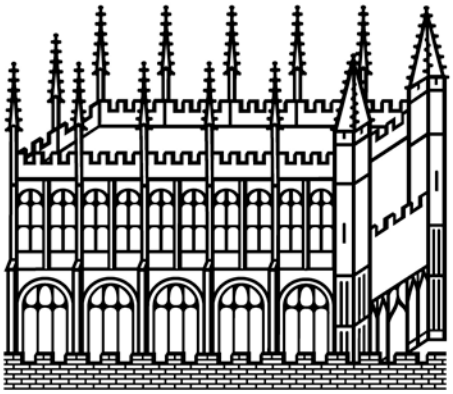


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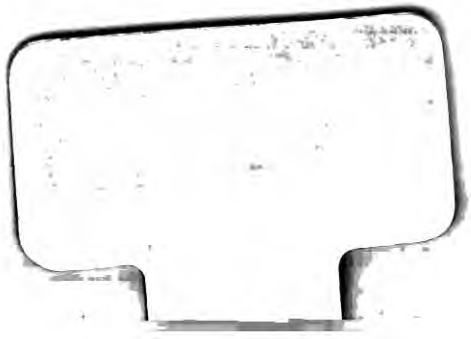
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B. Cole sculp

THE

PLAYS, HISTORIES,

AND NOVELS

OF THE INGENIOUS

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

WITH

LIFE AND MEMOIRS.

Complete in Six Volumes.

Malone J. 121.

VOL. I.



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

PLAYS

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN.*

In Four VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

I. The ROVER; or, the BANISH'D CAVALIERS.
II. The SECOND PART of the ſame.
III. The DUTCH LOVER.
IV. The ROUNDHEADS; or, the GOOD OLD CAUSE.

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.

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Collection of Plays needs no other Recommendation, than that they were writ by the incomparable Mrs. A. Behn ; *a Perſon whoſe Character is ſo univerſally known, and whoſe Performances have met with ſuch a general Applauſe, that 'tis needleſs to beſpeak the Readers' Favour on her behalf. Her Poems, Novels, Tranſlations, and ſeveral other Compoſures, both in Proſe and Verſe, have gain'd her a laſting Eſteem among the Maſters of Wit and Senſe. But above all, her Theatrical Performances have entitled her to ſuch a diſtinguiſhing Character in that way, as exceeds That of any of the Poets of this Age, Sir* William Davenant *and Mr.* Dryden *excepted. Moſt of 'em had the good Fortune to pleaſe upon the Stage, and all of 'em loudly proclaim the Fancy and excellent Abilities of our Authoreſs. Thoſe who had the Happineſs to be*

perſonally acquainted with her, were ſo charm'd with her Wit, Freedom of Temper, and agreeable Converſation, that they in a manner ador'd her. And indeed we need no greater Proof of her Excellency in all the Endowments both of Body and Mind, than her Acquaintance and Intimacy with the more ſenſible part of Mankind, and the Love ſhe drew from Men of all Ranks.

In fine, her Character among the Wits of the Age, is fully and happily expreſs'd by Sir Charles Cotton *in the following Lines.*

Some Hands write ſome things well, and elſe-
where lame,
But on all Themes your Power is the ſame;
Of Buskin and of Sock you know the Pace,
And tread in both with equal Skill and Grace:
But when you write of Love, *Aſtræa*, then
Love dips Arrows, where you wet your Pen:
Such charming Lines did never Paper grace,
Soft as your Sex, as ſmooth as Beauty's Face.

THE ROVER, OR, THE *Baniſh'd Cavaliers.*

PART I.

PROLOGUE,

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

WITS, like Phyſicians, never can agree,
When of a different Society;
And Rabel's *Drops were never more cry'd down*
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a new Play, whoſe Author is unknown:

Nor can thoſe Doctors with more Malice ſue
(And powerful Purſes) the diſſenting Few,
Than thoſe with an inſulting Pride, do rail
At all who are not of their own Cabal.
If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spite;
So amongſt Men there are ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themſelves:
So that the Reaſon of the Grand Debate,
Why Wit ſo oft is damn'd, when good Plays take,
Is, that you cenſure as you love or hate.
Thus, like a learned Conclave, Poets ſit,
Catholick Judges both of Senſe and Wit,
And damn or ſave, as they themſelves think fit.
Yet thoſe who to others Faults are ſo ſevere,
Are not ſo perfect, but themſelves may err.
Some write correct indeed, but then the whole
(Bating their own dull Stuff i' th' Play) is ſtole:
As Bees do ſuck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
So they rob others, ſtriving to please you.
Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
But then they do ſo toil for every Line,
That what to you does eaſy ſeem, and plain,
Is the hard Iſſue of their labouring Brain.
And ſome th' Effects of all their Pains we ſee,
Is but to mimick good Extempore.
Others by long Converſe about the Town,
Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampoon,
But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
In ſhort, the only Wit that's now in Faſhion
Is but the Gleanings of good Converſation.
As for the Author of this coming Play,
I ask'd him what he thought fit I ſhould say,
In thanks for your good Company to day:
He call'd me Fool, and ſaid it was well known,
You came not here for our ſakes, but your own.
New Plays are ſtuff'd with Wits, and with Debauches,
That croud and ſweat like Cits in May-*day Coaches.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Antonio*, the Vice-Roy's Son,	Mr. *Jevorne.*
Don *Pedro*, a Noble *Spaniard*, his Friend,	Mr. *Medburne.*
Belvile, an *Engliſh* Colonel, in love with *Florinda*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Willmore, the *ROVER*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Frederick, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, and Friend to *Belvile* and *Blunt*,	Mr. *Crosbie.*
Blunt, an *Engliſh* Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Stephano, Servant to Don *Pedro*,	Mr. *Richards.*
Philippo, *Lucetta*'s Gallant,	Mr. *Percival.*
Sancho, Pimp to *Lucetta*,	Mr. *John Lee.*

Bisky and *Sebaſtian*, two Bravoes to *Angelica.*
Officers and Soldiers.
Page to Don *Antonio.*

WOMEN.

Florinda, Siſter to Don *Pedro*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Hellena, a gay young Woman deſign'd for a Nun, and Siſter to *Florinda*,	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Valeria, a Kinſwoman to *Florinda*,	Mrs. *Hughs.*
Angelica Bianca, a famous Curtezan,	Mrs. *Gwin.*
Moretta, her Woman,	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Callis, Governeſs to *Florinda* and *Hellena*,	Mrs. *Norris.*
Lucetta, a jilting Wench,	Mrs. *Gillow.*

Servants, other Maſqueraders, Men and Women.

SCENE *Naples*, in Carnival-time.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Florinda *and* Hellena.

Flor. WHAT an impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery! How full of Questions! Prithee no more *Hellena*; I have told thee more than thou underſtand'ſt already.

Hell. The more's my Grief; I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me ſo inquiſitive; nor is't enough to know you're a Lover, unleſs you tell me too, who 'tis you ſigh for.

Flor. When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that nature.

Hell. 'Tis true, I was never a Lover yet——but I begin to have a ſhreud Gueſs, what 'tis to be ſo, and fancy it very pretty to ſigh, and ſing, and bluſh and wiſh, and dream and wiſh, and long and wiſh to ſee the Man; and when I do, look pale and tremble; juſt as you did when my Brother brought home the fine *Engliſh* Colonel to ſee you —— what do you call him? Don *Belvile.*

Flor. Fie *Hellena.*

Hell. That Bluſh betrays you——I am ſure 'tis ſo—— or is it Don *Antonio* the Vice-Roy's Son?——or perhaps the rich old Don *Vincentio*, whom my Father deſigns for your Husband?——Why do you bluſh again?

Flor. With Indignation; and how near ſoever my Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I ſhall let him ſee I underſtand better what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey thoſe unjuſt Commands.

Hell. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Diſobedience. I love Miſchief ſtrangely, as moſt of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing elſe———But tell

tell me, dear *Florinda*, don't you love that fine *Angleſe?*——for I vow next to loving him my ſelf, 'twill pleaſe me moſt that you do ſo, for he is ſo gay and ſo handſom.

Flor. Hellena, a Maid deſign'd for a Nun ought not to be ſo curious in a Diſcourſe of Love.

Hell. And doſt thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? Or at leaſt till I'm ſo old, I'm fit for nothing elſe. Faith no, Siſter; and that which makes me long to know whether you love *Belvile*, is becauſe I hope he has ſome mad Companion or other, that will ſpoil my devotion; nay I'm reſolv'd to provide my ſelf this Carnival, if there be e'er a handſom Fellow of my Humour above Ground, tho I ask firſt.

Flor. Prithee be not ſo wild.

Hell. Now you have provided your ſelf with a Man, you take no Care for poor me—Prithee tell me, what doſt thou ſee about me that is unfit for Love——have not I a world of Youth? a Humour gay? a Beauty paſſable? a Vigour deſirable? well ſhap'd? clean limb'd? ſweet breath'd? and Senſe enough to know how all theſe ought to be employ'd to the beſt Advantage: yes, I do and will. Therefore lay aſide your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devotee, and tell me how you came acquainted with this *Belvile*; for I perceive you knew him before he came to *Naples*.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of *Pampelona*, he was then a Colonel of *French* Horſe, who when the Town was ranſack'd, nobly treated my Brother and my ſelf, preſerving us from all Inſolencies; and I muſt own (beſides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will ſuffer no other to enter—But ſee my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro, Stephano, *with a Maſquing Habit, and* Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow Siſter. Pray when ſaw you your Lover Don *Vincentio?*

Flor. I know not, Sir———*Callis*, when was he here? for I conſider it ſo little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to deſpiſe him, a Man of ſo vaſt a Fortune, and ſuch a Paſſion for you——*Stephano* methinks——— [*Puts on his Maſquing Habit.*

Flor. A Paſſion for me! 'tis more than e'er I ſaw, or had a deſire ſhould be known——I hate *Vincentio*, and I would not have a Man ſo dear to me as my Brother follow the ill Cuſtoms of our Country, and make a Slave of his Siſter——And Sir, my Father's Will, I'm ſure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wiſh only to be rank'd in your Eſteem, equal with the *Engliſh* Colonel *Belvile*——Why do you frown and bluſh? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier?

Flor. I'll not deny I value *Belvile*, when I was expos'd to ſuch Dangers as the licens'd Luſt of common Soldiers threatned, when Rage and Conqueſt flew thro the City——then *Belvile*, this Criminal for my ſake, threw himſelf into all Dangers to ſave my Honour, and will you not allow him my Eſteem?

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour——but you muſt conſider Don *Vincentio*'s Fortune, and the Jointure he'll make you.

Flor. Let him conſider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Jointure.

Pedro. 'Tis true, he's not ſo young and fine a Gentleman as that *Belvile*——but what Jewels will that Cavalier preſent you with? thoſe of his Eyes and Heart?

Hell. And are not thoſe better than any Don *Vincentio* has brought from the *Indies?*

Pedro. Why how now! Has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to underſtand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hell. Better than to believe *Vincentio* deſerves Value from any Woman———He may perhaps encreaſe her Bags, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine——Go up to your Devotion, you are not deſign'd for the Converſation of Lovers.

Hell. Nor Saints yet a while I hope. [*Aſide.*
Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you muſt caſt

caſt my Siſter away too, expoſing her to a worſe confinementthan a religious Life?

Pedro. The Girl's mad——Is it a Confinement to be carry'd into the Country, to an antient Villa belonging to the Family of the *Vincentio's* theſe five hundred Years, and have no other Proſpect than that pleaſing one of ſeeing all her own that meets her Eyes—a fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where ſhe may walk and gather Flowers?

Hell. When? By Moon-Light? For I'm ſure ſhe dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun; that were a Task only for Don *Vincentio* and his *Indian* Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-days——And if theſe be her daily Divertiſements, what are thoſe of the Night, to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber with Furniture in Faſhion in the Reign of King *Sancho* the Firſt; the Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

Pedro. Very well.

Hell. This Apartment (new furbiſht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of Freedom) makes his Dreſſing-room; and being a frugal and a jealous Coxcomb, inſtead of a Valet to uncaſe his feeble Carcaſe, he deſires you to do that Office—— Signs of Favour, I'll aſſure you, and ſuch as you muſt not hope for, unleſs your Woman be out of the way.

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. That Honour being paſt, the Giant ſtretches it ſelf, yawns and ſighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himſelf into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your ſelf undreſt, calls you with a Snore or two—— And are not theſe fine Bleſſings to a young Lady?

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. And this Man you muſt kiſs, nay, you muſt kiſs none but him too——and nuzle thro his Beard to find his Lips——and this you muſt ſubmit to for threeſcore Years, and all for a Jointure.

Pedro. For all your Character of *Don Vincentio*, ſhe is as like to marry him as ſhe was before.

Hell.

Hell. Marry *Don Vincentio!* hang me, ſuch a Wedlock would be worſe than Adultery with another Man: I had rather ſee her in the *Hoſtel de Dieu*, to waſte her Youth there in Vows, and be a Handmaid to Lazers and Cripples, than to loſe it in ſuch a Marriage.

Pedro. You have conſider'd, Siſter, that *Belvile* has no Fortune to bring you to, is baniſht his Country, deſpis'd at home, and pity'd abroad.

Hell. What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fifty. *Don Vincentio! Don Indian!* he thinks he's trading to *Gambo* ſtill, and wou'd barter himſelf (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

Pedro. Callis, take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent ſhe ſhall begin her everlaſting Penance in a Monaſtery.

Hell. I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig'd to marry as you wou'd have me, if I were deſign'd for't.

Pedro. Do not fear the Bleſſing of that Choice——— you ſhall be a Nun.

Hell. Shall I ſo? you may chance to be miſtaken in my way of Devotion——A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I'll have a Saint of my own to pray to ſhortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Callis, make it your Buſineſs to watch this wild Cat. As for you *Florinda*, I've only try'd you all this while, and urg'd my Father's Will; but mine is, that you would love *Antonio*, he is brave and young, and all that can compleat the Happineſs of a gallant Maid———This Abſence of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from *Vincentio*, by marrying here, which you muſt do to morrow.

Flor. To morrow!

Pedro. To morrow, or 'twill be too late——'tis not my Friendſhip to *Antonio*, which makes me urge this, but Love to thee, and Hatred to *Vincentio*———therefore reſolve upon't to morrow.

Flor. Sir, I ſhall ſtrive to do, as ſhall become your Siſter.

Pedro.

Pedro. I'll both believe and truſt you———Adieu.
[*Ex.* Ped. *and* Steph.

Hell. As become his Siſter !——That is, to be as reſolved your way, as he is his—— [Hell. *goes to* Callis.

Flor. I ne'er till now perceiv'd my Ruin near,
I've no Defence againſt *Antonio*'s Love,
For he has all the Advantages of Nature,
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hell. But hark you, *Callis*, you will not be ſo cruel to lock me up indeed : will you ?

Call. I muſt obey the Commands I hate———beſides, do you conſider what a Life you are going to lead ?

Hell. Yes, *Callis*, that of a Nun : and till then I'll be indebted a World of Prayers to you, if you let me now ſee, what I never did, the Divertiſements of a Carnival.

Call. What, go in Maſquerade ? 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it———pray what wou'd you do there ?

Hell. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the reſt, and take all innocent Freedom—— Siſter, you'll go too, will you not ? come prithee be not ſad——We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me——Come put off this dull Humour with your Clothes, and aſſume one as gay, and as fantaſtick as the Dreſs my Couſin *Valeria* and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. Callis, will you give us leave to go ?

Call. I have a youthful Itch of going my ſelf. [*Aſide.* ——Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not truſt young Girls alone.

Flor. Thou ſee'ſt my Brother's gone already, and thou ſhalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Madam, the Habits are come, and your Couſin *Valeria* is dreſt, and ſtays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well———I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see *Belvile*, and want an opportunity to ſpeak to him, that

that ſhall let him know what I've reſolv'd in favour of him.

Hell. Come, let's in and dreſs us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A long Street.*

Enter Belvile *melancholy*, Blunt *and* Frederick.

Fred. Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? Hadſt thou been long enough in *Naples* to have been in love, I ſhould have ſworn ſome ſuch Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belv. No, I have made no new Amours ſince I came to *Naples.*

Fred. You have left none behind you in *Paris.*

Belv. Neither.

Fred. I can't divine the Cauſe then; unleſs the old Cauſe, the want of Mony.

Blunt. And another old Cauſe, the want of a Wench—Wou'd not that revive you?

Belv. You're miſtaken, *Ned.*

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art paſt Cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou haſt renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that coſt thee ſo many Sighs at the Siege of *Pampelona*———pox on't, what d'ye call her——her Brother's a noble *Spaniard*———Nephew to the dead General——*Florinda*——ay, *Florinda*——— And will nothing ſerve thy turn but that damn'd virtuous Woman, whom on my Conſcience thou lov'ſt in ſpite too, becauſe thou ſeeſt little or no poſſibility of gaining her?

Belv. Thou art miſtaken, I have Intereſt enough in that lovely Virgin's Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not a bated by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happineſs——

Fred. Has civilly forbid thee the Houſe?

Belv. 'Tis ſo, to make way for a powerful Rival, the Vice-Roy's Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a *Spaniard*, and her Brother's Friend; which gives him liberty to make his Court, whilſt

I have recourſe only to Letters, and diſtant Looks from her Window, which are as ſoft and kind as thoſe which Heav'n ſends down on Penitents.

Blunt. Hey dey! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite ſpoil'd——*Frederick*, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concern'd for a Wench?——'Sheartlikins, our *Cupids* are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roaſt or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to ſet 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleaſant, and the Stomach ſharp.

Fred. I dare ſwear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handſom as this *Florinda*; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troublesom to me i'th' Morning as they were welcome o'er night.

Blunt. And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

Belv. That's thy Joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt. Why, 'dſheartlikins, I love a frank Soul—— When did you ever hear of an honeſt Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones———But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept ſo poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preſerving——but I thank my Stars, I had more Grace than to forfeit my Eſtate by Cavaliering.

Belv. Methinks only following the Court ſhould be ſufficient to entitle 'em to that.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unleſs they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conſcience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Will. Ha! dear *Belvile!* noble Colonel!

Belv. Willmore! welcome aſhore, my dear Rover!—— what happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

Will. Let me ſalute you my dear *Fred.* and then command me———How is't honeſt Lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to ſee my dear mad *Willmore* again———Prithee why cameſt thou aſhore? and where's the Prince?

Will. He's well, and reigns ſtill Lord of the watery Element

Element———I muſt aboard again within a Day or two, and my Buſineſs aſhore was only to enjoy my ſelf a little this Carnival.

Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but baſhful, a raw Traveller, but honeſt, ſtout, and one of us.

[*Embraces* Blunt.

Will. That you eſteem him, gives him an Intereſt here.

Blunt. Your Servant, Sir.

Will. But well——Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its god-like Power ſtill over the Wine and Women.—Love and Mirth are my Buſineſs in *Naples*; and if I miſtake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

Belv. See here be thoſe kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter ſeveral Men in maſquing Habits, ſome playing on Muſick, others dancing after; Women dreſt like Curtezans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breaſts, and Baſkets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here?

Fred. Now the Game begins.

Will. Fine pretty Creatures! may a Stranger have leave to look and love?———What's here———*Roſes for every Month!* [*Reads the Paper.*

Blunt. Roſes for every Month! what means that?

Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Curtezans, who here in *Naples* are to be hir'd by the Month.

Will. Kind and obliging to inform us———Pray where do theſe Roſes grow? I would fain plant ſome of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Wom. Beware ſuch Roſes, Sir.

Will. A Pox of Fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, ſo I might but ſtrow ſuch Roſes over me and under me———Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Buſh this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make ſome Body ſmell of it all the Year after.

Belv. And thou haſt need of ſuch a Remedy, for thou ſtinkeſt of Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Peſthouſe.

[*The Woman puts her ſelf into the Hands of a Man, and* Exit. *Will.*

Will. Nay, nay, you ſhall not leave me ſo.

Belv. By all Means uſe no Violence here.

Will. Death! juſt as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Roſe out of his Hand, and even kiſs the Bed, the Buſh it grew in.

Fred. No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt. Except a Nunnery, *Fred.*

Will. Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know'ſt I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Foreſt.

Two Men dreſt all over with Horns of ſeveral ſorts, making Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs, advance from the farther end of the Scene.

Belv. Oh the fantaſtical Rogues, how they are dreſs'd! 'tis a Satir againſt the whole Sex.

Will. Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belv. Yes: 'Tis pretty to ſee theſe *Italians* ſtart, ſwell, and ſtab at the Word *Cuckold*, and yet ſtumble at Horns on every Threſhold.

Will. See what's on their Back———*Flowers for every Night.* [*Reads.*

———Ah Rogue! And more ſweet than Roſes of ev'ry Month! This is a Gardiner of *Adam*'s own breeding.

[*They dance.*

Belv. What think you of thoſe grave People?——is a Wake in *Eſſex* half ſo mad or extravagant?

Will. I like their ſober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd Fornication, where the Men are not chid for't, nor the Women deſpis'd, as amongſt our dull *Engliſh*; even the Monſieurs want that part of good Manners.

Belv. But here in *Italy* a Monſieur is the humbleſt beſt-bred Gentleman———Duels are ſo baffled by Bravo's, that an Age ſhews not one, but between a *Frenchman* and a Hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a *Dutchman* on the new Bridge—But ſee another Crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, *and* Valeria, *dreſt like Gipſies*; Callis *and* Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo *and* Sancho *in Maſquerade.*

Hell. Siſter, there's your *Engliſhman*, and with him a handſom

handſom proper Fellow———I'll to him, and inſtead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipſies, on my Life———Sure theſe will prattle if a Man croſs their Hands. [*Goes to* Hellena]——— Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

Hell. Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, leſt I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your *Engliſh* Humour, than an *Italian* Fortune will pleaſe you.

Will. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hell. The firſt I gueſs by a certain forward Impudence, which does not diſpleaſe me at this time; and the Loſs of your Mony will vex you, becauſe I hope you have but very little to loſe.

Will. Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is ſo little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindneſs———But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hell. Indeed no, that's the Buſineſs of a Witch, and I am but a Gipſy yet———Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Gueſs, 'tis ſome fooliſh Heart you mean, an inconſtant *Engliſh* Heart, as little worth ſtealing as your Purſe.

Will. Nay, then thou doſt deal with the Devil, that's certain——Thou haſt gueſs'd as right as if thou hadſt been one of that Number it has languiſht for———I find you'll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and *Venus* not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in ſtore———Wou'd you would be good-natur'd, and take ſome on't off my Hands.

Hell. Why———I could be inclin'd that way——— but for a fooliſh Vow I am going to make———to die a Maid.

Will. Then thou art damn'd without Redemption; and as I am a good Chriſtian, I ought in charity to divert ſo wicked a Deſign——therefore prithee dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I ſhall begin to ſet a helping hand to ſo good a Work.

Hell.

Hell. If you ſhould prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my ſake.

Will. Faith Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worſe Cauſe, than for a handſom kind Woman————Name the Danger———let it be any thing but a long Siege, and I'll undertake it.

Hell. Can you ſtorm?

Will. Oh, moſt furiouſly.

Hell. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, muſt gain that firſt.

Will. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint———Nay, now there's no denying me: the old Law had no Curſe (to a Woman) like dying a Maid; witness *Jephtha*'s Daughter.

Hell. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impoſe no ſevere Penance on her who was inclin'd to conſole her ſelf before ſhe took Orders.

Will. If ſhe be young and handſom.

Hell. Ay, there's it———but if ſhe be not———

Will. By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults———beſides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou haſt laſted and prov'd the Pleaſure on't, than 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

Hell. I perceive, good Father Captain, you deſign only to make me fit for Heaven———but if on the contrary you ſhould quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I ſhould have a new Man to ſeek I find; and what a Grief that will be——for when I begin, I fancy I ſhall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind———Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith I'm a very honeſt Fellow——Oh, I long to come firſt to the Banquet of Love; and ſuch a ſwinging Appetite I bring——— Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweet-heart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead Man!

Hell.

Hell. Why muſt we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converſe with you Men?——And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me?

Will. Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

Lucet. Are you ſure this is the man? [*Pointing to* Blunt.

Sancho. When did I miſtake your Game?

Lucet. This is a ſtranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I underſtand my Trade, he's mine: he's *Engliſh* too, and they ſay that's a ſort of good-natur'd loving People, and have generally ſo kind an Opinion of themſelves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any ſort of Fool ſhe pleaſes.

Blunt. 'Tis ſo——ſhe is taken—I have Beauties which my falſe Glaſs at home did not diſcover.

[*She often paſſes by* Blunt, *and gazes on him; he ſtruts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.*

Flor. This Woman watches me ſo, I ſhall get no Opportunity to diſcover my ſelf to him, and ſo miſs the intent of my coming——But as I was ſaying, Sir——by this Line you ſhould be a Lover. [*Looking in his Hand.*

Belv. I thought how right you gueſs'd, all Men are in love, or pretend to be ſo—— Come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. [*Walks away.*

Flor. I will not, till you have confeſs'd whether the Paſſion that you have vow'd *Florinda* be true or falſe.

[*She holds him, he ſtrives to get from her.*

Belv. Florinda! [*Turns quick towards her.*

Flor. Softly.

Belv. Thou haſt nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She'll be diſappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden-gate, and if you'll fail not——as let me ſee the other Hand—you will go near to do—ſhe vows to die or make you happy. [*Looks on* Callis,

Belv. What canſt thou mean? *who obſerves 'em.*

Flor. That which I ſay——Farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Belv. Oh charming Sybil ſtay, complete that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Diſtraction!——Where muſt I be? at the Garden-gate? I know it——at night, you

you ſay———I'll ſooner forfeit Heaven than diſobey.

Enter Don Pedro *and other Maſquers, and paſs over the Stage.*

Call. Madam, your Brother's here.

Flor. Take this to inſtruct you farther.

[*Gives him a Letter, and goes off.*

Fred. Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you.

Belv. Do not diſturb my Happineſs with Doubts.

[*Opens the Letter.*

Will. My dear pretty Creature, a Thouſand Bleſſings on thee; ſtill in this Habit, you ſay, and after Dinner at this Place.

Hel. Yes, if you will ſwear to keep your Heart, and not beſtow it between this time and that.

Will. By all the little Gods of Love I ſwear, I'll leave it with you; and if you run away with it, thoſe Deities of Juſtice will revenge me. [*Ex. all the Women.*

Fred. Do you know the Hand?

Belv. 'Tis *Florinda*'s.

All Bleſſings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Fred. Nay, no Idolatry, a ſober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

Belv. Oh Friends! the welcom'ſt News, the ſofteſt Letter!—nay, you ſhall ſee it; and could you now be ſerious, I might be made the happieſt Man the Sun ſhines on.

Will. The Reaſon of this mighty Joy?

Belv. See how kindly ſhe invites me to deliver her from the threatned Violence of her Brother———will you not aſſiſt me?

Will. I know not what thou mean'ſt, but I'll make one at any Miſchief where a Woman's concern'd———but ſhe'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will ſhe not?

Belv. How mean you?

Will. How ſhould I mean? Thou know'ſt there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

Belv. Don't prophane——the Maid is nicely virtuous.

Will. Who pox, then ſhe's fit for nothing but a Huſband; let her e'en go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, ſhe's the Colonel's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Will. Let her be the Devil; if ſhe be thy Miſtreſs, I'll ſerve her———name the way.

Belv. Read here this Poſtſcript. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Will. [Reads.] *At Ten at night——at the Garden-Gate—of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall—come attended with a Friend or two.*———Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all.

Fred. Let her alone for that: your Woman's Wit, your fair kind Woman, will out-trick a Brother or a Jew, and contrive like a Jeſuit in Chains——but ſee, *Ned Blunt* is ſtoln out after the Lure of a Damſel. [*Ex.* Blunt *and* Lucet.

Belv. So he'll ſcarce find his way home again, unleſs we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd ſound prettily———a loſt *Engliſh* Boy of Thirty.

Fred. I hope 'tis ſome common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be ſhe'll ſell him for *Peru*, the Rogue's ſturdy and would work well in a Mine; at leaſt I hope ſhe'll dreſs him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-ſavour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out naked at Midnight.

Will. Prithee what Humour is he of, that you wiſh him ſo well?

Belv. Why, of an *English* Elder Brother's Humour, educated in a Nurſery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-mother till he's of Age; one that knows no pleaſure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to *London* with his right Worſhipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Clothes, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mother's Landry-Maid: gets drunk at a Hunting-Match, and ten to one then gives ſome Proofs of his Proweſs———A pox upon him, he's our Banker, and has all our Caſh about him, and if he fail we are all broke.

Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd ſtingy Quality, that will ſecure our Stock; I know not in what Danger it were indeed, if the Jilt ſhould pretend

tend ſhe's in love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwiſe if he part with more than a Piece of Eight—geld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if ſhe be a Whore of the firſt Rank.

Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be eaſily beaten, he's ſtout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to exerciſe his Courage upon ſome of them; elſe I'am ſure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to pleaſe him.

Will. 'Tis a lucky Devil to light upon ſo kind a Wench!

Fred. Thou hadſt a great deal of talk with thy little Gipſy, coud'ſt thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted.

Will. Hang her, ſhe was ſome damn'd honeſt Perſon of Quality, I'm ſure, ſhe was ſo very free and witty. If her Face be but anſwerable to her Wit and Humour, I wou'd be bound to Conſtancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time, have you made no kind Acquaintance ſince you came to Town?—you do not uſe to be honeſt ſo long, Gentlemen.

Fred. Faith Love has kept us honeſt, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous *Paduana Angelica Bianca.*

Will. What, the Miſtreſs of the dead *Spaniſh* General?

Belv. Yes, ſhe's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in *Naples*, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her ſight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themſelves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while ſhe has the Pleaſure to behold all languiſh for her that ſee her.

Fred. 'Tis pretty to ſee with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Will. What Gallant has ſhe?

Belv. None, ſhe's expos'd to Sale, and four Days in the Week ſhe's yours——for ſo much a Month.

Will. The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me——yet prithee let's ſee her.

Belv. Let's firſt to Dinner, and after that we'll paſs the Day as you pleaſe——but at Night ye muſt all be at my Devotion.

Will. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. Scene I. *The Long Street.*

Enter Belvile *and* Frederick *in Maſquing-Habits, and* Willmore *in his own Clothes, with a Vizard in his Hand.*

Will. BUT why thus diſguis'd and muzzl'd?

Belv. Becauſe whatever Extravagances we commit in theſe Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to anſwer 'em.

Will. I ſhou'd have chang'd my Eternal Buff too; but no matter, my little Gipſy wou'd not have found me out then: for if ſhe ſhou'd change hers, it is impoſſible I ſhould know her, unleſs I ſhould hear her prattle——A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do ſee her again, ſhe prove damnable ugly, that I may fortify my ſelf againſt her Tongue.

Belv. Have a care of Love, for o' my conſcience ſhe was not of a Quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd with my Heart ſo, that 'twill never lie ſtill, till I have met with ſome kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me——Oh for my Arms full of ſoft, white, kind——Woman! ſuch as I fancy *Angelica.*

Belv. This is her Houſe, if you were but in ſtock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

Enter Blunt.

Will. I long to ſee the Shadow of the fair Subſtance, a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt. Colonel, thy Hand—and thine *Fred.* I have been an Aſs, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this Hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belv. What the Devil's the matter with thee *Ned?*

Blunt. Oh ſuch a Miſtreſs, *Fred.* ſuch a Girl!

Will. Ha! where? *Fred.* Ay where!

Blunt. So fond, ſo amorous, ſo toying and fine! and all for ſheer Love, ye Rogue! Oh how ſhe lookt and kiſs'd!

kiſs'd! and ſooth'd my Heart from my Boſom. I cannot think I was awake, and yet methinks I ſee and feel her Charms ſtill——*Fred.*——Try if ſhe have not left the Taſte of her balmy Kiſſes upon my Lips——

[*Kiſſes him.*

Belv. Ha, ha, ha! *Will.* Death Man, where is ſhe?

Blunt. What a Dog was I to ſtay in dull *England* ſo long———How have I laught at the Colonel when he ſigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him, and by his own Dart, I can gueſs at all his Joys, which then I took for Fancies, mere Dreams and Fables—Well, I'm reſolv'd to ſell all in *Eſſex*, and plant here for ever.

Belv. What a Bleſſing 'tis, thou haſt a Miſtreſs thou dar'ſt boaſt of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a ſecret Amour.

Will. Doſt know her Name?

Blunt. Her Name? No, 'sheartlikins: what care I for Names?———

She's fair, young, brisk and kind, even to raviſhment: and what a Pox care I for knowing her by another Title.

Will. Didſt give her any thing?

Blunt. Give her!——— Ha, ha, ha! why, ſhe's a Perſon of Quality———That's a good one, give her! 'sheartlikins doſt think ſuch Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for ſuch a Purchaſe? Give her quoth ye? Why ſhe preſented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear: No, Gentlemen, *Ned Blunt* is not every Body———She expects me again to night.

Will. Egad that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Person of Quality, I ſhall be very glad to underſtand your Purſe be ſecure; 'tis our whole Eſtate at preſent, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom: come, Sir, unload.

Blunt. Take the neceſſary Trifle, uſeleſs now to me, that am belov'd by ſuch a Gentlewoman——'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Fred.

Fred. No, keep that to be cozen'd, that we may laugh.

Will. Cozen'd!————Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd cozen me of all the Love I cou'd ſpare to night.

Fred. Pox 'tis ſome common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with ſuch Clothes! ſuch Jewels! ſuch a Houſe! ſuch Furniture, and ſo attended! a Whore!

Belv. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Baudy; are Whores in all thoſe gay Clothes, and right Jewels; are Whores with great Houſes richly furniſht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handſome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and errant ones.

Will. Pox on't, where do theſe fine Whores live?

Belv. Where no Rogue in Office yclep'd Conſtables dare give 'em Laws, nor the Wine-inſpir'd Bullies of the Town break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho this *Eſſex* Calf believe them Persons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this *Eſſex* Calf, that ſhall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Wit and Parts——This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be deſpis'd; my Waſte tolerably long, with other inviting Signs that shall be nameleſs.

Will. Egad I believe he may have met with ſome Perſon of Quality that may be kind to him.

Belv. Doſt thou perceive any ſuch tempting things about him, ſhou'd make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too?——no, no, *Angelica* has rais'd the Price too high.

Will. May ſhe languiſh for Mankind till ſhe die, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

Enter two Bravoes, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica's, *againſt the Balcony, and two little ones at each ſide of the Door.*

Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn, where a Man may lodge that's Fool enough to give her Price.

[Will. *gazes on the Picture.*

Blunt.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

Belv. A famous Curtezan that's to be ſold.

Blunt. How! to be ſold! nay then I have nothing to ſay to her—ſold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country?——with Order and Decency Whoring's eſtabliſh'd here by virtue of the Inquiſition——Come let's be gone, I'm ſure we're no Chapman for this Commodity.

Fred. Thou art none, I'm ſure, unleſs thou coud'ſt have her in thy Bed at the Price of a Coach in the Street.

Will. How wondrous fair ſhe is———a Thouſand Crowns a Month———by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little. A plague of this Poverty———of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty, which Virtue ne'er cou'd purchaſe.

[*Turns from the Picture.*

Blunt. What's this?——[*Reads*] *A Thousand Crowns a Month!*

———'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! ſure 'tis a mistake.

———Hark you Friend, does ſhe take or give ſo much by the Month!

Fred. A Thouſand Crowns! Why, 'tis a Portion for the *Infanta.*

Blunt. Hark ye Friends, won't ſhe truſt?

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.

Enter Don Pedro *in Maſquerade, follow'd by* Stephano.

Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while.

[Pedro *Reads.* [*Exeunt* Engliſh.

Enter Angelica *and* Moretta *in the Balcony, and draw a Silk Curtain.*

Ped. Fetch me a Thouſand Crowns, I never wiſht to buy this Beauty at an eaſier Rate. [*Paſſes off.*

Ang. Prithee what ſaid thoſe Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the firſt were Admirers of Beauty only, but no purchaſers; they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and so paſt off.

Ang. No matter, I'm not diſpleas'd with their rallying; their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wiſhes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleaſure.

Brav.

Brav. Madam, the laſt I knew thro all his Diſguiſes to be Don *Pedro*, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in *Pampelona.*

Ang. Don *Pedro!* my old Gallant's Nephew! When his Uncle dy'd, he left him a vaſt Sum of Money; it is he who was ſo in love with me at *Padua*, and who us'd to make the General ſo jealous.

Moret. Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window, and take ſuch care to ſhew himſelf an amorous Aſs? if I am not miſtaken, he is the likelieſt man to give your Price.

Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour ſo uneaſy and inconſtant, that the Victory over his Heart is as ſoon loſt as won; a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conquerour: but Inconſtancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm reſolv'd that nothing but Gold ſhall charm my heart.

Moret. I'm glad on't; 'tis only Intereſt that Women of our Profeſſion ought to conſider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Diſeaſe of our Sex ſo long, I mean that of being in love.

Ang. A kind, but ſullen Star, under which I had the Happineſs to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the braveſt and nobleſt of Mankind have purchas'd my Favours at ſo dear a Rate, as if no Coin but gold were current with our Trade——But here's Don *Pedro* again, fetch me my Lute—for 'tis for him or Don *Antonio* the Vice-Roy's Son, that I have ſpread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; *Don* Antonio *and* Diego *at the other Door, with People following him in Maſquerade, antickly attir'd, ſome with Muſick: they both go up to the Picture.*

Ant. A thouſand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I ſhou'd not think it dear.

Pedro. Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have ſeen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this ſoft and ſweet, with a certain languiſhing Air, that no Artiſt can repreſent.

Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.

Pag. Sir, I have known you throw away a thouſand Crowns on a worſe Face, and tho y' are near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; *Florinda*-—— will not miſs it.

Pedro. Ha! *Florinda!* Sure 'tis *Antonio.*

Ant. Florinda! name not thoſe diſtant Joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Paſſion here.

Pedro. Florinda ſcorn'd! and all my hopes defeated of the poſſeſſion of *Angelica*! [*A Noiſe of a Lute above.* Ant. *gazes up.*] Her Injuries by Heaven he ſhall not boaſt of. [*Song to a Lute above.*

SONG.

WHen Damon *firſt began to love,*
He languiſht in a ſoft Deſire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To leſſen or increaſe his Fire.
For Cælia *in her charming Eyes*
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Cælia's *Hair,*
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And ſaw the am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And ſaw the Grove (reſembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilſt guilty Smiles and Bluſhes dreſt her Face.
At this the baſhful Youth all Tranſport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.

Ant. By Heav'n ſhe's charming fair!

[Angelica *throws open the Curtains, and bows to* Antonio, *who pulls off his Vizard, and bows and blows up Kiſſes.* Pedro *unſeen looks in his Face.*

Pedro. 'Tis he, the falſe *Antonio!*

Ant. Friend, where muſt I pay my offering of Love? [*To the* Bravo.

My Thouſand Crowns I mean.

Pedro. That Offering I have deſign'd to make,
And yours will come too late.

Ant. Prithee be gone, I ſhall grow angry elſe,
And then thou art not ſafe.

Pedro. My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;
And he that enters here may prove this Truth.

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am ſure thou'rt worth my killing, and aiming at *Angelica.*

[*They draw and fight.*

Enter Willmore *and* Blunt, *who draw and part 'em.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm ſure——nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the beſt of ye——Put up——put up, and take another time and place, for this is deſign'd for Lovers only.

[*They all put up.*

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to morrow on the *Molo*?
For I've a Title to a better quarrel,
That of *Florinda*, in whoſe credulous Heart
Thou'ſt made an Int'reſt, and deſtroy'd my Hopes.

Ant. Dare?
I'll meet thee there as early as the Day.

Pedro. We will come thus diſguiſ'd, that whoſoever chance to get the better, he may eſcape unknown.

Ant. It ſhall be ſo. [*Ex.* Pedro *and* Stephano.
Who ſhou'd this Rival be? unleſs the *Engliſh* Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don *Pedro* ſpeak; it muſt be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happineſs.

[Willmore *having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one.*

Will. This Poſture's looſe and negligent,
The Sight on't wou'd beget a warm deſire
In Souls, whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.
——This muſt along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeneſs, Sir?——reſtore the Picture.

Ant. Ha! Rudeneſs committed to the fair *Angelica!*—Reſtore the Picture, Sir.

Will.

Will. Indeed I will not, Sir.

Ant. By Heav'n but you ſhall.

Will. Nay, do not ſhew your Sword; if you do, by this dear Beauty——I will ſhew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't?

Will. That of Poſſeſſion which I will maintain—— you perhaps have 1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you ſhall reſtore the Picture.

Ang. Oh *Moretta!* what's the matter?

[Ang. *and* Moret. *above.*

Ant. Or leave your Life behind.

Will. Death! you lye———I will do neither.

Ang. Hold I command you, if for me you fight.

[*They fight, the Spaniards join with* Antonio, Blunt *laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.*

Will. How heavenly fair ſhe is!———ah Plague of her Price.

Ang. You Sir in Buff, you that appear a Soldier, that firſt began this Inſolence.

Will. 'Tis true, I did ſo, if you call it Inſolence for a Man to preſerve himſelf; I ſaw your charming Picture, and was wounded: quite thro my Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a Thouſand Crowns to procure my Remedy, I laid this little Picture to my Boſom ———which if you cannot allow me, I'll reſign.

Ang. No, you may keep the Trifle.

Ant. You ſhall firſt ask me leave, and this.

[*Fight again as before.*

Enter Belv. *and* Fred. *who join with the* Engliſh.

Ang. Hold; will you ruin me?——*Biskey, Sebastian,* part them. [*The* Spaniards *are beaten off.*

Moret. Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he's ſet on to ruin us: we ſhall never ſee good days, till all theſe fighting poor Rogues are ſent to the Gallies.

Enter Belvile, Blunt *and* Willmore, *with their Shirts bloody.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this Sport, and I'll ne'er were Sword more.

Belv. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art

always one at an unlucky Adventure.——Come let's be gone whilſt we're ſafe, and remember theſe are *Spaniards*, a ſort of People that know how to revenge an Affront.

[*To* Will.

Fred. You bleed; I hope you are not wounded.

Will. Not much:———a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they'll ne'er recover *Flanders.*——What the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins, we"ll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conqueſt.——Prithee help me up, and I'll pull it down.————

Ang. Stay Sir, and e'er you affront me further, let me know how you durſt commit this Outrage——To you I ſpeak Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Will. To me, Madam?——Gentlemen, your Servant.

[Belv. *ſtays him.*

Belv. Is the Devil in thee? Do'ſt know the danger of entring the Houſe of an incens'd Curtezan?

Will. I thank you for your care——but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation.——Death! let me go.

Fred. Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here.——Damn theſe gay Harlots——by this Hand I'll have as ſound and handſome a Whore for a Patacoone.—Death, Man, ſhe'll murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not, ſhall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely charming Beauty? for fear of danger! when by Heaven there's none ſo great as to long for her, whilſt I want Money to purchaſe her.

Fred. Therefore 'tis loſs of time, unleſs you had the thouſand Crowns to pay.

Will. It may be ſhe may give a Favour, at leaſt I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſaluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. Pox, ſhe'll as ſoon lie with thee, as kiſs thee, and ſooner ſtab than do either——you ſhall not go.

Ang. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewoman means well.

Belv. Well, take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next Street.——Farewell Fool,——farewell——

Will. B'ye Colonel—— [*Goes in.*

Fred. The Rogue's ſtark mad for a Wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Willmore, Angelica, *and* Moretta.

Ang. Inſolent Sir, how durſt you pull down my Picture?

Will. Rather, how durſt you ſet it up, to tempt poor amorous Mortals with ſo much Excellence? which I find you have but too well conſulted by the unmerciful price you ſet upon't.——Is all this Heaven of Beauty ſhewn to move Deſpair in thoſe that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that Deſpair ſhou'd be leſs extravagant than I have ſhewn?

Ang. I ſent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime.——I thought I ſhould have ſeen you at my Feet imploring it.

Will. You are deceived, I came to rail at you, and talk ſuch Truths too, as ſhall let you ſee the Vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to ſet ſuch a Price on Sin. For ſuch it is, whilſt that which is Love's due is meanly barter'd for.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, alas good Captain, what pity 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do no good upon me—— *Moretta*, fetch the Gentleman a Glaſs, and let him ſurvey himſelf, to ſee what Charms he has,——and gueſs my Buſineſs. [*Aſide in a ſoft Tone.*

Moret. He knows himſelf of old, I believe thoſe Breeches and he have been acquainted ever ſince he was beaten at *Worceſter.*

Ang. Nay, do not abuſe the poor Creature.———

Moret. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho you have of our Charity; but at preſent we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindneſs for God's ſake; in fine, Sirrah, the

Price is too high i'th' Month for you, therefore troop, I ſay.

Will. Here, good Fore-Woman of the Shop, ſerve me, and I'll be gone.

Moret. Keep it to pay your Landreſs, your Linen ſtinks of the Gun-Room; for here's no ſelling by Retail.

Will. Thou haſt ſold plenty of thy ſtale Ware at a cheap Rate.

Moret. Ay, the more ſilly kind Heart I, but this is an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates.——In fine, you know the price of this.

Will. I grant you 'tis here ſet down a thouſand Crowns a Month ——— Baud, take your black Lead and ſum it up, that I may have a Piſtole-worth of theſe vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

Moret. Pox on him, he'll fret me to Death:—— abominable Fellow, I tell thee, we only ſell by the whole Piece.

Will. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing—Faith, Madam, my Stock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman.———Yet I have Countrymen in Town, Merchants of Love, like me; I'll ſee if they'l put for a ſhare, we cannot loſe much by it, and what we have no uſe for, we'll ſell upon the *Friday's* Mart, at——*Who gives more?* I am ſtudying, Madam, how to purchaſe you, tho at preſent I am unprovided of Money.

Ang. Sure this from any other Man would anger me—nor ſhall he know the Conqueſt he has made —— Poor angry Man, how I deſpiſe this railing.

Will. Yes, I am poor—but I'am a Gentleman,
And one that ſcorns this Baſeneſs which you practiſe.
Poor as I am, I would not ſell my ſelf,
No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Perſon.
Tho I admire you ſtrangely for your Beauty,
Yet I contemn your Mind.
———And yet I wou'd at any rate enjoy you;
At your own rate——but cannot——See here
The only Sum I can command on Earth;
I know not where to eat when this is gone:
Yet ſuch a Slave I am to Love and Beauty,

This

This laſt I'll ſacrifice to enjoy you.
——Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought,
And wou'd be bought by me
For a mean trifling Sum, if I could pay it down.
Which happy knowledge I will ſtill repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't,
And ſoon will curſe thoſe Wounds your Eyes have made.
—And yet—there's ſomething ſo divinely powerful there—
Nay, I will gaze——to let you ſee my Strength.
[*Holds her, looks on her, and pauſes and ſighs.*
By Heaven, bright Creature——I would not for the World thy Fame were half ſo fair as is thy Face.
[*Turns her away from him.*

Ang. His words go thro me to the very Soul. [*Aſide.*
——If you have nothing elſe to ſay to me.

Will. Yes, you ſhall hear how infamous you are———
For which I do not hate thee:
But that ſecures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but ſo many Luſts,
I know it by their ſudden bold intruſion.
The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis falſe——
For had it been the purer Flame of Love,
I ſhould have pin'd and languiſh'd at your Feet,
E'er found the Impudence to have diſcover'd it.
I now dare ſtand your Scorn, and your Denial.

Moret. Sure ſhe's bewitcht, that ſhe can ſtand thus tamely, and hear his ſaucy railing.——Sirrah, will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty? Withdraw. [*To* Moret.
——Pray tell me, Sir, are you not guilty of the ſame mercenary Crime? When a Lady is propoſed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, diſcreet, or virtuous ſhe is; but what's her Fortune——which if but ſmall, you cry——She will not do my buſineſs——and baſely leave her, tho ſhe languiſh for you.——Say, is not this as poor?

Will. It is a barbarous Cuſtom, which I will ſcorn to defend in our Sex, and do deſpiſe in yours.

Ang. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and

know, that were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul,
thou ſhouldſt not buy my Love, couldſt thou forget thoſe
mean effects of Vanity, which ſet me out to ſale; and
as a Lover, prize my yielding Joys. Canſt thou believe
they'l be entirely thine,
Without conſidering they were mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I muſt bethink me firſt——ha,
Death, I'm going to believe her. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Prithee confirm that Faith——or if thou canſt
not—flatter me a little, 'twill pleaſe me from thy Mouth.

Will. Curſe on thy charming Tongue! doſt thou return
My feign'd Contempt with ſo much ſubtilty? [*Aſide.*
Thou'ſt found the eaſieſt way into my Heart,
Tho I yet know that all thou ſay'ſt is falſe.
[*Turning from her in a Rage.*

Ang. By all that's good 'tis real,
I never lov'd before, tho oft a Miſtreſs.
——Shall my firſt Vows be ſlighted?

Will. What can ſhe mean? [*Aſide.*

Ang. I find you cannot credit me. [*In an angry tone.*

Will. I know you take me for an errant Aſs,
An Aſs that may be ſooth'd into Belief,
And then be us'd at pleaſure.
But, Madam, I have been ſo often cheated
By perjur'd, ſoft, deluding Hypocrites,
That I've no Faith left for the cozening Sex,
Eſpecially for Women of your Trade.

Ang. The low eſteem you have of me, perhaps
May bring my Heart again:
For I have Pride that yet ſurmounts my Love.
[*She turns with Pride, he holds her.*

Will. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliſs,
And ſhew the Power of Love: 'tis with thoſe Arms
I can be only vanquiſht, made a Slave.

Ang. Is all my mighty Expectation vaniſht?
—No, I will not hear thee talk,——thou haſt a Charm
In every word, that draws my Heart away.
And all the thouſand Trophies I deſign'd,
Thou haſt undone——Why art thou ſoft?
Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War.

Could

Could thou not ſtorm on ſtill?
I then perhaps had been as free as thou.
Will. Death! how ſhe throws her Fire about my Soul!
[*Aſide.*
——Take heed, fair Creature, how you raiſe my Hopes,
Which once aſſum'd pretend to all Dominion.
There's not a Joy thou haſt in ſtore
I ſhall not then command:
For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life.
Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.
Ang. And will you pay me then the Price I ask?
Will. Oh, why doſt thou draw me from an awful Worſhip,
By ſhewing thou art no Divinity?
Conceal the Fiend, and ſhew me all the Angel;
Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout,
And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.
[*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*
Ang. The Pay I mean is but thy Love for mine.
——Can you give that?
Will. Intirely—come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows,——and breathe 'em with ſuch Ardour, thou ſhalt not doubt my Zeal.
Ang. Thou haſt a Power too ſtrong to be reſiſted.
[*Ex.* Will. *and* Angelica.
Moret. Now my Curſe go with you—Is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whoſe Buſineſs is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchaſe, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an *English* Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally louſy——Oh, I could curſe now, if I durſt——This is the Fate of most Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,
Are Spoils to thoſe who cozen us again.

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, *in Antick different Dreſſes from what they were in before,* Callis *attending.*

Flor. I Wonder what should make my Brother in ſo ill a Humour: I hope he has not found out our Ramble this Morning.

Hell. No, if he had, we ſhould have heard on't at both Ears, and have been mew'd up this Afternoon; which I would not for the World ſhould have happen'd——Hey ho! I'm ſad as a Lover's Lute.

Val. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipſies as readily as if we had been bred upon the Road to *Loretto;* and yet I did ſo fumble, when I told the Stranger his Fortune, that I was afraid I ſhould have told my own and yours by miſtake———But methinks *Hellena* has been very ſerious ever ſince.

Flor. I would give my Garters ſhe were in love, to be reveng'd upon her, for abuſing me—How is't *Hellena?*

Hell. Ah!——would I had never ſeen my mad Monſieur———and yet for all your laughing I am not in love——and yet this ſmall Acquaintance, o'my Conſcience, will never out of my Head.

Val. Ha, ha, ha.————I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover, a Fellow that, I warrant, loves every new Face he ſees.

Hell. Hum——he has not kept his Word with me here——and may be taken up————that Thought is not very pleasant to me————what the Duce ſhould this be now that I feel?

Val. What is't like?

Hell. Nay, the Lord knows————but if I ſhould be hanged, I cannot chuſe but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad Fellow ſhould be in love with any Body but me———What to think of my ſelf I know not—Would I could meet with ſome true damn'd Gipſy, that I might know my Fortune.

Val. Know it! why there's nothing ſo eaſy: thou wilt love

love this wandring Inconſtant till thou find'ſt thy ſelf hanged about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Flor. Yes, *Valeria*; we ſhall ſee her beſtride his Baggage-horſe, and follow him to the Campaign.

Hell. So, ſo; now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me———But ſince you have ſet my Heart a wiſhing, I am reſolv'd to know for what. I will not die of the Pip, ſo I will not.

Flor. Art thou mad to talk ſo? Who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad Wench thou art?

Hell. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me ſhall have me, but he that I like: I ſhou'd have ſtaid in the Nunnery ſtill, if I had lik'd my Lady Abbeſs as well as ſhe lik'd me. No, I came thence, not (as my wiſe Brother imagines) to take an eternal Farewel of the World, but to love and to be belov'd; and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, ſo I will.

Val. Am I put into the Number of Lovers?

Hell. You! my Couz, I know thou art too good-natur'd to leave us in any Deſign: Thou won't venture a Caſt, tho thou comeſt off a Loſer, eſpecially with ſuch a Gameſter———I obſerv'd your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art ſoon learnt——that I find. [*Sighs.*

Flor. I wonder how you learnt to love ſo eaſily, I had a thouſand Charms to meet my Eyes and Ears, e'er I cou'd yield; and 'twas the knowledge of *Belvile's* Merit, not the ſurprizing Perſon, took my Soul———Thou art too raſh to give a Heart at firſt ſight.

Hell. Hang your conſidering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, ſilly kind of Pleaſure to paſs ones time with, to write little, ſoft, nonſenſical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Anſwers; in which I ſhall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am deſirable; then I have the more Inclination that way, becauſe I am to be a Nun, and ſo ſhall not be ſuſpected to have any ſuch earthly Thoughts about me——But when I walk thus———

and

and ſigh thus———they'll think my Mind's upon my Monaſtery, and cry, how happy 'tis ſhe's ſo reſolv'd !——— But not a Word of Man.

Flor. What a mad Creature's this !

Hell. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you ſigh, he cries (gravely)—I fear you have the Indiſcretion to be in love, but take heed of the Honour of our Houſe, and your own unſpotted Fame; and ſo he conjures on till he has laid the ſoft-wing'd God in your Hearts, or broke the Birds-neſt———But ſee here comes your Lover: but where's my inconſtant? let's step aſide, and we may learn ſomething. [*Go aſide.*

Enter Belvile, Fred. *and* Blunt.

Belv. What means this? the Picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the Wench is good-natur'd, and will be kind *gratis.* Your Friend's a proper handſom Fellow.

Belv. I rather think ſhe has cut his Throat and is fled: I am mad he ſhould throw himself into Dangers——Pox on't, I ſhall want him to night————let's knock and ask for him.

Hell. My Heart goes a-pit-a-pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk of. [*Knock,* Moretta *above.*

Moret. What would you have?

Belv. Tell the Stranger that enter'd here about two Hours go, that his Friends ſtay here for him.

Moret. A Curſe upon him for *Moretta,* would he were at the Devil——but he's coming to you. [*Enter* Wilmore.

Hell. I, I, 'tis he. Oh how this vexes me.

Belv. And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune ſmil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raiſe up Altars to her? hah !

Will. Does not my Fortune ſit triumphant on my Brow? doſt not ſee the little wanton God there all gay and ſmiling? have I not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that diſtinguish me from the Croud of common Lovers? By Heav'n, *Cupid's* Quiver has not half ſo many Darts as her Eyes———Oh ſuch a *Bona Roba,* to ſleep in her Arms is lying in Freſco, all perfum'd Air about me.

Hell. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on. [*Aſide.*

Will. Hark ye, where didſt thou purchaſe that rich Canary

nary we drank to day? Tell me, that I may adore the Spigot, and ſacrifice to the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which I muſt dip my Roſary, and then bleſs all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

Belv. Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of your Success.

Fred. Would not *French* Wine do better?

Will. Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous Virtue in't, inſpiring a ſucceſsful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wiſhes. There's nothing left to raiſe a new Deſire in me———Come let's be gay and wanton————and Gentlemen, ſtudy, ſtudy what you want, for here are Friends,———that will ſupply, Gentlemen,———hark! what a charming ſound they make——'tis he and ſhe Gold whilſt here, ſhall beget new Pleaſures every moment.

Blunt. But hark ye Sir, you are not married, are you?

Will. All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting, Friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

Will. I am ſo Sir, let theſe inform you.———Ha, how ſweetly they chime! Pox of Poverty, it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and Honour ſneak, my Soul grew lean and ruſty for want of Credit.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, this I like well, it looks like my lucky Bargain! Oh how I long for the Approach of my Squire, that is to conduct me to her Houſe again. Why! here's two provided for.

Fred. By this Light y're happy Men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleaſed to ſmile on us, Gentlemen,—to ſmile on us.

Enter Sancho, *and pulls* Blunt *by the Sleeve. They go aſide.*

Sancho. Sir, my Lady expects you———ſhe has remov'd all that might oppoſe your Will and Pleaſure——and is impatient till you come.

Blunt. Sir, I'll attend you——Oh the happieſt Rogue! I'll take no leave, leſt they either dog me, or ſtay me.

[*Ex. with* Sancho.

Belv.

Belv. But then the little Gipſy is forgot?

Will. A Miſchief on thee for putting her into my thoughts; I had quite forgot her elſe, and this Night's Debauch had drunk her quite down.

Hell. Had it ſo, good Captain? [*Claps him on the Back.*

Will. Ha! I hope ſhe did not hear.

Hell. What afraid of ſuch a Champion!

Will. Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languiſh a whole day———

Hell. In tedious ſearch of me.

Will. Egad Child thou'rt in the right, hadſt thou ſeen what a melancholy Dog I have been ever ſince I was a Lover, how I have walkt the Streets like a *Capuchin*, with my Hands in my Sleeves——Faith Sweatheart, thou wouldſt pity me.

Hell. Now, if I ſhould be hang'd, I can't be angry with him, he diſſembles ſo heartily——Alas good Captain, what pains you have taken———Now were I ungrateful not to reward ſo true a Servant.

Will. Poor Soul! that's kindly ſaid, I ſee thou beareſt a Conſcience———come then for a beginning ſhew me thy dear Face.

Hell. I'm afraid, my ſmall Acquaintance, you have been ſtaying that ſwinging ſtomach you boaſted of this morning; I remember then my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handſom Face———Is your Stomach ſo queſy now?

Will. Faithlong faſting, Child, ſpoils a Man's Appetite—yet if you durſt treat, I could ſo lay about me ſtill.

Hell. And would you fall to, before a Prieſt says Grace?

Will. Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-faſhion'd thing haſt thou nam'd? Thou cou'dſt not daſh me more out of Countenance, ſhouldſt thou ſhew me an ugly Face.

Whilſt he is ſeemingly courting Hellena, *enter* Angelica, Moretta, Biſkey, *and* Sebaſtian, *all in Maſquerade:* Ang. *ſees* Will. *and ſtarts.*

Ang. Heavens, is't he? and paſſionately fond to ſee another Woman?

Moret. What cou'd you expect leſs from ſuch a Swaggerer?

Ang.

Ang. Expect ! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire, which I had Pride enough to think when e'er I gave, it would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar, made him all Soul, and that all ſoft and conſtant.

Hell. You ſee, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and aſk you the Queſtion firſt, rather than put your Modeſty to the bluſh, by aſking me: for alas, I know you Captains are ſuch ſtrict Men, ſevere Obſervers of your Vows to Chaſtity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conſcience to marry a young willing Maid.

Will. Do not abuſe me, for fear I ſhould take thee at thy Word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm ſure will be Revenge ſufficient.

Hell. O' my Conſcience, that will be our Deſtiny, becauſe we are both of one humour; I am as inconſtant as you, for I have conſidered, Captain, that a handſom Woman has a great deal to do whilſt her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and ſhould I in theſe days of my Youth, catch a fit of fooliſh Conſtancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate—and then——go hang your ſelf——for I profeſs my ſelf the gay, the kind, and the inconſtant——the Devil's in't if this won't pleaſe you.

Will. Oh moſt damnably !——I have a Heart with a hole quite thro it too, no Priſon like mine to keep a Miſtreſs in.

Ang. Perjur'd Man ! how I believe thee now ! [*Aſide.*

Hell. Well, I ſee our Buſineſs as well as Humours are alike, yours to cozen as many Maids as will truſt you, and I as many Men as have Faith——See if I have not as deſperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you. [*Pulls off her Vizard; he ſtarts.*

——How do you like it Captain?

Will. Like it ! by Heav'n, I never ſaw ſo much Beauty. Oh the Charms of thoſe ſprightly black Eyes, that ſtrangely fair Face, full of Smiles and Dimples ! thoſe ſoft round melting

melting cherry Lips! and ſmall even white Teeth! not to be expreſt, but ſilently adored!———Oh one Look more, and ſtrike me dumb, or I ſhall repeat nothing elſe till I am mad.

[*He ſeems to court her to pull off her Vizard: ſhe refuſes.*

Ang. I can endure no more——nor is it fit to interrupt him; for if I do, my Jealouſy has ſo deſtroy'd my Reaſon,——I ſhall undo him——Therefore I'll retire. And you *Sebaſtian* [*To one of her Bravoes*] follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugitive, I would ſpeak to him inſtantly. [*To the other Bravo.*

[*Exit.*

[*This while* Flor. *is talking to* Belvile, *who ſtands ſullenly.* Fred. *courting* Valeria.

Val. Prithee dear Stranger, be not ſo ſullen; for tho you have loſt your Love, you ſee my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

Belv. Faith Madam, I'm ſorry I can't play at her Game.

Fred. Pray leave your Interceſſion, and mind your own Affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a modeſt Sigher in Company, but alone no Woman eſcapes him.

Flor. Sure he does but railly———yet if it ſhould be true—I'll tempt him farther——Believe me noble Stranger, I'm no common Miſtreſs——and for a little proof on't——wear this Jewel——nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may ſometimes miſcarry.

Belv. Madam, why am I choſe out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?

Val. There's another civil Queſtion aſkt.

Fred. Pox of's Modeſty, it ſpoils his own Markets, and hinders mine.

Flor. Sir, from my Window I have often ſeen you; and Women of Quality have ſo few opportunities for Love, that we ought to loſe none.

Fred. Ay, this is ſomething! here's a Woman!——When ſhall I be bleſt with ſo much kindneſs from your fair Mouth?——Take the Jewel, Fool. [*Aſide to* Belv.

Belv. You tempt me ſtrangely, Madam, every way.

Flor. So, if I find him falſe, my whole Repoſe is gone.

[*Aſide.*

Belv.

Belv. And but for a Vow I've made to a very fine Lady, this Goodneſs had ſubdu'd me.

Fred. Pox on't, be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.

Hell. Tell me what did you in yonder Houſe, and I'll unmaſque.

Will. Yonder Houſe——oh——I went to——a——to——why there's a Friend of mine lives there.

Hell. What a ſhe, or a he Friend?

Will. A Man upon my Honour! a Man———A She Friend! no, no, Madam, you have done my Buſineſs, I thank you.

Hell. And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than *Cupid* carries in's whole Budget of Arrows?

Will. So——

Hell. Ah ſuch a *Bona Roba:* to be in her Arms is lying in *Freſco*, all perfumed Air about me——Was this your Man Friend too?

Will. So——

Hell. That gave you the He, and the She—Gold, that begets young Pleaſures.

Will. Well, well, Madam, then you ſee there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel———there are Madam, there are——

Hell. And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconſtant Fellows as your ſelf, there be Captain, there be, if you go to that now——therefore I'm reſolv'd——

Will. Oh!

Hell. To ſee your Face no more——

Will. Oh!

Hell. Till to morrow.

Will. Egad you frighted me.

Hell. Nor then neither, unleſs you'l ſwear never to ſee that Lady more.

Will. See her!——why! never to think of Womankind again?

Hell. Kneel, and ſwear. [*Kneels, ſhe gives him her hand.*

Will. I do, never to think—to ſee—to love—nor lie with any but thy ſelf.

Hell. Kiſs the Book.

Will.

Will. Oh, moſt religiouſly. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Hell. Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper Fellow.

Call. Madam, I'll ſtay no longer, 'tis e'en dark. [*To* Flor.

Flor. However, Sir, I'll leave this with you——that when I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have loſt by your Modeſty. [*Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture, and* Ex. *he gazes after her.*

Will. 'Twill be an Age till to morrow,———and till then I will moſt impatiently expect you——Adieu, my dear pretty Angel. [*Ex. all the Women.*

Belv. Ha! *Florinda's* Picture! 'twas ſhe her ſelf——what a dull Dog was I? I would have given the World for one minute's diſcourſe with her.———

Fred. This comes of your Modeſty,——ah pox on your Vow, 'twas ten to one but we had loſt the Jewel by't.

Belv. Willmore! the bleſſed'ſt Opportunity loſt!——*Florinda,* Friends, *Florinda!*

Will. Ah Rogue! ſuch black Eyes, ſuch a Face, ſuch a Mouth, ſuch Teeth,——and ſo much Wit!

Belv. All, all, and a thouſand Charms beſides.

Will. Why doſt thou know her?

Belv. Know her! ay, ay, and a Pox take me with all my Heart for being modeſt.

Will. But hark ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? and have I been only beating the Buſh all this while?

Belv. I underſtand thee not—I'm mad—ſee here—— [*Shews the Picture.*

Will. Ha! whoſe Picture is this?——'tis a fine Wench.

Fred. The Colonel's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Will. Oh, oh, here———I thought it had been another Prize———come, come, a Bottle will ſet thee right again. [*Gives the Picture back.*

Belv. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our Deſign.

Will. Agreed.

Love does all day the Soul's great Empire keep,
But Wine at night lulls the ſoft God aſleep.

SCENE

SCENE II. Lucetta's *Houſe.*

Enter Blunt *and* Lucetta *with a Light.*

Luc. Now we are ſafe and free, no fears of the coming home of my old jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful when you came in firſt——but now Love is all the buſineſs of my Soul.

Blunt. I am tranſported——Pox on't, that I had but ſome fine things to ſay to her, ſuch as Lovers uſe——I was a Fool not to learn of *Fred.* a little by Heart before I came——ſomething I muſt ſay.—— [*Aſide.*

'Sheartlikins, ſweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honeſt Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

Luc. I have nothing to pay for ſo great a Favour, but ſuch a Love as cannot but be great, ſince at firſt ſight of that ſweet Face and Shape it made me your abſolute Captive.

Blunt. Kind heart, how prettily ſhe talks! Egad I'll ſhew her Husband a *Spaniſh* Trick; ſend him out of the World, and marry her: ſhe's damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind Settlements, and ſo there's that ſaved. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Well, Sir, I'll go and undreſs me, and be with you inſtantly.

Blunt. Make haſte then, for 'dſheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canſt not gueſs at the pain of a longing Lover, when his Joys are drawn within the compaſs of a few minutes.

Luc. You ſpeak my Senſe, and I'll make haſte to provide it. [*Aſide.*

Blunt. 'Tis a rare Girl, and this one night's enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever paſt in *Eſſex*—Would ſhe'd go with me into *England*, tho to ſay truth, there's plenty of Whores there already.—But a pox on 'em they are ſuch mercenary prodigal Whores, that they want ſuch a one as this, that's free and generous, to give 'em good Examples:—Why, what a Houſe ſhe has! how rich and fine!

Sancho. Sir, my Lady has ſent me to conduct you to her Chamber. [*Ex.* Sancho.

Blunt. Sir, I ſhall be proud to follow——Here's one of her Servants too: 'dſheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity

vity he might be a Juſtice of Peace in *Eſſex*, and is but a Pimp here. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove-Bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta *in Bed. Enter* Sancho *and* Blunt, *who takes the Candle of* Sancho *at the Door.*

Sanch. Sir, my Commiſſion reaches no farther.

Blunt. Sir, I'll excuſe your Complement: —— what, in Bed my ſweet Miſtreſs?

Luc. You ſee, I ſtill out-do you in kindneſs.

Blunt. And thou ſhalt ſee what haſte I'll make to quit ſcores—oh the luckieſt Rogue! [*Undreſſes himſelf.*

Luc. Shou'd you be falſe or cruel now!

Blunt. Falſe, 'Sheartlikins, what doſt thou take me for a *Jew?* an inſenſible Heathen,——A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, ſweet Soul, it ſhou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

Luc. It never ſhou'd be mine.

Blunt. Good Soul, I'm the fortunateſt Dog!

Luc. Are you not undreſt yet?

Blunt. As much as my Impatience will permit.

[*Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.*

Luc. Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us elſe.

Blunt. Any thing, I need no other Light but that of thine Eyes!——'ſheartlikins, there I think I had it. [*Aſide.*

[*Puts out the Candle, the Bed deſcends, he gropes about to find it.*

——Why—why—where am I got? what not yet?—— where are you ſweeteſt?—ah, the Rogue's ſilent now—a pretty Love-trick this——how ſhe'll laugh at me anon!——you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on a fire already——come, come, now call me in for pity——Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed——I lockt the Door, I'm ſure ſhe cannot go that way; or if ſhe cou'd, the Bed cou'd not——Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jeſt too far——Ha, betray'd! Dogs! Rogues! Imps! help! help!

[*Lights on a Trap, and is let down.*

Enter Lucetta, Philippo, *and* Sancho *with a light.*

Phil. Ha, ha, ha, he's diſpatcht finely.

Luc.

Luc. Now, Sir, had I been coy, we had miſt of this Booty.

Phil. Nay when I ſaw 'twas a ſubſtantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Clothes, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

Luc. You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear *Philippo*, but with your ſelf——But come let's ſee what we have got by this.

Phil. A rich Coat!——Sword and Hat!——theſe Breeches too——are well lin'd!——ſee here a Gold Watch!——a Purſe——ha! Gold!—at leaſt two hundred Piſtoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms!——a Gold Box!——with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture!——theſe were ſacred Reliques, believe me!——ſee, the Waſteband of his Breeches have a Mine of Gold!——Old Queen *Beſs's*. We have a Quarrel to her ever ſince *Eighty Eight*, and may therefore juſtify the Theſt, the Inquiſition might have committed it.

Luc. See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, theſe his Siſter ty'd about his Arm at parting——but well——for all this, I fear his being a Stranger may make a noiſe, and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Phil. That's our ſecurity; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too——the Common-Shore into which he is deſcended, thou know'ſt, conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again—he knows neither your Name, nor the Street where your Houſe is, nay, nor the way to his own Lodgings.

Luc. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this?——I ſhould not have been ſuch a *Jew*.

Phil. Blame me not *Lucetta*, to keep as much of thee as I can to my ſelf——come, that thought makes me wanton,——let's to Bed,——*Sancho*, lock up theſe.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,
Deſign'd for witty Men to ſhare. [Exeunt.

The

The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, *creeping out of a Common Shore, his Face,* &c. *all dirty.*

Blunt. Oh Lord! [*Climbing up.*
I am got out at laſt, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue——and now to Damning and Curſing,——but if that would eaſe me, where ſhall I begin? with my Fortune, my ſelf, or the Quean that cozen'd me——What a Dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb——ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy ſhe cou'd be enamour'd with my Perſon, at the firſt ſight enamour'd—Oh, I'm a curſed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, ſhe perceiv'd it,——ſaw the *Eſſex* Calf there——for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, becauſe I'm acquainted with it——Oh, dull, ſilly Dog! to be thus ſooth'd into a Cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean!——but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing *Engliſh* Country Fop.——But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worſt of all——then a Ballad will be ſung to Morrow on the *Prado*, to a louſy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damſel——But *Fred.* that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuſe me beyond all Chriſtian patience—had ſhe left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have ſav'd my Credit——but now all hope is taken from me——Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Conſolation, that I am not the firſt kind believing Coxcomb; but there are, Gallants, many ſuch good Natures amongſt ye.

And tho you've better Arts to hide your Follies,
Adſheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

SCENE, *The Garden, in the Night.*

Enter Florinda *undreſs'd, with a Key, and a little Box.*

Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happineſs; I have got myſelf free from *Callis*; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is got into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door,——I'll open it, to prevent *Belvile's* knocking,

ing,—a little noiſe will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [*Unlocks the Door.*] —— Hark,——what noiſe is that?——Oh, 'twas the Wind that plaid amongſt the Boughs.——*Belvile* ſtays long, methinks—— it's time ——ſtay ——for fear of a ſurprize, I'll hide theſe Jewels in yonder Jeſſamin.

[*She goes to lay down the Box.*

Enter Willmore *drunk.*

Will. What the Devil is become of theſe Fellows, *Belvile* and *Frederick?* They promiſ'd to ſtay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon?—— Now—whereabouts am I?—hah—— what have we here? a Garden!—a very convenient place to sleep in—hah—what has God ſent us here?—a Female——by this light, a Woman; I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench.——

Flor. He's come!——hah——who's there?

Will. Sweet Soul, let me ſalute thy Shoe-ſtring.

Flor. 'Tis not my *Belvile*——good Heavens, I know him not.——Who are you, and from whence come you?

Will. Prithee——prithee Child——not ſo many hard Queſtions——let it ſuffice I am here, Child——Come, come kiſs me.

Flor. Good Gods! what luck is mine?

Will. Only good luck Child, parlous good luck.—— Come hither,——'tis a delicate ſhining Wench,——by this Hand ſhe's perfum'd, and ſmells like any Noſegay.—Prithee dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and loſe time, ——precious time——for as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'm as honeſt a Fellow as breathes, tho I am a little diſguis'd at preſent.——Come, I ſay,——why, thou may'ſt be free with me, I'll be very ſecret. I'll not boaſt who 'twas oblig'd me, not I——for hang me if I know thy Name.

Flor. Heavens! what a filthy Beaſt is this!

Will. I am ſo, and thou oughtſt the ſooner to lie with me for that reaſon,——for look you Child, there will be no Sin in't, becauſe 'twas neither deſign'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both ſides——that's a certain thing now——Indeed ſhould I make love to you, and you vow Fidelity——and ſwear and lye till you believ'd

and

and yielded——Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Chriſtian) oblig'd in Conſcience to deny me nothing. Now——come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

Flor. Oh, I am ruin'd——wicked Man, unhand me.

Will. Wicked! Egad Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and ſaw thoſe Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the firſt blow——the firſt provocation.—Come, prithee let's loſe no time, I ſay——this is a fine convenient place.

Flor. Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I'll call out.

Will. Ay, ay, you were beſt to call Witneſs, to ſee how finely you treat me——do.——

Flor. I'll cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not inſtantly let me go.

Will. A Rape! Come, come, you lye you Baggage, you lye: What, I'll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not ſo forward as I. No, not you,——why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door ſet open, dear Spider,——but to catch Flies?——Hah come——or I ſhall be damnably angry.——Why what a Coil is here.——

Flor. Sir, can you think——

Will. That you'd do it for nothing? oh, oh, I find what you'd be at—look here, here's a Piſtole for you—here's a work indeed——here——take it, I say.——

Flor. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, as you're a Gentleman.

Will. So——now——ſhe would be wheedling me for more——what you will not take it then——you're reſolv'd you will not.——Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more.——Why, how now Miſtreſs, are you ſo high i'th' Mouth, a Piſtole won't down with you?——hah——why, what a work's here——in good time—come, no ſtruggling, be gone—But an y'are good at a dumb Wreſtle, I'm for ye,——look ye,——I'm for ye.—— [*She ſtruggles with him.*

Enter Belvile *and* Frederick.

Bel. The Door is open, a Pox of this mad Fellow, I'm angry that we've loſt him, I durſt have ſworn he had follow'd us.

Fred. But you were ſo haſty, Colonel, to be gone.

Flor.

Flor. Help, help,—— Murder!—— help——oh, I'm ruin'd.

Belv. Ha, ſure that's *Florinda*'s Voice.

[*Comes up to them.*

——A Man! Villain, let go that Lady. [*A noiſe.*

[Will. *turns and draws,* Fred. *interpoſes.*

Flor. Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impoſſible to eſcape.——*Belvile,* I conjure you to walk under my Chamber-window, from whence I'll give you ſome inſtructions what to do——This rude Man has undone us. [*Exit.*

Will. Belvile!

Enter Pedro, Stephano, *and other Servants with Lights.*

Ped. I'm betray'd; run *Stephano,* and ſee if *Florinda* be ſafe. [*Exit.* Steph.

So whoe'er they be, all is not well, I'll to *Florinda*'s Chamber. [*They fight, and* Pedro's *Party beats 'em out*; *going out, meets* Stephano.

Steph. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's faſt aſleep, and thinks no harm: I wou'd not awake her Sir, for fear of frightning her with your danger.

Ped. I'm glad ſhe's there——Raſcals, how came the Garden-Door open?

Steph. That Queſtion comes too late, Sir, ſome of my Fellow-Servants Maſquerading I'll warrant.

Ped. Maſquerading! a leud Cuſtom to debauch our Youth—there's ſomething more in this than I imagine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Belvile *in Rage,* Fred. *holding him, and* Willmore, *melancholy.*

Will. Why, how the Devil ſhou'd I know *Florinda?*

Belv. Ah plague of your ignorance! if it had not been *Florinda,* muſt you be a Beaſt?——a Brute, a ſenſeleſs Swine?

Will. Well, Sir, you ſee I am endu'd with Patience—I can bear——tho egad y're very free with me methinks. ——I was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my ſide, for ſo uncivilly interrupting me.

Belv. Peace Brute, whilſt thou'rt ſafe——oh, I'm diſtracted.

Will. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dog, that's certain.

Belv. Ah curſe upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatſoever other Influence that makes me ſtill ſo wretched.

Will. Thou break'ſt my Heart with these Complaints; there is no Star in fault, no Influence but Sack, the curſed Sack I drank.

Fred. Why, how the Devil came you ſo drunk?

Will. Why, how the Devil came you ſo ſober?

Belv. A curſe upon his thin Skull, he was always before-hand that way.

Fred. Prithee, dear Colonel, forgive him, he's ſorry for his fault.

Belv. He's always ſo after he has done a miſchief——a plague on all ſuch Brutes.

Will. By this Light I took her for an errant Harlot.

Belv. Damn your debaucht Opinion: tell me Sot, hadſt thou ſo much ſenſe and light about thee to diſtinguiſh her to be a Woman, and coud'ſt not ſee ſomething about her Face and Perſon, to ſtrike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

Will. Faith no, I conſidered her as mere a Woman as I cou'd wiſh.

Belv. 'Sdeath I have no patience—draw, or I'll kill you.

Will. Let that alone till to morrow, and if I ſet not all right again, uſe your Pleaſure.

Belv. To morrow, damn it.
The ſpiteful Light will lead me to no happineſs.
To morrow is *Antonio*'s, and perhaps
Guides him to my undoing;——oh that I could meet
This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

Will. What then?

Belv. Let thy own Reaſon, or my Rage inſtruct thee.

Will. I ſhall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me Colonel——hear me——ſhew me the Man and I'll do his Buſineſs.

Belv. I know him no more than thou, or if I did, I ſhould not need thy aid.

Will.

Will. This you ſay is *Angelica*'s Houſe, I promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her to Night. [*Offers to go in. Enter* Antonio *and his Page.* Ant. *knocks on the Hilt of his Sword.*

Ant. You paid the thouſand Crowns I directed?

Page. To the Lady's old Woman, Sir, I did.

Will. Who the Devil have we here?

Belv. I'll now plant my ſelf under *Florinda*'s Window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll die.

[*Ex.* Belv. *and* Fred.

Enter Moretta.

Moret. Page!

Page. Here's my Lord.

Will. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate! here's one Chaſe-Gun for you.

[*Drawing his Sword, juſtles* Ant. *who turns and draws. They fight,* Ant. *falls.*

Moret. Oh, bleſs us, we are all undone!

[*Runs in, and ſhuts the Door.*

Page. Help, Murder!

[Belvile *returns at the noiſe of fighting.*

Belv. Ha, the mad Rogue's engag'd in ſome unlucky Adventure again.

Enter two or three Maſqueraders.

Maſq. Ha, a Man kill'd!

Will. How! a Man kill'd! then I'll go home to ſleep.

[*Puts up, and reels out.* Ex. *Maſquers another way.*

Belv. Who ſhou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is ſafe, for all my Quarrel to him. [*As* Belvile *is groping about, enter an Officer and ſix Soldiers.*

Sold. Who's there?

Offic. So, here's one diſpatcht——ſecure the Murderer.

Belv. Do not miſtake my Charity for Murder: I came to his Aſſiſtance. [*Soldiers ſeize on* Belvile.

Offic. That ſhall be tried, Sir.—St. *Jago*, Swords drawn in the Carnival time! [*Goes to* Antonio.

Ant. Thy Hand prithee.

Offic. Ha, Don *Antonio*! look well to the Villain there.———How is't, Sir?

Ant. I'm hurt.

Belv. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?
Offic. Away with him.
Belv. What a curſt Chance is this!
[*Ex. Soldiers with* Belv.

Ant. This is the Man that has ſet upon me twice—— carry him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me. [*To the Officer. Ex.* Ant. *led.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A fine Room.*

Diſcovers Belvile, *as by Dark alone.*

Belv. WHEN ſhall I be weary of railing on Fortune, who is reſolv'd never to turn with Smiles upon me?——Two ſuch Defeats in one Night—none but the Devil and that mad Rogue could have contriv'd to have plagued me with——I am here a Priſoner—but where?——Heaven knows——and if there be Murder done, I can ſoon decide the Fate of a Stranger in a Nation without Mercy—Yet this is nothing to the Torture my Soul bows with, when I think of loſing my fair, my dear *Florinda.*——Hark—my Door opens—a Light—a Man——and ſeems of Quality——arm'd too.——Now ſhall I die like a Dog without defence.

Enter Antonio *in a Night-Gown, with a Light; his Arm in a Scarf, and a Sword under his Arm: He ſets the Candle on the Table.*

Ant. Sir, I come to know what Injuries I have done you, that could provoke you to ſo mean an Action, as to attack me baſely, without allowing time for my Defence.

