me.

Man. Madam, I wiſh you'd think no more of him; for I foreſee, that this Amour muſt ruin you. Remember you left a Husband for the Prince.

Mir. A Husband! my Drudge, to toil for me, and ſave me the Expence of careful Thoughts: My Cloke, my Led-Horſe, for Neceſſity to fill my Train—no more—but *Endimion* waits. [*Exit* Manage.

——There is a native Generoſity in me, that checks my Inconſtancy to this great Man; yet I have ſo much Woman in my Soul, cannot pain my ſelf to do him Juſtice —A new deſire of humouring my wiſh, ſways all my Intereſt, and controuls all my Honour. Why ſhould I loſe a Pleaſure for a Promiſe? ſince Time, that gives our Youth ſo ſhort a Date, may well excuſe our needful Perjury. [*Enter* Manage, *and* Olivia, *ſhe runs and embraces him.*

———Let the young baſhful Maid, unskill'd in Love, deny the preſſing Swain.

Let wither'd Age, who fondly dreams of Virtue, loſe the dear Opportunities of Life.

The coming Hours preſent themſelves to us; and are too nice, not to be ſnatch'd when offer'd.

Oliv. So haſty! this diſarms me of Excuſe. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Why are thy Eyes bent down? Why doſt thou pauſe?

Oliv. So hot!——I muſt prepare to ſhew my Sex's Evidence, if nothing elſe will do. [*Unbuttons her Coat.*

Mir. What not a Word!

Advance

Advance thou baſhful Youth——Love in thy Eyes, and Coward in thy Heart! The one all Fire, the other too much Ice.

Prince and George *looking out.*

Prince. Yet ſtay me, my *Lejere*, from my haſty Vengeance.

Oliv. Ah, Madam, how are you miſtaken! 'Tis not Coldneſs in me——but——

Mir. What, Baſhfulneſs!
Oh, Love will lend thee Courage;
This Trembling is the ſoft Effects of it.

Oliv. Oh, how vilely ſhe's miſtaken!

Mir. Come to my Bed, and preſs the Roſes down; and lend more ſweetneſs to 'em than they bring.

[*She leading him to her Bed, the Prince enters, with* Lejere, *holding his Sword in Hand; he takes hold of* Olivia.

Prince. Love——thus I fling thy gaudy Fetters off, and am no more a Slave to faithleſs Beauty.

[*The Prince holding* Olivia *by the Boſom of her Coat, her Breaſt appears to* Mirtilla.

Mir. Ha! what do I ſee?———Two Female riſing Breaſts. By Heav'n a Woman.——Oh fortunate Miſchance!

[*This while* George *is arguing with the Prince not to hurt* Olivia.

Prince. No, I will not hurt thee, ceaſe thy trembling.

Mir. Oh, Sir, 'twere Sin to hurt the lovely Youth.

Prince. No, Madam, ſince I have taken back my Heart, I can preſent you with another Lover.

[*Gives* Olivia *to her.*

Mir. Ha! another Lover!———What means my Prince?

Prince. Eternally to leave you to your Frailty.

Mir. Can you ſo eaſily cancel all your Vows?
Then kill me at your Feet, I do implore it.

[*Kneels and weeps.*

Prince. Away, I do forgive thee, wretched Woman.
——But yet be gone———leſt Love and Rage return, and I ſhould kill you yet with your young Darling.

Mir. Whom mean you, Sir, this lovely Maid?

Oliv. Maid!———What means ſhe? Sure ſhe cannot know me.

Prince. Talk on, falſe Woman! till thou haſt perſuaded my Eyes and Ears out of their native Faculties, I ſcorn to credit other Evidences.

Mir. Try 'em once more, and then repent, and die.

[*Opens* Olivia's *Boſom, ſhews her Breaſts.*

Prince. Ha———by Heav'n a Woman!

Mir. You that wou'd ſmile at my ſuppos'd undoing, preſent your ſelf no more before my Eyes.
'Twas to perplex you that I feign'd this Paſſion.
I ſaw you had your Spies to watch for Miſchief,

[*To* George.

And poiſon all my Happineſs with the Prince.———
And ſince I am thought ſo criminal, I'll take an everlaſting leave of you. [*To the Prince.*
When I am dead, may ſhe you honour next repay your Tenderneſs, as I have done——But may ſhe never meet my wretched Fate. [*She ſnatches* Olivia's *Sword out.*

Prince. Hold, thou moſt valu'd Treaſure of the World, or turn the pointed Weapon to my Heart.

Mir. No, I'm falſe, unworthy of your Love.

Geo. Yes, by Heaven. But thou haſt jilted him ſo handſomly, thou'ſt vanquiſh'd all my Rage.

