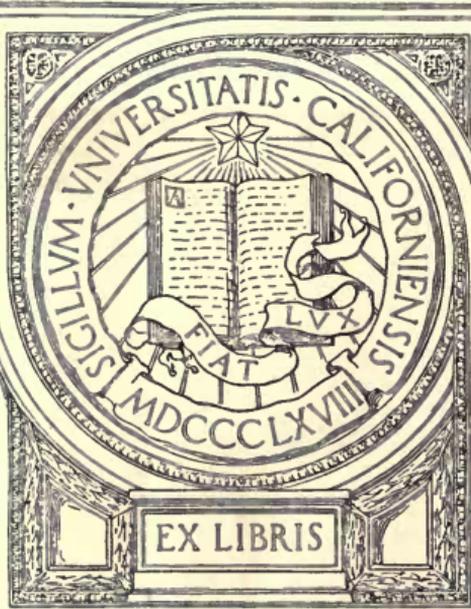


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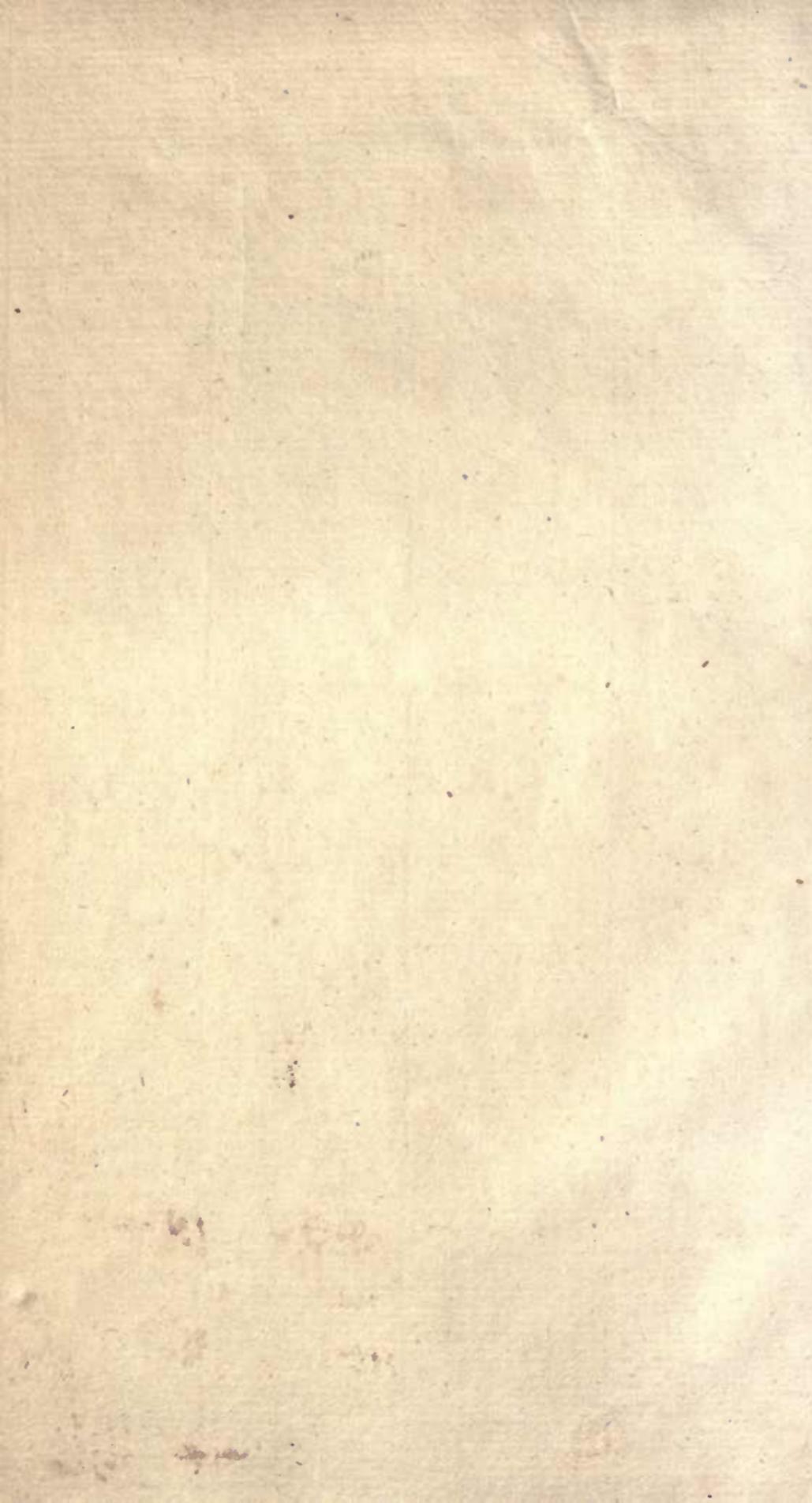
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THE
JOVIAL CREW:

OR, THE
MERRY BEGGARS.

A
COMIC-OPERA.

As it is Performed at the

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In *COVENT-GARDEN*.

A NEW EDITION,

With ADDITIONAL SONGS, and ALTERATIONS.

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THE
LOYAL CREW
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AS PERFORMED AT

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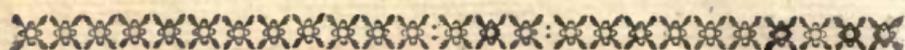
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Dramatis Personæ.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

M E N.

Oldrents,
Hearty,
Springlove,
Randal,
Oliver,
Vincent,
Hilliard,
Justice Clack,
Patrico,
Martin,

Beggar-Men,

Mr. *Quick*.
Mr. *Reinhold*.
Mr. *Wroughton*.
Mr. *Dunstall*.
Mr. *Young*.
Mr. *Mattocks*.
Mr. *Dubellamy*.
Mr. *Shuter*.
Mr. *Booth*.
Mr. *Thompson*.
{ Mr. *Fox*,
Mr. *Baker*,
Mr. *Wewitzer*,
Mr. *Lion*, &c.

W O M E N.

Rachel,
Meriel,
Amie,
Beggar Women,

Miss *Catley*.
Miss *Brown*.
Miss *Dayes*.
{ Mrs. *Willems*,
Mrs. *Evans*,
Mrs. *White*, &c.

Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and Beggars.

SCENE *Oldrents' and Justice Clack's House, and
the Country adjacent.*

THE



T H E
J O V I A L C R E W.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A Room in Oldrents' House.*

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. I T has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very justly, let me tell you, Sir, to give Ear, and Faith too (by your Leave) to Fortune-tellers! Wizards! and Gypsies.

Old. I have since been frightened with it, in a thousand Dreams.

Heart. I would go drunk a thousand Times to Bed, rather than dream of their *Riddlemy Riddlemeries*.

A I R I.

*To-day let us never be Slaves,
Nor the Fate of To-morrow enquire:
Old Wizards, and Gypsies, are Knaves,
And the Devil, we know, is a Liar.
Then drink off a Bumper whilst you may,
We'll laugh and we'll sing, tho' our Hairs are grey;
He's a Fool, and an Ass,
That will baulk a full Glass,
For fear of another Day.*

Old. Wou'd I had your merry Heart!

Heart. I thank you, Sir!

Old. I mean the like.

Heart.

6 *The J O V I A L C R E W.*

Heart. I wou'd you had ! and I such an Estate as yours.—
Four thousand Pounds a Year, with such a Heart as mine,
would defy Fortune, and all her babbling Soothfayers.

Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth for the Air then, and be merry ?

Old. Your Counsel, and Example, may instruct me.

Heart. Sack must be had in sundry Places too. For Songs
I am provided.

A I R II.

*In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their Beer ;
With a Hay-down, down, and a down !
I'll sing in the praise of good Sack :
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back.*

*Then cast away Care,
Bid adieu to Despair,
With a down, down, down, and a down !
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make :
In spite of dull thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too busy to ach.*

*Enter Springlove, with Books and Papers, and a Bunch of
Keys. He lays them on a Table.*

Old. Yet here comes one, brings me a second Fear, who has
my Care next unto my Children.

Heart. Your Steward, Sir, it seems, has Business with you :
I wish you would have none with him.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our Journey in-
stantly.

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. [Exit.

Old. But, why, *Springlove*, is now this Expedition ?

Spr. Sir, 'tis Duty.

Old. Not common among Stewards, I confess, to urge in
their Accompts before the Day their Lords have limited.

Spr. Sir, your Indulgence, I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me.—
Here, Sir, is the Balance of the several Accompts, which
shews you what remains in Cash ; which added to your former
Bank, makes up in all——

Old. Twelve thousand and odd Pounds.

Spr:

Spr. Here are the Keys of all: The Chests are safe in your own Closet.

Old. Why in my Closet! Is not yours as safe?

Spr. Oh Sir! you know my Suit!