Belv. Sir, for a Man in my Circumſtances to plead Innocence, would look like Fear——but view me well, and you will find no marks of a Coward on me, nor any thing that betrays that Brutality you accuſe me of.

Ant. In vain, Sir, you impoſe upon my Senſe,
You are not only he who drew on me laſt Night,
But yeſterday before the ſame Houſe, that of *Angelica.*
Yet there is ſomething in your Face and Mein——

Belv.

Belv. I own I fought to day in the defence of a Friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the ſame) and your Party were firſt engag'd.
Perhaps you think this Crime enough to kill me,
But if you do, I cannot fear you'll do it baſely.
Ant. No, Sir, I'll make you fit for a Defence with this. [*Gives him the Sword.*
Belv. This Gallantry ſurprizes me——nor know I how to uſe this Preſent, Sir, againſt a Man ſo brave.
Ant. You ſhall not need;
For know, I come to ſnatch you from a Danger
That is decreed againſt you;
Perhaps your Life, or long Impriſonment:
And 'twas with ſo much Courage you offended,
I cannot ſee you puniſht.
Belv. How ſhall I pay this Generoſity?
Ant. It had been ſafer to have killed another,
Than have attempted me:
To ſhew your danger, Sir, I'll let you know my Quality;
And 'tis the Vice-Roy's Son whom you have wounded.
Belv. The Vice-Roy's Son!
Death and Confuſion! was this Plague reſerved
To compleat all the reſt?——oblig'd by him!
The Man of all the World I wou'd deſtroy. [*Aſide.*
Ant. You ſeem diſorder'd, Sir.
Belv. Yes, truſt me, Sir, I am, and 'tis with pain
That Man receives ſuch Bounties,
Who wants the pow'r to pay 'em back again.
Ant. To gallant Spirits 'tis indeed uneaſy;
——But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.
Belv. Then I am well—kind Heaven! but ſet us even,
That I may fight with him, and keep my Honour ſafe.
[*Aſide.*
——Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be diſcounting
The mighty Debt I owe you; command me quickly—
Ant. I have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir,
About the Maid we love.
Belv. Death, 'tis *Florinda* he means——
That Thought deſtroys my Reaſon, and I ſhall kill him—
[*Aſide.*

Ant. My Rival, Sir,
Is one has all the Virtues Man can boaſt of.
Belv. Death! who ſhou'd this be? [*Aſide.*
Ant. He challeng'd me to meet him on the *Molo*,
As ſoon as Day appear'd; but laſt Night's quarrel
Has made my Arm unfit to guide a Sword.
Belv. I apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the Man
That lays a claim to the Maid you ſpeak of.
——I'll do't—I'll fly to do it.
Ant. Sir, do you know her?
Belv. —No, Sir, but 'tis enough ſhe is admired by you.
Ant. Sir, I ſhall rob you of the Glory on't,
For you muſt fight under my Name and Dreſs.
Belv. That Opinion muſt be ſtrangely obliging that makes you think I can perſonate the brave *Antonio*, whom I can but ſtrive to imitate.
Ant. You ſay too much to my Advantage.
Come, Sir, the Day appears that calls you forth.
Within, Sir, is the Habit. [*Exit* Antonio.
Belv. Fantaſtick Fortune, thou deceitful Light,
That cheats the wearied Traveller by Night,
Tho on a Precipice each ſtep you tread,
I am reſolv'd to follow where you lead. [*Exit.*

SCENE *The Molo.*

Enter Florinda *and* Callis *in Maſques, with* Stephano.
Flor. I'm dying with my fears; *Belvile*'s not coming,
As I expected, underneath my Window,
Makes me believe that all thoſe Fears are true. [*Aſide.*
——Canſt thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?
Steph. No Madam, they were both in Maſquerade, I was by when they challeng'd one another, and they had decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by ſome Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now—but I am ſure 'tis about you they fight.
Flor. Nay then 'tis with *Belvile*, for what other Lover have I that dares fight for me, except *Antonio*? and he is too much in favour with my Brother——If it be he, for whom ſhall I direct my Prayers to Heaven?

Steph.

Steph. Madam, I muſt leave you ; for if my Maſter ſee me, I ſhall be hang'd for being your Conductor.——I eſcap'd narrowly for the Excuſe I made for you laſt night i'th' Garden.

Flor. And I'll reward thee for't——prithee no more.

[*Exit* Steph.

Enter Don Pedro *in his Maſque Habit.*

Pedro. Antonio's late to day, the place will fill, and we may be prevented. [*Walks about.*

Flor. Antonio! ſure I heard amiſs. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. But who would not excuſe a happy Lover,
When ſoft fair Arms confine the yielding Neck ;
And the kind Whiſper languiſhingly breathes,
Muſt you be gone ſo ſoon?
Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Boſom.
——But ſtay, he's here.

Enter Belvile *dreſt in* Antonio's *Clothes.*

Flor. 'Tis not *Belvile*, half my Fears are vaniſht.

Pedro. Antonio!——

Belv. This muſt be he. [*Aſide.*
You're early, Sir,—I do not uſe to be out-done this way.

Pedro. The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and 'tis enough
You have the advantage of me in *Angelica.*

Belv. Angelica! or I've miſtook my Man! Or elſe *Antonio*,
Can he forget his Intereſt in *Florinda*,
And fight for common Prize? [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Come, Sir, you know our terms——

Belv. By Heaven, not I. [*Aſide.*
—No talking, I am ready, Sir.

[*Offers to fight*, Flor. *runs in.*

Flor. Oh, hold! whoe'er you be, I do conjure you hold. [*To* Belv.

Pedro. Florinda!

Belv. Florinda imploring for my Rival!

Pedro. Away, this Kindneſs is unſeaſonable.

[*Puts her by, they fight ; ſhe runs in just as* Belv. *diſarms* Pedro.

Flor. Who are you, Sir, that dare deny my Prayers?

Belv. Thy Prayers deſtroy him; if thou wouldſt preſerve him,
Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curſe him.
[*She holds him.*

Flor. By all you hold moſt dear, by her you love,
I do conjure you, touch him not.

Belv. By her I love!
See——I obey——and at your Feet reſign
The uſeleſs Trophy of my Victory.
[*Lays his Sword at her Feet.*

Pedro. Antonio, you've done enough to prove you love *Florinda.*

Belv. Love *Florinda!*
Does Heaven love Adoration, Pray'r, or Penitence?
Love her! here Sir,——your Sword again.
[*Snatches up the Sword, and gives it him.*
Upon this Truth I'll fight my Life away.

Pedro. No, you've redeem'd my Siſter, and my Friendſhip!

Belv. Don *Pedro!*
[*He gives him* Flor. *and pulls off his Vizard to ſhew his Face, and puts it on again.*

Pedro. Can you reſign your Claims to other Women,
And give your Heart intirely to *Florinda?*

Belv. Intire, as dying Saints Confeſſions are.
I can delay my happineſs no longer.
This minute let me make *Florinda* mine:

Pedro. This minute let it be——no time ſo proper,
This Night my Father will arrive from *Rome*,
And poſſibly may hinder what we propoſe.

Flor. Oh Heavens! this Minute!
[*Enter Maſqueraders, and paſs over.*

Belv. Oh, do not ruin me!

Pedro. The place begins to fill; and that we may not be obſerv'd, do you walk off to St. *Peter's* Church, where I will meet you, and conclude your Happineſs.

Belv. I'll meet you there——if there be no more Saints Churches in *Naples.* [*Aſide.*

Flor. Oh ſtay, Sir, and recall your haſty Doom:
Alas I have not yet prepar'd my Heart
To entertain ſo ſtrange a Gueſt.

Pedro.

Pedro. Away, this ſilly Modeſty is aſſum'd too late.
Belv. Heaven, Madam! what do you do?
Flor. Do! deſpiſe the Man that lays a Tyrant's Claim
To what he ought to conquer by Submiſſion.
Belv. You do not know me—move a little this way.
[*Draws her aſide.*
Flor. Yes, you may even force me to the Altar,
But not the holy Man that offers there
Shall force me to be thine.
[Pedro *talks to* Callis *this while.*
Belv. Oh do not loſe ſo bleſt an opportunity!
See——'tis your *Belvile*——not *Antonio*,
Whom your miſtaken Scorn and Anger ruins.
[*Pulls off his Vizard.*
Flor. Belvile!
Where was my Soul it cou'd not meet thy Voice,
And take this knowledge in?
[*As they are talking, enter* Willmore *finely dreſt, and* Frederick.
Will. No Intelligence! no News of *Belvile* yet—well I am the moſt unlucky Raſcal in Nature—ha!—am I deceiv'd—or is it he—look.
Fred. —'Tis he—my dear *Belvile.*
[*Vizard falls out on's hand, runs and embraces him.*
Belv. Hell and Confuſion ſeize thee!
Pedro. Ha! *Belvile!* I beg your Pardon, Sir.
[*Takes* Flor. *from him.*
Belv. Nay, touch her not, ſhe's mine by Conqueſt, Sir. I won her by my Sword.
Will. Did'ſt thou ſo——and egad Child we'll keep her by the Sword. [*Draws on* Pedro, Belv. *goes between.*
Belv. Stand off.
Thou'rt ſo profanely leud, ſo curſt by Heaven,
All Quarrels thou eſpouſeſt muſt be fatal.
Will. Nay, an you be ſo hot, my Valour's coy, and ſhall be courted when you want it next.
[*Puts up his Sword.*
Belv. You know I ought to claim a Victor's right,
[*To* Pedro.
But you're the Brother to divine *Florinda*,

To whom I'm ſuch a Slave——to purchaſe her,
I durſt not hurt the Man ſhe holds ſo dear.
Pedro. 'Twas by *Antonio*'s, not by *Belvile*'s Sword,
This Queſtion ſhould have been decided, Sir:
I muſt confeſs much to your Bravery's due,
Both now, and when I met you laſt in Arms.
But I am nicely punctual in my word,
As Men of Honour ought, and beg your Pardon.
——For this Miſtake another Time ſhall clear.
——This was ſome Plot between you and *Belvile:*
But I'll prevent you. [*Aſide to* Flor. *as they are going out.*
[Belv. *looks after her, and begins to walk up and down in a Rage.*
Will. Do not be modeſt now, and loſe the Woman: but if we ſhall fetch her back, ſo———
Belv. Do not ſpeak to me.
Will. Not ſpeak to you!———Egad I'll ſpeak to you, and will be anſwered too.
Belv. Will you, Sir?
Will. I know I've done ſome miſchief, but I'm ſo dull a Puppy, that I am the Son of a Whore, if I know how, or where—prithee inform my Underſtanding.——
Belv. Leave me I ſay, and leave me inſtantly.
Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my Crime.
Belv. Death, I'll tell you, Sir———
[*Draws and runs at* Will., *he runs out*; Belv. *after him,* Fred. *interpoſes.*
Enter Angelica, Moretta, *and* Sebaſtian.
Ang. Ha———*Sebaſtian*——Is not that *Willmore?* haſte, haſte, and bring him back.
Fred. The Colonel's mad———I never ſaw him thus before; I'll after 'em, leſt he do ſome miſchief, for I am ſure *Willmore* will not draw on him. [*Exit.*
Ang. I am all Rage! my firſt deſires defeated for one, for ought he knows, that has no other Merit than her Quality,——her being Don *Pedro*'s Siſter——He loves her:
I know 'tis ſo———dull, dull, inſenſible——
He will not ſee me now tho oft invited;
And broke his Word laſt night——falſe perjur'd Man!
——He

——He that but yeſterday fought for my Favours,
And would have made his Life a Sacrifice
To've gain'd one Night with me,
Muſt now be hired and courted to my Arms.

Moret. I told you what wou'd come on't, but *Moretta*'s an old doating Fool——Why did you give him five hundred Crowns, but to ſet himſelf out for other Lovers? You ſhou'd have kept him poor, if you had meant to have had any good from him.

Ang. Oh, name not ſuch mean Trifles.———Had I given him all my Youth has earn'd from Sin,
I had not loſt a Thought nor Sigh upon't.
But I have given him my eternal Reſt,
My whole Repoſe, my future Joys, my Heart;
My Virgin Heart. *Moretta!* oh 'tis gone!

Moret. Curſe on him, here he comes;
How fine ſhe has made him too!

Enter Willmore *and* Sebaſt. Ang. *turns and walks away.*

Will. How now, turn'd Shadow?
Fly when I purſue, and follow when I fly!

Stay gentle Shadow of my Dove, [Sings.
And tell me e'er I go,
Whether the Subſtance may not prove
A fleeting Thing like you.

There's a ſoft kind Look remaining yet.
[*As ſhe turns ſhe looks on him.*

Ang. Well, Sir, you may be gay; all Happineſs, all Joys purſue you ſtill, Fortune's your Slave, and gives you every hour choice of new Hearts and Beauties, till you are cloy'd with the repeated Bliſs, which others vainly languiſh for———But know, falſe Man, that I ſhall be reveng'd. [*Turns away in a Rage.*

Will. So, 'gad, there are of thoſe faint-hearted Lovers, whom ſuch a ſharp Leſſon next their Hearts would make as impotent as Fourscore——pox o' this whining——my Bus'neſs is to laugh and love—a pox on't; I hate your ſullen Lover, a Man ſhall loſe as much time to put you in Humour now, as would ſerve to gain a new Woman.

Ang.

Ang. I ſcorn to cool that Fire I cannot raiſe,
Or do the Drudgery of your virtuous Miſtreſs.

Will. A virtuous Miſtreſs! Death, what a thing thou haſt found out for me! why what the Devil ſhould I do with a virtuous Woman?———a ſort of ill-natur'd Creatures, that take a Pride to torment a Lover. Virtue is but an infirmity in Women, a Diſeaſe that renders even the handſom ungrateful; whilſt the ill-favour'd for want of Sollicitations and Addreſs, only fancy themſelves ſo.—I have lain with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.

Ang. I will not anſwer for your Miſtreſs's Virtue,
Tho ſhe be young enough to know no Guilt:
And I could wiſh you would perſuade my Heart,
'Twas the two hundred thouſand Crowns you courted.

Will. Two hundred thouſand Crowns! what Story's this?——what Trick?——what Woman?——ha.

Ang. How ſtrange you make it! have you forgot the Creature you entertain'd on the Piazza laſt night?

Will. Ha, my Gipſy worth two hundred thouſand Crowns!——oh how I long to be with her———pox, I knew ſhe was of Quality. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Falſe Man, I ſee my Ruin in thy Face.
How many Vows you breath'd upon my Boſom,
Never to be unjuſt——have you forgot ſo ſoon?

Will. Faith no, I was juſt coming to repeat 'em——— but here's a Humour indeed———would make a man a Saint——Wou'd ſhe'd be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Hellena, *dreſt in Man's Clothes.*

Hell. This muſt be *Angelica*, I know it by her mumping Matron here———Ay, ay, 'tis ſhe: my mad Captain's with her too, for all his ſwearing———how this inconſtant Humour makes me love him:———pray, good grave Gentlewoman, is not this *Angelica?*

Moret. My too young Sir, it is———I hope 'tis one from Don *Antonio.* [*Goes to* Angelica.

Hell. Well, ſomething I'll do to vex him for this. [*Aſide.*

Ang. I will not ſpeak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover?

Will.

Will. Not ſpeak with him! why, I'll be gone——— and wait your idler minutes———Can I ſhew leſs Obedience to the thing I love ſo fondly? [*Offers to go.*

Ang. A fine Excuſe this——ſtay———

Will. And hinder your Advantage: ſhould I repay your Bounties ſo ungratefully?

Ang. Come hither, Boy,——that I may let you ſee
How much above the Advantages you name
I prize one Minute's Joy with you.

Will. Oh, you deſtroy me with this Endearment.
[*Impatient to be gone.*
——Death, how ſhall I get away?——Madam, 'twill not be fit I ſhould be ſeen with you——beſides, it will not be convenient—and I've a Friend—that's dangerouſly ſick.

Ang. I ſee you're impatient——yet you ſhall ſtay.

Will. And miſs my Aſſignation with my Gipſy.
[*Aſide, and walks about impatiently.*

Hell. Madam, [Moretta *brings* Hellena, *who addreſſes*
You'l hardly pardon my Intruſion, (*her ſelf to* Angelica.
When you ſhall know my Buſineſs;
And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
But there muſt be a wondrous ſtore of Goodneſs
Where ſo much Beauty dwells.

Ang. A pretty Advocate, whoever ſent thee,
——Prithee proceed——Nay, Sir, you ſhall not go.
[*To* Will. *who is ſtealing off.*

Will. Then ſhall I loſe my dear Gipſy for ever.
———Pox on't, ſhe ſtays me out of ſpite. [*Aſide.*

Hell. I am related to a Lady, Madam,
Young, rich, and nobly born, but has the fate
To be in love with a young *Engliſh* Gentleman.
Strangely ſhe loves him, at firſt ſight ſhe lov'd him,
But did adore him when ſhe heard him ſpeak;
For he, ſhe ſaid, had Charms in every word,
That fail'd not to ſurprize, to wound, and conquer——

Will. Ha, Egad I hope this concerns me. [*Aſide.*

Ang. 'Tis my falſe Man, he means,——would he were gone. This Praiſe will raiſe his Pride and ruin me.——Well, ſince you are ſo impatient to be gone, I will releaſe you, Sir. [*To* Will.

Will.

Will. Nay, then I'm ſure 'twas me he ſpoke of, this cannot be the Effects of Kindneſs in her. [*Aſide.*
———No, Madam, I've conſider'd better on't,
And will not give you cauſe of Jealousy.
Ang. But, Sir, I've———buſineſs, that———
Will. This ſhall not do, I know 'tis but to try me.
Ang. Well, to your Story, Boy,—tho 'twill undo me.
[*Aſide.*
Hell. With this Addition to his other Beauties,
He won her unreſiſting tender Heart,
He vow'd and ſigh'd, and ſwore he lov'd her dearly;
And ſhe believ'd the cunning Flatterer,
And thought her ſelf the happieſt Maid alive:
To day was the appointed time by both,
To conſummate their bliſs;
The Virgin, Altar, and the Prieſt were dreſt,
And whilſt ſhe languiſht for the expected Bridegroom,
She heard, he paid his broken Vows to you.
Will. So, this is ſome dear Rogue that's in love with me, and this way lets me know it; or if it be not me, ſhe means ſome one whoſe place I may ſupply. [*Aſide.*
Ang. Now I perceive the cauſe of thy impatience to be gone, and all the buſineſs of this glorious Dreſs.
Will. Damn the young Prater, I know not what he means.
Hell. Madam,
In your fair Eyes I read too much concern
To tell my farther Buſineſs.
Ang. Prithee ſweet Youth talk on, thou may'ſt perhaps
Raiſe here a Storm that may undo my Paſſion,
And then I'll grant thee anything.
Hell. Madam, 'tis to intreat you, (oh unreaſonable!)
You wou'd not ſee this Stranger;
For if you do, ſhe vows you are undone,
Tho Nature never made a Man ſo excellent;
And ſure he'ad been a God, but for Inconſtancy.
Will. Ah, Rogue, how finely he's inſtructed! [*Aſide.*
—'Tis plain ſome Woman that has ſeen me *en paſſant.*
Ang. Oh, I ſhall burſt with Jealouſy! do you know the Man you ſpeak of?———

Hell.

Hell. Yes, Madam, he us'd to be in Buff and Scarlet.
Ang. Thou, falſe as Hell, what canſt thou ſay to this?
[*To* Will.
Will. By Heaven———
Ang. Hold, do not damn thy ſelf———
Hell. Nor hope to be believ'd. [*He walks about, they follow.*
Ang. Oh, perjur'd Man!
Is't thus you pay my generous Paſſion back?
Hell. Why wou'd you, Sir, abuſe my Lady's Faith?
Ang. And uſe me ſo inhumanly?
Hell. A Maid ſo young, ſo innocent———
Will. Ah, young Devil!
Ang. Doſt thou not know thy Life is in my Power?
Hell. Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?
Will. So, ſo, the Storm comes finely on. [*Aſide.*
Ang. Now thou art ſilent, Guilt has ſtruck thee dumb.
Oh, hadſt thou ſtill been ſo, I'd liv'd in ſafety.
[*She turns away and weeps.*
Will. Sweetheart, the Lady's Name and Houſe———
quickly: I'm impatient to be with her.———
[*Aſide to* Hellena, *looks towards* Angel. *to watch her turning; and as ſhe comes towards them, he meets her.*
Hell. So now is he for another Woman. [*Aſide.*
Will. The impudent'ſt young thing in Nature!
I cannot perſuade him out of his Error, Madam.
Ang. I know he's in the right,—yet thou'ſt a Tongue
That wou'd perſuade him to deny his Faith. [*In Rage walks away.*
Will. Her Name, her Name, dear Boy—[*Said ſoftly to*
Hell. Have you forgot it, Sir? Hell.
Will. Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a Stranger to his Lady. [*Aſide.*
—Yes, yes, I do know—but—I have forgot the——
[Angel. *turns.*
——By Heaven, ſuch early Confidence I never ſaw.
Ang. Did I not charge you with this Miſtreſs, Sir?
Which you denied, tho I beheld your Perjury.
This little Generoſity of thine has render'd back my Heart.
[*Walks away.*

Will.

Will. So, you have made ſweet work here, my little Miſchief; Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd now, or I ſhall have but a curſed Bargain on't.

[Ang. *turns towards them.*

——The Rogue's bred up to Miſchief,
Art thou ſo great a Fool to credit him?

Ang. Yes, I do; and you in vain impoſe upon me. ——Come hither, Boy——Is not this he you ſpeak of?

Hell. I think—it is; I cannot ſwear, but I vow he has juſt ſuch another lying Lover's look.

[Hell. *looks in his Face, he gazes on her.*

Will. Hah! do not I know that Face?———
By Heaven, my little Gipſy! what a dull Dog was I?
Had I but lookt that way, I'd known her.
Are all my hopes of a new Woman baniſht? [*Aſide.*
———Egad, if I don't fit thee for this, hang me.
———Madam, I have found out the Plot.

Hell. Oh, Lord, what does he ſay? am I diſcover'd now?

Will. Do you ſee this young Spark here?

Hell. He'll tell her who I am.

Will. Who do you think this is?

Hell. Ay, ay, he does know me.———Nay, dear Captain, I'm undone if you diſcover me.

Will. Nay, nay, no cogging; ſhe ſhall know what a precious Miſtreſs I have.

Hell. Will you be ſuch a Devil?

Will. Nay, nay, I'll teach you to ſpoil ſport you will not make.———This ſmall Ambaſſador comes not from a Perſon of Quality, as you imagine, and he ſays; but from a very errant Gipſy, the talkingſt, pratingſt, cantingſt little Animal thou ever ſaw'ſt.

Ang. What news you tell me! that's the thing I mean.

Hell. Wou'd I were well off the place.—If ever I go a Captain-hunting again.—— [*Aſide.*

Will. Mean that thing? that Gipſy thing? thou mayſt as well be jealous of thy Monkey, or Parrot, as her: a *German* Motion were worth a dozen of her, and a Dream were a better Enjoyment, a Creature of a Conſtitution fitter for Heaven than Man.

Hell.

Hell. Tho I'm ſure he lyes, yet this vexes me. [*Aſide.*

Ang. You are miſtaken, ſhe's a *Spaniſh* Woman made up of no ſuch dull Materials.

Will. Materials! Egad, an ſhe be made of any that will either diſpenſe, or admit of Love, I'll be bound to continuance.

Hell. Unreaſonable Man, do you think ſo?

[*Aſide to him.*

Will. You may return, my little Brazen Head, and tell your Lady, that till ſhe be handſom enough to be belov'd, or I dull enough to be religious, there will be ſmall hopes of me.

Ang. Did you not promiſe then to marry her?

Will. Not I by Heaven.

Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vow'd you will not marry her.

Hell. If he ſwears that, he'll be reveng'd on me indeed for all my Rogueries.

Ang. I know what Arguments you'll bring againſt me, Fortune and Honour.

Will. Honour! I tell you, I hate it in your Sex; and thoſe that fancy themſelves poſſeſt of that Foppery, are the moſt impertinently troubleſom of all Woman-kind, and will tranſgreſs nine Commandments to keep one: and to ſatisfy your Jealouſy I ſwear———

Hell. Oh, no ſwearing, dear Captain— [*Aſide to him.*

Will. If it were poſſible I ſhould ever be inclin'd to marry, it ſhou'd be ſome kind young Sinner, one that has Generoſity enough to give a favour handſomely to one that can ask it diſcreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an Intrigue of Love——oh, how civil ſuch a Wench is, to a Man that does her the Honour to marry her.

Ang. By Heaven there's no Faith in any thing he ſays.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Madam, *Don Antonio*———

Ang. Come hither.

Hell Ha, *Antonio*! he may be coming hither, and he'll certainly diſcover me, I'll therefore retire without a Ceremony. [*Exit* Hellena.

Ang. I'll ſee him, get my Coach ready.

Sebaſt. It waits you, Madam.

Will. This is lucky: what, Madam, now I may be gone and leave you to the enjoyment of my Rival?

Ang. Dull Man, that canſt not ſee how ill, how poor
That falſe diſſimulation looks——Be gone,
And never let me ſee thy cozening Face again,
Leſt I relapſe and kill thee.

Will. Yes, you can ſpare me now,———farewell till you are in better Humour——I'm glad of this releaſe—Now for my Gipſy:
For tho to worſe we change, yet ſtill we find
New Joys, new Charms, in a new Miſs that's kind.
[*Ex.* Will.

Ang. He's gone, and in this Ague of my Soul
The ſhivering Fit returns;
Oh with what willing haſte he took his leave,
As if the long'd for Minute were arriv'd,
Of ſome bleſt Aſſignation.
In vain I have conſulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd
My Eyes cou'd kindle any laſting Fires.
I had forgot my Name, my Infamy,
And the Reproach that Honour lays on thoſe
That dare pretend a ſober paſſion here.
Nice Reputation, tho it leave behind
More Virtues than inhabit where that dwells,
Yet that once gone, thoſe Virtues ſhine no more.
——Then ſince I am not fit to be belov'd,
I am reſolv'd to think on a Revenge
On him that ſooth'd me thus to my undoing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda *and* Valeria *in Habits different from what they have been ſeen in.*

Flor. We're happily eſcap'd, yet I tremble ſtill.

Val. A Lover and fear! why, I am but half a one, and yet I have Courage for any Attempt. Would *Hellena* were here. I wou'd fain have had her as deep in this Miſchief as we, ſhe'll fare but ill elſe I doubt.

Flor.

Flor. She pretended a Viſit to the *Auguſtine* Nuns, but I believe ſome other deſign carried her out, pray Heavens we light on her.

——Prithee what didſt do with *Callis?*

Val. When I ſaw no Reaſon wou'd do good on her, I follow'd her into the Wardrobe, and as ſhe was looking for ſomething in a great Cheſt, I tumbled her in by the Heels, ſnatcht the Key of the Apartment where you were confin'd, lockt her in, and left her bauling for help.

Flor. 'Tis well you reſolve to follow my Fortunes, for thou dareſt never appear at home again after ſuch an Action.

Val. That's according as the young Stranger and I ſhall agree.——But to our Buſiness——I deliver'd your Letter, your Note to *Belvile*, when I got out under pretence of going to Maſs, I found him at his Lodging, and believe me it came ſeaſonably; for never was Man in ſo deſperate a Condition. I told him of your Reſolution of making your eſcape to day, if your Brother would be abſent long enough to permit you; if not, die rather than be *Antonio*'s.

Flor. Thou ſhou'dſt have told him I was confin'd to my Chamber upon my Brother's ſuſpicion, that the Buſineſs on the *Molo* was a Plot laid between him and I.

Val. I ſaid all this, and told him your Brother was now gone to his Devotion, and he reſolves to viſit every Church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but careſs him ſo as ſhall delay his return home.

Flor. Oh Heavens! he's here, and *Belvile* with him too. [*They put on their Vizards*

Enter Don Pedro, Belvile, Willmore; Belvile *and Don* Pedro *ſeeming in ſerious Diſcourſe.*

Val. Walk boldly by them, I'll come at a diſtance, leſt he ſuſpect us.

[*She walks by them, and looks back on them.*

Will. Ha! Woman! and of an excellent Mien!

Ped. She throws a kind look back on you.

Will. Death, 'tis a likely Wench, and that kind look ſhall not be caſt away———I'll follow her.

Belv.

Belv. Prithee do not.

Will. Do not! By Heavens to the Antipodes, with ſuch an Invitation. [*She goes out, and* Will. *follows her.*

Belv. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

Enter Fred.

Fred. Oh Colonel, ſuch News!

Belv. Prithee what?

Fred. News that will make you laugh in ſpite of Fortune.

Belv. What, *Blunt* has had ſome damn'd Trick put upon him, cheated, bang'd, or clapt?

Fred. Cheated, Sir, rarely cheated of all but his Shirt and Drawers; the unconſcionable Whore too turn'd him out before Conſummation, ſo that traverſing the Streets at Midnight, the Watch found him in this *Freſco*, and conducted him home: By Heaven 'tis ſuch a ſlight, and yet I durſt as well have been hang'd as laugh at him, or pity him; he beats all that do but ask him a Queſtion, and is in ſuch an Humour———

Ped. Who is't has met with this ill uſage, Sir?

Belv. A Friend of ours, whom you muſt ſee for Mirth's ſake. I'll imploy him to give *Florinda* time for an eſcape. [*Aſide.*

Ped. What is he?

Belv. A young Countryman of ours, one that has been educated at ſo plentiful a rate, he yet ne'er knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jeſt to ſee how ſimply he'll look without it. For my part I'll lend him none, and Rogue knows not how to put on a borrowing Face, and ask firſt. I'll let him ſee how good 'tis to play our parts whilſt I play his—Prithee *Fred.* do you go home and keep him in that poſture till we come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Florinda *from the farther end of the Scene, looking behind her.*

Flor. I am followed ſtill———hah———my Brother too advancing this way, good Heavens defend me from being ſeen by him. [*She goes off.*

Enter Willmore, *and after him* Valeria, *at a little diſtance.*

Will. Ah! There ſhe fails, ſhe looks back as ſhe were willing

willing to be boarded, I'll warrant her Prize.

[*He goes out*, Valeria *following*.

Enter Hellena, *juſt as he goes out, with a Page.*

Hell. Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chaſe?—'tis not *Angelica*. Boy, follow thoſe People at a diſtance, and bring me an Account where they go in. ———I'll find his Haunts, and plague him every where. ——ha——my Brother! [*Exit Page.*

[Bel. Wil. Ped. *croſs the Stage:* Hell. *runs off.*

Scene changes to another Street. Enter Florinda.

Flor. What ſhall I do, my Brother now purſues me. Will no kind Power protect me from his Tyranny? ——Hah, here's a Door open, I'll venture in, ſince nothing can be worſe than to fall into his Hands, my Life and Honour are at ſtake, and my Neceſſity has no choice.

[*She goes in.*

Enter Valeria, *and* Hellena's *Page peeping after* Florinda.

Pag. Here ſhe went in, I ſhall remember this Houſe.

[*Exit Boy.*

Val. This is *Belvile*'s Lodgings; ſhe's gone in as readily as if ſhe knew it——hah——here's that mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in———I'll watch my Opportunity. [*Goes aſide.*

Enter Willmore, *gazing about him.*

Will. I have loſt her hereabouts—Pox on't ſhe muſt not ſcape me ſo. [*Goes out.*

Scene changes to Blunt's *Chamber, diſcovers him ſitting on a Couch in his Shirt and Drawers, reading.*

Blunt. So, now my Mind's a little at Peace, ſince I have reſolv'd Revenge—a Pox on this Taylor tho, for not bringing home the Clothes I beſpoke; and a Pox of all poor Cavaliers, a Man can never keep a ſpare Suit for 'em; and I ſhall have theſe Rogues come in and find me naked; and then I'm undone; but I'm reſolv'd to arm my ſelf———the Raſcals ſhall not inſult over me too much.

[*Puts on an old ruſty Sword and Buff-Belt.*

——Now, how like a Morrice-Dancer I am equipt——a fine Lady-like Whore to cheat me thus, without affording me a Kindneſs for my Money, a Pox light on her, I ſhall never be reconciled to the Sex more, ſhe has made me as faithleſs

faithleſs as a Phyſician, as uncharitable as a Churchman, and as ill-natur'd as a Poet. O how I'll uſe all Women-kind hereafter! what wou'd I give to have one of 'em within my reach now! any Mortal thing in Petticoats, kind Fortune, ſend me; and I'll forgive thy laſt Night's Malice——Here's a curſed Book too, (a Warning to all young Travellers) that can inſtruct me how to prevent ſuch Miſchiefs now 'tis too late. Well, 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as hawk and hunt. [*Sits down again and reads.*

Enter to him Florinda.

Flor. This Houſe is haunted ſure, 'tis well furniſht and no living thing inhabits it—hah—a Man! Heavens how he's attir'd! ſure 'tis ſome Rope-dancer, or Fencing-Maſter; I tremble now for fear, and yet I muſt venture now to ſpeak to him——Sir, if I may not interrupt your Meditations——— [*He ſtarts up and gazes.*

Blunt. Hah—what's here? Are my wiſhes granted? and is not that a ſhe Creature? Adſheartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou——hah!

Flor. Charitable Sir, you've told your ſelf already what I am; a very wretched Maid, forc'd by a ſtrange unlucky Accident, to ſeek a ſafety here, and muſt be ruin'd, if you do not grant it.

Blunt. Ruin'd! Is there any Ruin ſo inevitable as that which now threatens thee? Doſt thou know, miserable Woman, into what Den of Miſchiefs thou art fall'n? what a Bliſs of Confuſion?——hah——doſt not ſee ſomething in my looks that frights thy guilty Soul, and makes thee wiſh to change that Shape of Woman for any humble Animal, or Devil? for thoſe were ſafer for thee, and leſs miſchievous.

Flor. Alas, what mean you, Sir? I muſt confeſs your Looks have ſomething in 'em makes me fear; but I beſeech you, as you ſeem a Gentleman, pity a harmleſs Virgin, that takes your Houſe for Sanctuary.

Blunt. Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my faith return. Do, flatter me out of my Senſes again——a harmleſs Virgin with a Pox, as much one as t'other, adsheartlikins. Why, what the Devil can I not be ſafe in

in my Houſe for you? not in my Chamber? nay, even being naked too cannot ſecure me. This is an Impudence greater than has invaded me yet.——Come no Reſiſtance.

[*Pulls her rudely.*

Flor. Dare you be ſo cruel?

Blunt. Cruel, adſheartlikins as a Gally-ſlave, or a *Spaniſh* Whore: Cruel, yes, I will kiſs and beat thee all over; kiſs, and ſee thee all over; thou ſhalt lie with me too, not that I care for the Injoyment, but to let you ſee I have ta'en deliberated Malice to thee, and will be revenged on one Whore for the Sins of another; I will ſmile and deceive thee, flatter thee, and beat thee, kiſs and ſwear, and lye to thee, imbrace thee and rob thee, as ſhe did me, fawn on thee, and ſtrip thee ſtark naked, then hang thee out at my Window by the Heels, with a Paper of ſcurvey Verſes faſten'd to thy Breaſt, in praiſe of damnable Women—Come, come along.

Flor. Alas, Sir, muſt I be ſacrific'd for the Crimes of the moſt infamous of my Sex? I never underſtood the Sins you name.

Blunt. Do, perſuade the Fool you love him, or that one of you can be juſt or honeſt; tell me I was not an eaſy Coxcomb, or any ſtrange impoſſible Tale: it will be believ'd ſooner than thy falſe Showers or Proteſtations. A Generation of damn'd Hypocrites, to flatter my very Clothes from my back! diſſembling Witches! are theſe the Returns you make an honeſt Gentleman that truſts, believes, and loves you?——But if I be not even with you———Come along, or I ſhall———

[*Pulls her again.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Hah, what's here to do?

Blunt. Adſheartlikins, *Fred.* I am glad thou art come, to be a Witneſs of my dire Revenge.

Fred. What's this, a Perſon of Quality too, who is upon the Ramble to ſupply the Defects of ſome grave impotent Husband.

Blunt. No, this has another Pretence, ſome very unfortunate Accident brought her hither, to ſave a Life purſued by I know not who, or why, and forc'd to take Sanc-

Sanctuary here at Fools Haven. Adsheartlikins to me of all Mankind for Protection? Is the Aſs to be cajol'd again, think ye? No, young one, no Prayers or Tears ſhall mitigate my Rage; therefore prepare for both my Pleaſure of Enjoyment and Revenge, for I am reſolved to make up my Loſs here on thy Body, I'll take it out in kindneſs and in beating.

Fred. Now Miſtreſs of mine, what do you think of this?

Flor. I think he will not—dares not be ſo barbarous.

Fred. Have a care, *Blunt*, ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, ſhe is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers, ſhe'll ſtrip thee even of that. There are of her Calling ſuch unconſcionable Baggages, and ſuch dexterous Thieves, they'll flea a Man, and he ſhall ne'er miſs his Skin, till he feels the Cold. There was a Country-man of ours robb'd of a Row of Teeth whilſt he was ſleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak'd——You ſee, Lady, how little Reaſon we have to truſt you.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, why, this is moſt abominable.

Flor. Some ſuch Devils there may be, but by all that's holy I am none ſuch, I entered here to ſave a Life in danger.

Blunt. For no goodneſs I'll warrant her.

Fred. Faith, Damſel, you had e'en confeſs the plain Truth, for we are Fellows not to be caught twice in the ſame Trap: Look on that Wreck, a tight Veſſel when he ſet out of Haven, well trim'd and laden, and ſee how a Female Piccaroon of this Iſland of Rogues has ſhatter'd him, and canſt thou hope for any Mercy?

Blunt. No, no, Gentlewoman, come along, adsheartlikins we muſt be better acquainted——we'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.

Fred. I am ready to ſerve you in matters of Revenge, that has a double Pleaſure in't.

Blunt. Well ſaid. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by publick Vote to the Bed within, there's no reſiſting your Deſtiny, Sweetheart. [*Pulls her.*

Flor. Stay, Sir, I have ſeen you with *Belvile*, an *Engliſh* Cavalier, for his ſake uſe me kindly; you know how, Sir.

Blunt.

Blunt. Belvile! why, yes, Sweeting, we do know *Belvile*, and wiſh he were with us now, he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon, he'd have a Limb or two of thee, my Virgin Pullet: but 'tis no matter, we'll leave him the Bones to pick.

Flor. Sir, if you have any Eſteem for that *Belvile*, I conjure you to treat me with more Gentleneſs; he'll thank you for the Juſtice.

Fred. Hark ye, *Blunt*, I doubt we are miſtaken in this matter.

Flor. Sir, if you find me not worth *Belvile*'s Care, uſe me as you pleaſe; and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten——pray take this Preſent——

[*Gives him a Ring: He looks on it.*

Blunt. Hum——A Diamond! why, 'tis a wonderful Virtue now that lies in this Ring, a mollifying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more perſuaſive Rhetorick in't, than all her Sex can utter.

Fred. I begin to ſuſpect ſomething; and 'twou'd anger us vilely to be truſs'd up for a Rape upon a Maid of Quality, when we only believe we ruffle a Harlot.

Blunt. Thou art a credulous Fellow, but adsheartlikins I have no Faith yet; why, my Saint prattled as parlouſly as this does, ſhe gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her: but I ſent my Man to ſell it to day for Neceſſaries, and it prov'd as counterfeit as her Vows of Love.

Fred. However let it reprieve her till we ſee *Belvile*.

Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is juſt come with his new Friend and a *Spaniard* of Quality, and talks of having you to Dinner with 'em.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, I'm undone!——I would not ſee 'em for the World: Harkye, *Fred.* lock up the Wench in your Chamber.

Fred. Fear nothing, Madam, whate'er he threatens, you're ſafe whilſt in my Hands. [*Ex.* Fred. *and* Flor.

Blunt. And Sirrah—upon your Life, ſay—I am not at home—or that I am aſleep—or—or any thing—away—I'll prevent their coming this way. [*Locks the Door and Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Blunt's *Room.*

After a great knocking at his Chamber-door, enter Blunt *ſoftly, croſſing the Stage in his Shirt and Drawers, as before.*

NED, *Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.* [*Call within.*

Blunt. The Rogues are up in Arms, 'dſheartlikins, this villainous *Frederick* has betray'd me, they have heard of my bleſſed Fortune.

Ned Blunt, Ned Ned—— [*and knocking within.*

Belv. Why, he's dead, Sir, without diſpute dead, he has not been ſeen to day; let's break open the Door—here——Boy——

Blunt. Ha, break open the Door! 'dſheartlikins that mad Fellow will be as good as his word.

Belv. Boy, bring ſomething to force the Door.

[*A great noiſe within at the Door again.*

Blunt. So, now muſt I ſpeak in my own Defence, I'll try what Rhetorick will do—hold—hold, what do you mean Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Belv. Oh Rogue, art alive? prithee open the Door, and convince us.

Blunt. Yes, I am alive Gentlemen——but at preſent a little buſy.

Belv. How! *Blunt* grown a man of Buſineſs! come, come, open, and let's ſee this Miracle. [*within.*

Blunt. No, no, no, no Gentlemen, 'tis no great Buſineſs——but——I am——at——my Devotion,——'dſheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

Belv. Turn'd religious! a greater Wonder than the firſt, therefore open quickly, or we ſhall unhinge, we ſhall. [*within.*

Blunt. This won't do——Why, hark ye, Colonel; to tell you the plain Truth, I am about a neceſſary Affair of Life.—I have a Wench with me——you apprehend me? the Devil's in't if they be ſo uncivil as to diſturb me now.

Will.

Will. How, a Wench ! Nay, then we muſt enter and partake ; no Reſiſtance,——unleſs it be your Lady of Quality, and then we'll keep our diſtance.

Blunt. So, the Buſineſs is out.

Will. Come, come, lend more hands to the Door,—now heave altogether——ſo, well done, my Boys——

[*Breaks open the Door.*

Enter Belvile, Willmore, Fred. *and* Pedro: Blunt *looks ſimply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to* Willmore.

Blunt. Hark ye, Sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, d'ye hear, and be gone, I ſhall ſpoil your ſport elſe ; 'dſheartlikins, Sir, I ſhall———the Jeſt has been carried on too long,—a Plague upon my Taylor— [*Aſide.*

Will. 'Sdeath, how the Whore has dreſt him ! Faith, Sir, I'm ſorry.

Blunt. Are you ſo, Sir? keep't to your ſelf then Sir, I adviſe you, d'ye hear? for I can as little endure your Pity as his Mirth. [*Lays his Hand on's Sword.*

Belv. Indeed, *Willmore*, thou wert a little too rough with *Ned Blunt*'s Miſtreſs ; call a Perſon of Quality Whore, and one ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo eloquent !—ha, ha, ha.

Blunt. Hark ye, Sir, you know me, and know I can be angry ; have a care——for 'dſheartlikins I can fight too—I can Sir,——do you mark me——no more.

Belv. Why ſo peeviſh, good *Ned?* ſome Diſappointments, I'll warrant——What ! did the jealous Count her Husband return juſt in the nick?

Blunt. Or the Devil, Sir,—d'ye laugh? [*They laugh.*] Look ye, ſettle me a good ſober Countenance, and that quickly too, or you ſhall know *Ned Blunt* is not——

Belv. Not every Body, we know that.

Blunt. Not an Aſs, to be laught at, Sir.

Will. Unconſcionable Sinner, to bring a Lover ſo near his Happineſs, a vigorous paſſionate Lover, and then not only cheat him of his Moveables, but his Deſires too.

Belv. Ah, Sir, a Miſtreſs is a Triſle with *Blunt*, he'll have a dozen the next time he looks abroad ; his Eyes have Charms not to be reſiſted : There needs no more

than to expoſe that taking Perſon to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph.

Ped. Sir, tho I'm a ſtranger to you, I'm aſham'd at the rudeneſs of my Nation, and could you learn who did it, would aſſiſt you to make an Example of 'em.

Blunt. Why, ay, there's one ſpeaks ſenſe now, and handſomly; and let me tell you Gentlemen, I ſhould not have ſhew'd my ſelf like a Jack-Pudding, thus to have made you Mirth, but that I have revenge within my power; for know, I have got into my poſſeſſion a Female, who had better have fallen under any Curſe, than the Ruin I deſign her: 'dſheartlikins, ſhe aſſaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and had doubtleſs committed a Rape upon me, had not this Sword defended me.

Fred. I knew not that, but o' my Conſcience thou hadſt raviſht her, had ſhe not redeem'd her ſelf with a Ring——let's ſee't *Blunt.* [Blunt *ſhews the Ring.*

Belv. Hah!——the Ring I gave *Florinda* when we exchang'd our Vows!——hark ye *Blunt*——

[*Goes to whiſper to him.*

Will. No whiſpering, good Colonel, there's a Woman in the caſe, no whiſpering.

Belv. Hark ye, Fool, be advis'd, and conceal both the Ring and the Story, for your Reputation's ſake; don't let People know what deſpis'd Cullies we *Engliſh* are: to be cheated and abus'd by one Whore, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, is an Infamy to our Nation.

Will. Come, come, where's the Wench? we'll ſee her, let her be what ſhe will, we'll ſee her.

Ped. Ay, ay, let us ſee her, I can ſoon diſcover whether ſhe be of Quality, or for your Diverſion.

Blunt. She's in *Fred*'s Cuſtody.

Will. Come, come, the Key.

[*To* Fred. *who gives him the Key, they are going.*

Belv. Death! what ſhall I do?——ſtay Gentlemen—yet if I hinder 'em, I ſhall diſcover all——hold, let's go one at once——give me the Key.

Will. Nay, hold there, Colonel, I'll go firſt.

Fred.

Fred. Nay, no Diſpute, *Ned* and I have the property of her.

Will. Damn Property——then we'll draw Cuts.

[Belv. *goes to whiſper* Will.

Nay, no Corruption, good Colonel: come, the longeſt Sword carries her.—— [*They all draw, forgetting Don* Pedro, *being a* Spaniard, *had the longeſt.*

Blunt. I yield up my Intereſt to you Gentlemen, and that will be Revenge ſufficient.

Will. The Wench is yours——(*To* Ped.) Pox of his *Toledo*, I had forgot that.

Fred. Come, Sir, I'll conduct you to the Lady.

[*Ex.* Fred. *and* Ped.

Belv. To hinder him will certainly diſcover——[*Aſide*] Doſt know, dull Beaſt, what Miſchief thou haſt done?

[Will. *walking up and down out of Humour.*

Will. Ay, ay, to truſt our Fortune to Lots, a Devil on't, 'twas madneſs, that's the Truth on't.

Belv. Oh intolerable Sot!

Enter Florinda, *running maſqu'd*, Pedro *after her*, Will. *gazing round her.*

Flor. Good Heaven, defend me from diſcovery. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you are fallen to my Lot.

Belv. Sure ſhe is undiſcover'd yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off.

Will. Why, what a Pox is not this my Woman, the ſame I follow'd but now?

[Ped. *talking to* Florinda, *who walks up and down.*

Ped. As if I did not know ye, and your Buſineſs here.

Flor. Good Heaven! I fear he does indeed— [*Aſide.*

Ped. Come, pray be kind, I know you meant to be ſo when you enter'd here, for theſe are proper Gentlemen.

Will. But, Sir——perhaps the Lady will not be impos'd upon, ſhe'll chuſe her Man.

Ped. I am better bred, than not to leave her Choice free.

Enter Valeria, *and is ſurpriz'd at the ſight of Don* Pedro.

Val. Don *Pedro* here! there's no avoiding him. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Valeria! then I'm undone——— [*Aſide.*

Val. Oh! have I found you, Sir——

[*To* Pedro, *running to him.*

——The ſtrangeſt Accident——if I had breath——to tell it.

Ped. Speak——is *Florinda* ſafe? *Hellena* well?

Val. Ay, ay Sir—*Florinda*——is ſafe——from any fears of you.

Ped. Why, where's *Florinda?*——ſpeak.

Val. Ay, where indeed, Sir? I wiſh I could inform you, ——But to hold you no longer in doubt——

Flor. Oh, what will ſhe ſay? [*Aſide.*

Val. She's fled away in the Habit of one of her Pages, Sir—but *Callis* thinks you may retrieve her yet, if you make haſte away; ſhe'll tell you, Sir, the reſt———if you can find her out. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Diſhonourable Girl, ſhe has undone my Aim—Sir—you ſee my neceſſity of leaving you, and I hope you'll pardon it: my Siſter, I know, will make her flight to you; and if ſhe do, I ſhall expect ſhe ſhould be render'd back.

Belv. I ſhall conſult my Love and Honour, Sir.

[*Ex.* Ped.

Flor. My dear Preſerver, let me imbrace thee.

[*To* Val.

Will. What the Devil's all this?

Blunt. Myſtery by this Light.

Val. Come, come, make haſte and get your ſelves married quickly, for your Brother will return again.

Belv. I am ſo ſurpriz'd with Fears and Joys, ſo amaz'd to find you here in ſafety, I can ſcarce perſuade my Heart into a Faith of what I ſee——

Will. Harkye, Colonel, is this that Miſtreſs who has coſt you ſo many Sighs, and me ſo many Quarrels with you?

Belv. It is——Pray give him the Honour of your Hand. [*To* Flor.

Will. Thus it muſt be receiv'd then.

[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

And with it give your Pardon too.

Flor. The Friend to *Belvile* may command me any thing.

Will.

Will. Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a ſurprizing Beauty. [*Aſide.*

Belv. Boy, run and fetch a Father inſtantly. [*Ex. Boy.*

Fred. So, now do I ſtand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to plead my own Cauſe with: by this Hand, Madam, I was never thorowly confounded before, nor ſhall I ever more dare look up with Confidence, till you are pleaſed to pardon me.

Flor. Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one Condition, that you'll follow the Example of your Friend, in marrying a Maid that does not hate you, and whoſe Fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

Fred. Madam, had I no inclinations that way, I ſhou'd obey your kind Commands.

Belv. Who, *Fred.* marry; he has ſo few Inclinations for Womankind, that had he been poſſeſt of Paradiſe, he might have continu'd there to this Day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have diſinherited him.

Fred. Oh, I do not uſe to boaſt of my Intrigues.

Belv. Boaſt! why thou do'ſt nothing but boaſt; and I dare ſwear, wer't thou as Innocent from the Sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'ſt yet claim that right in *Eden* which our firſt Parents loſt by too much loving.

Fred. I wiſh this Lady would think me ſo modeſt a Man.

Val. She ſhou'd be ſorry then, and not like you half ſo well, and I ſhou'd be loth to break my Word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine are agreed, it ſhou'd be a Match between you and I.

[*She gives him her Hand.*

Fred. Bear witneſs, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Blunt. I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am ſo out of Countenance, that I am a Dog if I can ſay any thing to purpoſe. [*To* Florinda.

Flor. Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

Blunt. That's nobly ſaid, ſweet Lady——*Belvile*, prithee preſent her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her my ſelf.

[*Gives him the Ring, he gives it to* Florinda.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, I have brought the Father that you ſent for.

Belv. 'Tis well, and now my dear *Florinda*, let's fly to compleat that mighty Joy we have ſo long wiſh'd and ſigh'd for.———Come *Fred.* you'll follow.

Fred. Your Example, Sir, 'twas ever my Ambition in War, and muſt be ſo in Love.

Will. And muſt not I ſee this juggling Knot ty'd?

Belv. No, thou ſhalt do us better Service, and be our Guard, leſt Don *Pedro*'s ſudden Return interrupt the Ceremony.

Will. Content; I'll ſecure this Paſs.

Ex. Bel. Flor. Fred. *and* Val.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd ſpeak to you.

[*To* Will.

Will. Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Poſt.

Boy. And Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

Blunt. Some comfort yet, I ſhall not dance naked at the Wedding. [*Ex.* Blunt *and Boy.*

Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica *in a maſquing Habit and a Vizard.* Will. *runs to her.*

Will. This can be none but my pretty Gipsy——Oh, I ſee you can follow as well as fly——Come, confeſs thy ſelf the moſt malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'neſs with *Angelica*———

Ang. Stand off, baſe Villain——— [*She draws a Piſtol and holds to his Breaſt.*

Will. Hah, 'tis not ſhe: who art thou? and what's thy Buſineſs?

Ang. One thou haſt injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

Will. What the Devil canſt thou mean?

Ang. By all my Hopes to kill thee——

[*Holds ſtill the Piſtol to his Breaſt, he going back, ſhe following ſtill.*

Will. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

Ang. Behold this Face!—ſo loſt to thy Remembrance!

And

And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul, [*Pulls off her*
And let them die with thee. *Vizard.*

Will. Angelica!

Ang. Yes, Traitor.
Does not thy guilty Blood run ſhivering thro thy Veins?
Haſt thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee,
Thou haſt not long to boaſt thy ſhameful Conqueſt?

Will. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows ſtill, and that uſual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindneſs, had I but opportunity.

Ang. Devil! doſt wanton with my Pain————have at thy Heart.

Will. Hold, dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little,
I am not now at leiſure to be kill'd—hold and hear me—
Death, I think ſhe's in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Oh if I take not heed,
My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy.
[*Aſide, turning from him.*
——What have you, Sir, to ſay?—but ſhould I hear thee,
Thoud'ſt talk away all that is brave about me:
[*Follows him with the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*
And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's ſacred.

Will. Why, then there's an end of a proper handſom Fellow, that might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:———That's all I can ſay to't.

Ang. Yet——I wou'd give thee——time for Penitence.
[*Pauſingly.*

Will. Faith, Child, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good, ſober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to believe, I ſhall depart in Peace.

Ang. So will the Devil: tell me
How many poor believing Fools thou haſt undone;
How many Hearts thou haſt betray'd to ruin!
—Yet theſe are little Miſchiefs to the Ills
Thouſt taught mine to commit: thou'ſt taught it Love.

Will. Egad 'twas ſhreudly hurt the while.

Ang. ——Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern,
Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it,
And in its room a mean ſubmiſſive Paſſion was convey'd,

That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did
To anything but Heaven.
——Thou, perjur'd Man, didſt this, and with thy Oaths,
Which on thy Knees thou didſt devoutly make,
Soften'd my yielding Heart—And then, I was a Slave—
Yet ſtill had been content to've worn my Chains,
Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever,
Hadſt thou not broke thoſe Vows that put them on.
———'Twas then I was undone.

[*All this while follows him with a Piſtol to his Breaſt.*

Will. Broke my Vows! why, where haſt thou lived? Amongſt the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man, That has not broke a thouſand Vows.

Ang. Oh, Impudence!

Will. Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting, Not to have made a thouſand Lovers languiſh, Who in the amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn Like me; did they all die in that Faith? ſtill adoring? I do not think they did.

Ang. No, faithleſs Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine, I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

Will. This old General has quite ſpoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman ſo vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever ſupplies the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vaſt Charge, and that which you call Conſtancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth, upbraiding him ſtill with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young, brisk, Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart for Dart, he'll be as nice as you ſometimes.

Ang. All this thou'ſt made me know, for which I hate thee.
Had I remain'd in innocent Security,
I ſhou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves;
And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes,
To have deſtroy'd at Pleaſure when offended.
—But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glaſs
Reflected all the weakneſs of my Soul, and made me know,
My richeſt Treaſure being loſt, my Honour,

All

All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth
The Conqueror's Care or Value.
——Oh how I fell like a long worſhip'd Idol,
Diſcovering all the Cheat!
Wou'd not the Incenſe and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars,
Have fall'n to thee?
Why woud'ſt thou then deſtroy my fancy'd Power?
Will. By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire thee
I wiſh I were that dull, that conſtant thing, (ſtrangely.
Which thou woudſt have, and Nature never meant me:
I muſt, like chearful Birds, ſing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,
Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Neſt with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And ſtill reſerve a tributary Flame.
——To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.
[*Offers her a Purſe of Gold.*
Ang. Oh that thou wert in earneſt!
So mean a Thought of me,
Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I ſhou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick Safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare—— *Follows, ſtill, as before.*
——I will no more be tempted with Replies.
Will. Sure——
Ang. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long [*She follows him with a Piſtol ready to ſhoot: he retires ſtill amaz'd.*
Enter Don Antonio, *his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold on the Piſtols.*
Ant. Hah! *Angelica!*
Ang. Antonio! What the Devil brought thee hither?
Ant. Love and Curioſity, ſeeing your Coach at Door. Let me diſarm you of this unbecoming Inſtrument of Death.—— [*Takes away the Piſtol.*
Amongſt

Amongſt the Number of your Slaves, was there not one worthy the Honour to have fought your Quarrel?
———Who are you Sir, that are ſo very wretched
To merit Death from her?

Will. One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an amorous Quarrel without you, than with you.

Ant. Sure 'tis ſome Rival——hah———the very Man took down her Picture yeſterday—the very ſame that ſet on me laſt night—Bleſt opportunity—[*Offers to ſhoot him.*

Ang. Hold, you're miſtaken Sir,

Ant. By Heaven the very ſame!
——Sir, what pretenſions have you to this Lady?

Will. Sir, I don't uſe to be examin'd, and am ill at all Diſputes but this—— [*Draws*, Anton. *offers to ſhoot.*

Ang. Oh, hold! you ſee he's arm'd with certain Death: [*To* Will.
———And you, *Antonio*, I command you hold,
By all the Paſſion you've ſo lately vow'd me.

Enter Don Pedro, *ſees* Antonio, *and ſtays.*

Ped. Hah, *Antonio!* and *Angelica!* [*Aſide.*

Ant. When I refuſe Obedience to your Will,
May you deſtroy me with your mortal Hate.
By all that's Holy I adore you ſo,
That even my Rival, who has Charms enough
To make him fall a Victim to my Jealouſy,
Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on ſtill.

Ped. What's this I hear? [*Aſide.*

Ang. Ah, thus, 'twas thus he talk'd, and I believ'd. [*Pointing to* Will.
———*Antonio*, yeſterday,
I'd not have ſold my Intereſt in his Heart,
For all the Sword has won and loſt in Battle.
——But now to ſhow my utmoſt of Contempt,
I give thee Life———which if thou would'ſt preſerve,
Live where my Eyes may never ſee thee more,
Live to undo ſome one, whoſe Soul may prove
So bravely conſtant to revenge my Love.

[*Goes out*, Ant. *follows, but* Ped. *pulls him back.*

Ped. *Antonio*———ſtay.

Ant. Don *Pedro*———

Ped.

Ped. What Coward Fear was that prevented thee
From meeting me this Morning on the *Molo?*
Ant. Meet thee?
Ped. Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.
Ant. Haſt thou ſo often ſeen me fight in War,
To find no better Cauſe to excuſe my Abſence?
———I ſent my Sword and one to do thee Right,
Finding my ſelf uncapable to uſe a Sword.
Ped. But 'twas *Florinda*'s Quarrel that we fought,
And you, to ſhew how little you eſteem'd her,
Sent me your Rival, giving him your Intereſt.
———But I have found the Cauſe of this Affront,
And when I meet you fit for the Diſpute,
———I'll tell you my Reſentment.
Ant. I ſhall be ready, Sir, e'er long to do you Reaſon.
[*Exit* Anto.
Ped. If I cou'd find *Florinda*, now whilſt my Anger's high, I think I ſhou'd be kind, and give her to *Belvile* in Revenge.
Will. Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe the Prieſt within has been ſo kind.
Ped. How! my Siſter married?
Will. I hope by this time ſhe is, and bedded too, or he has not my longings about him.
Ped. Dares he do thus? Does he not fear my Pow'r?
Will. Faith not all all. If you will go in, and thank him for the Favour he has done your Siſter, ſo; if not, Sir, my Power's greater in this Houſe than yours; I have a damn'd ſurly Crew here, that will keep you till the next Tide, and then clap you on board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the *Molo*, and we ſhall ſhow your Donſhip a damn'd *Tramontana* Rover's Trick.
Enter Belvile.
Belv. This Rogue's in ſome new Miſchief——hah, *Pedro* return'd!
Ped. Colonel *Belvile*, I hear you have married my Siſter.
Bel. You have heard truth then, Sir.
Ped. Have I ſo? then, Sir, I wiſh you Joy.
Bel. How!
Pēd. By this Embrace I do, and I am glad on't.
Bel.

Bel. Are you in earneſt?

Ped. By our long Friendſhip and my Obligations to thee, I am. The ſudden Change I'll give you Reaſons for anon. Come lead me to my Siſter, that ſhe may know I now approve her Choice. [*Exit* Bel. *with* Ped.

[Will. *goes to follow them. Enter* Hellena *as before in Boy's Clothes, and pulls him back.*

Will. Ha! my Gipſy———Now a thouſand Bleſſings on thee for this Kindneſs. Egad Child I was e'en in deſpair of ever ſeeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

Hell. Hah! I thought they had ſerv'd me ſome ſuch Trick.

Will. And I was e'en reſolv'd to go aboard, condemn my ſelf to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

Hell. And cou'd you have left me behind? wou'd you have been ſo ill-natur'd?

Will. Why, 'twou'd have broke my Heart Child——but ſince we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

Hell. And wou'd you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid ſhou'd truſt you.

Will. For a Friend I cannot promiſe, thou art of a Form ſo excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendſhip; I am parlouſly afraid of being in love Child, and you have not forgot how ſeverely you have us'd me.

Hell. That's all one, ſuch Uſage you muſt ſtill look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, becauſe no body elſe will love.

Will. But haſt thou no better Quality to recommend thy ſelf by?

Hell. Faith none Captain——Why, 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Miſtreſs, I am a lone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover; and why I ſhou'd die a Maid, and in a Captain's Hands too, I do not underſtand.

Will. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad Sides from any Female before, thou haſt one Virtue I adore, good-Nature; I hate a coy demure Miſtreſs, ſhe's as troubleſom as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Miſtreſs when mew'd, and in flying on I dare truſt upon

upon the Wing, that whilſt ſhe's kind will come to the Lure.

Hell. Nay as kind as you will good Captain, whilſt it laſts, but let's loſe no time.

Will. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore dear Creature, ſince we are ſo well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou wert treated with ſuch ſavory Love——Come——My Bed's prepar'd for ſuch a Gueſt, all clean and ſweet as thy fair ſelf; I love to ſteal a Diſh and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces——Come let's retire and fall to.

Hell. 'Tis but getting my Conſent, and the Buſineſs is ſoon done; let but old Gaffer *Hymen* and his Prieſt ſay Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or bluſhing.

Will. Hold, hold, no Bugg Words Child, Prieſt and *Hymen:* prithee add Hangman to 'em to make up the Conſort—No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witneſs but the Lover; the kind Deity injoins naught but love and enjoy. *Hymen* and Prieſt wait ſtill upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendſhip: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipſy, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleaſure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durſt venture; 'tis upſe Gipſy that, and if I miſs I'll loſe my Labour.

Hell. And if you do not loſe, what ſhall I get? A Cradle full of Noiſe and Miſchief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Incle to paſs my time with? 'Tis upſe Gipſy that too.

Will. I can teach thee to weave a true Love's Knot better.

Hell. So can my Dog.

Will. Well, I ſee we are both upon our Guard, and I ſee there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding——here———give me thy Hand———one Kiſs and I am thine———

Hell. One Kiſs! How like my Page he ſpeaks; I am reſolv'd you ſhall have none, for asking ſuch a ſneaking Sum

Sum—He that will be ſatisfied with one Kiſs will never die of that Longing; good Friend ſingle-Kiſs, is all your talking come to this?———A Kiſs, a Caudle! farewel Captain ſingle-Kiſs. [*Going out he ſtays her.*

Will. Nay if we part ſo, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriff's Charge. By Heaven, both the *Indies* ſhall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are ſo of one Humour, it muſt be a Bargain——give me thy Hand——

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worſt.

Hell. Why, God-a-mercy, Captain!

Will. But harkye—The Bargain is now made; but is is not fit we ſhou'd know each other's Names? That when we have Reaſon to curſe one another hereafter, and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at leaſt be able to tell what Family you came of.

Hell. Good reaſon, Captain; and where I have cauſe, (as I doubt not but I ſhall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my———Bleſſings———I beſeech ye your Name.

Will. I am call'd *Robert the Conſtant.*

Hell. A very fine Name! pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that chriſten'd you? Do they not uſe to whiſtle when they call you?

Will. I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without croſſing himſelf, you are ſo merry with mine.

Hell. I am call'd *Hellena the Inconſtant.*

Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valeria.

Ped. Ha! *Hellena!*

Florin. Hellena!

Hell. The very ſame—hah my Brother! now Captain ſhew your Love and Courage; ſtand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am loſt for ever.

Ped. What's this I hear? falſe Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Buſineſs? Speak.

[*Goes roughly to her.*

Will. Hold off Sir, you have leave to parly only.

[*Puts himſelf between.*

Hell.

Hell. I had e'en as good tell it, as you gueſs it. Faith Brother, my Buſineſs is the ſame with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be loved, and here's the Man.

Ped. Perfidious Maid, haſt thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy ſelf and Heaven?

Hell. 'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that: Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

Ped. Belvile, I did not expect this falſe Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain *Florinda* (which I pardon'd) but your leud Friends too muſt be inrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

Belv. Faith Sir, I am as much ſurpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet, Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to be eſteem'd for their Misfortunes, ſince they have the Glory to ſuffer with the beſt of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, yet a Prince aboard his little wooden World.

Ped. What's this to the maintenance of a Woman of her Birth and Quality?

Will. Faith Sir, I can boaſt of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e'er I come, and has defended a worſe Cause than a Woman's: and ſince I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I muſt purſue my Reſolution, and marry her.

Ped. And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Deſire of Man?

Hell. Why——I have conſider'd the matter Brother, and find the Three hundred thouſand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account——let moſt Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

All cry, A Captain, a Captain.

Hell. Look ye Sir, 'tis a clear Caſe.

Ped. Oh I am mad——if I refuſe, my Life's in Danger—— [*Aſide.*

—Come—There's one motive induces me—take her—I ſhall now be free from the fear of her Honour; guard it you now, if you can, I have been a Slave to't long enough. [*Gives her to him.*

Will. Faith Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's

Woman's Honour is not worth guarding, when ſhe has a mind to part with it.

Hell. Well ſaid, Captain.

Ped. This was your Plot Miſtreſs, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my Quarrel to you——— [*To* Valeria.

Val. There's no altering Deſtiny, Sir.

Ped. Sooner than a Woman's Will, therefore I forgive you all——and wiſh you may get my Father's Pardon as eaſily; which I fear.

Enter Blunt *dreſt in a* Spaniſh *Habit, looking very ridiculouſly; his Man adjuſting his Band.*

Man. 'Tis very well Sir.

Blunt. Well Sir, 'dſheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable ill Sir———a Spaniſh Habit, good Lord! Cou'd the Devil and my Taylor deviſe no other Puniſhment for me, but the Mode of a Nation I abominate?

Bell. What's the matter, *Ned?*

Blunt. Pray view me round, and judge—[*Turns round.*

Bell. I muſt confeſs thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

Blunt. In a Spaniſh Habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the Inquiſition for Judaiſm, than in this Doublet and Breeches; a Pillory were an eaſy Collar to this, three Handfuls high; and theſe Shoes too are worſe than the Stocks, with the Sole an inch ſhorter than my Foot: In fine, Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a Bag of Bays ſtuff'd full of Fools fleſh.

Bel. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look *en Cavalier:*
Come, Sir, ſettle your Face, and ſalute our Friends, Lady——

Blunt. Hah! Say'ſt thou ſo, my little Rover? [*To* Hell.
Lady—(if you be one) give me leave to kiſs your Hand, and tell you, adſheartlikins, for all I look ſo, I am your humble Servant——A Pox of my *Spaniſh* Habit.

Will. Hark——what's this? [*Muſick is heard to Play.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir as the Cuſtom is, the gay People in Maſquerade, who make every Man's Houſe their own, are coming up. *Enter*

Enter ſeveral Men and Women in maſquing Habits, with Muſick, they put themſelves in order and dance.

Blunt. Adſheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawful to pull off their falſe Faces, that I might ſee if my Doxy were not amongſt 'em.

Belv. Ladies and Gentlemen, ſince you are come ſo *a propos*, you muſt take a ſmall Collation with us.

[*To the Maſquers.*

Will. Whilſt we'll to the Good Man within, who ſtays to give us a Caſt of his Office. [*To* Hell.

——Have you no trembling at the near approach?

Hell. No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempeſt.

Will. Egad thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and Courage.

Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o'th'Marriage-Bed.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE baniſht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!
A popiſh Carnival! a Maſquerade!
The Devil's in't if this will pleaſe the Nation,
In theſe our bleſſed Times of Reformation,
When Conventicling is ſo much in Faſhion,
And yet——
That mutinous Tribe leſs Factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in Wit;
Your Judgment's (as your Paſſions) a Diſeaſe:
Nor Muſe nor Miſs your Appetite can pleaſe;
You're grown as nice as queaſy Conſciences,
Whoſe each Convulſion, when the Spirit moves,
Damns every thing that Maggot diſapproves.
With canting Rule you wou'd the Stage refine,
And to dull Method all our Senſe confine.

With

With th' Inſolence of Common-wealths you rule,
Where each gay Fop, and politick brave Fool
On Monarch Wit impoſe without controul.
As for the laſt who ſeldom ſees a Play,
Unleſs it be the old Black-Fryers way,
Shaking his empty Noddle o'er Bamboo,
He crys—Good Faith, theſe Plays will never do.
—Ah, Sir, in my young days, what lofty Wit,
What high-ſtrain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:
Theſe are ſlight airy Toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the Houſe of Commons *done to day?*
Then ſhews his Politicks, to let you ſee
Of State Affairs he'll judge as notably,
As he can do of Wit and Poetry.
The younger Sparks, who hither do reſort,
Cry———
Pox o' your gentle things, give us more Sport;
—Damn me, I'm ſure 'twill never pleaſe the Court.
Such Fops are never pleas'd, unleſs ihe Play
Be ſtuff'd with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:
Such might the Half-Crown ſpare, and in a Glaſs
At home behold a more accompliſht Aſs,
Where they may ſet their Cravats, Wigs, and Faces,
And practiſe all their Buffoonry Grimaces;
See how this—Huff becomes—this Dammy—ſtare—
Which they at home may act, becauſe they dare,
But—muſt with prudent Caution do elſewhere.
Oh that our Nokes, *or* Tony Lee *cou'd ſhow*
A Fop but half ſo much to th' Life as you.

THE

THE ROVER.

PART II.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

IN vain we labour to reform the Stage,
Poets have caught too the Diſeaſe o'th' Age,
That Peſt, of not being quiet when they're well,
That reſtleſs Fever, in the Brethren, Zeal;
In publick Spirits call'd, Good o' th' Commonweal.
Some for this Faction cry, others for that,
The pious Mobile for they know not what:
So tho by different ways the Fever ſeize,
In all 'tis one and the ſame mad Diſeaſe.
Our Author too, as all new Zealots do,
Full of Conceit and Contradiction too,
'Cauſe the firſt Project took, is now ſo vain,
T'attempt to play the old Game o'er again:

The

The Scene is only chang'd; for who wou'd lay
A Plot, ſo hopeful, juſt the ſame dull way?
Poets, like Stateſmen, with a little change,
Paſs off old Politicks for new and ſtrange;
Tho the few Men of Senſe decry't aloud,
The Cheat will paſs with the unthinking Croud:
The Rabble 'tis we court, thoſe powerful things,
Whoſe Voices can impoſe even Laws on Kings.
A Pox of Senſe and Reaſon, or dull Rules,
Give us an Audience that declares for Fools;
Our Play will ſtand fair: we've Monſters too,
Which far exceed your City Pope for Show.
Almighty Rabble, 'tis to you this Day
Our humble Author dedicates the Play,
From thoſe who in our lofty Tire ſit,
Down to the dull Stage Cullies of the Pit,
Who have much Money, and but little Wit:
Whoſe uſeful Purſes, and whoſe empty Skulls
To private Int'reſt make ye Publick Tools;
To work on Projects which the wiſer frame,
And of fine Men of Buſineſs get the Name.
You who have left caballing here of late,
Imploy'd in matters of a mightier weight;
To you we make our humble Application,
You'd ſpare ſome time from your dear new Vocation,
Of drinking deep, then ſettling the Nation,
To countenance us, whom Commonwealths of old
Did the moſt politick Diverſion hold.
Plays were ſo uſeful thought to Government,
That Laws were made for their Eſtabliſhment;
Howe'er in Schools differing Opinions jar,
Yet all agree i' th' crouded Theatre,
Which none forſook in any Change or War,
That, like their Gods, unviolated ſtood,
Equally needful to the publick Good.
Throw then, Great Sirs, ſome vacant hours away,
And your Petitioners ſhall humbly pray, &c.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Willmore, The Rover, in love with *La Nuche*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Beaumond, the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's Nephew, in love with *La Nuche*, contracted to *Ariadne*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Ned Blunt, an *Engliſh* Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Nicholas Fetherfool, an *Engliſh* Squire, his Friend.	Mr. *Nokes.*
Shift, an *Engliſh* Lieutenant, Friends and Officers to *Willmore*,	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Hunt, an Enſign.	Mr. *Richards.*
Harlequin, *Willmore's* Man.	
Abevile, Page to *Beaumond.*	
Don *Carlo*, an old Grandee, in love with *La Nuche*,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Ariadne, the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's Daughter-in-law, in love with *Willmore*,	Mrs. *Corror.*
Lucia, her Kinſwoman, a Girl,	Mrs. *Norris.*
La Nuche, a *Spaniſh* Curtezan, in love with the *Rover*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Petronella Eleanora, her Baud,	Mrs. *Norris.*
Aurelia, her Woman,	Mrs. *Crofts.*
Sancho, her Bravo.	
An old *Jew*, Guardian to the two Monſters,	Mr. *Freeman.*
A Woman Giant.	
A Dwarf her Siſter.	

Scaramouche, Servants, Muſicians, Operators and Spectators.

SCENE, *Madrid.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Willmore, Blunt, Fetherfool, *and* Hunt, *two more in Campain Dreſſes*, Rag *the Captain's Boy.*

Will. STAY, this is the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's. I'll inquire if *Beaumond* be return'd from *Paris.*

Feth. Prithee, dear Captain, no more Delays, unleſs thou thinkeſt he will invite us to Dinner; for this fine thin ſharp Air of *Madrid* has a moſt notable Faculty of provoking an Appetite: Prithee let's to the Ordinary.

Will. I will not ſtay—— [*Knocks, enter a Porter.* ——Friend, is the Ambaſſador's Nephew, Mr. *Beaumond*, return'd to *Madrid* yet? If he be, I would ſpeak with him.

Port. I'll let him know ſo much.

[*Goes in, ſhuts the Door.*

Blunt. Why, how now, what's the Door ſhut upon us?

Feth. And reaſon, *Ned*, 'tis Dinner-time in the Ambaſſador's Kitchen, and ſhould they let the ſavory Steam out, what a world of *Caſtilians* would there be at the Door feeding upon't.——Oh there's no living in *Spain* when the Pot's uncover'd.

Blunt. Nay, 'tis a Nation of the fineſt clean Teeth—

Feth. Teeth! Gad an they uſe their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard will laſt an Age.

Enter Shift *from the Houſe.*

Will. Honeſt Lieutenant———

Shift. My noble Captain——Welcome to *Madrid.* What Mr. *Blunt*, and my honoured Friend *Nicholas Fetherfool* Eſq.

Feth. Thy Hand, honeſt *Shift*— [*They embrace him.*

Will.

Will. And how Lieutenant, how ſtand Affairs in this unſanctify'd Town?—— How does Love's great Artillery, the fair *La Nuche*, from whoſe bright Eyes the little wanton God throws Darts to wound Mankind?

Shift. Faith, ſhe carries all before her ſtill; undoes her Fellow-traders in Love's Art: and amongſt the Number, old *Carlo de Minalta Segoſa* pays high for two Nights in a Week.

Will. Hah——*Carlo!* Death, what a greeting's here! *Carlo* the happy Man! a Dog! a Raſcal, gain the bright *La Nuche!* Oh Fortune! Curſed blind miſtaken Fortune! eternal Friend to Fools! Fortune! that takes the noble Rate from Man, to place it on her Idol Intereſt.

Shift. Why Faith Captain, I ſhould think her Heart might ſtand as fair for you as any, could you be leſs ſatirical—but by this Light, Captain, you return her Raillery a little too roughly.

Will. Her Raillery! By this Hand I had rather be handſomly abus'd than dully flatter'd; but when ſhe touches on my Poverty, my honourable Poverty, ſhe preſſes me too ſenſibly——for nothing is ſo nice as Poverty——But damn her, I'll think of her no more: for ſhe's a Devil, tho her Form be an Angel. Is *Beaumond* come from *Paris* yet?

Shift. He is, I came with him; he's impatient of your Return: I'll let him know you're here. [*Exit* Shift.

Feth. Why, what a Pox ails the Captain o'th' ſudden? He looks as ſullenly as a routed General, or a Lover after hard Service.

Blunt. Oh—ſomething the Lieutenant has told him about a Wench; and when *Cupid's* in his Breeches, the Devil's ever in's Head——how now?——What, a pox is the matter with you, you look ſo ſcurvily now?—What, is the Gentlewoman otherwiſe provided? has ſhe caſhier'd ye for want of Pay? or what other dire Miſchance?—— hah——

Will. Do not trouble me———

Blunt. Adſheartlikins, but I will, and beat thee too, but I'll know the Cauſe. I heard *Shift* tell thee ſomething

about *La Nuche*, a Damſel I have oſten heard thee Fool enough to ſigh for.

Will. Confound the mercenary Jilt!

Blunt. Nay, adſheartlikins they are all ſo; tho I thought you had been Whore-proof; 'tis enough for us Fools, Country-Gentlemen, Eſquires, and Cullies, to miſcarry in their amorous Adventures, you men of Wit weather all Storms you.

Will. Oh Sir, you're become a new Man, wiſe and wary, and can no more be cozen'd.

Blunt. Not by Woman-kind; and for Man I think my Sword will ſecure me. Pox I thought a two Months abſence and a Siege would have put ſuch Trifles out of thy Head: You do not uſe to be ſuch a Miracle of Conſtancy.

Will. That Abſence makes me think of her ſo much; and all the Paſſions thou find'ſt about me are to the Sex alone. Give me a Woman, *Ned*, a fine young amorous Wanton, who would allay this Fire that makes me rave thus, and thou ſhouldſt find me no longer particular, and cold as Winter-Nights to this *La Nuche*: Yet ſince I loſt my little charming Gipſey, nothing has gone ſo near my Heart as this.

Blunt. Ay there was a Girl, the only ſhe thing that could reconcile me to the Petticoats again after my *Naples* Adventure, when the Quean rob'd and ſtript me.

Will. Oh name not *Hellena!* She was a Saint to be ador'd on Holy-days.

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Willmore! my careleſs wild inconſtant——how is't, my lucky Rover?

Will. My Life! my Soul! how glad am I to find thee in my Arms again—and well——When left you *Paris? Paris*, that City of Pottage and Crab-Wine, ſwarming with Lacquies and Philies, whoſe Government is carried on by moſt Hands, not moſt Voices——And prithee how does *Belvile* and his Lady?

Beau. I left 'em both in Health at St. *Germains*.

Will. Faith I have wiſht my ſelf with ye at the old Temple of *Bacchus*, at St. *Clou*, to ſacrifice a Bottle and a Damſel to his Deity.

Beau.

Beau. My conſtant Place of Worſhip whilſt there, tho for want of new Saints my Zeal grew ſomething cold, which I was ever fain to ſupply with a Bottle, the old Remedy when *Phillis* is ſullen and abſent.

Will. Now thou talk'ſt of *Phillis*, prithee dear *Harry* what Women haſt in ſtore?

Beau. I'll tell thee; but firſt inform me whom theſe two Sparks are.

Will. Egad and ſo they are Child: Salute 'em——They are my Friends———True Blades *Hal.* highly guilty of the royal Crime, poor and brave, loyal Fugitives.

Beau. I love and honour 'em, Sir, as ſuch—[*Bowing to Blunt.* Sir, there's neither Love nor Honour loſt. (Blunt.

Feth. Sir, I ſcorn to be behind-hand in Civilities.

Beau. At firſt ſight I find I am much yours, Sir. [*To* Feth.

Feth. Sir, I love and honour any Man that's a Friend to Captain *Willmore*——and therefore I am yours———

Enter Shift.

—Well honeſt Lieutenant, how does thy Body?—When ſhall *Ned*, and thou and I, crack a Bisket o'er a Glaſs of Wine, have a Slice of Treaſon and ſettle the Nation, hah?

Shift. You know, Squire, I am devotedly yours.

[*They talk aſide*

Beau. Prithee who are theſe?

Will. Why, the firſt you ſaluted is the ſame *Ned Blunt* you have often heard *Belvile* and I ſpeak of: the other is a Rarity of another Nature, one Squire *Fetherfool* of *Croydon*, a tame Juſtice of Peace, who liv'd as innocently as Ale and Food could keep him, till for a miſtaken Kindneſs to one of the Royal Party, he loſt his Commiſſion, and got the Reputation of a Sufferer: He's rich, but covetous as an Alderman.

Beau. What a Pox do'ſt keep 'em Company for, who have neither Wit enough to divert thee, nor Good-nature enough to ſerve thee?

Will. Faith *Harry* 'tis true, and if there were no more Charity than Profit in't, a Man would ſooner keep a Cough o'th' Lungs than be troubled with 'em; but the Raſcals have a blind ſide as all conceited Coxcombs have, which when I've nothing elſe to do, I ſhall expoſe to advance

our Mirth; the Rogues muſt be cozen'd, becauſe they're ſo poſitive they never can be ſo: but I am now for ſofter Joys, for Woman, for Woman in abundance———dear *Hall*, inform me where I may ſafely unlade my Heart.

Beau. The ſame Man ſtill, wild and wanton!

Will. And would not change to be the Catholick King.

Beau. I perceive Marriage has not tam'd you, nor a Wife who had all the Charms of her Sex.

Will. Ay———ſhe was too good for Mortals.

[*With a ſham Sadneſs.*

Belv. I think thou hadſt her but a Month, prithee how dy'd ſhe?