Mir. Yes, I am falſe; falſe to this Gallant Man,——

[*To* George.

falſe to my Husband, to my Sex's Fame; for you more charming, I alas am perjur'd.

Prince. Lejere, have I then injur'd thee?

Geo. This is the fatal Beauty, Sir, for whom ſo often you have ſeen me languiſh.

Prince. Ah! wouldſt thou ſee me on a Precipice, and not prevent my Danger?

Geo. To mightier Friendſhip I cou'd all ſurrender, and ſilently have born her Perjuries; but thoſe to you, awaken'd all my Rage: but ſhe has out-trick'd me, and I beg her Pardon——And to ſecure her yours, have lov'd anew, and beg Protection in your Lodgings, Sir, for a young Maid whom I deſign to marry.

Prince.

Prince. Command my Life, my Fortune, and my Sword, for the unwilling Injury I have done thee—And is this the charming perjur'd Fair, *Mirtilla?*

Geo. It is, Sir.

Prince. Since it is poſſible that you cou'd ceaſe to love this Gallant Man, whom I have heard with ſo much tender Paſſion tell your Loves, what ſacred Vows had paſt, and what Endearments, how can I hope from thee a laſting Faith?———Yet on the Oaths that thou haſt ſworn to me——by all thy Hopes of Pardon for thy Perjuries, to eaſe my panting Heart——once ſpeak the Truth——Didſt thou not take this Woman for a Man?

Mir. I did——and were ſhe ſo, I wou'd with Pride own all the Vows I've broke.

Prince. Why this is fair——and tho I buy this Knowledge at the vaſt Price of all my Repoſe; yet I muſt own, 'tis a better Bargain than chaff'ring of a Heart for feign'd Embraces——Thou haſt undone me——yet muſt have my Friendſhip; and 'twill be ſtill ſome Eaſe in this Extreme, to ſee thee yet repent, and love *Lejere.*

Mir. No, Sir, this Beauty muſt be firſt declining, to make me take up with a former Lover.

Geo. No, Sir, I have diſpos'd my Heart another way; and the firſt knowledge of her Falſhood cur'd me: Her Marriage I forgave——that thing of Form——but never could her Fondneſs to this Youth.

Prince. Who's this Lady, Sir, whoſe Pardon I muſt beg?

Geo. My Siſter, Sir, who I diſguis'd on purpoſe to be a Guard to this ſuſpected Fair One.

Enter Welborn.

Wel. Ha, ſhe's there!
Now every Feature points me out my Conquereſs.——
Nay ſtart not——I have found Thee, thou malicious Charmer, to bring me ſo near to Bliſs, and not afford me one kind hint.

Oliv. And are not you a very dull Fellow, that lov'd and long'd, and had the Maid ſo near you, and yet needed a Hint?

Wel. Nay, if you conceal'd your precious Talent, how ſhou'd it profit any body?

Oliv. Conceal'd it!——No, Faith, I made a very fair Tender; but you refus'd it, as not being current Coin.

Wel. But if you moſt feloniouſly, and unlawfully deface our Sovereign's Image, ſo as it may be as ſoon taken for the Grand Signior's, I may ſuſpect the Metal too.

Oliv. What ſay you if I tender it before theſe lawful Witneſſes?

Wel. I'll take it for good Payment——— I *Charles Welborn*———

Oliv. Ha, *Welborn!* [*Aſide.*

Wel. Take thee—whom?—Gad if the Parſon of the Pariſh knew your Name no better than I—'twill be but a blind Bargain.

Geo. Olivia Marteen———

Wel. My deſtin'd Wife!

Geo. The very ſame: Have you the Parſon ready?

Wel. He waits in my Chamber.

Oliv. Madam, I beg you'll lend me ſomething more becoming my Sex.

Mir. Manage will furniſh you from my Wardrobe.

[*Exit.* Olivia.

Enter Tereſia.

Geo. And ſee my good Genius appears too.

Tere. See, Sir, I am reſolv'd to be welcome to your Arms; look, here are the Writings of the Eſtate my Grandfather left me, and here's three thouſand Pound my Grandmother has ſettled on me, upon her Marriage with you. [*Gives him the Writings.*

Geo. And here's my Father's Eſtate ſettled on me——Come, let's put them together—and go in, and let the Parſon do as much for us. [*Puts 'em in her Caſe.*

Tere. But have you very well conſidered this Matter?

Geo. Tereſia, we'll do like moſt Couples, marry firſt, and conſider afterwards—— [*Leads her in.*

Enter

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here's Sir *Merlin*, with a Lady mask'd, wou'd ſpeak with you.

Wel. Carry 'em into the Dining-Room, I'll wait on 'em anon. [*Exeunt* Omnes.