Old. Your Suit! what Suit?

Spr. Touching the time of Year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh *May*; Why, what of that, *Springlove?*
[*Birds sing.*]

Spr. Oh Sir! you hear I am call'd!

Old. Are there Delights in Beggary? Or if to take Diversity of Air, be such a Solace, travel the Kingdom over; and if this yield not Variety enough, try farther (provided your Deportment be genteel) take Horse, and Man, and Money, you have all, or I'll allow enough. [*Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sings.*]

Spr. Oh, how am I confounded! Dear Sir, return me naked to the World, rather than lay those Burdens on me, which will stifle me, I must abroad, or perish——Have I your Leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with yourself: I have no Voice to bid you go, or stay. [*Exit.*]

Spr. I am confounded in my Obligations to this good Man.

Enter Randal, and three or four Servants with Baskets.

The Servants go off.

Now, Fellows, what News from whence you came?

Rand. The old wonted News, Sir, from your Guest-House, the old Barn: They have all pray'd for you, and our Master, as their Manner is, from the Teeth outward: Marry! from the Teeth inward, 'tis enough to swallow your Alms, from whence, I think, their Prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou'rt old *Randal* still! ever grumbling! but still officious for 'em.

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough: I have had merry Bouts with some of 'em.

A I R III.

And he that will not merry, merry be,

With a pretty Lass in a Bed;

I wish he were laid in our Church-yard,

With a Tomb-stone over his Head.

He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,

We, to be merry, merry here;

For who does know, where we shall go

To be merry another Year,

Brave Boys! to be merry another Year.

8 *The JOVIAL CREW.*

Spr. Well, honest *Randal!* thus it is ——— I am for a Journey: I know not how long will be my Absence: But I will presently take Order with the Cook and Butler, for my wonted Allowance to the Poor. And I will leave Money with them to manage the Affair till my Return.

Rand. Then rise up *Randal, Bailey of the Beggars.* [*Exeunt,*

S C E N E, a Barn.

The Beggars are discover'd in their Postures: Then they issue forth, and at last the Patrico.

Enter Springlove.

All the Beggars. Our Master! our Master! our sweet and comfortable Master!

Spr. How chear, my Hearts?

1 Beg. Most crowse! most caperingly! Shall we dance? shall we sing to welcome our King?

A I R IV.

1 Beg. Wom. *Tho' all are discontented grown,*
And fain would change Conditions;
The Courtier envies now the Clown,
The Clowns turn Politicians,

2 Beg. Wom. *Ambition still is void of Wit,*
And makes a woful Figure:
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
The Life of a Jovial Beggar.

Chor. *Ambition still, &c.*

3 Beg. Wom. *The Man that hourly wracks his Brain,*
To increase his usefess Store,
Still dreads a Fall, and lives in Pain,
While we can fall no lower.

4 Beg. Wom. *The Dame of rich Attire that brags,*
Wou'd willingly unrig her,
Did she but know the Joys of Rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.

Chorus of all. *The Dame, &c.*

Spr. What is he there? that solemn old Fellow?

2 Beg. Man. O Sir! the rarest of them all! He is a Prophet; see how he holds up his Prognosticating Nose: He is Divining now.

Spr. How! a Prophet!

2 Beg.

2 *Beg. Man.* Yes, Sir, a Cunning-man, and a Fortune-teller, 'Tis thought he was a great Clerk before his Decay; but he is very close, will not tell his Beginning, nor the Fortune he himself is fallen from. But he serves us for a Clergyman still, and marries us, if Need be, after a new Way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his Company?

2 *Beg. Man.* But lately come among us, but a very ancient Stroller all the Land over; and has travell'd with Gypsies, and is a *Patrico*.—— Shall he read your Fortune, Sir?

Spr. If it please him.

Pat. Lend me your Hand, Sir.

By this Palm I understand

Thou art born to Wealth and Land:

And after many a bitter Gust,

Shall build with thy great Grandfire's Dust.

Spr. Where shall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my Head with the Search.

2 *Beg. Man.* What say you, Sir, to our Crew; are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are a Jovial Crew! the only People whose Happiness I admire.

3 *Beg. Man.* Will you make us happy in serving you? Have you any Enemies? Shall we fight under ye? Will you be our Captain?

2 *Beg. Man.* Nay, our King!

3 *Beg. Man.* Command us something, Sir!

Spr. Where's the next Rendezvous?

1 *Beg. Man.* Neither in Village, nor in Town,
But three Miles off, at *Maple-down*.

Spr. At Evening, there I'll visit you.

1 *Beg. Man.* And there you'll find us frolick.

A I R V.

1 *Beg. Man.* We'll glad our Hearts with the best of our Beer,
Our Spirits we'll raise with his Honour's strong Beer;
All Strangers to Hope, and regardless of Fear,
We'll make this the merriest Night of the Year.

Chor. The Year, We'll make this the merriest Night of the Year.

2 *Beg. Man.* Nor Sorrow, nor Pain, amongst us shall be found,
To our Master's good Health shall the Cup be crown'd.
That long he may live and in Bliss abound,
Shall be every Man's Wish while the Bowl goes round.

Chor. Goes round, Shall be every Man's Wish, &c.

3 Beg. Man. *Our Wants we can't help, nor our Poverty cure:
To-morrow mayn't come, of To-night we'll make sure,
We'll laugh, and lie down, although we are poor,
And our Love shall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the Door.*

Chor. *The Door, And our Love, &c.*

4 Beg. Man. *Then brisk, and smart, shall our Mirth go round,
With antick Measures we'll beat the Ground,
To pleasure our Master in Duty bound,
We'll dance, till we're lame, and drink till we're Sound.*

Chor. *We're Sound, We'll dance, &c.*

Spr. So, now away! [*Exeunt Beggars.*
They dream of Happiness that live in State,
But they enjoy it, that obey their Fate. [*Exit.*

S C E N E, Oldrents' House.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, and Rachel.

Hill. I admire the Felicity they take.

Vin. Beggars! they are the only People can boast the Benefit of a free State, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth, and Ease. Who would have lost this Sight of their Revels? How think you, Ladies? Are they not the only Happy in a Nation?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up, and ty'd by the Nose to the continual Stream of hot Hospitality here in our Father's House, when they have the Air at Pleasure in all Variety.

A I R VI.

*In the charming Month of May,
When the pretty little Birds begin to sing:
What a Shame at Home to stay,
Nor enjoy the smiling Spring,
While the Beggar that looks forlorn,
Tho' she's not so nobly born,
With her Rags all patch'd and torn,
While she dances and sings with the merry Men and Maids,
In her smiling Eyes you may trace
And her innocent chearful Face;
Tho' she's poor, may be
More happy than she
That sighs in her rich Brocades.*

Rach.

Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier Spirits than they,
yet to live thus confin'd, stifles me.

See how the Lambs are sporting!
Hear how the Warblers sing!
See how the Doves are courting!
All Nature hails the Spring.
Let us embrace the Blessing,
Beggars alone are free;
Free from Employment,
Their Life is Enjoyment
Beyond Expression;
Happy they wander,
And happy sleep under
The Green-wood Tree.

Hill. Why, Ladies, you have Liberty enough, or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes, in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his Allowance: What's that to absolute Freedom? Such as the very Beggars have; to feast and revel here To-day, and yonder To-morrow; next Day, where they please; and so on still, the whole Country or Kingdom over. There's Liberty! the Birds of the Air can take no more.

Rach. And then, at Home here, or wheresoever he comes, our Father is so pensive (what muddy Spirit so'er possesses him, wou'd I cou'd conjure it out!) that he makes us ever sick of his Sadness, that were wont to do any Thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a Sigh, or Tears in his Eyes, tho' we simper never so demurely. What Tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not, but I am weary of his House.

Rach. Does he think us wanton too, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great Ladies?

How sweet is the Evening Air,
When the Lasses all prepare,
So trim and so clean,
To trip it o'er the Green,
And meet with their Sweethearts there!
While the pale Town Lass
Disguises her Face,
To squeak at a Masquerade;

*Where the proudest Prude
 May be subdu'd,
 And when she cries, You're rude,
 You may conclude
 She will not die a Maid.*

Rach. I can swear safely for the Virginity of one of us, so far as Word and Deed goes.—Marry, Thoughts are free.

Mer. Which is that one of us, I pray? Yourself, or me?

Rach. Good Sister *Meriel*, Charity begins at Home:—But I'll swear, I think as charitably of thee, and not only because thou art a Year younger, neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you.—But dear *Rachel*, as the Saying is, a demure Look is no Security for Virtue.