Will. Faith, e'en with a fit of Kindneſs poor Soul——ſhe would to Sea with me, and in a Storm———far from Land, ſhe gave up the Ghoſt———'twas a Loſs, but I muſt bear it with a chriſtian Fortitude.

Beau. Short Happineſſes vaniſh like to Dreams.

Will. Ay faith, and nothing remains with me but the ſad Remembrance——not ſo much as the leaſt Part of her hundred thouſand Crowns; *Bruſſels* that inchanted Court has eas'd me of that Grief, where our Heroes act *Tantalus* better than ever *Ovid* deſcrib'd him, condemn'd daily to ſee an Apparition of Meat, Food in Viſion only. Faith I had Bowels, was good-natur'd, and lent upon the publick Faith as far as 'twill go——But come, let's leave this mortifying Diſcourſe, and tell me how the price of Pleaſure goes.

Beau. At the old Rates ſtill; he that gives moſt is happieſt, ſome few there are for Love!

Will. Ah, one of the laſt, dear *Beaumond*; and if a Heart or Sword can purchaſe her, I'll bid as fair as the beſt. Damn it, I hate a Whore that asks me Mony.

Beau. Yet I have known thee venture all thy Stock for a new Woman.

Will. Ay, ſuch a Fool I was in my dull Days of Conſtancy, but I am now for Change, (and ſhould I pay as often, 'twould undo me)——for Change, my Dear, of Place, Clothes, Wine, and Women. Variety is the Soul of Pleaſure, a Good unknown; and we want Faith to find it.

Beau.

Beau. Thou wouldſt renounce that fond Opinion, *Willmore*, didſt thou ſee a Beauty here in Town, whoſe Charms have Power to fix inconſtant Nature or Fortune were ſhe tottering on her Wheel.

Will. Her Name, my Dear, her Name?

Beau. I would not breathe it even in my Complaints, leſt amorous Winds ſhould bear it o'er the World, and make Mankind her Slaves; but that it is a Name too cheaply known, and ſhe that owns it may be as cheaply purchas'd.

Will. Hah! cheaply purchas'd too! I languiſh for her.

Beau. Ay, there's the Devil on't, ſhe is—a Whore.

Will. Ah, what a charming Sound that mighty Word bears!

Beau. Damn her, ſhe'll be thine or any body's.

Will. I die for her——

Beau. Then for her Qualities——

Will. No more——ye Gods, I ask no more,
Be ſhe but fair and much a Whore——Come let's to her.

Beau. Perhaps to morrow you may ſee this Woman.

Will. Death, 'tis an Age.

Feth. Oh, Captain, the ſtrangeſt News, Captain.

Will. Prithee what?

Feth. Why, Lieutenant *Shift* here tells us of two Monſters arriv'd from *Mexico*, Jews of vaſt Fortunes, with an old Jew Uncle their Guardian; they are worth a hundred thouſand Pounds a piece——Mercy upon's, why, 'tis a Sum able to purchaſe all *Flanders* again from his moſt chriſtian Majeſty.

Will. Ha, ha, ha, Monſters!

Beau. He tells you Truth, *Willmore.*

Blunt. But hark ye, Lieutenant, are you ſure they are not married?

Beau. Who the Devil would venture on ſuch formidable Ladies?

Feth. How, venture on 'em! by the Lord *Harry*, and that would I, tho I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, and they be Jews, (which to a Chriſtian is a thouſand Reaſons.)

Blunt. Is the Devil in you to declare our Deſigns? [*Aſide.*

Feth. Mum, as cloſe as a Jeſuit.

Beau. I admire your Courage, Sir, but one of them is ſo little, and ſo deform'd, 'tis thought ſhe is not capable of Marriage; and the other is ſo huge an overgrown Giant, no Man dares venture on her.

Will. Prithee let's go ſee 'em; what do they pay for going in?

Feth. Pay———I'd have you to know they are Monſters of Quality.

Shift. And not to be ſeen but by particular Favour of their Guardian, whom I am got acquainted with, from the Friendſhip I have with the Merchant where they lay. The Giant, Sir, is in love with me, the Dwarf with Enſign *Hunt*, and as we manage Matters we may prove lucky.

Beau. And didſt thou ſee the Show? the Elephant and the Mouſe.

Shift. Yes, and pleas'd them wondrouſly with News I brought 'em of a famous Mountebank who is coming to *Madrid*, here are his Bills———who amongſt other his marvellous Cures, pretends to reſtore Miſtakes in Nature, to new-mould a Face and Body tho never ſo miſhapen, to exact Proportion and Beauty. This News has made me gracious to the Ladies, and I am to bring 'em word of the Arrival of this famous Empirick, and to negotiate the Buſineſs of their Reformation.

Will. And do they think to be reſtor'd to moderate ſizes?

Shift. Much pleas'd with the Hope, and are reſolv'd to try at any Rate.

Feth. Mum, Lieutenant———not too much of their Transformation; we ſhall have the Captain put in for a Share, and the Devil would not have him his Rival: *Ned* and I are reſolv'd to venture a Caſt for 'em as they are——Hah, *Ned.*

[Will. *and* Beau. *read the Bill.*

Blunt. Yes, if there were any Hopes of your keeping a Secret.

Feth. Nay, nay, *Ned*, the World knows I am a plaguy Fellow at your Secrets; that, and my Share of the Charge ſhall be my Part, for *Shift* ſays the Guardian muſt be brib'd for Conſent: Now the other Moiety of the Mony and the Speeches ſhall be thy part, for thou haſt a pretty Knack that

that way. Now *Shift* ſhall bring Matters neatly about, and we'll pay him by the Day, or in groſs, when we are married———hah *Shift.*

Shift. Sir, I ſhall be reaſonable.

Will. I am ſure *Fetherfool* and *Blunt* have ſome wiſe Deſign upon theſe two Monſters——it muſt be ſo—— and this Bill has put an extravagant Thought into my Head——hark ye *Shift.* [*Whiſpers to him.*

Blunt. The Devil's in't if this will not redeem my Reputation with the Captain, and give him to underſtand that all the Wit does not lie in the Family of the *Willmores*, but that this Noddle of mine can be fruitful too upon Occaſion.

Feth. Ay, and Lord how we'll domineer, *Ned*, hah—over *Willmore* and the reſt of the Renegado Officers, when we have married theſe Lady Monſters, hah, *Ned.*

Blunt.—Then to return back to *Eſſex* worth a Million.

Feth. And I to *Croyden*———

Blunt.——Lolling in Coach and Six——

Feth. ——Be dub'd Right Worſhipful——

Blunt. And ſtand for Knight of the Shire.

Will. Enough——I muſt have my Share of this Jeſt, and for divers and ſundry Reaſons thereunto belonging, muſt be this very Mountebank expected.

Shift. Faith, Sir, and that were no hard matter, for a day or two the Town will believe it, the ſame they look for: and the Bank, Operators and Muſick are all ready.

Will. Well enough, add but a *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, and I ſhall mount in querpo.

Shift. Take no care for that, Sir, your Man, and Enſign *Hunt*, are excellent at thoſe two; I ſaw 'em act 'em the other day to a Wonder, they'll be glad of the Employment, my ſelf will be an Operator.

Will. No more, get it ready, and give it out, the Man of Art's arrived: Be diligent and ſecret, for theſe two politick Aſſes muſt be cozen'd.

Shift. I will about the Buſineſs inſtantly. [*Ex.* Shift.

Beau. This Fellow will do Feats if he keeps his Word.

Will. I'll give you mine he ſhall——But, dear *Beaumond*, where ſhall we meet anon?

Beau. I thank ye for that—'Gad, ye ſhall dine with me.

Feth. A good Motion————

Will. I beg your Pardon now, dear *Beaumond*—I having lately nothing elſe to do, took a Command of Horſe from the General at the laſt Siege, from which I am juſt arriv'd, and my Baggage is behind, which I muſt take order for.

Feth. Pox on't now there's a Dinner loſt, 'twas ever an unlucky Raſcal.

Beau. To tempt thee more, thou ſhalt ſee my Wife that is to be.

Will. Pox on't, I am the leudeſt Company in Chriſtendom with your honeſt Women———but———What art thou to be noos'd then?

Beau. 'Tis ſo deſign'd by my Uncle, if an old Grandee my Rival prevent it not; the Wench is very pretty, young, and rich, and lives in the ſame Houſe with me, for 'tis my Aunt's Daughter.

Will. Much good may it d'ye *Harry*, I pity you, but 'tis the common Grievance of you happy Men of Fortune.

[*Goes towards the Houſe-door with* Beau.

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Petronella, Sancho, *Women veil'd a little.*

Aur. Heavens, Madam, is not that the *Engliſh* Captain?

[*Looking on* Will.

La Nu. 'Tis, and with him Don *Henrick* the Ambaſſador's Nephew——how my Heart pants and heaves at ſight of him! ſome Fire of the old Flames remaining, which I muſt ſtrive to extinguiſh. For I'll not bate a Ducat of this Price I've ſet upon my ſelf, for all the Pleaſures Youth or Love can bring me——for ſee *Aurelia*—the ſad Memento of a decay'd poor old forſaken Whore in *Petronella*; conſider her, and then commend my Prudence.

Will. Hah, Women!————

Feth. Egad and fine ones too, I'll tell you that.

Will. No matter, Kindneſs is better Sauce to Woman than Beauty! By this Hand ſhe looks at me——Why doſt hold me? [Feth. *holds him.*

Feth. Why, what a Devil art mad?

Will.

Will. Raging, as vigorous Youth kept long from Beauty; wild for the charming Sex, eager for Woman, I long to give a Looſe to Love and Pleaſure.

Blunt. Theſe are not Women, Sir, for you to ruffle—

Will. Have a care of your Perſons of Quality, *Ned.* [*Goes to* La Nuche.

———Thoſe lovely Eyes were never made to throw their Darts in vain.

La Nu. The Conqueſt would be hardly worth the Pain.

Will. Hah, *La Nuche!* with what a proud Diſdain ſhe flung away——ſtay, I will not part ſo with you——— [*Holds her.*

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia *with Footmen.*

Aria. Who are theſe before us, *Lucia?*

Luc. I know not, Madam; but if you make not haſte home, you'll be troubled with *Carlo* your importunate Lover, who is juſt behind us.

Aria. Hang me, a lovely Man? what Lady's that? ſtay.

Pe. What Inſolence is this! This Villain will ſpoil all——

Feth. Why, Captain, are you quite diſtracted?——— doſt know where thou art? Prithee be civil——

Will. Go proud and cruel! [*Turns her from him.*

Enter Carlo, *and two or three* Spaniſh *Servants following:* Petronella *goes to him.*

Car. Hah, affronted by a drunken Iſlander, a ſaucy Tramontane!——Draw—— [*To his Servants whilſt he takes* La Nuche.

whilſt I lead her off——fear not, Lady, you have the Honour of my Sword to guard ye.

Will. Hah *Carlo*———ye lye——it cannot guard the boaſting Fool that wears it——be gone——and look not back upon this Woman. (*Snatches her from him*) One ſingle Glance deſtroys thee———

[*They draw and fight*; Carlo *getting hindmoſt of his* Spaniards, *the* Engliſh *beat 'em off*: *The Ladies run away, all but* Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Luc. Heav'ns, Madam, why do ye ſtay?

Aria. To pray for that dear Stranger——And ſee, my Prayers are heard, and he's return'd in ſafety———this

Door ſhall ſhelter me to o'er-hear the Quarrel. [*Steps aſide.*

Enter Will. Blunt, Feth. *looking big, and putting up his Sword.*

Feth. The noble Captain be affronted by a ſtarch'd Ruff and Beard, a Coward in querpo, a walking Bunch of Garlick, a pickle Pilchard! abuſe the noble Captain, and bear it off in State, like a Chriſtmas Sweet-heart; theſe things muſt not be whilſt *Nicholas Fetherfool* wears a Sword.

Blunt. Pox o' theſe Women, I thought no good would come on't: beſides, where's the Jeſt in affronting honeſt Women, if there be ſuch a thing in the Nation?

Feth. Hang't, 'twas the Devil and all———

Will. Ha, ha, ha! Why good honeſt homeſpun Country Gentleman, who do you think thoſe were?

Feth. Were! why, Ladies of Quality going to their Devotion; who ſhould they be?

Blunt. Why, faith, and ſo I thought too.

Will. Why, that very one Woman I ſpoke to is ten Whores in *Surrey*.

Feth. Prithee ſpeak ſoftly Man: 'Slife, we ſhall be poniarded for keeping thee company.

Will. Wiſe Mr. Juſtice, give me your Warrant, and if I do not prove 'em Whores, whip me.

Feth. Prithee hold thy ſcandalous blaſphemous Tongue, as if I did not know Whores from Perſons of Quality.

Will. Will you believe me when you lie with her? for thou'rt a rich Aſs, and may'ſt do it.

Feth. Whores———ha, ha———

Will. 'Tis ſtrange Logick now, becauſe your Band is better than mine, I muſt not know a Whore better than you.

Blunt. If this be a Whore, as thou ſay'ſt, I underſtand nothing———by this Light ſuch a Wench would paſs for a Perſon of Quality in *London*.

Feth. Few Ladies I have ſeen at a Sheriff's Feaſt have better Faces, or worn ſo good Clothes; and by the Lord *Harry*, if theſe be of the gentle Craft, I'd not give a Real for an honeſt Woman for my uſe.

Will. Come follow me into the Church, for thither I am

am ſure they're gone: And I will let you ſee what a wretched thing you had been had you liv'd ſeven Years longer in *Surrey*, ſtew'd in Ale and Beef-broth.

Feth. O dear *Willmore*, name not thoſe ſavory things, there's no jeſting with my Stomach; it ſleeps now, but if it wakes, wo be to your Shares at the Ordinary.

Blunt. I'll ſay that for *Fetherfool*, if his Heart were but half ſo good as his Stomach, he were a brave Fellow.

[*Aſide, Exeunt.*

Aria. I am reſolv'd to follow——and learn, if poſſible, who 'tis has made this ſudden Conqueſt o'er me.

[*All go off.*

(*Scene draws, and diſcovers a Church, a great many People at Devotion, ſoft Muſick playing. Enter* La Nuche, Aurelia, Petron. *and* Sancho: *To them* Willmore, Feth. Blunt; *then* Ariadne, Lucia; Feth. *bows to* La Nuche *and* Petronella.

Feth. Now as I hope to be ſav'd, *Blunt*, ſhe's a moſt melodious Lady. Would I were worthy to purchaſe a Sin or ſo with her. Would not ſuch a Beauty reconcile thy Quarrel to the Sex?

Blunt. No, were ſhe an Angel in that Shape.

Feth. Why, what a pox couldſt not lie with her if ſhe'd let thee? By the Lord *Harry*, as errant a Dog as I am, I'd fain ſee any of *Cupid*'s Cook-maids put me out of countenance with ſuch a Shoulder of Mutton.

Aria. See how he gazes on her ——— *Lucia* go nearer, and o'er-hear 'em. [Lucia *liſtens.*

Will. Death, how the charming Hypocrite looks to day, with ſuch a ſoft Devotion in her Eyes, as if even now ſhe were praiſing Heav'n for all the Advantages it has bleſt her with.

Blunt. Look how *Willmore* eyes her, the Rogue's ſmitten heart-deep———Whores———

Feth. Only a Trick to keep her to himſelf———he thought the Name of a *Spaniſh* Harlot would fright us from attempting——I muſt divert him——how is't Captain———Prithee mind this Muſick———Is it not moſt Seraphical?

Will. Pox, let the Fidlers mind and tune their Pipes, I've

I've higher Pleaſures now.

Feth. Oh have ye ſo; what with Whores, Captain?—'Tis a moſt delicious Gentlewoman. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Pray, Madam, mind that Cavalier, who takes ſuch pains to recommend himſelf to you.

La Nu. Yes, for a fine conceited Fool———

Pet. Catſo, a Fool, what elſe?

La Nu. Right, they are our nobleſt Chapmen; a Fool, and a rich Fool, and an *Engliſh* rich Fool———

Feth. 'Sbud ſhe eyes me, *Ned*, I'll ſet my ſelf in order, it may take———hah——— [*Sets himſelf.*

Pet. Let me alone to manage him, I'll to him——

La Nu. Or to the Devil, ſo I had one Minute's time to ſpeak to *Willmore.*

Pet. And accoſting him thus——tell him——

La Nu. in a haſty Tone.]—I am deſperately in love with him, and am Daughter, Wife, or Miſtreſs to ſome Grandee——bemoan the Condition of Women of Quality in *Spain*, who by too much Conſtraint are oblig'd to ſpeak firſt——but were we bleſt like other Nations where Men and Women meet——

[*Speaking ſo faſt, ſhe offering to put in her word, is ſtill prevented by t'other's running on.*

Pet. What Herds of Cuckolds would *Spain* breed——'Slife, I could find in my heart to forſwear your Service: Have I taught ye your Trade, to become my Inſtructor, how to cozen a dull phlegmatick greaſy-brain'd Engliſhman?—go and expect your Wiſhes.

Will. So, ſhe has ſent her Matron to our Coxcomb: ſhe ſaw he was a Cully fit for Game——who would not be a Raſcal to be rich, a Dog, an Aſs, a beaten, harden'd Coward——by Heaven, I will poſſeſs this gay inſenſible, to make me hate her—moſt extremely curſe her——— See if ſhe be not fallen to Pray'r again, from thence to Flattery, Jilting and Purſe-taking, to make the Proverb good———My fair falſe *Sybil*, what Inſpirations are you waiting for from Heaven, new Arts to cheat Mankind!—Tell me, with what Face canſt thou be devout, or ask any thing from thence, who haſt made ſo leud a uſe of what it has already laviſh'd on thee?

La Nu.

La Nu. Oh my careleſs Rover! I perceive all your Shot is not yet ſpent in Battel, you have a Volley in reſerve for me ſtill——Faith, Officer, the Town has wanted Mirth in your Abſence.

Will. And ſo might all the wiſer part for thee, who haſt no Mirth, no Gaiety about thee, but when thou wouldſt deſign ſome Coxcomb's ruin; to all the reſt, a Soul thou haſt ſo dull, that neither Love nor Mirth, nor Wit or Wine can wake it to good Nature————thou'rt one who lazily work'ſt in thy Trade, and ſell'ſt for ready Mony ſo much Kindneſs; a tame cold Sufferer only, and no more.

La Nu. What, you would have a Miſtreſs like a Squirrel in a Cage, always in Action———one who is as free of her Favours as I am ſparing of mine————Well, Captain, I have known the time when *La Nuche* was ſuch a Wit, ſuch a Humour, ſuch a Shape, and ſuch a Voice, (tho to ſay Truth I ſing but ſcurvily) 'twas Comedy to ſee and hear me.

Will. Why, yes Faith for once thou wert, and for once mayſt be again, till thou know'ſt thy Man, and know-eſt him to be poor. At firſt you lik'd me too, you ſaw me gay, no marks of Poverty dwelt in my Face or Dreſs, and then I was the deareſt lovelieſt Man———all this was to my out-ſide; Death, you made love to my Breeches, careſs'd my Garniture and Feather, an *Engliſh* Fool of Quality you thought me——'Sheart, I have known a Woman doat on Quality, tho he has ſtunk thro all his Perfumes; one who never went all to Bed to her, but left his Teeth, an Eye, falſe Back and Breaſt, ſometimes his Palate too upon her Toilet, whilſt her fair Arms hug'd the diſmember'd Carcaſe, and ſwore him all Perfection, becauſe of Quality.

La Nu. But he was rich, good Captain, was he not?

Will. Oh moſt damnably, and a confounded Blockhead, two certain remedies againſt your Pride and Scorn.

La Nu. Have you done, Sir?

Will. With thee and all thy Sex, of which I've try'd an hundred, and found none true or honeſt.

La Nu. Oh, I doubt not the number: for you are one of

of thoſe healthy-ſtomacht Lovers, that can digeſt a Miſtreſs in a Night, and hunger again next Morning: a Pox of your whining conſumptive Conſtitution, who are only conſtant for want of Appetite: you have a ſwinging Stomach to Variety, and Want having ſet an edge upon your Invention, (with which you cut thro all Difficulties) you grow more impudent by Succeſs.

Will. I am not always ſcorn'd then.

La Nu. I have known you as confidently put your Hands into your Pockets for Money in a Morning, as if the Devil had been your Banker, when you knew you put 'em aff at Night as empty as your Gloves.

Will. And it may be found Mony there too.

La Nu. Then with this Poverty ſo proud you are, you will not give the Wall to the Catholick King, unleſs his Picture hung upon't. No Servants, no Mony, no Meat, always on foot, and yet undaunted ſtill.

Will. Allow me that, Child.

La Nu. I wonder what the Devil makes you ſo termagant on our Sex, 'tis not your high feeding, for your Grandees only dine, and that but when Fortune pleaſes—For your parts, who are the poor dependent, brown Bread and old *Adam's* Ale is only current amongſt ye; yet if little *Eve* walk in the Garden, the ſtarv'd lean Rogues neigh after her, as if they were in Paradiſe.

Will. Still true to Love you ſee——

La Nu. I heard an *Engliſh* Capuchin swear, that if the King's Followers could be brought to pray as well as faſt, there would be more Saints among 'em than the Church has ever canoniz'd.

Will. All this with Pride I own, ſince 'tis a royal Cauſe I ſuffer for; go purſue your Buſineſs your own way, inſnare the Fool——I ſaw the Toils you ſet, and how that Face was ordered for the Conqueſt, your Eyes brimful of dying lying Love; and now and then a wiſhing Glance or Sigh thrown as by chance; which when the happy Coxcomb caught—you feign'd a Bluſh, as angry and aſham'd of the Diſcovery: and all this Cunning's for a little mercenary Gain—fine Clothes, perhaps ſome Jewels too, whilſt all the Finery cannot hide the Whore!

La Nu.

La Nu. There's your eternal Quarrel to our Sex, 'twere a fine Trade indeed to keep a Shop and give your Ware for Love: would it turn to account think ye, Captain, to trick and dreſs, to deceive all wou'd enter? faith Captain try the Trade.

Pet. What in Diſcourſe with this Railer! come away; Poverty's catching. [*Returns from Diſcourſe with* Feth. *ſpeaks to* San.

Will. So is the Pox, good Matron, of which you can afford good Penniworths.

La Nu. He charms me even with his angry Looks, and will undo me yet.

Pet. Let's leave this Place, I'll tell you my Succeſs as we go.

[Ex. *all, ſome one way, ſome another, the Forepart of the Church ſhuts over, except* Will. Blunt, Aria. *and* Lucia.

Will. She's gone, and all the Plagues of Pride go with her.

Blunt. Heartlikins follow her——Pox on't, an I'd but as good a Hand at this Game as thou haſt, I'll venture upon any Chance———

Will. Damn her, come let's to Dinner. Where's *Fetherfool?*

Blunt. Follow'd a good Woodman, who gave him the Sign: he'll lodge the Deer e'er night.

Will. Follow'd her ——— he durſt not, the Fool wants Confidence enough to look on her.

Blunt. Oh you know not how a Country Juſtice may be improved by Travel; the Rogue was hedg'd in at home with the Fear of his Neighbours and the Penal Statutes, now he's broke looſe, he runs neighing like a Stone-Horſe upon the Common.

Will. However I'll not believe this—let's follow 'em.

[*Ex.* Will. *and* Blunt.

Aria. He is in love, but with a Courtezan--ſome Comfort that.
We'll after him——'Tis a faint-hearted Lover,
Who for the firſt Diſcouragement gives over.

[*Ex.* Ariadne *and* Lucia.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Fetherfool *and* Sancho, *paſſing over the Stage*; *after them* Willmore *and* Blunt, *follow'd by* Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Will. 'TIS ſo, by Heaven, he's chaffering with her Pimp. I'll ſpare my Curſes on him for having her, he has a Plague beyond 'em.
—— Harkye, I'll never love, nor lie with Women more, thoſe Slaves to Luſt, to Vanity and Intereſt.

Blunt. Ha, Captain! [*Shaking his Head and ſmiling.*

Will. Come, let's go drink Damnation to 'em all.

Blunt. Not all, good Captain.

Will. All, for I hate 'em all——

Aria. Heavens! if he ſhould indeed! [*Aſide.*

Blunt. But, *Robert*, I have found you moſt inclined to a Damſel when you had a Bottle in your Head.

Will. Give me thy Hand, *Ned*——Curſe me, deſpiſe me, point me out for Cowardice if e'er thou ſee'ſt me court a Woman more: Nay, when thou knoweſt I ask any of the Sex a civil Question again—a Plague upon 'em, how they've handled me—come, let's go drink, I ſay—Confuſion to the Race— A Woman!—— no, I will be burnt with my own Fire to Cinders e'er any of the Brood ſhall lay my Flame——

Aria. He cannot be ſo wicked to keep this Reſolution ſure —— [*She paſſes by.*
Faith I muſt be reſolv'd—you've made a pious Reſolution, Sir, had you the Grace to keep it———
[*Paſſing on he pauſes, and looks on her.*

Will. Hum——What's that?

Blunt. That—O—nothing—but a Woman—come away.

Will. A Woman! Damn her, what Miſchief made her croſs my way juſt on the Point of Reformation!

Blunt. I find the Devil will not loſe ſo hopeful a Sinner. Hold, hold, Captain, have you no Regard to your own Soul?

Soul? 'dſheartlikins 'tis a Woman, a very errant Woman.

Aria. Your Friend informs you right, Sir, I am a Woman.

Will. Ay Child, or I were a lost Man—therefore dear lovely Creature——

Aria. How can you tell, Sir?

Will. Oh, I have naturally a large Faith, Child, and thou'ſt a promiſing Form, a tempting Motion, clean Limbs, well dreſt, and a moſt damnable inviting Air.

Aria. I am not to be ſold, nor fond of Praiſe I merit not.

Will. How, not to be ſold too! By this light, Child, thou ſpeakeſt like a Cherubim, I have not heard ſo obliging a Sound from the mouth of Woman-kind this many a Day——I find we muſt be better acquainted, my Dear.

Aria. Your Reaſon, good familiar Sir, I ſee no ſuch Neceſſity.

Will. Child, you are miſtaken, I am in great Neceſſity; for firſt I love thee—deſperately—have I not damn'd my Soul already for thee, and wouldſt thou be ſo wicked to refuſe a little Conſolation to my Body? Then ſecondly, I ſee thou art frank and good-natur'd, and wilt do Reaſon *gratis.*

Aria. How prove ye that, good Mr. Philoſopher?

Will. Thou ſay'ſt thou'rt not to be ſold, and I'm sure thou'rt to be had—that lovely Body of ſo divine a Form, thoſe ſoft ſmooth Arms and Hands, were made t'embrace as well as be embrac'd; that delicate white riſing Boſom to be preſt, and all thy other Charms to be enjoy'd.

Aria. By one that can eſteem 'em to their worth, can ſet a Value and a Rate upon 'em.

Will. Name not thoſe Words, they grate my Ears like Jointure, that dull conjugal Cant that frights the generous Lover. Rate—Death, let the old Dotards talk of Rates, and pay it t'atone for the Defects of Impotence. Let the ſly Statesman, who jilts the Commonwealth with his grave Politicks, pay for the Sin, that he may doat in ſecret: let the brisk Fool inch out his ſcanted Senſe with a large

Purſe more eloquent than he: But tell not me of Rates, who bring a Heart, Youth, Vigor, and a Tongue to ſing the Praiſe of every ſingle Pleaſure thou ſhalt give me.

Aria. Then if I ſhould be kind, I perceive you would not keep the Secret.

Will. Secreſy is a damn'd ungrateful Sin, Child, known only where Religion and Small-beer are current, deſpis'd where *Apollo* and the Vine bleſs the Country: you find none of *Jove*'s Miſtreſſes hid in Roots and Plants, but fixt Stars in Heaven for all to gaze and wonder at—— and tho I am no God, my Dear, I'll do a Mortal's Part, and generouſly tell the admiring World what hidden Charms thou haſt: Come, lead me to ſome Place of Happineſs——

Blunt. Prithee, honeſt Damſel, be not ſo full of Queſtions; will a Piſtole or two do thee any hurt?

Luc. None at all, Sir———

Blunt. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a hearty Wench—and I believe haſt not been one of *Venus*' Hand-maids ſo long, but thou underſtandſt thy Trade——In ſhort, fair Damſel, this honeſt Fellow here who is ſo termagant upon thy Lady, is my Friend, my particular Friend, and therefore I would have him handſomly, and well-favour'dly abus'd——you conceive me.

Luc. Truly, Sir, a friendly Requeſt——but in what Nature abus'd?

Blunt. Nature!——why any of your Tricks would ſerve——but if he could be conveniently ſtrip'd and beaten, or toſt in a Blanket, or any ſuch trivial Buſineſs, thou wouldſt do me a ſingular Kindneſs; as for Robbery he defies the Devil: an empty Pocket is an Antidote againſt that Ill.

Luc. Your Money, Sir: and if he be not cozen'd, ſay a *Spaniſh* Woman has neither Wit nor Invention upon Occaſion.

Blunt. Sheartlikins, how I ſhall love and honour thee for't——here's earneſt———

[*Talks to her with Joy, and Grimace.*

Aria. But who was that you entertain'd at Church but now?

Will.

Will. Faith one, who for her Beauty merits that glorious Title ſhe wears, it was—a Whore, Child.

Aria. That's but a ſcurvy Name; yet, if I'm not miſtaken, in thoſe falſe Eyes of yours, they look with longing Love upon that——Whore, Child.

Will. Thou art i'th' right, and by this hand, my Soul was full as wiſhing as my Eyes: but a Pox on't, you Women have all a certain Jargon, or Gibberiſh, peculiar to your ſelves; of Value, Rate, Preſent, Intereſt, Settlement, Advantage, Price, Maintenance, and the Devil and all of Fopperies, which in plain Terms ſignify ready Money, by way of Fine before Entrance; ſo that an honeſt well-meaning Merchant of Love finds no Credit amongſt ye, without his Bill of Lading.

Aria. We are not all ſo cruel——but the Devil on't is, your good-natur'd Heart is likely accompanied with an ill Face and worſe Wit.

Will. Faith, Child, a ready Diſh when a Man's Stomach is up, is better than a tedious Feaſt. I never ſaw any Man yet cut my piéce; ſome are for Beauty, ſome are for Wit, and ſome for the Secret, but I for all, ſo it be in a kind Girl: and for Wit in Women, ſo ſhe ſay pretty fond things, we underſtand; tho true or falſe, no matter.

Aria. Give the Devil his due, you are a very conſcientious Lover: I love a Man that ſcorns to impoſe dull Truth and Conſtancy on a Miſtreſs.

Will. Conſtancy, that current Coin with Fools! No Child, Heaven keep that Curſe from our Doors.

Aria. Hang it, it loſes Time and Profit, new Lovers have new Vows and new Preſents, whilſt the old feed upon dull repetition of what they did when they were Lovers; 'tis like eating the cold Meat ones ſelf, after having given a Friend a Feaſt.

Will. Yes, that's the thrifty Food for the Family when the Gueſts are gone. Faith, Child, thou haſt made a neat and a hearty Speech: But prithee, my Dear, for the future, leave out that ſame Profit and Preſent, for I have a natural Averſion to hard words; and for matter of quick Diſpatch in the Buſineſs——give me thy Hand, Child—

let

let us but ſtart fair, and if thou outſtripſt me, thou'rt a nimble Racer. [Lucia *ſees* Shift.

Luc. Oh, Madam, let's be gone: yonder's Lieutenant *Shift*, who, if he ſees us, will certainly give an Account of it to Mr. *Beaumond*. Let's get in thro the Garden, I have the Key.

Aria. Here's Company coming, and for ſeveral reaſons I wou'd not be ſeen. [*Offers to go.*

Will. Gad, Child, nor I! Reputation is tender—therefore prithee let's retire. [*Offers to go with her.*

Aria. You muſt not ſtir a ſtep.

Will. Not ſtir! no Magick Circle can detain me if you go.

Aria. Follow me then at a diſtance, and obſerve where I enter; and at night (if your Paſſion laſts ſo long) return, and you ſhall find Admittance into the Garden.

[*Speaking haſtily.*

He runs out after her.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Well, Sir, the Mountebank's come, and juſt going to begin in the Piazza; I have order'd Matters, that you ſhall have a ſight of the Monſters, and leave to court 'em, and when won, to give the Guardian a fourth part of the Portions.

Blunt. Good: But Mum——here's the Captain, who muſt by no means know our good Fortune, till he ſee us in State.

Enter Willmore, Shift *goes to him.*

Shift. All things are ready, Sir, for our Deſign, the Houſe prepar'd as you directed me, the Guardian wrought upon by the Perſuaſions of the two Monſters, to take a Lodging there, and try the Bath of Reformation: The Bank's preparing, and the Operators and Muſick all ready, and the impatient Town flockt together to behold the Man of Wonders, and nothing wanting but your Donſhip and a proper Speech.

Will. 'Tis well, I'll go fit my ſelf with a Dreſs, and think of a Speech the while: In the mean time, go you and amuſe the gaping Fools that expect my coming.

[*Goes out.*

Enter

Enter Fetherfool *ſinging and dancing.*

Feth. *Have you heard of a* Spaniſh *Lady,*
How ſhe woo'd an Engliſh *Man?*

Blunt. Why how now, *Fetherfool?*

Feth. *Garments gay, and rich as may be,*
Deckt with Jewels, had ſhe on.

Blunt. Why how now, Juſtice, what run mad out of Dog-days?

Fether. *Of a comely Countenance and Grace is ſhe,*
A ſweeter Creature in the World there could not be.

Shift. Why what the Devil's the matter, Sir?

Blunt. Stark mad, 'dſhartlikins.

Feth. *Of a Comely Countenance* —— well, Lieutenant, the moſt heroick and illuſtrious Madona! Thou ſaw'ſt her, *Ned: And of a comely Counte*——— The moſt Magnetick Face——well——I knew the Charms of theſe Eyes of mine were not made in vain: I was deſign'd for great things, that's certain———*And a ſweeter Creature in the World there could not be.* [Singing.

Blunt. What then the two Lady Monſters are forgotten? the Deſign upon the Million of Money, the Coach and Six, and Patent for Right Worſhipful, all drown'd in the Joy of this new Miſtreſs?———But well, Lieutenant, ſince he is ſo well provided for, you may put in with me for a Monſter; ſuch a Jeſt, and ſuch a Sum, is not to be loſt.

Shift. Nor ſhall not, or I have loſt my Aim. [*Aſide.*

Feth. (*Putting off his Hat*) Your Pardons, good Gentlemen: and tho I perceive I ſhall have no great need for ſo trifling a Sum as a hundred thouſand Pound, or ſo, yet a Bargain's a Bargain, Gentlemen.

Blunt. Nay, 'dſheartlikins, the Lieutenant ſcorns to do a foul thing, d'ye ſee, but we would not have the Monſters ſlighted.

Feth. Slighted! no, Sir, I ſcorn your Words, I'd have ye to know, that I have as high a Reſpect for Madam Monſter, as any Gentleman in Chriſtendom, and ſo I deſire ſhe ſhould underſtand.

Blunt. Why, this is that that's handſom.

Shift.

Shift. Well, the Mountebank's come, Lodgings are taken at his Houſe, and the Guardian prepar'd to receive you on the aforeſaid Terms, and ſome fifty Piſtoles to the Mountebank to ſtand your Friend, and the Buſineſs is done.

Feth. Which ſhall be perform'd accordingly, I have it ready about me.

Blunt. And here's mine, put 'em together, and let's be speedy, leſt ſome ſhould bribe higher, and put in before us. [Feth. *takes the Money, and looks pitiful on't.*

Feth. 'Tis a plaguy round Sum, *Ned*, pray God it turn to Account.

Blunt. Account, 'dſheartlikins, 'tis not in the Power of mortal Man to cozen me.

Shift. Oh fie, Sir, cozen you, Sir!——well, you'll ſtay here and ſee the Mountebank, he's coming forth.

[*A Hollowing. Enter from the Front a Bank, a Pageant, which they fix on the Stage at one ſide, a little Pavilion on't, Muſick playing, and Operators round below, or Antickers.*

[*Musick plays, and an Antick Dance.*

Enter Willmore *like a Mountebank, with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Viol in the other*; Carlo *with other* Spaniards *below, and Rabble*; Ariadne *and* Lucia *above in the Balcony, others on the other ſide*, Fetherfool *and* Blunt *below.*

Will. (*bowing*) Behold this little Viol, which contains in its narrow Bounds what the whole Univerſe cannot purchaſe, if ſold to its true Value; this admirable, this miraculous Elixir, drawn from the Hearts of Mandrakes, Phenix Livers, and Tongues of Mairmaids, and diſtill'd by contracted Sun Beams, has beſides the unknown Virtue of curing all diſtempers both of Mind and Body, that divine one of animating the Heart of Man to that Degree, that however remiſs, cold and cowardly by Nature, he ſhall become vigorous and brave. Oh ſtupid and inſenſible Man, when Honour and ſecure Renown invites you, to treat it with Neglect, even when you need but paſſive Valour, to become the Heroes of the Age; receive a thouſand Wounds, each of which wou'd let out fleeting Life: Here's

Here's that can ſnatch the parting Soul in its full Career, and bring it back to its native Manſion; baffles grim Death, and diſappoints even Fate.

Feth. Oh Pox, an a Man were ſure of that now——

Will. Behold, here's Demonſtration———

Harlequin *ſtabs himſelf, and falls as dead.*

Feth. Hold, hold, why, what the Devil is the Fellow mad?

Blunt. Why, do'ſt think he has hurt himſelf?

Feth. Hurt himſelf! why, he's murder'd, Man; 'tis flat *Felo de ſe*, in any ground in *England*, if I underſtand Law, and I have been a Juſtice o'th' Peace.

Will. See, Gentlemen, he's dead——

Feth. Look ye there now, I'll be gone leſt I be taken as an Acceſſary. [*Going out.*

Will. Coffin him, inter him, yet after four and twenty Hours, as many Drops of this divine Elixir give him new Life again; this will recover whole Fields of ſlain, and all the Dead ſhall riſe and fight again———'twas this that made the Roman Legions numerous, and now makes *France* ſo formidable, and this alone———may be the Occaſion of the loſs of *Germany.*

[*Pours in* Harlequin's W*ound, he riſes.*

Feth. Why this Fellow's the Devil, *Ned*, that's for certain.

Blunt. Oh plague, a damn'd Conjurer, this———

Will. Come, buy this Coward's Comfort, quickly buy; what Fop would be abus'd, mimick'd and ſcorn'd, for fear of Wounds can be ſo eaſily cured? Who is't wou'd bear the Inſolence and Pride of domineering great Men, proud Officers or Magiſtrates? or who wou'd cringe to Stateſmen out of Fear? What Cully wou'd be cuckolded? What fooliſh Heir undone by cheating Gameſters? What Lord wou'd be lampoon'd? What Poet fear the Malice of his ſatirical Brother, or Atheiſt fear to fight for fear of Death? Come buy my Coward's Comfort, quickly buy.

Feth. Egad, *Ned*, a very excellent thing this; I'll lay out ten Reals upon this Commodity.

[*They buy, whilſt another Part of the Dance is danc'd.*

Will.

Will. Behold this little Paper, which contains a Pouder, whoſe Value ſurmounts that of Rocks of Diamonds and Hills of Gold; 'twas this made *Venus* a Goddeſs, and was given her by *Apollo*, from her deriv'd to *Helen*, and in the Sack of *Troy* loſt, till recover'd by me out of ſome Ruins in *Aſia*. Come, buy it, Ladies, you that wou'd be fair and wear eternal Youth; and you in whom the amorous Fire remains, when all the Charms are fled: You that dreſs young and gay, and would be thought ſo, that patch and paint, to fill up ſometimes old Furrows on your Brows, and ſet your ſelves for Conqueſt, tho in vain; here's that will give you aubern Hair, white Teeth, red Lips, and Dimples on your Cheeks: Come, buy it all you that are paſt bewitching, and wou'd have handſom, young and active Lovers.

Feth. Another good thing, *Ned.*

Car. I'll lay out a Piſtole or two in this, if it have the ſame Effect on Men.

Will. Come, all you City Wives, that wou'd advance your Husbands to Lord Mayors, come, buy of me new Beauty; this will give it tho now decay'd, as are your Shop Commodities; this will retrieve your Cuſtomers, and vend your falſe and out of faſhion'd Wares: cheat, lye, proteſt and cozen as you pleaſe, a handſom Wife makes all a lawful Gain. Come, City Wives, come, buy.

Feth. A moſt prodigious Fellow!

[*They buy, he ſits, the other Part is danc'd.*

Will. But here, behold the Life and Soul of Man! this is the amorous Pouder, which *Venus* made and gave the God of Love, which made him firſt a Deity; you talk of Arrows, Bow, and killing Darts; Fables, poetical Fictions, and no more: 'tis this alone that wounds and fires the Heart, makes Women kind, and equals Men to Gods; 'tis this that makes your great Lady doat on the ill-favour'd Fop; your great Man be jilted by his little Miſtreſs, the Judge cajol'd by his Semſtreſs, and your Politician by his Comedian; your young Lady doat on her decrepid Husband, your Chaplain on my Lady's Waiting-Woman, and the young Squire on the Landry-Maid——In fine Meſſieurs, 'Tis

'Tis this that cures the Lover's Pain,
And Celia *of her cold Diſdain.*

Feth. A moſt deviliſh Fellow this!

Blunt. Hold, ſhartlikins, *Fetherfool*, let's have a Doſe or two of this Pouder for quick Diſpatch with our Monſters.

Feth. 'Why Pox, Man, Jugg my Giant would ſwallow a whole Cart-Load before 'twould operate.

Blunt. No hurt in trying a Paper or two however.

Car. A moſt admirable Receit, I ſhall have need on't.

Will. I need ſay nothing of my divine Baths of Reformation, nor the wonders of the old Oracle of the Box, which reſolves all Queſtions, my Bills ſufficiently declare their Virtue. [*Sits down.*

[*They buy.*

Enter Petronella Elenora *carried in a Chair, dreſs'd like a Girl of Fifteen.*

Shift. Room there, Gentlemen, room for a Patient.

Blunt. Pray, Seignior, who may this be thus muzzl'd by old Gaffer Time?

Car. One *Petronella Elenora*, Sir, a famous outworn Curtezan.

Blunt. Elenora! ſhe may be that of *Troy* for her Antiquity, tho fitter for God *Priapus* to raviſh than *Paris*.

Shift. Hunt, a word; doſt thou ſee that ſame formal Politician yonder, on the Jennet, the nobler Animal of the two?

Hunt. What of him?

Shift. 'Tis the ſame drew on the Captain this Morning, and I muſt revenge the Affront.

Hunt. Have a care of Revenges in S*pain*, upon Perſons of his Quality.

Shift. Nay, I'll only ſteal his Horſe from under him.

Hunt. Steal it! thou may'ſt take it by force perhaps; but how ſafely is a Queſtion.

Shift. I'll warrant thee——ſhoulder you up one ſide of his great Saddle, I'll do the like on t'other; then heaving him gently up, *Harlequin* ſhall lead the Horſe, from

between his Worſhip's Legs: All this in the Croud will not be perceiv'd, where all Eyes are imploy'd on the Mountebank.

Hunt. I apprehend you now——

[*Whilſt they are lifting* Petronella *on the Mountebank's Stage, they go into the Croud, ſhoulder up* Carlo's *Saddle.* Harlequin *leads the Horſe forward, whilſt* Carlo *is gazing, and turning up his Muſtachios; they hold him up a little while, then let him drop: he riſes and ſtares about for his Horſe.*

Car. This is flat Conjuration.

Shift. What's your Worſhip on foot?

Hunt. I never ſaw his Worſhip on foot before.

Car. Sirrah, none of your Jeſts, this muſt be by diabolical Art, and ſhall coſt the Seignior dear—Men of my Garb affronted—my Jennet vaniſht—moſt miraculous—by St. *Jago* I'll be revenged——hah, what's here——*La Nuche*—— [*Surveys her at a diſtance.*

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Sancho.

La Nu. We are purſu'd by *Beaumond*, who will certainly hinder our ſpeaking to *Willmore*, ſhould we have the good fortune to ſee him in this Croud——and yet there's no avoiding him.

Beau. 'Tis ſhe, how carefully ſhe ſhuns me!

Aur. I'm ſatisfied he knows us by the jealous Concern which appears in that prying Countenance of his.

Beau. Stay, Cruel, is it Love or Curioſity, that wings thoſe nimble Feet? [*Holds her.*

[Lucia *above and* Ariadne.]

Aria. Beaumond with a Woman!

Beau. Have you forgot this is the glorious Day that uſhers in the Night ſhall make you mine? the happieſt Night that ever favour'd Love!

La Nu. Or if I have, I find you'll take care to remember me.

Beau. Sooner I could forget the Aids of Life, ſooner forget how firſt that Beauty charm'd me.

La Nu. Well, ſince your Memory's ſo good, I need not doubt your coming.

Beau.

Beau. Still cold and unconcern'd! How have I doated, and how ſacrific'd, regardleſs of my Fame, lain idling here, when all the Youth of *Spain* were gaining Honour, valuing one Smile of thine above their Laurels!

La Nu. And in return, I do ſubmit to yield, preferring you above thoſe fighting Fools, who ſafe in Multitudes reap Honour cheaper.

Beau. Yet there is one—one of thoſe fighting Fools which ſhould'ſt thou ſee, I fear I were undone; brave, handſome, gay, and all that Women doat on, unfortunate in every good of Life, but that one Bleſſing of obtaining Women: Be wiſe, for if thou ſeeſt him thou art loſt——Why doſt thou bluſh?

La Nu. Becauſe you doubt my Heart—'tis *Willmore* that he means. [*Aſide.*] We've Eyes upon us, Don *Carlo* may grow jealous, and he's a powerful Rival——at night I ſhall expect ye.

Beau. Whilſt I prepare my ſelf for ſuch a Bleſſing.
[*Ex.* Beau.

Car. Hah! a Cavalier in conference with *La Nuche!* and entertain'd without my knowledge! I muſt prevent this Lover, for he's young——and this Night will ſurpriſe her. [*Aſide.*

Will. And you would be reſtor'd? [*To* Petro.

Pet. Yes, if there be that Divinity in your Baths of Reformation.

Will. There are.

New Flames ſhall ſparkle in thoſe Eyes;
And theſe grey Hairs flowing and bright ſhall riſe:
Theſe Cheeks freſh Buds of Roſes wear,
And all your wither'd Limbs ſo ſmooth and clear,
As ſhall a general Wonder move,
And wound a thouſand Hearts with Love.

Pet. A Bleſſing on you, Sir, there's fifty Piſtoles for you, and as I earn it you ſhall have more.
[*They lift her down.*
[*Exit* Willmore *bowing.*

Shift. Meſſieurs, 'tis late, and the Seignior's Patients ſtay for him at his Laboratory, to morrow you ſhall ſee the concluſion of this Experiment, and ſo I humbly take my leave at this time.

Enter Willmore, *below ſees* La Nuche, *makes up to her, whilſt the last part of the Dance is dancing.*

La Nu. What makes you follow me, Sir?

[*She goes from him, he purſues.*

Will. Madam, I ſee ſomething in that lovely Face of yours, which if not timely prevented, will be your ruin: I'm now in haste, but I have more to say— [*Goes off.*

La Nu. Stay, Sir—he's gone—and fill'd me with a curioſity that will not let me reſt till it be ſatisfied: Follow me, *Aurelia*, for I muſt know my Deſtiny.

[*Goes out.*

[*The Dance ended, the Bank removes, the People go off.*

Feth. Come, *Ned*, now for our amorous Viſit to the two Lady Monſters. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to a fine Chamber.*

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Aria. I'm thoughtful: Prithee, Couſin, ſing ſome fooliſh Song———

SONG.

Phillis, *whoſe Heart was unconfin'd,*
And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains,
None boaſted of her being kind,
'Mongſt all the languiſhing and amorous Swains:
No Sighs nor Tears the Nymph could move
To pity or return their Love.

Till on a time, the hapleſs Maid
Retir'd to ſhun the heat o'th' Day,
Into a Grove, beneath whoſe Shade
Strephon, *the careleſs Shepherd, ſleeping lay:*
But oh ſuch Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

Her

Her Cheeks with Bluſhes covered were,
And tender Sighs her Boſom warm;
A ſoftneſs in her Eyes appear,
Unuſual Pains ſhe feels from every Charm:
To Woods and Ecchoes now ſhe cries,
For Modeſty to ſpeak denies.

Aria. Come, help to undreſs me, for I'll to this Mountebank, to know what ſucceſs I ſhall have with my Cavalier.

[*Unpins her things before a great Glaſs that is faſten'd.*

Luc. You are reſolv'd then to give him admittance?

Aria. Where's the danger of a handſom young Fellow?

Luc. But you don't know him, Madam.

Aria. But I deſire to do, and time may bring it about without Miracle.

Luc. Your Couſin *Beaumond* will forbid the Banes.

Aria. No, nor old *Carlos* neither, my Mother's precious Choice, who is as ſollicitous for the old Gentleman, as my Father-in-Law is for his Nephew. Therefore, *Lucia*, like a good and gracious Child, I'll end the Diſpute between my Father and Mother, and pleaſe my ſelf in the choice of this Stranger, if he be to be had.

Luc. I ſhould as ſoon be enamour'd on the North Wind, a Tempeſt, or a Clap of Thunder. Bleſs me from ſuch a Blaſt.

Aria. I'd have a Lover rough as Seas in Storms, upon occaſion; I hate your dull temperate Lover, 'tis ſuch a husbandly quality, like *Beaumond*'s Addreſſes to me, whom neither Joy nor Anger puts in motion; or if it do, 'tis viſibly forc'd——I'm glad I ſaw him entertain a Woman to day, not that I care, but wou'd be fairly rid of him.

Luc. You'll hardly mend your ſelf in this.

Aria. What, becauſe he held Diſcourſe with a Curtezan?

Luc. Why is there no danger in her Eyes, do ye think?

Aria. None that I fear, that Stranger's not ſuch a fool to give his Heart to a common Woman; and ſhe that's

concern'd where her Lover beſtows his Body, were I the Man, I ſhould think ſhe had a mind to't her ſelf.

Luc. And reaſon, Madam: in a lawful way 'tis your due.

Aria. What all? unconſcionable *Lucia!* I am more merciful; but be he what he will, I'll to this cunning Man, to know whether ever any part of him ſhall be mine.

Luc. Lord, Madam, ſure he's a Conjurer.

Aria. Let him be the Devil, I'll try his Skill, and to that end will put on a Suit of my Couſin *Endymion*'s; there are two or three very pretty ones of his in the Wardrobe, go carry 'em to my Chamber, and we'll fit our ſelves and away—Go haſte whilſt I undreſs. [*Ex.* Lucia.

[Ariadne *undreſſing before the Glaſs.*

Enter Beaumond *tricking himſelf, and looks on himſelf.*

Beau. Now for my charming Beauty, fair *La Nuche*—hah—*Ariadne*—damn the dull Property, how ſhall I free my ſelf? [*She turns, ſees him, and walks from the Glaſs, he takes no notice of her, but tricks himſelf in the Glaſs, humming a Song.*

Aria. Beaumond! what Devil brought him hither to prevent me? I hate the formal matrimonial Fop.

[*He walks about and ſings.*

Somme nous pas trop heureux,
Belle Iriſe, que nous enſemble.

A Devil on him, he may chance to plague me till night. and hinder my dear Aſſignation. [*Sings again.*

La Nuit et le Sombre voiles
Coverie nos deſires ardentes;
Et l' Amour et les Etoiles
Sont nos ſecrets confidents.

Beau. Pox on't, how dull am I at an excuſe?

[*Sets his Wig in the Glaſs, and ſings.*

A Pox of Love and Women-kind,
And all the Fops adore 'em.

[*Puts on his Hat, cocks it, and goes to her.*

How is't, Cuz?

Aria.

Aria. So, here's the ſaucy freedom of a Husband Lover—a bleſt Invention this of marrying, whoe'er firſt found it out.

Beau. Damn this *Engliſh* Dog of a Perrig-maker, what an ungainly Air it gives the Face, and for a Wedding Perriwig too—how doſt thou like it, *Ariadne*?

Uneasy.

Aria. As ill as the Man——I perceive you have taken more care for your Perriwig than your Bride.

Beau. And with reaſon, *Ariadne*, the Bride was never the care of the Lover, but the buſineſs of the Parents; 'tis a ſerious Affair, and ought to be manag'd by the grave and wiſe: Thy Mother and my Uncle have agreed the Matter, and would it not look very ſillily in me now to whine a tedious Tale of Love in your Ear, when the buſineſs is at an end? 'tis like ſaying a Grace when a Man ſhould give Thanks.

Aria. Why did you not begin ſooner then?

Beau. Faith, *Ariadne*, becauſe I know nothing of the Deſign in hand; had I had civil warning, thou ſhouldſt have had as pretty ſmart Speeches from me, as any Coxcomb Lover of 'em all could have made thee.

Aria. I ſhall never marry like a *Jew* in my own Tribe; I'll rather be poſſeſt by honeſt old doating Age, than by ſaucy conceited Youth, whoſe Inconſtancy never leaves a Woman ſafe or quiet.

Beau. You know the Proverb of the half Loaf, *Ariadne*; a Husband that will deal thee ſome Love is better than one who can give thee none: you would have a bleſſed time on't with old Father *Carlo.*

Aria. No matter, a Woman may with ſome lawful excuſe cuckold him, and 'twould be ſcarce a Sin.

Beau. Not ſo much as lying with him, whoſe reverend Age wou'd make it look like Inceſt.

Aria. But to marry thee——would be a Tyranny from whence there's no Appeal: A drinking whoring Husband! 'tis the Devil———

Beau. You are deciv'd, if you think Don *Carlo* more chaſte than I; only duller, and more a Miſer, one that fears his Fleſh more, and loves his Money better.——

Then to be condemn'd to lie with him ——oh, who would not rejoice to meet a Woollen-Waiſtcoat, and knit Night-Cap without a Lining, a Shirt ſo naſty, a cleanly Ghoſt would not appear in't at the latter Day? then the compound of naſty Smells about him, ſtinking Breath, Muſtachoes ſtuft with villainous Snuff, Tobacco, and hollow Teeth: thus prepar'd for Delight, you meet in Bed, where you may lie and ſigh whole Nights away, he ſnores it out till Morning, and then riſes to his ſordid buſineſs.

Aria. All this frights me not: 'tis ſtill much better than a keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife can oblige.

Beau. Oh, you know not the good-nature of a Man of Wit, at leaſt I ſhall bear a Conſcience, and do thee reaſon, which Heaven denies to old *Carlo,* were he willing.

Aria. Oh, he talks as high, and thinks as well of himſelf as any young Coxcomb of ye all.

Beau. He has reaſon, for if his Faith were no better than his Works, he'd be damn'd.

Aria. Death, who wou'd marry, who wou'd be chaffer'd thus, and ſold to Slavery? I'd rather buy a Friend at any Price that I could love and truſt.

Beau. Ay, could we but drive on ſuch a Bargain.

Aria. You ſhould not be the Man; you have a Miſtreſs, Sir, that has your Heart, and all your ſofter Hours: I know't, and if I were ſo wretched as to marry thee, muſt ſee my Fortune laviſht out on her; her Coaches, Dreſs, and Equipage exceed mine by far: Poſſeſs ſhe all the day thy Hours of Mirth, good Humour and Expence, thy Smiles, thy Kiſſes, and thy Charms of Wit. Oh how you talk and look when in her Preſence! but when with me,

A Pox of Love and Woman-kind, [*Sings*
And all the Fops adore 'em.

How is't Cuz——then ſlap, on goes the Beaver, which being cock'd, you bear up briskly, with the ſecond Part to

to the ſame Tune——Harkye, Sir, let me adviſe you to pack up your Trumpery and be gone, your honourable Love, your matrimonial Foppery, with your other Trinkets thereunto belonging; or I ſhall talk aloud, and let your Uncle hear you.

Beau. Sure ſhe cannot know I love *La Nuche.* [*Aſide.* The Devil take me, ſpoil'd! What Raſcal has inveigled thee? What lying fawning Coward has abus'd thee? When fell you into this Leudneſs? Pox, thou art hardly worth the loving now, that canſt be ſuch a Fool, to wiſh me chaſte, or love me for that Virtue; or that wouldſt have me a ceremonious Whelp, one that makes handſom Legs to Knights without laughing, or with a ſneaking modeſt Squiriſh Countenance; aſſure you, I have my Maiden-head. A Curſe upon thee, the very thought of Wife has made thee formal.

Aria. I muſt diſſemble, or he'll ſtay all day to make his peace again——why, have you ne'er——a Miſtreſs then?

Beau. A hundred, by this day, as many as I like, they are my Mirth, the buſineſs of my looſe and wanton Hours; but thou art my Devotion, the grave, the ſolemn Pleaſure of my Soul——Pox, would I were handſomly rid of thee too. [*Aſide.*

——Come, I have buſineſs——ſend me pleas'd away.

Aria. Would to Heaven thou wert gone; [*Aſide.* You're going to ſome Woman now.

Beau. Oh damn the Sex, I hate 'em all—but thee—farewell my pretty jealous—ſullen—Fool. [*Goes out.*

Aria. Farewel, believing Coxcomb. [*Enter* Lucia.

Lucia. Madam, the Clothes are ready in your Chamber.

Aria. Let's haſte and put 'em on then. [*Runs out.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Houſe.

Enter Fetherſool *and* Blunt, *ſtaring about, after them* Shift.

Shift. WELL, Gentlemen, this is the Doctor's Houſe, and your fifty Piſtoles has made him intirely yours; the Ladies too are here in ſafe Cuſtody——Come draw Lots who ſhall have the Dwarf, and who the Giant. [*They Draw.*

Feth. I have the Giant.

Blunt. And I the little tiny Gentlewoman.

Shift. Well, you ſhall firſt ſee the Ladies, and then prepare for your Uncle *Moſes*, the old *Jew* Guardian, before whom you muſt be very grave and ſententious: You know the old Law was full of Ceremony.

Feth. Well, I long to ſee the Ladies, and to have the firſt Onſet over.

Shift. I'll cauſe 'em to walk forth immediately. [*Goes out.*

Feth. My Heart begins to fail me plaguily——would I could ſee 'em a little at a Diſtance before they come ſlap daſh upon a Man. [*Peeping.* Hah!——Mercy upon us!——What's yonder!——Ah *Ned*, my Monſter is as big as the Whore of *Babylon*——Oh I'm in a cold Sweat——

[Blunt *pulls him to peep, and both do ſo.* Oh Lord! ſhe's as tall as the St. *Chriſtopher* in *Notre-dame* at *Paris*, and the little one looks like the Chriſto upon his Shoulders——I ſhall ne'er be able to ſtand the firſt Brunt.

Blunt. 'Dſheartlikins whither art going? [*Pulls him back.*

Feth. Why only——to——ſay my Prayers a little——I'll be with thee preſently. [*Offers to go, he pulls him.*

Blunt. What a Pox art thou afraid of a Woman——

Feth.

Feth. Not of a Woman, *Ned*, but of a She *Garigantua.* I am of a *Hercules* in Petticoats.

Blunt. The leſs Reſemblance the better. 'Shartlikins, I'd rather mine were a *Centaur* than a Woman: No, ſince my *Naples* Adventure, I am clearly for your Monſter.

Feth. Prithee, *Ned*, there's Reaſon in all things——

Blunt. But villainous Woman——'Dſhartlikins, ſtand your Ground, or I'll nail you to't: Why, what a Pox are you ſo quezy ſtomach'd, a Monſter won't down with you, with a hundred thouſand Pound to boot.

[*Pulling him.*

Feth. Nay, *Ned*, that mollifies ſomething; and I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid of *Nich. Fetherfool* that he left his Friend in danger, or did an ill thing: therefore, as thou ſay'ſt, *Ned*, tho ſhe were a *Centaur*, I'll not budg an Inch.

Blunt. Why God a Mercy.

Enter the Giant and Dwarf, with them Shift *as an Operator.*

Feth. Oh—— they come—— Prithee, *Ned*, advance.

[*Puts him forward.*

Shift. Moſt beautiful Ladies.

Feth. Why, what a flattering Son of a Whore's this?

Shift. Theſe are the illuſtrious Perſons your Uncle deſigns your humble Servants, and who have ſo extraordinary a Paſſion for your Seignioraſhips.

Feth. Oh yes, a moſt damnable one: Wou'd I were cleanlily off the Lay, and had my Money again.

Blunt. Think of a Million, Rogue, and do not hang an Arſe thus.

Giant. What, does the Cavalier think I'll devour him?

[*To* Shift.

Feth. Something inclin'd to ſuch a fear.

Blunt. Go and ſalute her, or, Adſheartlikins, I'll leave you to her Mercy.

Feth. Oh dear *Ned*, have pity on me——but as for ſaluting her, you ſpeak of more than may be done, dear Heart, without a Scaling Ladder. [*Exit* Shift.

Dwarf. Sure, Seignior *Harlequin*, theſe Gentlemen are dumb.

Blunt.

Blunt. No, my little diminutive Miſtreſs, my ſmall Epitomy of Woman-kind, we can prattle when our Hands are in, but we are raw and baſhful, young Beginners; for this is the firſt time we ever were in love: we are ſomething aukard, or ſo, but we ſhall come on in time, and mend upon Incouragement.

Feth. Pox on him, what a delicate Speech has he made now——'Gad, I'd give a thouſand Pounds a Year for *Ned's* conciſe Wit, but not a Groat for his Judgment in Womankind.

Enter Shift *with a Ladder, ſets it againſt the Giant, and bows to* Fetherfool.

Shift. Here Seignior, Don, approach, mount, and ſalute the Lady.

Feth. Mount! why, 'twou'd turn my Brains to look down from her Shoulders———But hang't, 'Gad, I will be brave and venture. [*Runs up the Ladder, ſalutes her, and runs down again.*

And Egad this was an Adventure and a bold one——but ſince I am come off with a whole Skin, I am fleſht for the next onſet———Madam———has your Greatneſs any mind to marry? [*Goes to her, ſpeaks, and runs back*; Blunt *claps him on the Back.*

Giant. What if I have?

Feth. Why then, Madam, without inchanted Sword or Buckler, I am your Man.

Giant. My Man? my Mouſe. I'll marry none whoſe Perſon and Courage ſhall not bear ſome Proportion to mine.

Feth. Your Mightineſs I fear will die a Maid then.

Giant. I doubt you'll ſcarce ſecure me from that Fear, who court my Fortune, not my Beauty.

Feth. How ſcornful ſhe is, I'll warrant you——why I muſt confeſs, your Perſon is ſomething heroical and maſculine, but I proteſt to your Highneſs, I love and honour ye.

Dwarf. Prithee, Siſter, be not ſo coy, I like my Lover well enough; and if Seignior Mountebank keep his Word in making us of reaſonable Proportions, I think the Gentlemen may ſerve for Husbands.

Shift.

Shift. Diſſemble, or you betray your Love for us.
[*Aſide to the Giant.*

Giant. And if he do keep his Word, I ſhould make a better Choice, not that I would change this noble Frame of mine, cou'd I but meet my Match, and keep up the firſt Race of Man intire: But ſince this ſcanty World affords none ſuch, I to be happy, muſt be new created, and then ſhall expect a wiſer Lover.

Feth. Why, what a peeviſh Titt's this; nay, look ye, Madam, as for that matter, your Extraordinarineſs may do what you pleaſe——but 'tis not done like a Monſter of Honour, when a Man has ſet his Heart upon you, to caſt him off——Therefore I hope you'll pity a deſpairing Lover, and caſt down an Eye of Conſolation upon me; for I vow, moſt Amazonian Princeſs, I love ye as if Heaven and Earth wou'd come together.

Dwarf. My Siſter will do much, I'm ſure, to ſave the Man that loves her ſo paſſionately——ſhe has a Heart.

Feth. And a ſwinger 'tis——'Sbud——ſhe moves like the Royal Sovereign, and is as long a tacking about.
[*Aſide.*

Giant. Then your Religion, Sir.

Feth. Nay, as for that, Madam, we are *Engliſh*, a Nation I thank God, that ſtand as little upon Religion as any Nation under the Sun, unleſs it be in Contradiction; and at this time, have ſo many amongſt us, a Man knows not which to turn his Hand to—neither will I ſtand with your Hugeneſs for a ſmall matter of Faith or ſo—Religion ſhall break no ſquares.

Dwarf. I hope, Sir, you are of your Friend's Opinion.

Blunt. My little Spark of a Diamond, I am, I was born a *Jew*, with an averſion to Swines Fleſh.

Dwarf. Well, Sir, I ſhall haſten Seignior Doctor to compleat my Beauty, by ſome ſmall Addition, to appear the more grateful to you.

Blunt. Lady, do not trouble your ſelf with tranſitory Parts, 'Dſhartlikins thou'rt as handſom as needs be for a Wife.

Dwarf. A little taller, Seignior, would not do amiſs, my younger Siſter has got ſo much the Start of me.

Blunt

Blunt. In troth ſhe has, and now I think on't, a little taller would do well for Propagation; I ſhould be loth the Poſterity of the antient Family of the *Blunts* of *Eſſex* ſhould dwindle into Pigmies or Fairies.

Giant. Well, Seigniors, ſince you come with our Uncle's liking, we give ye leave to hope, hope——and be happy—— [*They go out.*

Feth. Egad, and that's great and gracious——

Enter Willmore *and an Operator.*

Will. Well, Gentlemen, and how like you the Ladies?

Blunt. Faith well enough for the firſt Courſe, Sir.

Will. The Uncle, by my indeavour, is intirely yours—but whilſt the Baths are preparing, 'twould be well if you would think of what Age, Shape, and Complexion you would have your Ladies form'd in.

Feth. Why, may we chuſe, Mr. Doctor.

Will. What Beauties you pleaſe.

Feth. Then will I have my Giant, *Ned*, juſt ſuch another Gentlewoman as I ſaw at Church to day———and about ſome fifteen.

Blunt. Hum, fifteen—I begin to have a plaguy Itch about me too, towards a hanſom Damſel of fifteen; but firſt let's marry, leſt they ſhould be boiled away in theſe Baths of Reformation.

Feth. But, Doctor, can you do all this without the help of the Devil?

Will. Hum, ſome ſmall Hand he has in the Buſineſs: we make an Exchange with him, give him the clippings of the Giant for ſo much of his Store as will ſerve to build the Dwarf.

Blunt. Why, then mine will be more than three Parts Devil, Mr. Doctor.

Will. Not ſo, the Stock is only Devil, the Graft is your own little Wife inoculated.

Blunt. Well, let the Devil and you agree about this matter as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Enter Shift *as an Operator.*

Shift. Sir, there is without a Perſon of an extraordinary Size wou'd ſpeak with you.

Will. Admit him.

Enter

Enter Harlequin, *uſhers in* Hunt *as a Giant.*

Feth. Hah———ſome o'ergrown Rival on my Life. [Feth. *gets from it.*

Will. What the Devil have we here? [*Aſide.*

Hunt. Bezolos mano's, Seignior, I underſtand there is a Lady whoſe Beauty and Proportion can only merit me: I'll ſay no more———but ſhall be grateful to you for your Aſſiſtance.

Feth. 'Tis ſo.

Hunt. The Devil's in't if this does not fright 'em from a farther Courtſhip. [*Aſide.*

Will. Fear nothing, Seignior——Seignior, you may try your Chance, and viſit the Ladies. [*Talks to* Hunt.

Feth. Why, where the Devil could this Monſter conceal himſelf all this while, that we ſhould neither ſee nor hear of him?

Blunt. Oh——he lay diſguis'd; I have heard of an Army that has done ſo.

Feth. Pox, no ſingle Houſe cou'd hold him.

Blunt. No——he diſpos'd himſelf in ſeveral parcels up and down the Town, here a Leg, and there an Arm; and hearing of this proper Match for him, put himſelf together to court his fellow Monſter.

Feth. Good Lord! I wonder what Religion he's of.

Blunt. Some heathen Papiſt, by his notable Plots and Contrivances.

Will. 'Tis *Hunt*, that Rogue——— [*Aſide.*
Sir, I confeſs there is great Power in Sympathy——Conduct him to the Ladies— [*He tries to go in at the Door.*
—I am ſorry you cannot enter at that low Door, Seignior, I'll have it broken down———

Hunt. No Seignior, I can go in at twice.

Feth. How, at twice! what a Pox can he mean?

Will. Oh, Sir, 'tis a frequent thing by way of Inchantment. [Hunt *being all Doublet, leaps off from another Man who is all Breeches, and goes out*; *Breeches follows ſtalking.*

Feth. Oh Pox, Mr. Doctor, this muſt be the Devil.

Will. Oh fie, Sir, the Devil! no 'tis all done by an inchanted Girdle———Theſe damn'd Raſcals will ſpoil all by

by too groſs an Impoſition on the Fools. [*Aſide.*

Feth. This is the Devil, *Ned*, that's certain——But hark ye, Mr. Doctor, I hope I ſhall not have my Miſtreſs inchanted from me by this inchanted Rival, hah?

Will. Oh, no, Sir, the Inquiſition will never let 'em marry, for fear of a Race of Giants, 'twill be worſe than the Invaſion of the *Moors*, or the *French:* but go——think of your Miſtreſſes Names and Ages, here's Company, and you would not be ſeen. [*Ex.* Blunt *and* Feth.

Enter La Nuche, *and* Aurelia; Will. *bows to her.*

La Nu. Sir, the Fame of your excellent Knowledge, and what you ſaid to me this day, has given me a Curioſity to learn my Fate, at leaſt that Fate you threatened.

Will. Madam, from the Oracle in the Box you may be reſolved any Queſtion— [*Leads her to the Table, where ſtands a Box full of Balls; he ſtares on her.*

—How lovely every abſent minute makes her——Madam, be pleas'd to draw from out this Box what Ball you will.

[*She draws, he takes it, and gazes on her and on it.*

Madam, upon this little Globe is character'd your Fate and Fortune; the Hiſtory of your Life to come and paſt——firſt, Madam——you're——a Whore.

La Nu. A very plain beginning.

Will. My Art ſpeaks ſimple Truth; the Moon is your Aſcendent, that covetous Planet that borrows all her Light, and is in oppoſition ſtill to *Venus*; and Intereſt more prevails with you than Love: yet here I find a croſs——intruding Line—that does inform me—you have an Itch that way, but Intereſt ſtill oppoſes: you are a ſlaviſh mercenary Proſtitute.

La Nu. Your Art is ſo, tho call'd divine, and all the Univerſe is ſway'd by Intereſt: and would you wiſh this Beauty which adorns me, ſhould be diſpos'd about for Charity? Proceed and ſpeak more Reaſon.

Will. But *Venus* here gets the Aſcent again, and ſpite of——Intereſt, ſpite of all Averſion, will make you doat upon a Man—— [*Still looking on, and turning the Ball.*

Wild, fickle, reſtleſs, faithleſs as the Wind!—a Man of Arms he is—and by this Line--a Captain—[*Looking on her.*

for *Mars* and *Venus* were in conjunction at his Birth——and Love and War's his buſineſs. *La Nu.*

La Nu. There thou haſt toucht my Heart, and ſpoke ſo true, that all thou ſay'ſt I ſhall receive as Oracle. Well, grant I love, that ſhall not make me yield.

Will. I muſt confeſs you're ruin'd if you yield, and yet not all your Pride, not all your Vows, your Wit, your Reſolution, or your Cunning, can hinder him from conquering abſolutely: your Stars are fixt, and Fate irrevocable.

La Nu. No,——I will controul my Stars and Inclinations; and tho I love him more than Power or Intereſt, I will be Miſtreſs of my fixt Reſolve——One Queſtion more——Does this ſame Captain, this wild happy Man love me?

Will. I do not—find—it here—only a poſſibility incourag'd by your Love—Oh that you cou'd reſiſt—but you are deſtin'd his, and to be ruin'd.

[*Sighs, and looks on her, ſhe grows in a Rage.*

La Nu. Why do you tell me this? I am betray'd, and every caution blows my kindling Flame———hold——— tell me no more————I might have gueſs'd my Fate, from my own Soul have gueſt it———but yet I will be brave, I will reſiſt in ſpite of Inclinations, Stars, or Devils.

Will. Strive not, fair Creature, with the Net that holds you, you'll but intangle more. Alas! you muſt ſubmit and be undone.

La Nu. Damn your falſe Art———had he but lov'd me too, it had excus'd the Malice of my Stars.

Will. Indeed, his Love is doubtful; for here——I trace him in a new purſuit———which if you can this Night prevent, perhaps you fix him.

La Nu. Hah, purſuing a new Miſtreſs! there thou haſt met the little Reſolution I had left, and daſht it into nothing———but I have vow'd Allegiance to my Intereſt——Curſe on my Stars, they cou'd not give me Love where that might be advanc'd———I'll hear no more.

[*Gives him Money.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, there are ſeveral Strangers arriv'd, who talk of the old Oracle. How will you receive 'em?

Will.

Will. I've buſineſs now, and muſt be excus'd a while. ———Thus far——I'm well; but I may tell my Tale ſo often o'er, till, like the Trick of Love, I ſpoil the pleaſure by the repetition.———Now I'll uncaſe, and ſee what Effects my Art has wrought on *La Nuche*, for ſhe's the promis'd Good, the Philoſophick Treaſure that terminates my Toil and Induſtry. Wait you here. [*Ex.* Will.

Enter Ariadne *in Mens Clothes, with* Lucia *ſo dreſt, and other Strangers.*

Aria. How now, Seignior Operator, where's this renowned Man of Arts and Sciences, this Don of Wonders? —hah! may a Man have a Piſtole's Worth or two of his Tricks? will he ſhew, Seignior?

Shift. Whatever you dare ſee, Sir.

Aria. And I dare ſee the greateſt Bug-bear he can conjure up, my Miſtreſs's Face in a Glaſs excepted.

Shift. That he can ſhew, Sir, but is now buſied in weighty Affairs with a Grandee.

Aria. Pox, muſt we wait the Leiſure of formal Grandees and Stateſmen———ha, who's this?—the lovely Conquereſs of my Heart, *La Nuche.* [*Goes to her, ſhe is talking with* Aurel.

La Nu. What fooliſh thing art thou?

Aria. Nay, do not frown, nor fly; for if you do, I muſt arreſt you, fair one.

La Nu. At whoſe Suit, pray?

Aria. At Love's——you have ſtoln a Heart of mine, and us'd it ſcurvily.

La Nu. By what marks do you know the Toy, that I may be no longer troubled with it?

Aria. By a freſh Wound, which toucht by her that gave it bleeds anew, a Heart all over kind and amorous.

La Nu. When was this pretty Robbery committed?

Aria. To day, moſt ſacrilegiouſly, at Church, where you debauch'd my Zeal; and when I wou'd have pray'd, your Eyes had put the Change upon my Tongue, and made it utter Railings: Heav'n forgive ye!

La Nu. You are the gayeſt thing without a Heart, I ever ſaw.

Aria. I ſcorn to flinch for a bare Wound or two; nor

nor is he routed that has loſt the day, he may again railly, renew the Fight, and vanquiſh.

La Nu. You have a good Opinion of that Beauty, which I find not ſo forcible, not that fond Prattle uttered with ſuch Confidence.

Aria. But I have Quality and Fortune too.

La Nu. So had you need. I ſhould have gueſt the firſt by your pertneſs; for your ſaucy thing of Quality acts the Man as impudently at fourteen, as another at thirty: nor is there any thing ſo hateful as to hear it talk of Love, Women and Drinking; nay, to ſee it marry too at that Age, and get it ſelf a Play-fellow in its Son and Heir.

Aria. This Satir on my Youth ſhall never put me out of countenance, or make me think you wiſh me one day older; and egad I'll warrant them that tire me, ſhall find me ne'er an hour too young.

La Nu. You miſtake my Humour, I hate the Perſon of a fair conceited Boy.

Enter Willmore *dreſt, singing.*

Will. *Vole, vole dans cette Cage,*
Petite Oyſeau dans cet bocage.
———How now, Fool, where's the Doctor?

Shift. A little buſy, Sir.

Will. Call him, I am in haſte, and come to cheapen the Price of Monſter.

Shift. As how, Sir?

Will. In an honourable way, I will lawfully marry one of 'em, and have pitcht upon the Giant; I'll bid as fair as any Man.

Shift. No doubt but you will ſpeed, Sir: pleaſe you, Sir, to walk in.

Will. I'll follow——*Vole, vole dans cette Cage,* &c.

Luc. Why 'tis the Captain, Madam———

[*Aſide to* Aria.

La Nu. Hah—marry—harkye, Sir,—a word pray.

[*As he is going out ſhe pulls him.*

Will. Your Servant, Madam, your Servant——*Vole, vole,* &c.

[*Puts his Hat off careleſsly, and walks by, going out.*

Luc. And to be marry'd, mark that.

Aria.

Aria. Then there's one doubt over, I'm glad he is not married.

La Nu. Come back —— Death, I ſhall burſt with Anger—this Coldneſs blows my Flame, which if once viſible, makes him a Tyrant——

Will. Fool, what's a Clock, fool? this noiſe hinders me from hearing it ſtrike.

[*Shakes his Pockets, and walks up and down.*

La Nu. A bleſſed ſound, if no Hue and Cry purſue it. —what—you are reſolv'd then upon this notable Exploit?

Will. What Exploit, good Madam?

La Nu. Why, marrying of a Monſter, and an ugly Monſter.

Will. Yes faith, Child, here ſtands the bold Knight, that ſingly, and unarm'd, deſigns to enter the Liſt with *Thogogandiga* the Giant; a good Sword will defend a worſe cauſe than an ugly Wife. I know no danger worſe than fighting for my Living, and I have don't this dozen years for Bread.

La Nu. This is the common trick of all Rogues, when they have done an ill thing to face it out.

Will. An ill thing—your Pardon, Sweet-heart, compare it but to Baniſhment, a frozen Sentry with brown George and *Spanish* Pay; and if it be not better to be Maſter of a Monſter, than Slave to a damn'd Commonwealth —— I ſubmit ——— and ſince my Fortune has thrown this good in my way———

La Nu. You'll not be ſo ungrateful to refuſe it; beſides then you may hope to ſleep again, without dreaming of Famine, or the Sword, two Plagues a Soldier of Fortune is ſubject to.

Will. Beſides Caſhiering, a third Plague.

La Nu. Still unconcern'd!—you call me mercenary, but I would ſtarve e'er ſuffer my ſelf to be poſſeſt by a thing of Horror.

Will. You lye, you would by any thing of Horror: yet theſe things of Horror have Beauties too, Beauties thou canſt not boaſt of, Beauties that will not fade; Diamonds to ſupply the luſtre of their Eyes, and Gold the brightneſs of their Hair, a well-got Million to atone for Shape,

Shape, and Orient Pearls, more white, more plump and ſmooth, than that fair Body Men ſo languiſh for, and thou haſt ſet a Price on.

Aria. I like not this ſo well, 'tis a trick to make her jealous.

Will. Their Hands too have their Beauties, whoſe very mark finds credit and reſpect, their Bills are current o'er the Univerſe; beſides theſe, you ſhall ſee waiting at my Door, four Footmen, a Velvet Coach, with Six *Flanders* Beauties more: And are not theſe moſt comely Virtues in a Soldier's Wife, in this moſt wicked peaceable Age?

Luc. He's poor too, there's another comfort. [*Aſide.*

Aria. The moſt incouraging one I have met with yet.

Will. Pox on't, I grow weary of this virtuous Poverty. There goes a gallant Fellow, ſays one, but gives him not an Onion; the Women too, faith, 'tis a handſom Gentleman, but the Devil a Kiſs he gets *gratis.*

Aria. Oh, how I long to undeceive him of that Error.

La Nu. He ſpeaks not of me; ſure knows me not. [*Aſide.*

Will. ———No, Child, Money ſpeaks ſenſe in a Language all Nations underſtand, 'tis Beauty, Wit, Courage, Honour, and undiſputable Reaſon ———ſee the virtue of a Wager, that new philoſophical way lately found out of deciding all hard Queſtions —— *Socrates,* without ready Money to lay down, muſt yield.

Aria. Well, I muſt have this gallant Fellow. [*Aſide.*

La Nu. Sure he has forgot this trivial thing.

Will.——Even thou—who ſeeſt me dying unregarded, wou'd then be fond and kind, and flatter me. [*Soft tone.* By Heaven, I'll hate thee then; nay, I will marry to be rich to hate thee: the worſt of that, is but to ſuffer nine Days Wonderment. Is not that better from Age of Scorn than a proud faithleſs Beauty?

La Nu. Oh, there's Reſentment left —— why, yes faith, ſuch a Wedding would give the Town Diverſion: we ſhould have a lamentable Ditty made on it, entitled, The Captain's Wedding, with the doleful Relation of his being over-laid by an o'er-grown Monſter.

Will. I'll warrant ye I eſcape that as ſure as cuckolding; for I would fain ſee that hardy Wight that dares attempt my Lady Bright, either by Force or Flattery. *La*

La Nu. So, then you intend to bed her?

Will. Yes faith, and beget a Race of Heroes, the Mother's Form with all the Father's Qualities.

La Nu. Faith ſuch a Brood may prove a pretty Livelihood for a poor decay'd Officer; you may chance to get a Patent to ſhew 'em in *England*, that Nation of Change and Novelty.

Will. A proviſion old *Carlo* cannot make for you againſt the abandon'd day.

La Nu. He can ſupply the want of Iſſue a better way; and tho he be not ſo fine a fellow as your ſelf, he's a better Friend, he can keep a Miſtreſs: give me a Man can feed and clothe me, as well as hug and kiſs me, and tho his Sword be not ſo good as yours, his Bond's worth a thouſand Captains. This will not do, I'll try what Jealouſy will do. [*Aſide.*

Your Servant Captain——your Hand, Sir.

[*Takes* Ariadne *by the Hand.*

Will. Hah, what new Coxcomb's that——hold Sir——

[*Takes her from him.*

Aria. What would you, Sir, ought with this Lady?