SCENE, *my Lady* Youthly's; *Diſcovers her, and* Lettice *dreſſing her.*

L. *Youth.* Hold the Glaſs higher, *Lettice*; is not this Tour too brown?——Methinks it does not give a youthful Aire to my Face.

Lett. That's not in Nature.

L. *Youth.* Like Nature! Ay, but Nature's ſelf wants Art, nor does this Fontange ſuit with my Complexion—put on a little more red, *Lettice*, on my Cheeks, and Lips. [*She does ſo.*

Lett. Ay, for they are but a little too much upon the *Coventry*-Blue——This Tour muſt come more forward, Madam, to hide the Wrinkles at the corners of your Eyes——— [*Pulls it.*

L. *Youth.* Ay, *Lettice*, but there are others, that neither Tours, nor Paint, nor Patches will hide, I fear——yet altogether, *Lettice* ———

[*Puts on her Spectacles, and looks in the Glaſs.*

Enter Sir Rowland.

Sir *Rowl.* What, no Bride yet, nor Bridegroom?

L. *Youth.* Ay, what can be the meaning of this?

Sir *Rowl.* But *Tereſia*, Madam, where can ſhe be gadding?

L. *Youth.* Why *Lettice* tells me, ſhe went to buy ſome Trifles to adorn her this Night—Her Governante is with her, and my Steward.

Enter Mr. Twang.

Twang. Alas, what pity 'tis; the Supper is quite ſpoil'd, and no Bridegroom come!

A Noiſe of hallowing without, and Muſick.

Enter Lady Blunder.

L. *Blun.* Bleſs us! Here's a whole Regiment of Liveries, Coaches, and Flambeaux at the Door! the Fops of

the Town have heard of a Wedding, and are come in Maſquerade.

Enter Muſick playing; *after them*, *Prince* Frederick, *leading* Mirtilla, George *leading* Tereſia; *Sir* Merlin, Diana; *Mrs.* Manage, Britton; *Pages, and Footmen, all in Maſquerade.* *Sir* Morgan *comes in, all in Mourning*; Welborn, *and* Olivia.

Sir *Mer.* Hearing of a high Wedding, Sir, we made bold (as the ſaying is) to give you Joy. Sir, are not you the Bridegroom?

Tere. Where's your Bride, Sir? Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Mer.* Ay, ay, where's your Bride?

Sir *Rowl.* What's that to you, Sir Coxcomb?

Sir *Mer.* Hum—how the Devil came he to know me now?—Is this reverend Gentlewoman your Lady, Sir?

Sir *Rowl.* Ounds, they come to mock us!—Hark ye, hark ye Tawdrums, if you are Men, ſhew your Faces; if Apes, play over your Monkey-Tricks, and be gone, d'ye hear.———We are not at leiſure for Fooling.

Geo. Be but at leiſure, Sir, to pardon this one Diſobedience of my Life, and all the reſt I'll dedicate to pleaſe and humour you. Sir, I am marry'd. [George *kneels.*

[*Pulls off his Mask.*

Sir *Rowl.* What the Devil's that to me, Sir?

Geo. Do not you know me, Sir?

Sir *Rowl.* No, Sir, nor do not care to know any ſuch flaunting Coxcombs.

Geo. Look on me, Sir. [*Looks on him, knows him, goes away, and returns.*

Sir *Rowl.* Hum, hum, hum——

Tere. It is your Son, Sir, your darling Son, who has ſav'd your Life from Inſolence.

Sir *Rowl.* Hum——*Tereſia!*

L. *Youth.* How, *Tereſia!* what robb'd me of my intended Husband? Oh undone! undone!

[*Falls into a Chair.*

Sir *Rowl.* And haſt thou, after all, ſerved me ſuch a Rogue's Trick, thou ungracious Varlet? What cuckold thine own Father!

Geo.

Geo. Oh do not frown, I cannot bear your Anger: Here will I hang for ever till you pardon me.

[*Claſps his Knees.*

Sir *Rowl.* Look——look——now cannot I be angry with the good-natur'd young Rogue—— [*Weeps.* Well *George*——but harkye, Sirrah, this is a damn'd Trick of yours.

Geo. Sir, I found my Youth was fitter for her than your Age, and you'll be as fond of a Grand-Child of my begetting, as you would of a Son of another Man's, perhaps.

Sir *Rowl.* Thou'rt in the right on't.

Sir *Mer.* Ha! Is Monſieur *Lejere* then my Brother *George?*

Geo. Sir, here's another Couple wants your Pardon; my Brother *Merlin*, and my Lady *Diana.*

L. *Blun. Diana!* what, Sir *Harry Modiſh*'s Miſtreſs?

Dia. Yes, he pawn'd me at the Baſſet-Table; and, in revenge, I reſolv'd to marry the next Man of Fortune I met with.