*She was not coy,
 She wou'd laugh and toy,
 Yet preserv'd her Virgin Fame;
 She was her Father's only Joy,
 And every Shepherd's Flame.
 Tho' many strove,
 Yet none could move;
 'Till Strephon, young and gay,
 Inspir'd her Soul with virtuous Love,
 And stole her Heart away.*

But for my Father, I would I knew his Grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we cou'd not see it. It spoils our Mirth, and that has been better than his Meat to us.

Vinc. Will you hear our Proposal, Ladies?

Mer. Pshah! you would marry us presently out of his Way, because he has given you a foolish kind of Promise: But we will see him in a better Humour first, and as apt to laugh, as we to lie-down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that Course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you, and you shall wait that Season, and our Leisure.

Mer. I will rather venture my being one of the *Ape-leaders*, than to marry while he is so melancholy.

Vinc. We are for any Adventure with you, Ladies.

Rach. And we will put you to't.—Come aside, *Meriel*. I remember an old Song of my Nurse's, every Word of which she believed as much as her *Psalter*, that us'd to make me long, when I was a Girl, to be abroad in a Moon-light Night.

At Night, by Moon-light on the Plain,
 With Rapture, how I've seen,
 Attended by her harmless Train,
 The little Fairy Queen,
 Her Midnight Revels sweetly keep.
 While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep,
 They tript it o'er the Green :
 And where they danc'd their chearful Round,
 The Morning would disclose ;
 For where their nimble Feet do bound,
 Each Flow'r unbidden grows ;
 The Daisy (fair as Maids in May)
 The Cowslip in his gold Array,
 And blushing Violet 'rose.

Mer. Come hither, Rachel.

Rach. } Ha! ha, ha!

Mer. } Ha! ha, ha!

Vinc. What's the Conceit, I wonder !

Rach. } Ha! ha, ha!

Mer. } Ha! ha, ha!

Hill. Some merry one it seems, but I'll never pretend to
 guess at a Woman's Mind.

The Mind of a Woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright :
 I'll tell you the Reason——She knows not her own,
 It changes so often e'er Night.
 'T'wou'd puzzle Apollo,
 Her Whimsies to follow,
 His Oracle wou'd be a Jest ;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the Wind,
 And often abuses,
 The Man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses,
 Likes best,

Rach. And then, Meriel,——Hark again—Ha, ha, ha !

Vinc. How they are taken with it !

Mer. Ha, ha, ha !——Hark again, Rachel,——I am of the
 Girl's Mind, who would not take the Man she lik'd best, 'till
 she was sure he lov'd her well enough to live in a Cottage
 with her.

Mer,

14 *The JOVIAL CREW.*

Mer. *What, tho' she lov'd this young Man well,
She never wou'd be his Bride,
'Till for a while he agreed to dwell
With her, by the Green-wood Side.*

Rach. *And he that lives by the Green-wood Side,
Where Joy and Pleasures spring;
May laugh at the Courtier's painful Pride,
Nor envy the State of a King.*

Vin. Now, Ladies, is your Project ripe? Possess us with the Knowledge of it. You know how, and what we have vow'd; to wait upon you any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

Vinc. Ay, and go to't with you wherever it be. — What say you, are you for a Trip to *Bath*?

Mer. No, no, not 'till the *Doctor* doesn't know what else to do with us.

Vinc. Well, would you be courted to go to *London*?

Rach. Few Country Ladies need be ask'd twice: But you're a bold Man to propose it.

*How few, like you, wou'd dare advise,
To trust the Town's deluding Arts;
Where Love in daily Ambush lies,
And triumphs over heedless Hearts!
How few, like us, wou'd thus deny
T' indulge the tempting dear Delight,
Where daily Pleasures charm the Eye,
And Joys superior crown the Night!*

Hill. In the Name of Wonder, what would you do?

Mer. Pray tell it 'em, Sister *Rachel*.

Rach. Why, Gentlemen—Ha, ha!—Then thus it is—You seem'd e'en now to admire the Felicity of Beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd yourselves to join with us in any Course.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our Sakes, turn Beggars?

Mer. It is our Resolution, and our Injunction on you.

Rach. But for a Time, and a short Progress.

Mer. And for a Spring-Trick of Youth, now in the Season.

Vinc. Beggars! what Rogues, are these!

Hill. A simple Trial of our Loves and Service!

Rach. Are you resolv'd upon't? If not, farewell! We are resolv'd to take our Course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep Counsel.

Vinc. Stay, stay—Beggars! Are we not so already?

A I R XII.

Vinc. *We beg but in a higher Strain,
Than sordid Slaves, who beg for Gain.*

Hill. *No paltry Gold, or Gems, we want,
We beg what you alone can grant.*

Vinc. *No lofty Titles, no Renown,
But something greater than a Crown.*

Hill. *We beg not Wealth, or Liberty,*

Both. *We beg your humble Slaves to be.*

Vinc. *We beg your snowy Hands to kiss,
Or Lips, if you'd vouchsafe the Bliss.*

Hill. *And if our faithful Vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.*

Vinc. *The Boon we beg, if you deny,
Our Fate's decreed, we pine and die.*

Hill. *For Life we beg, for Life implore,*

Both. *The poorest Wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not serve—your Time's not come for that yet. You shall beg Victuals first.

Vinc. O! I conceive your begging Progress is, to ramble out this Summer among your Father's Tenants.

Mer. No, no, not so.

Vinc. Why so we may be a kind of Civil Beggars.

Rach. I mean, stark, errant, downright Beggars. Ay, without Equivocation, Statute Beggars.

Mer. *Couchant and Passant, Guardant and Rampant Beggars.*

Vin. *Current and Vagrant.*

Hill. *Stockant and Whippant Beggars.*

Vinc. 'Fore Heaven! I think they are in Earnest; for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder than they, if we should lose 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a mad Trick of Youth, as they say, for the Spring, or a short-Progress; and Mirth may be made out of it if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Pray, Gentlemen, be sudden. [*Cuckow without*] Hark! you hear the Cuckow.

A I R XIII.

Rach. *Abroad we must wander to hear the Birds sing,
T' enjoy the fresh Air, and the Charms of the Spring.*

Mer. *We'll beg for our Bread, then if the Night's raw,
We'll keep ourselves warm in a Bed of clean Straw.*

Rach.

Rach. *How blest is the Beggar, who takes the fresh Air!*

Mer. *Tho' hard is his Lodging, and coarse is his Fare.*

Rach. *Confinement is hateful*——

Mer. *————— And Pleasure destroys.*

Both. *'Tis Freedom alone is the Parent of Joys.*

Enter Springlove.

Vinc. O! here comes *Springlove!* His great Benefactorship among the Beggars, might prefer us with Authority, into a ragged Regiment, presently. Shall I put it to him?

Rach. Take heed what you do! His Greatness with my Father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his Throat, then.——My noble *Springlove!* the great Commander of the *Maunder*s, and King of *Canter*s: We saw the Gratitude of your Loyal Subjects, in the large tributary Content they gave you in their Revels.

Spr. Did you so, Sir?

Hill. We have seen all, with great Delight and Admiration.

Spr. I have seen you too, kind Gentlemen and Ladies, and over-heard you in your strange Design, to be Partakers, and Co-Actors too, in those vile Courses, which you call Delights, ta'en by those despicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vinc. Thou art a Despiser, nay a Blasphemer, against the Maker of those happy Creatures.

Rach. He grows zealous in the Cause: Sure he'll beg indeed!

Vinc. Art thou an Hypocrite, then, all this while? only pretending Charity, or using it to get a Name and Praise unto thyself; and not to cherish and increase those Creatures in their most happy Way of Living.

Mer. They are more zealous in the Cause, than we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at Defiance too with Reputation, and the Dignity due to your Father's House, and you?

Rach. Hold thy Peace, good *Springlove*; and tho' you seem to dislike this Discourse, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it. Your Throat's in Question; I tell you for Good-Will, good *Springlove*:

Spr. I have sound'd your Faith, and am glad to find you all right. And for your Father's Sadness, I'll tell you the Cause on't; I over-heard it but this Day, in private Discourse with his merry Mate, *Hearty*; he has been told by some Wizard, you both were born to be Beggars!

All. How! how!

Spr. For which he is so tormented in Mind, that he cannot sleep in Peace, nor look upon you, but with Heart's-Grief.

Vinc. This is most strange!

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are Beggars; we have just Reason to become so now; and what we thought on but in Jest before, we'll do in Earnest now.

Spr. I applaud this Resolution in you; wou'd have persuaded it; will be your Servant in't. For, look ye, Ladies; the Sentence of your Fortune does not say that you shall beg for Need, Hunger, or cold Necessity. If therefore you expose yourselves on Pleasure into it, you shall absolve your Destiny, nevertheless, and cure your Father's Grief; I am overjoy'd to think on't;—I am prepar'd already for the Adventure, and will with all Conveniencies furnish, and set you forth; give you Rules, and Directions, how I us'd to accost Passengers, with a——
Good your good Worship! the Gift of one small Penny to a poor Cripple, and even to bless, and restore it to you in Heaven.