Will. Yes, that which thy Youth will only let thee gueſs at —— this —— Child, is Man's Meat; there are other Toys for Children. [*Offers to lead her off.*

La Nu. Oh inſolent! and whither would'ſt thou lead me?

Will. Only out of harm's way, Child, here are pretty near Conveniencies within: the Doctor will be civil—— 'tis part of his Calling——Your Servant, Sir——

[*Going off with her.*

Aria. I muſt huff now, tho I may chance to be beaten —come back—or I have ſomething here that will oblige ye to't. [*Laying his hand on his Sword.*

Will. Yes faith, thou'rt a pretty Youth; but at this time I've more occaſion for a thing in Petticoats——go home, and do not walk the Streets ſo much; that tempting Face of thine will debauch the grave men of buſineſs, and make the Magiſtrates luſt after Wickedneſs.

Aria. You are a ſcurvy Fellow, Sir. [*Going to draw.*

Will. Keep in your Sword, for fear it cut your Fingers, Child.

Aria.

Aria. So 'twill your Throat, Sir——here's Company coming that will part us, and I'll venture to draw.

[*Draws,* Will. *draws.*

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Hold, hold——hah, *Willmore*! thou Man of conſtant miſchief, what's the matter?

La Nu. Beaumond! undone!

Aria.——Beaumond!——

Will. Why, here's a young Spark will take my Lady Bright from me; the unmanner'd Hot-ſpur would not have patience till I had finiſh'd my ſmall Affair with her.

[*Puts up his Sword.*

Aria. Death, he'll know me——Sir, you ſee we are prevented. [*Draws him aſide.*

———or——[*Seems to talk to him,* Beau. *gazes on* La Nuche, *who has pull'd down her Veil.*

Beau. 'Tis ſhe! Madam, this Veil's too thin to hide the perjur'd Beauty underneath. Oh, have I been ſearching thee, with all the diligence of impatient Love, and am I thus rewarded, to find thee here incompaſs'd round with Strangers, fighting, who firſt ſhould take my right away?——Gods! take your Reaſon back, take all your Love; for eaſy Man's unworthy of the Bleſſings.

Will. Harkye, *Harry*—the—Woman—the almighty Whore—thou told'ſt me of to day.

Beau. Death, do'ſt thou mock my Grief—unhand me ſtrait, for tho I cannot blame thee, I muſt hate thee.——

[*Goes out.*

Will. What the Devil ails ye?

Aria. You will be ſure to come.

Will. At night in the Piazza; I have an Aſſignation with a Woman, that once diſpatch'd, I will not fail ye, Sir.

Luc. And will you leave him with her?

Aria. Oh, yes, she'll be ne'er the worſe for my uſe when he has done with her. [*Ex.* Luc. *and* Aria. Will. *looks with ſcorn on* La Nuche.

Will. Now you may go o'ertake him, lie with him—and ruin him: the Fool was made for ſuch a Deſtiny——if he eſcapes my Sword. [*He offers to go.*

La Nu.

La Nu. I muſt prevent his viſit to this Woman—but dare not tell him ſo. [*Aſide.*

——I would not have ye meet this angry Youth.

Will. Oh, you would preſerve him for a farther uſe.

La Nu. Stay—you muſt not fight—by Heaven, I cannot ſee—that Boſom——wounded. [*Turns and weeps.*

Will. Hah! weep'ſt thou? curſe me when I refuſe a faith to that obliging Language of thy Eyes——Oh give me one proof more, and after that, thou conquereſt all my Soul; Thy Eyes ſpeak Love———come, let us in my Dear, e'er the bright Fire allays that warms my Heart. [*Goes to lead her out.*

La Nu. Your Love grows rude, and ſaucily demands it. [*Flings away.*

Will. Love knows no Ceremony, no reſpect when once approacht ſo near the happy minute.

La Nu. What deſperate eaſineſs have you ſeen in me, or what miſtaken merit in your ſelf, ſhould make you ſo ridiculouſly vain, to think I'd give my ſelf to ſuch a Wretch, one fal'n even to the laſt degree of Poverty, whilſt all the World is proſtrate at my Feet, whence I might chuſe the Brave, the Great, the Rich?

[*He ſtands ſpitefully gazing at her.*

——Still as he fires, I find my Pride augment, and when he cools I burn. [*Aſide.*

Will. Death, thou'rt a——vain, conceited, taudry Jilt, wou'ſt draw me in as Rooks their Cullies do, to make me venture all my ſtock of Love, and then you turn me out ſo deſpis'd and poor— [*Offers to go.*

La Nu. You think you're gone now————

Will. Not all thy Arts nor Charms ſhall hold me longer.

La Nu. I muſt ſubmit—and can you part thus from me?—— [*Pulls him.*

Will. I can———nay by Heaven, I will not turn, nor look at thee. No, when I do, or truſt that faithleſs Tongue again——may I be———

La Nu. Oh do not ſwear———

Will. Ever curſt— [*Breaks from her, ſhe holds.*

La Nu.

La Nu. You ſhall not go———Plague of this needleſs Pride. [*Aſide.*
———ſtay——and I'll follow all the dictates of my Love.

Will. Oh never hope to flatter me to faith again.
[*His back to her, ſhe holding him.*

La Nu. I muſt, I will; what wou'd you have me do?

[*Will. turning ſoftly to her.*] Never—deceive me more, it may be fatal to wind me up to an impatient height, then daſh my eager Hopes. [*Sighing.*
Forgive my roughneſs—and be kind, *La Nuche*, I know thou wo't———

La Nu. Will you then be ever kind and true?

Will. Ask thy own Charms, and to confirm thee more, yield and diſarm me quite.

La Nu. Will you not marry then? for tho you never can be mine that way, I cannot think that you ſhould be another's.

Will. No more delays, by Heaven, 'twas but a trick.

La Nu. And will you never ſee that Woman neither, whom you're this Night to viſit?

Will. Damn all the reſt of thy weak Sex, when thou look'ſt thus, and art ſo ſoft and charming.
[*Offers to lead her out.*

La Nu. Sancho——my Coach. [*Turns in ſcorn.*

Will. Take heed, what mean ye?

La Nu. Not to be pointed at by all the envying Women of the Town, who'l laugh and cry, Is this the high-priz'd Lady, now fall'n ſo low, to doat upon a Captain? a poor disbanded Captain? defend me from that Infamy.

Will. Now all the Plagues——— but yet I will not curſe thee, 'tis loſt on thee, for thou art deſtin'd damn'd.
[*Going out.*

La Nu. Whither ſo faſt?

Will. Why,—I am ſo indifferent grown, that I can tell thee now——to a Woman, young, fair and honeſt; ſhe'll be kind and thankful—farewel Jilt—now ſhould'ſt thou die for one ſight more of me, thou ſhould'ſt not ha't; nay, ſhould'ſt thou ſacrifice all thou haſt couzen'd other Coxcombs of, to buy one ſingle viſit, I am ſo

proud, by Heaven, thou ſhouldſt not have it—To grieve thee more, ſee here, inſatiate Woman [*Shews her a Purſe of Gold*] the Charm that makes me lovely in thine Eyes: it had all been thine hadſt thou not baſely bargain'd with me, now 'tis the Prize of ſome well-meaning Whore, whoſe Modeſty will truſt my Generoſity.

[*Goes out.*

La Nu. Now I cou'd rave, t'have loſt an opportunity which induſtry nor chance can give again—when on the yielding point, a curſed fit of Pride comes croſs my Soul, and ſtops the kind Career—I'll follow him, yes I'll follow him, even to the Arms of her to whom he's gone.

Aur. Madam, 'tis dark, and we may meet with Inſolence.

La Nu. No matter: *Sancho,* let the Coach go home, and do you follow me———

Women may boaſt their Honour and their Pride,
But Love ſoon lays thoſe feebler Pow'rs aſide. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street, or Backſide of the Piazza dark.*

Enter Willmore *alone.*

Will. A POX upon this Woman that has jilted me, and I for being a fond believing Puppy to be in earneſt with ſo great a Devil. Where be theſe Coxcombs too? this *Blunt* and *Fetherfool*? when a Man needs 'em not, they are plaguing him with their unſeaſonable Jeſts——could I but light on them, I would be very drunk to night——but firſt I'll try my Fortune with this Woman—let me ſee—hereabouts is the Door.

[*Gropes about for the Door.*

Enter Beaumond, *follow'd by* La Nuche, *and* Sancho.

La Nu. 'Tis he, I know it by his often and uneaſy pauſes——

Beau.

Beau.——And ſhall I home and ſleep upon my injury, whilſt this more happy Rover takes my right away?—no, damn me then for a cold ſenſeleſs Coward.

[*Pauſes and pulls out a Key.*

Will. This Damſel, by the part o'th' Town ſhe lives in, ſhou'd be of Quality, and therefore can have no diſhoneſt deſign on me, it muſt be right down ſubſtantial Love, that's certain.

Beau. Yet I'll in and arm my ſelf for the Encounter, for 'twill be rough between us, tho we're Friends.

[*Groping about, finds the Door.*

Will. Oh, 'tis this I'm ſure, becauſe the Door is open.

Beau. Hah—who's there?— [Beau. *advances to unlock the Door, runs againſt* Will. *draws.*

Will. That Voice is of Authority, ſome Husband, Lover, or a Brother, on my Life——this is a Nation of a word and a blow, therefore I'll betake me to *Toledo*——

[*Draws.*

[Willmore *in drawing hits his Sword againſt that of* Beaumond, *who turns and fights,* La Nuche *runs into the Garden frighted.*

Beau. Hah, are you there?

Sanc. I'll draw in defence of the Captain——

[Sancho *fights for* Beau. *and beats out* Will.

Will. Hah, two to one? [*Turns and goes in.*

Beau. The Garden Door clapt to; ſure he's got in; nay, then I have him ſure.

The SCENE *changes to a Garden,* La Nuche *in it; to her* Beau. *who takes hold of her Sleeve.*

La Nu. Heavens, where am I?

Beau. Hah——a Woman! and by theſe Jewels——ſhould be *Ariadne.* 'Tis ſo! Death, are all Women falſe?

[*She ſtruggles to get away, he holds her.*

——Oh, 'tis in vain thou fly'ſt, thy Infamy will ſtay behind thee ſtill.

La Nu. Hah, 'tis *Beaumond*'s Voice!——

Now for an Art to turn the Trick upon him; I muſt not loſe his Friendſhip. [*Aſide.*

Enter Willmore *ſoftly, peeping behind.*

Will. ——What a Devil have we here, more Miſchief yet;——hah——my Woman with a Man——I ſhall ſpoil all——I ne'er had an excellent knack of doing ſo.

Beau. Oh Modeſty, where art thou? Is this the effect of all your put on Jealouſy, that Mask to hide your own new falſhood in? New!—by Heaven, I believe thou'rt old in cunning, that couldſt contrive, ſo near thy Wedding-night, this, to deprive me of the Rites of Love.

La Nu. Hah, what ſays he? [*Aſide.*

Will. How, a Maid, and young, and to be marry'd too! a rare Wench this to contrive Matters ſo conveniently: Oh, for ſome Miſchief now to ſend him neatly off. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Now you are ſilent; but you could talk to day loudly of Virtue, and upbraid my Vice: oh how you hated a young keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife cou'd oblige to reaſon—oh, damn your Honour, 'tis that's the ſly pretence of all your domineering inſolent Wives—Death——what didſt thou ſee in me, ſhould make thee think that I would be a tame contented Cuckold? [*Going, ſhe holds him.*

La Nu. I muſt not loſe this laviſh loving Fool. [*Aſide.*

Will. So, I hope he will be civil and withdraw, and leave me in poſſeſſion———

Beau. No, tho my Fortune ſhould depend on thee; nay, all my hope of future happineſs——by Heaven, I ſcorn to marry thee, unleſs thou couldſt convince me thou wer't honeſt——a Whore!——Death how it cools my Blood——

Will. And fires mine extremely——

La Nu. Nay, then I am provok'd tho I ſpoil all—— [*Aſide.*

And is a Whore a thing ſo much deſpis'd?
Turn back thou falſe forſworn——turn back, and bluſh at thy miſtaken folly. [*He ſtands amaz'd.*

Beau. La Nuche!

Enter Aria. *peeping, advancing cautiouſly undreſt,* Luc. *following.*

Aria. Oh, he is here —— *Lucia,* attend me in the Orange-

Orange-Garden——— [*Ex.* Lucia.
Hah, a Woman with him!

Will. Hum—what have we here? another Damſel?—ſhe's gay too, and ſeems young and handſom——ſure one of theſe will fall to my ſhare; no matter which, ſo I am ſure of one.

La Nu. Who's ſilent now? are you ſtruck dumb with Guilt? thou ſhame to noble Love; thou ſcandal to all brave Debauchery, thou Fop of Fortune; thou ſlaviſh Heir to Eſtate and Wife, born rich and damn'd to Matrimony.

Will. Egad a noble Wench——I am divided yet.

La Nu. Thou formal Aſs diſguis'd in generous Leudneſs, ſee——when the Vizor's off, how ſneakingly that empty form appears —— Nay 'tis thy own —— Make much on't, marry with it, and be damn'd. [*Offers to go.*

Will. I hope ſhe'll beat him for ſuſpecting her.
[*He holds her, ſhe turns.*

Aria. Hah——who the Devil can theſe be?

La Nu. What ſilly honeſt Fool did you miſtake me for? what ſenſeleſs modeſt thing? Death, am I grown ſo deſpicable? have I deſerved no better from thy Love than to be taken for a virtuous Changeling?

Will. Egad 'twas an Affront. [*Aſide.*

La Nu. I'm glad I've found thee out to be an errant Coxcomb, one that eſteems a Woman for being chaſte forſooth! 'Sheart, I ſhall have thee call me pious ſhortly, a moſt—religious Matron!

Will. Egad ſhe has reaſon——— [*Aſide.*

Beau. Forgive me—for I took ye—for another.
[*Sighing.*

La Nu. Oh did you ſo? it ſeems you keep fine Company the while—Death, that I ſhould e'er be ſeen with ſuch a vile Diſſembler, with one ſo vain, ſo dull and ſo impertinent, as can be entertain'd by honeſt Women!

Will. A Heavenly Soul, and to my Wiſh, were I but ſure of her.

Beau. Oh you do wondrous well t'accuſe me firſt! yes, I am a Coxcomb—a confounded one, to doat upon ſo falſe a Proſtitute; nay to love ſeriouſly, and tell it too:

yet ſuch an amorous Coxcomb I was born, to hate the Enjoyment of the loveliеſt Woman, without I have the Heart: the fond ſoft Prattle, and the lolling Dalliance, the Frowns, the little Quarrels, and the kind Degrees of making Peace again, are Joys which I prefer to all the ſenſual, whilſt I endeavour to forget the Whore, and pay my Vows to Wit, to Youth and Beauty.

Aria. Now hang me, if it be not *Beaumond.*

Beau. Would any Devil leſs than common Woman have ſerv'd me as thou didſt? ſay, was not this my Night? my paid for Night? my own by right of Bargain, and by Love? and haſt not thou deceiv'd me for a Stranger?

Will. So—make me thankful, then ſhe will be kind.
[*Hugs himſelf.*

Beau. ——Was not this done like a Whore of Honour think ye? and would not ſuch an Injury make me forſwear all Joys of Womankind, and marry in mere ſpite?

La Nu. Why where had been the Crime had I been kind?

Beau. Thou do'ſt confeſs it then.

La Nu. Why not?

Beau. Thoſe Bills of Love the oftner paid and drawn, make Women better Merchants than Lovers.

La Nu. And 'tis the better Trade.

Will. Oh Pox, there ſhe daſht all again. I find they calm upon't, and will agree, therefore I'll bear up to this ſmall Frigate and lay her aboard. [*Goes to* Ariadne.

La Nu. However I'm glad the Vizor's off; you might have fool'd me on, and ſworn I was the only Conqueror of your Heart, had not Good-nature made me follow you, to undeceive your falſe ſuſpicions of me: How have you ſworn never to marry? how rail'd at Wives, and ſatir'd Fools oblig'd to Wedlock? And now at laſt, to thy eternal Shame, thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf to be a moſt pernicious honourable Lover, a perjur'd——honeſt——nay, a very Husband. [*Turns away, he holds her.*

Aria. Hah, ſure 'tis the Captain.

Will.

Will. Prithee, Child, let's leave 'em to themſelves, they'l agree matters I'll warrant them when they are alone; and let us try how love and Good-nature will provide for us.

Aria. Sure he cannot know me!—Us!—pray who are you, and who am I?

Will. Why look ye Child, I am a very honeſt civil Fellow, for my part, and thou'rt a Woman for thine; and I deſire to know no more at preſent.

Aria. 'Tis he, and knows not me to be the ſame he appointed to day———Sir, purſue that Path on your right Hand, that Grove of Orange-Trees, and I'll follow you immediately.

Will. Kind and Civil——prithee make haſte, dear Child. [*Exit* Will.

Beau. And did you come to call me back again? [*Lovingly.*

La Nu. No matter, you are to be marry'd Sir———

Beau. No more, 'tis true to pleaſe my Uncle, I have talk'd of ſome ſuch thing; but I'll purſue it no farther, ſo thou wilt yet be mine, and mine intirely———I hate this *Ariadne*———for a Wife———by Heaven I do.

Aria. A very plain Confeſſion. [*Claps him on the back.*

Beau. Ariadne!

La Nu. I'm glad of this, now I ſhall be rid of him. [*Aſide.*

——How is't, Sir? I ſee you ſtruggle hard 'twixt Love and Honour, and I'll reſign my Place——— [*Offers to go,* Ariadne *pulls her back.*

Aria. Hold, if ſhe take him not away, I ſhall diſappoint my Man———faith I'll not be outdone in Generoſity. [*Gives him to* La Nuche.

Here———Love deſerves him beſt———and I reſign him———Pox on't I'm honeſt, tho that's no fault of mine; 'twas Fortune who has made a worſe Exchange, and you and I ſhould ſuit moſt damnably together, [*To* Beau.

Beau. I am ſure there's ſomething in the Wind, ſhe being in the Garden, and the Door left open. [*Aſide.*

—Yes, I believe you are willing enough to part with me, when you expect another you like better.

Aria. I'm glad I was before-hand with you then.

Beau. Very good, and the Door was left open to give admittance to a Lover.

Aria. 'Tis viſible it was to let one in to you, falſe as you are.

La Nu. Faith, Madam, you miſtake my Conſtitution, my Beauty and my Buſineſs is only to be belov'd not to love; I leave that Slavery for you Women of Quality, who muſt invite, or die without the Bleſſing; for likely the Fool you make choice of wants Wit or Confidence to ask firſt; you are fain to whiſtle before the Dogs will fetch and carry, and then too they approach by ſtealth: and having done the Drudgery, the ſubmiſſive Curs are turn'd out for fear of dirtying your Apartment, or that the Mungrils ſhould ſcandalize ye; whilſt all my Lovers of the noble kind throng to adore and fill my Preſence daily, gay as if each were triumphing for Victory.

Aria. Ay this is ſomething; what a poor ſneaking thing an honeſt Woman is!

La Nu. And if we chance to love ſtill, there's a difference, your Hours of Love are like the Deeds of Darkneſs, and mine like cheerful Birds in open Day.

Aria. You may, you have no Honour to loſe.

La Nu. Or if I had, why ſhould I double the Sin by Hypocriſy. [Lucia *ſqueaks within, crying, help, help.*

Aria. Heavens, that's *Lucia*'s Voice.

Beau. Hah, more caterwauling?

Enter Lucia *in haſte.*

Luc. Oh, Madam, we're undone; and, Sir, for Heaven's ſake do you retire.

Beau. What's the matter?

Luc. Oh you have brought the moſt villainous mad Friend with you——he found me ſitting on a Bank—— and did ſo ruffle me.

Aria. Death, ſhe takes *Beaumond* for the Stranger, and will ruin me.

Luc. Nay, made love ſo loud, that my Lord your Father-in-law, who was in his Cabinet, heard us from the Orange-

Orange-Grove, and has ſent to ſearch the Garden—and ſhould he find a Stranger with you—do but you retire, Sir, and all's well yet. [*To* Beaumond.

Aria. The Devil's in her Tongue. [*Aſide.*

Luc. For if Mr. *Beaumond* be in the Houſe, we ſhall have the Devil to do with his Jealouſy.

Aria. So, there 'tis out.

Beau. She takes me for another——I am jilted every where——what Friend?——I brought none with me. ——Madam, do you retire—— [*To* La Nuche.

La Nu. Glad of my Freedom too—— [*Goes out.*

[*A claſhing of Swords within. Enter* Willm. *fighting, preſt back by three or four Men, and* Abevile, Aria. *and* Luc. *run ont.*

Beau. Hah, ſet on by odds; hold, tho thou be'ſt my Rival, I will free thee, on condition thou wilt meet me to morrow morning in the Piazza by day break.

[*Puts himſelf between their Swords, and ſpeaks to* Will. *aſide.*

Will. By Heaven I'll do it.

Beau. Retire in ſafety then, you have your paſs.

Abev. Fall, fall on, the number is increas'd. [*Fall on* Beau.

Beau. Raſcals do you not know me?

[*Falls in with 'em, and beats them back, and goes out with them.*

Will. Nay, and you be ſo well acquainted, I'll leave you—unfortunate ſtill I am; my own well meaning, but ill Management, is my eternal Foe: Plague on 'em, they have wounded me—yet not one drop of Blood's departed from me that warm'd my Heart for Woman, and I'm not willing to quit this Fairy-ground till ſome kind Devil have been civil to me.

Enter Ariadne *and* Lucia.

Aria. I ſay, 'tis he: thou'ſt made ſo many dull Miſtakes to Night, thou dareſt not truſt thy Senſes when they're true———How do you, Sir?

Will. That Voice has Comfort in't, for 'tis a Woman's: hah, more Interruption?

Aria. A little this way, Sir.

[*Ex.* Aria. *and* Will. *into the Garden.*

Enter Beaumond, Abevile *in a ſubmiſſive Poſture.*

Beau. No more excuſes—By all theſe Circumſtances, I know this *Ariadne* is a Gipſy. What difference then between a money-taking Miſtreſs and her that gives her Love? only perhaps this ſins the cloſer by't, and talks of Honour more: What Fool wou'd be a Slave to empty Name, or value Woman for diſſembling well?—I'll to *La Nuche*—the honeſter o'th' two——— *Abevile*—— get me my Muſick ready, and attend me at *La Nuche's.*

[*Ex. ſeverally*

Luc. He's gone, and to his Miſtreſs too.

Enter Ariadne *purſu'd by* Willmore.

Will. My little *Daphne*, 'tis in vain to fly, unleſs like her, you cou'd be chang'd into a Tree: *Apollo*'s ſelf purſu'd not with more eager Fire than I. [*Holds her.*

Aria. Will you not grant a Parly e'er I yield?

Will. I'm better at a Storm.

Aria. Beſides, you're wounded too.

Will. Oh leave thoſe Wounds of Honour to my Surgeon, thy Buſineſs is to cure thoſe of Love. Your true bred Soldier ever fights with the more heat for a Wound or two.

Aria. Hardly in *Venus'* Wars.

Will. Her ſelf ne'er thought ſo when ſhe ſnatcht her Joys between the rough Encounters of the God of War. Come, let's purſue the Buſineſs we came for: See the kind Night invites, and all the ruffling Winds are huſht and ſtill, only the Zephirs ſpread their tender Wings, courting in gentle Murmurs the gay Boughs; 'twas in a Night like this, *Diana* taught the Myſteries of Love to the fair Boy *Endymion.* I am plaguy full of Hiſtory and Simile to night.

Aria. You ſee how well he far'd for being modeſt.

Will. He might be modeſt, but 'twas not over-civil to put her Goddeſsſhip to asking firſt; thou ſeeſt I'm better bred—Come let's haſte to ſilent Grots that attend us, dark Groves where none can ſee, and murmuring Fountains.

Aria.

Aria. Stay, let me conſider firſt, you are a Stranger, inconſtant too as Iſland Winds, and every day are fighting for your Miſtreſſes, of which you've had at leaſt four ſince I ſaw you firſt, which is not a whole day,

Will. I grant ye, before I was a Lover, I ran at random, but I'll take up now, be a patient Man, and keep to one Woman a Month.

Aria. A Month!

Will. And a fair Reaſon, Child; time was, I wou'd have worn one Shirt, or one pair of Shoos ſo long as have let the Sun ſet twice upon the ſame Sin: but ſee the Power of Love; thou haſt bewitch'd me, that's certain.

Aria. Have a care of giving me the aſcendent over ye, for fear I make ye marry me.

Will. Hold, I bar that caſt, Child; no, I'm none of thoſe Spirits that can be conjur'd into a Wedding-ring, and dance in the dull matrimonial Circle all my Days.

Aria. But what think you of a hundred thouſand Crowns, and a Beauty of Sixteen?

Will. As of moſt admirable Bleſſings: but harkye, Child, I am plaguily afraid thou'rt ſome ſcurvy honeſt thing of Quality by theſe odd Queſtions of thine, and haſt ſome wicked Deſign upon my Body.

Aria. What, to have and to hold I'll warrant.——No Faith, Sir, Maids of my Quality expect better Jointures than a Buff-coat, Scarf and Feather: ſuch Portions as mine are better Ornaments in a Family than a Captain and his Commiſſion.

Will. Why well ſaid, now thou haſt explain'd thy ſelf like a Woman of Honour——Come, come, let's away.

Aria. Explain my ſelf! How mean ye?

Will. ——Thou ſayſt I'm not fit to marry thee—— and I believe this Aſſignation was not made to tell me ſo, nor yet to hear me whiſtle to Birds.

Aria. Faith no, I ſaw you, lik'd ye, and had a mind to ye.

Will. Ay Child——

Aria. In ſhort, I took ye for a Man of Honour.

Will. Nay, if I tell the Devil take me.

Aria. I am a Virgin in Diſtreſs.

Will.

Will. Poor Heart.

Aria. To be marry'd within a Day or two to one I like not.

Will. Hum——and therefore wouldſt diſpoſe of a ſmall Virgin Treaſure (too good for ſilly Husbands) in a Friend's Hands: faith, Child—I was ever a good religious charitable Chriſtian, and ſhall acquit my ſelf as honeſtly and piouſly in this Affair as becomes a Gentleman.

Enter Abevile *with Muſick.*

Abev. Come away, are ye all arm'd for the Buſineſs?

Aria. Hah, arm'd! we are ſurpriz'd again.

Will. Fear not. [*Draws.*

Aria. Oh God, Sir, haſte away, you are already wounded: but I conjure you, as a Man of Honour, be here at the Garden Gate to night again, and bring a Friend, in caſe of Danger, with you; and if poſſible I'll put my ſelf into your Hands, for this Night's Work has ruin'd me— [*Speaking quick, and puſhing him forwards runs off.*

Abev. My maſter ſure not gone yet— [*Peeping advancing.*

Will. Raſcals, tho you are odds, you'll find hot Work in vanquiſhing. [*Falls on 'em.*

Abev. Hold, Sir, I am your Page. Do you not know me? and theſe the Muſick you commanded—ſhall I carry 'em where you order'd, Sir?

Will. They take me for ſome other, this was lucky. [*Aſide.*

O, aye—'tis well—I'll follow—but whither?—Plague of my dull Miſtakes, the Woman's gone—yet ſtay—[*Calls 'em.*

For now I think on't, this Miſtake may help me to another——ſtay——I muſt diſpoſe of this mad Fire about me, which all theſe Diſappointments cannot lay——Oh for ſome young kind Sinner in the nick——How I cou'd ſouſe upon her like a Bird of Prey, and worry her with Kindneſs. [*Aſide*——Go on, I follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Changes* to La Nuche's *Houſe.*

Enter Petronella *and* Aurelia *with Light.*

Aur. Well, the Stranger is in Bed, and moſt impatiently expects our Patrona, who is not yet returned.

Pet. Curſe of this Love! I know ſhe's in purſuit of this Rover, this *Engliſh* Piece of Impudence; Pox on 'em, I know nothing good in the whole Race of 'em, but giving all to their Shirts when they're drunk. What ſhall we do, *Aurelia*? This Stranger muſt not be put off, nor *Carlo* neither, who has ſin'd again as if for a new Maidenhead.

Aur. You are ſo covetous, you might have put 'em off, but now 'tis too late.

Pet. Put off! Are theſe Fools to be put off think ye? a fine fop *Engliſhman*, and an old doating Grandee?—No, I cou'd put the old trick on 'em ſtill, had ſhe been here but to have entertain'd 'em: but hark, one knocks, 'tis *Carlo* on my Life——

Enter Carlo, *gives* Petronella *Gold.*

Car. Let this plead for me.

Pet. Sweet Don, you are the moſt eloquent Perſon.

Car. I would regale to-night———I know it is not mine, but I've ſent five hundred Crowns to purchaſe it, becauſe I ſaw another bargaining for't; and Perſons of my Quality muſt not be refus'd: you apprehend me.

Pet. Moſt rightly——that was the Reaſon ſhe came ſo out of Humour home——and is gone to Bed in ſuch a ſullen Fit.

Car. To Bed, and all alone! I would ſurprize her there. Oh how it pleaſes me to think of ſtealing into her Arms like a fine Dream, Wench, hah.

Aur. 'Twill be a pleaſant one, no doubt.

Pet. He lays the way out how he'll be cozen'd. [*Aſide.* ———The Seigniora perhaps may be angry, Sir, but I'll venture that to accommodate you; and that you may ſurprize her the more readily, be pleas'd to ſtay in my Chamber, till you think ſhe may be aſleep.

Car. Thou art a perfect Miſtreſs of thy Trade.

Pet.

Pet. So, now will I to the Seigniora's Bed my ſelf, dreſt and perfum'd, and finiſh two good Works at once; earn five hundred Crowns, and keep up the Honour of the Houſe. [*Aſide.*]—Softly ſweet Don. [*Lights him out.*

Aur. And I will do two more good things, and diſappoint your Expectations; jilt the young *Engliſh* Fool, and have old *Carlo* well bang'd, if t'other have any Courage.

Enter La Nuche *in Rage, and* Sancho.

La Nu. Aurelia, help, help me to be reveng'd upon this wretched unconſidering Heart.

Aur. Heavens, have you made the Rover happy, Madam?

La Nu. Oh wou'd I had! or that or any Sin wou'd change this Rage into ſome eaſier Paſſion: Sickneſs and Poverty, Diſgrace and Pity, all met in one, were kinder than this Love, this raging Fire of a proud amorous Heart.

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Heavens, what's the matter?

Aur. Here's *Petronella,* diſſemble but your Rage a little.

La Nu. Damn all diſſembling now, it is too late—the Tyrant Love reigns abſolute within, and I am loſt, *Aurelia.*

Pet. How, Love! forbid it Heaven! will Love maintain ye?

La Nu. Curſe on your Maxims, will they eaſe my Heart? Can your wiſe Counſel fetch me back my Rover?

Pet. Hah, your Rover, a Pox upon him.

La Nu. He's gone———gone to the Arms of ſome gay generous Maid, who nobly follows Love's divine Dictates, whilſt I 'gainst Nature ſtudying thy dull Precepts, and to be baſe and infamouſly rich, have barter'd all the Joys of human Life———Oh give me Love: I will be poor and love.

Pet. She's loſt———but hear me———

La Nu. I won't, from Childhood thou haſt trained me up in Cunning, read Lectures to me of the uſe of Man, but kept me from the knowledge of the Right; taught me to jilt, to flatter and deceive: and hard it was to learn th' ungrateful Leſſons. But oh how ſoon plain Nature taught me Love, and ſhew'd me all the cheat of thy

thy falſe Tenements———No———give me Love with any other Curſe.

Pet. But who will give you that when you are poor? when you are wretchedly deſpis'd and poor?

La Nu. Hah!

Pet. Do you not daily ſee fine Clothes, rich Furniture, Jewels and Plate are more inviting than Beauty unadorn'd? be old, diſeas'd, deform'd, be any thing, ſo you be rich and ſplendidly attended, you'll find your ſelf lov'd and ador'd by all—But I'm an old fool ſtill—Well, *Petronella*, had'ſt thou been half as induſtrious in thy Youth as in thy Age———thou hadſt not come to this. [*Weeps.*

La Nu. She's in the right.

Pet. What can this mad poor Captain do for you, love you whilſt you can buy him Breeches, and then leave you? A Woman has a ſweet time on't with any Soldier-Lover of 'em all, with their Iron Minds, and Buff Hearts; feather'd Inamorato's have nothing that belongs to Love but his Wings, the Devil clip 'em for *Petronella.*

La Nu. True—he can ne'er be conſtant. [*Pauſing.*

Pet. Heaven forbid he ſhould! No, if you are ſo unhappy as that you muſt have him, give him a Night or two and pay him for't, and ſend him to feed again: But for your Heart, 'Sdeath, I would as ſoon part with my Beauty, or Youth, and as neceſſary a Tool 'tis for your Trade——A Curtezan and love! but all my Counſel's thrown away upon ye. [*Weeps.*

La Nu. No more, I will be rul'd——I will be wiſe, be rich: and ſince I muſt yield ſomewhere, and ſome time, *Beaumond* ſhall be the Man, and this the Night; he's handſom, young, and laviſhly profuſe: This Night he comes, and I'll ſubmit to Intereſt. Let the gilded Apartment be made ready, and ſtrew it o'er with Flowers, adorn my Bed of State; let all be fine; perfume my Chamber like the Phœnix's Neſt, I'll be luxurious in my Pride to Night, and make the amorous prodigal Youth my Slave.

Pet. Nobly reſolv'd! and for theſe other two who wait your coming, let me alone to manage. [*Goes out.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Chamber, diſcovers* Fetherfool *in Bed.*

Feth. This Gentlewoman is plaguy long in coming: —ſome Nicety now, ſome perfum'd Smock, or Point Night-Clothes to make her more lovely in my Eyes: Well, theſe Women are right City Cooks, they ſtay ſo long to garniſh the Diſh, till the Meat be cold———but hark, the Door opens.

Enter Carlo *ſoftly, half undreſt.*

Car. This Wench ſtays long, and Love's impatient; this is the Chamber of *La Nuche*, I take it: If ſhe be awake, I'll let her know who I am; if not, I'll ſteal a Joy before ſhe thinks of it.

Feth. Sure 'tis ſhe, pretty modeſt Rogue, ſhe comes i'th' dark to hide her Bluſhes——hum, I'm plaguy eloquent o'th' ſudden———Who's there? [*Whiſpering.*

Car. 'Tis I, my Love.

Feth. Hah, ſweet Soul, make haſte.—There 'twas again.

Car. So kind, ſure ſhe takes me for ſome other, or has ſome inkling of my Deſign—— [*To himſelf.* Where are you, Sweeteſt?

Feth. Here my Love, give me your hand——

[*Puts out his Hand*; Carlo *kneels and kiſſes it.*

Car. Here let me worſhip the fair Shrine before I dare approach ſo fair a Saint. [*Kiſſes the Hand.*

Feth. Hah, what a Pox have we here?——wou'd I were well out o' t'other ſide—perhaps 'tis her Husband, and then I'm a dead Man, if I'm diſcover'd.

[*Removes to t'other ſide*, Carlo *holds his Hand.*

Car. Nay, do not fly——I know you took me for ſome happier Perſon. [Feth. *ſtruggles*, Car. *riſes and takes him in his Arms, and kiſſes him.*

Feth. What, will you raviſh me? [*In a ſhrill Voice.*

Car. Hah, that Voice is not *La Nuche*'s———Lights there, Lights.

Feth. Nay, I can hold a bearded *Venus*, Sir, as well as any Man. [*Holds* Carlo.

Car.

Car. What art thou, Rogue, Villain, Slave?

(*They fall to Cuffs, and fight till they are bloody, fall from the Bed, and fight on the Floor,*
Enter Petronella, Sancho, *and* Aurelia.

Pet. Heaven, what noiſe is this?——we are undone, part 'em *Sancho.* [*They part 'em.*

Feth. Give me my Sword; nay, give me but a Knife, that I may cut yon Fellow's Throat——

Car. Sirrah, I'm a Grandee, and a *Spaniard*, and will be reveng'd.

Feth. And I'm an *Engliſh-man*, and a Juſtice, and will have Law, Sir,

Pet. Say 'tis her Husband, or any thing to get him hence. [*Aſide to* Sancho, *who whiſpers him.* Theſe *Engliſh*, Sir, are Devils, and on my Life 'tis unknown to the Seigniora that he's i'th' Houſe.

[*To* Carlo *aſide.*

Car. Come, I'm abus'd, but I muſt put it up for fear of my Honour; a Stateſman's Reputation is a tender thing: Convey me out the back way. I'll be reveng'd.

[*Goes out.*

Feth. (Aurelia *whiſpers to him aſide*) How, her Huſband! Prithee convey me out; my Clothes, my Clothes, quickly——

Aur. Out, Sir! he has lock'd the Door, and deſigns to have ye murder'd.

Feth. Oh gentle Soul—take pity on me——where, oh what ſhall I do?——my Clothes, my Sword and Money.

Aur. Quickly, *Sancho*, tie a Sheet to the Window, and let him ſlide down by that——Be ſpeedy, and we'll throw your Clothes out after ye. Here, follow me to the Window.

Feth. Oh, any where, any where. That I could not be warn'd from whoring in a ſtrange Country, by my Friend *Ned Blunt*'s Example———if I can but keep it ſecret now, I care not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street, a Sheet ty'd to the Balcony, and* Feth. *ſitting croſs to ſlide down.*

Feth. So———now your Neck, or your Throat, chuſe

ye either, wiſe Mr. *Nicholas Fetherfool*———But ſtay, I hear Company. Now dare not I budg an Inch.

Enter Beaumond *alone.*

Beau. Where can this Raſcal, my Page, be all this while? I waited in the Piazza ſo long, that I believe he has miſtook my Order, and gone directly to *La Nuche*'s Houſe—but here's no ſign of him———

Feth. Hah———I hear no noiſe, I'll venture down.

[*Goes half way down and ſtops.*

Enter Abevile, *Muſick and* Willmore.

Will. Whither will this Boy conduct me?—but ſince to a Woman, no matter which 'tis.

Feth. Hah, more Company; now dare not I ſtir up nor down, they may be Bravoes to cut my Throat,

Beau. Oh ſure theſe are they———

Will. Come, my Heart, loſe no time, but tune your Pipes. [Harlequin *plays on his Guittar, and ſings.*

Beau. How, ſure this is ſome Rival.

[*Goes near and liſtens.*

Will. Harkye, Child, haſt thou ne'er an amorous Ditty, ſhort and ſweet, hah———

Abev. Shall I not ſing that you gave me, Sir?

Will. I ſhall ſpoil all with hard Queſtions—Ay, Child—that that. [*The Boy ſings*, Beau. *liſtens, and ſeems angry the while.*

SONG.

A Pox upon this needleſs Scorn,
Silvia for ſhame the Cheat give o'er;
The end to which the fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in ſtore,
But laviſhly diſpoſe in haſte,
Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's paſt:
And who when Beauty's paſt will love?

When Age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,
Revenging all your cold Diſdain,
And Silvia ſhall neglected paſs,
By every once admiring Swain;

And

And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late ſhall burn:
If Love increaſe, and Youth delay,
Ah, Silvia, *who will make return?*

Then haſte, my Silvia, *to the Grove,*
Where all the Sweets of May *conſpire,*
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher;
Where, whilſt imbracing, we ſhould lie
Looſely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers:
The duller World whilſt we defy,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

Beau. 'Sdeath, that's my Page's Voice: Who the Devil is't that ploughs with my Heifer!

Aur. Don *Henrick*, Don *Henrick*———

[*The Door opens*, Beau. *goes up to't*; Will. *puts him by, and offers to go in, he pulls him back.*

Will. How now, what intruding Slave art thou?

Beau. What Thief art thou that baſely, and by dark, rob'ſt me of all my Rights?

[*Strikes him, they fight, and Blows light on* Fetherfool *who hangs down.*

[Sancho *throws* Fetherfool's *Clothes out*, Harlequin *takes 'em up in confuſion*; *they fight out* Beaumond, *all go off, but* Will. *gets into the Houſe*: Harlequin *and* Feth. *remain.* Feth. *gets down, runs againſt* Harlequin *in the dark, both ſeem frighted.*

Harl. Que queſto.

Feth. Ay, *un pouer dead Home*, murder'd, kill'd.

Harl. (*In Italian*) You are the firſt dead Man I ever ſaw walk.

Feth. Hah, Seignior *Harlequin!*

Harl. Seignior Nicholas!

Feth. A Pox *Nicholas* ye, I have been maul'd and beaten within doors, and hang'd and baſtinado'd without doors, loſt my Clothes, my Money, and all my Moveables;

bles; but this is nothing to the Secret taking Air. Ah dear *Seignior*, convey me to the Mountebanks, there I may have Recruit and Cure under one.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chamber, La Nuche *on a Couch in an Undreſs,* Willmore *at her Feet, on his knees, all unbrac'd: his Hat, Sword,* &c. *on the Table, at which ſhe is dreſſing her Head.*

Will. OH Gods! no more!
I ſee a yielding in thy charming Eyes;
The Bluſhes on thy Face, thy trembling Arms,
Thy panting Breaſt, and ſhort-breath'd Sighs confeſs,
Thou wo't be mine, in ſpite of all thy Art.

La Nu. What need you urge my Tongue then to repeat what from my Eyes you can ſo well interpret?
[*Bowing down her Head to him, and ſighing.*
——or if it muſt—diſpoſe me as you pleaſe——

Will. Heaven, I thank thee! [*Riſes with Joy.*
Who wou'd not plough an Age in Winter Seas,
Or wade full ſeven long Years in ruder Camps,
To find this Reſt at laſt?--[*Leans on, and kiſſes her Boſom.*
Upon thy tender Boſom to repoſe;
To gaze upon thy Eyes, and taſte thy Balmy Kiſſes,
[*Kiſſes her.*
———Sweeter than everlaſting Groves of Spices,
When the ſoft Winds diſplay the opening Buds:
———Come, haſte, my Soul, to Bed———

La Nu. You can be ſoft I find, when you wou'd conquer abſolutely.

Will. Not infant Angels, not young ſighing *Cupids*
Can be more; this raviſhing Joy that thou haſt promis'd me,
Has form'd my Soul to ſuch a Calm of Love,
It melts e'en at my Eyes.

La Nu. What have I done? that Promiſe will undo me,
——— This Chamber was prepar'd, and I was dreſt,

To

To give Admittance to another Lover.

Will. But Love and Fortune both were on my ſide—
Come, come to Bed——conſider nought but Love——
[*They going out, one knocks.*

La Nu. Hark!

(*Beau without.*) By Heav'n I will have entrance.

La Nu. 'Tis he whom I expect; as thou lov'ſt Life and me, retire a little into this Cloſet.

Will. Hah, retire!

La Nu. He's the moſt fiercely jealous of his Sex,
And Diſappointment will inrage him more.

Will. Death: let him rage whoe'er he be; doſt think I'll hide me from him, and leave thee to his Love?
Shall I, pent up, thro the thin Wainſcot hear
Your Sighs, your amorous Words, and ſound of Kiſſes?
No, if thou canſt cozen me, do't, but diſcreetly,
And I ſhall think thee true:
I have thee now, and when I tamely part with thee, may Cowards huff and bully me. [*Knocks again.*

La Nu. And muſt I be undone becauſe I love ye?
This is the Mine from whence I fetch my Gold.

Will. Damn the baſe Traſh: I'll have thee poor, and (mine;
'Tis nobler far, to ſtarve with him thou lov'ſt
Than gay without, and pining all within. [*Knocking. breaking the Door,* Will. *ſnatches up his Sword.*

La Nu. Heavens, here will be murder done—he muſt not ſee him. [*As* Beau. *breaks open the Door, ſhe runs away with the Candle,* Beau. *enters with his Sword drawn.*

Will. What art thou?

Beau. A Man. [*They fight.*

Enter Petron. *with Light,* La Nuche *following,* Beau. *runs to her.*

Oh thou falſe Woman, falſer than thy Smiles,
Which ſerve but to delude good-natur'd Man,
And when thou haſt him faſt, betray'ſt his Heart!

Will. Beaumond!

Beau. Willmore! Is it with thee that I muſt tug for Empire? For I lay claim to all this World of Beauty.

[*Takes* La Nuche, *looking with ſcorn on* Willmore.

La Nu.

La Nu. Heavens, how got this Ruffian in?

Will. Hold, hold, dear *Harry*, lay no Hands on her till thou canſt make thy Claim good.

Beau. She's mine, by Bargain mine, and that's ſufficient.

Will. In Law perhaps, it may for ought I know, but 'tis not ſo in Love: but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll therefore give thee fair Play—if thou canſt win her take her: But a Sword and a Miſtreſs are not to be loſt, if a Man can keep 'em.

Beau. I cannot blame thee, thou but acts thy ſelf——
But thou fair Hypocrite, to whom I gave my Heart,
And this exception made of all Mankind,
Why would'ſt thou, as in Malice to my Love,
Give it the only Wound that cou'd deſtroy it?

Will. Nay, if thou didſt forbid her loving me, I have her ſure.

Beau. I yield him many Charms; he's nobly born,
Has Wit, Youth, Courage, all that takes the Heart,
And only wants what pleaſes Women's Vanity,
Eſtate, the only good that I can boaſt:
And that I ſacrifice to buy thy Smiles.

La Nu. See, Sir ——— here's a much fairer Chapman———you may be gone——— [*To* Will.

Will. Faith, and ſo there is, Child, for me, I carry all about me, and that by Heaven is thine: I'll ſettle all upon thee, but my Sword, and that will buy us Bread. I've two led Horſes too, one thou ſhalt manage, and follow me thro Dangers.

La Nu. A very hopeful comfortable Life;
No, I was made for better Exerciſes.

Will. Why, every thing in its turn, Child, yet a Man's but a Man.

Beau. No more, but if thou valueſt her, leave her to Eaſe and Plenty.

Will. Leave her to Love, my Dear; one hour of right-down Love, is worth an Age of living dully on:
What 'tis to be adorn'd and ſhine with Gold,
Dreſt like a God, but never know the Pleaſure?
——No, no, I have much finer things in ſtore for thee.
[*Hugs her.*

La Nu.

La Nu. What ſhall I do? here's powerful Intereſt proſtrate at my Feet, [*Pointing to* Beau.
Glory, and all that Vanity can boaſt;
—But there—Love unadorn'd, no covering but his Wings,
[*To* Will.
No Wealth, but a full Quiver to do miſchiefs,
Laughs at thoſe meaner Trifles,———

Beau. Mute as thou art, are not theſe Minutes mine?
But thou——ah falſe——haſt dealt 'em out already,
With all thy Charms of Love, to this unknown——
Silence and guilty Bluſhes ſay thou haſt:
He all diſorder'd too, looſe and undreſt,
With Love and Pleaſure dancing in his Eyes,
Tell me too plainly how thou haſt deceiv'd me.

La Nu. Or if I have not, 'tis a Trick ſoon done,
And this ungrateful Jealouſy wou'd put it in my Head.
[*Angrily.*

Beau. Wou'd! by Heaven, thou haſt—he is not to be fool'd, or ſooth'd into belief of diſtant Joys, as eaſy as I have been: I've loſt ſo kind an Opportunity, where Night and Silence both conſpire with Love, had made him rage like Waves blown up by Storms:——no more—I know he has—oh what, *La Nuche!* robb'd me of all that I have languiſh'd for———

La Nu. If it were ſo, you ſhould not dare believe it—
[*Angrily turns away, he kneels and holds her.*

Beau. Forgive me; oh ſo very well I love,
Did I not know that thou hadſt been a Whore,
I'd give thee the laſt proof of Love—and marry thee.

Will. The laſt indeed——for there's an end of Loving; do, marry him, and be curſt by all his Family: marry him, and ruin him, that he may curſe thee too.—— But hark ye, Friend, this is not fair; 'tis drawing Sharps on a Man that's only arm'd with the defenſive Cudgel, I'm for no ſuch dead doing Arguments; if thou art for me, Child, it muſt be without the folly, for better for worſe; there's a kind of Nonſenſe in that Vow Fools only ſwallow.

La Nu. But when I've worn out all my Youth and Beauty, and ſuffer'd every ill of poverty, I ſhall be compell'd to

to begin the World again without a Stock to ſet up with. No faith, I'm for a ſubſtantial Merchant in Love, who can repay the loſs of Time and Beauty; with whom to make one thriving Voyage ſets me up for ever, and I need never put to Sea again. [*Comes to* Beau.

Beau. Not to be expos'd to Storms of Poverty, the *Indies* ſhall come to thee——See here—this is the Merchandize my Love affords. [*Gives her a Pearl, and Pendants of Diamond.*

La Nu. Look ye, Sir, will not theſe Pearls do better round my Neck, than thoſe kind Arms of yours? theſe Pendents in my Ears, than all the Tales of Love you can whiſper there?

Will. So——— I am deceiv'd——— deal on for Traſh——and barter all thy Joys of Life for Baubles——this Night preſents me one Adventure more—I'll try thee once again, inconſtant Fortune; and if thou fail'ſt me then —I will forſwear thee [*Aſide.*] Death, hadſt thou lov'd my Friend for his own Value, I had eſteem'd thee; but when his Youth and Beauty cou'd not plead, to be the mercenary Conqueſt of his Preſents, was poor, below thy Wit: I cou'd have conquer'd ſo, but I ſcorn thee at that rate——my Purſe ſhall never be my Pimp——Farewel, *Harry.*

Beau. Thou'ſt ſham'd me out of Folly——ſtay——

Will. Faith—I have an Aſſignation with a Woman—a Woman Friend! young as the infant-day, and ſweet as Roſes e'er the Morning Sun have kiſs'd their Dew away. She will not ask me Money neither.

La Nu. Hah! ſtay— [*Holds him and looks on him.*

Beau. She loves him, and her Eyes betray her Heart.

Will. I am not for your turn, Child—Death, I ſhall loſe my Miſtreſs fooling here——I muſt be gone.

[*She holds him, he ſhakes his Head, and ſings.*

No, no, I will not hire your Bed,
Nor Tenant to your Favours be;
I will not farm your White and Red,
You ſhall not let your Love to me:
I court a Miſtreſs——not a Landlady.

Beau.

Beau. He's in the right; and ſhall I waſte my Youth and powerful Fortune on one who all this while has jilted me, ſeeing I was a laviſh loving Fool?——No—this Soul and Body ſhall not be divided—— [*Gives her to* Will.

Will. I am ſo much thy Friend, another time I might be drawn to take a bad Bargain off thy Hands——but I have other Buſineſs at preſent: wo't do a kind thing, *Harry*,—lend me thy Aid to carry off my Woman to night? 'tis hard by in the Piazza, perhaps we may find Reſiſtance.

Beau. My ſelf and Sword are yours. I have a Chair waits below too, may do you Service.

Will. I thank ye——Madam——your Servant.

La Nu. Left by both!

Beau. You ſee our Affairs are preſſing.

[*Bows, and ſmiles careleſſly. Ex.* Will. *ſinging.*

La Nu. Gone! where's all your Power, ye poor deluded Eyes? Curſe on your feeble Fires, that cannot warm a Heat which every common Beauty Kindles. Oh——he is gone for ever.

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Yes, he is gone, to your eternal Ruin: not all the Race of Men cou'd have produc'd ſo bountiful and credulous a Fool.

La Nu. No, never; fetch him back, my *Petronella:* Bring me my wild Inconſtant, or I die— [*Puts her out.*

Pet. The Devil fetch him back for *Petronella*, is't he you mean? you've had too much of him; a Curſe upon him, he'as ruin'd you.

La Nu. He has, he ſhall, he muſt compleat my ruin.

Pet. She raves, the Rogue has given her a *Spaniſh* Philtre.

La Nu. My Coach, my Veil——or let 'em all alone; undreſt thus looſely to the Winds commit me to darkneſs, and no Guide but pitying *Cupid.* [*Going out*, Pet. *holds her.*

Pet. What, are you mad?

La Nu. As Winds let looſe, or Storms when they rage high. [*Goes out.*

Pet. She's loſt, and I'll ſhift for my ſelf, ſeize all her Money and Jewels, of which I have the Keys; and if

Seignior Mountebank keeps his Word, be transform'd to Youth and Beauty again, and undo this *La Nuche* at her own Trade——— [*Goes in.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Willmore, Beaumond, *Chair following.*

Will. Set down the Chair; you're now within call, I'll to the Garden-Door, and ſee if any Lady Bright appear—Dear *Beaumond*, ſtay here a minute, and if I find occaſion, I'll give you the Word.

Beau. 'Tis hard by my Lodgings; if you want Conveniences, I have the Key of the Back-way through the Garden, whither you may carry your Miſtreſs.

Will. I thank thee—let me firſt ſecure my Woman. [*Goes out.*

Beau. I thought I'd love this falſe, this jilting Fair, even above my Friendſhip; but I find I can forgive this Rogue, tho I am ſure he has rob'd me of my Joys.

Enter Ariadne *with a Casket of Jewels.*

Aria. Not yet! a Devil on him, he's Dear-hearting it with ſome other kind Damſel——Faith, 'tis moſt wickedly done of me to venture my Body with a mad unknown Fellow. Thus a little more delay will put me into a ſerious Conſideration, and I ſhall e'en go home again, ſleep and be ſober. [*She walks about.*

Beau. Hah, a Woman! Perhaps the ſame he looks for——I'll counterfeit his Voice and try my Chance——Fortune may ſet us even.

Aria. Hah, is not that a Man? Yes——and a Chair waiting. [*She peeps.*

Beau. Who's there?

Aria. A Maid.

Beau. A Miracle——Oh art thou come, Child?

Aria. 'Tis he, you are a civil Captain, are you not, to make a longing Maid expect thus? What Woman has detain'd you?

Beau. Faith, my Dear, tho Fleſh and Blood be frail, yet the dear Hopes of thee has made me hold out with a Herculean Courage———Stay, where ſhall I carry her? not

not to my own Apartment; *Ariadne* may ſurprize me: I'll to the Mountebank here i'th' Piazza, he has a Cure for all things, even for longing Love, and for a Piſtole or two will do Reaſon.

——Hah, Company: Here ſtep into this Chair.

[*She goes in, they go off juſt as* Will. *enters.*

Will. Hum, a Woman of Quality and jilt me—Egad that's ſtrange now——Well, who ſhall a Man truſt in this wicked World?

Enter La Nuche *as before.*

La Nu. This ſhould be he, he ſaunters about like an expecting Lover. [Will. *peeping and approching.*

Will. By this Light a Woman, if ſhe be the right—— but right or wrong ſo ſhe be Feminine; harkye, Child, I fancy thee ſome kind thing that belongs to me.

La Nu. Who are you? [*In a low tone.*

Will. A wandering Lover that has loſt his Heart, and I have a ſhreud Gueſs 'tis in thy dear Boſom, Child.

La Nu. Oh you're a pretty Lover, a Woman's like to have a ſweet time on't, if you're always ſo tedious.

Will. By yon bright Star-light, Child, I walk'd here in ſhort turns like a Centinel, all this live-long Evening, and was juſt going (Gad forgive me) to kill my ſelf.

La Nu. I rather think ſome Beauty has detain'd you: Have you not ſeen *La Nuche?*

Will. La Nuche!———Why, ſhe's a Whore———I hope you take me for a civiller Perſon, than to throw my ſelf away on Whores——No, Child, I lie with none but honeſt Women I: but no diſputing now, come——to my Lodging, my dear——here's a Chair waits hard by.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Willmore's *Lodging.*

Enter Harlequin *with* Fetherfool's *Clothes on his Shoulder, leading him halting by one Hand,* Blunt (*drunk*) *by the other in the dark*; Fetherfool *bloody, his Coat put over his Shoulders.*

Feth. Peano, Peano, Seignior, gently good *Edward*—for I'll not halt before a Cripple; I have loſt a great part of my agil Faculties.

Blunt. Ah, ſee the Inconſtancy of fickle Fortune, *Nicholas*—A Man to day, and beaten to morrow: but take comfort, there's many a proper fellow has been robb'd and beaten on this Highway of whoring.

Feth. Ay *Ned,* thou ſpeak'ſt by Woful Experience—but that I ſhould miſcarry after thy wholeſom Documents——but we are all mortal, as thou ſay'ſt, *Ned*—Would I had never croſt the Ferry from *Croydon*; a few ſuch Nights as theſe wou'd learn a Man Experience enough to be a Wizard, if he have but the ill luck to eſcape hanging.

Blunt. 'Dſheartlikins, I wonder in what Country our kinder Stars rule: In *England* plunder'd, ſequeſter'd, impriſon'd and baniſh'd; in *France,* ſtarv'd, walking like the Sign of the naked Boy, with *Plymouth* Cloaks in our Hands; in *Italy* and *Spain* robb'd, beaten, and thrown out at Windows.

Feth. Well, how happy am I, in having ſo true a Friend to condole me in Affliction——[*Weeps.*] I am oblig'd to Seignior *Harlequin* too, for bringing me hither to the Mountebank's, where I ſhall not only conceal this Cataſtrophe from thoſe fortunate Rogues our Comrades, but procure a little Album Græcum for my Backſide. Come Seignior, my Clothes——but Seignior—*un Portavera Poco palanea.* [*Dreſſes himſelf.*

Harl. Seignior.

Feth. Entende vos Signoria Engleſa?

Harl. Em Poco, em Poco, Seignior.

Feth. Per quelq arts, did your Seigniorſhip eſcape Cudgeling?

Harl. La art de transformatio.

Feth. Transformatio——Why, wert thou not born a Man?

Harl. No, Seignior, *un vieule Femme.*

Feth. How, born an old Woman?

Blunt. Good Lord! born an old Woman! And ſo by transformation became invulnerable.

Feth.

Feth. Ay—in—invulnerable—what would I give to be invulnerable? and egad I am almoſt weary of being a Man, and ſubject to beating: wou'd I were a Woman, a Man has but an ill time on't: if he has a mind to a Wench, the making Love is ſo plaguy tedious—then paying is to my Soul inſupportable. But to be a Woman, to be courted with Preſents, and have both the Pleaſure and the Profit—to be without a Beard, and ſing a fine Treble——and ſqueak if the Men but kiſs me—'twere fine—and what's better, I am ſure never to be beaten again.

Blunt. Pox on't, do not uſe an old Friend ſo ſcurvily; conſider the Miſery thoul't indure to have the Heart and Mind of a jilting Whore poſſeſs thee: What a Fit of the Devil muſt he ſuffer who acts her Part from fourteen to fourſcore! No, 'tis reſolv'd thou remain *Nicholas Fetherfool* ſtill, ſhalt marry the Monſter, and laugh at Fortune.

Feth. 'Tis true, ſhould I turn Whore to the Diſgrace of my Family—what would the World ſay? who wou'd have thought it, cries one? I cou'd never have believ'd it, cries another. No, as thou ſay'ſt, I'll remain as I am ——marry and live honeſtly.

Blunt. Well reſolv'd, I'll leave you, for I was juſt going to ſerenade my Fairy Queen, when I met thee at the Door———ſome Deeds of Gallantry muſt be perform'd, Seignior *Bonus Nochus.* [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Shift *with Light.*

Feth. Hah, a Light, undone!

Harl. Patientia, Patientia, Seignior,

Shift. Where the Devil can this Rogue *Hunt* be? Juſt now all things are ready for marrying theſe two Monſters; they wait, the Houſe is huſht, and in the lucky Minute to have him out of the way: ſure the Devil owes me a ſpite. [*Runs againſt* Harlequin, *puts out his Candle.*

Harl. Qui eſt là?

Shift. 'Tis *Harlequin*: Pox on't, is't you?

Harl. Peace, here's *Fetherfool,* I'll ſecure him, whilſt you go about your Affair. [*Ex* Shift,

Feth. Oh, I hear a Noiſe, dear *Harlequin* ſecure me; if I am diſcower'd I am undone——hold, hold——— here's a Door— [*They both go in.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber, diſcovers the She-Giant aſleep in a great Chair.*

Enter Fetherfool *and* Harlequin.

Feth. Hah—my Lady Monſter! have I to avoid *Scylla* run upon *Carybdis?*——hah ſhe ſleeps; now wou'd ſome magnanimous Lover make good Uſe of this Opportunity, take Fortune by the Fore-lock, put her to't, and make ſure Work————but Egad he muſt have a better Heart, or a better Miſtreſs than I.

Harl. Try your Strength, I'll be civil and leave you. [*In* Italian *he ſtill ſpeaks.*

Feth. Excuſe me Seignior, I ſhould crackle like a wicker Bottle in her Arms——no, Seignior, there's no venturing without a Grate between us: the Devil wou'd not give her due Benevolence——No, when I'm marry'd, I'll e'en ſhow her a fair pair of Heels, her Portion will pay Poſtage—But what if the Giant ſhould carry her? that's to be fear'd, then I have cock'd and dreſt, and fed, and ventur'd all this while for nothing.

Harl. Faith, Seignior, if I were you, I wou'd make ſure of ſomething, ſee how rich ſhe is in Gems.

Feth. Right, as thou ſay'ſt, I ought to make ſure of ſomething, and ſhe is rich in Gems: How amiable looks that Neck with that delicious row of Pearls about it.

Harl. She ſleeps.

Feth. Ay, ſhe ſleeps as 'twere her laſt. What if I made bold to unrig her? So if I miſs the Lady, I have at leaſt my Charges paid: what vigorous Lover can reſiſt her Charms?———— [*Looks on her.*
But ſhou'd ſhe wake and miſs it, and find it about me, I ſhou'd be hang'd———— [*Turns away.*
——So then, I loſe my Lady too—but Fleſh and Blood cannot reſiſt—What if I left the Town! then I loſe my Lady ſtill, and who wou'd loſe a Hog for the reſt of the Proverb?—And yet a Bird in Hand, Friend *Nicholas*—Yet ſweet Meat may have ſour Sauce—And yet refuſe when Fortune offers—Yet Honeſty's a Jewel—But a Pox upon Pride, when Folks go naked—— *Har.*

Har. Well ſaid. [*Incouraging him by Signs.*

Feth. Ay——I'll do't——but what Remedy now againſt Diſcovery and Reſtitution?

Har. Oh, Sir, take no care, you ſhall——ſwallow 'em.

Feth. How, ſwallow 'em! I ſhall ne'er be able to do't.

Har. I'll ſhew you, Seignior, 'tis eaſy.

Feth. 'Gad that may be, 'twere excellent if I cou'd do't; but firſt—by your leave.

[*Unties the Necklace, breaks the String, and* Har. *ſwallows one to ſhew him.*

Har. Look ye, that's all———

Feth. Hold, hold, Seignior, an you be ſo nimble, I ſhall pay dear for my Learning—let me ſee—friend *Nicholas*, thou haſt ſwallow'd many a Pill for the Diſeaſe of the Body, let's ſee what thou canſt perform for that of the Purſe. [*Swallows 'em.* —ſo—a comfortable buſineſs this—three or four thouſand pound in Cordial-Pearl: 'Sbud, *Mark Anthony* was never ſo treated by his *Egyptian* Crocodile—hah, what noiſe is that?

Har. Operator, Operator, Seignior.

Feth. How, an Operator! why, what the Devil makes he here? ſome Plot upon my Lady's Chaſtity; were I given to be jealous now, Danger wou'd enſue—Oh, he's entring, I wou'd not be ſeen for all the World. Oh, ſome place of Refuge—— [*Looking about.*

Har. I know of none.

Feth. Hah, what's this——a Clock Caſe?

Har. Good, good——look you, Sir, do you do thus, and 'tis impoſſible to diſcover ye.

[*Goes into the Caſe, and ſhews him how to ſtand; then* Fetherfool *goes in, pulls off his Periwig, his Head out, turning for the Minutes o'th' top: his Hand out, and his Fingers pointing to a Figure.*

Enter Shift *and* Hunt.

Feth. Oh Heaven, he's here.

Shift. See where ſhe ſleeps; get you about your buſineſs, ſee your own little Marmoſet and the Prieſt be ready, that we may marry and conſummate before Day;

and in the Morning our Friends ſhall ſee us abed together, give us the good morrow, and the Work's done.

[*Ex.* Hunt.

Feth. Oh Traytor to my Bed, what a Helliſh Plot's here diſcover'd! [Shift *wakes the Giant.*

Giant. Oh, are you come, my Sweeteſt?

Feth. Hah, the Miſtreſs of my Boſom falſe too! ah, who wou'd truſt faithleſs Beauty——oh that I durſt ſpeak.

Shift. Come let's away, your Uncle and the reſt of the Houſe are faſt aſleep, let's away e'er the two Fools, *Blunt* and *Fetherfool*, arrive.

Giant. Hang 'em, Pigeon-hearted Slaves——

Shift. A Clock———let's ſee what hour 'tis———

[*Lifts up the Light to ſee*, Feth. *blows it out.*

——How betray'd——I'll kill the Villain. [*Draws.*

Feth. Say you ſo, then 'tis time for me to uncaſe.

Shift. Have you your Lovers hid? [*Gets out, all groping in the dark*, Feth. *gets the Giant by the Hand.*

Giant. Softly, or we're undone; give me your Hand, and be undeceiv'd.

Feth. 'Tis ſhe, now ſhall I be reveng'd.

[*Leads her out.*

Shift. What gone! Death, has this Monſter got the Arts of Woman? [Harl. *meets him in the dark, and plays tricks with him.*

[*Ex.*

Enter Willmore *and* La Nuche *by dark.*

Will. Now we are ſafe and free, let's in my Soul, and gratefully firſt ſacrifice to Love, then to the Gods of Mirth and Wine, my Dear. [Ex, *paſſing over the Stage.*

Enter Blunt *with* Petronella, *imbracing her, his Sword in his Hand, and a Box of Jewels.*

Pet. I was damnably afraid I was purſu'd. [*Aſide.*

Blunt. Something in the Fray I've got, pray Heaven it prove a Prize, after my curſed ill luck of loſing my Lady Dwarf: Why do you tremble, fair one?——you're in the Hands of an honeſt Gentleman, Adſhartlikins.

Pet. Alas, Sir, juſt as I approacht Seignior Doctor's Door, to have my ſelf ſurrounded with naked Weapons, then to drop with the fear my Casket of Jewels, which had

had not you by chance ſtumbled on and taken up, I had loſt a hundred thouſand Crowns with it.

Blunt. Ha um— a hundred thouſand Crowns—a pretty trifling Sum—I'll marry her out of hand. [*Aſide.*

Pet. This is an *Engliſhman*, of a dull honeſt Nation, and might be manag'd to advantage, were I but tranſform'd now. [*Aſide.*

I hope you are a Man of Honour; Sir, I am a Virgin, fled from the rage of an incens'd Brother; cou'd you but ſecure me with my Treaſure, I wou'd be devoted yours.

Blunt. Secure thee! by this Light, ſweet Soul, I'll marry thee;———*Belvile*'s Lady ran juſt ſo away with him———this muſt be a Prize——— [*Aſide.*

But hark—prithee, my Dear, ſtep in a little, I'll keep my good Fortune to my ſelf.

Pet. See what truſt I repoſe in your Hands, thoſe Jewels, Sir.

Blunt. So—there can be no jilting here, I am ſecur'd from being cozen'd however. [*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Fetherfool.

Feth. A Pox on all Fools, I ſay, and a double Pox on all fighting Fools; juſt when I had miraculouſly got my Monſter by a miſtake in the dark, convey'd her out, and within a moment of marrying her, to have my Friend ſet upon me, and occaſion my loſing her, was a Cataſtrophe which none but thy termagant Courage (which never did any Man good) cou'd have procur'd.

Blunt. 'Dſhartlikins, I cou'd kill my ſelf.

Feth. To fight away a couple of ſuch hopeful Monſters, and two Millions——'owns, was ever Valour ſo improvident?

Blunt. Your fighting made me miſtake: for who the Pox wou'd have look'd for *Nicholas Fetherfool* in the perſon of a Hero?

Feth. Fight, 'Sbud a Million of Money wou'd have provok'd a Bully; beſides, I took you for the damn'd Rogue my Rival.

Blunt. Juſt as I had finiſh'd my Serenade, and had put up my Pipes to be gone, out-ſtalk'd me your two-handed Lady, with a Man at her Girdle like a bunch of Keys,

whom I taking for nothing leſs than ſome one who had ſome foul deſign upon the Gentlewoman, like a true Knight-Errant, did my beſt to reſcue her.

Feth. Yes, yes, I feel you did, a Pox of your heavy hand.

Blunt. So whilſt we two were lovingly cuffing each other, comes the Rival, I ſuppoſe, and carries off the Prize.

Feth. Who muſt be Seignior *Lucifer* himſelf, he cou'd never have vaniſht with that Celerity elſe with ſuch a Carriage—But come, all we have to do is to raiſe the Mountebank and the Guardian, purſue the Rogues, have 'em hang'd by Law, for a Rape, and Theft, and then we ſtand fair again.

Blunt. Faith, you may, if you pleaſe, but Fortune has provided otherwiſe for me. [*Aſide.*] [*Ex.* Blu. *and* Feth.

Enter Beaumond *and* Ariadne.

Beau. Sure none lives here, or Thieves are broken in, the Doors are all left open.

Aria. Pray Heaven this Stranger prove but honeſt now. [*Aſide.*

Beau. Now my dear Creature, every thing conſpires to make us happy, let us not defer it.

Aria. Hold, dear Captain, I yield but on Conditions, which are theſe——I give you up a Maid of Youth and Beauty, ten thouſand Pound in ready Jewels here—three times the value in Eſtate to come, of which here be the Writings, you delivering me a handſom proper fellow, Heart-whole and ſound, that's all——your Name I ask not till the Prieſt declare it, who is to ſeal the Bargain. I cannot deceive, for I let you know I am Daughter-in-law to the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador.

Beau. Ariadne!——How vain is all Man's Induſtry and Care to make himſelf accompliſh'd; when the gay fluttering Fool, or the half-witted rough unmanner'd Brute, who in plain terms comes right down to the buſineſs, out-rivals him in all his Love and Fortunes. [*Aſide.*

Aria. Methinks you cool upon't, Captain.

Beau. Yes, *Ariadne.*

Aria.

Aria. Beaumond!

Beau. Oh what a World of Time have I miſpent for want of being a Blockhead——'Sdeath and Hell,
Wou'd I had been ſome brawny ruffling Fool,
Some forward impudent unthinking Sloven,
A Woman's Tool; for all beſides unmanageable.
Come, ſwear that all this while you thought 'twas I.
The Devil has taught ye Tricks to bring your Falſhood off.

Aria. Know 'twas you! no, Faith, I took you for as errant a right down Captain as ever Woman wiſht for; and 'twas uncivil egad, to undeceive me, I tell you that now.

Enter Willmore *and* La Nuche *by dark.*

Will. Thou art all Charms, a Heaven of Sweets all over, plump ſmooth round Limbs, ſmall riſing Breaſts, a Boſom ſoft and panting—I long to wound each Senſe. Lights there—who waits?—there yet remains a Pleaſure unpoſſeſt, the ſight of that dear Face—Lights there—where are my Vermin? [*Ex.* Will.

Aria. My Captain with a Woman——and is it ſo——

Enter Will. *with Lights, ſees* Aria. *and goes to her.*

Will. By Heaven, a glorious Beauty! now a Bleſſing on thee for ſhewing me ſo dear a Face——Come, Child, let's retire and begin where we left off.

La Nu. A Woman!

Aria. Where we left off! pray, where was that good Captain?

Will. Within upon the Bed, Child——come——I'll ſhow thee.

Beau. Hold Sir.

Will. Beaumond! come fit to celebrate my Happineſs; ah ſuch a Woman-friend!

Beau. Do ye know her?

Will. All o'er, to be the ſofteſt ſweeteſt Creature——

Beau. I mean, do ye know who ſhe is?

Will. Nor care; 'tis the laſt Queſtion I ever ask a fine Woman.

Beau. And are you ſure you are thus well acquainted.

Will.

Will. I cannot boaſt of much acquaintance———but I have pluckt a Roſe from her Boſom——or ſo——and given it her again—we've paſt the hour of the Berjere together, that's all—

Beau. And do you know—this Lady is my—Wife?

[*Draws.*

Will. Hah! hum, hum, hum, hum—

[*Turns and ſings, ſees* La Nuche, *and returns quick with an uneaſy Grimace.*

Beau. Did you not hear me? Draw.

Will. Draw, Sir——what on my Friend!

Beau. On your Cuckold, Sir, for ſo you've doubly made me: Draw, or I'll kill thee——

[*Paſſes at him, he fences with his Hat,* La Nu. *holds* Beau.

Will. Hold, prithee hold.

La Nu. Put up your Sword, this Lady's innocent, at leaſt in what concerns this Evening's buſineſs; I own—with Pride I own I am the Woman that pleas'd ſo well to night.

Will. La Nuche! kind Soul to bring me off with ſo handſom a lye: How lucky 'twas ſhe happen'd to be here!

Beau. Falſe as thou art, why ſhou'd I credit thee?

La Nu. By Heaven, 'tis true, I will not loſe the glory on't.

Will. Oh the dear perjur'd Creature, how I love thee for this dear lying Virtue——Harkye, Child, haſt thou nothing to ſay for thy ſelf, to help us out withal?——

[*To* Aria. *aſide.*

Aria. I! I renounce ye———falſe Man.

Beau. Yes, yes, I know ſhe's innocent of this, for which I owe no thanks to either of you, but to my ſelf who miſtook her in the dark.

La Nu. And you it ſeems miſtook me for this Lady; I favour'd your Deſign to gain your Heart, for I was told, that if this Night I loſt you, I ſhou'd never regain you: now I am yours, and o'er the habitable World will follow you, and live and ſtarve by turns, as Fortune pleaſes.

Will.

Will. Nay, by this Light, Child, I knew when once thou'dſt try'd me, thou'dſt ne'er part with me——give me thy Hand, no Poverty ſhall part us. [*Kiſſes her.* ——ſo——now here's a Bargain made without the formal Foppery of Marriage.

La Nu. Nay, faith Captain, ſhe that will not take thy word as ſoon as the Parſon's of the Pariſh, deſerves not the Bleſſing.

Will. Thou art reform'd, and I adore the Change.

Enter the Guardian, Blunt, *and* Fetherfool.

Guar. My Nieces ſtol'n, and by a couple of the Seignior's Men! the Seignior fled too! undone, undone!

Will. Hah, now's my Cue, I muſt finiſh this Jeſt. [*Goes out.*

Enter Shift *and* Giant, Hunt *and* Dwarf.

Guar. Oh impudence, my Nieces, and the Villains with 'em! I charge ye Gentlemen to lay hold on 'em.

Dwarf. For what, good Uncle, for being ſo courageous to marry us?

Guar. How, married to Rogues, Raſcals, *Jean Potages*!

Blunt. Who the Devil would have look'd for jilting in ſuch Hobgoblins?

Feth. And haſt thou deceiv'd me, thou foul-filthy Synagogue?

Enter Willmore *like a Mountebank as before.*

Blunt. The Mountebank! oh thou cheating Quack, thou ſopiſticated adulterated Villain.

Feth. Thou cozening, lying, Fortune-telling, Fee-taking Raſcal.

Blunt. Thou jugling, conjuring, canting Rogue!

Will. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Blunt. Haſt thou the Impudence to ask who took my Money to marry me to this ill-favour'd Baboon?

Feth. And me to this foul filthy o'ergrown Chronicle?

Blunt. And haſt ſuffered Rogues, thy Servants, to marry 'em: Sirrah, I will beat thee paſt Cure of all thy hard-nam'd Drugs, thy *Guzman* Medicines.

Feth. Nay, I'll peach him in the Inquiſition for a Wizard, and have him hang'd for a Witch.

Shift.

Shift. Sir, we are Gentlemen, and you ſhall have the thirds of their Portion, what wou'd you more?

[*Aſide to the* Guar.

Look ye, Sir. [*Pulls off their Diſguiſe.*

Blunt. Hunt!

Feth. Shift! We are betray'd: all will out to the Captain.

Will. He ſhall know no more of it than he does already for me, Gentlemen. [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*

Blunt. Willmore!

Feth. Ay, ay, 'tis he.

Blunt. Draw, Sir——you know me———

Will.——For one that 'tis impoſſible to cozen.

[*All laugh.*

Beau. Have a care, Sir, we are all for the Captain.

Feth. As for that, Sir, we fear ye not, d'ye ſee, were you *Hercules* and all his Myrmidons.

[*Draws, but gets behind.*

Will. Fools, put up your Swords, Fools, and do not publiſh the Jeſt: your Money you ſhall have again, on condition you never pretend to be wiſer than other Men, but modeſtly believe you may be cozen'd as well as your Neighbours.

[*The Guardian talking with* Hunt *and* Shift *and Giant this while.*

Feth. La you, *Ned*, why ſhou'd Friends fall out?

Blunt. Cozen'd! it may be not, Sir; for look ye, Sir, the *Eſſex* Fool, the cozen'd dull Rogue can ſhew Moveables or ſo—nay, they are right too——

[*Shews his Jewels.*

This is no *Naples* Adventure, Gentlemen, no Copper Chains; all ſubſtantial Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies——

[Will. *takes the Casket, and looks in it.*

La Nu. Hah, do not I know that Casket, and thoſe Jewels?

Feth. How the Pox came this Rogue by theſe?

Will. Hum, *Edward*, I confeſs you have redeem'd your Reputation, and ſhall hereafter paſs for a Wit—by what good fortune came you by this Treaſure?—what Lady—

Blunt.

Blunt. Lady, Sir! alas no, I'm a Fool, a Country Fop, an Aſs, I; but that you may perceive your ſelves miſtaken, Gentlemen, this is but an earneſt of what's to come, a ſmall token of remembrance, or ſo—and yet I have no Charms, I; the fine Captain has all the Wit and Beauty—but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll impart.

[*Brings out* Petronella *veil'd.*

Enter Aurelia *and* Sancho.

Aur. Hither we trac'd her, and ſee ſhe's yonder.

San. Sir, in the King's Name lay hold of this old Cheat, ſhe has this Night robb'd our *Patrona* of a hundred thouſand Crowns in Money and Jewels.

Blunt. Hah!

La Nu. You are miſtaken, Friend *Sancho*, ſhe only seiz'd 'em for my uſe, and has deliver'd 'em in truſt to my Friend the Captain.

Pet. Hah, *La Nuche*!

Blunt. How! cozen'd again!

Will. Look ye, Sir, ſhe's ſo beautiful, you need no Portion, that alone's ſufficient for Wit.

Feth. Much good may do you with your rich Lady, *Edward.*

Blunt. Death, this Fool laugh at me too——well, I am an errant right-down Loggerhead, a dull conceited cozen'd ſilly Fool; and he that ever takes me for any other, 'dſhartlikins, I'll beat him. I forgive you all, and will henceforth be good-natur'd; wo't borrow any Money? Pox on't, I'll lend as far as e'er 'twill go, for I am now reclaim'd.

Guar. Here is a Necklace of Pearl loſt, which, Sir, I lay to your Charge. [*To* Fetherfool.

Feth. Hum, I was bewitcht I did not rub off with it when it was mine—who I? if e'er I ſaw a Necklace of Pearl, I wiſh 'twere in my Belly.

Blunt. How a Necklace! unconſcionable Rogue, not to let me ſhare: well, there is no Friendſhip in the World; I hope they'l hang him.

Shift. He'll ne'er confeſs without the Rack——come, we'll toſs him in a Blanket.

Feth.

Feth. Hah, toſs me in a Blanket, that will turn my Stomach moſt villainouſly, and I ſhall diſembogue and diſcover all.

Shift. Come, come, the Blanket [*They lay hold on him.*

Feth. Hold, hold, I do confeſs, I do confeſs——

Shift. Reſtore, and have your Pardon.

Feth. That is not in Nature at preſent, for Gentlemen, I have eat 'em.

Shift. 'Sdeath, I'll diſſect ye. [*Goes to draw.*

Will. Let me redeem him; here Boy, take him to my Chamber, and let the Doctor glyſter him ſoundly, and I'll warrant you your Pearl again.

Feth. If this be the end of travelling, I'll e'en to old *England* again, take the Covenant, get a Sequeſtrator's Place, grow rich, and defy all Cavaliering.

Beau. 'Tis Morning, let's home, *Ariadne*, and try, if poſſible, to love ſo well to be content to marry; if we find that amendment in our Hearts, to ſay we dare believe and truſt each other, then let it be a Match.

Aria. With all my Heart.

Will. You have a hankering after Marriage ſtill, but I am for Love and Gallantry.

So tho by ſeveral ways we gain our End,
Love ſtill, like Death, does to one Center tend.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY.*

POets are Kings of Wit, and you appear
A Parliament, by Play-Bill, ſummon'd here;
When e'er in want, to you for aid they fly,
And a new Play's the Speech that begs ſupply:
But now——
The ſcanted Tribute is ſo ſlowly paid,
Our Poets muſt find out another Trade;
They've try'd all ways th' inſatiate Clan to pleaſe,
Have parted with their old Prerogatives,
Their Birth-right Satiring, and their juſt pretence
Of judging even their own Wit and Senſe;
And write againſt their Conſciences, to ſhow
How dull they can be to comply with you.
They've flatter'd all the Mutineers i'th' Nation,
Groſſer than e'er was done in Dedication;
Pleas'd your ſick Palates with Fantaſtick Wit,
Such as was ne'er a treat before to th' Pit;
Giants, fat Cardinals, Pope Joans *and Fryers,*
To entertain Right Worſhipfuls and Squires:
Who laugh, and cry Ads Nigs, 'tis woundy good,
When the fuger's all the Jeſt that's underſtood.
And yet you'll come but once, unleſs by ſtealth,
Except the Author be for Commonwealth;
Then half Crown more you nobly throw a Way,
And tho my Lady ſeldom ſee a Play,
She, with her eldeſt Daughter ſhall be boxt that day.
Then Prologue comes, Ads-lightikins, crys Sir John,
You ſhall hear notable Conceits anon:
How neatly, Sir, he'll bob the Court and French *King,*
And tickle away—you know who—for Wenching.