Sir *Rowl.* The Fool had more Wit than I thought he had; for which I'll give him a thouſand Pound a Year.

Geo. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Mir. Pray, melancholy Sir, who are you in Mourning for?

Sir *Morg.* Alas! Madam, for a Perſon of Quality that was my Wife; but reſt her Soul, ſhe's burnt. [*Weeps.* And I ſhall never ſee anything again like her.

Mir. No! What think you of this Face, Sir?

Sir *Morg.* As Gad ſhall ſa' me, as like as if the ſame.

L. *Blun.* In troth, and ſo ſhe is.

Prince. 'Tis true, ſhe was once your Wife; but I have preſerv'd her from the Flames, and I have moſt Right to her.

Sir *Morg.* That's a hard Caſe, Sir, that a Man muſt loſe his Wife, becauſe another has more right to her than himſelf; is that Law, Sir?

Prince. Lover's Law, Sir.

L. *Blun.* Ay, ay, Son, 'tis the Faſhion to marry one Week, and ſeparate the next: I'll ſet you a Precedent for it my ſelf.

In

In this time Welborn *kneels with* Olivia; *Sir* Rowland *takes 'em up, and kiſſes 'em.*

Sir *Morg.* Nay, if it be the Faſhion, I'll e'en into the Country, and be merry with my Tenants, and hawk, and hunt, and Horſe-match.

Prince. But now, Sir, I'll reſign my Right to you, and content my ſelf with the Honour to have preſerv'd her from the Fire. [*Prince delivers* Mirtilla *to Sir* Morgan, *who receives her.*

Sir *Morg.* As Gad ſhall ſa' me, Sir, you're a civil Perſon; and now I find you can endure a Woman, Sir, I'll give you leave to viſit her.

Sir *Rowl.* Well, ſince we're all agreed, and that the Fiddles are here, adſnigs we'll have a Dance, Sweet-heart, tho thou haſt out-witted me.

[*Takes* Tereſia, George *takes Lady* Youthly, *&c. After the Dance, Lady* Youthly *weeps.*

Geo. What, weeping yet? Here, Mr. *Twang*, take the Lady to your Care; in theſe Caſes, there's nothing like the Conſolation of your young Chaplain.

The Widow, with young Jointure, and old Face,
Affected Mien, and amorous Grimace,
Uſes to fall to th' younger Brother's ſhare;
But I by Fortune, and induſtrious Care,
Have got one that's rich, witty, young, and fair.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Horden.*

WE're grown impatient to be out of pain,
And fain wou'd know our Fortune, Loſs, or Gain:
The Merchants Phraſe mayn't be improper now,
If ye our City Character allow.
But ſome ſpruce Critick, I hear, ſwears 'tis ſtrange,
To take a pouder'd Beau off from the Exchange;
A place more fam'd for Band, and Dreſs preciſe,
For greaſy Cuckolds, Stockjobbers, and Lyes,
Than for a Spark o'th' Town: but now-a-days
The Cit ſets up in Box, puffs, perfumes, plays;
And tho he paſſes for a Man of Trade,
Is the chief Squeaker at the Maſquerade.
Let him his Siſter, or his Wife beware,
'Tis not for nothing Courtiers go ſo far.
Thus for awhile he holds, till Caſh is found
To be a Debtor many a woful Pound;
Then off he moves, and in another Year
Turns true Alſatian, or Sollicitor.
For we (except o'th' Stage) ſhall ſeldom find,
To a poor broken Beau, a Lady kind:
Whilſt pow'rful Guinea *laſts, he's wondrous pretty,*
And much the fineſt Gentleman o'th' City;
But when Fob's empty, he's an odious Creature,
Fough how he ſtinks! h'as not one taking Feature;
Then ſuch an aukard Mein, and vulgar Senſe,
I vow I wonder at his Impudence.
'Tis well Lejere *appear'd,* George *owes the Prize*
To the gay Monſieur, Footman, and Diſguiſe,

Charms

Charms which few Engliſh *Women can withſtand* ;
What can't a Man of Quality command?
As to the Faults, or Merits of the Play,
We leave you to be Judges of; *yet ſay,*
Ye ought in juſtice to be kind to day.
For to our Coſt, alas, we ſoon ſhall find,
Perhaps not half the Money ye deſign'd,
Conſider, Sirs, it goes to be refin'd.
And ſince in all Exchanges 'tis a Notion,
For what ye take to be in due Proportion ;
So may we juſtly hope no wrong is done ye,
If ye have par of Wit, for par of Money.

The End of the Fourth Volume.




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