All. A Springlove, a Springlove!

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as chearful as——[*Birds whistle without*] We are summon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

A I R XIV.

Mer. To you, dear Father, and our Home,

We bid a short Adieu:

The tempting Frolick has o'ercome,

By Force of being New.

But let not that your Patience vex,

For, dear Papa, you know our Sex.

With a fal, la, &c.

Rach. Nor hope, good Sir, to spare your Cost,

Nor think our Fortune's paid;

No Woman yet was ever lost,

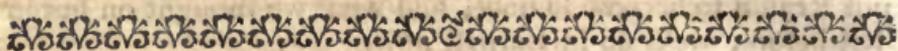
Tho' sometimes she's mis-laid:

For when the Pleasure turns to Pain.

Be sure we shall come home again.

With a fal, la, &c.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Randal with a Bag of Money in his Hand.

Rand. WELL, go thy ways! if ever any just and charitable Steward was commended, surely thou shalt be at the last Quarter-day. Here's five-and-twenty Pounds for this Quarter's *Beggars Charge*: And (if he return not by the End of this Quarter) here's Order to a Friend to supply for the next.—If I now should venture for the Commendation of an unjust Steward, and turn this Money to my own Use? Ha! dear Devil tempt me not! I'll do thee Service in a greater Matter; but to rob the Poor (a poor Trick) every *Church-Warden* can do't.—Now something whispers me, that my Master, for his Steward's Love, will supply the Poor, as I may handle the Matter—then I rob the Steward, if I restore him not the Money at his Return.—Away, Temptation: leave me! I'm frail Flesh, yet I will fight with thee.—But say the Steward never return—Oh! but he will return! — Perhaps he may not return.—Turn from me, Satan! strive not to clog my Conscience.—I would not have this Weight upon me for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty singing, and Oldrents.

AIR XV.

*Let Pleasure go round,
Let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, Boys!
Let Humour abound,
And Joy fill the Day.
If Sorrow intrude,
Drive it out again, drive it out again, Boys!
If by Griefs we're pursu'd,
Let us drink 'em away:
The Pleasure of Wine
Makes a Mortal divine;
For get but a Bottle once into your Noddle,
No Power, or Art,
Can such Virtue impart,
For raising the Spirits, and cheering the Heart.*

Remem-

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive, you see, to be so.—But do you see you Fellow?

Heart. I never noted him so sad before; he neither sings, nor whistles.

Old. Why, how now, *Randal!* where's *Springlove*?

Rand. Here's his Money, Sir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The Devil and I have strain'd Courtesy these two Hours about it.—I would not be corrupted with the Trust of more than is my own. Mr. *Steward* gave it me, Sir, to order it for the Beggars: He has made me *Steward* of the *Barn*, and them; while he is gone, he says, a Journey, to survey and measure Lands abroad about the Countries; some Purchase, I think, for your Worship.

Old. I know his measuring of Land! He's gone his old Way, and let him go.—Am not I merry, *Hearty*?

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The Poor's Charge shall be mine: Carry you the Money to one of my Daughters to keep for *Springlove*.

Rand. I thank your Worship. [Exit.]

Old. He might have ta'en his Leave, tho'.

Heart. I hope he's run away with some large Trust: I never lik'd such demure, down-look'd Fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Heart. If you be not, 'tis well.—But this is from the Covenant,

Old. Well, Sir, I will be merry: I'm resolv'd to force my Spirit only unto Mirth.—Shou'd I hear now, my Daughters were mis-led, or run away, I would not send a Sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old Song for that.

A I R XVI.

There was an old Fellow at Waltham-Cross,

Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the Loss.

He cheer'd up his Heart when his Goods went to rack,

With a Hem! Boys, Hem! and a Cup of old Sack.

Old. Is that the Way on't? Well, it shall be mine then.

Enter *Randal*.

Rand. My Mistresses are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How! since when?

Rand. On Foot, Sir, two Hours since, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the *Butler*, and there's a Muttering in the House.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within myself the worst that can befall them; that they are lost, and no more mine. Grief shall lose her Name, where I have Being, and Sadness from my farthest Foot of Land, while I have Life, be banish'd.

Heart. What's the Whim now?

Old. My Tenants shall sit Rent-free, for this Twelvemonth, and all my Servants have their Wages doubled; and so shall be my Charge in House-keeping: I hope my Friends will find and put me to't.

Heart. For them, I'll be your Undertaker, Sir. But this is over-done! I don't like it.

Old. And for thy News, the Money that thou hast, is now thy own: I'll make it good to *Springlove*. Be sad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee I'll purge my House of stupid Melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry, as the Charge that's under me.

[*A confus'd Noise of singing and laughing without.*]

The *Beggars*, Sir! d'ye hear them in the Barn?

Old. I'll double their Allowance too; that they may double their Numbers, and increase their Noise.

Rand. Now you are so nigh, Sir, if you'll look in, I doubt not, but you'll find 'em at their high Feast already.

Heart. Pray let's see 'em, Sir.

Old. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE draws, and discovers the *Beggars*.

Re-enter Oldrents, Hearty, and Randal.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship!

I Beg. Man. Come, Friends, let us give his Worship a Taste of our Mirth!—Hem! Let us sing the Part-Song that I made for you, that which contains all our Characters, I mean those we had in better Times: There is not such a Collection of Oddities, perhaps, in all *Europe*.—Hem! be silent there!

AIR XVII.

- 1 Beg. Man. *I once was a Poet at London,
I keep my Heart still full of Glee;
There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 2 Beg. Man. *I was once an Attorney at Law,
And after, a Knight of the Post:
Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roast.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 3 Beg. Man. *Make room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly strutted about;
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely—sold out.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 4 Beg. Man. *Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Because he miss'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 5 Beg. Man. *I still am a merry Gut-Scraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm:
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any Tune, but a Psalm.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 6 Beg. Man. *I was a Fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers had half-star'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I said.
Tol derol, &c.*
- 1 Beg. Man. *Who'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn;
In Palaces who shall you see,
Half so happy as we in a Barn!
Tol derol, &c.*

A Dance of Beggars.

Old.

Old. Good Heaven! how merry they are!

Heart. Be not you sad at that.

Old. Sad, *Hearty!* no; unless it be with Envy at their full Happiness.—What is an Estate of Wealth and Power, balanc'd with their Freedom?

Heart. I have not so much Wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank Chance, as to dance naked.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship. [Exit Beggars.

Heart. How think you, Sir? or what? or why d'ye think at all, unless on *Sack*, or Supper-time! D'ye fall back? D'ye not know the Danger of Relapses?

Old. Good *Hearty!* thou mistak'st me: I was thinking upon this *Patrico*, and that he has more Soul than a born Beggar in him.

Heart. Rogue enough though, I warrant him.

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Heart. Will you then talk of *Sack*, that can drown Sighing? Will you in to Supper, and take me there your Guest? or must I creep into the *Barn* among your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [Exit.

Heart. Would all were well with him! [Exit. *Patrico follows.*

Rand. It is with me.

A I R XVIII.

What, tho' these Guineas bright, Sir,

Be heavy in my-Bag;

My Heart is still the lighter,

The more my Pockets swag:

Let musty Fools

Find out by Rules

That Money Sorrow brings;

Yet none can think

How I love their Chink;

Alas, poor Things.

[Exit.

SCENE the Fields.

Enter Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.

Hill. Is this the Life we admired in others, with Envy of their Happiness?

Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous Use of it, by steering our Course homewards.——— Before I'll endure such another Night———

Hill.

Hill. What wou'dst thou do? I wish thy Mistress heard thee!

Vinc. I hope she does not; for I know there is no altering our Course before they make the first Motion; but 'tis strange we shou'd be weary already, and before their softer Constitution of Flesh and Blood.

Hill. They are the stronger in Will, it seems.

A I R XIX.

*Tho' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet Nature does Strength supply:
Their Will is too strong to surrender,
They're obstinate still 'till they die.
In vain you attack 'em with Reason,
Your Sorrows you only prolong;
Disputing is always High-Treason,
No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.
Your only Relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in Compassion, the Fair
May persuade herself into Consent.*

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How, now, *Comrades!* repining already at your Fulness of Liberty! Do you complain of Ease?

Vinc. Ease call'st thou it! Didst thou sleep to-night?

Spr. Not so well these eighteen Months, I swear, since my last Walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempest is out of thy *Litany*. Cou'd not the Thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha, ha, ha.

Vinc. Nor the Noise of the Crew in the Quarter by us? Well! never did *Knights-Errant* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, than we *Beggars-Errant*, or *Errant-Beggars*, do of ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward, think upon that: And shew no Manner of Distaste, to turn their Hearts from you: You are undone then.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their Privy Lodgings in the Pig's Palace of Pleasure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their Pads of Straw, helping to dress each other's Head; the one's Eye, is t'other's Looking-Glass; with the prettiest Coyle they keep to fit their Fancies in the most graceful Way of wearing their new Dressing that you wou'd admire.