THE

The *Dutch* Lover.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Ambroſio, A Nobleman of *Spain*.
Marcel, His Son.
Silvio, Suppoſed Baſtard Son of *Ambroſio*.
Antonio, A *German* that has debauch'd *Hippolyta*.
Alonzo, A *Flanders* Colonel contracted to *Hippolyta*, and newly arriv'd at *Madrid*.
Lovis, His Friend.
Carlo, Father to *Lovis* and *Euphemia*.
Haunce van Ezel, A Dutch Fop contracted to *Euphemia*, newly arriv'd at *Madrid*.
Gload, His Caſh-keeper.
Pedro, An old Servant to *Alonzo*.

WOMEN.

Euphemia, In love with *Alonzo*.
Hippolyta, In love with *Antonio*, } Daughters to
Cleonte, In love with *Silvio*, } *Ambroſio*.
Clarinda, Siſter unknown to *Alonzo*, in love with *Marcel*.
Dormida, Her Governeſs.
Franciſca, Woman to *Cleonte*.
Olinda, } Two Maids to *Euphemia*.
Dorice, }

The Scene, *Madrid*.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo *and* Lovis *in travelling Habits, attended by* Pedro *and* Gload.

Lo. DEAR *Alonzo!* I ſhall love a Church the better this Month for giving me a ſight of thee, whom I ſo little expected in this part of the World, and leſs in ſo ſanctify'd a Place. What Affair could be powerful enough to draw thee from the kind obliging Ladies of *Brabant?*

Alon. Firſt the ſudden Orders of my Prince *Don John*, and next a fair Lady.

Lo. A Lady! Can any of this Country reliſh with a Man that has been us'd to the Freedom of thoſe of *Bruxels*, from whence I ſuppoſe you are now arriv'd?

Alon. This morning I landed, from ſuch a ſtorm, as ſet us all to making Vows of Converſion, (upon good Conditions) and that indeed brought me to Church.

Lo. In that very Storm I landed too, but with leſs Senſe of Danger than you, being diverted with a pleaſant Fellow that came along with me, and who is deſign'd to marry a Siſter of mine againſt my Will———And now I think of him, *Gload*, where haſt thou left this Maſter of thine?

Glo. At the Inn, Sir, in as lamentable a Pickle, as if he were ſtill in the Storm; recruiting his emptyed Stomach with Brandy, and railing againſt all Women-kind for your Siſter's ſake, who has made him undertake this Voyage.

Lo. Well, I'll come to him, go home before.

[*Ex.* Gload.

Alon. Prithee what thing is this?

Lo. Why, 'tis the Caſhier to this Squire I ſpoke of, a Man of Buſineſs, and as wiſe as his Maſter, but the graver Coxcomb

Coxcomb of the two. But this Lady, *Alonzo*, who is this Lady thou ſpeak'ſt of? ſhall not I know her? We were wont to divide the Spoils of Beauty, as well as thoſe of War between us.

Alon. O but this is no ſuch Prize, thou wouldſt hardly ſhare this with the Danger, there's Matrimony in the Caſe.

Lo. Nay, then keep her to thy ſelf, only let me know who 'tis that can debauch thee to that ſcandalous way of Life; is ſhe fair? will ſhe recompenſe the Folly?

Alon. Faith I know not, I never ſaw her yet, but 'tis the Siſter of *Marcel*, whom we both knew laſt Summer in *Flanders*, and where he and I contracted ſuch a Friendſhip, that without other Conſideration he promis'd me *Hippolyta*, for that's his Siſter's Name.

Lo. But wo't thou really marry her?

Alon. I conſider my Advantage in being allied to ſo conſiderable a Man as *Ambroſio*, her Father, I being now ſo unhappy as not to know my Birth or Parents.

Lo. I have often heard of ſome ſuch thing, but durſt not ask the Truth of it.

Alon. 'Tis ſo, all that I know of my ſelf is, that a *Spaniſh* Souldier, who brought me up in the Army, dying, confeſt I was not his Son, (which till then I believ'd) and at the Age of twelve left me to ſhift for my ſelf: the Fortune he inrich'd me with, was his Horſe and Arms, with a few Documents how to uſe them, as I had ſeen him do with good ſucceſs: This Servant (*Points to* Pedro) and a Crucifix of Value. And from one Degree to another, I arriv'd to what you knew me, Colonel of the Prince's Regiment, and the Glory of his Favour.

Lo. Honour is the Child of Virtue, and finds an Owner every where.

Alon, Oh, Sir, you are a Courtier, and have much the odds of a Souldier in Parleys of this nature: but hither I am come———

Lo. To be undone——Faith thou look'ſt ill upon't.

Alon. I confeſs I am not altogether ſo brisk as I ſhould have been upon another Occaſion; you know *Lovis*, I have been us'd to chriſtian Liberty, and hate this formal Courtſhip. Pox on't, wou'd 'twere over.

Lo.

Lo. Where all Parties are agreed, there's little need of that; and the Ladies of *Spain*, whatever Gravity they aſſume, are as ready as any you ever met withal.

Alon. But there's a damn'd Cuſtom that does not at all agree with Men ſo frank and gay as thou and I; there's a deal of Danger in the Atchievement, which ſome ſay heightens the Pleaſure, but I am of another Opinion.

Ped. Sir, there is a Female in a Veil has follow'd us ever ſince we came from Church.

Alon. Some amorous Adventure: See ſhe advances: Prithee retire, there may be danger in it. [*Enter* Olinda. [*Puts* Lovis *back.*

Lo. Oh then, I muſt by no means leave you. [Lovis *advances.*

Olin. Which of theſe two ſhall I chuſe? Sir, you appear a Stranger, [*She looks on both.* [*To* Lovis.

Alon. We are both ſo, Lady.

Olin. I ſhall ſpoil all, and bring the wrong. Sir, you ſhould be a Cavalier, that—— [*She looks again on both.*

Alon. Would gladly obey your Orders.

Lo. Nay, I find 'tis all one to you which you chuſe, ſo you have one of us: but would not both do better?

Olin. No, Sir, my Commiſſion's but to one.

Alon. Fix and proceed then, let me be the Man.

Olin. What ſhall I do? they are both well: but I'll e'en chuſe, as 'twere, for my ſelf; and hang me if I know which that ſhall be, (*looks on both.*) Sir, there is a Lady of Quality and Beauty, who gueſſing you to be Men of Honour, has ſent me to one of you. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Me I am ſure.

Lo. Me, me, he's engag'd already.

Alon. That's foul Play, *Lovis.*

Olin. Well, I muſt have but one, and therefore I'll wink and chuſe.

Lo. I'll not truſt blind Fortune.

Alon. Prithee, *Lovis*, let thee and I agree upon the matter, and I find the Lady will be reaſonable; croſs or pile who ſhall go.

Lo. Go, Sir, whither?

Alon.

Alon. To the Lady that——

Lo. Sent for neither of us that I can hear of yet.

Olin. You will not hear me out, but I'll end the Difference by chuſing you, Sir; and if you'll follow me [*To* Alonzo.] at a diſtance, I will conduct you where this Lady is.

Alon. Fair Guide march on, I'll follow thee. [*Offers to go.*

Lo. You are not mad, Sir, 'tis ſome abuſe, and dangerous. [*Pulls him back.*

Alon. Be not envious of my Happineſs: Forbear a Wench, for fear of Danger!

Lo. Have a care, 'tis ſome Plot. [*Holds him.*] Where did this Lady ſee us? we are both Strangers in the City.

Alon. No matter where.

Olin. At Church, Sir, juſt now.

Alon. Ay, ay, at Church, at Church, enough.

Lo. What's her Name?

Alon. Away, thou art fuller of Queſtions than a Fortune-teller: Come let's be gone.

Lo. Sure you do not mean to keep your Word, Sir?

Alon. Not keep my Word, *Lovis?* What wicked Life haſt thou known me lead, ſhould make thee ſuſpect I ſhould not? When I have made an Intereſt in her, and find her worth communicating, I will be juſt upon Honour———Go, go.

Lo. Well, go your ways; if Marriage do not tame you, you are paſt all Hopes: but pray, Sir, let me ſee you at my Lodgings, the *Golden Fleece* here at the Gate.

Alon. I'll attend thee here, and tell thee my Adventure: Farewel. (*Exit.* Lovis.) *Pedro,* go you and inquire for the Houſe of Don *Ambroſio,* and tell him I will wait on him in the Evening, by that time I ſhall get my ſelf in Order. [*Ex.* Alonzo *and* Olinda; Pedro *the other way.*

SCENE II. Ambroſio's *Houſe.*

Enter Silvio, *melancholy.*

Silv. I Muſt remove *Marcel,* for his Honour
Will ne'er permit that I ſhould court my Siſter;
My Paſſion will admit of no Reſtraint,

'Tis

'Tis grown ſo violent; and fair *Cleonte*'s Charms
Each Day increaſe to ſuch a killing Number,
That I muſt ſpeak or die.

Enter Franciſca.

Franc. What, ſtill with folded Arms and down caſt Looks?

Silv. Oh *Franciſca!*
My Brother's Preſence now afflicts me more
Than all my Fears of Cruelty from *Cleonte*;
She is the beſt, the ſweeteſt, kindeſt Siſter.

Franc. Ay, Sir, but ſhe will never make the kindeſt Miſtreſs.

Silv. At leaſt ſhe ſhould permit me to adore her,
Were but *Marcel* away.
Haſt thou no Stratagem to get him abſent?
For I can think of nothing but my Siſter. [*Sighs.*

Franc. I know of one, nor other Remedy for you than loving leſs.

Silv. Oh 'tis impoſſible:
Thou know'ſt I've try'd all ways, made my Addreſſes
To all the faireſt Virgins in *Madrid*;
Nay, and at laſt fell to the worſt Debauchery,
That of frequenting every common Houſe:
But Souls that feed ſo high on Love as mine,
Muſt nauſeate coarſer Diet.
No, I muſt love on, and tell her ſo,
Or I muſt live no longer.

Franc. That methinks you might do even in the Preſence of *Marcel.* A Brother is allow'd to love a Siſter.

Silv. But I ſhall do't in ſuch a way, *Franciſca*,
Be ſo tranſported, and ſo paſſionate,
I ſhall betray what he will ne'er indure.
And ſince our other Siſter, looſe *Hippolyta*, was loſt,
He does ſo guard and watch the fair *Cleonte*——

Franc. Why, quarrel with him, Sir: you know you are ſo much dearer to my Lord your Father than he is, that ſhould he perceive a Difference between ye, he would ſoon diſmiſs him the Houſe; and 'twere but Reaſon, Sir, for I am ſure Don *Marcel* loves you not.

Silv. That I excuſe, ſince he the lawful Heir to all my Father's

Father's Fortunes, ſees it every Day ready to be ſacrific'd to me, who can pretend no Title to't, but the unaccountable Love my Father bears me.

Franc. Can you diſſemble, Sir?

Silv. The worſt of any Man, but would endeavour it, if it could any ways advance my Love.

Franc. Which I muſt find ſome way to ruin. [*Aſide.*
Then court his Miſtreſs.

Silv. The rich *Flavia?*

Franc. That would not incenſe him, for her he is to marry; but 'tis the fair *Clarinda* has his Heart.

Silv. To act a feigned Love, and hide a real one,
Is what I have already try'd in vain.
Even fair *Clarinda* I have courted too,
In hope that way to baniſh from my Soul
The hopeleſs Flame *Cleonte* kindled there;
But 'twas a Shame to ſee how ill I did diſſemble.

Franc. Stay, Sir, here comes *Marcel.* I'll leave you.
[*Exit* Franciſca.

Enter Marcel, *with a Letter open in his Hand, which he kiſſes.*

Mar. Kind Meſſenger of Love! Thus, thus a thouſand (times
I bid thee welcome from my fair *Clarinda.*
Thus joyful Bridegrooms, after long Deſpair,
Poſſeſs the yielding Treaſure in their Arms:
Only thus much the happier Lover I,
Who gather all the Sweets of this fair Maid
Without the ceremonious Tie of Marriage;
That Tie that does but nauſeate the Delight,
Be far from happy Lovers; we'll embrace
As unconfin'd and free as whiſpering Air,
That mingles wantonly with ſpreading Flowers.

Silv. What's all this?

Mar. Silvio, the Victory's won.
The Heart that nicely ſtood it out ſo long,
Now yields upon Conditions.

Silv. What Victory? or what Heart?

Mar. I am all Rapture, cannot ſpeak it out;
My Senſes have carous'd too much of Joys;
And like young Drunkards, proud of their newtry'd Strength,
Have

Have made my Pleaſure leſs by the exceſs.
Silv. This is wondrous.
Impart ſome of your over-charge to me,
The Burden lightned will be more ſupportable.
Mar. Read here, and change thy Wonder, when thou knowſt how happy Man can be. [*Gives him a Letter.*

[*Silvio* reads.]

Marcel,

DOrmida *will have me tell you what Effects your Vows have made, and how eaſily they have drawn from me a Conſent to ſee you, as you deſir'd, this Night in my Chamber: you have ſworn to marry me, and Love will have me credit you, and then methinks I ought not to deny you anything, nor queſtion your Virtue.* Dormida *will wait to throw you down the Key, when all are in Bed, that will conduct you to*

Your Clarinda.

Silv. Damn her for a Diſſembler!
Is this the chaſte, the excellent *Clarinda,*
Who whilſt I courted, was as cold and nice,
As a young Nun the day ſhe is inveſted?
Mar. How now Brother! what diſpleaſed with it? [*Takes the Letter.*
Silv. A little, Sir, to ſee another's Happineſs,
Whilſt I, where e'er I pay my Vows and Sighs,
Get nothing but Diſdain; and yet this Shape
And Face I never thought unhandſom.
Mar. Theſe be the leaſt approaches to a Heart;
'Tis not dull looking well will do the feat,
There is a Knack in Love, a critical Minute:
And Women muſt be watcht as Witches are,
E'er they confeſs, and then they yield apace.
Enter a Boy.
Boy. Sir, there's without a Servant of Don *Alonzo's,* who ſays his Maſter will be here to Night.
Mar. Alonzo! now I begin to wake
From Love, like one from ſome delightful Dream,

To reaſſume my wonted Cares and Shame.
———I will not ſpeak with him. [*Exit Boy.*
Oh *Hippolyta!* thou poor loſt thing *Hippolyta!*
How art thou fallen from Honour, and from Virtue,
And liv'ſt in Whoredom with an impious Villain,
Who in revenge to me has thus betray'd thee.
Keep thy ſelf cloſer than thou'ſt done thy Sin;
For if I find thee out, by all that's good,
Thou hadſt more Mercy on thy ſlaughter'd Honour,
Than I will have for thee.
And thou *Antonio*, thou that haſt betray'd her,
Who till profan'd by thee, was chaſte as Shrines,
And pure as are the Vows are offer'd there,
That Rape which thou'ſt committed on her Innocence,
I will revenge as ſhall become her Brother.
[*Offers to go out in rage.*

Silv. Stay *Marcel*,
I can inform you where theſe Lovers are.

Mar. Oh tell me quickly then,
That I may take them in their foul Embraces,
And ſend their ſouls to Hell.

Silv. Laſt Night I made a youthful Sally to one of thoſe Houſes where Love and Pleaſure are ſold at deareſt Rates.

Mar. A Bordello; forwards pray.

Silv. Yes, at the Corner of St. *Jerom*'s; where after ſeeing many Faces which pleas'd me not, I would have took my leave; but the Matron of the Houſe, a kind of obliging Lady, ſeeing me ſo nice, and of Quality, (tho diſguis'd) told me ſhe had a Beauty, ſuch an one as had Count *d' Olivarez* in his height of Power ſeen, he would have purchas'd at any rate. I grew impatient to ſee this fine thing, and promis'd largely: then leading me into a Room as gay, and as perfum'd as an Altar upon a Holy-day, I ſaw ſeated upon a Couch of State—

Mar. Hippolyta!

Silv. Hippolyta our Siſter, dreſt like a *Venice* Curtezan,
With all the Charms of a looſe Wanton,
Singing and playing to her raviſht Lover,
Who I perceiv'd aſſiſted to expoſe her.

Mar.

Mar. Well, Sir, what follow'd?
Silv. Surpriz'd at ſight of this, I did withdraw,
And left them laughing at my little Confidence.
Mar. How! left them! and left them living too!
Silv. If a young Wench will be gadding,
Who can help it?
Mar. 'Sdeath you ſhould, were you that half her Brother,
Which my Father too doatingly believes you. [*Inrag'd.*
Silv. How! do you queſtion his Belief, *Marcel?*
Mar. I ne'er conſider'd it; be gone and leave me.
Silv. Am I a Dog that thus you bid me vaniſh?
What mean you by this Language? [*Comes up to him.*
And how dare you upbraid me with my Birth,
Which know, *Marcel*, is more illuſtrious far
Than thine, being got when Love was in his reign,
With all his Youth and Heat about him?
I, like the Birds of braveſt kind, was hatcht
In the hot Sun-ſhine of Delight; whilſt
Thou, *Marcel*, wer't poorly brooded
In the cold Neſt of Wedlock.
Mar. Thy Mother was ſome baſe notorious Strumpet,
And by her Witchcraft reduc'd my Father's Soul,
And in return ſhe paid him with a Baſtard,
Which was thou.
Silv. *Marcel*, thou ly'ſt. [*Strikes him.*
Mar. Tho 'twere no point of Valour, but of Raſhneſs to fight thee, yet I'll do't.
Silv. By Heaven, I will not put this Injury up.
[*They fight*, Silvio *is wounded.*
[*Fight again.* *Enter* Ambroſio, *and* Cleonte *between*; Silvio *falls into the Arms of* Cleonte.
Amb. Hold! I command you hold;
Ah Traitor to my Blood, what haſt thou done?
[*To* Marcel, *who kneels and lays his Sword at his Feet.*
Silv. In fair *Cleonte*'s Arms!
O I could kiſs the Hand that gives me death,
So I might thus expire.
Mar. Pray hear me, Sir, before you do condemn me.
Amb. I will hear nothing but thy Death pronounc'd,
Since thou haſt wounded him, if it be mortal.

Have I not charg'd thee on thy Life, *Marcel*,
Thou ſhouldſt not hold Diſcourſe with him of any kind?
Mar. I did foreſee my Fate, but could not ſhun it.
[*Takes his Sword and goes out.*
Amb. What ho! *Biſcay*, a Surgeon; on your Lives a Surgeon; where be theſe Raſcals? [*Goes out.*
Silv. I would not have a Surgeon ſearch my wound
With rude and heavy Hands:
Yours, fair *Cleonte*, can apply the Balſam
Far more ſucceſsfully,
For they are ſoft and white as Down of Swan,
And every Touch is ſovereign.
Cleo. But I ſhould die with looking on your Wounds.
Silv. And I ſhall die unleſs you cure them, Siſter.
Cleo. With the expence of mine to ſave your Life,
Is both my Wiſh and Duty.
Silv. I thank you, pretty Innocence. [*Leads him in.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Diſcovers Euphemia *veil'd, walking alone.*

Euph. Olinda ſtays long; I hope ſhe has overtook the Cavalier. Lord, how I am concern'd; if this ſhould be Love now, I were in a fine condition, at leaſt if he be married, or a Lover: Oh that I fear: hang me, if it has not diſorder'd me all over. But ſee, where ſhe comes with him too.

Enter Olinda *and* Alonzo.

Olin. Here he is, Madam, I hope 'tis the right Man.
Alon. Madam, you ſee what haſte I make to obey your kind Commands.
Euph. 'Twas as kindly done, Sir; but I fear when you know to what end 'tis, you'll repent your Haſte.
Alon. 'Tis very likely; but if I do, you are not the firſt of your Sex that has put me to Repentance: But lift up your Veil, and if your Face be good—
[*Offers to lift up her Veil.*
Euph. Stay, you're too haſty.
Alon. Nay, let's have fair Play on both ſides, I'll hide nothing from you. [*Offers again.*

Euph.

Euph. I have a Queſtion or two to ask you firſt.

Alon. I can promiſe nothing till I ſee my Reward. I am a baſe Barterer, here's one for t'other; you ſaw your Man and like him, and if I like you when I ſee you—

[*Offers again.*

Euph. But if you do not, muſt all my liking be caſt away?

Alon. As for that, truſt to my good Nature; a frank Wench has hitherto taken me as much as Beauty. And one Proof you have already given of that, in this kind Invitation: come, come, do not loſe my little new-gotten good Opinion of thee, by being coy and peeviſh.

[*Offers again.*

Euph. You're ſtrangely impatient, Sir.

Alon. O you ſhould like me the better for that, 'tis a ſign of Youth and Fire.

Euph. But, Sir, before I let you ſee my Face——

Alon. I hope I muſt not promiſe you to like it.

Euph. No, that were too unreaſonable, but I muſt know whether you are a Lover.

Alon. What an idle Queſtion's that to a brisk young Fellow? A Lover! yes, and that as often as I ſee a new Face.

Euph. That I'll allow.

Alon. That's kindly ſaid; and now do I find I ſhall be in love with thine as ſoon as I ſee't, for I am half ſo with thy Humour already.

Euph. Are you not married, Sir?

Alon. Married!

Euph. Now I dread his Anſwer. [*Aſide.*] Yes, married.

Alon. Why, I hope you make no Scruple of Conſcience, to be kind to a married Man.

Euph. Now do I find, you hope I am a Curtezan that come to bargain for a Night or two; but if I poſſeſs you, it muſt be for ever.

Alon. For ever let it be then. Come let's begin on any Terms.

Euph. I cannot blame you, Sir, for this miſtake, ſince what I've raſhly done, has given you cauſe to think I am not virtuous.

Alon. Faith, Madam, Man is a ſtrange ungovern'd thing; yet I in the whole courſe of my Life have taken the beſt care I could, to make as few Miſtakes as poſſible: and treating all Women-kind alike, we ſeldom err; for where we find one as you profeſs to be, we happily light on a hundred of the ſociable and reaſonable ſort.

Euph. But ſure you are ſo much a Gentleman, that you may be convinc'd?

Alon. Faith, if I be miſtaken, I cannot deviſe what other uſe you can make of me.

Euph. In ſhort this; I muſt leave you inſtantly; and will only tell you I am the ſole Daughter of a rich Parent, young, and as I am told not unhandſom; I am contracted to a Man I never ſaw, nor I am ſure ſhall not like when I do ſee, he having more Vice and Folly than his Fortune will excuſe, tho a great one; and I had rather die than marry him.

Alon. I underſtand you, and you would have me diſpatch this Man.

Euph. I am not yet ſo wicked. The Church is the only place I am allowed to go to, and till now could never ſee the Man that was perfectly agreeable to me: Thus veil'd, I'll venture to tell you ſo.

Alon. What the Devil will this come to? her Mien and Shape are ſtrangely graceful, and her Diſcourſe is free and natural. What a damn'd Defeat is this, that ſhe ſhould be honeſt now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Well, Sir, what Anſwer? I ſee he is uneaſy. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Why, as I was ſaying, Madam, I am a Stranger.

Euph. I like you the better for that.

Alon But, Madam, I am a Man unknown, unown'd in the World; and much unworthy the Honour you do me———Would I were well rid of her, and yet I find a damnable Inclination to ſtay too. [*Aſide.*
Will nothing but Matrimony ſerve your turn, Madam? Pray uſe a young Lover as kindly as you can.

Euph. Nothing but that will do, and that muſt be done.

Alon. Muſt! 'slife this was the firſt of her Sex that ever

ever was before-hand with me, and yet that I ſhould be forc'd to deny her too. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I fear his anſwer, *Olinda.* [*Aſide.*

Olin. At leaſt 'tis but making a Diſcovery of your Beauty, and then you have him ſure.

Alon. Madam, 'tis a matter of Moment, and requires Deliberation; beſides I have made a kind of Promiſe—

Euph. Never to marry?

Alon. No, faith. 'tis not ſo well: But ſince now I find we are both in haſte, I am to be marry'd.

Euph. This I am ſure is an Excuſe; but I'll fit him for't. [*Aſide.*

To be marry'd ſaid you? That Word has kill'd me, Oh
I feel it drill
Thro the deep Wound his Eyes have lately made:
'Twas much unkind to make me hope ſo long.

[*She leans on* Olinda, *as if ſhe ſwooned, who pulls off her Veil: he ſtands gazing at a Diſtance.*

Olin. Sure ſhe does but counterfeit, and now I'll play my Part. Madam, Madam!

Alon. What wondrous thing is that! I ſhould not look upon't, it changes Nature in me.

Olin. Have you no pity, Sir? Come nearer pray.

Alon. Sure there's Witchcraft in that Face, it never could have ſeiz'd me thus elſe, I have loved a thouſand times, yet never felt ſuch joyful Pains before.

Olin. She does it rarely. What mean you, Sir?

Alon. I never was a Captive to this Hour.
If in her Death ſuch certain Wounds ſhe give,
What Miſchiefs ſhe would do, if ſhe ſhould live!
Yet ſhe muſt live, and live that I may prove
Whether this ſtrange Diſorder here be Love.
Divine, divineſt Maid. [*Kneels.*

Olind. Come nearer, Sir, you'll do a Lady no good at that Diſtance. Speak to her, Sir.

[*He riſes and comes to her, gazing ſtill.*

Alon. I know not what to ſay,
I am unus'd to this ſoft kind of Language:
But if there be a Charm in Words, and ſuch
As may conjure her to return again;

Prithee inſtruct me in them, I'll ſay any thing, do any thing, and ſuffer all the Wounds her Eyes can give.

Euph. Sure he is real. [*Aſide.*

Alas! I am diſcover'd; how came my Veil off?

[*She pretends to recover, and wonder that her Veil is off.*

Alon. That you have let me ſee that lovely Face,
May move your Pity, not your Anger, Madam;
Pity the Wounds it has made, pity the Slave,
Who till this Moment boaſted of his Freedom.

Euph. May I believe all this? for that we eaſily do in things we wiſh.

Alon. Command me things impoſſible to all Senſe but a Lover's, I will do't: to ſhew the Truth of this, I could even give you the laſt proof of it, and take you at your Word, to marry you.

Euph. O wondrous Reformation! marry me! [*Laughs.*

Alon. How, do you mock my Grief?

Euph. What a ſtrange diſſembling thing is Man! To put me off too, you were to be married.

Alon. Hah, I had forgot *Hippolyta.* [*He ſtarts.*

Euph. See *Olinda*, the Miracle increaſes, he can be ſerious too. How do you, Sir?

Alon. 'Tis you have robb'd me of my native Humour, I ne'er could think till now.

Euph. And to what purpoſe was it now?

Alon. Why, Love and Honour were at odds within me.
And I was making Peace between them.

Euph. How fell that out, Sir?

Alon. About a pair of Beauties; Women,
That ſet the whole World at odds.
She that is Honour's Choice I never ſaw,
And Love has taught me new Obedience here.

Euph. What means he? I fear he is in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Olin. 'Tis nothing but his Averſion to Marriage, which moſt young Men dread now-a-days.

Euph. I muſt have this Stranger, or I muſt die; for whatever Face I put upon't, I am far gone in Love, but I muſt hide it. [*Aſide.*

Well,

Well, ſince I have miſt my Aim, you ſhall never boaſt me Death; I'll caſt my ſelf away upon the next handſom young Fellow I meet, tho I die for't; and ſo farewell to you, loving Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Alon. Stay, do not marry, as you eſteem the Life of him that ſhall poſſeſs you.

Euph. Sure you will not kill him.

Alon. By Heaven I will.

Euph. O I'll truſt you, Sir: Farewel, farewel.

Alon. You ſhall not go in triumph thus,
Unleſs you take me with you.

Euph. Well, ſince, you are ſo reſolv'd (and ſo in love) I'll give you leave to ſee me once more at a Houſe at the Corner of St. *Jerom*'s, where this Maid ſhall give you Entrance.

Alon. Why, that's generouſly ſaid.

Euph. As ſoon as 'tis dark you may venture.

Alon. Till then will be an Age, farewel fair Saint,
To thee and all my quiet till we meet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Marcel *in a Cloak alone.*

Mar. THE Night comes on, and offers me two Pleaſures,
The leaſt of which would make another bleſt,
Love and Revenge: but I, whilſt I diſpute
Which Happineſs to chuſe, neglect them both.
The greateſt Bliſs that Mankind can poſſeſs,
Perſuades me this way to my fair *Clarinda:*
But tyrannick Honour
Preſents the Credit of my Houſe before me,
And bids me firſt redeem its fading Glory,
By ſacrificing that falſe Woman's Heart
That has undone his Fame.
But ſtay, Oh Conſcience, when I look within,

And lay my Anger by, I find that Sin
Which I would Puniſh in *Antonio*'s Soul,
Lie nouriſh'd up in mine without Controul.
To fair *Clarinda* ſuch a Siege I lay,
As did that Traitor to *Hippolyta*;
Only *Hippolyta* a Brother has,
Clarinda none to puniſh her Diſgrace:
And 'tis more Glory the defenc'd to win,
Than 'tis to take unguarded Virtue in.
I either muſt my ſhameful love reſign,
Or my more brave and juſt revenge decline.

Enter Alonzo *dreſt, with* Lovis, Marcel *ſtays.*

Alon. But to be thus in love, is't not a Wonder *Louis?*

Lov. No, Sir, it had been much a greater, if you had ſtay'd a Night in Town without being ſo; and I ſhall ſee this Wonder as often as you ſee a new Face of a pretty Woman.

Alon. I do not ſay that I ſhall loſe all Paſſion for the fair Sex hereafter; but on my Conſcience, this amiable Stranger has given me a deeper Wound than ever I received from any before.

Lov. Well, you remember the Bargain.

Alon. What Bargain?

Lov. To communicate; you underſtand.

Alon. There's the Devil on't, ſhe is not ſuch a Prize: Oh were ſhe not honeſt, Friend! [*Hugs him.*

Lov. Is it ſo to do? What, you pretend to be a Lover, and ſhe honeſt, now only to deprive me of my Part: remember this, *Alonzo.*

Mar. Did not I hear *Alonzo* nam'd? [*Aſide.*

Alon. By all that's good I am in earneſt, Friend;
Nay thy own Eyes ſhall convince thee
Of the Power of hers.
Her Veil fell off, and ſhe appear'd to me,
Like unexpected Day, from out a Cloud;
The loſt benighted Traveller
Sees not th' Approach of the next Morning Sun
With more tranſported Joy,
Than I this raviſhing and unknown Beauty.

Lov.

Lov. Hey day! What Stuff's here? Nay, now I ſee thou art quite gone indeed.

Alon. I fear it. Oh had ſhe not been honeſt!
What Joy, what Heaven of Joys ſhe would diſtribute!
With ſuch a Face, and Shape, a Wit, and Mein——
But as ſhe is, I know not what to do.

Lov. You cannot marry her.

Alon. I would not willingly, tho I think I'm free: For *Pedro* went to *Marcel* to tell him I was arriv'd, and would wait on him; but was treated more like a Spy, than a Meſſenger of Love: They ſent no Anſwer back, which I tell you, *Lovis*, angers me: 'twas not the Entertainment I expected from my brave Friend *Marcel*. But now I am for the fair Stranger who by this expects me.

Mar. 'Tis *Alonzo*. Oh how he animates my Rage, and turns me over to Revenge, upon *Hippolyta* and her falſe Lover! [*Aſide.*

Lov. Who's this that walks before us? [*They go out.*

Alon. No matter who.

Mar. I am follow'd. [*They enter again.*

Lov. See he ſtops. [Marcel *looks back.*

Alon. Let him do what he pleaſe, we will out-go him. [*They go out.*

Lov. This Man whoe'er he be ſtill follows us.

Alon. I care not, nothing ſhall hinder my Deſign, I'll go tho I make my Paſſage thro his Heart.

[*They enter at another Door, he follows.*

Lov. See he advances, pray ſtand by a little.

[*They ſtand by.*

Mar. Sure there's ſome Trick in this, but I'll not fear it. This is the Street, and hereabout's the Houſe.

[*Looks about.*

This muſt be it, if I can get admittance now. [*Knocks.*

Enter Olinda *with a Light.*

Olin. O, Sir, are you come? My Lady grew impatient.

[*They go in.*

Mar. She takes me for ſome other: This is happy.

[*Aſide.*

Alon. Gods! is not that the Maid that firſt conducted me to the fair thing that rob'd me of my Heart?

Lov.

Lov. I think it is.
Alon. She gives admittance to another Man.
All Women-kind are falſe, I'll in and tell her ſo.
[*Offers to go.*
Lov. You are too raſh, 'tis dangerous.
Alon. I do deſpiſe thy Counſel, let me go.
Lov. If you are reſolv'd, I'll run the Hazard with you.

SCENE II. *They both go in, the Scene changes to a Chamber.*

Enter from one ſide Olinda, *lighting in* Marcel *muffled as before in his Cloke, from the other* Antonio *leading in* Euphemia *veil'd.*

Mar. By Heavens 'tis ſhe : Vile Strumpet !
[*Throws off his Cloke, and ſnatches her from him.*
Euph. Alas, this is not he whom I expected.
Anto. Marcel! I had rather have encounter'd my evil Angel than thee. [*Draws.*
Mar. I do believe thee, baſe ungenerous Coward.
[*Draws.*
[*They fight.* Marcel *diſarms* Antonio, *by wounding his Hand. Enter* Alonzo, *goes betwixt them, and with his Sword drawn oppoſes* Marcel, *who is going to kill* Antonio ; Lovis *follows him.*
Alon. Take Courage, Sir.
[*To* Antonio, *who goes out mad.*
Mar. Prevented ! whoe'er thou be'ſt,
It was unjuſtly done,
To ſave his Life who merits Death, by a more ſhameful way.
But thank the Gods ſhe ſtill remains to meet
That Puniſhment that's due to her foul Luſt.
[*Offers to run at her,* Alonzo *goes between.*
Alon. 'Tis this way you muſt make your Paſſage then.
Mar. What art thou, that thus a ſecond time
Dar'ſt interpoſe between Revenge and me?
Alon. 'Tis *Marcel!* What can this mean ? [*Aſide.*
Doſt not thou know me Friend ? look on me well.

Mar.

Mar. *Alonzo* here! Ah I ſhall die with ſhame. [*Aſide.*
As thou art my Friend, remove from that bad Woman,
Whoſe Sins deſerve no ſanctuary.
Euph. What can he mean? I dare not ſhew my Face.
[*Aſide.*
Alon. I do believe this Woman is a falſe one,
But ſtill ſhe is a Woman, and a fair one:
I would not ſuffer thee to injure her,
Tho I believe ſhe has undone thy quiet,
As ſhe has lately mine.
Mar. Why doſt thou know it then?
Stand by, I ſhall forget thou art my Friend elſe,
And thro thy Heart reach hers.
Alon. Nothing but Love could animate him thus,
He is my Rival. [*Aſide.*
Marcel, I will not quit one inch of Ground;
Do what thou dar'ſt, for know I do adore her,
And thus am bound by Love to her Defence.
[*Offers to fight* Marcel, *who retires in wonder.*
Euph. Hold noble Stranger, hold.
Mar. Have you ſuch Pity on your Lover there?
[*Offers to kill her*, Alonzo *ſtays him.*
Euph. Help, help. [*Her Veil falls off.*
Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a Curtezan: Sees* Marcel.
Hip. Oh Gods, my Brother! in pity, Sir, defend me
From the juſt Rage of that incenſed Man.
[*Runs behind* Lovis, *whilſt* Marcel *ſtands gazing on both with wonder.*
Lov. I know not the meaning of all this, but
However I'll help the Lady in Diſtreſs.
Madam, you're ſafe, whilſt I am your Protector.
[*Leads her out.*
Mar. I've loſt the Power of ſtriking where I ought,
Since my miſguided hand ſo lately err'd.
Oh Rage, dull ſenſeleſs Rage, how blind and rude it makes us.
Pardon fair Creature my unruly Paſſion,
And only blame that Veil which hid that Face,
Whoſe Innocence and Beauty had diſarm'd it:

I took you for the moſt perfidious Woman,
The falſeſt looſeſt thing.

Alon. How! are you a Stranger to her?

Mar. Yes I am. Have you forgiven me, Madam?

Euph. Sir, I have. [Marcel *bows and offers to go out.*

Alon. Stay Friend, and let me know your Quarrel.

Mar. Not for the World, *Alonzo.*

Alon. This is unfriendly, Sir.

Mar. Thou doſt delay me from the nobleſt Deed,
On which the Honour of my Houſe depends,
A Deed which thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for hindring.
Farewel. [*Goes out.*

Alon. What can the meaning of this be?

Euph. Oh do not ask, but let us quickly leave this dangerous Place.

Alon. Does it not belong to you?

Euph. No, but you would like me the better if it did: for, Sir, it is a——

Alon. Upon my Life a Baudy-houſe.

Euph. So they call it.

Alon. You do amaze me.

Euph. Truth is, not daring to truſt my Friends or Relations with a Secret that ſo nearly concern'd me, as the meeting you and hearing of a new come Curtezan living in this Houſe, I ſent her word I would make her a Viſit, knowing ſhe would gladly receive it from a Maid of my Quality: When I came, I told her my Buſineſs, and very frankly ſhe offer'd me her Houſe and Service— Perhaps you'll like me the worſe for this bold Venture, but when you conſider my promis'd Husband is every day expected, you will think it but juſt to ſecure my ſelf any way.

Alon. You could not give me a greater proof than this of what you ſay, you bleſs me with your Love.

Euph. I will not queſtion but you are in earneſt; at leaſt if any doubt remain, theſe will reſolve it.
[*Gives him a Letter.*

Alon. What are theſe, Madam?

Euph. Letters, Sir, intercepted from the Father of my deſign'd Husband out of *Flanders* to mine.

Alon.

Alon. What uſe can I make of them?

Euph. Only this: Put your ſelf into an Equipage very ridiculous, and pretend you are my fooliſh Lover arriv'd from *Flanders*, call your ſelf *Haunce van Ezel*, and give my Father theſe, as for the reſt I'll truſt your Wit.

Alon. What ſhall I ſay or do now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Come, come, no ſtudy, Sir; this muſt be done, and quickly too, or you will loſe me.

Alon. Two great Evils! if I had but the Grace to chuſe the leaſt now, that is, loſe her. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I'll give you but to night to conſider it.

Alon. Short warning this: but I am damnably in love, and cannot withſtand Temptation. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Euph. I had forgot to tell you my Name's *Euphemia*, my Father's you'll find on the Letters, and pray ſhow your Love in your haſte. Farewel.

Alon. Stay fair *Euphemia*, and let me pay my Thanks, and tell you that I muſt obey you.

Euph. I give a Credit where I give a Heart.
Go inquire my Birth and Fortune: as for you,
I am content with what I ſee about you.

Alon. That's bravely ſaid, nor will I ask one Queſtion about you, not only to return the Bounty, but to avoid all things that look like the Approaches to a married Life. If Fortune will put us together, let her e'en provide for us.

Euph. I muſt be gone: Farewel, and pray make haſte. [*Looks kindly on him.*

Alon. There's no reſiſting thoſe Looks, *Euphemia:* One more to fortify me well; for I ſhall have need of every Aid in this Caſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antonio *in haſte with* Hippolyta; *weeping as paſſing over the Stage.*

Ant. Come let us haſte, I fear we are purſu'd.

Hip. Ah whither ſhall we fly?

Ant. We are near the Gate, and muſt ſecure our ſelves with the Darkneſs of the Night in St. *Peter's* Grove, we dare

dare not venture into any Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *above in the Balcony.*

Clar. Can'ſt thou not ſee him yet?

Dorm. Good lack a-day, what an impatient thing is a young Girl in love!

Clar. Nay, good *Dormida*, let not want of Sleep make thee teſty.

Dorm. In good time——are you my Governeſs, or I yours, that you are giving me Inſtructions? Go get you in, or I ſhall lay down my Office.

Clar. Nay, wait a little longer, I'm ſure he will come.

Dorm. You ſure! you have wondrous Skill indeed in the Humours of Men: how came you to be ſo well acquainted with them? you ſcarce ever ſaw any but Don *Marcel*, and him too but thro a Grate or Window, or at Church; and yet you are ſure. I am a little the elder of the two, and have manag'd as many Intrigues of this kind as any Woman, and never found a conſtant juſt Man, as they ſay, of a thouſand; and yet you are ſure.

Clar. Why, is it poſſible *Marcel* ſhould be falſe?

Dorm. Marcel! No, no, Sweet-heart, he is that Man of a thouſand.

Clar. But if he ſhould, you have undone me, by telling me ſo many pretty things of him.

Dorm. Still you queſtion my ability, which by no means I can indure; get you in I ſay.

Clar. Do not ſpeak ſo loud, you will wake my Mother.

Dorm. At your Inſtructions again; do you queſtion my Conduct and Management of this Affair? Go watch for him your ſelf: I'll have no more to do with you back nor edge. [*Offers to go.*

Clar. Will you be ſo barbarous to leave me to my ſelf, after having made it your Buſineſs this three Months to ſollicit a Heart which was but too ready to yield before; after having ſworn to me how honourable all his Intents were; nay, made me write to him to come to night? And now when I have done this, and am all trembling with fear and ſhame (and yet an infinite Deſire to ſee him too)

too) [*Sighs*] thou wilt abandon me: go, when ſuch as you oblige, 'tis but to be inſolent with the more freedom.

Dorm. What, you are angry I'll warrant. [*Smiles.*

Clar. I will puniſh my ſelf to pay thee back, and will not ſee *Marcel.*

Dorm. What a pettiſh Fool is a Maid in love at fifteen! how unmanageable! But I'll forgive all—go get you in, I'll watch for your Lover; I would not have you diſoblige a Man of his Pretenſions and Quality for all the World.

[Clarinda *goes in.*

Enter Alonzo *below.*

Alon. Now do I want *Lovis* extremely, to conſult with him about this Buſineſs: For I am afraid the Devil, or Love, or both are ſo great with me, that I muſt marry this fair Inchantreſs, which is very unlucky; but, ſince *Ambroſio* and *Marcel* refuſe to ſee me, I hold my ſelf no longer ingag'd in Honour to *Hippolyta.*

Dorm. [*above.*] Whiſt, whiſt, Sir, Sir.

Alon. Who's there?

Dor. 'Tis I, your Servant, Sir; oh you are a fine Spark, are you not, to make ſo fair a Creature wait ſo long for you? there, there's the Key, open the Door ſoftly and come in. [*Throws him down a Key in a Handkerchief.*

Alon. What's this? But I'll ask no Queſtions; ſo fair a Creature, ſaid ſhe? Now if 'twere to ſave my Life cannot I forbear, I muſt go in: Shou'd *Euphemia* know this, ſhe would call it Levity and Inconſtancy; but I plead Neceſſity, and will be judg'd by the amorous Men, and not the jealous Women: For certain this Lady, who-e'er ſhe be, deſigns me a more ſpeedy Favour than I can hope from *Euphemia,* and on eaſier Terms too. This is the Door that muſt conduct to the languiſhing *Venus.*

[*Opens the Door and goes in, leaving it unſhut.*

Enter Marcel *with his Sword drawn.*

Mar. Thus far I have purſu'd the Fugitives,
Who by the help of haſty Fear and Night,
Are got beyond my Power; unlucky Accident!
Had I but kill'd *Antonio,* or *Hippolyta,*
Either had made my Shame ſupportable.
But tho I have miſt the Pleaſure of Revenge,

I will not that of Love.
One Look from fair *Clarinda* will appeaſe
The Madneſs which this Diſappointment rais'd.
[*Walks looking towards the Window.*
None appears yet: *Dormida* was to throw me down the Key. The Door is open, left ſo to give me entrance.
[*Goes to the Door.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a dark Hall.*

Diſcovers Alonzo *groping about in the Hall.*

Alon. Now am I in a worſe Condition than before, can neither advance nor retreat: I do not like this groping alone in the Dark thus. Whereabouts am I? I dare not call: were this fair thing ſhe ſpoke of but now half ſo impatient as I, ſhe would bring a Light, and conduct me.

Enter Marcel.

Mar. 'Tis wondrous dark.

Alon. Hah, a Man's Voice that way; that's not ſo well: it may be ſome Lover, Husband, or Brother; none of which are to be truſted in this Caſe, therefore I'll ſtand upon my Guard.

[*Draws*: Marcel *coming towards him joſtles him.*

Mar. Who's there?

Alon. A Man.

Mar. A Man! none ſuch inhabit here. [*Draws.*
Thy Buſineſs?

Alon. This ſhall anſwer you, ſince there's no other way.

[*They fight*, Alonzo *wounds* Marcel, *who fights him to the Door*; Alonzo *goes out*, Marcel *gropes to follow.*

Mar. This is not juſt, ye Gods, to puniſh me, and let the Traytor 'ſcape unknown too: Methought 'twas *Silvio's* Voice, or elſe a ſudden thought of Jealouſy come into my Head would make me think ſo.

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *with Light.*

Clar. I tell you I did hear the noiſe of fighting.

Dor. Why, between whom ſhould it be? I'll be ſworn *Marcel* came in alone.

Clar.

Clar. Marcel! and wounded too! oh I'm loſt.
[*Sees him, weeps.*

Mar. Keep your falſe Tears to bathe your Lover's Wounds.
For I perhaps have given him ſome——Thou old Aſſiſtant to her Luſt, whoſe greateſt Sin is wiſhing, tell me who 'twas thou didſt procure for her.
[*In rage to* Dormida.

Dorm. Alas! I cannot imagine who it ſhould be, unleſs *Don Silvio*, who has ſometimes made Addreſſes to her: But oh the Houſe is up, Madam we are undone: let's fly for Heavens ſake.

Clar. Oh *Marcel*, can you believe—— [*A Noiſe.*

Dorm. Come, come, I'll not be undone for your Fiddle-faddles; I'll lay it all on you, if I be taken.
[*Pulls out* Clarinda.

Mar. Sot that I was, I could not gueſs at this to day, by his Anger at the Letter I fooliſhly ſhew'd him; he is my Rival, and 'tis with him ſhe's fled; and I'll endeavour to purſue them. [*Offers to go.*
But oh my Strength complies with their Deſign, and ſhamefully retires to give them leave to play their amorous Game out. [*Goes faintly out.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Street. Diſcovers* Alonzo *alone.*

Alon. This Act of mine was raſh and ill-natur'd,
And I cannot leave the Street with a good Conſcience,
Till I know what miſchief I have done.
Enter Dormida *and* Clarinda.
Hah, Ladies from the ſame Houſe! theſe are Birds that I have frighted from their Neſts I am ſure: I'll proffer my Service to them.

Dorm. Why do not you make more haſte?

Clar. How can ſhe go, whoſe Life is left behind?
Beſides, I know not whither we ſhould go.
Ye Powers that guard the Innocent, protect us.

Alon.

Alon. Theſe muſt be ſome whom I have injur'd.
Ladies——you ſeem as in diſtreſs.

Dorm. Oh, Sir, as you are a Gentleman, aſſiſt a pair of Virgins.

Alon. What's this, a mumping Matron? I hope the other's young, or I have offer'd my Service to little purpoſe.

Clar. Sir, if you will have the Charity to aſſiſt us,
Do it ſpeedily, we ſhall be very grateful to you.

Alon. Madam, I will, but know not where to carry ye: my Lodging is in an Inn, and is neither ſafe nor honourable: but Fortune dares no leſs than protect the Fair, and I'll venture my Life in your Protection and Service.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Marcel *faintly.*

Mar. Stay Traytor, ſtay—oh they are out of ſight,
But may my Curſe o'ertake them in their flight. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Chamber of* Cleonte.

She is diſcover'd in her Night-Gown, at a Table, as undreſſing, Franciſca *by her.*

Cleo. Franciſca, thou art dull to Night. [*Sighs.*

Fran. You will not give me leave to talk.

Cleo. Not thy way indeed, haſt thou no Stories but of Love, and of my Brother *Silvio*?

Fran. None that you wiſh to hear: But I'll do what you pleaſe, ſo you will not oblige me to ſigh for you.

Cleo. Then prithee ſing to me.

Fran. What Song, a merry, or a ſad?

Cleo. Pleaſe thy own Humour, for then thou'lt ſing beſt.

Fran. Well, Madam, I'll obey you, and pleaſe my ſelf.

SINGS.

Amyntas *led me to a Grove,*
Where all the Trees did ſhade us;
The Sun it ſelf, tho it had ſtrove,
Yet could not have betray'd us.

The

The place ſecure from human Eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently riſe
Do kiſs the yielding Boughs.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton Tricks, to paſs
The Heat of all the Day.
A many Kiſſes he did give,
And I return'd the ſame:
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their amorous Tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſy to prevail.
He did but kiſs and claſp me round,
Whilſt they his thoughts expreſt,
And laid me gently on the Ground;
Oh! who can gueſs the reſt?

After the Song, enter Silvio *all undreſt, gazing wildly on* Cleonte; *his Arm ty'd up.*

Cleo. My Brother *Silvio*, at this late hour, and in my Lodgings too! How do you, Sir? are you not well?

Silv. Oh, why did Nature give me being?
Or why create me Brother to *Cleonte?* [*Aſide.*
Or give her Charms, and me the ſenſe to adore 'em?

Cleo. Dear Brother——— [*Goes to him.*

Silv. Ah *Cleonte*— [*Takes her by the Hand and gazes.*

Cleo. What would you, Sir?

Silv. I am not———well———

Cleo. Sleep, Sir, will give you eaſe.

Silv. I cannot ſleep, my Wounds do rage and burn ſo, as they put me paſt all power of reſt.

Cleo. We'll call your Surgeon, Sir.

Silv. He can contribute nothing to my Cure,
But I muſt owe it all to thee, *Cleonte.*

Cleo.

Cleo. Inſtruct me in the way, give me your Arm,
And I will bathe it in a thouſand Tears,
[*Goes to untie his Arm.*
And breathe ſo many Sighs into your Wound———
Silv. Let that ſlight hurt alone, and ſearch this—here.
[*To his Heart.*
Cleo. How! are you wounded there,
And would not let us know it all this while?
Silv. I durſt not tell you, but deſign'd to ſuffer,
Rather than trouble you with my Complaints;
But now my Pain is greater than my Courage.
Fran. Oh, he will tell her, that he loves her ſure.
[*Aſide.*
Cleo. Sit down and let me ſee't.
[*He ſits down, ſhe puts her Hand into his Boſom.*
Fran. Oh fooliſh Innocence——— [*Aſide.*
Cleo. You have deceiv'd me Brother, here's no Wound.
Silv. Oh take away your Hand——
It does increaſe my Pain, and wounds me deeper.
Cleo. No, ſurely, Sir, my Hand is very gentle.
Silv. Therefore it hurts me Siſter; the very thoughts
Of Touches by ſo ſoft and fair a Hand,
Playing about my Heart, are not to be indur'd with Life.
[*Riſes in paſſion.*
Cleo. Alas, what means my Brother?
Silv. Can you not gueſs, fair Siſter? have my Eyes
So ill expreſt my Soul? or has your Innocence
Not ſuffer'd you to underſtand my Sighs?
Have then a thouſand Tales, which I have told you,
Of broken Hearts, and Lovers Languiſhments,
Not ſerv'd to tell you, that I did adore you?
Cleo. Oh let me ſtill remain in Innocence,
Rather than ſin ſo much to underſtand you.
Fran. I can endure no more—— [*Goes out.*
Silv. Can you believe it Sin to love a Brother? it is not ſo in Nature.
Cleo. Not as a Brother, Sir; but otherwiſe,
It is, by all the Laws of Men and Heaven.
Silv. Siſter, ſo 'tis that we ſhould do no Murder,
And yet you daily kill, and I, among the number

Of

Of your Victims, muſt charge you with the ſin of killing me, a Lover, and a Brother.

Cleo. What would you have me do?

Silv. Why—I would have thee—do—I know not what——

Still to be with me——yet that will not ſatisfy;
To let me look——upon thee——ſtill that's not enough.
I dare not ſay to kiſs thee, and imbrace thee;
That were to make me wiſh—I dare not tell thee what—

Cleo. I muſt not hear this Language from a Brother.
[*She offers to go.*

Silv. What a vile thing's a Brother.
Stay, take this dagger, and add one Wound more
[*He kneels and offers a Dagger, and holds her by the Coat.*
To thoſe your Eyes have given, and after that
You'll find no trouble from my Sighs and Tears.

Enter Franciſca.

Fran. By this ſhe underſtands him, curſe on her Innocence,
'Tis fuel to his flame—[*Aſide.*] Madam, there is below a Lady, who deſires to ſpeak with the Miſtreſs of the Houſe.

Cleo. At this hour a Lady! who can it be?

Fran. I know not, but ſhe ſeems of Quality.

Cleo. Is ſhe alone?

Fran. Attended by a Gentleman and an old Woman.

Cleo. Perhaps ſome one that needs a kind Aſſiſtance; my Father is in Bed, and I'll venture to know their Buſineſs; bring her up.

Fran. 'Twere good you ſhould retire, Sir.
[*To* Silvio, *and* Exit.

Silv. I will, but have a care of me, *Cleonte*,
I fear I ſhall go mad——and ſo undo thee:
Love me——but do not let me know't too much.
[*Goes out.*

Enter Franciſca *with Lights*; *follow'd by* Alonzo, Clarinda, *and* Dormida: Alonzo *gazes on* Cleonte *a while.*

Cleo. Is't me you would command?

Clar.

Clar. I know not what to ſay, I am ſo diſorder'd.
[*Aſide.*

Alon. What Troops of Beauties ſhe has! ſufficient to take whole Cities in——Madam, I beg——

[*Takes* Clarinda *by the Hand, and approaches* Cleonte.

Cleo. What, Sir?

Alon. That you would receive into Protection———

Cleo. What pray, Sir?

Alon. Would you would give me leave to ſay, a Heart that your fair Eyes have lately made unfit for its old Quarters.

Cleo. I rather think you mean this Lady, Sir.

[Alonzo *looks with wonder on* Clarinda.

Alon. She's heavenly fair too, and has ſurpriz'd my Heart, juſt as 'twas going to the other's Boſom, and rob'd her at leaſt of one half of it. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Madam, I am a Virgin in diſtreſs,
And by misfortune forc'd to ſeek a Sanctuary,
And humbly beg it here.

Cleo. Intreaties were not made for that fair Mouth:
Command and be obey'd.
But, Sir, to whom do you belong?

Alon. I belong to a very fair Perſon,
But do not know her Name.

Cleo. But what are you, pray, Sir?

Alon. Madam, a Wanderer; a poor loſt thing, that none will own or pity.

Cleo. That's ſad indeed; but whoe'er you are, ſince you belong to this fair Maid, you'll find a Welcome every where.

Alon. And if I do not, I am caſhier'd. [*Aſide.*
Madam, if telling you I am her Brother,
Can make me more acceptable,
I ſhall be yet more proud of the Alliance.

Cleo. What muſt I call your Siſter, Sir, when I would pay my Duty?

Alon. There I am routed again with another hard Queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Madam, my Name's *Clarinda.*

Alon.

Alon. Madam, I'll take my leave, and wiſh the Heart I leave with you to night, may perſuade you to ſuffer my Viſits to morrow, till when I ſhall do nothing but languiſh.

Cleo. I know not what loſs you have ſuffer'd to night; but ſince your fair Siſter's Preſence with us allows it, you need not doubt a Welcome.

Alon. I humbly thank you, Madam.

[*Kiſſes her Hand, and looks amorouſly on* Clarinda.

Fran. Madam, pray retire, for Don *Marcel* is come into the Houſe all bloody, inrag'd againſt ſomebody.

Clar. I am troubled at his Hurt, but cannot fear his Rage. Good night, Sir. [*They go out.*

Alon. They are gone; now had I as much mind to have kiſt the other's Hand, but that 'twas not a Ceremony due to a Siſter—What the Devil came into my Head, to ſay ſhe was ſo? nothing but the natural itch of talking and lying: they are very fair; but what's that to me? *Euphemia* ſurpaſſes both: But a Pox on her terms of Marriage, I'll ſet that to her Beauty, and then theſe get the Day, as far as natural Neceſſity goes: But I'll home and ſleep upon't, and yield to what's moſt powerful in the Morning.

To night theſe Strangers do my Heart poſſeſs,
But which the greateſt ſhare, I canot gueſs:
My Fate in Love reſembles that in War,
When the rich Spoil falls to the common ſhare. [*Goes out.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

Enter Alonzo, *as out of the Houſe, gazing upon it.*

Alon. Sure I ſhall know this Houſe again to morrow.

[*To him* Lovis.

Lov. I wonder what ſhould be become of *Alonzo*, I do not like theſe Night-works of his——Who's there?

Alon. Lovis!

Lov. Alonzo?

Alon. The ſame, where haſt thou been?

Lov. In ſearch of you this two Hours.

Alon. O, I have been taken up with new Adventures, ſince I ſaw thee; but prithee what became of thine? for methought it was a likely Woman.

Lov. Faith, Sir, I thought I had got a Prize; but a Pox on't, when I came into the Street, e'er ſhe had recover'd Breath to tell me who ſhe was, the Cavalier you reſcu'd from *Marcel*, laid claim to her; thank'd me for her Preſervation, and vaniſht. I hope you had better luck with your Female, whoſe Face I had not the good fortune to ſee,

Alon. Not ſo good as I could have wiſht, for ſhe ſtands ſtill on her honourable terms.

Lov. Of Matrimony, ha, ha, a very Jilt, I'll warrant her; Come, come, you ſhall ſee her no more.

Alon. Faith, I fear I muſt.

Lov. To what purpoſe?

Alon. To perſuade her to Reaſon.

Lov. That you'll ſoon do, when ſhe finds you will not bite at t'other Bait.

Alon. The worſt is, if I ſee her again, it muſt be at her Father's Houſe; and ſo transform'd from Man to Beaſt——I muſt appear like a ridiculous Lover ſhe expects out of *Flanders*.

Lov. A very Cheat, a trick to draw thee in: be wiſe in time.

Alon No, on my Conſcience ſhe's in earneſt, ſhe told me her Name, and his I am to repreſent.

Lov. What is't I pray?

Alon. Hance van Ezel.

Lov. Hah! her Name too, I beſeech you?

[*Impatiently.*

Alon. Euphemia: and ſuch a Creature 'tis——

Lov. 'Sdeath, my Siſter all this while: This has call'd up all that's Spaniard in me, and makes me raging mad. [*Aſide.*] But do you love her, Sir?

Alon. Moſt deſperately, beyond all Senſe or Reaſon.

Lov. And could you be content to marry her?

Alon. Any thing but that——But thou know'ſt my ingagement elſewhere; and I have hopes that yet ſhe'll be wiſe, and yield on more pleaſant terms.

Lov.

Lov. I could be angry now; but 'twere unreaſonable to blame him for this. [*Aſide.*] Sir, I believe by your Treatment from *Ambroſio* and *Marcel*, you may come off there eaſily.

Alon. That will not ſatisfy my Honour, tho 'twill my Love; that I have not *Hippolyta*, I will owe to my own Inconſtancy, not theirs: beſides, this may be a Cheat, as you ſay.

Lov. But does *Euphemia* love you?

Alon. Faith, I think ſhe has too much Wit to diſſemble, and too much Beauty to need that Art.

Lov. Then you muſt marry her.

Alon. Not if I can avoid it.

Lov. I know this Lady, Sir, and know her to be worth your Love: I have it in my Power too, to ſerve you, if you proceed ſuddenly, which you muſt do, or loſe her; for this *Flandrian* Boor your Rival is already arriv'd, and deſigns to morrow to make his firſt Addreſs to *Euphemia.*

Alon. Oh he muſt not, ſhall not ſee her.

Lov. How will you hinder him?

Alon. With this. [*To his Sword.*] Where is this Rival? tell me: Conduct me to him ſtrait; I find my Love above the common rate, and cannot brook this Rival.

Lov. So, this blows the flame——His Life will be no hindrance to you in this Affair, if you deſign to love on.

Alon. Do'ſt know him?

Lov. Yes, he is a pleaſant Original for you to be copy'd by: It is the ſame Fop, I told you was to marry my Siſter, and who came along with me to *Madrid.*

Alon. How! *Euphemia* thy Siſter?

Lov. Yes, indeed is ſhe, and whom my Father deſigns to caſt away upon this half Man, half Fool; but I find ſhe has Wit to make a better Choice: ſhe yet knows nothing of my Arrival, and till you reſolve what to do, ſhall not; and my *Dutchman* does nothing without me.

Alon. If thou haſt the management of him, he's likely to thrive.

Lov. But not in his Amour, if you pleaſe: In ſhort, Sir, if you do really love my Siſter, I am content to be

ſo ungracious a Child to contribute to the cheating my Father of this ſame hopeful Son he expects, and put you upon him; but what you do, muſt be ſpeedily then.

Alon. I am oblig'd to thee for this frank Offer, and will be inſtructed by thee.

Lov. If you're reſolv'd, I'll warrant you Succeſs.

Alon. I think I am reſolv'd in ſpite of all my Inclinations to Libertiniſm.

Lov. Well, Sir, I'll get you ſuch a Suit then, as that our Hero makes his firſt approach in, as ridiculouſly gay as his Humour, which you muſt aſſume too.

Alon. Content.

Lov. To night I muſt pay my Duty to my Father, and will prepare your way, and acquaint my Siſter with it; 'tis but a Frolick if we ſucceed not.

Alon. God-a-mercy Lad, let's about it then e'er we ſleep, leſt I change my Reſolution before Morning.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Houſe of Carlo.

Enter Alonzo *dreſt ridiculouſly, meeting* Lovis, *they laugh at each other.*

Lov. VERY *Haunce* all over, the Taylor has play'd his part, play but yours as well, and I'll warrant you the Wench.

Alon. But prithee, why need I act the Fool thus, ſince *Haunce* was never ſeen here?

Lov. To make good the Character I always gave of him to my Father; but here he comes, pray be very rude, and very impertinent.

Alon. Lord, Lord, how ſhall I look thus damnably ſet out, and thus in love!

Enter Don Carlo.

Lov. This, Sir, is Monſieur *Haunce*, your Son that muſt be.

Alon.

Alon. Beſo los manos ſignor: Is your Name Don *Carlo?* and are you the Gravity of this Houſe? and the Father of *Donna Euphemia?* and are you———

Car. Sir, I gueſs by all theſe your Demands at once, your Name to be *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel.*

Alon. Your Judgment's good; but to my Queſtions.

Car. In truth I have forgot them, there were ſo many.

Alon. Are you he who is to be my Father?

Car. 'Tis ſo negotiated——and if all Circumſtances concur——For, Sir, you muſt conceive, the Conſequence of ſo grand a Conjunction———

Alon. Leſs of your Compliments, Sir, and more of your Daughter, I beſeech you. 'Sheart, what a formal Coxcomb 'tis. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Prithee give him way. [*Aſide.*

Alon. By this Light I'll loſe thy Siſter firſt; Why, who can indure the grave approaches to the Matter; 'Dſlife, I would have it as I would my Fate, ſudden and unexpected.

Car. Pray, how long have you been landed?

Alon. So, now ſhall I be plagu'd with nothing but wiſe Queſtions, to which I am able to make no Answer. [*Aſide.*] Sir, it is your Daughter that I deſire to ſee impatiently.

Car. Have you no Letters from my very good Friend your Father?

Alon. What if I have not? cannot I be admitted to your Daughter without a Paſs?

Car. O lack, Sir ———

Alon. But to let you ſee I come with full Power, (tho I am old enough to recommend my ſelf) here is my Commiſſion for what I do. [*Gives him Letters.*

Car. I remember amongſt his other Faults, my Son writ me word he had Courage: If ſo, I ſhall conſider what to do. [*Reads.*] Sir, I find by theſe your Father's Letters, you are not yet arriv'd.

Alon. I know that, Sir, but I was told I ſhould expreſs my Love in my haſte; therefore outſailing the Pacquet, I was the welcome Meſſenger my ſelf; and ſince I am ſo forward, I beſeech you, Sir ——

[Carlo *coming to imbrace him.*

Now dare not I proceed, he has ſo credulous a conſenting Face. [*Aſide.*

Car. Spare your Words, I underſtand their meaning; a prudent Man ſpeaks leaſt, as the *Spaniard* has it: and ſince you are ſo forward, as you were ſaying, I ſhall not be backward; but as your Father adviſeth here, haſten the uniting of our Families, with all celerity; for delay in theſe Affairs is but to prolong time, as the wiſe Man ſays.

Alon. You are much in the right, Sir. But my Wife, I deſire to be better acquainted with her.

Car. She ſhall be forth-coming, Sir. Had you a good Paſſage? for the Seas and Winds regard no Man's neceſſity.

Alon. No, no, a very ill one; your Daughter, Sir.

Car. Pray, how long were you at Sea?

Alon. Euphemia, Sir, *Euphemia,* your Daughter. This Don's fuller of Queſtions than of Proverbs, and that's a Wonder. [*Aſide.*

Car. They ſay *Flanders* is a very fine Country, I never ſaw it; but———

Alon. Nor 'tis no matter, Sir, if you never do, ſo I ſaw your Daughter. He'll catechize me home to my *Dutch* Parents by and by, of which I can give him no more account than——— [*Aſide.*

Car. Are they as diſſatisfied with their new Governour, as they were with Don *John?* for they love change.

Alon. A Pox of their Government, I tell you I love your Daughter.

Car. I fear 'tis ſo, he's valiant; and what a dangerous Quality is that in *Spain!* 'tis well he's rich. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Pray, Sir, keep him not long in Diſcourſe, the Sea has made him unfit for———

Alon. Any thing but ſeeing my Miſtreſs.

Lov. I'll have mercy upon thee, and fetch her to thee. [*Ex.* Lovis.

Car. Sir, you muſt know, that we ſuffer not our Women in *Spain* to converſe ſo frequently with your Sex, and that thro a cautious——well conſider'd prudent—— Conſideration.

Alon.

Alon. But, Sir, do you conſider what an impatient thing a young Lover is? Or is it ſo long ſince you were one your ſelf, you have forgot it? 'Tis well he wanted Words. [*Enter* Euphemia *and* Lovis.] But yonder's *Euphemia*, whoſe Beauty is ſufficient to excuſe every Defect in the whole Family, tho each were a mortal ſin; and now 'tis impoſſible to guard my ſelf longer from thoſe fair Eyes. [*Aſide.*

Car. I muſt not urge him to ſpeak much before *Euphemia*, leſt ſhe diſcover he wants Wit by his much Tongue: [*Aſide.*
There's my Daughter, Sir, go and ſalute her.

Alon. Oh, I thank you for that, Sir.
[*He ſtands ridiculouſly looking on her.*

Car. You muſt be bold, Sir.

Alon. Well, Sir, ſince you command me——
[*Goes rudely to kiſs her.*

Car. I did not mean kiſſing by ſaluting.

Alon. I cry your Mercy, Sir, ſo I underſtood you.

Car. Fie upon't, that he ſhould be no more a Maſter of Civility.

Lov. I fear, Sir, my Siſter will never like this Humour in her Lover; he wants common Converſation.

Car. Converſation——ye fooliſh Boy, he has Money, and needs none of your Converſation. And yet if I thought he were valiant——[*This while* Alonzo *and* Euphemia *make ſigns of Love with their Eyes.*

Lov. I hope, Sir, he does not boaſt of more of that than he really has.

Car. That Fault I my ſelf have been guilty of, and can excuſe; but the thing it ſelf I ſhall never endure: you know I was forc'd to ſend you abroad, becauſe I thought you addicted to that. I ſhall never ſleep in quiet ——Valiant! that's ſuch a thing, to be Rich, or Wiſe and Valiant. [*Goes to* Euphemia.

Lov. Colonel, pray to the buſineſs, for I fear you will betray your ſelf.

Car. But look upon his Wealth, *Euphemia*, and you will find thoſe Advantages there which are wanting in his Perſon; but I think the Man's well.

Euph. I muſt not ſeem to yield too ſoon. [*Aſide.*] Sir, there be many *Spaniards* born that are as rich as he, and have Wit too.

Car. She was ever very averſe to this Marriage. [*Aſide.*] This Man is half a *Spaniard*, his Mother was one, and my firſt Miſtreſs, and ſhe I can tell you, was a great Fortune———

Euph. I, Sir, but he is ſuch a Fool———

Car. You are a worſe, to find fault with that in a Husband.

Alon. Stand aſide, Sir, are you to court your Daughter or I?

Car. I was inclining her——

Alon. You inclining her! an old Man wants Rhetorick; ſet me to her. [*Goes to* Euphemia.

Car. This capricious Humour was tolerable in him, whilſt I believ'd it the Effects of Folly, but now 'tis that of Valour: Oh I tremble at the Sight of him.

Euph. Now I ſee you are a Cavalier of your Word.

Alon. Faith *Euphemia*, you might have believ'd, and taken me upon better Terms, if you had ſo pleas'd: To marry you is but an ill-favour'd Proof to give you of my Paſſion.

Euph. Do you repent it?

Alon. Would to God 'twere come but to that, I was juſt upon the Point of it when you enter'd. But I know not what the Devil there is in that Face of yours, but it has debauch'd ever ſober Thought about me: Faith, do not let us marry yet.

Euph. If we had not proceeded too far to retreat, I ſhould be content.

Alon. What ſhall I come to? all on the ſudden to leave delicious whoring, drinking and fighting, and be condemn'd to a dull honeſt Wife. Well, if it be my ill Fortune, may this Curſe light on thee that has brought me to't: may I love thee even after we are married to that troubleſome Degree, that I may grow moſt damnable jealous of thee, and keep thee from the Sight of all Mankind, but thy own natural Husband, that ſo thou may'ſt be depriv'd of the greateſt Pleaſure of this Life, the Bleſſing of Change.

Euph.

Euph. I am ſorry to find ſo much ill Nature in you; would you have the Conſcience to tie me to harder Conditions than I would you?

Alon. Nay, I do not think I ſhall be ſo wickedly loving; but I am reſolv'd to marry thee and try.

Euph. My Father, Sir, on with your Diſguiſe. [*To them* Carlo.

Car. Well, Sir, how do you like my Daughter?

Alon. So, ſo, ſhe'll ſerve for a Wife.

Car. But do you not find her willing to be ſo?

Alon. 'Tis not a half-penny matter for that, as long as my Father and you are agreed upon the matter.

Car. Well *Euphemia*, ſetting all fooliſh Modeſty aſide, how do you like this Man?

Euph. As one, whom in Obedience to you, I am content to caſt my ſelf away upon.

Car. How ſeems his Humour to you?

Euph. Indifferent, Sir, he is not very courtly, ſomething rough and haſty.

Car. I fear ſhe has found his ill Quality of Valour too; and ſince 'tis certain ſo, why ſhould it be ſaid that I ruin'd a Child to ſatisfy my Appetite of Riches? [*Aſide.* Come Daughter, can you love him, or can you not? For I'll make but ſhort Work on't; you are my Daughter, and have a Fortune great enough to inrich any Man; and I'm reſolv'd to put no Force upon your Inclinations.

Euph. How's this! nay, then 'tis time I left diſſembling. [*Aſide.*] Sir, this Bounty in you has ſtrangely overcome me, and makes me aſham'd to have withſtood your Will ſo long.

Car. Do not diſſemble with me, I ſay do not; for I am reſolv'd you ſhall be happy.

Euph. Sir, my Obedience ſhall———

Car. No more of your Obedience, I ſay again, do not diſſemble, for I'm not pleas'd with your Obedience.

Euph. This Alteration is very ſtrange and ſudden; pray Heaven he have not found the Cheat. [*Aſide.* Love, Sir, they ſay will come after Marriage; pray let me try it.

Car. Few have found it ſo; nor ſhall you experience it at ſo dear a Rate as your Ruin.

Euph. But, Sir, methinks I am grown to love him more ſince he ſpoke to me, than before.

Car. The Effects of your Obedience again.

Euph. This is a ſtrange Alteration, Sir; not all my Tears and Prayers before I ſaw him, could prevail with you. I beſeech you, Sir, believe me.

Car. Nor ſhould now, had I not another Reaſon for't.

Euph. Oh, I fear——But, Sir——

Car. Go to, I'll be better ſatisfy'd e'er I proceed farther—both of your Inclinations, and his Courage. [*Aſide.*

Euph. Do you conſider his Wealth, Sir?

Car. That ſhall not now befriend him.

Alon. Sir, I bar whiſpering; 'tis not in my Bargain, nor civil: I'll have fair Play for my Money.

Car. I am only knowing my Daughter's Pleaſure; ſhe is a little peeviſh, as Virgins uſe in ſuch Caſes; but wou'd that were all, and I'd endeavour to reconcile her.

Alon. I thank you, Sir; in the mean time I'll take a Walk for an Hour or two, to get me a better Stomach both to my Dinner and Miſtreſs.

Car. Do ſo, Sir. Come *Euphemia*, I will give you a Proof of my Indulgence, thou ſhalt marry no valiant Fools! valiant quoth ye. Come, come——had he been peaceable and rich——Come, come—— [*Ex. with* Euphemia.

Lov. Well, now I'll go look after my *Dutchman*, leſt he ſurprizes us here, which muſt not be; where ſhall I find you?

Alon. I'll wait upon my Prince, and then on you here.

Lov. Do ſo, and carry on this Humour. Adieu.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A flat Grove.*

Enter Haunce *in a fantaſtical travelling Habit, with a Bottle of Brandy in his Hand, as ſick:* Gload *marches after.*

Hau. Ah, ah, a pox of all Sea-Voyages. [*Drinks.*
Here *Gload*, take thee t'other Sope, and then let's home.
[Gload *drinks.*
Ah, ah, a pox of Sea-Voyages.

Gload. Sir, if I may adviſe, take t'other turn in the Grove, for I find by my Noſe you want more airing.

Hau. How Sirrah! by your Noſe? have a care, you know 'tis ill jeſting with me when I'm angry.

Gload. Which is as often as you are drunk; I find it has the ſame Effects on me too: but truly, Sir, I meant no other than that you ſmell a little of the Veſſel, a certain ſour remains of a Storm about you.

Hau. Ah, ah, do not name a Storm to me, unleſs thou wilt have the Effects on't in thy Face. [*Drinks.*

Gload. Sha, ſha, bear up, Sir, bear up.

Hau. Salerimente, a Sea-phraſe too! Why ye Raſcal, I tell you I can indure nothing that puts me in mind of that Element. [*Drinks.*

Gload. The Sight of *Donna Euphemia* will——
[Gload *drinks between whiles too.*

Hau. Hold, hold, let me conſider whether I can indure to hear her nam'd or not; for I think I am ſo thorowly mortify'd, I ſhall ſcarcely reliſh Woman-kind again this———two Hours. [*Drinks.*

Gload. You a Man of Courage, and talk thus!

Hau. Courage! Why what doſt thou call Courage?—*Hector* himſelf would not have chang'd his ten Years Siege for our ten Days Storm at Sea——a Storm——a hundred thouſand fighting Men are nothing to't; Cities ſackt by Fire nothing: 'tis a reſiſtleſs Coward that attacks a Man at diſadvantage; an unaccountable Magick, that firſt conjures down a Man's Courage, and then plays the Devil over him. And in fine, it is a Storm——

Gload.

Gload. Good lack that it ſhould be all theſe terrible things, and yet that we ſhould out-brave it.

Hau. No god-a-mercy to our Courage tho, I tell you that now *Gload*; but like an angry Wench, when it had huft and bluſter'd it ſelf weary, it lay ſtill again. [*Drinks.*

Gload. Hold, hold, Sir, you know we are to make Viſits to Ladies, Sir; and this repleniſhing of our Spirits, as you call it Sir, may put us out of Caſe.

Hau. Thou art a Fool, I never made love ſo well as when I was drunk; it improves my Parts, and makes me witty; that is, it makes me ſay any thing that comes next, which paſſes now-a-days for Wit: and when I am very drunk, I'll home and dreſs me, and the Devil's in't if ſhe reſiſt me ſo qualify'd and ſo dreſs'd.

Gload. Truly, Sir, thoſe are things that do not properly belong to you.

Hau. Your Reaſon, your Reaſon; we ſhall have thee witty too in thy Drink, hah! [*Laughs.*

Gload. Why, I ſay, Sir, none but a Cavalier ought to be ſoundly drunk, or wear a Sword and Feather; and a Cloke and Band were fitter for a Merchant.

Hau. Salerimente, I'll beat any Don in *Spain* that does but think he has more right to any ſort of Debauchery, or Gallantry than I, I tell you that now *Gload.*

Gload. Do you remember, Sir, how you were wont to go at home? when inſtead of a Periwig, you wore a ſlink, greaſy Hair of your own, thro which a pair of large thin Souſes appear'd, to ſupport a formal Hat, on end thus——— [*Imitates him.*

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue improves upon't. [*Gives him Brandy.*

Gload. A Collar inſtead of a Cravat twelve inches high; with a blue, ſtiff, ſtarcht, lawn Band, ſet in print like your Whiskers; a Doublet with ſmall Skirts hookt to a pair of wide-kneed Breeches, which dangled half way over Leg, all to be daſh'd and dirty'd as high as the gartering.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, very well, proceed. [*Drinks.*

Gload.

Gload. Your Hands, defil'd with counting of damn'd dirty Money, never made other uſe of Gloves, than continually to draw them thro—— thus—— till they were dwindled into the ſcantling of a Cats-gut.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, a pleaſant Raſcal. [*Drinks.*

Gload. A Cloke, half a yard ſhorter than the Breeches, not thorow lin'd, but fac'd as far as 'twas turn'd back, with a pair of frugal Butter-hams, which was always manag'd—thus——

Hau. Well, Sir, have you done, that I may ſhow you this Merchant revers'd?

Gload. Preſently, Sir; only a little touch at your Debauchery, which unleſs it be in damn'd Brandy, you dare not go to the Expence of. Perhaps at a Wedding, or ſome Treat where your Purſe is not concern'd, you would moſt inſatiably tipple; otherwiſe your two Stivers-Club is the higheſt you dare go, where you will be condemn'd for a Prodigal, (even by your own Conſcience) if you add two more extraordinary to the Sum, and at home ſit in the Chimney-corner, curſing the Face of Duke *de Alva* upon the Jugs, for laying an Impoſition on Beer: And now, Sir, I have done.

Hau. And doſt thou not know, when one of thoſe thou haſt deſcribed, goes but half a League out of Town, that he is ſo transform'd from the Merchant to the Gallant in all Points, that his own Parents, nay the Devil himſelf cannot know him? Not a young Engliſh Squire newly come to an Eſtate, above the management of his Wit, has better Horſes, gayer Clothes, ſwears, drinks, and does every thing with a better grace than he; damns the ſtingy Cabal of the two Stiver-Club, and puts the young King of *Spain* and his Miſtreſs together in a Rummer of a Pottle; and in pure Gallantry breaks the Glaſſes over his Head, ſcorning to drink twice in the ſame: and a thouſand things full as heroick and brave I cou'd tell you of this ſame Holy-day Squire. But come, t'other turn, and t'other ſope, and then for *Donna Euphemia.* For I find I begin to be reconcil'd to the Sex.

Gload. But, Sir, if I might adviſe, let's e'en ſleep firſt.

Hau.

Hau. Away you Fool, I hate the ſober Spaniſh way of making Love, that's unattended with Wine and Muſick; give me a Wench that will out-drink the Dutch, out-dance the French, and out———out———kiſs the Engliſh.

Gload. Sir, that's the Faſhion in *Spain.*

Hau. Hang the Faſhion; I manage her that muſt be my Wife, as I pleaſe, or I'll beat her into Faſhion.

Gload. What, beat a Woman, Sir?

Haunce. Sha, all's one for that; if I am provok'd, Anger will have its Effects on whomſoe'er it light; ſo ſaid *Van Trump*, when he took his Miſtreſs a Cuff o'th' Ear, for finding fault with an ill-faſhion'd Leg he made her: I lik'd his Humour well, therefore come thy ways.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Diſcovers* Antonio *ſleeping on the Ground*; Hippolyta *ſitting by, who ſings.*

Ah falſe Amyntas, *can that Hour*
So ſoon forgotten be,
When firſt I yielded up my Power
To be betray'd by thee?
God knows with how much Innocence
I did my Heart reſign
Unto thy faithleſs Eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.

I had not one Reſerve in ſtore,
But at thy Feet I laid
Thoſe Arms which conquer'd heretofore,
Tho now thy Trophies made.
Thy Eyes in ſilence told their Tale
Of Love in ſuch a way,
That 'twas as eaſy to prevail,
As after to betray.

[*She comes forth, weeps,*

Hip. My Grief's too great to be diverted this way.

Pointing

[*Pointing to* Antonio.
Why ſhould this Villain ſleep, this treacherous Man——
Who has for ever robb'd me of my reſt?
Had I but kept my Innocence intire,
I had out-brav'd my Fate, and broke my Chains,
Which now I bear like a poor guilty Slave,
Who ſadly crys, If I were free from theſe,
I am not from my Crimes; ſo ſtill lives on,
And drags his loathed Fetters after him.
Why ſhould I fear to die, or murder him?
It is but adding one Sin more to th' number.
This—would ſoon do't—but where's the Hand to guide it? [*Draws a Dagger, ſighs.*
For 'tis an act too horrid for a Woman. [*Turns away.*
But yet thus ſleeping I might take that Soul, [*Turns to him.*
Which waking all the Charms of Art and Nature
Had not the Power t'effect.
Oh were I brave, I could remember that,
And this way be the Miſtreſs of his Heart.
But mine forbids it ſhould be that way won;
No, I muſt ſtill love on, in ſpite of me,
And wake him quickly, leſt one Moment's thought
Upon my Shame ſhould urge me to undo him.
Antonio, Antonio. [*He wakes, riſes, and looks amazedly to ſee the Dagger in her Hand.*

Ant. Vile Woman, why that Dagger in thy Hand?

Hip. To've kill'd thee with,
But that my Love o'ercame my juſter Paſſion,
And put it in thy Power to ſave thy ſelf;
Thank that, and not my Reaſon for thy Life.