Vinc. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to Practice? Let me hear how you can Maund, when you meet with Passengers.

Hill. We do not look like Men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Let me instruct you, though.

[*Spring. instructs them.*]

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Rach. Have a care, good *Meriel*; what Hearts or Limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best Faces on't, and laugh our last Gasp out, before we discover any Dislike, or Weariness to them. Let us bear it out 'till they complain first, and beg to carry us home *a-Pick-a-Pack*.

Mer. I am sorely tir'd with Hoofing it already, and so cramp't with our hard Lodging in the Straw, that——

A I R XX.

*Did our sighing Lovers know,
What a Pain we undergo;
Sweeter wou'd their Wooing prove,
Shorter were the Way to Love.
Unkind Commands when they obey,
We suffer more, much more than they:
And to rebel, were kinder still,
Than to obey against our Will.*

Rach. Think not on't. I am numb'd i'th' Shoulders too, a little; and have found the Difference between a hard Floor, with a little Straw, and a Down Bed with a Quilt upon't. But no Words, nor a sour Look, I pr'ythee.

Hill. O! here they are! Madam *Few-cloaths*, and my Lady *Bonny-rag*.

Vinc. Peace! they see us.

Hill. } Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. }

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! We are glad you are so merry!

Mer. }

Vinc. Merry, and lusty too: This Night will we lie together, as well as the proudest Couple in the Barn.

Spr. What! do we come for this? Laugh and lie down when your Bellies are full! Remember, Ladies, you have not begg'd

begg'd yet, to quit your *Destiny*: but have lived hitherto on my Endeavours.—Who got your Supper, pray, last Night, but I? of dainty Trencher-*Pees* from a Gentleman's House, such as the Serving-men themselves, sometimes wou'd have been glad of: And this Morning now, what comfortable Chippings, and sweet Butter-milk, had you to Breakfast!

Rach. O! 'twas excellent! I feel it good still, here.

Mer. There was a brown Crust amongst it, that has made my Neck so white, methinks! Is it not, *Rachel*?

Rach. Yes, yes, you gave me none on't; you ever covet to have all the Beauty.

A I R XXI.

*No Woman her Envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her Charms;
If a Beauty she spies in another,
The Pride of her Heart it alarms.
New Conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her Power grown less:
Her poor little Heart is still aching,
At Sight of another's Success.
But Nature design'd,
In Love to Mankind,
That different Beauties should move;
Still pleas'd to ordain,
None ever should reign,
Sole Monarch in Empire or Love.
Then learn to be wise,
New Triumphs despise,
And leave to your Neighbours their Due;
If one can't please,
You'll find by Degrees,
You'll not be contented with two.*

Vinc. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace! here comes Passengers; forget not your Rules, quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your Calling. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me see! here I am sent by my Father, the worshipful Justice *Clack*, in great Haste, to Mr. *Oldrents*, in search of my Cousin *Amie*, who is run away with *Martin*, my Father's Clerk, and *Hearty's* Nephew, just when she should have been coupled to another: My Business requires Haste; but my Plea-

sure, and all the Search that I intend is, by hovering here, to take a Review of a Brace of the handsomest Beggar-Wenches, that ever grac'd Ditch, or Hedge-side: I pass by 'em in Haste, but something so possesses me, that I must—What the Devil must I?—A Beggar! why, Beggars are Flesh and Blood, and Rags are no Diseases; and there is wholsomer Flesh under Country Dirt, than City Painting.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

Oh! here they come! they are delicately skin'd and limb'd! now they spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you look upon us with the Favour of a Gentleman. We are in a present Distress, and utterly unacquainted in these Parts, and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our Misfortunes, to implore the Courtesy, or rather Charity, of those to whom we are Strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not only valuing us by our outward Habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Christians, and in that Estimation, be compassionately mov'd to cast a Handful or two of your Silver, or a few of your golden Pieces unto us, to furnish us with Linen, and some decent Habiliments.

Ol. They beg in a high Strain! Sure they are mad, or bewitch'd into a Language they understand not.—The Spirits of some decay'd Gentry talk in 'em, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious Answer from you, Sir?

Mer. And that as you can with our Virgin Prayers to be propitious for you.

A I R XXII.

Rach. O! may your Mistress ne'er deny,
The Suit, which you shall humbly move!

Mer. And may the fairest Virgins vie,
And be ambitious of your Love!

Rach. If Honour lead,

Mer. May you succeed,

Rach. By Love inspir'd, with Conquest crown'd.

Mer. And when you wed,

Rach. Your Bridal Bed

Both. With Wealth, and endless Joys abound.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into Wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been Beggars? or how chanced you to be so?

Rach.

Rach. By Influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better Fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and sing thus? and so much above the Beggar's Dialect?

Rach. Our Speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by Rote, as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the Vulgar, to ask more than common Alms, whate'er Men please to give us.

Ol. Sure some well-dispos'd Gentleman, as myself, got these Wenches. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be incestuous with 'em.

Rach. Pray, Sir, your noble Bounty.

Old. What a tempting Lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an inticing Eye, the other!

To Rach. *Come hither, pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye:*

Afide. What a Look was there! does all my Senses charm.

To Mer. *Come hither, pretty Dear, for I swear, I long to try
A little, little Love, which will do thee, Child, no Harm.*

To Rach. *That Air, that Grace,*

To Mer. *That lovely Milk-white Skin!*

To both. *{ Ob! which shall I embrace?
 { Ob! where shall I begin!*

*Afide. { For if I stay
 { I both of them must wooe;
 { I had better run away,
 { Than deal at once with two.*

What's this? a Flea upon thy Bosom?

Mer. Is it not a straw-colour'd one, Sir?

Ol. O what a provoking Skin is there! That very Touch inflames me.

Rach. *Can nothing, Sir, move you, our Sorrows to mend?
Have you nothing to give? Have you nothing to lend?*

Mer. *You see the sad Fate we poor Damsels endure,
Can't Charity move you to grant us a Cure?*

Rach. *My Heart does so heave, I'm afraid it will break!
Of Victuals we've scarce had a Morsel this Week.*

Mer. *How hard is your Heart! how unkind is your Eye!
If nothing can move you, good Sir, to comply.*

Both. *How hard is your Heart, &c.*

Rach. Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?

Ol. Mov'd! I am mov'd; no Flesh and Blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then, pray Sir, your Benevolence.

Ol. Benevolence! which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the Choice. Wou'd some sworn Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble Sir.

Ol. First let me tell you, Damsels, I am bound by a strong Vow to kiss all of your Sex I meet this Morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, Sir!

Ol. All, all; let not your Coyness cross a Gentleman's Vow, I beseech you.

[*Kisses them both,*

Mer. You'll tell now.

*Fair Maidens, O! beware
Of using Men too well!
Their Pride is all their Care,
They only kiss to tell.
How hard the Virgin's Fate!
While ev'ry Way undone;
The Coy grow out of Date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.*

Ol. Tell, quotha! I could tell a thousand on those Lips, and as many upon those.—What Life-restoring Breaths they have! Milk from the Cow steems not so sweetly.—I must lay one of them aboard; both, if my Tackling hold.

Rach. Mer. Sir! Sir!

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the Doubt: They that beg so high, as by the Handfuls, may expect for Price above the Rate of good Men's Wives.

Rach. Now will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

Ol. With all my Heart, Sweet! and I am glad thou know'st my Mind—Here's Twelve-pence for you.

Rach. Mer. We thank you, Sir.

Ol. That's but as Earnest: I'll jest away the rest with you.—Look here! all this—Come, you know my Meaning.

Rach. *Wou'd you hurt a tender Creature,
Whom your Charity shou'd save?*

Mer. *Is it in your gentle Nature,
Thus to triumph o'er a Slave?*

Rach. *Excuse, for shame, Sir!*

Mer. *You're to blame, Sir;
Can your Worship stoop so low?*

Rach. *Tho' you're above me,*

Mer. *'Twill behove me,
Still to answer, No, no, no!*

Both. *Still to answer, No, no, no!*

Mer.

- Mer. *All your Gold can never buy me,
Or from Virtue set me free:*
- Rach. *Thou art meaner, thus to try me;
Poorer, baser far than we.*
- Mer. *Ladies gay, Sir,*
- Rach. *May sport and play, Sir;
But she that's poor, and honest too,*
- Mer. *May nobler be,*
- Rach. *Than the proudest She,
While thus she answers, No, no, no!
While thus she answers, No, no, no!*
- Both. *Ladies gay, Sir, &c.*

Enter Springlove, Vincent and Hilliard.

Vin. Let's beat his Brains out.

Ol. Come, leave your squeaking.

Spr. O! do not hurt 'em, Matter.

Ol. Hurt 'em! I mean 'em but too well—Shall I be so prevented?

Spr. They be but young, and simple; and if they have offended, let not your Worship's own Hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punishment: Correct 'em not yourself, it is the *Beadle's* Office.

Ol. D'ye talk! Shag-rag?

Vinc. } Shag-rag!

Hill. }

[Offer to beat him with their Crutches; he runs off.]

Rach. Look you here, Gentlemen, Six-pence a-piece!

Mer. Besides fair Offers, and large Promises. What have you got To-day, Gentlemen?

Vinc. More than (as we are Gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your Service!

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! Switches and Kicks! Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. }

Spr. Talk not here of your Gettings, we must quit this Quarter: The eager Gentleman's Repulse may arm, and return him with Revenge upon us; we must therefore leap *Hedge*, and *Ditch*, till we escape out of this Liberty, to our next Rendezvous, where we shall meet the *Crew*, and then, *Hey-toss!* and laugh all Night.

Mer. As we did last Night.

Rach. Hold out, *Meriel.*

Mer. Lead on, brave General.

Vinc. What shall we do? they are in Heart still: Shall we go on!

Hill. There's no flinching back, you see.

Enter

Enter Martin and Amie, in poor Habits.

Spr. Stay, here comes more Passengers; single yourselves again, and fall to your Calling, discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more; If you'll beg in full Cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine! let's charm all together.

Spr. Stay first and listen a little.

Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we have escaped hitherto, and I believe that all the Search is now retired, and we may safely pass forward.

Am. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying Proverb that says, *Where Love is, there is no Lack.* I am faint, and cannot travel further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, you wou'd get me some.

Mar. We'll venture at the next Village to call for some; the best is, we want no Money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear; I'll rather pine to Death.

A I R XXVI.

*The tuneful Lark, who from her Nest,
Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With Care attended and caress'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long Day,
Yet still her native Fields she mourns,
Her Gaoler bates, his Kindness scorns,
For Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.
That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for Prey,
She mourns the Liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her Hours away.
Helpless, the little Wand'rer flies;
Then homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, she dies.*

Mar. Be not so fearful; who can know us in these clownish Habits?

Am. Our Cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with; wou'd I cou'd beg, so it were of Strangers that cou'd not know me, rather than buy of those that wou'd betray us.

Mar. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young Couple of run-away Lovers disguised, that the Country is so laid for: observe, and follow now. Good loving Measter and Meestress, your blessed Charity to the Poor, who have no House, nor Home, no Health, no Help, but your sweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands, or Shirts, to keep us from the Cold.

Hill.

Hill. No Smocks, or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

Vinc. No Skin to our Flesh, nor Flesh to our Bones, shortly.

Rach. No Shoes to our Legs, or Hose to our Feet.

A I R XXVII.

Mer. *Oh! turn your Eyes on me, and view my Distress!
Did you know my hard Fate, you would pity my Case.
Such a kind-hearted Gentleman sure wou'd grant,
To a tender young Virgin, whate'er she did want.*

A I R XXVIII.

Hill. *My Story, gentle Lady, bear,
I am a wealthy Farmer's Son;
Who once cou'd gay and rich appear,
But now by Love I am undone.
Reduc'd to Want and Wretchedness,
And starv'd must be,
Unless you grant to my Distress
Your Charity.
Still cold and hungry I must pine,
These Rags declare my Misery.
Oh! let your gentle Heart incline,
To ease a Wretch's Misery.*

A I R XXIX.

Vinc. *I like a Gentleman did live,
I ne'er did beg before;
Some small Relief you sure might give,
That would not make you poor.*

A I R XXX.

Rach. *My Daddy is gone to his Grave;
My Mother lies under a Stone;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.
My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And Hunger is sharp, and bites;
A little Sir, good Sir, spare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.*

Spr. Good worshipful Measter and Meestress—

Mar. Good Friend, forbear, here's no Measter nor Meestress, we are poor Folks; thou seest no Worship upon our Backs, I'm sure; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for Pity! you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome Food, from

a good Gentleman's Gate—Alas! good Meestrefs—much good do your Heart! How favourly she feeds!

Mar. What, do you mean to poison yourself?

Am. Do you shew Love, in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall to, I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Host, something towards your Reckoning.

Spr. Nothing by way of Bargain, gentle Master; 'tis against Order, and will never thrive: But pray, Sir, your Reward in Charity.

Mer. Here then, in Charity. — This Fellow wou'd never make a good Clerk.

Spr. What! all this, Master?

Am. What is it? Let me see it.

Spr. 'Tis a whole Silver Three-pence, Mistrefs.

Am. For shame! ungrateful Miser. — Here, Friend, a Golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful Goodness! Gold?

Am. I have robb'd thy Partners of their Shares too, there's a Crown more for them.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Mar. What have you done? less wou'd have serv'd; and your Bounty will betray us.

Am. Fy on your wretched Policy!

Spr. No, no, good Master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet Mistrefs too. And now I'll tell you, the Search is every Way, the Country all laid for you, it's well you staid here. Your Habits, were they but a little nearer our Fashion, wou'd secure you with us. But are you married, Master and Mistrefs? Are you join'd in Matrimony? In Heart, I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great Bounty, bring you to a Curate that lacks no License, nor has any Living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly Beggar!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, Mistrefs, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman, that you have at least slept together, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a Case of Necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that Lye against myself, for all the World.

*Is there on Earth a Pleasure,
Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
In vain's the real Treasure,
When we have lost the Name.*

Then

Then let each Maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest Care;
 Once lost she'll ne'er regain it;
 All all is then Despair.

Spr. That I-like well, and her exceedingly.

Mar. I'll do that for thee,——thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce, for the Price of your Mistress. Will you walk, Master?——We use no Compliments.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Oldrents' House.

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Heart. Come, come, Sir, this House is grown too melancholy for you, we must e'en vary the Scene, and pay a Visit to your merry Neighbour Justice *Clack*; his good Humour will strengthen mine, and help me drive old Care away.

Old. Good *Hearty*, you have kindly undertaken my Cure, and shall find me a tractable Patient.

Heart. T'other old Song for that, and then for the Justice.

A I R XXXII.

I made Love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,

'Till I heard of late she'd a mind to me.

I met her on the Green in her best Array;

So pretty she did seem, she stole my Heart away.

O then we kiss'd and prest'd; were we much to blame?

Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

As I sponder grew she began to prate,

Quoth she I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;

But then I laugh'd and swore I lov'd her more than so,

For tied each to a Rope's End 'tis tugging to and fro:

Again we kiss'd and prest; were we much to blame?

Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wondrous sick;

Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick.

Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder Oak,

Katy lost the Game, though she play'd in joke:

For there we did alas! what I dare not name;

Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the same.

Fal, lal, &c.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E a Wood.

Enter Amie, Rachel, and Meriel.

Am. **W**ELL, Ladies, my Confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested yourselves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess myself well affected both to the Mind and Person of that *Springlove*; and if he be (as fairly as you pretend) a Gentleman, I shall easily dispense with Fortune.

Rach. } He is a Gentleman, upon our Honours!
Mer. }

Am. How well that high Engagement suits your Habits!

Rach. Our Minds and Blood are still the same.

Am. I have past no Affiance to the other, that stole me from my Guardian, and the Match he would have forced me to; from which I would have fled with any, or without a Guide. Besides, to offer to marry me under a Hedge, without a Book or Ring, by the Chaplain of the Beggars Regiment, your *Patrico*, only to save Charges, was a Piece of Gallantry I shall not easily excuse.

Rach. I have not seen the Wretch these three Hours; whither is he gone?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horse and fit Raiment for us, so to Post me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your Hands.

Mer. He has taken some great Distaste sure, for he is very jealous.

Rach. Ay! didst thou mark what a wild Look he cast, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kifs'd her on the Straw this Morning?

A I R XXXIII.

*Jealousy, like a Canker-worm,
Nips the tender Flow'r of Love ;
Jealousy, raging like a Storm,
Pray'rs can't mollify, Tears can't move.
Love is the Root of Pleasures and Joys ;
Jealousy all its Fruit destroys :
'Tis Love, Love, Jealousy, Love,
Our Heav'n or Hell still prove.*

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

But who comes here ?

Spr. O Ladies ! you have left as much Mirth as would have filled up a Week of Holidays.

[Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel Way.

Vinc. I am come about again for the Beggar's Life, now.

Rach. You are ! I'm glad on't.

Hill. There is no Life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are so taken with your Calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you ; we find the Sweetness of it now.

Rach. The Mirth ! the Pleasure ! the Delights ! No Ladies live such Lives.

A I R XXXIV.