Ant. She's doubly arm'd, with that and Injury,
And I am wounded and defenceleſs. [*Aſide.*
Hippolyta, why all this Rage to me? [*Kindly ſmiles.*

Hip. Antonio, thou art perjur'd, falſe and baſe.
[*In great Rage.*

Ant. What ſaid my faireſt Miſtreſs?
[*Goes to her looking ſoftly*

Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd, falſe and baſe.
[*Leſs in Rage.*

Ant. My dear *Hippolyta*, ſpeak it again,

I do not underſtand thee. [*Takes her by the Hand.*
Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd, my *Antonio.*
[*Sighs.*
Ant. Thou wert to blame, but 'twas thy Jealouſy,
Which being a Fault of Love I will excuſe.
Give me that Mark of Anger, prithee do,
It misbecomes thy Hand.
Hip. I've nothing left but this I can command,
And do not raviſh this too.
Ant. It is unkind thus to ſuſpect my Love;
Will you make no Allowance for my Humour?
I am by Nature rough, and cannot pleaſe,
With Eyes and Words all ſoft as others can,
But I can love as truly my blunt way.
Hip. You were ſo ſoft when firſt you conquer'd me,
[*Sighs.*
That but the Thoughts of that dear Face and Eyes,
So manag'd, and ſo ſet for Conqueſt out,
Would make me kind even to another Man;
Could I but thus imbrace and hide my Eyes,
And call him my *Antonio.*
[*She leans on his Boſom, he the while gets her Dagger.*
Ant. Stand off falſe Woman, I deſpiſe thy Love,
Of which to every Man I know thou deal'ſt
An equal ſhare.
Hip. I do not wonder that I am deceiv'd,
But that I ſhould believe thee, after all thy Treachery.
But prithee tell me why thou treat'ſt me thus?
Why didſt thou with the ſacred Vows of Marriage,
After a long and tedious Courtſhip to me,
Raviſh me from my Parents and my Husband?
For ſo the brave *Alonzo* was by promiſe.
Ant. Why I will tell thee; 'twas not love to thee,
But hatred to thy Brother Don *Marcel,*
Who made Addreſſes to the fair *Clarinda,*
And by his Quality deſtroy'd my Hopes.
Hip. And durſt you not revenge your ſelf on him?
Ant. His Life alone could not appeaſe my Anger;
And after ſtudying what I had to do———
Hip. The Devil taught thee this,

Ant.

Ant. Yes, and you I choſe,
Becauſe you were contracted to *Alonzo*,
That the Diſgrace might be more eminent.
Hip. I do believe thee, for when I reflect
On all thy Uſage ſince thou haſt betray'd me,
I find thou haſt not paid me back one Sigh,
Or Smile for all that I have given thee.
Ant. Hear me out.
Hip. Moſt calmly.
Ant. From Town to Town you know I did remove you,
Under pretence to ſhun your Brother's Anger:
But 'twas indeed to ſpread your Fame abroad.
But being not ſatisfy'd till in *Madrid*,
Here in your native Town, I had proclaim'd you;
The Houſe from whence your Brother's Fury chas'd us,
Was a Bordello, where 'twas given out
Thou wert a *Venice* Curtezan to hire,
Whilſt you believ'd it was your nuptial Palace. [*Laughs.*
Hip. Doſt think I did not underſtand the Plot?
Yes, and was mad till ſome young Lovers came.
But you had ſet a Price too high upon me,
No brisk young Man durſt venture,
I had expos'd my ſelf at cheaper Rates.
Ant. Your Price, I pray, young Sinner?
[*Pulls off his Hat in ſcorn.*
Hip. Thy Life; he that durſt ſay *Antonio* lives no more,
Should have poſſeſt me *gratis*.
Ant. I would have taken care none ſhould have don't;
To ſhow, and offer you to Sale, was equally as ſhameful.
Hip. Well, what haſt thou more to do? this is no
Place to inhabit in, nor ſhalt thou force me further;
And back into the Town thou dar'ſt not go.
Ant. Perhaps I had been kinder to you,
Had you continu'd ſtill to give me that———
Might have begot a Paſſion in me.
Hip. I have too much Repentance for that Sin,
To increaſe it, at the Price of being belov'd by thee.
Ant. Conſider what you do, this Place is ſilent,
And far from any thing that may aſſiſt you.
Come lead me to the Covert of this Grove. [*Takes her rudely.*

Enter

Enter Haunce *and* Gload *drunk*; Haunce *ſeeing them, offers to go out again.*

Glo. Hold, hold, Sir, why do you run away?

Hau. Thou Fool, doſt not ſee the Reaſon?

Glo. I ſee a Man and a Lady, Sir.

Hau. Why, you Coxcomb, they are Lovers; Or ſome that are going to do the deed of Love.

Ant. How! Men here? Your Buſineſs.

Hau. Prithee Friend, do not trouble your ſelf with ours, but follow your own; my Man is a little ſaucy in his Drink indeed, but I am ſober enough to underſtand how things go.

Ant. Leave us then.

Hau. Leave us then——good Words, good Words, Friend; for look ye, I am in a notable Humour at preſent, and will be intreated.

Glo. Yes, Sir, we will be intreated.

Ant. Pray leave us then.

Hau. That's ſomething——but hark ye Friend, ſay a Man had a mind to put in for a ſhare with you.

Ant. Rude Slaves, leave us.

Hau. Ha, Slaves!

Glo. Slaves ſaid you, Sir? hah——

Hip. Oh, as you're a Gentleman aſſiſt me. [*To* Haunce.

Hau. Aſſiſt thee? this Fellow looks as he would not have his Abilities call'd in queſtion; otherwiſe I am amorous enough to do thee a kindneſs.

[*Offers ſtill to go, ſhe holds him.*

Hip. Sir, you miſtake me; this is a Raviſher——

Hau. A Raviſher! ha, ha, ha, doſt like him the worſe for that? No, no, I beg your Pardon, Madam.

Hip. Have you no Manhood, Sir?

Glo. She is in earneſt; now if I durſt ſtay, how I would domineer over my Maſter; I never try'd perhaps, I may be valiant thus inſpir'd. Lady, I am your Champion, who dares raviſh you, or me either?

Ant. Raſcal, unhand her.

[*He comes up to them,* Gload *puts the Lady before him.*

Hau. How now, *Gload* ingag'd! nay, I ſcorn to be out-done by my Man. Sirrah, march off with the Baggage, whilſt I ſecure the Enemy.

Ant.

Ant. Raſh Man, what mean you?

Hau. I ſay, ſtand off, and let him go quietly away with the Wench, or look you——

Ant. Unmanner'd Fool, I will chaſtiſe thy Boldneſs.
[*Goes up to him with his Dagger.*

Hau. How, how, haſt thou no other Weapon?

Ant. No, if I had, thou durſt not have encounter'd me.

Hau. I ſcorn thy Words, and therefore there lies my Sword; and ſince you dare me at my own Weapon, I tell you I am good at Snick-a-Sne as the beſt *Don* of you all—— [*Draws a great Dutch Knife.*

Ant. Can I endure this Affront?

Glo. The beſt way to make a Coward fight, is to leave him in Danger——Come Lady—— [*Goes out.*

Ant. Thou baſe unmanner'd Fool, how durſt thou offer at a Gentleman, with ſo deſpis'd a thing as that?

Hau. Deſpis'd a thing? talk not ſo contemptibly of this Weapon, I ſay, do not, but come on if you dare.

Ant. I can endure no longer——
[*Flies at him,* Haunce *cuts his Face, and takes away, after a-while, his Dagger.*
Injuſtice! can ſuch a Dog, and ſuch a Weapon vanquiſh me?

Hau. Beg your Life; for I ſcorn to ſtain my Victory in Blood—that I learnt out of *Pharamond.* [*Aſide.*

Ant. He does not merit Life, that could not defend it againſt ſo poor and baſe a thing as Thou: Had but *Marcel* left me my Sword——

Hau. O then I perceive you are us'd to be vanquiſh'd, and therefore I ſcorn to kill thee; live, live.

Ant. How the Raſcal triumphs over me!

Hau. And now like a generous Enemy, I will conduct thee to my Tent, and have thy Wounds dreſt—— That too I had out of *Pharamond.* [*Aſide.*

Ant. What if I take the offer of this Sot? ſo I may ſee *Hippolyta* again. But I forget—— [*Aſide.*

Hau. Will you accept my Offer?

Ant. For ſome Reaſons I dare not venture into the Town.

Hau. My Lodging is at St. *Peter's* Gate, hard by; and

and on the Parole of a Man of Proweſs you ſhall be ſafe and free——*Pharamond* again. [*Aſide.*

Ant. I'll truſt him, for worſe I cannot be. [*Aſide.*

Lead on, I'll follow, Sir——

Haunce. Not ſo, for tho the Captive ought to follow the Victor, yet I'll not truſt my Enemy at my backſide. Politicks too——— [*Aſide.*

Ant. You muſt command—— [*Go out.*

SCENE IV. *The Garden.*

Enter Silvio *and* Franciſca.

Silv. Well dear *Franciſca*, will *Cleonte* come,
And all alone into the Garden?

Fran. My Lord, ſhe will; I have at laſt prevail'd, to what intent ſhe knows not; this is an Hour wherein you'll ſcarce be interrupted: The amorous Entertainment you have prepar'd for her, will advance your Deſign; ſuch Objects heighten the Deſire. Is all ready on your part?

Silv. It is, and I am prepar'd for all the Reſiſtance ſhe can make, and am reſolv'd to ſatisfy my inſupportable Flame, ſince there's no other hope left me.

Fran. She's coming, Sir, retire.

[*Exit* Silvio *into the Garden.*

Oh how he kills me! Well, at leaſt this pleaſure I have whilſt I am dying, that when he poſſeſſes the fair *Cleonte*, he for ever ruins his Intereſt in her Heart, and muſt find nothing but her mortal Hate and Scorn.

Enter Cleonte.

Cleo. Franciſca, why art thou ſo earneſt for my coming into the Garden ſo early?

Fran. Becauſe, Madam, here without Interruption you may learn what the Lady *Clarinda* has to tell you.

Cleo. Is that all? go wait upon her hither then.

Fran. Yes, when your more pleaſant Affair is diſpatch'd, I will—— [*Aſide.* [*Exit* Franciſca.

Cleo. Can this be Love I feel?
This ſtrange unuſual ſomething in my Soul,
That pleads ſo movingly for *Silvio* there;

And

And makes me wiſh him not allied to me !

[*A noiſe of rural Muſick is heard within the Trees, as Pipes, Flutes, and Voices.*

Hah ! what pleaſant Noiſe is this ? ſure 'tis in the Air——
Bleſs me, what ſtrange things be theſe !

Enter Swains playing upon Pipes, after them four Shepherds with Garlands and Flowers, and four Nymphs dancing an amorous Dance to that Muſick ; wherein the Shepherds make Love to the Nymphs, and put the Garlands on their Heads, and go out ; the Nymphs come and lay them at Cleonte's *Feet, and ſing.*

1 Nymph. *Here at your Feet, we tribute pay,*
Of all the Glories of the May.
2 Nymph. *Such Trophies can be only due*
To Victors ſo divine as you,
Both. *Come follow, follow, where Love leads the way,*
To Pleaſures that admit of no Delay.
1 Nymph. *Come follow to the amorous Shade,*
Cover'd with Roſes, and with Jeſſamine.
2 Nymph. *Where the Love-ſick Boy is laid,*
Panting for Love's charming Queen.
Both. *Come follow, follow, where we lead the way,*
To Pleaſures that admit of no delay. [Lead her out.

The Scene changes to a fine Arbour, they leave her and vaniſh.

Cleo. I am all Wonder.

Enter Silvio *in rapture, not yet ſeeing* Cleonte.

Silv. I'm all on Fire, till I enjoy my Siſter ;
Not all the Laws of Birth and Nature
Can hinder me from loving——Nor is't juſt :
Why ſhould the charm of fair *Cleonte*'s Eyes,
Me leſs than Aliens to her Blood ſurprize ?
And why (ſince I love Beauty every where,
And that *Cleonte* has the greateſt ſhare)
Should not I be allowed to worſhip her ?
The empty Words of Nature and of Blood,
Are ſuch as Lovers never underſtood.
Prudence in love 'twere Nonſenſe to approve,

And

And he loves moſt that gives a Looſe to Love.
Cleo. *Silvio* here!
Silv. Hah——yonder ſhe is! [*Sees her.*
And now my Paſſion knows no Bounds, nor Laws.
Cleonte, come, come ſatisfy my Flame.
[*Runs to her, and takes her paſſionately by the hand.*
Theſe private Shades are ours, no jealous Eye
Can interrupt our Heaven of Joy.
Cleo. What mean you? do you know I am your Siſter?
Silv. Oh that accurſed Name!——why ſhould it check me? [*He pauſes.*
Wouldſt thou had rather been ſome miſ-begotten Monſter,
That might have ſtartled Nature at thy Birth:
Or if the Powers above would have thee fair,
Why wert thou born my Siſter?
Oh, if thou ſhouldſt preſerve thy Soul, and mine,
Fly from this Place and me; make haſte away,
A ſtrange wild Monſter is broke in upon thee;
A thing that was a Man, but now as mad
As raging Love can make him.
Fly me, or thou art loſt for ever.
Cleo. Remember *Silvio*, that you are my Brother,
And can you hurt your Siſter? [*Weeps.*
Silv. Shouldſt thou repeat thoſe Ties a thouſand times,
'Twill not redeem thee from the Fate that threatens thee.
Be gone, whilſt ſo much Virtue does remain about me,
To wiſh thee out of Danger.
Cleo. Sure *Silvio*, this is but to try my Virtue.
[*Weeps ſtill.*
Silv. No, look on my Eyes, *Cleonte*, and thou ſhalt ſee them flame with a ſtrange wicked Fire.
[*Looks wildly on her.*
Yet do not look, thy Eyes increaſe it.
———Alas! [*Turns away, and hides his Eyes.*
And I ſhall ſtill forget I am thy Brother:
Go, go, whilſt I have power to take my Eyes away,
For if they turn again, it will be fatal.
Cleo. Pray hear me, Sir.
Silv. Oh, do not ſpeak; thy Voice has Charms

As

As tempting as thy Face ; but whilſt thou art ſilent and unſeen,
Perhaps my Madneſs may be moderate ;
For as it is the beſt Effects of it
Will prompt me on to kill thee.

Cleo. To kill me !

Silv. Yes ; for ſhouldſt thou live, adorn'd with ſo much Beauty,
So much my Paſſion is above my Reaſon,
In ſome ſuch fit as does poſſeſs me now
I ſhould commit a Rape, a Rape upon thee :
Therefore be gone, and do not tempt Deſpair,
That mercileſs rude thing, but ſave thy Honour,
And thy Life.

Cleo. I will obey you Sir. [*Goes into the Garden.*

Silv. She's gone———and now (*Walks, and talks in ſtopping.*) my hot Fit abates——ſhe is my Siſter——that is, my Father's Daughter——but——what if his Wife deceiv'd him——or perhaps———(which is the likelier thing) my Mother play'd the falſe one——for 'twas her Trade to do ſo——and I'm not Son to *Ambroſio*——— Oh, that ſhe were in being to confeſs this Truth, for ſure 'tis Truth ; then I might love, and might enjoy *Cleonte*—enjoy *Cleonte !* (*In tranſport.*) Oh that Thought ! what Fire it kindles in my Veins, and now my cold Fit's gone—

[*Offers to go, but ſtarts and returns.*

——No, let me pauſe awhile——
For in this Ague of my Love and Fear,
Both the Extremes are mortal—— [*Goes into the Garden.*

Enter Ambroſio *and* Marcel.

Amb. I'm reconcil'd to you, ſince your Brother *Silvio* would have it ſo.

Mar. My Blood flows to my Face, to hear him named.

Amb. Let there be no more Differences between you : But *Silvio* has of late been diſcontented, keeps home, and ſhuns the Converſation which Youth delights in ; goes not to Court as he was wont. Prithee *Marcel*, learn thou the cauſe of it.

Mar. I do believe I ſhall my Lord—too ſoon. [*Aſide.*

Amb. I'm now going to my *Villa*, and ſhall not return till Night ; by the way I mean to viſit your Wife, that

that was deſign'd to be, the rich *Flavia*, and ſee if I can again reconcile her to you; for your neglect has been great, and her anger is juſt.

Mar. I rather wiſh it ſhould continue, Sir, for I have yet no Inclinations to Marry.

Amb. No more, I'll have it ſo, if I can.

Mar. I'm ſilent, Sir. [*Ex.* Ambroſio *and* Marcel.

Enter as from out of the Garden, Cleonte, Clarinda, Franciſa, Dormida, *from amongſt the Trees, ſadly*; Silvio *who ſtarts at ſight of them.*

Cleo. I am ſatisfied you know not my Brother's being in the Garden.

Silv. Clarinda with my Siſter! and in our Houſe! ſhe's very fair——and yet how dull and blaſted all her Beauties ſeem, when they approach the fair *Cleonte*'s—— I cannot ſhun a tedious Compliment; to ſee the fair *Clarinda* [*Goes to* Clarinda.] Here is a Happineſs beyond my Hope; I'm glad to ſee her kind to the Siſter, who always treated the Brother with ſo much ſcorn and Rigour.

Clar. Silvio! ſure I'm betray'd. [*Aſide.*

[*He talks to her.*

Enter Marcel, *and is amaz'd.*

Mar. Hah! *Silvio* with *Clarinda* in our Houſe!
Oh daring Villain! to make this place a Sanctuary
To all thy Luſts and Treachery!
Now I'm convinc'd 'twas he that wounded me,
And he that fled laſt Night with that falſe Woman.

[Cleonte *goes to* Marcel.

Silv. You need not fear me now, fair Maid,
I'm diſarm'd of all my dangerous Love.

Mar. It was by his contrivance that ſhe came, [*To* Cleonte.] do not excuſe him, but ſend her quickly from you, leſt you become as infamous as ſhe.——

Cleo. Oh how I hate her now; I know my Brother *Silvio* loves her.

Mar. How every Geſture ſhows his Paſſion, whilſt ſhe ſeems pleas'd to hear him. I can endure no more—

Cleo. What will you do? [*She goes to them.*

Mar. Nothing dear Siſter,

But

But if I can be wife and angry too :
For 'tis not ſafe t'attack him in the Garden.
How now *Silvio*——under the Name of Brother,
I ſee you dare too much. [*Snatches away his Siſter and* Clarinda.

Silv. What mean you by this rude Addreſs, *Marcel?*

Mar. I'll tell ye, Sir, anon. Go get you in.
[*To the Women, who go in.*

Silv. Well, Sir, your Buſineſs now?

Mar. It is not ſafe to tell you here, tho I have hardly Patience to ſtay till thou meet me in St. *Peter*'s Grove.

Silv. I will not fail you, Sir, an Hour hence.
[*Goes in after them.*

Mar. I dare not in this rage return to upbraid *Clarinda*, leſt I do things that miſ-become a Man. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Carlo's *Houſe.*

After a Noiſe of Muſick without, enter Haunce *dreſt as* Alonzo *was, follow'd by* Gload, *in Maſquerade.*

Hau. HOld, hold, I do not like the Salutations I receive from all I meet in this Houſe.

Glo. Why, Sir, methinks they are very familiar Scabs all.

Hau. Salerimente, they all ſalute me as they were my old Acquaintance. Your ſervant *Myn heer Haunce*, crys one ; you ſervant Monſieur *Haunce*, crys another.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your ſervant, Sir, you come indeed like a Bridegroom all beſet with Dance and Fiddle.

Hau. Bridegroom ! ha, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload?* 'tis true faith. But how the Devil came he to know it, man, hah?

Serv. My Maſter, Sir, was juſt asking for you, he longs to ſpeak with you.

Hau. Ha, ha, with me, Sir? why, ha, ha, who the pox am I?

Serv. You, Sir, why who ſhould you be?

Hau. Who ſhould I be? why who ſhould I be?

Serv. Myn heer Hauncè van Ezel, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, well gueſt, i'faith now.

Glo. Why how ſhould they gueſs otherwiſe, coming ſo attended with Muſick, as prepar'd for a Wedding?

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo? faith 'tis good Device to ſave the Charges of the firſt Compliments, hah: but hark ye, hark ye, Friend, are you ſure this is the Houſe of Don *Carlo?*

Serv. Why, Sir, have you forgot it?

Hau. Forgot it! ha, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload?* forgot it! why how the Devil ſhould I remember it?

Glo. Sir, I believe this is ſome new-faſhion'd Civility in *Spain*, to know every Man before he ſees him.

Hau. No, no, you fool, they never change their Faſhion in *Spain*, Man.

Glo. I mean their manner of Addreſſes, Sir.

Hau. It may be ſo, I'll ſee farther. Friend, is Don *Carlo* within?

Serv. He has not beeen out ſince, Sir.

Hau. Since, ha, ha, ha, ſince when? hah.

Serv. Since you ſaw him, Sir.

Hau. Salerimente, will you make me mad? why you damnable Raſcal, when did I ſee him? hah.

Serv. Here comes my Maſter himſelf, Sir, [*Enter* Carlo. let him inform you, if you grow ſo hot on the Queſtion.

Car. How now Son, what angry? You have e'en tir'd your ſelf with walking, and are out of Humour.

Hau. Look there again——the old Man's mad too; why how the pox ſhould he know I have been walking? Indeed, Sir, I have, as you ſay, been walking [*Playing with his Hat.*]———and am———as you ſay, out of Humour——But under favour, Sir, who are you? ſure 'tis the old Conjurer, and thoſe were his little Imps I met. [*Goes ſurlily to him.*

Car. Sure, Son, you ſhould be a Wit, by the ſhortneſs of your Memory.

Hau. By the Goodneſs of yours, you ſhould be none, ha, ha, ha. Did I not meet with him there, *Gload*, hah? But pray refreſh my Memory, and let me know you; I

come

come to ſeek a Father amongſt you here, one Don *Carlo.*

Car. Am I not the Man, Sir?

Hau. How the Devil ſhould I know that now, unleſs by inſtinct?

Glo. The old Man is mad, and muſt be humour'd.

Hau. Cry you Mercy, Sir, I vow I had quite forgot you. Sir, I hope Donna *Euphemia*——

Car. Oh, Sir, ſhe's in a much better Humour than when you ſaw her laſt, complies with our Deſires more than I cou'd hope or wiſh.

Hau. Why look you here again——I ask'd after her Health, not her Humour.

Car. I know not what Arts you made uſe of, but ſhe's ſtrangely taken with your Converſation and Perſon.

Glo. Truly, Sir, you are mightily beholden to her, that ſhe ſhould have all this good Will to your Perſon and Converſation before ſhe ſees you.

Hau. Ay, ſo I am; therefore, Sir, I deſire to ſee your Daughter, for I ſhall hardly be ſo generous as ſhe has been, and be quits with her before I ſee her.

Car. Why, Sir, I hop'd you lik'd her when you ſaw her laſt.

Hau. Stark mad———I ſaw her laſt! why, what the Devil do you mean? I never ſaw her in all my Life, man. Stark mad, as I am true Dutch— [*Aſide.*

Car. A Lover always thinks the time tedious: But here's my Daughter.

Enter Euphemia *and* Olinda.

Hau. Ay, one of theſe muſt be ſhe; but 'tis a Wonder I ſhould not know which ſhe is by inſtinct.

[*Stands looking ſimply on both.*

Euph. This is not *Alonzo*—has he betray'd me? [*Aſide.*

Car. Go, Sir, ſhe expects you.

Hau. Your Pardon, Sir; let her come to me, if ſhe will, I'm ſure ſhe knows me better than I do her.

Glo. How ſhould ſhe know you, Sir?

Hau. How? by inſtinct, you Fool, as all the reſt of the Houſe does: don't you fair Miſtreſs?

Euph. I know you———

Hau. Yes, you know me; you need not be ſo coy mun, the old Man has told me all.

Euph. What has he told you?—I am ruin'd. [*Aſide.*

Hau. Faith much more than I believ'd, for he was very full of his new-faſhion'd Civility, as they call it: But ha, ha, I hope, fair Miſtreſs, you do not take after him?

Euph. What if I do, Sir?

Hau. Why then I had as lieve marry a Steeple with a perpetual Ring of Bells.

Glo. Let me adviſe you, Sir; methinks you might make a handſomer Speech for the firſt, to ſo pretty a Lady——Fakes an were I to do't——

Hau. I had a rare Speech for her thou knoweſt, and an Entertainment beſides, that was, tho I ſay it, unordinary: But a pox of this new way of Civility, as thou call'ſt it, it has put me quite beſide my part.

Glo. Tho you are out of your complimenting Part, I am not out of my dancing one, and therefore that part of your Entertainment I'll undertake for. 'Slife, Sir, would you diſappoint all our Ship's Company?——

Hau. That's according as I find this proud Tit in Humour.

Car. And why ſo coy? pray why all this Diſſimulation? Come, come, I have told him your Mind, and do intend to make you both happy immediately.

Euph. How, Sir, immediately!

Car. Yes, indeed; nay, if you have deceiv'd me, and diſſembled with me, when I was ſo kind, I'll ſhow you Trick for Trick i'faith—— [*Goes to* Haunce.

Euph. What ſhall we do, *Olinda?*

Olin. Why marry Don *Alonzo*, Madam.

Euph. Do not rally, this is no time for Mirth.

Olin. Fie upon't, Madam, that you ſhould have ſo little Courage; your Father takes this Fellow to be *Alonzo.*

Car. What Counſel are you giving there, hah?

Olin. Only taking leave of our old Acquaintance, ſince you talk of marrying us ſo ſoon.

Car. What Acquaintance pray?

Olin. Our Maiden-heads, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, a pleaſant Wench faith now; I believe you would be content to part with yours with leſs warning.

Olin.

Olin. On eaſy Terms perhaps, but this marrying I do not like; 'tis like going a long Voyage to Sea, where after a while even the Calms are diſtaſteful, and the Storms dangerous: one ſeldom ſees a new Object, 'tis ſtill a deal of Sea, Sea; Husband, Husband, every day, —till one's quite cloy'd with it.

Car. A mad Girl this, Son.

Hau. Ay, Sir, but I wiſh ſhe had left out the ſimile, it had made my Stomach wamble.

Gload. Pray, Sir, let you the Maid alone as an Utenſil belonging to my Place and Office, and meddle you with the Miſtreſs.

Hau. Faith now, thou haſt the better Bargain of the two: my Miſtreſs looks ſo ſcurvily and civil, that I don't know what to ſay to her——Lady——hang't, that look has put me quite out again.

Car. To her Son, to her———

Hau. Hark ye Lady——Well, what next now? Oh pox quite out, quite out; tell me whether the old Man ly'd or no, when he told me you lov'd me.

Euph. I love you!

Hau. Look you there now, how ſhe looks again.

Car. She's only baſhful, Sir, before me; therefore if you pleaſe to take a ſmall Collation, that has waited within for you this three Hours——

Hau. That's ſtrange now, that any thing ſhould wait for me, who was no more expected here than *Bethlehem-Gabor:* Faith now Lady, this Father of yours is very ſimple.

Euph. To take you for his Son.

Hau. I meant to have ſurpriz'd you I vow, before you had dreamt of me: and when I came, you all knew me as well as if you had caſt a Figure for me.

Car. Well, Son, you'll follow.

Euph. You will not leave me alone, Sir, with a Man?

Hau. Go your ways, go your ways———I ſhall know more of your Secrets before [Gload *makes Grimaces to* Olinda *of Love*] night yet, you little pouting Hypocrite you.

Euph. You know my Secrets! why who are you?

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good one faith now: who am I, quoth thou? why there's not a Child thus high in all your Father's Houſe would have ask'd me ſo ſimple a Queſtion.

Olin. Madam, I find by his Man, this is your expected Lover, whom you muſt flatter, or you are undone, 'tis *Haunce van Ezel.* [*To* Euphemia.

Euph. The Fop himſelf.

Hau. Oh, do you know me now?

Euph. 'Tis impoſſible.

Hau. This is an extreme the other way now. [*Aſide.* Impoſſible, ha, ha, ha! No, no, poor thing, do not doubt thy Happineſs: for look ye, to confirm you, here are my Bills of Exchange with my own natural Name to them, if you can read written Hand—

[*Shews her Papers.*

Gload. Not love you! I'll ſwear you lye now, you little Jade, I am now in Maſquerade, and you cannot judge of me; but I am Book-keeper and Caſhier to my Maſter, and my Love will turn to account, I'll warrant you.

Olin. There may be uſe made of him. [*Aſide.* I ſhall think of it. But pray why are you thus accouter'd?

Gload. Faith, to entertain your Lady, we have brought the whole Ship's Company too in Maſquerade.

Olin. That indeed will be very proper at this time of the Day, and the firſt Viſit too.

Glo. Shaw, that's nothing, you little think what Blades we are mun——Sir, I'll call in the Fiddles and the Company.

Hau. Well remember'd, faith, now I had e'en forgot it.

Euph. What's the meaning of this? [*Fiddle ſtrikes up.*

Hau. To ſhow you the difference between the damnable dull Gravity of the *Spaniſh*, and brisk Gaiety of the *Dutch.* Come, come, begin all.

Enter Dutchmen *and Women dancing.*

Nay, I'll ſhew you what I can do too, come *Gload.*

[*They too dance.*

There's

There's for you now, and yet you have not ſeen half my good Qualities ; I can ſing the neweſt Ballad that has been made, ſo I can. [*Sings a* Dutch *Song.*

Euph. Be theſe your Friends, Sir? they look as if you had ranſack'd a Hoy for them.

Hau. How! look on them well, they are all States or States-fellows, I tell you that now, and they can bear witneſs who I am too.

Euph. Now I'm convinced, and am ſorry I doubted my Happineſs ſo long : I had ſuch a Character of you.

Hau. Of me! oh Lord, I vow now——as they ſay——dont' know——ha, ha——

Euph. I heard you were the moſt incorrigible Fool, the moſt intolerable Fop.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, do you hear *Gload*——who I a Fop? I vow they were miſtaken in me, for I am counted as pretty a Merchant as any walks the Change ; can write a very plain Hand, and caſt Account as well——my Man *Gload*——can't I, Sirrah?

Gload. Yes indeed, forſooth, can he.

Hau. Egad, a Fool, a Fop, quoth ye—— [*Walks angry.*

Olin. By all means flatter him, Madam.

Euph. I'm ſatisfy'd, Sir.

Hau. I care not whether you are or no, for I ſhall have you whether you will or no, mun.

Euph. 'Tis very likely ; but there is a certain troubleſome Fellow in love with me, that has made me vow whenever I marry to ask him leave.

Hau. How, ask him leave? I ſcorn to ask any Body's leave, I tell you that, tho 'twere my Miſtreſs——

Euph. I cannot marry you then.

Hau. How, not marry me? look here now : [*Ready to cry.*

Gload, can't you marry, and let no living Soul know it?

Euph. Oh no, Sir, I love your Life better, which would be indanger'd.

Hau. Why, what a curſed Cuſtom you have in *Spain*, a Man can neither marry, nor conſole his Neighbour's Wife without having his Throat cut. Why, what if he will not give you leave?

Euph. Why then you muſt fight him.

Hau. How! fight him, I fight him!

Gload. Why, yes, Sir, you know you can fight, you try'd but this very Morning———

Hau. Softly, you damn'd Rogue, not a Word of my Proweſs aloud. *Salerimente*, I ſhall be put to fight when I am ſober, ſhall I, for your damn'd prating, ye Raſcal?

Euph. I am glad you have that good Quality.

[Olinda *ſpeaking to* Gload, *puſhes him to ſpeak.*

Gload. Ay, madam——my Maſter—has many more: But if you pleaſe to tell him his Rival's Name———

Hau. I'll have your Ears for this Sirrah, the next time I'm ſoundly drunk, and you know that won't be long. [*Aſide.*

Lord, Madam, my Man knows not what he ſays.

Ye Raſcal, ſay I have no Courage——or I will drink my ſelf to the Miracle of Valour, and exerciſe it all on thee.

Gload. I know what I do, Sir, you had Courage this Morning, is the Fit over?

Hau. Have I not ſlept ſince, you Rogue, have I not?

Glo. I have a trick to ſave your Honour, Sir, and therefore I will ſtand in't you have Courage.

Hau. A Pox of your Trick, the Rogue knows I dare not chaſtiſe him now, for fear they ſhould think I have Valour.

Glo. Madam, my Maſter's modeſt, but tell him who 'tis he muſt fight with———

Hau. Oh, for a Tun of Rheniſh——that I might abundantly beat thee———

Euph. Your Rival's Name's *Alonzo*, Sir.

Hau. Oh the Devil, a thundring Name too; but will this ſame——*Alonzo* make no allowance for neceſſity?—I vow 'tis pure neceſſity in me to marry you: the old Men being agreed upon the Matter, I am but an Inſtrument——alas, not I. [*Crys.*

A very Tool, as they ſay, ſo I am.

Glo. Lord, Sir, why do you cry? I meant no harm.

Hau. No harm, you Raſcal——to ſay I am valiant.

Glo.

Glo. Why, yes, Sir, and if you would ſay ſo too, at worſt 'twas but getting Don *Lovis* to have fought for you; you know that's a ſmall courteſy to a Friend.

Hau. Faith, now thou art in the right; he'll do his Buſineſs for him, I'll warrant him. [*Wipes his Eyes.* Nay then, Madam, I have Courage, and will to this Don——this *Alonzo* you ſpeak of; and if he do not reſign you, and conſign you too, I'll make him; yes, make him, do ye ſee—If *Lovis* ſhould refuſe me now— [*Aſide.*

Glo. Shaw, Sir, he makes nothing to kill a Man, ten or twenty.

Euph. Well, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, my Brother will tell you where to find this *Alonzo*; and tell him, I muſt marry you to day, for I am reſolv'd not to lie alone to night.

Hau. What would not a Man do for ſo kind a Miſtreſs?

Euph. Well, get you about it ſtrait then, leſt my Father's coming prevent it.

[*Exeunt* Euphemia *and* Olinda.

Hau. I am gone——But if *Lovis* ſhould fail———

Glo. He would beat you, if he thought you doubted him.

Hau. I'll keep my Fears then to my ſelf. [*Go out.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a Man, with a Paper.*

Hip. Thus I dare look abroad again:
Methinks I am not what I was,
My Soul too is all Man;
Where dwells no Tenderneſs, no womaniſh Paſſions.
I cannot ſigh, nor weep, nor think of Love,
But as a fooliſh Dream that's gone and paſt.
Revenge has took poſſeſſion of my Soul,
And drove thoſe Shadows thence; and ſhows me now
Love, in ſo poor, ſo deſpicable a Shape,
So quite deveſted of his artful Beauty,
That I'm aſham'd I ever was his Votary.

Well, here's my Challenge to *Antonio*;
But how to get it to him is the Queſtion.
Baſe as he is, he'll not refuſe to come;
And ſince he never ſaw the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
Sure I may paſs for him. Who's here?———

Enter Haunce *and* Gload. *She ſtands aſide.*

Hau. Gload, if it were poſſible I could be ſober, and valiant at once, I ſhould now be provok'd to exerciſe it: for I cannot find *Lovis*, and then how I ſhall come off, the Lord knows. And then again, for letting the Lady go, whom I reſcu'd in the Grove this Morning.

Glo. Should I diſobey a Lady, Sir? for ſhe commanded me to let her go ſo ſoon as ſhe came into the Gate. And, Sir, look here comes Don *Lovis*.

Enter Lovis *and* Alonzo.

Hau. Oh, Brother *Lovis*, where the Devil have you been all this Day? I ſtay'd for you to go with me to your Siſter's, as long as Fleſh and Blood could forbear.

Lov. Why, have you been there without me?

Hau. Yes marry have I, Sir.

Alon. I am undone then——— [*Aſide.*

Hau. I needed no Recommendation, mun, for when I came they were all as well acquainted with me——I never ſaw them before; but by the way, they are all no wiſer than they ſhould be, except your Siſter, who is the pretty'ſt loving, ſweet Rogue——

Alon. How's this?

Lov. But have you ſeen my Siſter?

Hau. Seen her! yes, and will marry her too mun before Night, an ſhe were a thouſand Siſters——But harkye *Lovis*, the buſineſs is this——you muſt know that before I marry her, I am to ſeek out a certain Fellow, they call ——they call *Alonzo*, ay, ay, *Alonzo*—a Pox on him, a troubleſome Raſcal they ſay he is; and his leave, it ſeems, muſt be askt to marry your Siſter.

Lov. Well, Sir, and what if he will not give you leave?

Hau. Why then, you muſt know I am to get him very well favour'dly beaten.

Alon.

Alon. Sure this is the Coxcomb himſelf.

Hau. Now for your Siſter's ſake, who loves me, poor thing, I will not run the danger of beating him my ſelf, but muſt deſire that ſmall courteſy of thee.

Lov. How! I beat him?

Hau. You beat him, yes, you; what a Pox do you ſcruple ſuch a kindneſs to a Friend? I know you make no more of killing a Man next your Heart in a Morning, than I do of eating a pickled Herring.

Lov. But ſhe deſir'd you to do't.

Hau. That's all one ſo it be done, mun; beſides, why ſhould I run my ſelf into a Premunire, when I need not? Your Father is bound by Agreement to mine, to deliver me the Wares (that is, his Daughter) ſafe and ſound; and I have no more to do, but to proteſt againſt him in caſe of Non-performance. 'Twill be a dear Commodity to me at this rate. [*Cries.*

Lov. Well, Sir, I'll ſee what may be done.

Hau. Spoke like a Friend now: Well, you muſt about it inſtantly, for I muſt be married to day.

Alon. Muſt you ſo, Sir?——

Hau. Yes marry muſt I, Sir—Who the Devil's this now. [*To* Lovis.

Alon. That ſame *Alonzo* whom you inquire for.

Hau. Are you ſo, Sir?——Why, what then, Sir——*Lovis, Lovis.* [*Runs behind* Lovis.

Alon. What then, Sir? then I tell you I will not be beaten.

Hau. Look ye here now——*Lovis.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, canſt thou be angry with him? [*To* Alonzo.

Hau. I, can you be angry with me?

Alon. I know not why an Aſs ſhould have more privilege than any other rude Beaſt.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, this Humour's ſo pleaſant in thee, I wiſh thou wouldſt purſue it a little——*Haunce*, bear up to him, he's but a mere Huff, ha, ha, ha.

[*Claps him on the Back, he goes fearfully forward.*

Gload. I, Sir, as long as Don *Lovis* is here, you may ſay what you will.

Hau. May I ſo?——and why, Sir?——am I, Sir——an Aſs, Sir.

Alon. 'Sdeath you Raſcal, do you queſtion me?

Hau. Oh, hold, Sir, hold, not I, God forbid I ſhould queſtion it, *Lovis*——is it, indeed, *Alonzo*, hah?

Lov. Yes indeed is it.

Hau. And wilt thou not do ſo much as to beat him for me a little?

Lov. Not I, I dare not, he's a terrible Man.

Hau. Why look you here now, you damn'd Rogue, [*To* Gload.] Have not you ſerv'd me finely, hah?

Gload. Why, Sir, 'tis but crying Peccavi.

Hau. Peccavi, and be hang'd to you—Lord, Sir, [*To* Alonzo.] why are you ſo angry? I came but to ask you a civil Queſtion from my Wife that muſt be.

Alon. You muſt ask me leave, firſt.

Hau. Yes, yes, Sir, ſo ſhe ſaid mun; for ſhe muſt marry me to night.

Alon. Yes, you ſhall have it with this—too. [*Draws.*

Hau. Why look you [Haunce *runs away*, Lovis *ſtays him*] here now, here's damn'd doings. For my part, here I declare it upon my Death-bed, I am forc'd to what I do, and you kill me againſt my Will.

Alon. Doſt think we are not diſcover'd in our Deſign? I'd kill the Dog if I thought we were.

Lov. I believe not; and perceive by my Siſter's Meſſage, that we are to come to her, and prevent this Fellow's marrying her.

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll ſpare your Life, and give your Miſtreſs leave to marry to night.

Hau. How, Sir, to Night?——But is he in earneſt, *Lovis?*

Lov. In very good earneſt.

Hau. Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra——hay Boys, what a Night we'll have on't, *Gload*, for Fiddles and Dancing.

Alon. Tell your Miſtreſs I will diſpatch a little Affair, and wait on her.

Gload. And pray, Sir, may I have leave to marry the Maid too?

Alon.

Alon. We'll conſider on't.

Hau. I am not ſuch a Fool to venture tho, till I know the Coaſt is clear, for his very Looks are terrible; but go you, *Gload*, and tell her what he ſays.

[Alonzo *talks to* Lovis.

Enter Hippolyta *from aſide.*

Hip. Theſe be the Men that reſcu'd me this morning,
And are not to be employ'd in my Affair.
But yonder Stranger has a noble Look,
And from him I'll intreat this Favour——Sir——

[*To* Alonzo.

Alon. With me, Sir?

Hip. Yes, pleaſe you to walk a little this way, Sir.

[*Takes him aſide.*

Hau. Well, make ye ſure of Fiddles, for look ye, we'll appear to night like our ſelves.

Gload. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Hip. I am a Stranger and a Gentleman,
And have an humble Suit to you.

Alon. You may command me any thing.

Hip. Sir, there is a Gentleman, if I may call him ſo, that dares do ill; has put a baſe Affront upon a Lady—a Lady whom all brave Men are bound to vindicate: I've writ him here a Challenge, and only beg you'll give it him; I will attend you in St. *Peter*'s Grove, where I deſire the perfidious *Antonio* (for that's his Name, to whom this is directed) to meet me.

Alon. I'm pleas'd to ſee this Gallantry in a Man ſo young, and will ſerve you in this, or whatever elſe you ſhall command. But where is this *Antonio?*

Hip. That I'll inquire of theſe. Sir, pray can you give any account of the Cavalier [*To* Haunce, *who ſtarts as aforeſaid*] you fought with this Morning in St. *Peter*'s Grove, that had a Lady with him?

Hau. So, now perhaps I ſhall be hang'd for that.

[*Aſide.*

I fight, Sir! I never fought in my Life, nor ſaw no Man, not I.

Gload. 'Sha, you may confeſs it, Sir; there's no Law againſt killing in *Spain.*

Hip.

Hip. How, have you murder'd him?

[*Takes hold of him.*

Hau. This Rogue has a mind to have me diſpatch'd.

[*Aſide.*

Hold, Sir, the Man's as well and alive as you are, and is now at my Lodgings; look ye here's the Dagger I diſarm'd him of——but that I do not love to boaſt.

[*Shews it.*

Hip. It is the ſame.

Alon. Sir, I ſhall not fail to wait on you with the Anſwer I receive.

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Alon. So prithee, dear *Lovis*, go make my excuſe to your Siſter for a moment, and let her get all things ready againſt I come; let the Prieſt too wait, for I ſee my Deſtiny, which I can no longer prevent, draw on apace.

[*Exit* Lovis.

Come, Sir, you muſt conduct me to *Antonio.*

[*Exeunt* Alonzo, Haunce, *and* Gload.

Hip. So now the Work's half done, that will redeem
All the loſt Credit of our Family.
To kill, or to be kill'd, I care not which, [*Weeps.*
So one or both expire; be ſtrong my Soul,
And let no feeble Woman dwell about thee.
Hence Fears and Pity, ſuch poor things as theſe
Cannot the Storms of my Revenge appeaſe:
Thoſe Showers muſt from his treacherous Heart proceed,
If I can live and ſee *Antonio* bleed. [*Sighs, and Exit.*

SCENE III. *A deep Grove.*

Enter Marcel *alone.*

Mar. The hour is almoſt come which I appointed,
And yet no *Silvio* appears, the time ſeems long to me;
But he that's circled in his Miſtreſs' Arms,
Forgets the haſty hours,
And paſſes them as unregarded by,
As Men do Beggars who demand a Charity.

Enter Hippolyta.

Young Man, haſt thou encounter'd none within this Grove? *Hip.*

Hip. Not any, Sir,——*Marcel!* my injur'd Brother!
Mar. Why doſt thou turn away, and hide thy Face?
Hip. 'Tis not my Face I hide, but Sorrow there.
[*Weeps.*
Mar. Truſt me, thou weepeſt; would I could do ſo too,
That I might be leſs angry;
And Silence beſt expreſſes Grief:
But thine's a ſaucy Sorrow dares approach
A Face ſo fair and young.
Hip. If the Ingrate for whom I grieve had thought ſo,
I might have ſpar'd my Tears. Farewel, Sir.
Mar. Stay, haſt thou been a Lover?
Hip. A very, very paſſionate one.
Mar. And wert thou not belov'd?
Hip. At firſt, to draw me in, the cunning Artiſt
Made me believe I was.
Mar. Oh! I could kiſs thee now, for the alliance
Between thy Grief and mine.
Hadſt thou a looſe and wanton Siſter too,
Then thou wert perfect wretched, as I am. [*Weeps.*
But prithee leave me, now I think of it:
For ſhouldſt thou ſtay, thou'dſt rob me of my Anger;
For ſince a Youth like thee can be unhappy,
With ſuch a Shape, and ſo divine a Face,
Methinks I ſhould not Quarrel with my Star,
But bow to all my faithleſs Miſtreſs' Scorns.
[*Hollowing within.*] So ho, ho, ſo ho, ho——
Mar. So ho, ſo ho, ho, ho———'Tis my falſe Rival.
Now leave me, Sir, to reaſſume my Anger.
Hip. I will obey——farewel——
My own Deſpair makes me neglect his Life. [*Goes out.*

Enter Silvio.

Mar. 'Tis *Silvio.*
Silv. You ſee I have obey'd you, Sir.
Mar. Come, Sir, your Sword.
Silv. You are my Brother, and 'twere an impious Action,
To fight you unprovok'd: give me a cauſe,
Nay, and a juſt one too, or I ſhall find it hard

To

——To wound *Cleonte*'s Brother. [*Aſide ſighing.*

Mar. Thou cam'ſt prepar'd to talk, and not to fight.
I cannot blame thee for't, for were I *Silvio*,
Thus I would do to ſave a Life belov'd :
[*Offers to fight*, Silvio *ſteps back.*
But 'twill not ſerve you now.

Sil. Your Reaſon, Sir, and I am ready, if it be juſt.

Mar. Oh do not urge me to repeat my Wrongs,
For if thou doſt, I hardly ſhall have Man enough remain
To fight thee fairly. [*Offers ſtill.*

Sil. Surely he knows my Paſſion for *Cleonte*——
[*Aſide.*
I urge the Reaſon ſtill.

Mar. Haſt thou forgot thy laſt Night's Treachery?
How like a Thief thou ſtol'ſt into her Lodging?

Sil. 'Tis ſo——'tis true, *Marcel*, I rudely did intrude——

Mar. Oh quickly haſte——this looks like Womens jangling. [*Offers to fight again.*

Sil. Oh it is bravely done, *Marcel*, to puniſh
A Paſſion which you ought to pity rather :
'Tis what I cannot reconcile nor juſtify :
And ſo diſtracted it has made me too——
I will not fight in ſo unjuſt a Cauſe.
Kill me, and I'll embrace you whilſt I die ;
A thouſand Wounds imprinted on my Body,
Will bring leſs Pain than that her Eyes have caus'd.
Here ſtrike——Pity my Pain, and eaſe me.
[*Opens his Arms, and throws away his Sword.*

Mar. I find thou haſt a Charm about thy Tongue,
And thou implor'ſt thy Death in ſuch a way,
I cannot hurt thee ; and it gives me hopes
Thou art not yet ſo bleſs'd to be belov'd,
For then thou wouldſt not be thus deſperate.

Sil. Oh yes, I am belov'd.

Mar. Oh do not ſay thou art,
Nor take me from a Calmneſs, that may ſpare thee.

Sil. Not ſay I am belov'd ! thou canſt not hire me
With Life or fuller Joy, to ſay I am not.
If there be Truth and Love in Innocence, ſhe loves me.

Mar.

Mar. Yet, yet, ye Gods, I can endure——ſay, but thou art not,
For I would yet preſerve thee.

Sil. Oh canſt thou wiſh that I ſhould fall ſo low,
To ſave my Life with Lyes; the pooreſt Sin of all the number?

Mar. Then once again thou haſt debauch'd my Pity.
[*Takes to the Sword.*

Sil. Her Paſſion I will juſtify, but not my own;
Her's is as pure as Prayers of Penitence;
But mine——I cannot give a Name to.
[*They fight: Enter* Alonzo, *and parts them.*

Alon. How now, what's here to do? *Marcel*!

Mar. *Alonzo*! the only Man I wiſh to ſhun.

Silv. I'm glad, who e'er thou be'ſt thou haſt prevented us.

Alon. Thou haſt more Wit than he, then I find: Your Quarrel, Sir, may a Man have leave to enquire into't?

Mar. This is that *Silvio*, that noble Youth my Brother, whom thou haſt often heard me name.

Alon. An excellent Character for an Enemy, Noble and Brother: For ſhame put up your Swords, and I'll be Judge between ye.

Mar. The Caſe is ſoon decided; I will not tell you with how tedious a Courtſhip I won the Heart, as I thought, of a young Beauty of this Town ——— and yeſterday receiv'd a Billet from her, to wait on her at night, to receive the Recompence of all my Pains and Sufferings——In this extaſy of Joy I ſhow'd him the Paper; and he getting thither before me, rob'd me of my Prize.

Silv. I am ſo pleas'd at this miſtake of thine,
I can forgive it freely.

Mar. Not content with this, moſt treacherouſly, hid in the ſhades of Night, he met me in the Hall of this falſe Woman, and ſtab'd me, which did ſecure his flight with her; and wouldſt thou have me put this Injury up?

Alon. Faith you muſt, and your Sword too,
Unleſs you mean to keep it drawn on me.
'Twas I that wounded you i'th' dark; and it was I
That rob'd you of *Clarinda*.

Mar. Thou?

Alon. I, am I ſo unlikely a Man to do ſuch a feat?

Mar. How dare you, Sir, do this?

Alon. I dare do any thing, but break my Word, as thou haſt baſely done with me—But I am now in haſte, and ſhould be glad to know where to meet you anon.

Mar. I'll wait on you at the farther ſide of this Grove by the River.

Alon. I will not fail you—— [*Ex.* Alonzo.

Mar. Come, Sir, till I can better prove you are my Rival, I will believe you are my Friend and Brother.

Silv. When thou ſhalt know my miſerable Story,
Thou wilt believe and pity me. [*Go out.*

Enter again Hippolyta *from out of the Wood.*

Hip. I wonder this Cavalier ſtays ſo long,
Pray Heaven he meet *Antonio.*

Enter Alonzo.

Your Servant, Sir.

Alon. The Cavalier to whom you ſent me, Sir,
Will wait upon you here.

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir, and ſhould be glad to know how I might pay my Gratitude.

Alon. My Duty ends not here; I have a Sword to ſerve you.

Hip. You ſhame me with this Generoſity; but, Sir, I hope my own will be ſufficient in ſo good a Cauſe.

Alon. Tho you are young, I queſtion not your Bravery;
But I muſt beg to ſtay and ſee fair play,
And offer you my Service when you've done.

Hip. The Enemy appears, Sir,——and ſince you are ſo good, I beg you would retire behind thoſe Trees; for if he ſees us both, ſince he is ſingle, he will ſuſpect ſome treachery.

Alon. You've reaſon, Sir, and I'll obey you.
[*Goes aſide.*

Enter

Enter Antonio *reading a Paper.*

SIR,

I *Do deſire you to meet me in St.* Peter's *Grove, with your Sword in your Hand, about an Hour hence; you will gueſs my Buſineſs, when you know my Name to be*

Alonzo.

Alon. How's that? [*Aſide.*

Ant. I wiſh't had been another Enemy,
Since from the Juſtice of his Cauſe I fear
An ill ſucceſs; would I had ſeen *Hippolyta*,
That e'er I dy'd I might have had her pardon.
This Conſcience——'tis ominous,
But ne'er appears in any horrid ſhape,
Till it approaches Death——

[*Goes forward, ſees* Hippolyta, *who juſtles him in paſſing by; he ſtops and looks.*

Hip. You ſeem, Sir, to be he whom I expect.

Ant. I'm call'd *Antonio*, Sir———

Hip. And I *Alonzo*; the reſt we need not ask,
For thou art well acquainted with my Injuries,
And I with thy Perfidiouſneſs. [*Draws.*

Ant. I know of none you have receiv'd from me,
If on *Hippolyta*'s account you fight:
She lov'd me, and believ'd; and what dull Lover
Would have refus'd a Maid ſo eaſily gain'd?

Hip. Ah Traytor, by how baſe a way
Thou wouldſt evade thy Fate?
Didſt thou not know ſhe was my Wife by promiſe?
Did not *Marcel*, *Ambroſio*, all conſent
To make her mine as ſoon as I arriv'd?

Alon. Who the Devil's that young Bully that takes my Name, and my Concerns upon him? [*Aſide.*

Hip. But why ſhould I expect a Truth from thee,
Who after ſo much time, ſo many Vows,
So many Tears, Deſpairs and Sighs, at laſt
Didſt gain a Credit with this eaſy Fool,
Then left her to her ſhames, and her deſpairs?—Come,
Sir,—Or I ſhall talk my ſelf to calmneſs—— [*Aſide.*

Ant.

Ant. I'm ready, Sir, to justify the Deed.
[*They offer to fight*, Alonzo *ſteps forth.*
Alon. Hold! hold! fair Thief that rob'ſt me of my Name,
And wouldſt my Honour too; [*Puts her by.*
If thou haſt wrong'd the fair *Hippolyta*, [*To* Antonio.
No Man but I has right to do her juſtice.
Or you are both my Rivals——tell me which,
Which of you is it I muſt kill———or both?
I am *Alonzo*, who dares love *Hippolyta?*
Hip. Let not your friendſhip, Sir, proceed ſo far,
To take my Name, to take my Quarrel on you.
Alon. In this Diſpute none's more concern'd than I,
And I will keep my ground in ſuch a cauſe,
Tho all the Rivals that her Beauty makes me,
Were arm'd to take my Life away.
Ant. Come, Sir, I care not which of you's *Alonzo.*
[*They go to fight, ſhe holds* Alonzo.
Hip. This Gallantry's too much, brave Stranger.
Antonio, hurt him not; I am the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
And this a perfect Stranger to the buſineſs,
Who ſeeing me appear leſs Man than he,
And unacquainted with my Deeds abroad,
In Bounty takes my Name and Quarrel on him.
Alon. Take heed young Man, and keep thy Virtue in,
Leſt thus miſguided it become a Crime.
But thou, he ſays, haſt wrong'd *Hippolyta*, [*To* Antonio.
And I am he muſt puniſh it.
Hip. Sure it is he indeed———
For ſuch a Miracle my Brother render'd him, [*Aſide.*
Hold, hold, thou Wonder of thy Sex—— [*They fight.*
Alon. Stand by, I ſhall be angry with thee elſe,
And that will be unſafe——
[*As* Alonzo *fights with one Hand, he keeps her off with t'other; ſhe preſſes ſtill forward on* Antonio *with her Sword, indeavouring to keep back* Alonzo.
Enter to them Marcel.
Mar. Sure I heard the Noiſe of Swords this way!
[*Draws.*

Hah,

Hah, two againſt one! Courage, Sir. [*To* Antonio.

[*They fight all four*, Marcel *with* Hippolyta *whom he wounds, and* Alonzo *with* Antonio, *who is diſarmed.*

Hip. Good Heaven, how juſt thou art!

Mar. What, doſt thou faint already?—Hah, the pretty talking Youth I ſaw but now!

[*Runs to her, and holds her up.*

Alas, how doſt thou?

Hip. Well, ſince thy Hand has wounded me———

Ant. My Life is yours, nor would I ask the Gift,
But to repair my Injuries to *Hippolyta.*

Alon. I give it thee—— [*Gives him his Sword.*

Mar. How, *Antonio!*——
What unkind Hand has rob'd me of the juſtice
Of killing thee?

Alon. His that was once thy Friend, *Marcel.*

Mar. Oh! doſt thou know my Shame? [*Turns away.*

Alon. I know thou art falſe to Friendſhip,
And therefore do demand mine back again, thou'ſt us'd it ſcurvily.

Mar. Thou know'ſt too much to think I've injur'd thee.

Alon. Not injur'd me! Who was it promis'd me *Hippolyta*?
Who his Alliance, and his Friendſhip too?
And who has broke them all, but thou perfidious?
Come, 'tis *Hippolyta* that I demand.

Mar. By this he ſhould not know my Siſter's Shame.

[*Aſide.*

Oh, Sir, you muſt not have *Hippolyta.*

Alon. How! not have *Hippolyta*!
Tho every Step were guarded by a Brother,
Tho ſhe were circled round about with Rivals,
Ye ſhould not all have Power to keep her from me.
Not have *Hippolyta!*——
'Sdeath, Sir, becauſe I do not know my Birth,
And cannot boaſt a little empty Title,
I muſt not have *Hippolyta.*———
Now I will have her; and when you know I can,
You ſhall petition me to marry her.

And

And yet I will not do't. Come, Sir—— [*Offers to fight.*
Hip. Hold, hold brave Man, or turn your Sword on me,
I'm the unhappy Cauſe of all your Rage:
'Tis I, generous *Alonzo*, that can tell you
What he's aſham'd to own,
And thou wilt bluſh to hear.
Mar. *Hippolyta*! thou wretched wicked Woman:
Thus I reward thy Sins———
[*Offers to kill her*, Antonio *ſteps between.*
Ant. Hold, Sir, and touch her not without my leave,
She is my Wife; by ſacred Vows my Wife.
Alon. I underſtand no riddling; but whoever thou be'ſt,
Man or Woman, thou'rt worth our Care———
She faints——come let us bear her hence.
[*She faints*, Antonio *kneels to her.*
Ant. Oh ſtay *Hippolyta*, and take me with thee,
For I've no uſe of Life when thou art gone. [*Weeps.*
Here kill me, brave *Marcel*;——and yet you need not
My own Remorſe, and Grief will be ſufficient.
Mar. I credit thee, and leave thee to their Mercy.
Hip. That Goodneſs, Sir, has call'd me back to Life, to pay my humble Thanks; could you have Mercy too, to pardon me——you might redeem my Soul.
Mar. Some Pity I have yet, that may preſerve thee too,
Provided this Repentance be not feign'd.
Ant. My Life, Sir, is Security for both.
Mar. Doubt not, I'll take the Forfeit, Sir—Come *Hippolyta*,
Thy Father's Houſe ſhall once again receive thee.
Ant. Lean on my Arm, my deareſt.
Mar. Sir, by the way, I'll let you know her Story,
And then perhaps you will not blame my Friendſhip.
Alon. And in return, I'll give you back *Clarinda*——
And beg your Pardon for the Wound I gave you.
[*Exeunt, leading* Hippolyta.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter Cleonte, Clarinda *weeping*, Dormida *and* Franciſca.

Cleo. FEar not, I'll uſe my Intereſt both with your Mother and my Father, to ſet your Heart at reſt, Whoſe Pain I feel by ſomething in my own.

Clar. The Gods reward your Bounty, fair *Cleonte.*

Dor. I, I, Madam, I beſeech you make our Peace with my good Lady her Mother, whatſoever becomes of the reſt, for ſhe'll e'en die with Grief— [*Weeps.*

She had but two fair Pledges of her Nuptial Bed,
And both by cruel Fate are raviſht from her.
Manuel a Child was loſt,
And this not holy Relicks were more ſtrictly guarded,
Till falſe *Marcel* betray'd me to debauch her.
[*Weeps aloud.*

Cleo. Alas, had you a Brother once? [*To* Clarinda.

Clar. Madam, I might have had: but he was loſt e'er I was born.

Cleo. Ah! would my *Silvio* had been ſo. [*Aſide.*

By what ſtrange Accident, *Clarinda?*

Dorm. Madam, I can inform you beſt.
[*Puts herſelf between.*

Cleo. Do then, *Dormida.*

Dorm. Madam, you muſt know, my Lady *Octavia*, for that's her name, was in her Youth the very Flower of Beauty and Vertue: Oh ſuch a Face and Shape! had you but ſeen her——And tho I ſay it, Madam, I thought my ſelf too ſomebody then.

Clar. Thou art tedious: Madam, 'tis true my Mother had the Reputation of both thoſe Attractions, which gain'd her many Lovers: amongſt the reſt, Don *Manuel*, and Don *Alonzo*, were moſt worthy her Eſteem.

Don. Ay, Madam, Don *Alonzo*, there was a Man for you, ſo obliging and ſo bountiful—Well, I'll give you Argu-

Argument of both to me: for you muſt know I was a Beauty then, and worth obliging. [*Puts herſelf between.* And he was the Man my Lady lov'd, tho Don *Manuel* were the richer: but to my own Story—

Cleo. Forward *Clarinda.*

Clar. But as it moſt times happens,
We marry where our Parents like, not we;
My Mother was diſpos'd of to Don *Manuel.*

Dor. Ay, Madam; but had you ſeen Don *Alonzo*'s Rage, and how my Lady took this Diſappointment—But I who was very young, and very pretty, as I told you before——

Clar. Forbear, Madam; 'tis true,
Alonzo was ſo far tranſported,
That oft he did attempt to kill my Father;
But bravely tho, and ſtill he was prevented:
But when at the Intreaties of my Mother,
The King confin'd my Father,
Alonzo then ſtudy'd a new Revenge;
And thinking that my Father's Life depended
Upon a Son he had, ſcarce a Year old,
He did deſign to ſteal him; and one Evening,
When with the Nurſe and Maid he took the Air,
This deſperate Lover ſeiz'd the ſmiling Prize,
Which never ſince was heard of.

Cleo. I gueſs the Grief the Parents muſt ſuſtain.

Dor. It almoſt caus'd their Deaths; nor did kind Heaven
Supply them with another till long after,
Unhappy this was born:
Which juſt her Father liv'd to ſee, and dy'd. [*Weeps.*
Then ſhe was Daughter, Son and Husband too,
To her afflicted Mother: But as I told you, Madam, I was then in my Prime———

Clar. Now, Madam, judge what her Deſpair muſt be,
Who is depriv'd of all her Joys in me. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. Franciſca, ſee who it is that knocks ſo haſtily.
[*One knocks.*

Franc. Oh, Madam, 'tis Don *Marcel* leading a wounded Man.

Cleo. Oh my Fears, 'tis *Silvio*!

Franc

Franc. 'Tis not Don *Silvio.*

Enter Marcel, *leading* Hippolyta *wounded, followed by* Alonzo *and* Pedro.

Cleo. Alas, what Youth is this you lead all bleeding?

Mar. One that deſerves your Care; where's my Father?

Cleo. Not yet return'd.

Mar. 'Tis well; and you, Sir, I muſt confine till I know how to ſatisfy my Honour, and that of my wrong'd Siſter. [*To* Antonio.

Ant. The holy Man will ſoon decide our Difference: Pray ſend for one, and reconcile us all.

Hip. I fear, *Antonio*, ſtill thou doſt diſſemble.

Ant. So let me find Forgiveneſs when I die,
If any fear of Death have wrought this change,
But a pure Senſe of all my Wrongs to thee,
Knowing thy conſtant Love, and Virtue to me.

Mar. I will ſecure your fear——*Franciſca*, ſend for Father *Joſeph* to me, and conduct theſe Gentlemen to the Lodgings next the Garden.

[*Exeunt* Franciſca, Antonio *and* Hippolyta.

Alon. Prithee *Marcel*, are thee and I awake, or do we dream? thou, that thou art in thy Father's Houſe; and I, that I ſee thoſe two fair Women there? Pray lovely Fugitive, how came you hither? [*To* Clarinda.

Mar. I thought thou wert miſtaken;
'Twas *Silvio* brought her hither, that falſe Man.
But how came you to know her?

Alon. Know her! 'slife I queſtion my Senſe.
Pray Lady, are you Fleſh and Blood? [*To* Cleonte.

Cleo. Yes ſurely, Sir; for 'twere pity you ſhould have beſtow'd your Heart on a Shadow, and I well remember you gave it one of us laſt Night.

Alon. A Dream, a Dream! but are you indeed the ſame fair Perſon, and is this the ſame Houſe too?

Cleo. I am afraid your Heart's not worth the keeping, ſince you took no better notice where you diſpos'd of it.

Alon. Faith, Madam, you wrong a poor Lover, who has languiſh'd in ſearch of it all this live-long day.

Cleo. Brother, I beſeech you, receive the innocent *Clarinda*, who, I fear, will have the greateſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt you. [*To* Marcel. *Gives him to* Clarinda.

Alon. But pray, fair one, let you and I talk a little about that ſame Heart you put me in mind of juſt now.

[*To* Cleonte, *with whom he ſeems to talk.*

Ped. Surely that's my old Miſtreſs *Dormida*; twenty years has not made ſo great an Alteration in that ill-favour'd Face of hers, but I can find a Lover there.

[*Goes to her, they ſeem to talk earneſtly, and ſometimes pleaſantly, pointing to* Clarinda.

Mar. Enough *Clarinda*: I'm too well convinc'd,
Would thou hadſt ſtill remain'd a Criminal.
Now how can I reward thy Faith and Love?

Clar. I know, *Marcel*, it is not in thy Power,
Thy faithleſs Story I'm acquainted with.

Mar. Do not reproach me with my Shame, *Clarinda.*
'Tis true, to gain thee to conſent to my Deſires,
I made an honourable Pretence of loving.
Pardon a Lover all the ways he takes
To gain a Miſtreſs ſo belov'd and fair.
But I have ſince repented of that Sin,
And came laſt Night for thy Forgiveneſs too.

Ped. This is News indeed; 'tis fit I keep this Secret no longer from my Maſter. Don *Manuel* being dead, my Vow's expir'd. [*Aſide.*] [Pedro *goes to* Alonzo.

Clar. And do you mean no more to love me then?

Mar. In ſpite of me, above my Senſe or Being.

Clar. And yet you'll marry *Flavia.*

Mar. Againſt my Will I muſt, or loſe a Father.

Clar. Then I muſt die, *Marcel.*

Mar. Do not unman my Soul, it is too weak
To bear the Weight of fair *Clarinda*'s Tears. [*Weeps.*

Alon. Why was this Secret kept from me ſo long?

Ped. I was oblig'd by Vow, Sir, to Don *Alonzo*, my dead Maſter, not to reſtore you till Don *Manuel*'s Death; believing it a Happineſs too great for his Rival, for ſo he was upon your Mother's ſcore.

Alon. Have I a Mother living?

Ped. Here in *Madrid*, Sir, and that fair Maid's your Siſter. [*Pointing to* Clarinda.

Alon. I ſcarce can credit thee, but that I know thee honeſt.

Ped.

Ped. To confirm that belief, Sir, here are the Writings of twelve Thouſand Crowns a Year, left you by your Foſter-Father the brave *Alonzo*, whoſe Name he gave you too. [*Gives him Papers, he reads.*

Alon. I am convinc'd—How now *Marcel*, what all in Tears? why, who the Devil would love in earneſt?
Come, come, make me Judge between you.

Mar. You'll ſoon decide it then, my Heart's *Clarinda*'s;
But my forc'd Vows are given to another.

Alon. Vows! doſt think the Gods regard the Vows of Lovers? they are things made in neceſſity, and ought not to be kept, nor puniſh'd when broken; if they were ———Heaven have mercy on me poor Sinner.

Enter Ambroſio.

Mar. My Father return'd!

[*Bows, and goes to him, and then leads* Alonzo *to him.* Sir, this is the gallant Man that was deſign'd to be your Son-in-Law.

Amb. And that you were not ſo, Sir, was my misfortune only.

Alon. I am glad to find it no ſlight to my Perſon,
Or unknown Quality that depriv'd me of that Honour.

Mar. To convince you of that, *Alonzo*, I know my Father will beſtow this other Siſter on you; more fair and young, and equally as rich. [Ambroſio *calls* Marcel *aſide.*

Alon. How, his Siſter! Fool, that I was, I could not gueſs at this; and now have I been lying and ſwearing all this while how much I lov'd her. Well, take one time with another, a Man falls into more Danger by this amorous Humour, then he gets good turns by it.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, I knew not you had deſign'd her elſewhere———Dear *Alonzo*, my Father——

Alon. Ay, Sir, I am much oblig'd to him. Oh Pox would I were well with *Euphemia.*

Mar. I proteſt I could wiſh———

Alon. Ay, ſo could I, Sir, that you had made a better Judgment of my Humour: All muſt out, I have no other way to avoid this Compliment elſe. Why look ye *Marcel*——Your Siſter is—Pox I am ill at Diſſimulation,

and therefore in plain Terms, I am to be married this very Evening to another.

Mar. This was happy, and has ſav'd me an Excuſe. [*Aſide.*

But are you in earneſt, Sir? How is it poſſible, being ſo lately come into *Madrid*?

Alon. Deſtiny, Deſtiny, *Marcel*, which there was no avoiding, tho I miſt of *Hippolyta.*

Mar. Who is it, prithee?

Alon. A Woman I hope, of which indeed I would have been better aſſur'd; but ſhe was wilful. She's call'd *Euphemia.*

Mar. Our next Neighhour, the Daughter of old *Carlo.*

Alon. The ſame.

Mar. Thou art happy to make ſo good a Progreſs in ſo ſhort a time, but I am——

Alon. Not ſo miſerable as you believe. Come, come, you ſhall marry *Clarinda.*

Mar. 'Tis impoſſible.

Alon. Where's the hindrance?

Mar. Her want of Fortune; that's enough, Friend.

Alon. Stand by and expect the beſt—[*Goes to* Ambroſio. Sir, I have an humble Suit to you.

Amb. I ſhall be infinitely pleas'd you could ask me any thing in my Power; but, Sir, this Daughter I had diſpos'd of, before I knew you would have miſt of *Hippolyta.*

Alon. Luckier than I expected. [*Aſide.*

Sir, that was an Honour I could not merit, and am contented with my Fate: But my Requeſt is, that you would receive into your Family a Siſter of mine, whom I would beſtow on Don *Marcel.*

Mar. Hah, what mean you, Sir? a Siſter of yours?

Alon. Yes, ſhe will not be unwelcome—This is ſhe.

Amb. This is the Daughter to *Octavia*——Her Mother was a Lady whom once I did adore, and 'twas her fault ſhe was not more happy with me, than with Don *Manuel.* Nor have I ſo wholly forgot that Flame, but I might be iuclin'd to your Propoſal: But, Sir, ſhe wants a Fortune.

Alon. That I'll ſupply.

Mar. You ſupply, Sir? On what kind Score, I pray?

Alon.

Alon. That which you'll ſuffer without being jealous, when you ſhall know ſhe is indeed my Siſter.

Clar. How! this brave Man my Brother?

Alon. So they tell me, and that my Name is *Manuel.* Had you not ſuch a Brother?

Dor. Oh ye Gods, is this the little *Manuel?*

Ped. Yes *Dormida,* and for a farther Proof ſee this.

[*Opens his Maſter's Boſom, and ſhews a Crucifix.*

Dor. This I remember well, it is Don *Manuel*:
Pray let me look upon you: Juſt like my Lord——
Now may the Soul of Don *Alonzo* reſt in Peace,
For making ſo hopeful a Man of you.

Alon. Amen. But, Sir, if you approve of my Siſter, I'll make her as worthy of *Marcel,* as *Flavia.*

Amb. I've loſt the Hopes of her——She's not to be reconcil'd. [*Aſide.*
Clarinda needs no more than to belong to you,
To make her valuable——and I conſent with Joy.
[*Gives her to* Marcel.

Mar. And I with Joys unutterable take her.

Alon. Pedro, there reſts no more than that you wait on my Mother, and let her know all that has happen'd to my ſelf and Siſter, and that I'll pay my Duty to her e'er I ſleep.

Dor. The very Joy to find her Son again, will get my Pardon too: and then perhaps *Pedro* and I may renew our old Amours.

Alon. Sir, I have another requeſt to make.

Amb. You muſt command, Sir.

Alon. That is, that you will permit this fair Company to honour me this Evening at my Father-in-law's, Don *Carlo.*

Amb. How, has Don *Carlo* married the Lady *Octavia*?

Alon. No, Sir, but a worſe matter than that, I am to marry his Daughter.

Amb. Oh, Sir, *Euphemia* has too much Beauty and Virtue to make you doubt your Happineſs.

Alon. Well, Sir, I muſt venture that. But your Company I'll expect, the Ladies may clap on their Vizards, and make a maſquerading Night on't: tho ſuch Freedoms are not very uſual in *Spain,* we that have ſeen the World, may abſolve one another.

Amb. My Garden joins to that of Don *Carlo*, and that way we will wait on you, as ſoon as I have diſpatcht a ſmall Affair.

Alon. Your humble ſervant, Sir.

[*Goes out*; Ambroſio *the other way.*

Mar. Siſter, go you and prepare my Father to receive *Hippolyta*, whilſt I go ſee them married.

[*Exeunt* Cleonte *and* Clarinda.

[Marcel *paſſing over the Garden, ſees* Silvio *enter in Paſſion, follow'd by* Franciſca.

Silv. Do not *Franciſca*—do not blow my Flame,
The Cure thou bring'ſt is much the greater Hell.

[*Offers to go, but ſtops.*

Mar. Hah, *Silvio!* unſeen I'll hear the Buſineſs.

[*Goes aſide.*

Silv. I would fain ſhun thee, but this impious Weight
Of Love upon my Soul hinders my flight:
I'm fixt——like conſcious Guilt it keeps me here,
And I am now inſenſible of Fear.
Speak on, thou Meſſenger of ſacred Love—ſpeak on.

Franc. The fair *Cleonte*, Sir, whoſe Soul's inflam'd
No leſs than yours; tho with a virgin Modeſty
She would conceal it, pitying now your Pain,
Has thro my Interceſſion——

Silv. Oh quickly ſpeak! What Happineſs deſign'd me?

Franc. To admit you, Sir, this Night into her Chamber.

Mar. Death to my Soul! What's this? [*Aſide.*

Silv. Her Chamber? is that all? will that allay this Fever
In my Blood—No, no, *Franciſca*,
'Tis grown too high for amorous Parleys only;
Her Arms, her charming Boſom, and her Bed,
Muſt now receive me; or I die, *Franciſca.*

Franc. I mean no other, Sir; why can you think
A Maid in love as much as you can be,
Aſſiſted with the ſilence of the Night,
(Which veils her Bluſhes too) can ſay——I dare not?
Or if ſhe do, ſhe'll ſpeak it faintly o'er,
And even whilſt ſhe ſo denies will yield.
Go, go prepare your ſelf for this Encounter.
And do not dally as you did to day,

And

And fright your Pleaſure with the Name of Siſter—
Mar. Oh curſed Witch! [*Aſide.*
Franc. What ſay you, Sir?
Silv. That Name has check'd my Joy——
And makes it ſtrangely ſilent and imperfect. [*Walks away.*
Franc. Why do you go, before you anſwer me?
[*Follows him into the Garden.*
Mar. I'll follow him, and kill them.
[*Comes out with a Dagger.*
Oh who would be allied unto a Woman,
Nature's looſe Handy-Work? the ſlight Imploys
Of all her wanton Hours? —Oh I could rave now—
Abandon Senſe and Nature.
Hence all conſiderate Thoughts, and in their Room,
Supply my Soul with Vengeance, that may prove
Too great to be allay'd by Nature, or by Love.
[*Goes into the Garden after them.*
Enter again Silvio *melancholy, follow'd by* Franciſca.
Franc. But will you loſe this Opportunity,
Her Lodgings too being ſo near your own?
Silv. Hell take her for her Wickedneſs.
Oh that ten thouſand Mountains ſtood between us,
And Seas as vaſt and raging as her Luſt,
That we might never meet——Oh perfect Woman!
I find there is no ſafety in thy Sex;
No truſting to thy Innocence:
That being counterfeit, thy Beauty's gone,
Dropt like a Roſe o'er-blown;
And left thee nothing but a wither'd Root,
That never more can bloom.
Franc. Alas, I fear I have done ill in this. [*Aſide.*
Silv. I now ſhould hate her: but there yet remains
Something within, ſo ſtrangely kind to her,
That I'm reſolv'd to give her one proof more,
Of what I have vow'd her often; yes, I'll kill her—
Franc. How, kill her, Sir? Gods, what have I done!
[*Aſide.*
Silv. Yes, can I let her live, and ſay I lov'd her?
No, ſhe ſhall tempt no more vain yielding Man.
Franc. Conſider, Sir, it is to ſave your Life ſhe does it.

Silv. My Life!
'Twere better ſhe and I were buried
Quick in one Grave, than ſhe ſhould fall to this,
She has out-ſinn'd even me in this Conſent.
[*Enter* Marcel *from amongſt the Trees ſoftly with his Dagger behind* Silvio.
Mar. Oh, here they are——
Franc. My Lord, defend your ſelf, you are undone elſe.
Silv. Hah, *Marcel!* [*Draws.*
Franc. Help, help.
Mar. Hell take thy Throat.
Enter Ambroſio, Clarinda, Cleonte, *and the reſt of the Houſe.*
Amb. Hold Villain, hold.
Hou dar'ſt thou thus rebel—ungrateful Wretch?
Mar. This cauſe, Sir, is ſo juſt, that when you hear it,
You'll curſe me, that I let him live thus long:
He loves my Siſter, Sir; and that leud Woman
Repays his Luſtful Flame, and does this Evening
Invite him to her Bed———Oh, let me kill him.
[*Offers to go to him.*
Amb. That he ſhould love *Cleonte* I'll allow,
And her returns too, whilſt they are innocent.
Mar. But, Sir, he does not love her as a Siſter.
Amb. If that be all his Crime, I ſtill forgive him.
Silv. Yes, Sir, 'tis true, I do adore my Siſter,
But am ſo far from that foul thing he nam'd,
That could I think I had a ſecret Thought
That tended that way, I would ſearch it——thus——
[*Goes to ſtab himſelf.*
Cleo. What mean you by this Deſperation?
Silv. Oh, take away this Woman from my ſight.
[*Pointing to* Cleonte.
For ſhe will finiſh what this has ill begun.
[*Holds his Dagger up.*
Franc. Thus low, Sir, for your Mercy I muſt kneel;
(*Kneels.*
Which yet I muſt deſpair of, when you know
How very wicked I have been. [*Weeps.*
Cleonte, Sir, is chaſte as Angels are.

Silv.

Silv. My Sister innocent! how soon I do believe thee!
Franc. Yes, Sir, nor knows of that vile Message which I brought you.
Silv. What Devil set thee on to tempt me then?
Franc. The worst of Devils, hopeless, raging Love;
And you my Lord, were the unhappy Object.
Mar. Oh sinful Woman, what was thy Design?
Cleo. What means all this? [*Aside.*
Franc. At least to have enjoy'd him once; which done,
Thinking that it had been the fair *Cleonte*,
It would have made him hate her.
Silv. Should all thy other Sins be unrepented,
The Piety of this Confession saves thee.
Pardon, *Cleonte*, my rude Thoughts of thee,
[*Kneels, she takes him up.*
I had design'd to have kill'd thee———
Had not this Knowledge of thy Innocence
Arriv'd before I had seen thee next.
And Sir, your Pardon too I humbly beg; [*To* Ambrosio.
With license to depart, I cannot live
Where I must only see my beauteous Sister;
That Torment is too great to be supported,
That still must last, and never hope a Cure.
Amb. Since you are so resolv'd, I will unfold
A Secret to you, that perhaps may please you.
Silv. Low at your Feet I do implore it, Sir. [*Kneels.*
Amb. Your Quality forbids this Ceremony.
[*Takes him up.*
Silv. How, Sir!
Amb. Your Father was the mighty Favourite, the Count *d'Olivarez*; your Mother, *Spain*'s celebrated Beauty, *Donna Margarita Spiniola*, by whom your Father had two natural Sons, *Don Lovis de Harro*, and your self *Don Roderigo*. The Story of his Disgrace, you know, with all the World; 'twas then he being banisht from the Court, he left you to my Care then very young. I receiv'd you as my own, and as more than such educated you, and as your Father oblig'd me to do, brought you always up about their Majesties; for he hoped, if you had Beauty and Merits, you might inherit part of that Glory he lost.

Mar. This is wondrous.

Amb. This Truth you had not known ſo ſoon, had you not made as great an Intereſt at Court as any Man ſo young ever did, and if I had not acquitted my ſelf in all Points as became the Friend of ſo great and brave a Man, as Count *d'Olivarez:* the Fortune he left you was two Millions of Crowns.

Silv. Let me embrace your feet for this bleſt News.
Is not the fair *Cleonte* then my Siſter?

Amb. No, Sir, but one whom long ſince I deſign'd your Wife, if you are pleas'd to think her worthy of it.
[*Offers her.*

Silv. Without her, Sir, I do deſpiſe my Being; and do receive her as a Bleſſing ſent from Heaven to make my whole Life happy.

Amb. What ſay you, *Cleonte?*

Cleo. Sir, I muſt own a Joy greater than is fit for a Virgin to expreſs.

Mar. Generous Don *Roderigo,* receive me as your Friend, and pardon all the Fault you found in me as a Brother. [*Embraces him.*

Silv. Be ever dear unto my Soul, *Marcel.*

Mar. Now is the time to preſent *Hippolyta* and *Antonio* to my Father, whilſt his Humour is ſo good. And you, dear Brother, I muſt beg to join with us in ſo juſt a Cauſe.

Silv. You need not doubt my Power, and leſs my Will.

Mar. Do you prepare him then, whilſt I bring them in: for by this I know my Confeſſor has made them one. [*Exit* Marcel.

Silv. Sir, I've a Suit to you.

Amb. You cannot ask what I can deny.

Silv. Hippolyta, Sir, is married to *Antonio,*
And humbly begs your Pardon for her paſt fault.

Amb. Antonio and *Hippolyta!* oh name them not.

Enter Antonio *and* Hippolyta, *a Fryar, and* Marcel.

Mar. Pray, Sir, forgive them, your Honour being ſafe,
Since Don *Antonio* has by marrying her,
Repair'd the Injury he did us all,
Without which I had kill'd him.