*Tho' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boast,
And Misers are envy'd when Wealth is increas'd ;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast ;
And the Miser's a Wretch, when he pays for the Feast,
The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move ;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.*

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we seem to like, or to dislike, all's one to them.

Vinc. We must do something to be taken by, and discovered, we shall never be ourselves, and get home again else.

[Springlove and Amie come to the rest.

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have mist rare Sport ; these Beggars lead such merry Lives, as all the World

might envy. But here they come; their Mirth few partake of, tho' their Vocation is in some Measure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter all the Beggars.

A I R XXXV.

- Hill. *That all Men are Beggars, you plainly may see,
For Beggars there are of every Degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.*
Which no body can deny.
- Vinc. *The Tradesman, he begs that his Wares you wou'd buy;
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high;
And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.*
Which no body can deny.
- Hill. *The Lawyer he begs you would give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your Plea;
Then advises your Foe how to get a Decree.*
Which no body can deny.
- Mer. *The Courtier, he begs for a Pension, a Place,
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face.*
Which no body shou'd deny.
- Rach. *But if by Mishap, he shou'd chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honest Man—And himself is that One.*
Which no body dares deny.
- Am. *The Fair One who labours whole Mornings at home,
New Charms to create, and much Pains to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.*
Which no body shou'd deny.
- Hill. *The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing Eye
Still begs he wou'd stay——for a Maid she can't die.*
Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and Welladay! this is no Time to sing, our Quarter is beset, we are all in the Net; leave off your merry Glee.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter?

Within. Bing awaft, bing awaft; the Quear Cove, and the Harman-beck.

Spr. We are befet indeed! What fhall we do?

Vinc. I hope we fhall be taken.

Hill. If the good Hour be come, welcome be the Grace of good Fortune.

Enter Sentwell, Conftable, Watch. The Crew flip away.

Sent. Befet the Quarter round; be fure that none escape.

Spr. Blessed Mafter, to a many diftressed.—

Sent. A many counterfeit Rogues! fo frolick and fo lamentable all in a Breath? You were dancing and finging but now, incorrigible Vagabonds! If you expect any Mercy, own the Truth; we are come to fearch for a young Lady, an Heirefs, among you; Where is ſhe? What have you done with her?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. *Sentwell*?

Sent. Precious! How did my Haſte overſee her! O Miſtreſs *Amie*! cou'd I, or your Uncle *Justice Clack*, a wiſer Man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in ſuch Company?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my Company, I have a Story to delight you, which, on our March towards your Houſe, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you as my Gueſt,
But to the Law ſurrender all the reſt.

I'll make your Peace.

Am. We muſt fare all alike. [Exeunt *Sent.* and *Amie.*

Hill. Pray how are we to fare?

Rach. That's as you behave. [Smiling.

A I R XXXVI.

Hill. Sure, by that Smile my Pains are over!

Rach. Don't be too ſure.

Hill. Wou'd you then kill a faithful Lover?

Rach. Wait for your Cure.

Hill. Women, regardless of our Fate,
Often prove kind, but kind too late.

Rach. Women, alas! too ſoon ſurrender!

Hill. That I deny.

Rach. Men oft' betray a Heart too tender.

Hill. Take me and try.

Rach. Love is a Tyrant, under whoſe Sway,
They ſuffer leaſt, who beſt obey.

Both. Love is, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Justice Clack's House.

Enter Justice Clack, and Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my Niece be safely taken, and so to be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd; that is to say, with no more Faults, Criminal, or Accusitive, than those she carried with her.

Mart. Sir, I believe—

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her Virtue is Armour of Proof, without your Council or your Guard, and therefore you left her in the Hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me: You have it, provided, I say, (as I said before) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to say—as I said before.

Mar. Mine Intent, Sir, and my only Way—

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Enter Sentwell,

O Master *Sentwell*! good News!

Sent. Of beggarly News, the best you have heard.

Cla. That is to say, you have found my Niece among the Beggars; that is to say—

Sent. True, Sir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a Play among themselves, just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their Sport.

Cla. A Play! are there Players among them? I'll pay them above all the rest.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my Master, Mr. *Oldrents*, and his Friend, Mr. *Hearty*, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the Mirror of Justices; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice! he's gone.

Cla. Good Friend, I will satisfy your Master, without telling him—he has a saucy Knave to his Man. [*Exit Clack.*]

Rand. Thank your Worship.

Sent. Do you hear, Friend, you serve Master *Oldrents*.

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your Name is *Randal*.

Rand.

Rand. Are you so wise?

Sent. Ay; and the two young Ladies, your Master's Daughters, with their Lovers, are hard by, at my House. They directed me to find you, *Randal*, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw! — Why do we not go then?

Sent. But secretly, not a Word to any Body, for a Reason I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum. —

A I R XXXVII.

*The greatest Skill in Life,
For avoiding Noise and Strife,
Is to know when a Man should be Dumb, dumb, dumb.*

*When a Knave to gain his End,
Sifts you to betray your Friend,*

Let your Answer be only, Mum, mum, mum.

Wou'd you try to persuade

A pretty, pretty Maid,

As ripe as a Peach or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb?

You've nothing more to do,

But to swear you will be true,

And then you may kiss! but—Mum, mum, mum. [Exeunt.

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver, and Martin.

Cla. A-hay! Boy; A-hay! this is right; that is to say, as I wou'd have it; that is to say—A-hay! Boys! a-hay! they are as merry without as we are within. A-hay! Master *Oldrents*, and a-hay! Master *Hearty*! and a-hay! Son *Oliver*! and a-hay! Clerk *Martin*! Clerk *Martin*! the Virtue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody; with a-hay trololly, lolly, lolly, is't not so, Master *Hearty*?

A I R XXXVIII.

Heart. *There was a Maid, and she went to the Mill,
Sing Trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.*

The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid stood still.

Cla. *Oh ho! did she so? did she so? did she so?*

Heart. *The Miller he kiss'd her, away she went;
Sing Trolly, &c.*

The Maid was well pleas'd, and the Miller content.

Cla. *O ho! was he so, &c.*

Heart.

Heart. *He danc'd and he sung, while the Mill went Clack;
Sing Trolly, &c.*

And he cherish'd his Heart with a Cup of old Sack.

Cl. *Oh ho! did he so, &c.*

Old. Why thus it shou'd be! now I see you are a good Fellow.

Cl. Again Boys, again; that is to say, A-hay Boys! a-hay!—

Old. But is there a Play to be expected and acted by Beggars?

Cl. That is to say, by Vagabonds; that is to say, by strolling Players; they are upon their Purgation; if they can present any Thing to please you, they may escape the Law; (that is, a-hay!) if not, To-morrow, Gentlemen, shall be acted, Abuses stript and whipt among 'em; with a-hay, Master Hearty, you are not merry.

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay! Master *Sentwell*, where are your *Dramatis Personæ*? your *Prologues*? and your *Aëtus Primus*? Ha' they given you the Slip, for fear of the Whip? A-hay!

Sent. A Word aside, an't please you.

[*Sentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a Paper.*]

Cl. Send 'em in, Master *Sentwell*. [*Exit Sent.*] Sit, Gentlemen, the Players are ready to enter; and here's a Bill of their Plays; you may take your Choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same Cloaths? Read 'em, good Hearty.

Heart. First, here's *The Two lost Daughters*.

Old. Put me not in mind of the two lost Daughters, I pr'y-thee. What's the next?

Heart. *The Vagrant Steward*.

Old. Nor of a Vagrant Steward; sure some Abuse is meant me.

Heart. *The Old Squire, and the Fortune-Teller*.

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Heart. *The Beggar's Prophecy*.

Old. All these Titles may serve to one Play of a Story that I know too well, I'll see none of them.

Heart. Then here's the *Joyial Crew*.

Old. Ay, that; and let 'em begin.
See, a most solemn Prologue!

Enter

Enter a Beggar, for the Prologue.

A I R XXXIX.

Beg. *To Knight, to Squire, and to the Genteels here,]*
We wish our Play may with Content appear;
We promise you no dainty Wit of Court,
Nor City Pageantry, nor Country Sport;
But a plain Piece of Action, very short and sweet,
In Story true, you'll know it when you see't. [Exit.

Old. True Stories and true Jests, do seldom thrive on Stages.

Cl. They are best to please you with this tho', or, a-hay? with a Whip for them To-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd let 'em play their worst.

Enter Patricó, with 1st Beggar, habited like Oldrents.

See our Patricó, among 'em.

Pat. Your Childrens Fortunes I have told,
 Now hear the Reason why;
 That they shall beg, ere they be old,
 Is their just Destiny.

Your Grandfather, by crafty Wile,
 An Heir of half his Lands,
 By shameless Fraud did much beguile,
 Then left them to your Hands.