Amb. Thou art by Nature more ſevere than I,

And

And if thou think'ſt our Honour ſatisfy'd,
I will endeavour to forget their Faults.
Ant. We humbly thank you, Sir, and beg your Bleſſing.
At leaſt beſtow it on *Hippolyta*;
For ſhe was ever chaſte, and innocent,
And acted only what became her Duty;
Since by a ſacred Vow ſhe was my Wife.
Amb. How cam'ſt thou then to treat her ſo inhumanly?
Ant. In pure revenge to Don *Marcel* her Brother,
Who forc'd my Nature to a ſtubbornneſs,
Which whilſt I did put on, I bluſh to own;
And ſtill between Thoughts ſo unjuſt, and Action,
Her Virtue would riſe up and check my Soul,
Which ſtill ſecur'd her Fame.
Hip. And I have ſeen in midſt of all thy Anger,
Thou'ſt turn'd away, and chang'd thy Words to Sighs;
Dropt now and then a Tear, as if aſham'd,
Not of thy Injuries, but my little Merit.
Amb. How weak and eaſy Nature makes me—Riſe,
I muſt forgive you both.
Come, Sir, I know you long to be ſecur'd
Of what you ſay you love ſo much, *Cleonte.*
Franc. But, Madam, have you fully pardon'd me?
Silv. We will all join in your behalf, *Franciſca.*
Cleo. I can forgive you, when you can repent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Carlo's *Houſe.*

Enter Olinda *and* Dorice.

Olin. But is the Bride-Chamber dreſt up, and the Bed made as it ought to be?
Dor. As for the making, 'tis as it uſe to be, only the Velvet Furniture.
Olin. As it uſe to be? Oh ignorance! I ſee theſe young Wenches are not arriv'd yet to bare Imagination: Well I muſt order it my ſelf, I ſee that.
Dor. Why, *Olinda*, I hope they will not go juſt to Bed upon their marrying, without ſome ſigns of a Wedding, as Fiddles, and Dancing, and ſo forth.
Olin. Good Lord, what Joys you have found out for the

the firſt Night of a young Bride and Bridegroom. Fiddles and Dancing, ha, ha, ha! they'll be much merrier by themſelves, than Fiddles and Dancing can make them, you Fool.

Enter Haunce *and* Gload.

Bleſs me! what is't I ſee! [*Stares on* Haunce.

Hau. Why! what the Devil means ſhe? look about me *Gload*, and ſee what I have that's ſo terrible.

Olin. Oh, I have no Power to ſtir, it is a Sprite.

Hau. What does ſhe mean now, *Gload?*

Glo. She deſires to be ſatisfy'd whether we be Fleſh and Blood, Sir, I believe.

Hau. Do'ſt ſee nothing that's Devil-wiſe about me?

Glo. No, indeed, Sir, not I.

Hau. Why then the Wench is tippled, that's all, a ſmall Fault.

Olin. O, in the name of Goodneſs, Sir, what are you?

Glo. Ay, Ay, Sir, 'tis that ſhe deſires to know.

Olin. Who are you, Sir?

Hau. Why who ſhould I be, but he that's to be your Maſter anon?

Glo. Yes, who ſhould he be but *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel?*

Olin. What, did you come in at the Door?

Hau. Yes marry did I; what do you think I creep in like a *Lapland* Witch through the Key-holes?

Dor. Nay, nay, this cannot be the Bridegroom.

Olin. No, for 'tis but a moment ſince we left him, you know, in my Lady's Chamber.

Hau. Very drunk, by this good Light.

Dor. And therefore it cannot be *Myn heer Haunce.*

Hau. What the Devil will you perſuade me out of my Chriſtian Name?

Olin. The Prieſt has yet ſcarce done his Office, who is marrying him above to my Lady.

Hau. Salerimente, here's brave doing, to marry me, and never give me notice; or thou art damnable drunk, or very mad.

Glo. Yes, and I am married to you too, am I not?

[*To* Olinda

Olin.

Olin. You? we know neither of you.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, here's a turn for you.

Enter Carlo.

Car. Why, *Olinda*, *Dorice*, *Olinda*, where be theſe mad Girls? 'tis almoſt Night, and nothing in Order. Why, what now? Who's here?

Hau. So the old Man's poſſeſt too—Why, what a Devil ails you, Sir? [*Goes roughly to him.*

Car. From whence come you, Sir? and what are you?

Hau. Gload, let's be gone, for we ſhall be tranſmigrated into ſome ſtrange Shapes anon, for all the Houſe is inchanted. Who am I, quoth ye? before I came you all knew me; and now you are very well acquainted with me, you have forgot me.

Car. If you be my Son *Haunce*, how came you here?

Hau. If I be your Son *Haunce*, where ſhould I be elſe?

Car. Above with your Wife, not below amongſt the Maids.

Hau. What Wife? what Wife? Ha, ha, ha, do not provoke me, leſt I take you a ſlap in the Face, I tell you that now.

Car. Oh, I find by his Humour this is he, and I am finely cheated and abus'd. I'll up and know the Truth. [*Exit.*

Hau. And ſo will I. [*Follows.*

Glo. Why, but Miſtreſs *Olinda*, you have not, indeed, forgot me, have you?

Olin. For my Lover I have, but perhaps I may call you to mind, as my Servant hereafter.

Glo. Since you are ſo proud and ſo fickle, you ſhall ſtand hereafter as a Cypher with me; and I'll begin upon a new Account with this pretty Maid: what ſay you forſooth?

Dor. I am willing enough to get a Husband as young as I am.

Glo. Why, that's well ſaid, give your Hand upon the Bargain——God-a-Mercy, with all my Heart i'faith.

[*Scene draws off, diſcovers a Chamber. Enter* Alonzo, Euphemia, *and* Lovis; *to them* Carlo, Haunce, *and the reſt.* *Car.*

Car. Oh, I am cheated, undone, abus'd.

Lov. How, Sir, and where?

[Haunce *ſees* Alonzo *dreſt like him, goes gazing about him, and on himſelf, calling* Gload *to do the ſame.*

Car. Nay, I know not how, or where; but ſo I am: and when I find it, I'll turn you all out of Doors. Who are you, Sir? quickly tell me.

Alon. If you be in ſuch haſte, take the ſhorteſt Account, I am your Son.

Car. I mean, Sir, what's your Name, and which of you is *Haunce van Ezel?*

Hau. Ay, which of us is *Haunce van Ezel?* tell us that, Sir; we ſhall handle ye i'faith now——

Alon. He, Sir, can beſt inform you.

[*Pointing to* Haunce.

Hau. Who, I! I know no more than the great *Turk*, not I, which of us is me; my Hat, my Feather, my Suit, and my Garniture all over faith now; and I believe this is me, for I'll truſt my Eyes before any other Senſe about me. What ſay'ſt thou now, *Gload?* gueſs which of us is thy own natural Maſter now if thou canſt.

Glo. Which, Sir?——why——let me ſee——let me ſee, [*Turns them both about.*

ſakes, I cannot tell, Sir.

Car. Come, come, the Cheat is plain, and I'll not be fobb'd off, therefore tell me who you are, Sir.

[*To* Alonzo.

Alon. One that was very unwilling to have put this Trick upon you, if I could have perſuaded *Euphemia* to have heen kind on any other Terms, but nothing would down with her but Matrimony.

Car. How long have you known her?

Alon. Faith, Sir, too long by at leaſt an Hour.

Car. I ſay again, what are you, Sir?

Alon. A Man I am, and they call me *Alonzo.*

Car. How! I hope not the great fighting Colonel, whom my Son ſerv'd as a Voluntier in *Flanders.*

Alon. Even he, Sir.

Car. Worſe and worſe, I ſhall grow mad, to think that in ſpite of all my Care, *Euphemia* ſhould marry with ſo notorious a Man of War.

Hau.

Hau. How! is this *Alonzo*, and am I cozen'd? pray tell me truly, are you not me indeed?

Alon. All over, Sir, only the inſide a little leſs Fool.

Hau. So here's fine juggling———are not you a rare Lady, hah? [*To* Euphemia; *crys.*

Euph. I aſſure you, Sir, if this Man had not paſt for you, I had never had him.

Hau. Had him! Oh, you are a flattering thing, I durſt ha' ſworn you could no more ha' been without me, than a Barber's Shop without a Fiddle, ſo I did: Oh, what a damnable Voyage have I back again without a Wife too—— [*Crys again.*

Lov. If that be all, we'll get you one before you go; that ſhall be my care.

Hau. A Pox of your care: well, I will get my ſelf moſt ſoundly drunk to Night, to be reveng'd of theſe two damnable Dons. Come *Gload*, let us about ſomething in order to't. [*Exit.*

Euph. Pray, Sir, be perſuaded, he's worth your owning.

Car. Tell not me of owning; what Fortune has he?

Lov. His Horſe and Arms, the Favour of his Prince, and his Pay.

Car. His Horſe and Arms I wholly diſlike, as Implements of War; and that ſame Princely Favour, as you call it, will buy no Lands; and his Pay he ſhall have when he can get it.

Lov. But, Sir, his coming to *Madrid* was to take poſſeſſion of a Place the Prince has promis'd him.

Car. Has promis'd him? what! I ſhall marry my Daughter to the Promiſes of e'er a Prince in *Chriſtendom*, ſhall I? No, no; Promiſes, quoth ye?

Alon. Well, Sir, will this ſatisfy you?

[*Gives him a Parchment.*

Euph. If it ſhould not, let us conſider what next to do.

Alon. No conſideration, *Euphemia*; not ſo much as that we are married, leſt it leſſen our Joys.

Car. Twelve thouſand Crowns a Year!——Sir, I cry you mercy, and wiſh you joy with my Daughter.

Lov.

Lov. So his Courage will down with him now.

Alon. To ſatisfy you farther, Sir, read this.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

And now, *Euphemia*, prepare your ſelf to receive ſome gallant Friends of mine, whom you muſt be acquainted with, and who deſign to make a merry Night on't.

Euph. A whole Night, *Alonzo?*

Alon. By no means *Euphemia*, for the firſt too, which if the thoughts of its being part of my Duty do not hinder, will be pleaſant enough to me.

Car. So conſiderable an Office at Court too!—— Let me imbrace you, Sir; and tell you how happy I am in ſo brave Son-in-law.

Alon. With that aſſurance, Sir, I'll take a more than ordinary freedom with you, and teach *Euphemia* a franker way of living, than what a native *Spaniard* would have allow'd her.

Car. She ſhall be what ſort of Wife you'll have her.

Enter Servant, after a noiſe of Muſick.

Alon. What Muſick's that?

Serv. It waits upon ſome Ladies and Gentlemen who ask for you, Sir.

Alon. Wait them in, they are thoſe Friends of mine I told you of. [*He goes and brings them in.*

Enter Marcel *and* Clarinda, Silvio *and* Cleonte, Antonio *and* Hippolyta, Dormida *and* Franciſca; *all ſalute* Euphemia.

Enter Haunce *and* Gload *in Maſquerade to the Company,* Olinda *and* Dorice *masked.*

Hau. Well, the Devil's in't if we ſhall not appear ridiculous enough, hah, *Gload?*

Glo. Ay, Sir, the more ridiculous the better.

Hau. I was always of that mind.——Ha, ha, Boys, who be all theſe Dons and Donnas?——Harkye *Lovis*, I hope the Wife you promis'd me is amongſt theſe fair Ladies, for ſo I gueſs they are both fair, and Ladies.

Lov. You gueſs right, Sir.

Alon. Now Ladies and Gentlemen command your Muſick, and do what likes you beſt.

Lov.

Lov. Here's the Lady I recommend to you, take her, Sir, be thankful. [*Gives him* Olinda.

Olin. This is the Fool that I am to manage.

Dor. And this is my Lot. [*Takes* Gload.

[*Muſick plays, they all dance.*

Lov. There is within a young Father ready to join your Hands: take this opportunity, and make ſure of a Wife.

Hau. I warrant you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Haunce, Olinda, Gload, *and* Dorice. *Enter* Pedro.

Ped. Your Mother, Sir, whom I found more dead than living, for the loſs of your Siſter, was very near dying out-right with Joy, to hear of your Arrival, and moſt impatiently expects you.

Dorm. And are we all forgiven, *Pedro?*

Ped. Yes, you and I are like to be Fellow-Servants together again. *Dormida.*

Dorm. And Fellow-Lovers too I hope, *Pedro.*

Ped. The Devil's in't if Age have not allay'd Flames of all ſorts in thee; but if you contribute to my allowance—

Dorm. Thou know'ſt I could never keep any thing from thee, *Pedro.*

Alon. Come Ladies, there is a ſmall Banquet attends you in the next Room.

Silv. We'll wait on you, Sir.

Enter Haunce, Gload, Olinda, *and* Dorice.

Hau. Hold, hold, and give me Joy too, for I am married, if ſhe has not miſtaken her Man again, and I my Woman.

Olin. No, you are the Man I look for, and I no Cheat, having all about me that you look for too, but Money. [*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Alon. How, *Olinda!*

Olin. Yes, indeed, Sir, I ſerv'd my Lady firſt, and then thought it no Offence to take the Reward due to that Service.

Hau. Here's a *Spaniſh* Trick for you now, to marry a Wife, before one ſees her.

Euph. What, *Dorice* married too?

Dor. After your Example, Madam.

Glo.

Glo. Yes, indeed, forſooth, and I have made bold too after the Example of my Maſter.

Hau. Now do they all expect I ſhould be diſſatisfied; but, Gentlemen, in ſign and token that I am not, I'll have one more merry Frisk before we part, 'tis a witty Wench; faith and troth, after a Month 'tis all one who's who; therefore come on *Gload.* [*They dance together.*

Alon. Monſieur *Haunce*, I ſee you are a Man of Gallantry. Come let us in, I know every Man here deſires to make this Night his own, and ſacrifice it to Pleaſure.

The Ladies too in Bluſhes do confeſs,
Equal Deſires; which yet they'll not confeſs.
Theirs, tho leſs fierce, more conſtant will abide;
But ours leſs current grow the more they're try'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

HISS 'em, and cry 'em down, 'tis all in vain,
Incorrigible Scriblers can't abſtain:
But impudently i'th' old Sin engage;
Tho doom'd before, nay baniſh'd from the Stage.
Whilſt ſad Experience our Eyes convinces, (*ceſs*;
That damn'd their Plays which hang'd the German *Prin-*
And we with Ornament ſet off a Play,
Like her dreſt fine for Execution-day.
And faith, I think, with as ſmall hopes to live;
Unleſs kind Gallants the ſame Grace you'd give
Our Comedy as Her; beg a Reprieve.
Well, what the other miſt, let our Scribe get,
A Pardon, for ſhe ſwears ſhe's the leſs Cheat.
She never gull'd you Gallants of the Town
Of Sum above four Shillings, or half a Crown.
Nor does ſhe, as ſome late great Authors do,
Bubble the Audience, and the Players too.
Her humble Muſe ſoars not in the High-rode
Of Wit tranſverſt, or Baudy A-la-Mode;
Yet hopes her plain and eaſy Style is ſuch,
As your high Cenſures will diſdain to touch.
Let her low Senſe creep ſafe from your Bravadoes,
Whilſt Rotas and Cabals aim at Granadoes.

THE

THE ROUND-HEADS: OR, THE Good Old Cauſe.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the Ghoſt of *Hewſon* aſcending from Hell dreſs'd as a Cobler.

I AM the Ghoſt of him who was a true Son
Of the late Good old Cauſe, *ycleped* Hewſon,
Rous'd by ſtrange Scandal from th' eternal (Flame
With noiſe of Plots, of wondrous Birth and Name,
Whilſt the ſly Jeſuit robs us of our Fame.
Can all their Conclave, tho with Hell th' agree,
Act Miſchief equal to Presbytery?

Look

Look back on our Succeſs in Forty One,
Were ever braver Villanies carried on,
Or new ones now more hopefully begun?
And ſhall our Unſucceſs our Merit loſe,
And make us quit the Glory of our Cauſe?
No, hire new Villains, Rogues without Remorſe,
And let no Law nor Conſcience ſtop your Courſe;
Let Politicians order the Confuſion,
And let the Saints pay pious Contribution.
Pay thoſe that rail, and thoſe that can delude
With ſcribling Nonſenſe the looſe Multitude.
Pay well your Witneſſes, they may not run
To the right Side, and tell who ſet them on.
Pay 'em ſo well, that they may ne'er recant,
And ſo turn honeſt merely out of want.
Pay Juries, that no formal Laws may harm us,
Let Treaſon be ſecur'd by Ignoramus.
Pay Bully Whig, who loyal Writers bang,
And honeſt Tories in Effigie hang:
Pay thoſe that burn the Pope to pleaſe the Fools,
And daily pay Right Honourable Tools;
Pay all the Pulpit Knaves that Treaſon brew,
And let the zealous Siſters pay 'em too;
Juſtices, bound by Oath and Obligation,
Pay them the utmoſt price of their Damnation,
Not to diſturb our uſeful Congregation.
Nor let the Learned Rabble be forgot,
Thoſe pious Hands that crown our hopeful Plot.
No, modern Stateſmen cry, 'tis Lunacy
To barter Treaſon with ſuch Rogues as we.
But ſubtiler Oliver *did not diſdain*
His mightier Politicks with ours to join.
I for all Uſes in a State was able,
Cou'd mutiny, cou'd fight, hold forth, and cobble.
Your lazy Stateſman may ſometimes direct,
But your ſmall buſy Knaves the Treaſon act.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord *Fleetwood*, } Competitors for the Crown, but *Lam-*
Lord *Lambert*, } *bert* is General of the Army.
Lord *Wariſton*, Chairman of the Committee of Safety.
Hewſon,
Desbro,
Duckingfield, } Commanders, and Committee-men.
Corbet,
Lord *Whitlock*.
Ananias Goggle, Lay Elder of *Clement*'s Pariſh.
A Rabble of the Sanctify'd Mobility.
Corporal *Right*, { an *Oliverian* Commander, but honeſt, and a Cavalier in his Heart.
Loveleſs, { a Royaliſt, a Man of Honour, in love with Lady *Lambert*.
Freeman, { his Friend, of the ſame Character, in love with Lady *Desbro*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Lambert*, in love with *Loveleſs*.
Lady *Desbro*, in love with *Freeman*.
Lady *Fleetwood*.
Lady *Cromwell*.
Gilliflower, Lady *Lambert*'s Old Woman.
Several Ladies, for Redreſs of Grievances.
Two Pages to Lady *Lambert*.
Page to Lady *Desbro*.

Footmen, Fidlers, and a Band of Loyal City Apprentices.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter three Soldiers, *and Corporal* Right.

Cor. AH Rogue, the World runs finely round, the buſineſs is done.

1 *Sold.* Done! the Town's our own, my fine Raſcal.

2 *Sold.* We'll have Harlots by the Belly, Sirrah.

1 *Sold.* Thoſe are Commodities I confeſs I wou'd fain be trucking for——but no words of that Boy.

Cor. Stand, who goes there?

[*To them a Joyner and a Felt-maker.*

1 *Sold.* Who are you for?——hah!

Joy. Are for, Friend? we are for Gad and the Lord *Fleetwood.*

1 *Sold. Fleetwood!* knock 'em down, *Fleetwood* that ſniveling Thief?

Felt. Why Friends, who are ye for?

Cor. For! who ſhou'd we be for, but *Lambert*, Noble *Lambert*? Is this a time o'th' day to declare for *Fleetwood*, with a Pox? indeed, i'th' Morning 'twas a Queſtion had like to have been decided with puſh of Pike.

2 *Sold.* Dry blows wou'd ne'er ha' don't, ſome muſt have ſweat Blood for't; but———'tis now decided.

Joy. Decided!

2 *Sold.* Yes, decided Sir, without your Rule for't.

Joy. Decided! by whom Sir? by us the Free-born Subjects of *England*, by the Honourable Committee of Safety, or the Right Reverend City? without which, Sir, I humbly conceive, your Declaration for *Lambert* is illegal, and againſt the Property of the People.

2 *Sold.* Plain *Lambert*; here's a ſaucy Dog of a Joyner; Sirrah, get ye home, and mind your Trade, and ſave the Hangman a labour.

Joy.

Joy. Look ye, Friend, I fear no Hang-man in *Chriſtendom*; for Conſcience and Publick Good, for Liberty and Property, I dare as far as any Man.

2 *Sold.* Liberty and Property, with a Pox, in the Mouth of a Joyner: you are a pretty Fellow to ſettle the Nation ———what ſays my Neighbour Felt-maker?

Felt. Why verily, I have a high reſpect for my honourable Lord *Fleetwood*, he is my intimate Friend; and till I find his Party the weaker, I hope my Zeal will be ſtrengthned for him.

2 *Sold.* Zeal for *Fleetwood!* Zeal for a Halter, and that's your due: Why, what has he ever done for you? Can he lead you out to Battle? Can he ſilence the very Canon with his Eloquence alone?——Can he talk—— or fight——or——

Felt. But verily he can pay thoſe that can, and that's as good—and he can pray———

2 *Sold.* Let him pray, and we'll fight, and ſee whoſe buſineſs is done firſt; we are for the General who carries Charms in every Syllable; can act both the Soldier and the Courtier, at once expoſe his Breaſt to Dangers, for our ſakes——and tell the reſt of the pretended Slaves a fair Tale, but hang 'em ſooner than truſt 'em.

1 *Sold.* Ay, ay, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*, he has Courage, *Fleetwood*'s an Aſs to him.

Felt. Hum—here's Reaſon Neighbour. [*To the Joyner.*

Joy. That's all one, we do not act by Reaſon.

Cor. Fleetwood's a Coward.

2 *Sold.* A blockhead.

1 *Sold.* A ſniveling Fool; a General in the Hangings, no better.

Joy. What think you then of *Vane*?

2 *Sold.* As of a Fool, that has dreamt of a new Religion, and is only fit to reign in the Fifth Monarchy he preaches ſo much up; but no King in this Age.

Felt. What of *Haſlerig*?

2 *Sold.* A Hangman for *Haſlerig*. I cry, No, no, One and all, a *Lambert*, a *Lambert*; he is our General, our Protector, our Keiſer, our—even what he pleaſes himſelf.

1 *Sold.* Well, if he pleaſes himſelf, he pleaſes me.

2 *Sold.* He's our Riſing Sun, and we'll adore him, for the Speaker's Glory's ſet. *Cor.*

Cor. At nought, Boys; how the Rogue look'd when his Coach was ſtop'd!

Joy. Under favour, what ſaid the Speaker?

2 *Sold.* What ſaid he? prithee what cou'd he ſay that we wou'd admit for Reaſon? Reaſon and our Bus'neſs are two things: Our Will was Reaſon and Law too, and the Word of Command lodg'd in our Hilts: *Cobbet* and *Duckenfield* ſhew'd 'em Cockpit-Law.

Cor. He underſtood not Soldier's Dialect; the Language of the Sword puzzled his Underſtanding; the Keenneſs of which was too ſharp for his Wit, and overrul'd his Robes—therefore he very mannerly kiſs'd his Hand, and wheel'd about———

2 *Sold.* To the place from whence he came.

Cor. And e'er long to the place of Execution.

1 *Sold.* No, damn him, he'll have his Clergy.

Joy. Why, is he ſuch an Infidel to love the Clergy?

Cor. For his Ends; but come lets go drink the General's health, *Lambert*; not *Fleetwood*, that Son of a Cuſtard, always quaking.

2 *Sold.* Ay, ay, *Lambert* I ſay—beſides he's a Gentleman.

Felt. Come, come, Brother Soldier, let me tell you, I fear you have a *Stewart* in your Belly.

Cor. I am ſure you have a Rogue in your Heart, Sirrah, which a Man may perceive thro that ſanctified Dog's Face of yours; and ſo get ye gone ye Raſcals, and delude the Rabble with your canting Politicks.

[*Every one beats 'em.*

Felt. Nay, an you be in Wrath, I'll leave you.

Joy. No matter Sir, I'll make you know I'm a Free-born Subject, there's Law for the Righteous Sir, there's Law. [*Goes out.*

Cor. There's Halters ye Rogues———

2 *Sold.* Come Lads, let's to the Tavern, and drink Succeſs to Change; I doubt not but to ſee 'em chop about, till it come to our great Hero again———Come to the Tavern. [*Going out, are met by* Loveleſs *and* Freeman, *who enter, and ſtay the Corporal.*

Cor. I'll follow ye Comrade preſently.
[*Ex. the reſt of Soldiers.*

———Save ye noble Colonel.

Free. How is't Corporal?

Cor. A brave World, Sir, full of Religion, Knavery, and Change: we ſhall ſhortly ſee better Days.

Free. I doubt it, Corporal.

Cor. I'll warrant you Sir,—but have you had never a Billet, no Preſent, nor Love-remembrance to day, from my good Lady *Desbro*?

Free. None, and wonder at it. Haſt thou not ſeen her Page to day?

Cor. Faith Sir, I was imploy'd in Affairs of State, by our Protector that ſhall be, and could not call.

Free. Protector that ſhall be! who's that, *Lambert*, or *Fleetwood*, or both?

Cor. I care not which, ſo it be a Change; but I mean the General:—but Sir, my Lady *Desbro* is now at Morning-Lecture here hard by, with the Lady *Lambert*.

Lov. Seeking the Lord for ſome great Miſchief or other.

Free. We have been there, but could get no opportunity of ſpeaking to her—*Loveleſs*, know this Fellow,—— he's honeſt and true to the Hero, tho a Red-Coat. I truſt him with my Love, and have done with my Life.

Lov. Love! Thou canſt never make me believe thou art earneſtly in love with any one of that damn'd Reformation.

Free. Thou art a Fool; where I find Youth and Beauty, I adore, let the Saint be true or falſe.

Lov. 'Tis a Scandal to one of us to converſe with 'em; they are all ſanctify'd Jilts; and there can neither be Credit nor Pleaſure in keeping em company; and 'twere enough to get the Scandal of an Adherer to their deviliſh Politicks, to be ſeen with 'em.

Free. What their Wives?

Lov. Yes, their Wives. What ſeeſt thou in 'em but Hypocriſy? Make love to 'em, they anſwer in Scripture.

Free. Ay, and lie with you in Scripture too. Of all Whores, give me your zealous Whore; I never heard a Woman talk much of Heaven, but ſhe was much for the Creature

Creature too. What do'ſt think I had thee to the Meeting for?

Love. To hear a Raſcal hold forth for Bodkins and Thimbles, Contribution, my beloved! to carry on the good Cauſe, that is, Roguery, Rebellion, and Treaſon, profaning the ſacred Majeſty of Heaven, and our glorious Sovereign.

Free. But—were there not pretty Women there?

Lov. Damn 'em for ſighing, groaning Hypocrites.

Free. But there was one, whom that handſome Face and Shape of yours, gave more occaſion for ſighing, than any Mortification caus'd by the Cant of the Lay-Elder in the half Hogs-Head: Did'ſt thou not mind her?

Lov. Not I, damn it, I was all Rage; and hadſt not thou reſtrain'd me, I had certainly pull'd that Rogue of a Holder forth by the Ears from his ſanctify'd Tub. 'Sdeath he hum'd and haw'd all my Patience away, noſed and ſnivel'd me to Madneſs. Heaven! That thou ſhouldſt ſuffer ſuch Vermin to infect the Earth, ſuch Wolves amongſt thy Flocks, ſuch Thieves and Robbers of all Laws of God and Man, in thy Holy Temples. I rave to think to what thou'rt fall'n, poor *England*!

Free. But the ſhe Saint———

Lov. No more; were ſhe as fair as Fancy could imagine, to ſee her there would make me loath the Form; ſhe that can liſten to the dull Nonſenſe, the bantering of ſuch a Rogue, ſuch an illiterate Raſcal, muſt be a Fool, paſt ſenſe of loving, *Freeman.*

Free. Thou art miſtaken.—— But, didſt thou mind her next the Pulpit?

Lov. A Plague upon the whole Congregation: I minded nothing but how to fight the Lord's Battle with that damn'd ſham Parſon, whom I had a mind to beat.

Free. My Lady *Desbro* is not of that Perſuaſion, but an errant Heroick in her Heart, and feigns it only to have the better occaſion to ſerve the Royal Party. I knew her, and lov'd her before ſhe married.

Lov. She may chance then to be ſav'd.

Free. Come, I'll have thee bear up briskly to ſome one of 'em, it may redeem thy Sequeſtration; which, now

thou ſee'ſt no hopes of compounding, puts thee out of Patience.

Lov. Let 'em take it, and the Devil do 'em Good with it; I ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid I have a Foot of Land in this ungrateful and accurſed Iſland; I'd rather beg where Laws are obey'd, and Juſtice perform'd, than be powerful where Rogues and baſe-born Raſcals rule the roaſt.

Free. But ſuppoſe now, dear *Loveleſs*, that one of the Wives of theſe Pageant Lords ſhould fall in love with thee, and get thy Eſtate again, or pay thee double for't?

Lov. I wou'd refuſe it.

Free. And this for a little diſſembled Love, a little Drudgery—

Lov. Not a Night by Heaven—not an Hour—no not a ſingle Kiſs. I'd rather make love to an *Incubus.*

Free. But ſuppoſe 'twere the new Protectreſs her ſelf, the fine Lady *Lambert*?

Lov. The greateſt Devil of all; damn her, do'ſt think I'll cuckold the Ghoſt of old *Oliver*?

Free. The better; there's ſome Revenge in't; do'ſt know her?

Lov. Never ſaw her, nor care to do.

Cor. Colonel, do you command me any thing?

Free. Yes, I'll ſend thee with a Note—Let's ſtep into a Shop and write it; *Loveleſs* ſtay a moment, and I'll be with thee. [*Ex.* Free. *and* Corporal.

Enter L. Lambert, L. Desbro, Gilliflower, *Page with great Bibles, and Footmen.* Loveleſs *walks ſullenly, not ſeeing 'em.* [L. Lambert's *Train carried.*

L. *Lam.* O, I'm impatient to know his Name; ah, *Desbro*, he betray'd all my Devotion; and when I would have pray'd, Heav'n knows it was to him, and for him only.

L. *Deſ.* What manner of Man was it?

L. *Lam.* I want Words to deſcribe him; not tall, nor ſhort; well made, and ſuch a Face—— Love, Wit and Beauty revel'd in his Eyes; from whence he ſhot a thouſand winged Darts that pierc'd quite through my Soul.

L. *Deſ.* Seem'd he a Gentleman?

L. *Lam*

L. *Lam.* A God! altho his outſide were but mean; but he ſhone thro like Lightning from a Cloud, and ſhot more piercing Rays.

L. *Def.* Staid he long?

L. *Lam.* No, methought he grew diſpleas'd with our Devotion, and ſeem'd to contradict the Parſon with his angry Eyes. A Friend he had too with him, young and handſom, who ſeeing ſome Diſorder in his Actions, got him away. ———I had almoſt forgot all Decency, and ſtarted up to call him; but my Quality, and wanting ſomething to excuſe that Fondneſs, made me decline with very much ado.

Gill. Heavens, Madam, I'll warrant they were Heroicks.

L. *Lam.* Heroicks!

Gill. Cavaliers, Madam, of the Royal Party.

L. *Def.* They were ſo, I knew one of 'em.

L. *Lam.* Ah *Desbro*, do'ſt thou?
Ah Heav'ns, that they ſhould prove Heroicks!

L. *Def.* You might have known that by the Conqueſt; I never heard any one o' t' other Party ever gain'd a Heart; and indeed, Madam, 'tis a juſt Revenge, our Husbands make Slaves of them, and they kill all their Wives. [Lov. *ſees 'em, and ſtarts.*

Lov. Hah, what have we here?——Women——faith, and handſome too—I never ſaw a Form more excellent; who e'er they are, they ſeem of Quality.——By Heav'n, I cannot take my Eyes from her. [*Pointing to* L. Lamb.

L. *Lam.* Ha, he's yonder, my Heart begins to fail, my trembling Limbs refuſing to ſupport me——His Eyes ſeem fixed on mine too; ah, I faint— [*Leans on* Def.

Gill. My Lady's Coach, *William*—quickly, ſhe faints.

Lov. Madam, can an unfortunate Stranger's aid add any thing to the recovery of ſo much Beauty?
[*Bowing, and holding her.*

L. *Lam.* Ah, wou'd he knew how much! [*Aſide.*

Gill. Support her, Sir, till her Ladyſhip's Coach comes—I beſeech you.

Lov. Not *Atlas* bore up Heaven with greater Pride.

L. *Lam.*—I beg your Pardon, Sir, for this Diſorder,

That has occaſion'd you ſo great a Trouble———
You ſeem a Gentleman——and conſequently
May need ſome Service done you ; name the way,
I ſhall be glad to let you ſee my Gratitude.

Lov. If there be ought in me, that merits this amazing Favour from you, I owe my Thanks to Nature that endow'd me with ſomething in my Face that ſpoke my Heart.

L. *Lam.* Heavens ! How he looks and ſpeaks——— [*To* Desbro, *aſide.*

L. *Des.* Oh, theſe Heroicks, Madam, have the moſt charming Tongues.

L. *Lam.* Pray come to me——and ask for any of my Officers, and you ſhall have Admittance——

Lov. Who ſhall I ask for, Madam? for I'm yet ignorant to whom I owe for this great Bounty.

L. *Lam.* Not know me ! Thou art indeed a Stranger. I thought I'd been ſo elevated above the common Crowd, it had been viſible to all Eyes who I was.

Lov. Pardon my Ignorance.
My Soul conceives ye all that Heaven can make ye,
Of Great, of Fair and Excellent ;
But cannot gueſs a Name to call you by
But ſuch as would diſpleaſe ye—
My Heart begins to fail, and by her Vanity
I fear ſhe's one of the new Race of Quality :
——But be ſhe Devil, I muſt love that Form. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Hard Fate of Greatneſs, we ſo highly elevated
Are more expos'd to Cenſure than the little ones,
By being forc'd to ſpeak our Paſſions firſt.
———Is my Coach ready?

Page. It waits your Honour.

L. *Lam.* I give you leave to viſit me——ask for the General's Lady, if my Title be not by that time alter'd.

Lov. Piſtols and Daggers to my Heart—'tis ſo.

L. *Lam.* Adieu, Sir.

[*Ex. all but* Lov. *who ſtands muſing.*
Enter Freeman.

Free. How now, what's the matter with thee?

Lov. Prithee wake me, *Freeman.*

Free.

Free. Wake thee!

Lov. I dream; by Heaven I dream;
Nay, yet the lovely Phantom's in my View.
Oh! wake me, or I ſleep to perfect Madneſs.

Free. What ail'ſt thou? what did'ſt dream of?

Lov. A ſtrange fantaſtick Charmer,
A thing juſt like a Woman Friend;
It walkt and lookt with wondrous Majeſty,
Had Eyes that kill'd, and Graces deck'd her Face;
But when ſhe talk'd, mad as the Winds ſhe grew.
Chimera in the form of Angel, Woman!

Free. Who the Devil meaneſt thou?

Lov. By Heav'n I know not, but, as ſhe vaniſh'd hence, ſhe bad me come to the General's.

Free. Why this is ſhe I told thee ey'd thee ſo at the Conventicle; 'tis *Lambert*, the renown'd, the famous Lady *Lambert*—Mad call'ſt thou her? 'tis her ill acted Greatneſs, thou miſtak'ſt; thou art not us'd to the Pageantry of theſe Women yet; they all run thus mad; 'tis Greatneſs in 'em, *Loveleſs.*

Lov. And is thine thus, thy Lady *Desbro?*

Free. She's of another Cut, ſhe married, as moſt do, for Intereſt——but what——thou't to her;

Lov. If Lightning ſtop my way:——
Perhaps a ſober View may make me hate her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Chamber.*

Enter Lambert *and* Whitlock.

Whit. My Lord, now is your time, you may be King; Fortune is yours, you've time it ſelf by th' Fore-lock.

Lam. If I thought ſo, I'd hold him faſt by Heaven.

Whit. If you let ſlip this Opportunity, my Lord, you are undone——*Aut Cæsar, aut Nullus.*

Lam. But *Fleetwood*———

Whit. Hang him, ſoft Head.

Lam. True, he's of an eaſy Nature; yet if thou didſt but know how little Wit governs this mighty Univerſe, thou wou'dſt not wonder Men ſhould ſet up him.

Whit. That will not recommend him at this *Juncto*,

tho he's an excellent Tool for your Lordſhip to make uſe of; and therefore uſe him, Sir, as *Cataline* did *Lentulus*; drill the dull Fool with Hopes of Empire on, and that all tends to his Advancement only: The Blockhead will believe the Crown his own: What other Hopes could make him ruin *Richard*, a Gentleman of Qualities a thouſand times beyond him?

Lam. They were both too ſoft; an ill Commendation for a General, who ſhould be rough as Storms of War it ſelf.

Whit. His time was ſhort, and yours is coming on; Old *Oliver* had his.

Lam. I hate the Memory of that Tyrant *Oliver*.

Whit. So do I, now he's dead, and ſerves my Ends no more. I lov'd the Father of the great Heroick, whilſt he had Power to do me good: he ſailing, Reaſon directed me to the Party then prevailing, the Fag-end of the Parliament: 'tis true, I took the Oath of Allegiance, as *Oliver*, your Lordſhip, *Tony*, and the reſt did, without which we could not have ſat in that Parliament; but that Oath was not for our Advantage, and ſo better broke than kept.

Lam. I am of your Opinion, my Lord.

Whit. Let Honeſty and Religion preach against it. But how cou'd I have ſerv'd the Commons by deſerting the King? how have ſhow'd my ſelf loyal to your Intereſt, by fooling *Fleetwood*, in the deſerting of *Dick*; by diſſolving the honeſt Parliament, and bringing in the odious Rump? how cou'd I have flattered *Ireton*, by telling him Providence brought things about, when 'twas mere Knavery all; and that the Hand of the Lord was in't, when I knew the Devil was in't? or indeed, how cou'd I now adviſe you to be King, if I had ſtarted at Oaths, or preferr'd Honeſty or Divinity before Intereſt and the *Good Old Cause?*

Lam. Nay 'tis moſt certain, he that will live in this World, muſt be endu'd with the three rare Qualities of Diſſimulation, Equivocation, and mental Reſervation.

Whit. In which Excellency, Heav'n be prais'd, we out-do the Jeſuits.

Enter Lady Lambert.

L. *Lam.* I'm glad to ſee you ſo well employ'd, my Lord,

Lord, as in Diſcourſe with my Lord *Whitlock*, he's of our Party, and has Wit.

Whit. Your Honour graces me too much.

Lam. My Lord, my Lady is an abſolute States-woman.

L. *Lam.* Yes, I think things had not arriv'd to this exalted height, nor had you been in proſpect of a Crown, had not my Politicks exceeded your meaner Ambition.

Lam. I confeſs, I owe all my good Fortune to thee.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, my Lord *Wariſton*, Lord *Hewſon*, Colonel *Cobbet*, and Colonel *Duckenfield* deſire the Honour of waiting on you.

L. *Lam.* This has a Face of Greatneſs——let 'em wait a while i'th' Antichamber.

Lam. My Love, I would have 'em come in.

L. *Lam.* You wou'd have 'em! you wou'd have a Fool's Head of your own; pray let me be Judge of what their Duty is, and what your Glory: I ſay I'll have 'em wait.

Page. My Lord *Fleetwood* too is juſt alighted, ſhall he wait too, Madam?

L. *Lam.* He may approach: and d'ye hear—put on your fawning Looks, flatter him, and profeſs much Friendſhip to him, you may betray him with the more facility.

Whit. Madam, you counſel well. [*Ex. Page.*

Page re-enters with Lord Fleetwood.

Lam. My good Lord, your moſt ſubmiſſive Servant.

Whit. My gracious Lord, I am your Creature——your Slave——

Fleet. I profeſs ingeniouſly, I am much engag'd to you, my good Lords; I hope things are now in the Lord's handling, and will go on well for his Glory and my Intereſt, and that all my good People of *England* will do things that become good Chriſtians.

Whit. Doubt us not, my good Lord; the Government cannot be put into abler Hands, than thoſe of your Lordſhip; it has hitherto been in the hard Clutches of Jews, Infidels, and Pagans.

Fleet. Yea, verily, Abomination has been in the hands of Iniquity.

Lam. But, my Lord, thoſe Hands, by my good Conduct, are now cut off, and our Ambition is, your Lordſhip wou'd take the Government upon you.

Fleet. I profeſs, my Lord, by yea and nay, I am aſham'd of this Goodneſs, in making me the Inſtrument of ſaving Grace to this Nation; 'tis the great Work of the Lard.

L. *Lam.* The Lard! Sir, I'll aſſure you the Lard has the leaſt Hand in your good Fortune; I think you ought to aſcribe it to the Cunning and Conduct of my Lord here, who ſo timely abandon'd the Intereſt of *Richard.*

Fleet. Ingeniouſly I must own, your good Lord can do much, and has done much; but 'tis our Method to aſcribe all to the Powers above.

L. *Lam.* Then I muſt tell you, your Method's an ungrateful Method.

Lam. Peace, my Love.

Whit. Madam, this is the Cant we muſt delude the Rabble with.

L. *Lam.* Then let him uſe it there, my Lord, not amongſt us, who so well underſtand one another.

Lam. Good Dear, be pacified——and tell me, ſhall the Gentlemen without have Admittance?

L. *Lam.* They may. [*Page goes out.*

Enter Hewſon, Desbro, Duckenfield, Wariſton, *and* Cobbet.

War. Guds Benizon light on you, my gued Loords, for this Day's Work; Madam, I kiſs your white Honds.

Duc. My Lord, I have not been behind-hand in this Day's turn of State.

Lam. 'Tis confeſs'd, Sir; what would you infer from that?

Duc. Why, I wou'd know how things go; who ſhall be General, who Protector?

Hewſ. My Friend has well tranſlated his meaning.

L. *Lam.* Fy, how that filthy Cobler Lord betrays his Function.

Duc. We're in a Chaos, a Confuſion, as we are.

Hewſ. Indeed the Commonwealth at preſent is out at Heels, and wants underlaying.

Cob.

Cob. And the People expect ſomething ſuddenly from us.

Whit. My Lords and Gentlemen, we muſt conſider a while.

War. Bread a gued there's mickle Wiſdom i'that, Sirs.

Duc. It ought to be conſulted betimes, my Lord, 'tis a Matter of Moment, and ought to be conſulted by the whole Committee.

Lam. We deſign no other, my Lord, for which Reaſon at three a Clock we'll meet at *Wallingford* Houſe.

Duc. Nay, my Lord, do but ſettle the Affair, let's but know who's our Head, and 'tis no matter.

Hewſ. Ay, my Lord, no matter who; I hope 'twill be *Fleetwood*, for I have the length of his Foot already.

Whit. You are the leading Men, Gentlemen, your Voices will ſoon ſettle the Nation.

Duc. Well, my Lord, we'll not fail at three a Clock.

Def. This falls out well for me; for I've Buſineſs in *Smithfield*, where my Horſes ſtand; and verily, now I think on't, the Rogue the Oſtler has not given 'em Oates to day: Well, my Lords, farewel; if I come not time enough to *Wallingford* Houſe, keep me a Place in the Committee, and let my Voice ſtand for one, no matter who.

War. A gued Mon I's warrant, and takes muckle Pains for the Gued o'th' Nation, and the Liberty o'th Mobily—The Diel confound 'em aud.

Lam. Come, my Lord *Wariſton*, you are a Wiſe Man, what Government are you for?

War. Ene tol what ya pleaſe my gued Loord.

[*Takes him aſide.*

Lam. What think you of a ſingle Perſon here in my Lord *Fleetwood?*

War. Marry Sir, and he's a brave Man, but gen I may counſel, tak't for yar ſel my gued Loord, ant be gued for him, 'tis ene gued for ya te.

Lam. But above half the Nation are for him.

War. Bread a gued, and I's for him then.

Fleet. The Will of the Lard be done; and ſince 'tis his Will, I cannot withſtand my Fate——ingeniouſly.

Whit. My Lord *Wariſton*, a Word———what if *Lambert*

bert were the Man? [*Takes him aſide.*

War. Right Sir, Wons and ya have ſpoken aud: he's a brave Mon indeed gen I's have any Judgment.

Whit. So I find this Property's for any uſe. [*Aſide.*

Lam. My Lord, I perceive Heaven and Earth conſpire to make you our Prince.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly, my Lords, the Weight of three Kingdoms is a heavy Burden for ſo weak Parts as mine: therefore, I will, before I appear at Council, go ſeek the Lard in this great Affair; and, if I receive a Revelation for it, I ſhall with all Humility eſpouſe the Yoke, for the Good of his People and mine; and ſo Gad with us, the Commonwealth of *England.*

[*Exeunt* Fleet. Desbro, Wariſton, Duc. Cob. Hewſ. *and* Whit.

L. *Lam.* Poor deluded Wretch, 'tis not yet come to that.

Lam. No my dear, the Voice will go clearly for me; what with Bribes to ſome, Hypocriſy and Pretence of Religion to others, and promis'd Preferments to the reſt, I have engag'd 'em all.

L. *Lam.* And will you be a King?

Lam. You think that's ſo fine a thing——but let me tell you, my Love, a King's a Slave to a Protector, a King's ty'd up to a thouſand Rules of muſty Law, which we can break at pleaſure; we can rule without Parliaments, at leaſt chuſe whom we pleaſe, make 'em agree to our Propoſals, or ſet a Guard upon 'em, and ſtarve 'em till they do.

L. *Lam.* But their Votes are the ſtrangeſt things—that they muſt paſs for Laws; you were never voted King.

Lam. No, nor care to be: The ſharpeſt Sword's my Vote, my Law, my Title. They voted *Dick* ſhould reign, where is he now? They voted the great Heroicks from the Succeſſion; but had they Arms or Men, as I have, you ſhou'd ſoon ſee what wou'd become of their Votes———No my Love! 'tis this———muſt make me King. [*His Sword.*

Let *Fleetwood* and the Rump go ſeek the Lard,
My Empire and my Truſt is in my Sword.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber of State.

Enter L. Lambert, Gilliflower, *and Women-ſervants.*

L. *Lam.* *Gilliflower*, has none been here to ask for any of my People, in order to his approach to me?

Gill. None, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Madam! How dull thou art? wo't never learn to give me a better Title, than ſuch an one as fooliſh Cuſtom beſtows on every common Wench?

Gill. Pardon my Ignorance, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Again Madam?

Gill. Really, Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to know by what other Title you wou'd be diſtinguiſh'd?

L. *Lam.* Abominable dull! Do'ſt thou not know on what ſeore my Dear is gone to *Wallingford* Houſe?

Gill. I cannot divine, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Heaven help thy Ignorance! he's gone to be made Protector, Fool, or at leaſt a King, thou Creature; and from this Day I date my ſelf her Highneſs.

Gill. That will be very fine indeed, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

L. *Lam.* I think 'twill ſute better with my Perſon and Beauty than with the other Woman—what d'ye call her? Mrs. *Cromwell*——my Shape——and Gate——my Humour, and my Youth have ſomething more of Grandeur, have they not?

Gill. Infinitely, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Man without has the boldneſs to ask for your Honour.

L. *Lam.* Honour, Fool!

Gill. Her Highneſs, Blockhead.

Page. Saucily preſt in, and ſtruck the Porter for denying him entrance to your———Highneſs.

L. *Lam.* What kind of Fellow was't?

Page. A rude, rough, hectoring Swaſh, an't pleaſe your Highneſs; nay, and two or three times, Gad forgive me, he ſwore too.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* It muſt be he. [*Aſide.*

Page. His Habit was ſomething bad and Cavalieriſh—I believe 'twas ſome poor petitioning, begging Tory, who having been ſequeſter'd, wou'd preſs your Highneſs for ſome favour.

L. *Lam.* Yes, it muſt be he——ah fooliſh Creature! and can he hope Relief, and be a villanous Cavalier? out upon 'em, poor Wretches——you may admit him, for I long to hear how one of thoſe things talk.

Gill. Oh moſt ſtrangely, Madam——an pleaſe your Highneſs I ſhou'd ſay.

Enter Loveleſs.

L. *Lam.* 'Tis he, I'll ſwear, *Gilliflower*, theſe Heroicks are punctual——how now, your Bus'neſs with us, Fellow?

Lov. My Bus'neſs, Madam?———

L. *Lam.* Haſt thou ever a Petition to us?

Lov. A Petition, Madam?——Sure this put-on-Greatneſs is to amuſe her Servants, or has ſhe forgot that ſhe invited me? or indeed forgot me?——— [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* What art thou?

Page. Shall we ſearch his Breeches, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, for Piſtol, or other Inſtruments?

L. *Lam.* No Boy, we fear him not, they ſay the Powers above protect the Perſons of Princes.

Lov. Sure ſhe's mad, yet ſhe walks looſe about,
And ſhe has Charms even in her raving Fit.

L. *Lam.* Answer me. What art thou?———
How ſhall I get my Servants hence with Honour? [*Aſide*

Lov. A Gentleman——
That could have boaſted Birth and Fortune too,
Till theſe accurſed Times, which Heaven confound,
Razing out all Nobility, all Virtue,
Has render'd me the rubbiſh of the World;
Whilſt new rais'd Raſcals, Canters, Robbers, Rebels,
Do lord it o'er the Free-born, Brave and Noble.

L. *Lam.* You're very confident, know you to whom you ſpeak? but I ſuppose you have loſt your Eſtate, or ſome ſuch triſling thing, which makes you angry.

Lov. Yes, a trivial Eſtate of ſome five and twenty hundred Pound a Year: but I hope to ſee that Rogue of a Lord

Lord reduc'd to his Cobler's-Stall again, or more deſerv'dly hang'd, that has it.

L. *Lam.* I thought 'twas ſome ſuch Grievance—but you muſt keep a good Tongue in your Head, leſt you be hang'd for *Scandalum Magnatum*——there's Law for ye, Sir.

Lov. No matter, then I ſhall be free from a damn'd Commonwealth, as you are pleas'd to call it, when indeed 'tis but a mungrel, mangy, Mock-Monarchy.

L. *Lam.* Is it your buſineſs, Sir, to rail?

Lov. You rais'd the Devil, Madam.

Page. Madam, ſhall I call your Highneſs's Guards, and ſecure the Traitor?

L. *Lam.* No, that you may ſee how little I regard or fear him; leave us all—— [*Ex. all but* Gill.
We'll truſt our Perſon in his Hands alone——
—Now, Sir, your Buſineſs? [*Smilingly approaches him.*

Lov. Madam, I waited here by your Commands.

L. *Lam.* How ſhall I tell him that I love him, *Gilliflower?*

Gill. Eaſily, Madam, tell him ſo in plain *Engliſh*, Madam, 'tis great; Women of your exalted height ever ſpeak firſt; you have no Equals dare pretend to ſpeak of Love to you.

L. *Lam.* Thou art i'th' right—Do'ſt know my Quality, and thy own Poverty? And haſt thou nothing to ask that I may grant?

Lov. Sure ſhe loves me! and I, frail Fleſh and Blood, cannot reſiſt her Charms; but ſhe's of the damn'd Party. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Are all your Party, Sir, ſo proud?

Lov. But what have I to do with Religion! Is Beauty the worſe, or a kind Wench to be refus'd for Conventickling? She lives high on the Spoils of a glorious Kingdom, and why may not I live upon the Sins of the Spoiler? [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Sir—you are poor!

Lov. So is my Prince; a Plague on the occaſion.

L. *Lam.* I think you are——no Fool too.

Lov. I wou'd I were, then I had been a Knave, had thriv'd, and poſſibly by this time had been tugging for rifled Crowns and Kingdoms. L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* This Satir ill befits my preſent Bus'neſs with you—you—want ſome Neceſſaries——as Clothes, and Linen too; and 'tis great pity ſo proper a Man ſhou'd want Neceſſaries. *Gilliflower*——take my Cabinet Key, and fetch the Purſe of Broad-pieces that lies in the lower Drawer; 'tis a ſmall Preſent, Sir, but 'tis an Earneſt of my farther Service. [Gill. *goes out and returns with a Purſe.*

Lov. I'm angry, that I find one Grain of Generoſity in this whole Race of Hypocrites. [*Aſide.*

L. *Lam.* Here, Sir, 'tis only for your preſent uſe; for Clothes—three hundred Pieces; let me ſee you ſweet—

Lov. Stark mad, by this good Day.

L. *Lam.* Ah *Gilliflower!* How prettily thoſe Cavalier things charm; I wonder how the Powers above came to give them all the Wit, Softneſs, and Gallantry—whilſt all the great ones of our Age have the moſt ſlovenly, ungrateful, dull Behaviour; no Air, no Wit, no Love, nor any thing to pleaſe a Lady with.

Gill. Truly Madam, there's a great Difference in the Men; yet Heaven at firſt did its part, but the Devil has ſince ſo over-done his, that what with the Vizor of Sanctity, which is the gadly Sneer, the drawing of the Face to a prodigious length, the formal Language, with a certain Twang through the Noſe, and the pious Gogle, they are fitter to ſcare Children than beget love in Ladies.

Lov. You hit the Character of your new Saint.

L. *Lam.* And then their Dreſs, *Gilliflower.*

Gil. Oh! 'Tis an Abomination to look like a Gentleman; long Hair is wicked and cavalieriſh, a Periwig is flat Popery, the Diſguiſe of the Whore of *Babylon*; handſom Clothes, or lac'd Linen, the very Tempter himſelf, that debauches all their Wives and Daughters; therefore the diminutive Band, with the Hair of the Reformation Cut, beneath which a pair of large ſanctify'd Souſes appear, to declare to the World they had hitherto eſcap'd the Pillory, tho deſerv'd it as well as *Pryn.*

L. *Lam.* Have a care what you ſay, *Gilliflower.*

Gill. Why, Madam, we have no Informers here.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, here's Old *Noll*'s Wife deſires Admittance to your Hon——your Highneſs.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* Bid the poor Creature wait without, I'll do her what Good I can for her Husband's ſake, who firſt infus'd Politicks into me, by which I may boaſt I have climb'd to Empire.

Lov. So her Madneſs runs in that Vein I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Gil. Alack, Madam, I think ſhe's coming.

Crom. without] Does ſhe keep State in the Devil's Name, and muſt I wait?

L. *Lam.* Heavens! I ſhall be ſcandalized by the Godly. Dear *Gilliflower*, conceal my Cavalier; I would not have a Cavalier ſeen with me for all the World—Step into my Cabinet. [*Ex.* Gil. *aud* Lov.

Enter L. Cromwel, *held back by a Man—to them* Gilliflower.

Crom. Unhand me, Villain—'twas not long ſince a Rudeneſs, Sir, like this had forfeited thy Head.

L. *Lam.* What wou'd the Woman?

Crom. The Knave, the perjur'd Villain thy Husband, by th' Throat: thou proud, imperious Baggage, to make me wait; whoſe Train thou haſt been proud to bear—— how durſt thou, after an Affront like this, truſt thy falſe Face within my Fingers reach? that Face, that firſt bewitch'd the beſt of Husbands from me, and tempted him to ſin.

Gil. I beſeech your Highneſs retire, the Woman's mad.

Crom. Highneſs in the Devil's Name, ſure 'tis not come to that; no, I may live to ſee thy Cuckold hang'd firſt, his Politicks are yet too ſhallow, Miſtreſs. Heavens! Did my Husband make him Lord for this? raiſe him to Honour, Truſts, Commands, and Counſels,
To ruin all our Royal Family,
Betray young *Richard*, who had reign'd in Peace
But for his Perjuries and Knaveries;
And now he ſooths my Son-in-Law, ſoft *Fleetwood*,
With empty hopes of Pow'r, and all the while
To make himſelf a King:
No, Minion, no; I yet may live to ſee
Thy Husband's Head o'th' top of *Weſtminſter*,
Before I ſee it circled in a Crown.

L. *Lam.* I pity the poor Creature.

Crom. Ungrateful Traytor as he is,

Not to look back upon his Benefactors;
But he, in lieu of making juſt Returns,
Reviles our Family, profanes our Name,
And will in time render it far more odious
Than ever *Needham* made the great Heroicks.

L. *Lam.* Alas, it weeps, poor Woman!

Crom. Thou ly'ſt, falſe Strumpet, I ſcorn to ſhed a Tear,
For ought that thou canſt do or ſay to me;
I've too much of my Husband's Spirit in me.
Oh, my dear *Richard*, hadſt thou had a Grain on't,
Thou and thy Mother ne'er had fall'n to this.

Gil. His Father ſure was ſeeking of the Lard when he was got.

Enter L. Fleetwood, *her train born up.*

Crom. Where is this perjur'd Slave, thy Wittal Lord?
Dares he not ſhew his Face, his guilty Face,
Before the Perſon he has thus betray'd?

L. *Fleet.* Madam, I hope you miſtake my honour'd Lord *Lambert*, I believe he deſigns the Throne for my dear Lord.

Crom. Fond Girl, becauſe he has the Art of fawning,
Diſſembling to the height, can ſooth and ſmile,
Profeſs, and ſometimes weep:———
No, he'll betray him, as he did thy Brother;
Richard the Fourth was thus deluded by him.
No, let him ſwear and promiſe what he will,
They are but ſteps to his own ambitious End;
And only makes the Fool, thy credulous Husband,
A ſilly deluded Property.

Enter Fleetwood.

Fleet. My honour'd Mother, I am glad to find you here; I hope we ſhall reconcile things between ye. Verily ye ſhould live in Brotherly Love together; come, ingeniouſly, you ſhall be Friends, my Lady Mother.

Crom. Curſe on the occaſion of thy being a Kin to me.

Fleet. Why, an pleaſe ye, forſooth, Madam?

Crom. My Daughter had a Husband,
Worthy the Title of my Son-in-Law;
Ireton, my beſt of Sons: he'd Wit and Courage,
And with his Counſels, rais'd our Houſe to Honours,

Which

Which thy impolitick Eaſineſs pulls down:
And whilſt you ſhou'd be gaining Crowns and Kingdoms,
Art poorly couzening of the World with fruitleſs Prayers.

Fleet. Nay, I'll warrant you, Madam, when there is any gadly Miſchief to be done, I am as forward as the beſt; but 'tis good to take the Lard along with us in every thing. I profeſs ingeniouſly, as I am an honeſt Man, verily—— ne'er ſtir——
I ſhall act as becomes a good Chriſtian.

Crom. A good Coxcomb.
Do'ſt thou not ſee her reverend Highneſs there,
That Minion now aſſumes that glorious Title
I once, and my Son *Richard*'s Wife enjoy'd,
Whilſt I am call'd the Night-mare of the Commonwealth?
But wou'd I were, I'd ſo hag-ride the perjur'd Slaves,
Who took ſo many Oaths of true Allegiance
To my great Husband firſt, and then to *Richard*——
Who, whilſt they reign'd, were moſt illuſtrious,
Moſt high and mighty Princes; whilſt fawning Poets
Write Panegyricks on 'em; and yet no ſooner was the wondrous Hero dead, but all his glorious Titles fell to Monſter of Mankind, Murderer of Piety, Traytor to Heaven and Goodneſs.

Fleet. Who calls him ſo? Pray take their Names down: I profeſs ingeniouſly, forſooth Madam, verily I'll order 'em, as I am here I will.

Crom. Thou, alas! they ſcorn ſo poor a thing as thou.

Fleet. Do they ingeniouſly? I'll be even with 'em, forſooth Mother, as I am here I will, and there's an end on't.

Crom. I wou'd there were an end of our Diſgrace and Shame,
Which is but juſt begun, I fear.
What will become of that fair Monument
Thy careful Father did erect for thee, [*To L.* Fleetwood.
Yet whilſt he liv'd, next to thy Husband *Ireton*,
Leſt none ſhou'd do it for thee after he were dead;
The Malice of proud *Lambert* would deſtroy all.

Fleet. I profeſs, Madam, you miſtake my good Lord *Lambert*, he's an honeſt Man, and fears the Lard; he tells me I am to be the Man; verily he does after all's done.

Crom.

Crom. Yes, after all's done, thou art the Man to be pointed at.

Fleet. Nay, ingeniouſly, I ſcorn the Words, ſo I do: I know the great Work of Salvation to the Nation is to be wrought by me, verily.

Crom. Do, cant on, till Heaven drop Kingdoms in thy Mouth: Dull, ſilly Sot, thou Ruin of our Intereſt; thou fond, incorrigible, eaſy Fool.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, the Committee of Safety waits your coming.

Fleet. Why, law you now, forſooth—I profeſs verily, you are ingeniouſly the hardeſt of Belief——tell the Honourable Lords I'm coming: Go, Lady-mother, go home with my Wife; and verily you'll ſee things go to your wiſh—I muſt to Coach.

L. *Fleet.* Madam, your humble Servant. [*To La.* Lam.

Fleet. Honour'd Lady, I kiſs your Hands.

[*Exeunt* Crom. Fleet. *and* L. Fleet.

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. Was this the thing that is to be Protector?
This little ſniveling Fellow rule three Kingdoms?
But leave we Politicks, and fall to Love,
Who deals more Joys in one kind happy moment
Than Ages of dull Empire can produce.

L. *Lam.* Oh Gods! ſhall I who never yielded yet,
But to him to whom three Kingdoms fell a Sacrifice,
Surrender at firſt Parley?

Lov. Perhaps that Lover made ye gayer Preſents,
But cou'd not render you a Heart all Love,
Or Mind embaraſs'd in Affairs of Blood.
—I bring no Guilt to fright you from my Embraces,
But all our Hours ſhall be ſerene and ſoft.

L. *Lam.* Ah, *Gilliflower*, thy Aid, or I am loſt;
Shall it be ſaid of me in after Ages,
When my Fame amongſt Queens ſhall be recorded,
That I, ah Heavens! regardleſs of my Country's Cauſe,
Eſpous'd the wicked Party of its Enemies,
The Heatheniſh Heroicks? ah, defend me!

Lov. Nay———by all that's———

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* Ah hold! Do not profane my Ears with Oaths or Excrations, I cannot bear the Sound.

Lov. Nay, nay—by Heav'n I'll not depart your Lodgings, till that ſoft Love that plays ſo in your Eyes give me a better Proof——by——

L. *Lam.* Oh hold, I die, if you proceed in this Abomination.

Lov. Why do you force me to't? d'ye think to put me off with ſuch a Face—ſuch Lips—ſuch Smiles—ſuch Eyes, and every Charm—You've made me mad, and I ſhall ſwear my Soul away, if diſappointed now.

Gil. Ah, ſave the Gentleman's Soul, I beſeech ye, Madam.

L. *Lam.* I'm much inclin'd to Acts of Piety——
And you have ſuch a Power, that howe'er I incommode my Honour—— [*Leaning on him, ſmiling. He goes to lead her out, Enter La.* Desbro.
—*Desbro* here! How unſeaſonably ſhe comes?

L. *Def.* Cry mercy, I'll withdraw a while.

L. *Lam.* Ah, *Desbro!* thou art come in the moſt unlucky Minute———I was juſt on the point of falling——
As thou ſay'ſt, theſe Heroicks have the ſtrangeſt Power—

L. *Def.* I never knew a Woman cou'd reſiſt 'em.

L. *Lam.* No marvel then, our Husbands uſe 'em ſo, betray 'em, baniſh 'em, ſequeſter, murder 'em, and every way diſarm 'em———

L. *Def.* But their Eyes, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Ay, their Eyes, *Desbro*; I wonder our Lords ſhou'd take away their Swords, and let 'em wear their Eyes.

L. *Def.* I'll move it to the Committee of Safety, Madam, thoſe Weapons ſhould be taken from 'em too.

L. *Lam.* Still they'll have ſome to be reveng'd on us.

L. *Def.* Ay, ſo they will; My Lord ſays, a Cavalier is a kind of *Hydra*, knock him o'th' Head as often as you will, he has ſtill one to peep up withal.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, here's Mr. *Freeman* to ſpeak with your Honour.

Lov.

Lov. That's a Friend of mine, Madam, and 'twou'd be unneceſſary he ſaw your Highneſs and I together: let us withdraw———

L. *Lam.* Withdraw! why, what will *Desbro* ſay?

Def. O Madam, I know your Virtue and your Piety too well to ſuſpect your Honour wrongfully: 'tis impoſſible a Lady that goes to a Conventicle twice a Day, beſides long Prayers and loud Pſalm-ſinging, ſhou'd do any thing with an Heroick againſt her Honour. Your known Sanctity preſerves you from Scandal —— But here's *Freeman*——— [*Puts 'em in.*

Enter Freeman.

Free. So, Madam———you are very kind———

L. *Def.* My charming *Freeman*, this tedious Day of Abſence has been an Age in love. How haſt thou liv'd without me?

Free. Like one condemn'd, ſad and diſconſolate,
And all the while you made your Husband happy.

L. *Def.* Name not the Beaſtly Hypocrite, thou know'ſt I make no other uſe of him,
But a dull Property to advance our Love.

Free. And 'tis but Juſtice, *Maria*, he ſequeſter'd me of my whole Eſtate, becauſe, he ſaid, I took up Arms in *Ireland*, on Noble *Ormond*'s Side; nay, hir'd Rogues, perjur'd Villains—Witneſſes with a Pox, to ſwear it too; when at that time I was but Eight Years old; hut I eſcap'd as well as all the Gentry and Nobility of *England*. To add to this, he takes my Miſtreſs too.

L. *Def.* You miſtake, my lovely *Freeman*; I married only thy Eſtate, the beſt Compoſition I cou'd make for thee, and I will pay it back with Intereſt too.

Free. You wou'd ſuſpect my Love then, and ſwear that all the Adoration I pay you, were, as we do to Heav'n, for Intereſt only.

L. *Def.* How you miſtake my Love, but do ſtill, ſo you will let me give theſe—Proofs of it. [*Gives him Gold.*

Free. Thus, like *Atlante*, you drop Gold in my Purſuit to Love, I may not over-take you:
What's this to giving me one happy minute?
Take back your Gold, and give me currant Love,

The

The Treaſure of your Heart, not of your Purſe——
When ſhall we meet, *Maria?*

L. *Def.* You know my leiſure Hours are when my Honourable Lord has buſineſs in Affairs of State, or at his Prayers; from which long-winded Exerciſe I have of late withdrawn my ſelf: three Hours by the Clock he prays *extempore*, which is, for National and Houſhold Bleſſings: For the firſt——'tis to confound the Intereſt of the King, that the Lard wou'd deliver him, his Friends, Adherers and Allies, whereſoever ſcattered about the Face of the whole Earth, into the Clutches of the Righteous: Preſs 'em, good Lard, even as the Vintager doth the Grape in the Wine-Preſs, till the Waters and gliding Channels are made red with the Blood of the Wicked. [*In a Tone.*

Free. And grant the Faithful to be mighty, and to be ſtrong in Perſecution; and more eſpecially, ah! I beſeech thee confound that malignant Tory *Freeman*——that he may never riſe up in judgment againſt thy Servant, who has taken from him his Eſtate, his Suſtenance and Bread; give him Grace of thy infinite Mercy, to hang himſelf, if thy People can find no zealous Witneſſes to ſwear him to the Gallows legally. Ah, we have done very much for thee Lard, thou ſhoud'ſt conſider us thy Flock, and we ſhou'd be as good to thee in another thing. [*In a Tone.*

L. *Def.* Thou hit'ſt the zealous Twang right; ſure thou haſt been acquainted with ſome of 'em.

Free. Damn 'em, no; what honeſt Man wou'd keep 'em Company, where harmleſs Wit and Mirth's a Sin, laughing ſcandalous, and a merry Glaſs Abomination.

L. *Def.* Yes, if you drink Healths my wicked Brother; otherwiſe, to be ſilently drunk, to be as abuſive and ſatirical as you pleaſe, upon the Heroicks, is allowable—for laughing, 'tis not indeed ſo well; but the preciſe Sneer and Grin is lawful; no ſwearing indeed, but lying and diſſimulation in abundance. I'll aſſure you, they drink as deep, and entertain themſelves as well with this ſilent way of leud Debauchery, as you with all your Wit and Mirth, your Healths of the Royal Family.

Free. Nay, I confeſs, 'tis a great Pleaſure to cheat the World.

L. *Def.*

L. *Def.* 'Tis Power, as divine *Hobbes* calls it.

Free. But what's all this to Love? Where ſhall we meet anon?

L. *Def.* I'll tell you, what will pleaſe you as well—Your Friend is within with her Highneſs that ſhall be, if the Devil and her Husband's Politicks agree about the matter.

Free. Ha, has my cautious Railer manag'd matters ſo ſlyly?

L. *Def.* No, no, the matter was manag'd to his Hand; you ſee how Heav'n brings things about, for the Good of your Party; this Buſineſs will be worth to him at leaſt a thouſand Pound a year, or two, well manag'd———But ſee, my Lady's Woman.

Gil. Oh Madam, my Lord——

[*Running cross the Stage into her Lady's Chamber.*

Free. Death, how ſhall I bring my Friend off? he'll certainly be ruin'd.

Enter Gill. Lov. *and Lady* Lam.

Gill. Madam, he's coming up.

Lov. Madam, for my ſelf I care not, but am much concern'd for you. [*L.* Lam. *takes two Papers out of her Pocket, and gives 'em to* Lov. *and* Free.

L. *Lam.* Here, take theſe two Petitions, each of you one——Poor Fellows——you may be gone, your Petitions will not be granted.

Enter Lambert.

L. *Lam.* How now, my Dear, what Petitions?——— Friends, what's your Bus'neſs?

L. *Lam.* 'Tis enough we know their Buſineſs, Love, we are ſufficient to diſpatch ſuch Suiters, I hope.

Lam. Pardon me, my Dear, I thought no harm; but I ſaw you frown, and that made me concern'd.

L. *Lam.* Frown! 'Twou'd make any Body frown, to hear the Impudence of Gentlemen, theſe Cavaliers—— wou'd you think it my Dear, if this Fellow has not the Impudence to petition for the Thirds of his Eſtate again, ſo juſtly taken from him for bearing arms for the Man?—

L. *Def.* Nay, I'm inform'd, that they, but two Nights ago, in a Tavern, drunk a Health to the Man too.

Lam.

Lam. How durſt you, Sirrah, approach my Lady with any ſuch ſaucy Addreſs, you have receiv'd our Anſwer.

Lov. Death, I have ſcarce Patience. [*Aſide.*

Free. We knew, my Lord, the Influence your Ladies have over you, and Women are more tender and compaſſionate naturally than Men; and Sir, 'tis hard for Gentlemen to ſtarve.

L. *Lam.* Have you not able Limbs? can ye not work?

Lov. Perſons of our Education work!

Lam. Starve or beg then.

L. *Lam.* Education! why, I'll warrant there was that young Creature they call the Duke of *Gloceſter*, was as well educated as any Lad in the Pariſh: and yet you ſee he ſhould have been bound Prentice to a Handy-Crafts Trade, but that our Lords could not ſpare Money to bind him out, and ſo they ſent him to beg beyond Sea.

Lov. Death, I ſhall do Miſchief: not all the Joy ſhe gave me but now, can atone for this Blaſphemy againſt the Royal Youth. [*Aſide.*

Free. Patience—Well, my Lord, we find you are obdurate, and we'll withdraw.

Lam. Do ſo: And if you dare preſume to trouble us any more, I'll have you whip'd d'ye hear.

L. *Def.* Madam, I'll take my leave of your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Lov. Free. *and L. Def.*

L. *Lam.* My Lord, 'twas I that ought to threaten 'em—but you're ſo forward ſtill——what makes you from the Committee?

Lam. I left ſome Papers behind.

L. *Lam.* And they'll make uſe of your Abſence to ſet up *Fleetwood* King.

Lam. I'll warrant ye my Dear.

L. *Lam.* You'll warrant! you are a Fool, and a Coxcomb; I ſee I muſt go my ſelf, there will be no Bus'neſs done till I thunder 'em together: They want Old *Oliver* amongſt 'em, his Arbitrary Nod cou'd make ye all tremble; when he wanted Power or Money, he need but cock in Parliament, and lay his Hand upon his Sword, and cry, I muſt have Money, and had it, or kick'd ye all

out of Doors: And you are all mealy mouth'd, you cannot cock for a Kingdom.

Lam. I'll warrant ye Dear, I can do as good a thing for a Kingdom.

L. *Lam.* You can do nothing as you ſhou'd do't: You want Old *Oliver*'s Brain, Old *Oliver*'s Courage, and Old *Oliver*'s Counſel: Ah, what a politick Fellow was little Sir *Anthony!* What a Head-piece was there! What a plaguy Fellow Old *Thurlo*, and the reſt! But get ye back, and return me Protector at leaſt, or never hope for Peace again.

Lam. My Soul, trouble not thy ſelf, go in———

With mine no Power can equal be,
And I will be a King to humour thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Council-Chamber, great Table, Chairs, and Papers.

Enter two Clerks, who lay Papers in Order, and Door-keeper.

Door. COME, haſte, haſte, the Lords are coming—keep back there, room for the Lords, room for the honourable Lords: Heav'n bleſs your Worſhips Honours.

Enter Lambert, Fleetwood, Whitlock, Wariſton, *diſcourſing earneſtly*; *to them* Duckenfield, Cobbet, Hewſon, Desbro, *and others*; Duck. *takes* Wariſton *by the Hand, and talks to him.*

War. Bread a gued Gentlemen, I's ſerv'd the Commonwealth long and faithfully; I's turn'd and turn'd to aud Intereſt and aud Religions that turn'd up Trump, and wons a me, but I's get naught but Bagery by my Sol; I's noo put in for a Panſion as well as reſt o ya Loones.

Cob. What we can ſerve you in, my Lord, you may command.

Duc.

Duc. And I too, my Lord, when the Government is new moulded.

War. Wons, Sirs, and I's ſa moold it, 'twas ne'er ſa moolded ſin the Dam boon'd the Head on't.

Duc. I know there are ſome ambitious Perſons that are for a ſingle perſon; but we'll have hot Work e'er we yield to that.

War. The faud Diel take 'em then for *Archibald?* 'tis worſe than Monarchy.

Duc. A thouſand times: have we with ſuch Induſtry been pulling down Kings of the Royal Family, to ſet up Tyrants of our own, of mean and obſcure Birth? No, if we're for a ſingle Perſon, I'm for a lawful one.

War. Wons and ya have ſpoken aud my Lord, ſo am I.

Duc. But *Lambert* has a buſy, haughty Spirit, and thinks to carry it; but we'll have no ſingle Perſon.

War. Nor I, ods Bread; the faud Diel breſt the Wem of *Lambert*, or any ſingle Perſon in *England.* I's for yare Intereſt my gued Lords. [*Bowing.*

Lam. My Lord *Wariſton*, will you pleaſe to aſſume the Chair?

Enter Loveleſs, Freeman, *and others with Petitions.*

War. Ah, my gued Loord, I's yare moſt obedient humble Servant. [*Bowing to* Lam. *all ſet.*

All. Hum, hum.

Fleet. My Lords and Gentlemen, we are here met together in the Name of the Lard ———

Duc. Yea, and I hope we ſhall hang together as one Man—A Pox upon your Preaching. [*Aſide.*

Fleet. —And hope this Day's great Work will be for his Praiſe and Glory.

Duc. 'Bating long Graces, my Lord, we are met together for the Bus'neſs of the Nation, to ſettle it, and to eſtabliſh a Government.

Fleet. Yea, verily: and I hope you will all unanimouſly agree, it ſhall be your unworthy Servant.

Lam. What elſe, my Lord?

Fleet. And as thou, Lard, haſt put the Sword into my Hand—

Duc. So put it into your Heart———my Lord, to do Juſtice.

Fleet. Amen.

Duc. I'd rather ſee it there than in your Hand—

[*Aſide.*

Fleet. For we are, as it were, a Body without a Head; or, to ſpeak more learnedly, an Animal inanimate.

Hew. My Lord, let us uſe, as little as we can, the Language of the Beaſt, hard Words; none of your Eloquence, it ſavoureth of Monarchy.

Lam. My Lord, you muſt give Men of Quality leave to ſpeak in a Language more gentile and courtly than the ordinary ſort of Mankind.

Hew. I am ſorry to hear there are any of Quality among this honourable Diſſembly. [*Stands up.*

Cob. Aſſembly, my Lord——

Hew. Well, you know my meaning; or if there be any ſuch, I'm ſorry they ſhould own themſelves of Quality.

Duc. How! own themſelves Gentlemen! Death, Sir, d'ye think we were all born Coblers?

Hew. Or if you were not, the more the pity, for little *England*, I ſay. [*In a heat.*

Fleet. Verily, my Lords, Brethren ſhould not fall out, it is a Scandal to the good Cauſe, and maketh the wicked rejoice.

War. Wons, and theys garr the looſey Proverb on't te, *when loons gang together by th' luggs, gued men get their ene.*

All. He, he, he.

Duc. He calls you Knaves by Craft, my Lords.

War. Bread a gued, take't among ye Gentlemen, I's ment weel.

Fleet. I profeſs, my Lord *Wariſton*, you make my Hair ſtand an end to hear how you ſwear.

War. Wons, my Loord, I's ſware as little as your Lordſhip, only I's ſwear out, and ya ſwallow aud.

Duc. There's a Bone for you to pick, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

Lam. We give my Lod *Wariſton* leave to jeſt.

Deſ.

Def. But what's this to the Government all this while? A dad I ſhall ſit ſo late, I ſhall have no time to viſit my Horſes, therefore proceed to the Point.

Hew. Ay, to the Point, my Lords; the Gentleman that ſpoke laſt ſpoke well.

Cob. Well ſaid Brother, I ſee you will in time ſpeak properly.

Duc. But to the Government, my Lords!

[*Beats the Table.*

Lam. Put 'em off of this Diſcourſe, my Lord.

[*Aſide to* War.

Def. My Lord *Wariſton*, move it, you are Speaker.

War. The Diel a me, Sirs, and noo ya talk of a Speaker, I's tell ye a blithe Tale.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly my Lord, you are to blame to ſwear ſo.

Lam. Your Story, my Lord.

War. By my Sol mon, and there war a poor Woman the other Day begg'd o'th' Carle the Speaker, but he'd give her nought unleſs ſhe'd let a Feart; wons at laſt a Feart ſhe lat. Ay marry, quoth the Woman, noo my Rump has a Speaker te.

All. He, he, he.

Duc. But to our Bus'neſs———

Def. Bus'neſs; ay, there's the thing, I've a World on't. I ſhou'd go and beſpeak a Pair of Mittins and Shears for my Hedger and Shearer, a pair of Cards for my Thraſher, a Scythe for my Mower, and a Skreen-Fan for my Lady-Wife, and many other things; my Head's full of Bus'neſs. I cannot ſtay—

Whit. Fy my Lord, will you neglect the bus'neſs of the Day? We meet to oblige the Nation, and gratify our Friends.

Def. Nay, I'll do any thing, ſo I may riſe time enough to ſee my Horſes at Night.

Lov. Damn 'em, what's ſtuff's here for a Council-Table?

Free. Where are our *Engliſh* Spirits, that can be govern'd by ſuch Dogs as theſe?——

Lam. Clerk, read the Heads of what paſt at our laſt ſitting.

War. In the firſt place, I muſt mind your Lordſhips tol conſider thoſe that have been gued Members in the Commonwealth.

Fleet. We ſhall not be backward to gratify any that have ſerv'd the Commonwealth.

Whit. There's Money enough; we have taxt the Nation high.

Duc. Yes, if we knew where to find it: however read.

Clerk reads.] To *Walter Walter* Draper, ſix thouſand nine hundred twenty nine Pounds ſix Shillings and five Pence, for Blacks for his Highneſs's Funeral.

Lam. For the Devil's; put it down for *Oliver Cromwel's* Funeral: We'll have no Record riſe up in Judgment for ſuch a Villain.

Lov. How live Aſſes kick the dead Lion! [*Aſide.*

Duc. Hark ye, my Lords, we ſit here to reward Services done to the Commonwealth; let us conſider whether this be a Service to the Commonwealth or not?

Lam. However, we'll give him Paper for't.

Hewſ. Ay, let him get his Money when he can.

Lam. Paper's not ſo dear, and the Clerk's Pains will be rewarded.

War. Right, my gued Lord, 'sbred, that *Cromwel* was th' faudeſt limmer Loon that ever came into our Country, the faud Diel has tane him by th' Luggs for robbing our Houſes and Land.

Fleet. No ſwearing, my Lord.

War. Weel, weel, my Loord, I's learn to profeſs and lee as well as beſt on ya.

Hewſ. That may bring you profit, my Lord—but Clerk proceed.

Clerk reads.] To *Walter Froſt*, Treaſurer of the Contingencies, twenty thouſand Pounds. To *Thurloe*, Secretary to his Highneſs—

Duc. To old *Noll.*

Clerk reads.]—Old *Noll*, ten thouſand Pounds, for unknown Service done the Commonwealth—To Mr. *Hutchinſon*, Treaſurer of the Navy, two hundred thouſand Pounds——

War.

War. Two hundred thouſand Pound; Owns, what a Sum's there?——Marry it came from the Mouth of a Cannon ſure.

Clerk reads.] A Preſent to the Right Honourable and truly Virtuous Lady, the Lady *Lambert*, for Service done to the late Protector.

Hewſ. Again——ſay *Cromwel.*

Cler.—*Cromwel*—ſix thouſand Pound in *Jacobus's.*

War. 'Sbread, ſike a Sum wou'd make me honour the Face of aud *Jemmy.*

Clerk. To Mr. *Ice* ſix thouſand Pound; to Mr. *Loether*, late Secretary to his High——

Whit. To *Oliver Cromwel* ſay, can you not obey Orders?

Clerk.—Secretary to *Oliver Cromwel*—two thouſand nine hundred ninety nine Pounds for Intelligence and Information, and piouſly betraying the King's Liege People.

War. Haud, haud, Sirs, Mary en ya gift ſo faſt ya'll gif aud away from poor *Archibald Johnſon.*

Whit. Speak for your ſelf, my Lord; or rather, my Lord, do you ſpeak for him. [*To* Lam.

Lam. Do you move it for him, and I'll do as much for you anon. [*Aſide to* Whit.

Whit. My Lord, ſince we are upon Gratifications,—let us conſider the known Merit of the Lord *Wariſton*, a Perſon of induſtrious Miſchiefs to the malignant Party, and great Integrity to us, and the Commonwealth.

War. Gued faith an I's ha been a truſty Trojon, Sir, what ſay you may very gued and gracious Loords?—

Duc. I ſcorn to let a Dog go unrewarded; and you, Sir, fawn ſo prettily, 'tis pity you ſhou'd miſs Preferment.

Hewſ. And ſo 'tis; come, come, my Lords, conſider he was ever our Friend, and 'tis but reaſonable we ſhou'd ſtitch up one another's broken Fortunes.

Duc. Nay, Sir, I'm not againſt it.

All. 'Tis Reaſon, 'tis Reaſon.

Free. Damn 'em, how they laviſh out the Nation?

War. Scribe, pretha read my Paper.

Hewſ. Have you a Pertition there?

Cob. A Petition, my Lord.

Hewſ. Pſhaw, you Scholards are ſo troubleſome.

Lam. Read the Subſtance of it. [*To the Clerk.*

Cler. That your Honours wou'd be pleas'd in conſideration of his Service, to grant to your Petitioner, a conſiderable Sum of Money for his preſent Supply.

Fleet. Verily, order him two thouſand Pound—

War. Two thouſand poond? Bread a gued, and I's gif my Voice for *Fleetwood.* [*Aſide.*

Lam. Two thouſand; nay, my Lords, let it be three.

War. Wons, I lee'd, I lee'd: I's keep my Voice for *Lambert*——Guds Benizon light on yar Sol, my gued Lord *Lambert.*

Hewſ. Three thouſand Pound! why ſuch a Sum wou'd buy half *Scotland.*

War. Wons, my Lord, ya look but blindly on't then: time was, a Mite on't had bought aud ſhoos in yar Stall, Brother, tho noo ya ſo abound in *Iriſh* and Biſhops Lands.

Duc. You have nick'd him there, my Lord.

All. He, he, he.

War. Scribe——gang a tiny bit farther.

Clerk.——And that your Honours wou'd be pleas'd to confer an Annual Penſion on him———

Lam. Reaſon, I think; what ſay you my Lords, of five hundred Pound a Year?

All. Agreed, agreed.

War. The Diel ſwallow me, my Lord, ya won my Heart.

Duc. 'Tis very well——but out of what ſhall this be rais'd?

Lam. We'll look what Malignant Eſtates are forfeit, undiſpos'd of—let me ſee—who has young *Freeman*'s Eſtate?

Def. My Lord, that fell to me.

Lam. What all the fifteen hundred Pound a Year?

Def. A Dad, and all little enough.

Free. The Devil do him good with it.

Def. Had not the Lard put it into your Hearts to have given me two thouſand *per Annum* out of Biſhops Lands,

Lands, and three thouſand *per Annum* out of the Marqueſs's Eſtate; how ſhou'd I have liv'd and ſerv'd the Commonwealth as I have done?

Free. A Plague confound his Honour, he makes a hard ſhift to live on Eight thouſand Pound a Year, who was born and bred a Hedger.

Lov. Patience, Friend.

Lam. I have been thinking—but I'll find out a way.

Lov. Or betray ſome honeſt Gentleman, on purpoſe to gratify the Loone.

Lam. And Gentlemen, I am bound in Honour and Conſcience to ſpeak in behalf of my Lord *Whitlock*; I think fit, if you agree with me, he ſhou'd be made Conſtable of *Windſor* Caſtle, Warden of the Foreſt, with the Rents, Perquiſites, and Profits thereto belonging; nor can your Lordſhips confer a Place of greater Truſt and Honour in more ſafe Hands.

Duc. I find he wou'd oblige all to his ſide. [*Aſide.* Has he not part of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Eſtate already, with *Chelſey* Houſe, and ſeveral other Gifts?

Lam. He has dearly deſerv'd 'em; he has ſerv'd our Intereſt well and faithfully.

Duc. And he has been well paid for't.

Whit. And ſo were you, Sir, with ſeveral Lordſhips, and Biſhops Lands, you were not born to, I conceive.

Duc. I have not got it, Sir, by knaviſh Querks in Law; a Sword that deals out Kingdoms to the brave, has cut out ſome ſmall parcels of Earth for me. And what of this? [*Stands up in a heat.*

Whit. I think, Sir, he that talks well, and to th' purpoſe, may be as uſeful to the Commonwealth as he that fights well. Why do we keep ſo many elſe in Penſion that ne'er drew Sword, but to talk, and rail at the malignant Party; to libel and defame 'em handſomly, with pious uſeful Lyes,

Which paſs for Goſpel with the common Rabble,
And edify more than *Hugh Peters*'s Sermons;
And make Fools bring more Griſt to th' publick Mill.
Then, Sir, to wreſt the Law to our convenience
Is no ſmall, inconſiderate Work.

Free. And which you may be hang'd for very ſhortly—
[*Aſide.*

Lam. 'Tis granted, my Lord, your Merit's infinite—We made him Keeper of the Great Seal, 'tis true, 'tis Honour, but no Salary.

Duc. Ten thouſand Pound a Year in Bribes will do as well.

Lam. Bribes are not ſo frequent now as in Old *Noll*'s Days.

Hewſ. Well, my Lord, let us be brief and tedious, as the ſaying is, and humour one another: I'm for *Whitlock*'s Advance.

Lam. I move for a Salary, Gentlemen, *Scobel* and other petty Clerks have had a thouſand a Year; my Lord ſure merits more.

Hewſ. Why—let him have two thouſand then.

Fleet. I profeſs ingeniouſly, with all my Heart.

Whit. I humbly thank your Lordſhips——but, if I may be ſo bold to ask, from whence ſhall I receive it?

Lam. Out of the Cuſtoms.

Cob. Brotherly Love ought to go along with us—but, under favour, when this is gone, where ſhall we raise new Supplies?

Lam. We'll tax the Nation high, the City higher,
They are our Friends, our moſt obſequious Slaves,
Our Dogs to fetch and carry, our very Aſſes——

Lov. And our Oxes, with the help of their Wives.
[*Aſide.*

Lam. Beſides, the City's rich, and near her time, I hope, of being deliver'd.

War. Wons a gued, wad I'd the laying o' her, ſhe ſhou'd be ſweetly brought to Bed, by my Sol.

Def. The City cares for no *Scotch* Pipers, my Lord.

War. By my Sol, but ſhe has danc'd here after the gued Pipe of Reformation, when the Covenant Jigg gang'd maryly round, Sirs.

Clerk. My Lords, here are ſome poor malignant Petitioners.

Lam. Oh, turn 'em out, here's nothing for 'em; theſe Fellows were petitioning my Lady to day——I thought ſhe had given you a ſatisfactory Anſwer.

Lov.

Lov. She did indeed, my Lord : but 'tis a hard Caſe, to take away a Gentleman's Eſtate, without convicting him of any Crime.

Lam. Oh, Sir, we ſhall prove that hereafter.

Lov. But to make ſure Work, you'll hang a Man firſt, and examine his Offence afterwards ; a Plague upon your Conſcience : My Friend here had a little fairer Play ; your Villains, your Witneſſes in Penſion ſwore him a Colonel for our glorious Maſter, of ever bleſſed Memory, at eight Years old ; a Plague upon their Miracles.

Fleet. Ingeniouſly, Sirrah, you ſhall be pillory'd for defaming our reverend Witneſſes : Guards take 'em to your Cuſtody both.

Free. Damn it, I ſhall miſs my Aſſignation with Lady *Desbro* ; a Pox of your unneceſſary prating, what ſhall I do? [*Guards take 'em away.*

Lam. And now, my Lords, we have finiſhed the Buſineſs of the Day. My good Lord *Fleetwood*, I am entirely yours, and at our next ſitting ſhall approve my ſelf your Creature—

Whit. My good Lord, I am your ſubmiſſive Vaſſal.

War. Wons, my Lord, I ſcorn any Man ſhou'd be mere yare Vaſſal than *Archibald Johnſon.*

[*To* Fleetwood. [*Ex. All.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter La. Desbro, *and Corporal in haſte.*

L. *Deſ.* Seiz'd on, ſecur'd ! Was there no time but this ?

What made him at the Committee, or when there why ſpoke he honeſt Truth? What ſhall I do good Corporal? Adviſe ; take Gold, and ſee if you can corrupt his Guards: but they are better paid for doing Miſchief? yet try, their Conſciences are large. [*Gives him Gold.*

Cor. I'll venture my Life in ſo good a Cauſe, Madam. [*Exit.*

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam, here's Mr. *Ananias Gogle*, the Lay-Elder of *Clement's* Pariſh.

L. *Deſ.*

L. *Def.* Damn the ſham Saint; am I now in Condition to be plagu'd with his impertinent Nonſenſe?

Pag. Oh, Pray Madam, hear him preach a little; 'tis the pureſt Sport——

Enter Ananias.

Ana. Peace be in this Place.

L. *Def.* A bleſſed hearing; he preaches nothing in his Conventicles, but Blood and Slaughter. [*Aſide.* What wou'd you, Sir? I'm ſomething buſy now.

Ana. Ah, the Children of the Elect have no Buſineſs but the great Work of Reformation: Yea verily, I ſay, all other Buſineſs is profane, and diabolical, and deviliſh; Yea, I ſay, theſe Dreſſings, Curls, and ſhining Habilliments—which take ſo up your time, your precious time; I ſay, they are an Abomination, yea, an Abomination in the ſight of the Righteous, and ſerve but as an *Ignis fatuus*, to lead vain Man aſtray———I ſay again——

[*Looking now and then behind on the Page.*

L. *Def.* ——You are a very Coxcomb.

Ana. I ſay again, that even I, upright I, one of the new Saints, find a ſort of a—a—I know not what—a kind of a Motion as it were——a ſtirring up—as a Man may ſay, to wickedneſs——Yea, verily it corrupteth the outward Man within me.

L. *Def.* Is this your Buſineſs, Sir, to rail againſt our Clothes, as if you intended to preach me into my Primitive Nakedneſs again?

Ana. Ah, the naked Truth is beſt; but, Madam, I have a little work of Grace to communicate unto you, pleaſe you to ſend your Page away———

L. *Def.* Withdraw—ſure I can make my Party good with one wicked Elder:—Now, Sir, your Bus'neſs.

[Ex. *Page.*

———Be brief.

Ana. As brief as you pleaſe—but—who in the ſight of ſo much Beauty—can think of any Bus'neſs but the Bus'neſs—Ah! hide thoſe tempting Breaſts,—Alack, how ſmooth and warm they are—— [*Feeling 'em, and ſneering.*

L. *Def.* How now, have you forgot your Function?

Ana. Nay, but I am mortal Man alſo, and may fall ſeven times a day——Yea verily, I may fall ſeven times a day

day—Your Ladiſhip's Husband is old,—and where there is a good excuſe for falling,——ah, there the falling—is excuſable.—And might I but fall with your Ladiſhip,—might I, I ſay.—

L. *Def.* How, this from you, the Head o'th' Church Militant, the very Pope of Presbytery?

Ana. Verily, the Sin lieth in the Scandal; therefore moſt of the diſcreet pious Ladies of the Age chuſe us, upright Men, who make a Conſcience of a Secret, the Laity being more regardleſs of their Fame.——In ſober ſadneſs, the Place——inviteth, the Creature tempting, and the Spirit very violent within me.

[*Takes and ruffles her.*

L. *Def.* Who waits there?—I'm glad you have prov'd your ſelf what I ever thought of all your pack of Knaves.

Ana. Ah, Madam! Do not ruin my Reputation; there are Ladies of high Degree in the Commonwealth, to whom we find our ſelves moſt comforting; why might not you be one—for, alas, we are accounted as able Men in Ladies Chambers, as in our Pulpits: we ſerve both Functions——

Enter Servants.

Hah! her Servants——— [*Stands at a diſtance.*

L. *Def.* Shou'd I tell this, I ſhou'd not find belief.

[*Aſide.*

Ana. Madam, I have another Errand to your Ladiſhip.—It is the Duty of my Occupation to catechize the Heads of every Family within my Dioceſe; and you muſt anſwer ſome few Queſtions I ſhall ask.———In the firſt place, Madam,———Who made ye?

L. *Def.* So, from Whoring, to a zealous Catechiſm—who made me? what Inſolence is this, to ask me Queſtions which every Child that liſps out Words can anſwer.

Ana. 'Tis our Method, Madam,

L. *Def.* Your Impudence, Sirrah,——let me examine your Faith, who are ſo ſawcy to take an account of mine ———Who made you? But leſt you ſhou'd not know, I will inform you: Firſt, Heav'n made you a deform'd, ill-favour'd Creature; then the Raſcal your Father made you a Taylor; next, your Wife made you a Cuckold; and laſtly, the Devil has made you a Doctor; and ſo get you gone for a Fool and a Knave all over. *Ana.*

Ana. A Man of my Coat affronted thus!

L. *Def.* It ſhall be worſe, Sirrah, my Husband ſhall know how kind you wou'd have been to him, becauſe your Diſciple and Benefactor, to have begot him a Babe of Grace for a Son and Heir.

Ana. Miſtake not my pious meaning, moſt gracious Lady.

L. *Def.* I'll ſet you out in your Colours: Your impudent and Bloody Principles, your Cheats, your Rogueries on honeſt Men, thro their kind, deluded Wives, whom you cant and goggle into a Belief, 'tis a great work of Grace to ſteal, and beggar their whole Families, to contribute to your Gormandizing, Luſt and Lazineſs; Ye Locuſts of the Land, preach Nonſenſe, Blaſphemy, and Treaſon, till you ſweat again, that the ſanctify'd Siſters may rub you down, to comfort and conſole the Creature.

Ana. Ah! Am———

L. *Def.* Sirrah, be gone, and trouble me no more—be gone———yet ſtay———the Rogue may be of uſe to me———Amongſt the heap of Vice, Hypocriſy, and Devils that poſſeſs all your Party, you may have ſome neceſſary Sin; I've known ſome honeſt, uſeful Villains amongſt you, that will ſwear, profeſs, and lye devoutly for the Good Old Cauſe.

Ana. Yea verily, I hope there are many ſuch, and I ſhou'd rejoice, yea, exceedingly rejoice in any Gadly Performance to your Ladiſhip.

L. *Def.* This is a pious Work: You are a Knave of Credit, a very Saint with the raſcally Rabble, with whom your ſeditious Cant more prevails, your precious Hum and Ha, and gifted Nonſenſe, than all the Rhetorick of the Learn'd or Honeſt.

Ana. Hah!

L. *Def.* ———In fine, I have uſe for your Talent at preſent, there's one now in Confinement of the Royal Party——his Name's *Freeman.*

Ana. And your Ladiſhip wou'd have him diſpatch'd; I conceive ye——but wou'd you have him diſpatch'd privately, or by Form of Law? we've Tools for all uſes, and 'tis a pious Work, and meritorious.

L. *Def.* Right, I wou'd indeed have him diſpatch'd, and privately; but 'tis hither privately, hither to my Chamber,

ber, privately, for I have private Bus'neſs with him. D'ye ſtart?———this muſt be done——for you can pimp I'm ſure upon occaſion, you've Tools for all uſes; come, reſolve, or I'll diſcover your bloody Offer. Is your Stomach ſo queaſy it cannot digeſt Pimping, that can ſwallow Whoring, falſe Oaths, Sequeſtration, Robbery, Rapes, and Murders daily?

Ana. Verily, you miſtake my pious Meaning; it is the Malignant I ſtick at; the Perſon, not the Office: and in ſadneſs, Madam, it goeth againſt my tender Conſcience to do any good to one of the Wicked.

L. *Def.* It muſt ſtretch at this time; go haſte to the Guard, and demand him in my Husband's Name; here's ſomething worth your Pains—having releas'd him, bring him to me, you underſtand me——go bid him be diligent, and as you behave your ſelf, find my Favour: for know, Sir, I am as great a Hypocrite as you, and know the Cheats of your Religion too; and ſince we know one another, 'tis like we ſhall be true.

Ana. But ſhou'd the Man be miſſing, and I call'd to account?———

L. *Def.* He ſhall be return'd in an Hour: go, get you gone, and bring him, or—no more— [*Exeunt.*

For all degrees of Vices, you muſt grant,
There is no Rogue like your *Geneva* Saint.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chamber, Candles, and Lights.

Enter L. Desbro *and* Freeman.

L. *Def.* BY what ſtrange Miracle, my deareſt *Freeman*, wert thou ſet at liberty?

Free. On the zealous Parole of *Rabbie Ananias*; that Rhetorick that can convert whole Congregations of well-meaning Blockheads to errant Knaves, has now mollify'd my

my Keeper; I'm to be render'd back within this Hour: let's not, my dear *Maria*, loſe the precious minutes this Reverend Hypocrite has given us.

L. *Deſ.* Oh! you are very gay, have you forgot whoſe Priſoner you are, and that perhaps, e'er many Days are ended, they may hang you for High-Treaſon againſt the Commonwealth? they never want a good thorow-ſtitch'd Witneſs to do a Murder lawfully.

Free. No matter, then I ſhall die with Joy, *Maria*, when I conſider, that you lov'd ſo well to give me the laſt Proof on't.

L. *Deſ.* Are you in earneſt, *Freeman?* and wou'd you take what Honour will not ſuffer me to grant?

Free. With all my Heart, Honour's a poor Excuſe. Your Heart and Vows (your better part) are mine; you've only lent your Body out to one whom you call Husband, and whom Heaven has mark'd for Cuckoldom. Nay, 'tis an Act of honeſt Loyalty, ſo to revenge our Cauſe; whilſt you were only mine, my honeſt Love thought it a Sin to preſs theſe Favours from you; 'twas injuring my ſelf as well as thee; but now we only give and take our Right.

L. *Deſ.* No more, my Husband's old———

Free. Right, my dear *Maria*, and therefore——

L. *Deſ.* ———May poſſibly die——

Free. He will be hang'd firſt.

L. *Deſ.* —I hope ſo—either of which will do our Buſineſs——unreaſonable *Freeman*, not to have Patience till my Husband be hang'd a little.

Free. But what if Deſtiny put the Change upon us, and I be hang'd inſtead of *Desbro?*

L. *Deſ.* Why then thou art not the firſt gallant Fellow that has died in the good and royal Cauſe; and a ſmall taſte of Happineſs will but turn thee off the Ladder with the ſadder Heart.

Free. Haſt thou the Conſcience, lovely as thou art,
To deal out all thy Beauty to a Traitor?
Is not this Treaſon of the higheſt Nature,
To rob the Royal Party of ſuch Treaſure,
And give it to our mortal Enemies?
For ſhame, be wiſe, and juſt,

And

And do not live a Rebel to our Cauſe ;
'Tis Sin enough to have Society with ſuch a wicked Race.

L. *Def.* But I am married to him.

Free. So much the worſe, to make a League and Covenant with ſuch Villains, and keep the ſinful Contract ; a little harmleſs lying and Diſſimulation I'll allow thee, but to be downright honeſt, 'tis the Devil.

L. *Def.* This will not do, it never ſhall be ſaid I've been ſo much debauch'd by Conventicling to turn a fainted Sinner ; No, I'm true to my Allegiance ſtill, true to my King and Honour. Suſpect my Loyalty when I loſe my Virtue : a little time, I'm ſure, will give me honeſtly into thy Arms ; if thou haſt Bravery, ſhew it in thy Love.

Free. You will o'ercome, and ſhame me every way ;— but when will this Change come ? and till it do, what Pawn will you give me, I ſhall be happy then ?

L. *Def.* My Honour, and that Happineſs you long for, and take but two Months time for their Redemption.

Free. How greedily I'll ſeize the Forfeiture !

L. *Def.* But what am I like to get if this Change do come ?

Free. A Slave, and whatever you pleaſe to make of him.

L. *Def.* Who knows, in ſuch an univerſal Change, how you may alter too ?

Free. I'll give ye Bond and Vows, unkind *Maria*,—— Here take my Hand———Be it known unto all Men, by theſe Preſents, that I *John Freeman* of *London* Gent. acknowledge my ſelf in Debt to *Maria Desbro*, the Sum of one Heart, with an incurable Wound ; one Soul, deſtined hers from its firſt Being ; and one Body, whole, ſound, and in perfect Health ; which I here promiſe to pay to the ſaid *Maria*, upon Demand, if the aforeſaid *John Freeman* be not hang'd before ſuch Demand made. Whereto I ſet my Hand—and ſeal it with my Lips.

[*In a Tone.*

L. *Def.* And I, in conſideration of ſuch Debt, do freely give unto the aboveſaid *John Freeman*, the Heart and Body of the aboveſaid *Maria Desbro*, with all Appurtenances thereto belonging, whenever it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to bring my Husband fairly to the Gallows. [*In a Tone.*

Free.

Free. Amen———kiſs the Book——— [*Kiſſes her.*

[Ana. *hums without.*

L. *Def.* Hah! that's *Ananias:* ſure ſome Danger's near the neceſſary Raſcal gives us notice of it.

Free. 'Tis ſo, what wouldſt thou have me do?

L. *Def.* Thou art undone if ſeen———here, ſtep within this Curtain. [*He goes.*

Enter Ananias, *humming and ſpreading his Cloak wide;* Desbro *behind him, puffing in a Chafe.*

Def. Ads nigs, what a Change is here like to be?——puff, puff——we have manag'd Matters ſweetly——to let the *Scotch* General undermine us; puff, puff.

L. *Def.* What's the Matter?

Def. Nothing, Cockey, nothing, but that we are like to return to our firſt nothing.

Ana. Yes verily, when our time's come; but ah, the great Work of Reformation is not yet fully accompliſh'd, which muſt be wrought by the Saints, and we cannot ſpare one of them until the Work be finiſh'd.

Def. Yea, yea, it is finiſh'd I doubt, puff, puff: fie, fie, what a Change is here?

Ana. Patience, ah, 'tis a precious Virtue!——

Def. Patience, Sir! what, when I ſhall loſe ſo many fine Eſtates which did appertain to the Wicked; and which, I truſted, had been eſtabliſh'd ours, and tell'ſt thou me of Patience? puff, puff. [*Walking faſt.*

Ana. How! loſe 'em, Sir? handle the matter with Patience; I hope the Committee of Safety, or the Rump, will not do an illegal thing to one of the Brethren.

Def. No, no, I have been a truſty Knave to them, and ſo I have found them all to me: but *Monk! Monk!* O that ever we ſhould be ſuch blind Fools to truſt an honeſt General!

Ana. Patience Sir! what of him?

Def. I juſt now receiv'd private Intelligence, he's coming out of *Scotland* with his Forces——puff, puff.

Ana. Why let him come in Gad's Name, we have thoſe will give him a civil Salute, if he mean not honourably to the Commonwealth. Patience, Sir.

Def. But if he proves the ſtronger, and ſhou'd chance to be ſo great a Traitor to us, to bring in the Man——the King.

L. *Def.*

L. *Def.* How, the King, Husband! the great Heroick!

Free. Death, this Woman is a Sybil: ah, noble *Monk!*

Ana. Hum———the King!———

Def. Ah, and with the King, the Biſhops; and then, where's all our Church and Biſhops Lands! oh, undone—puff, puff.

Ana. How, bring in the Kings and Biſhops! my righteous Spirit is raiſed too——I ſay, I will excommunicate him for one of the Wicked, yea, for a profane Heroick, a Malignant, a Tory,—a— I ſay, we will ſurround him, and confound him with a mighty Hoſt; yea, and fight the Lard's Battel with him: yea, we will—

Def. Truckle to his Pow'r—puff, puff.

Ana. I ſay verily, nay; for, in Sadneſs, I will die in my Calling.

Def. So I doubt ſhall I—which is Ploughing, Hedging, and Ditching.

Ana. Yea, we have the Sword of the Righteous in our Hand, and we will defend the mighty Revenues of the Church, which the Lard has given unto his People, and choſen ones—I ſay, we will defend——

Def. Ah, Patience, Sir, ah, 'tis a pious Virtue——

Ana. Ah, it is Zeal in one of us, the Out-goings of the Spirit.

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, will you go down to Prayers? the Chaplain waits.

Def. No, no, Boy, I am too ſerious for that Exerciſe, I cannot now diſſemble, Heav'n forgive me.

Ana. How, Sir, not diſſemble—ah, then you have loſt a great Virtue indeed, a very great Virtue; ah, let us not give away the good old Cauſe—but, as we have maintain'd it by gadly Cozenage, and pious Frauds, let us perſevere—ah, let us perſevere to the end; let us not loſe our Heritage for a Meſs of Pottage, that is, let us not loſe the Cauſe for Diſſimulation and Hypocriſy, thoſe two main Engines that have carried on the great Work.

Def. Verily, you have prevail'd, and I will go take counſel of my Pillow: Boy—call my Man to undreſs me—I'll to Bed, for I am ſick at Heart. [*Ex. Page.*

Free.

Free. Death, what ſhall I do now?

[Def. *walks, ſhe whiſpers* Ana.

L. *Def.* You muſt get my Man off, or we're undone.

Ana. Madam, be comforted, Heaven will bring all things about for our Advantage—— [*As* Def. *turns.*

L. *Def.* But he's behind the Curtains, Man——

[Def. *turns from 'em.*

Ana. Ah, let Providence alone— [*Spreads his Cloak wide, and goes by degrees towards the Bed.*] ——Your pious Lady, Sir, is doubtful, but I will give her ample Satisfaction.

Def. Ah, do, Mr. *Ananias*, do for ſhe's a good and virtuous Lady, *certo* ſhe is. [Ana. *goes cloſe to the Bed-poſt, and ſpeaks over his Shoulder.*

Ana. Get ye behind my Cloak—

L. *Def.* Indeed Sir, your Counſel and Aſſiſtance is very comfortable.

Ana. We ſhou'd be Help-meets to one another, Madam.

Def. Alack, good Man! [*L.* Def. *goes to coax her Husband.*

L. *Def.* Ay, my dear, I am ſo much oblig'd to him, that I know not without thy Aid, how to make him amends.

Free. So, this is the firſt Cloak of Zeal I ever made uſe of.

[Ana. *going, ſpreading his Cloak, to the Door*, Free. *behind goes out.*

Def. Good Lady give him his twenty Pieces, adad he worthily deſerves 'em. [*Gives her Gold.*

L. *Def.* Indeed, and ſo he does, Dear, if thou knew'ſt all.——What ſay you now, do I not improve in Hypocriſy? And ſhall I not in time make a precious Member of your Church? [*To* Ana.

Ana. Verily, your Ladiſhip is moſt ingenious and expert.——Sir, I moſt humbly take my leave. [*Ex.* Ana.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, my Lord *Lambert* has ſent in all haſte for you, you muſt attend at his Houſe immediately.

Def. So, he has heard the News——I muſt away—— let my Coach be ready. [*Ex.* Def.

L. *Def.*

L. *Def.* How unlucky was this that *Freeman* ſhould be gone———Sirrah, run, and ſee to o'ertake him, and bring him back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Gilliflower *and* Loveleſs *by dark, dreſt richly.*

Lov. Where am I, *Gilliflower?*

Gill. In my Lady's Apartment, Sir, ſhe'll be with you preſently; you need not fear betraying, Sir, for I'll aſſure you I'm an Heroick in my Heart: my Husband was a Captain for his Majeſty of ever-bleſſed Memory, and kill'd at *Naſeby*, God be thanked, Sir.

Lov. What pity 'tis that thou ſhouldſt ſerve this Party?

Gill. 'Bating her Principles, my Lady has good Nature enough to oblige a Servant; and truly Sir, my Vails were good in old *Oliver*'s Days; I got well by that Amour between him and my Lady; the Man was laviſh enough.

Lov. Yes, of the Nation's Treaſure——but prithee tell me, is not thy Lady mad, raving on Crowns and Kingdoms?

Gill. It appears ſo to you, who are not us'd to the Vanity of the Party, but they are all ſo mad in their Degree, and in the Fit they talk of nothing elſe, Sir: we have to morrow a Hearing as they call it.

Lov. What's that, a Conventicle?

Gill. No, no, Sir, Ladies of the laſt Edition, that preſent their Grievances to the Council of Ladies, of which my Lady's chief, which Grievances are laid open to the Committee of Safety, and ſo redreſ'd or ſlighted, as they are.

Lov. That muſt be worth one's Curioſity, could one but ſee't.

Gill. We admit no Man, Sir.

Lov. 'Sdeath, for ſo good a ſight I will turn Woman, I'll act it to a hair.

Gill. That would be excellent.

Lov. Nay, I muſt do't; the Novelty is rare——but I'm impatient——prithee let thy Lady know I wait.

Gill. She's in Affairs of State, but will be here immediately;

diately; mean time, retire into her Cabinet, I'll ſend the Page with Lights, there you may repoſe till my Lady comes, on the Pallat. [*She leads him out.*

SCENE, *A great Chamber of State, and Canopy.*

And at a Table, ſeated Lambert, Fleetwood, Desbro, Hewſon, Duckenfield, Wariſton, Cobbet; *all half drunk, with Bottles and Glaſſes on the Table*; *L.* Lam. *and L.* Fleet.

Lam. My Lord *Wariſton,* you are not merry to night.

War. Wons Mon, this *Monk* ſticks in my Gullet, the muckle Diel pull him out by th' Lugs; the faud Loone will en ſpoyle aud our Sport mon.

Lam. I thought I had enough ſatisfied all your Fears; the Army's mine, that is,—'tis yours, my Lords, and I'll imploy it too ſo well for the Good of the Commonwealth, you ſhall have Cauſe to commend both my Courage and Conduct; my Lord *Wariſton,* will you accompany me?

War. Ah, my gued Lord, the Honour is too great. 'Tis not but I's dare fight, my Lord, but I love not the limmer Loone, he has a villanous honeſt Face an's ene; I's ken'd him ence, and lik't him not; but I's drink to yar gued Fortune; let it gang aboote, ene and ad Sirs. [*All drink.*

Lam. We'll leave all Diſcourſe of Bus'neſs, and give our ſelves to Mirth; I fancy good Succeſs from this day's Omen.

Enter Gill. *whiſpers L.* Lam. *ſhe riſes.*

L. *Lam.* Waited ſo long!

Gill. And grew impatient, an't pleaſe your Highneſs; muſt I go tell him you cannot ſee him to night.

L. *Lam.* Not for the World; my ſilly Politician will be buſying himſelf in the dull Affairs of State;
——Dull in compariſon of Love, I mean;
I never lov'd before; old *Oliver* I ſuffer'd for my Intereſt,
And 'tis ſome Greatneſs, to be Miſtreſs to the beſt;
But this mighty Pleaſure comes *a propo,*
To ſweeten all the heavy Toils of Empire.

Gill.

Gill. So it does, an't pleaſe your Highneſs.

L. *Lam.* Go, let him know I'm coming—Madam, I muſt beg your Pardon; you hear, my Lord, to morrow goes on his great Expedition; and, for any thing we know, may fall a glorious Sacrifice to the Commonwealth; therefore 'tis meet I offer up ſome Prayers for his Safety, and all my leiſure Hours 'twixt this and that, will be too few——Your humble Servant, Madam. [*Ex. L.* Lam.

L. *Fleet.* My Dear, I'll leave you too, my time of Devotion is come, and Heav'n will ſtay for no Body; where are my People? is my Coach ready, or my Chair?

Fleet. Go in your Chair my Love, leſt you catch cold.

L. *Fleet.* And light your Flambeau,——I love to have my Chair ſurrounded with Flambeaus.

Enter Page.

Page. Your Chair is ready, Madam.

[*She goes out led by* Fleet.

Hewſ. What think ye now my Lords, of ſettling the Nation a little? I find my Head ſwim with Politicks, and what ye call ums.

War. Wons, and wad ya ſettle the Nation when we reel our ſelves?

Hewſ. Who, pox, ſhall we ſtand making Childrens Shoes all the Year? No, no, let's begin to ſettle the Nation, I ſay, and go thro-ſtitch with our Work.

Duc. Right, we have no Head to obey; ſo that if this *Scotch* General do come whilſt we Dogs fight for the Bone, he runs away with it.

Hewſ. Shaw, we ſhall patch up matters with the *Scotch* General, I'll warrant you: However, here's to our next Head—One and all. [*All drink.*

Fleet. Verily, Sirs, this Health-drinking ſavoureth of Monarchy, and is a Type of Malignancy.

War. Bread, my Lord, no preaching o'er yar Liquor, wee's now for a Cup o'th' Creature.

Cob. In a gadly way you may; it is lawful.

Lam. Come, come, we're dull, give us ſome Muſick——come my Lord, I'll give you a Song, I love Muſick as I do a Drum, there's Life and Soul in't, call my Muſick.

Fleet. Yea, I am for any Muſick, except an Organ.

War.

War. Sbread, Sirs, and I's a Horn-pipe, I've a faud Theefe here ſhall dance ye Dance tol a Horn-pipe, with any States-man a ya aud.

All. He, he, he.

Duc. I know not what your faud Theefe can do; but I'll hold you a Wager, Colonel *Hewſon*, and Colonel *Desbro* ſhall dance ye the Seint's Jigg with any Sinner of your Kirk, or field Conventicler.

War. Wons, and I's catch 'em at that ſport, I's dance tol 'em for a *Scotch* Pound; but farſt your Song, my Lord, I hope 'tis boody, or elſe 'tis not werth a Feart.

All. He, he, he.

SONG, ſung by my Lord *Lambert.*

A Pox of the States-man that's witty,
That watches and plots all the ſleepleſs Night,
For ſeditious Harangues to the Whigs *of the City,*
And piouſly turns a Traitor in ſpite.
Let him wrack, and torment his lean Carrion,
To bring his ſham-Plots about,
Till Religion, King, Biſhop, and Baron,
For the publick Good, be quite routed out.

Whilſt we that are no Politicians,
But Rogues that are reſolute, bare-fac'd and great,
Boldly head the rude Rabble in open Sedition,
Bearing all down before us in Church and in State.
Your Impudence is the beſt State-trick,
And he that by Law means to rule,
Let his Hiſtory with ours be related,
Tho we prove the Knaves, 'tis he is the Fool.

War. The Diel a me, wele ſung my Lord, and gen aud Trades fail, yas make a quaint Miniſtrel.

All. He, he, he.

War. Noo, Sirs, yar Dance? [*They fling Cuſhions at one another, and grin. Muſick plays.*] ——Marry, Sirs, an this be yar dancing, tol dance and ne'er ſtir Stap, the Diel lead the Dance for *Archibald.*

[*When*

[*When they have flung Cuſhions thus a while to the Muſick time, they beat each other from the Table, one by one, and fall into a godly Dance; after a while,* Wariſton *riſes, and dances ridiculouſly a while amongſt them; then to the Time of the Tune, they take out the reſt, as at the Cuſhion-Dance, or in that nature.* Wariſton *being the laſt taken in, leads the reſt.*

—Haud Minſtrels haud; Bread a gued. I's fatch ad Ladies in—lead away Minſtrels tol my Lady's Apartment.

[*Muſick playing before all.*

[*Exeunt dancing.*

SCENE *Flat.*

Enter Page.

Page. Cock, Here muſt I wait, to give my Lady notice when my Lord approaches;——The fine Gentleman that is alone with her, gave me theſe two fine Pieces of Gold, and bad me buy a Sword to fight for the King withal; and I'm reſolv'd to lay it all out in a Sword, not a penny in Nickers, and fight for the Heroicks as long as I have a Limb, if they be all ſuch fine Men as this within. But hark, ſure I hear ſome coming.——— [*Exit.*

[*Flat Scene draws off, diſcovers L.* Lam. *on a Couch, with* Loveleſs, *tying a rich Diamond-Bracelet about his Arm: a Table behind with Lights, on which a Velvet Cuſhion, with a Crown and Scepter cover'd.*

Lov. This Preſent's too magnificent: ſuch Bracelets young Monarchs ſhou'd put on.

L. *Lam.* Perſons like me, when they make Preſents, Sir, muſt do it for their Glory, not conſidering the Merit of the Wearer: yet this, my charming *Loveleſs*, comes ſhort of what I ought to pay thy Worth; comes ſhort too of my Love.

Lov. You bleſs me, Madam——

L. *Lam.* This the great Monarch of the World once ty'd about my Arm, and bad me wear it, till ſome greater Man ſhou'd chance to win my Heart;

Thou art that Man whom Love has rais'd above him;
Whom every Grace and every Charm thou haſt

Conſpire to make thee mightier to my Soul;
And *Oliver*, illuſtrious *Oliver*,
Was yet far ſhort of thee.
Lov. He was the Monarch then whoſe ſpoils I triumph in.
L. *Lam.* They were deſign'd too for Trophies to the young and gay.
Ah, *Loveleſs*! that I cou'd reward thy Youth
With ſomething that might make thee more than Man,
As well as give the beſt of Women to thee——
[*Riſes, takes him by the Hand, leads him to the Table. He ſtarts.*
——Behold this gay, this wondrous glorious thing.
Lov. Hah—a Crown—and Scepter!
Have I been all this while
So near the ſacred Relicks of my King;
And found no awful Motion in my Blood,
Nothing that mov'd ſacred Devotion in me?
—— Hail ſacred Emblem of great Majeſty,
Thou that haſt circled more Divinity
Than the great Zodiack that ſurrounds the World.
I ne'er was bleſt with ſight of thee till now,
But in much reverenc'd Pictures—— [*Riſes and bows.*
L. *Lam.* Is't not a lovely thing?
Lov. There's ſuch Divinity i'th' very Form on't,
Had I been conſcious I'd been near the Temple,
Where this bright Relick of the glorious Martyr
Had been enſhrin'd, 't had ſpoil'd my ſoft Devotion.
——'Tis Sacrilege to dally where it is;
A rude, a ſaucy Treaſon to approach it
With an unbended Knee: for Heav'ns ſake, Madam,
Let us not be profane in our Delights,
Either withdraw, or hide that glorious Object.
L. *Lam.* Thou art a Fool, the very ſight of this—
Raiſes my Pleaſure higher:
Methinks I give a Queen into thy Arms,
And where I love I cannot give enough; [*Softly.*
——Wou'd I cou'd ſet it on thy Head for ever,
'Twou'd not become my ſimple Lord
The thouſandth part ſo well.
[*Goes to put it on his Head, he puts it off.*
Lov. Forbear, and do not play with holy things;
Let us retire, and love as Mortals ſhou'd,

Not

Not imitate the Gods, and ſpoil our Joys.
L. *Lam.* Lovely, and unambitious!
What hopes have I of all your promis'd Conſtancy,
Whilſt this which poſſibly e'er long may adorn my Brow,
And ought to raiſe me higher in your Love,
Ought to transform you even to Adoration,
Shall poorly make you vaniſh from its Luſtre?
Methinks the very Fancy of a Queen
Is worth a thouſand Miſtreſſes of leſs illuſtrious Rank.
Lov. What every pageant Queen? you might from thence infer
I'd fall in love with every little Actreſs, becauſe
She acts the Queen for half an hour,
But then the gaudy Robe is laid aſide.
L. *Lam.* I'll pardon the Compariſon in you.
Lov. I do not doubt your Power of being a Queen,
But truſt, it will not laſt.
How truly brave would your great Husband be,
If, whilſt he may, he paid this mighty Debt
To the right Owner!
If, whilſt he has the Army in his Power,
He made a true and lawful uſe of it,
To ſettle our great Maſter in his Throne;
And by an Act ſo glorious raiſe his Name
Even above the Title of a King.
L. *Lam.* You love me not, that would perſuade me from my Glory.

Enter Gilliflower.

Gill. Oh Madam, the Lords are all got merry, as they call it, and are all dancing hither.
L. *Lam.* What, at their *Oliverian* Frolicks?——Dear *Loveleſs*, withdraw, I wou'd not give the fond believing Fool a Jealouſy of me.
Gill. Withdraw, Madam? 'tis impoſſible, he muſt run juſt into their Mouths.
L. *Lam.* I'm ill at theſe Intrigues, being us'd to Lovers that ſtill came with ſuch Authority, that modeſtly my Husband cou'd withdraw——but *Loveleſs* is in danger, therefore take care he be not ſeen.
Gill. Heav'ns! they are coming, there's no Retreat—
L. *Lam.* Lie down on the Couch——and cover him you with the Foot Carpet——So, give me my Prayer-Book.

[*He lies down on the Couch, they cover him with the Carpet: L.* Lam. *takes her Book, ſits down on his Feet, and leans on the Back of the Couch reading*; Gill. *ſtands at t'other end, they enter dancing as before.*

——What Inſolence is this? do you not hear me you—Sots—whom Gaiety and Dancing do ſo ill become.

War. [*Singing.*] Welcome, *Joan Sanderſon*, welcome, welcome. [*Goes to take her out, ſhe ſtrikes him.* Wons, Madam, that's no part o'th' Dance.

L. *Lam.* No, but 'tis part of a reward for your Inſolence,
Which poſſibly your Head ſhall anſwer for——

Lam. Pardon him, my Dear, he meant no Diſreſpect to thee.

L. *Lam.* How dare you interrupt my Devotion, Sirrah? Be gone with all your filthy ill-bred Crew.

[Lam. *ſits down on* Lov.

Lam. My only Dear, be patient; hah!——
Something moves under me; Treaſon, Treaſon!

[*He riſes.*

[Lov. *rolls off, and turns* Lam. *over, the reſt of the Men run out crying Treaſon, Treaſon, overthrowing the Lights, putting 'em out.*

L. *Lam.* Treaſon, Treaſon! my Lord, my Lord!

Lam. Lights there, a Plot, a Popiſh Plot, Lights!

L. *Lam.* The Crown, the Crown, guard the Crown!
[*She groping about, finds* Lov. *by his Clothes, knows him.*
——Here, take this Key, the next room is my Bed-chamber,
Secure your ſelf a moment.——— [*Ex.* Loveleſs.
Lights there, the Crown—who art thou?

[*Takes hold of* Lam.

Lam. 'Tis I.

L. *Lam.* Ah, my Lord, what's the matter?——

Lam. Nay, my Lady, I ask you what's the matter?

Enter Page *with Lights.*

By Heaven, all is not well; hark ye, my fine ſhe Politician, who was it you had hid beneath this Carpet?

L. *Lam.* Heav'ns! doſt hear him, *Gilliflower?* Sure the Fellow's mad.

Gill. Alack, my Lord, are you out of your honourable Wits?

Wits? Heav'n knows, my Lady was at her Devotion.

Lam. Baud, come, confeſs thy ſelf to be one. At her Devotion! yes, with a He Saint.

Gill. Ah! Gad forbid the Saints ſhou'd be ſo wicked.

L. *Lam.* Hark ye, thou little ſniveling Hypocrite, who haſt no Virtue but a little Conduct in Martial Diſcipline; who haſt by Perjuries, Cheats, and pious Villanies, wound thy ſelf up into the Rabble's Favour, where thou mayſt ſtand till ſome more great in Roguery remove thee from that height, or to the Gallows, if the King return: haſt thou the Impudence to charge my Virtue?

Lam. I know not, Madam, whether that Virtue you boaſt were loſt, or only ſtak't, and ready for the Gameſter; but I am ſure a Man was hid under this Carpet.

L. *Lam.* Oh Heav'ns, a Man!

Gill. Lord, a Man! Are you ſure 'twas a Man, my Lord?

———Some villanous Malignant, I'll warrant.

Lam. It may be ſo.

Gill. Alack, the Wickedneſs of theſe Heroicks to hide under Carpets; why they'l have the impudence to hide under our Petticoats ſhortly, if your Highneſs take 'em not down. [*To Lady* Lam.

Lam. I do believe ſo; Death—a Cuckold? ſhall that black Cloud ſhade all my riſing Fame?

L. *Lam.* Cuckold! Why is that name ſo great a Stranger to ye,
Or has your riſing Fame made ye forget
How long that Cloud has hung upon your Brow?
—'Twas once the height of your Ambition, Sir;
When you were a poor—ſneaking Slave to *Cromwell*,
Then you cou'd cringe, and ſneer, and hold the Door,
And give him every Opportunity,
Had not my Piety defeated my Endeavours.

Lam. That was for Glory,
Who wou'd not be a Cuckold to be great?
——If *Cromwell* leap'd into my Saddle once,
I'll ſtep into his Throne for't: but, to be pointed at
By Raſcals that I—rule——'tis inſupportable.

L. *Lam.* How got this Fellow drunk? call up my Officers,
Who durſt deliver him this quantity of Wine;

Send ſtrait in my Name, to ſummon all the drunken Committee of Safety into my Preſence.
By Heav'n I'll ſhow you, Sir——yes they ſhall
See what a fine King they're like to have
In Honeſt, Gadly, Sober, Wiſe *Jack Lambert.*
—Nay, I'll do't; d'ye think to take away my Honour thus?
I, who by my ſole Politicks and Management
Have ſet you up, Villain of Villains, Sirrah.
———Away———ſummon 'em all. [*To* Gilliflower.

Lam. Stay———be not ſo raſh; who was beneath the Carpet?

L. *Lam.* I will not anſwer thee.

Lam. Nor any living thing?

L. *Lam.* No Creature in the Room, thou ſilly Ideot, but *Gilliflower* and I———at our Devotion, praying to Heav'n for your Succeſs to morrow—and am I thus rewarded? [*Weeps*, Gill. *weeps too.*

Lam. My Soul, I cannot bear the Sight of Tears
From theſe dear charming Eyes.

L. *Lam.* No matter Sir, the Committee ſhall right me.

Lam. Upon my Knees I ask thy Pardon, Dear; by all that's good, I wou'd have ſworn I'd felt ſomething ſtir beneath me as I ſat, which threw me over.

L. *Lam.* Only your Brains turn'd round with too much drinking and dancing, Exerciſes you are not us'd to——go ſleep, and ſettle 'em, for I'll not deign to Bed with you to night———retire, as e'er you hope to have my Aid in your Advancement to the Crown.

Lam. I'm gone—and once more pardon my Miſtake.
[*Bows, and goes out.* [*Ex* Gill.

L. *Lam*——So, this fighting Fool, ſo worſhipp'd by the Rabble, how meanly can a Woman make him ſneak?
——The happy Night's our own——— [*To* Loveleſs.

Enter Gill. Loveleſs.

Lov. Excellent Creature, how I do adore thee!

L. *Lam.* But you, perhaps, are ſatisfied already——

Lov. Never; ſhou'dſt thou be kind to all Eternity. Thou haſt one Virtue more, I pay thee Homage for; I heard from the Alcove how great a Miſtreſs thou art in the dear Myſtery of Jilting.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* That's the firſt Leſſon Women learn in Conventicles, Religion teaches thoſe Maxims to our Sex: by this

Kings are depos'd, and Commonwealths are rul'd;
By Jilting all the Univerſe is fool'd.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Street.

Enter Corporal, half dreſt; with Soldiers, Joyner, and Felt-maker.

Cor. HA Rogues, the City-Boys are up in Arms; brave Boys, all for the King now!

Felt. Have a care what you ſay Sir; but as to the City's being in Mutiny, that makes well for us: we ſhall fall to our old Trade of plundering; ſomething will fall to the Righteous, and there is Plunder enough.

Cor. You plunder Sirrah! knock him down, and carry him into the Guard-room, and ſecure him.

[*Two Soldiers ſeize him.*

1 *Sold.* They ſay the Committee of Safety ſate all Night at General *Lambert*'s, about ſome great Affair—— ſome rare Change, Rogues.

2 *Sold.* Yes, and to put off Sorrow, they ſay, were all right reverendly drunk too.

Cor. I ſuppoſe there is ſome heavenly matter in hand; there was Treaſon cried out at the General's laſt night, and the Committee of no Safety all ran away.

1 *Sold.* Or rather reel'd away.

Cor. The Ladies ſqueak'd, the Lords fled, and all the Houſe was up in Arms.

Felt. Yea, and with Reaſon they ſay; for the Pope in diſguiſe was found under the Lady's Bed, and two huge Jeſuits as big as the tall *Iriſh-man*, with Blunderbuſſes; having, as 'tis ſaid, a Deſign to ſteal the Crown, now in Cuſtody of the General——

2 *Sold.* Good lack is't poſſible?

Joyn. Nay Sir, 'tis true, and is't not time we look'd about us?

Corp. A Pox upon ye all for lying Knaves —— ſecure 'em both on the Guard till farther Order——and let us into th' City, Boys : hay for *Lombard-Street.*

2 *Sold.* Ay, hay for *Lombard-Street* ; there's a Shop I have mark'd out for my own already.

1 *Sold.* There's a handſom Citizen's Wife, that I have an Eye upon, her Husband's a rich Banker, I'll take t'one with t'other.

Joyn, You are miſtaken, Sir, that Plunder is reſerv'd for us, if they begin to mutiny ; that wicked City that is ſo weary of a Commonwealth.

2 *Sold.* Yes, they're afraid of the Monſter they themſelves have made.

Enter Lov. *and* Free. *in diſguiſe.*

Corp. Hah, my noble Colonel ! what, in diſguiſe !

Free. We have made our Eſcapes——and hope to ſee better times ſhortly, the noble *Scotch* General is come Boys.

Enter Captain of the Prentices, and a great Gang with him, arm'd with Swords, Staffs, &c.

Cap. Come, my Lads, ſince you have made me Captain, I'll lead you bravely on ; I'll die in the Cauſe, or bring you off with Victory.

1 *Pren.* Here's a Club ſhall do ſome Execution : I'll beat out *Hewſon*'s t'other Eye ; I ſcorn to take him on the blind ſide.

Cap. In the firſt Place, we muſt all ſign a Petition to my Lord Mayor.———

2 *Pren.* Petitions ! we'll have no Petition, Captain ; we are for Club-Law, Captain.

Capt. Obey, or I leave you.

All. Obey, obey.

Capt. Look ye, we'll petition for an honeſt Free Parliament I ſay.

1 *Pren.* No Parliament, no Parliament, we have had too much of that Miſchief already, Captain.

All. No Parliament, no Parliament.

Capt. Farewel, Gentlemen, I thought I might have been heard.

Free. Death, Sirs, you ſhall hear the Captain out.

All. We obey, we obey.

Capt. I ſay an honeſt Free Parliament, not one pick'd and choſen by Faction ; but ſuch an one as ſhall do our

our Bus'neſs, Lads, and bring in the *Great Heroick.*

All. Ay, ay, the Great Heroick, the Great Heroick.

Lov. A fine Youth, and ſhou'd be encourag'd.

Capt. Good—in the next Place, the noble *Scotch* General is come, and we'll ſide with him.

Free. Ay, ay, all ſide with him.

1 *Pren.* Your Reaſon Captain, for we have acted too much without Reaſon already.

2 *Pren.* Are we ſure of him, Captain?

Capt. Oh, he'll doubtleſs declare for the King, Boys.

All. Hay, *Vive le Roy, vive le Monk.*

Capt. Next, I hear there's a Proclamation coming out to diſſolve the Committee of no Safety.

All. Good, good.

Capt. And I hope you are all brave enough to ſtand to your Loyal Principles with your Lives and Fortunes.

All. We'll die for the Royal Intereſt.

Capt. In the next Place, there's another Proclamation come out.

2 *Pren.* This Captain is a Man of rare Intelligence; but for what, Captain?

Capt. Why—to—hang us all, if we do not immediately depart to our reſpective Vocations: How like you that, my Lads?

2 *Pren.* Hum——hang'd! I'll e'en home again.

1 *Pren.* And I too, I do not like this hanging.

2 *Pren.* A Man looks but ſcurvily with his neck awry.

3 *Pren.* Ay, ay, we'll home.

Capt. Why now you ſhew what precious Men you are——the King wou'd be finely hop'd up with ſuch Raſcals, that for fear of a little hanging would deſert his Cauſe; a Pox upon you all, I here diſcharge ye——

——Take back your Coward Hands, and give me Hearts.

[*Flings 'em a Scroul.*

I ſcorn to fight with ſuch mean-ſpirited Rogues;
I did but try your boaſted Courages.

Lov. Brave Boy.

Lov. and *Free.* We'll die with thee, Captain——

All. Oh, noble Captain, we recant——

1 *Pren.* We recant, dear Captain, we'll die, one and all.

All. One and all, one and all.

Capt. Why, there's ſome truſting to you now.

3 *Pren.* But is there ſuch a Proclamation, Captain?

Capt. There is; but anon, when the Crop-ear'd Sheriff begins to read it, let every Man enlarge his Voice, and cry, no Proclamation, no Proclamation.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Lov. Brave noble Lads, hold ſtill your Reſolution,
And when your leiſure Hours will give ye leave,
Drink the King's Health, here's Gold for you to do ſo.

Free. Take my Mite too, brave Lads. [*Gives 'em Gold.*

All. Hay! *Vive* the brave Heroicks.

Enter Ananias Gogle.

Ana. Hum, what have we here, a Street Conventicle—or a Mutiny? Yea, verily, it is a Mutiny———What meaneth this Appearance in hoſtile manner, in open Street, by Day-light?

Capt. Hah! one of the ſanctify'd Lay Elders, one of the Fiends of the Nation, that go about like roaring Lions ſeeking whom they may devour.

Lov. Who, Mr. *Ananias* the Padder?

Ana. Bear witneſs Gentlemen all, he calls me High-way-man; thou ſhalt be hang'd for Scandal on the Brethren.

Lov. I'll prove what I ſay, Sirrah; do you not rob on the High-way i'th' Pulpit? rob the Siſters, and preach it lawful for them to rob their Husbands; rob Men even of their Conſciences and Honeſty? nay rather than ſtand out, rob poor Wenches of their Bodkins and Thimbles.

Ana. I commit ye; here Soldiers, I charge ye in the Name of——of—marry I know not who, in my Name, and the good People of *England*, take 'em to ſafe Cuſtody.

Capt. How, lay hold of honeſt Gentlemen! Noble Cavaliers, knock him down.

All. Knock him down, knock him down.

Free. Hold worthy Youths; the Raſcal has done me Service.

[Ana. *pulling off his Hat to 'em all.*] Ye look like Citizens, that evil Spirit is entered in unto you, oh Men of *London!* that ye have chang'd your Note, like Birds of evil Omen; that you go aſtray after new Lights, or rather no Lights, and commit Whoredom with your Fathers Idols, even in the midſt of the Holy City, which

of

the Saints have prepared for the Elect, the Choſen ones.

Capt. Hark ye, Sirrah, leave preaching, and fall to declaring for us, or thou art mortal.

Ana. Nay, I say nay, I will die in my Calling——— yea, I will fall a Sacrifice to the Good Old Cauſe; abomination ye with a mighty Hand, and will deſtroy, demoliſh, and confound your Idols, thoſe heatheniſh Malignants whom you follow, even with Thunder and Lightning, even as a Field of Corn blaſted by a ſtrong Blaſt.

Lov. Knock him down.

All. Down with *Dagon*, down with him.

Enter Hewſon *with Guards.*

Hewſ. Ah, Rogues, have I caught ye napping?

[*They all ſurround him and his Red-Coats.*

All. Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler.

[*The Boys*, Lov. *and* Free. *Corp. and Sold. beat off* Hewſon *and his Party.* An. *gets a Sword, and fights 'em.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter L. Lam. *and* Gill.

Gill. I've had no time to ask your Highneſs how you ſlept to Night; but that's a needleſs Queſtion.

L. *Lam.* How mean you? do you ſuſpect my Virtue? do you believe *Loveleſs* dares attempt any thing againſt my Honour? No *Gilliflower*, he acted all things ſo like a Gentleman, that every moment takes my Heart more abſolutely.

Gill. My Lord departed highly ſatisfied.

L. *Lam.* She is not worthy of Intrigues of Love, that cannot manage a ſilly Husband as ſhe pleaſes—but *Gilliflower*, you forget that this is Council day.

Gill. No, but I do not, Madam, ſome important Suitors wait already.

Enter L. Def. *and L.* Fleetwood.

L. *Lam.* Your Servant, Madam *Desbro*, thour't welcome——

Gilliflower, are all things ready in the Council-Chamber?
We that are great muſt ſometimes ſtoop to Acts,
That have at leaſt ſome ſhew of Charity;
We muſt redreſs the Grievance of our People.

L. *Fleet.*

L. *Fleet.* She ſpeaks as ſhe were Queen, but I ſhall put a ſpoke in her riſing Wheel of Fortune, or my Lord's Politicks fail him.

[*Scene draws off, Table with Papers: Chairs round it.*

L. *Lam.* Where are the Ladies of the Council?—how remiſs they are in their Attendance on us?

L. *Fleet.* Us! Heav'ns, I can ſcarce endure this Inſolence!

—We will take care to mind 'em of their Duty—

L. *Lam.* We, poor Creature! how ſimply Majeſty becomes her?

[*They all ſitting down, enter L.* Cromwel *angrily, and takes her Place, L.* Lam. *uppermoſt.*

—Madam, as I take it, at our laſt ſitting, our Pleaſure was, that you ſhou'd ſit no more.

Crom. Your Pleaſure! Is that the General Voice? This is my Place in ſpite of thee, and all thy fawning Faction, and ſhall keep it, when thou perhaps, ſhalt be an humble Suppliant here at my Foot-ſtool.

L. *Lam.* I ſmile at thee.

Crom. Do, and cringe; 'tis thy buſineſs to make thee popular.

But 'tis not that—nor thy falſe Beauty that will ſerve thy Ends.

L. *Lam.* Rail on: declining Majeſty may be excus'd, Call in the Women that attend for redreſs of Grievances.

[*Ex. Page.*

Enter Page with Women, and Loveleſs *dreſs'd as a Woman.*

Gentlewomen, what's your Bus'neſs with us?

Lov. Gentlewomen! ſome of us are Ladies.

L. *Lam.* Ladies, in good time; by what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Title of Ladies?

L. *Fleet.* Have a care how you uſurp what is not your own?

Lov. How the Devil rebukes Sin! [*Aſide.*

L. *Def.* From whom had you your Honours, Women?

Lov. From our Husbands.

Gill. Husbands, who are they, and of what ſtanding?

2 *Lady.* Of no long ſtanding, I confeſs.

Gill. That's a common Grievance indeed.

L. *Def.* And ought to be redreſs'd.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* And that ſhall be taken into conſideration; write it down, *Gilliflower*, who made your Husband a Knight, Woman?

Lov. Oliver the firſt, an't pleaſe ye.

L. *Lam.* Of horrid Memory; write that down—— who yours?

2 *Lady. Richard* the fourth, an't like your Honour.

Gill. Of ſottiſh Memory; ſhall I write that down too?

L. *Def.* Moſt remarkably.

Crom. Heav'ns! Can I hear this Profanation of our Royal Family?

L. *Lam.* I wonder with what impudence *Noll* and *Dick* cou'd Knightify your Husbands; for 'tis a Rule in Heraldry, that none can make a Knight but him that is one; 'tis *Sancha Pancha*'s Caſe in *Don Quixot.*

Crom. How dare you queſtion my Husband's Authority? [*Riſes in Anger.*

Who nobly won his Honour in the Field,
Not like thy ſneaking Lord who gain'd his Title
From his Wife's gay Love-tricks— bartering her Honour for his Coronet.

L. *Lam.* Thou ly'ſt, my Husband earn'd it with his Sword, braver and juſter than thy bold Uſurper, who waded to his Glory through a Sea of Royal Blood———

L. *Def.* Sure *Loveleſs* has done good on her, and converted her.

L. *Fleet.* Madam, I humbly beg you will be patient, you'll ruin all my Lord's Deſigns elſe—Women, proceed to your Grievances, both publick and private.

Lov. I petition for a Penſion; my Husband, deceas'd, was a conſtant active Man, in all the late Rebellion, againſt the Man; he plunder'd my Lord *Capel*, he betray'd his deareſt Friend *Brown Buſhel*, who truſted his Life in his Hands, and ſeveral others; plundering their Wives and Children even to their Smocks.

L. *Lam.* Moſt conſiderable Service, and ought to be conſider'd.

2 *Lady.* And moſt remarkably, at the Trial of the late Man, I ſpit in's Face, and betray'd the Earl of *Holland* to the Parliament.

Crom. In the King's Face, you mean——it ſhew'd your Zeal for the Good Cauſe.

2 *Lady.*

2 *Lady.* And 'twas my Husband that headed the Rable, to pull down *Gog* and *Magog*, the Biſhops, broke the Idols in the Windows, and turn'd the Churches into Stables and Dens of Thieves; rob'd the Altar of the Cathedral of the twelve pieces of Plate call'd the twelve Apoſtles, turn'd eleven of 'em into Money, and kept *Judas* for his own uſe at home.

L. *Fleet.* On my Word, moſt wiſely performed, note it down———

3 *Lady.* And my Husband made Libels on the Man from the firſt Troubles to this day, defam'd and profan'd the Woman and her Children, printed all the Man's Letters to the Woman with Burleſque Marginal Notes, pull'd down the ſumptuous Shrines in Churches, and with the golden and Popiſh Spoils adorn'd his own Houſes and Chimney-Pieces.

L. *Lam.* We ſhall conſider theſe great Services.

Lov. To what a height is Impudence arriv'd?

L. *Lam.* Proceed to private Grievances.

Lov. An't pleaſe your Honours, my Husband prays too much; which both hinders his private bus'neſs at home, and his publick Services to the Commonwealth—

L. *Lam.* A double Grievance—ſet it down *Gilliflower.*

Lov. And then he rails againſt the Whore of *Babylon*, and all my Neighbours think he calls me Whore.

Crom. A moſt unpardonable fault.

L. *Lam.* We'll have that rectify'd, it will concern us.

Lov. Then he never kiſſes me, but he ſays a long Grace, which is more mortifying than inviting.

L. *Def.* That is the fault of all the new Saints, which is the reaſon their Wives take a pious care, as much as in them lies, to ſend 'em to Heaven, by making 'em Cuckolds.

L. *Fleet.* A very charitable Work, and ought to be encourag'd. [Loveleſs *gives in a Petition to* Gilliflower.

Gill. The humble Petition of the Lady *Make-ſhift.* [*Reads.*

——Heav'ns Madam, here are many thouſand Hands to't of the diſtreſſed Sex.

All. Read it.

Gill. reads.] Whereas there paſs'd an Act, *June* 24th, againſt Fornication and Adultery, to the great detriment of

of moſt of the young Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Commonalty of *England*, and to the utter decay of many whole Families, eſpecially when married to old Men; your Petitioners moſt humbly beg your Honours will take this great Grievance into mature Conſideration, and the ſaid Act may be repealed.

——A Bleſſing on 'em, they ſhall have my Hand too.

L. *Lam.* We acknowledge, there are many Grievances in that Act; but there are many Conveniencies too, for it ties up the villanous Tongues of Men from boaſting our Favours.

Crom. But as it lays a Scandal on Society——'tis troubleſome, Society being the very Life of a Republick—*Peters* the firſt, and *Martin* the ſecond.

Lov. But in a Free-State, why ſhou'd we not be free?

L. *Def.* Why not? we ſtand for the Liberty and Property of our Sex, and will preſent it to the Committee of Safety.

Lov. Secondly, we deſire the Heroicks, vulgarly call'd the Malignant, may not be look'd on as Monſters, for aſſuredly they are Men; and that it may not be charg'd to us as a Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honeſt Men.

2 *Lady.* And ſome of 'em Men that will ſtand to their Principles.

L. *Lam.* Is there no other honeſt Men that will do as well?

3 *Lady.* Good Men are ſcarce.

L. *Lam.* They're all for Heroicks, ſure 'tis the mode to love 'em——I cannot blame 'em. [*Aſide.*

Lov. And that when we go to Morning and Evening Lectures, to *Tantlings*, or elſewhere, and either before or after viſit a private Friend, it may be actionable for the wicked to ſcandalize us, by terming of it, abuſing the Creature, when 'tis harmleſs recreating the Creature.

All. Reaſon, Reaſon.

Lov. Nor that any Husband ſhou'd interrupt his Wife, when at her private Devotion.

Enter Page.

L. *Lam.* I have been too late ſenſible of that Grievance.

Gill. And, Madam, I wou'd humbly pray a Patent for Scolding, to eaſe my Spleen. *Page.*

Page. An Pleaſe your Highneſs, here's a Meſſenger arriv'd Poſt with Letters from my Lord the General.

[*Ex.* Page.

L. *Lam.* Greater Affairs—oblige us to break up the Council. [*Riſes, the Women retire.*

Enter Page *with Meſſengers, or Letters.*

——What means this haſte? [*Opens, and reads 'em.*

Crom. Hah, bleſs my Eye-ſight, ſhe looks pale,—now red again; ſome turn to his Confuſion, Heav'n, I beſeech thee.

L. *Lam.* My Lord's undone! his Army has deſerted him;
Left him defenceleſs to the Enemies Pow'r.
Ah Coward Traytors! Where's the brutal Courage,
That made you ſo ſucceſsful in your Villanies?
Has Hell, that taught you Valour, now abandon'd ye?
—How in an inſtant are my Glories fall'n!

Crom. Ha, ha, ha—What has your Highneſs any Cauſe of Grief?

Gill. Call up your Courage, Madam, do not let theſe things ſcoff you—you may be yet a Queen: Remember what *Lilly* told you, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Damn *Lilly*, who with lying Prophecies has rais'd me to the hopes of Majeſty: a Legion of his Devils take him for't.

Crom. Oh, have a care of Curſing, Madam.

L. *Lam.* Screech-Owl, away, thy Voice is ominous.
Oh I cou'd rave! but that it is not great;
——And ſilent Sorrow——has moſt Majeſty.

Enter Wariſton, *huffing.*

War. Wons, Madam, undone, undone; our honourable Committee is gone to th' Diel, and the damn'd looſey Rump is aud in aud; the muckle Diel ſet it i'ſolt, and his Dam drink moſt for't.

Crom. The Committee diſſolv'd! whoſe wiſe work's that? it looks like *Fleetwood*'s ſilly Politicks.

War. Marry, and yar Ladiſhip's i'th' right, 'twas en the Work o'th' faud Loone, the Diel breſt his Wem for't.

Enter Hewſon, Desbro, Whitlock, Duc. *and* Cob.

Hew. So Brethren in Iniquity, we have ſpun a fine Thred, the Rump's all in all now, rules the Roaſt, and has ſent for the General with Sciſſers and Raſor.

Whit.

Whit. With a Siſſeraro, you mean.

Hewſ. None of your Terms in Law, good Brother.

War. Right; but gen ya have any Querks in Law, Mr. Lyar, that will ſave our Crags, 'twill be warth a Fee.

Duc. We have plaid our Cards fair,

War. I's deny that; Wons, Sirs, ya plaid 'em faul; a Fule had the ſhooftling of 'em, and the Muckle Diel himſelſ turn up Trump.

Whit. We are loſt Gentlemen, utterly loſt; who the Devil wou'd have thought of a Diſſolution?

Hewſ. Is there no Remedy?

Duc. Death, I'll to the *Scotch* General; turn but in time as many greater Rogues than I have done, and 'twill ſave my Stake yet——Farewel Gentlemen.

Deſ. No Remedy?

War. Nene, Sirs, again the King's Evil; Bread Sirs, ye's ene gan tol yar Stall agen: I's en follow *Duckenfield* ——Farewel Mr. Lyar.

L. *Lam.* See the Viciſſitudes of human Glory.
Theſe Raſcals, that but yeſterday petition'd me
With humble Adoration, now ſcarce pay
Common Civilities due to my Sex alone.

Enter Fleetwood.

Crom. How now Fool, what is't that makes you look ſo pertly? Some mighty Buſineſs you have done, I'll warrant.

Fleet. Verily, Lady Mother, you are the ſtrangeſt Body; a Man cannot pleaſe you—Have I not finely circumvented *Lambert?* made the Rump Head, who have committed him to the *Tower*; ne'er ſtir now that I have, and I'm the greateſt Man in *England*, as I live I am, as a Man may ſay.

Crom. Yes till a greater come. Ah Fool of Fools, not to fore-ſee the danger of that naſty Rump.

L. *Fleet.* Good Madam, treat my Lord with more Reſpect.

Crom. Away fond Fool, born with ſo little Senſe,
To doat on ſuch a wretched Idiot;
It was thy Fate in *Ireton*'s days to love him,
Or you were foully ſcandaliz'd.

Fleet. You are not ſo well ſpoken of neither, ne'er ſtir now, and you go to that. I can be King to morrow if I will.

Crom. Thou lyeſt, thou wo't be hang'd firſt; mark that I tell thee ſo. I'll prove *Caſſandra* to thee, and propheſy thy Doom; Heav'n pays the Traitor back with equal Meaſure. Remember how you ſerv'd my poor Son *Richard.* [*Ex.* Crom. *and* Page.

Fleet. She's mad—Come, my Dear, let's leave the Houſe of this Villain, that meant to have cozen'd me illegally of three Kingdoms—but that I outwitted him at laſt.

[*Ex.* Fleet. *L.* Fleet.

Enter Page.

L. *Lam.* Impriſon'd too, i'th' Tower! what Fate is mine? [*Leans on* Deſ.

Page. Madam, the fine Heroick's come to wait on you.

L. *Lam.* Hah! *Loveleſs!* let him not ſee the Ruin of my Greatneſs, which he foretold, and kindly begg'd I wou'd uſurp no more.

Enter Loveleſs.

Lov. This News has brought me back, I love this Woman, Vain as ſhe is, in ſpite of all her Fopperies of State—

[*Bows to her, and looks ſad.*

L. *Lam.* Alas, I do not merit thy Reſpect,
I'm fall'n to Scorn, to Pity and Contempt. [*Weeping.*
Ah *Loveleſs*, fly the Wretched——
Thy Virtue is too noble to be ſhin'd on
By any thing but riſing Suns alone:
I'm a declining Shade———

Lov. By Heaven you were never great till now;
I never thought thee ſo much worth my Love,
My Knee, and Adoration, till this Minute. [*Kneels.*
———I come to offer you my Life, and all
The little Fortune the rude Herd has left me.

L. *Lam.* Is there ſuch God-like Virtue in your Sex?
Or, rather, in your Party.
Curſe on the Lyes and Cheats of Conventicles,
That taught me firſt to think Heroicks Devils,
Blood-thirſty, leud, tyrannick, ſalvage Monſters.
——But I believe 'em Angels all, if all like *Loveleſs.*
What heavenly thing then muſt the Maſter be,
Whoſe Servants are divine? [*Enter Page running.*]

Page. Oh Madam! all the heroick Boys are up in Arms, and ſwear they'll have your Highneſs, dead or alive,—— they have beſieg'd the Houſe.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* Heav'ns, the Rabble!——— thoſe faithleſs things that us'd to croud my Coach's Wheels, and ſtop my Paſſage, with their officious Noiſe and Adoration.

Enter Freeman.

Free. Loveleſs, thy Aid; the City-Sparks are up; Their zealous Loyalty admits no Bounds. (fac'd.
A glorious Change is coming, and I'll appear now bare-

Lov. Madam, fear not the Rabble; retire. *Freeman.* and I can ſtill 'em. [*Leads her in, and bows low.*

Free. My dear *Maria*, I ſhall claim ye ſhortly—

L. *Def.* Do your worſt, I'm ready for the Challenge. [*Ex.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Captain and the reſt.

Capt. I ſay we'll have the She-Politician out, ſhe did more miſchief than her Husband, pitiful, dittiful *Lambert*; who is, thanks be prais'd, in the *Tower*, to which place Lord of his Mercy bring all the King's Enemies.

All. Amen, Amen.

Enter Lov. *and* Freeman.

Lov. Why how now Captain, what beſiege the Women! No, let us lead our Force to nobler Enemies.

Capt. Nay, noble Chief, your Word's our Law.

Lov. No, I reſign that Title to the brave *Scotch* General, who has juſt now enter'd the City.

Capt. We know it, Sir; do you not obſerve how the Crop-ear'd Fanaticks trot out of Town?——The Rogues began their old belov'd Mutiny, but 'twould not do.

Lov. A Pox upon 'em, they went out like the Snuff of a Candle, ſtinkingly and blinkingly.

1 *Pr.* Ay, ay, let 'em hang themſelves, and then they are cold Meat for the Devil.

Capt. But noble Champion, I hope we may have leave to roaſt the Rump to night.

Lov. With all our Hearts, here's Mony to make Fires—

Free. And here's for Drink to't, Boys.

All. Hey—*Vive le Roy, vive les Heroicks!*

[*Go out hollowing.*

Enter Ananias *peeping, Feltmaker, and Joyner.*

Ana. So, the Rabble's gone: ah Brethren! what will this wicked World come to?

Felt. Alack, alack, to no Goodneſs, you may be ſure: pray

pray what's the News? [Fleet. *peeping out of a Garret-Window.*

Fleet. Anania, Anania!

Ana. Who calleth *Ananias?* lo, here am I.

Fleet. Behold, it is I, look up. How goeth tidings?

Ana. Full ill, I fear 'tis a bad Omen to ſee your Lordſhip ſo nigh Heaven; when the Saints are Garretified.

Fleet. I am fortifying my ſelf againſt the Evil-Day.

Ana. Which is come upon us like a Thief in the night; like a Torrent from the Mountain of Waters, or a Whirlwind from the Wilderneſs.

Fleet. Why, what has the *Scotch* General done?

Ana. Ah! he playeth the Devil with the Saints in the City, becauſe they put the Covenant-Oath unto him; he pulls up their Gates, their Poſts and Chains, and enters.

Felt. And wou'd the wicked City let him have his beaſtly Will of her?

Ana. Nay, but ſhe was raviſh'd—deflower'd.

Joy. How, raviſh'd! oh monſtrous! was ever ſuch a Rape committed upon an innocent City? lay her Legs open to the wide World, for every Knave to view her Nakedneſs?

Felt. Ah, ah! what Days, what Times, and what Seaſons are here?

Enter Capt. Corp. and Prent. with Faggots hollowing.

Corp. What ſay you now, Lads, is not my Prophecy truer than *Lilly's?* I told you the Rump would fall to our handling and drinking for: the King's proclaim'd, Rogues.

Capt. Ay, ay, *Lilly*, a Plague on him, he propheſied *Lambert* ſhould be uppermoſt.

Corp. Yes, he meant perhaps on *Weſtminſter* Pinacle: where's *Lilly* now, with all his Prophecies againſt the Royal Family?

Capt. In one of his Twelve Houſes.

1 *Pren.* We'll fire him out to Night, Boy; come, all hands to work for the Fire. [Ex. *all hollowing.*

Fleet. Ah, diſmal, heavy Day, a day of Grief and Woe, which haſt bereft me of my hopes for ay. Lard, ah what ſhall I do? [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Lov. *leading* L. Lam. *in diſguiſe, Page and* Gilliflower *diſguis'd,* Lov. *dreſſing her.*

Lov. My Charmer, why theſe Tears,
If for the fall of all thy painted Glories,
Thou art, in the eſteem of all good Men,
Above what thou wert then?
The glorious Sun is riſing in our Hemiſphere,
And I, amongſt the crowd of Loyal Sufferers,
Shall ſhare its kindly Rays.

L. *Lam.* Beſt of thy Sex——
What have I left to gratify thy Goodneſs?

Lov. You have already by your noble Bounty,
Made me a Fortune, had I nothing elſe;
All which I render back, with all that Wealth
Heaven and my Parents left me:
Which, tho unjuſtly now detain'd from me,
Will once again be mine, and then be yours.

Enter Free.

Free. Come, haſte, the Rabble gather round the Houſe,
And ſwear they'll have this Sorcereſs.

Lov. Let me looſe among 'em, their rude officious Honeſty muſt be puniſh'd.

L. *Lam.* Oh, let me out, do not expoſe thy Perſon to their mad Rage, rather refign the Victim. [*Holds him.*

Lov. Reſign thee! by Heaven, I think I ſhou'd turn Rebel firſt.

Enter La. Def. *diſguis'd, and Page, with Jewels in a Box.*

L. *Def.* With much ado, according to thy direction, dear *Freeman*, I have paſs'd the Pikes, my Houſe being ſurrounded; and my Husband demanded, fell down dead with fear.

Free. How, thy Husband dead!

L. *Def.* Dead as old *Oliver*, and much ado I got off with theſe Jewels, the Rabble ſwore I was one of the Party; and had not the honeſt Corporal convinc'd 'em, I had been pull'd to pieces.——Come haſte away, Madam, we ſhall be roaſted with the Rump elſe.

L. *Lam.*

L. *Lam.* Adieu, dear Manſion! whoſe rich gilded Roofs ſo oft put me in mind of Majeſty——And thou my Bed of State, where my ſoft Slumbers have preſented me with Diadems and Scepters——when waking I have ſtretch'd my greedy Arms to graſp the vaniſh'd Phantom! ah, adieu! and all my hopes of Royalty adieu.———

Free. And dare you put your ſelf into my Protection? Why if you do, I doubt you'll never be your own Woman again.

L. *Def.* No matter, I'm better loſt than found on ſuch occaſions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street*; *a great Bonfire, with Spits, and Rumps roaſting, and the Mobile about the Fire, with Pots, Bottles, Fiddles.*

1 *Pren.* Here, *Jack*, a Health to the King.

2 *Pren.* Let it paſs, Lad, and next to the noble General.

1 *Pren.* *Ralph*, baſte the Rump well, or ne'er hope to ſee a King agen.

3 *Pren.* The Rump will baſte it ſelf, it has been well cram'd.

Enter Freeman, *L.* Def. Loveleſs, *and L.* Lam. Gill. *Pages*, &c.

Cap. Hah, Noble Champion, faith Sir, you muſt honour us ſo far as to drink the King's Health, and the noble General's, before you go.

Enter Wariſton, *dreſt like a Pedlar, with a Box about his Neck full of Ballads and Things.*

War. Will ya buy a guedly Ballat or a *Scotch* Spur, Sirs? a guedly Ballat, or a *Scotch* Spur.——'Sbread, I's ſcapt hitherte weele enough, I's ſav'd my Crag fro ſtretching twa Inches longer than 'twas borne: will ya buy a Jack-line to roaſt the Rump, a new *Jack Lambert* Line?——or a blithe Ditty of the Noble *Scotch* General?—come buy my Ditties.

Cap. How, a Ditty o'th' General? let's ſee't, Sirrah.

War. 'Sbread, Sirs, and here's the guedly Ballat of the General's coming out of *Scotland.*

Cap. Here, who ſings it? we'll all bear the bob.

[Wariſton *ſings the Ballad, all bearing the Bob.*

Enter

Enter Ananias, *crying* Almanacks.

Ana. New Almanacks, new Almanacks.

Cap. Hah, who have we here? *Ananias*, Holder-forth of *Clement*'s Pariſh?

All. Ha, a Traytor, a Traytor.

Lov. If I be not miſtaken, this blithe Ballad-ſinger too was Chair-man to the Committee of Safety.

Cap. Is your Lordſhip turned Pedlar at laſt?

War. What mon I do noo? Lerd ne mere Lerd than yar ſel Sir; wons I's ſhow 'em a fair pair of Heels.

[*Goes to run away, they get him on a Colt-ſtaff, with* Ananias *on another, Fidlers playing* Fortune my Foe, *round the Fire.*

Cap. Play *Fortune my Foe*, Sirrah.

Enter Hewſon, *dreſt like a Country Fellow.*

Cor. Who are you, Sirrah? you have the mark o'th' Beaſt.

Hewſ. Who ave Sir? Ave am a Doncer, that come merry-making among ya———

Cap. Come, Sirrah, your Feats of Activity quickly then.

[*He dances*; *which ended, they get him on a Colt-ſtaff, and cry a* Cobler, *a* Cobler.

All. A Cobler, a Cobler.

Cap. To Priſon with the Traytors, and then we have made a good Night's work on't.

Then let's all home, and to the Powers Divine
Pray for the King, and all the Sacred Line. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lady *Desbro.*

THE Vizor's off, and now I dare appear
High for the Royal Cauſe *in Cavalier*;
Tho once as true a Whig *as moſt of you,*
Cou'd cant, and lye, preach, and diſſemble to:
So far you drew me in, but faith I'll be
Reveng'd on you for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious Cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your Ignoramus *Flock aſtray:*

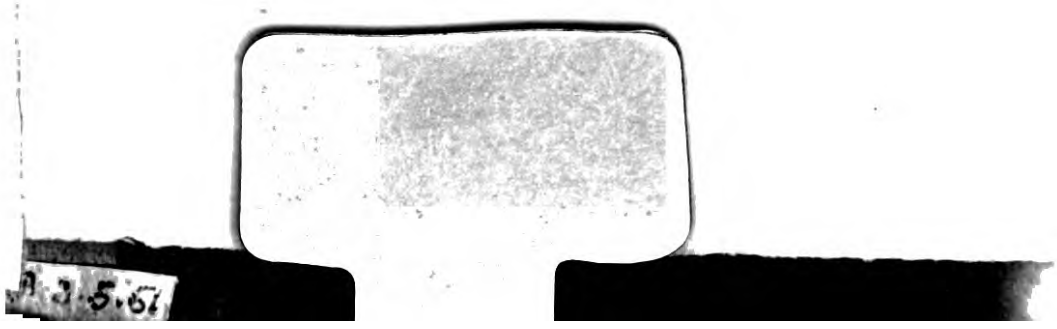
For

For ſince I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exerciſe my Talent, that's to rail.
Ye Race of Hypocrites, whoſe Cloak of Zeal
Covers the Knave that cants for Commonweal,
All Laws, the Church and State to Ruin brings,
And impudently ſets a Rule on Kings;
Ruin, deſtroy, all's good that you decree
By your Infallible Presbytery,
Proſperous at firſt, in Ills you grew ſo vain,
You thought to play the Old Game *o'er again:*
And thus the Cheat was put upon the Nation,
Firſt with Long Parliaments, *next* Reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new Invaſion:
And when you can't prevail by open Force,
To cunning tickling Tricks you have recourſe,
And raiſe Sedition forth without Remorſe.
Confound theſe curſed Tories, *then they cry,* [In a preach-
Thoſe Fools, thoſe Pimps to Monarchy, ing tone.
Thoſe that exclude the Saints; yet open th' Door,
To introduce the Babylonian Whore.
By Sacred Oliver *the Nation's mad;*
Beloved, 'twas not ſo when he was Head:
But then, as I have ſaid it oft before ye,
A Cavalier *was but a Type of* Tory.
The Curs durſt then not bark, but all the Breed
Is much encreas'd ſince that good Man was dead:
Yet then they rail'd againſt the Good Old Cauſe,
Rail'd fooliſhly for Loyalty and Laws;
But when the Saints had put them to a ſtand,
We left them Loyalty, and took their Land:
Yea, and the pious Work of Reformation
Rewarded was with Plunder, Sequeſtration.
Thus cant the Faithful; nay, they're ſo uncivil,
To pray us harmleſs Players to the Devil.
When this is all th' Exception they can make,
They damn us for our Glorious Maſter's ſake.
But why 'gainſt us do you unjuſtly arm?
Our ſmall Religion ſure can do no harm;
Or if it do, ſince that's the only thing,
We will reform when you are true to th' King.

The End of the Firſt VOLUME.


E.A 3.5.67




2.3.5.67