1 Beg. That was no Fault of mine, nor of my Children.

Old. Dost note this, *Hearty?*

Heart. You said you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

[1st Beggar walks sadly, beats his Breast, &c.]

Enter 2d Beggar, dressed like Hearty, and seems to comfort him.

Old. It begins my Story, and by the same Fortune-teller that told me my Daughter's Fortunes almost in the same Words; and he speaks in the Play to one that personates me, as near as they can set him forth.

Cl. How like you it, Sir? You seem displeas'd; shall they be whipp'd yet? A-hay! if you say the Word—

Old. O! by no means, Sir! I am pleas'd.

2 Beg. Sad, for the Words of a base Fortune-teller? Believe him! hang him; I'll trust none of 'em. They have all Whims, and double Meanings in all they say.

Old. Whom does he talk, or look like, now?

Heart. It is no matter whom; you are pleas'd, you say.

2 Beg. Ha' you no Sack i'th' House? Am not I here? And never without a merry old Song.

A I R X L.

*Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old Crew,
Will fright away Cares, when the Ground looks blue.*

And can you think on Gypfy Fortune-tellers?

1 Beg. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

2 Beg. Will you abroad then? But here comes your Steward.

Enter Springlove, as an Actor.

Old. Bless me! is not that *Springlove*?

Heart. Is that you, that talks to him; or that Coxcomb, I, do you think? Pray let them play their Play; the Justice will not hinder 'em, you see; he's asleep.

Spr. He's the Keys of all my Charge, Sir; and my humble Suit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my known Occasions this Summer.

1 Beg. Fie! can't not yet leave off those Vagrances? But I will strive no more to alter Nature. I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own Words at his Departure.

Heart. No Matter; pray attend.

1 Beg. Come, Friend, I'll take your Counsel.

[Exeunt Beggars.]

Spr. I've striven with myself, to alter Nature in me
For my good Master's Sake, but all in vain;
For Beggars (Cuckow-like) fly out again
In their own Notes, and Season.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Rach. Our Father's Sadness will not suffer us
To live in's House.

Mer. And we must have a Progress.

Vinc. The Assurance of your Love hath engaged us.

Hill. We are determin'd to wait on you in any Course.

Rach.

Rach. Suppose we'll go a Begging!

*Indulge in full your Fancy,
To powerful Nature's Voice;
Whate'er the Wisest can say,
All Happiness is Choice.*

*If Men are void of Passions,
They stupid Figures make;
By various Inclinations,
The World is kept awake.*

*Then talk no more of Reason,
Or tasting Joys at home;
When this delightful Season,
Invites us out to roam.*

*Hark! hark! on every Spray,
The Birds chant merrily;
Come, come, no more Delay,
Those are the Joys for me.*

Hill. We are for you.

Spr. And that must be your Course, and suddenly,
To cure your Father's Sadness, who is told
It is your Destiny, which you may quit,
By making it a Trick of Youth, and Wit,
I'll set you in the Way.

All. But how? but how?

[*All talk aside.*]

Old. My Daughters, and their Lovers too! I see the Scope of
their Design, and the whole Drift of all their Action now, with
Joy and Comfort.

Heart. But take no Notice yet; see a Whim more of it. But
the mad Rogue that acted me, I must make drunk, anon.

Spr. Now are you all resolv'd?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Spr. You beg to absolve your Fortune, not for Need. [*Exeunt.*]

Old. I must commend their Act in that; pr'ythee let's call
'em, and end the Matter here. The Purpose of their Play is
but to work my Friendship, or their Peace with me, and they
have it. *Heart.* But see a little more, Sir.

Enter Randal.

Old. My Man *Randal* too! Has he a Part with 'em?

Ran. They were well set to work when they made me a
Player! What is it I must say? And how must I act now?
Oh! that I must be Steward for the Beggars in Master Steward's
Absence, and tell my Master he's gone to measure Land for
him to purchase.

Old. You, Sir, leave the Work, you can do no better, and
call the Actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my Heart, and glad my Part is so soon done. [*Exit.*]

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our Play,
 Something in Earnest I must say;
 But let affected Rhiming go;
 I'll be no more a *Patrico*.

My Name is *Wrought-on*——Grandson to that unhappy
Wrought-on, whom your Grandfather craftily wrought out of
 his Estate, by which all his Posterity were since exposed to Beg-
 gary. [*Patrico takes Oldrents aside.*] I had a Sister, who
 among the Race of Beggars was the fairest; a Gentleman by
 her, in Heat of Youth, did get a Son, who now must call
 you Father.

Old. Me?

Pat. Yet attend me, Sir, your Bounty then dispos'd your
 Purse to her, in which, besides
 Much Money (I conceive by your Neglect)
 Was thrown this Jewel: Do you know it?

Old. The Bracelet that my Mother gave me!
 Does the young Man live?

*Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, and Meriel.**Pat.* Here with the rest of your fair Children, Sir.

Old. My Joy begins to be too great within me.
 My Blessing, and a Welcome to you all;
 Be one another's, and you all are mine.

Vinc. Hill. We are agreed on that,*Rach.* Long since; we only stay'd till you shook off your Sadness,*Old.* Now I can read the Justice of my Fate, and yours.—*Cl.* Ha! Justice? Are they handling of Justice?*Old.* But more applaud great Providence in both.*Cl.* Are they jeering of Justices? I watched for that.*Heart.* Ay, so methought: no, Sir, the Play is done.*Enter Sentwell, Amie, and Oliver.**Sent.* See, Sir, your Nicce presented to you.[*Springlove takes Amie.*]

Cl. What, with a Speech by one of the Players? Speak,
 Sir, and be not daunted, I am favourable.

Spr. Then, by your Favour, Sir, this Maiden is my Wife.

Cl. Sure you are out o' your Part! that is to say, you must
 begin again.

Spr. She's mine by solemn Contract, Sir.*Amie.* Alas! Sir, I have prov'd your Clown,

Ey'd him,

Try'd him,

But must own,

So wretched a Mortal ne'er was known;

I had been with him unaone.

*If I must in Bondage be,
To chuse my Chains at least I'm free.
Since I am willing
To be Billing,
Here's the Man, the Man for me.*

Cl. You will not tell me that : Are not you my Niece ?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't ; we are contracted.

Cl. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ?

Old. Hear me then for all. This Gentleman that shall marry your Niece, is my Son, on whom I will settle a thousand Pounds a Year, to make the Match equal.—Do you hear me now ?

Cl. Now I do hear you, and must hear you ; that is to say, It is a Match ; that is to say—as I said before.

Spr. [*To Oldrents.*] Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll beg no more, but your continual Love, and daily Blessing.

Rach. You, Sir, [*to Oliver*] are the Gentleman that wou'd have made Beggar's Sport with us. Two at once.

Mer. Two for a Shilling.

A I R XLII.

Rach. *What Haste you were in to be doing,
When two at a Time you were wooing ;
You Men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.*

*What Haste you were in to be billing,
With two at a Time for a Shilling ;
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prove kind ;
You'd Work enough meet with one.*

Oliv. There are some Misunderstandings have happen'd : but, I hope, we are all Friends.

Old. Ay, ay, we are all Friends, and shall continue so ; and to shew we are Friends, let us be merry : and to shew we are merry, let us have a Song ; and afterwards a Dance.

A I R XLIII.

Hearty, To the Men.

Now then tell them fairly,
You will love 'em dearly,
May each of them be yearly
Mother of a Boy.

To the Women.

Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
Manage well your Beauty,
Keep your Spouses true t'ye;
Be their only Joy.

To Oldrents.

Come, my Lads, be merry,
Bring us Sack and Sherry;
Call the Pipe and Tabor;
Now, Sir, cut a Caper:
Here ends all your Labour
This happy Wedding Day.
Come, my Lads, &c.

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| Love for Love | Sir Courtly Nice, by Crown |
| Love in a Mist | Sir Harry Wildair |
| Love in a Tub | Sir Walter Raleigh |
| Love's Last Shift | 'Squire of Alsatia |
| Love makes a Man | Stage Coach, by Farquhar |
| Lying Lover, by Steele | Suspicious Husband |
| Macbeth | Tamerlane, by Rowe |
| Man of Mode | Tender Husband, by Steele |
| Mourning Bride | Theodosius, by Lee |
| Mariamne | Timon of Athens |
| Merchant of Venice | Tunbridge Walks |
| Mistakes | Twin Rivals, by Farquhar |
| Mustapha | Twelfth Night |
| Nonjuror | Venice Preserved, by Otway |
| Old Batchelor | Way of the World |
| Oroonoko, by Southern | What d'ye Call It? |
| Orphan, by Otway | Wife to Let |
| Othello, by Shakespeare | Wild Gallant |
| Phædra and Hippolitus | Wit without Money |
| Polly, by Mr. Gay | Woman's a Riddle |
| Prophets | Wonder, by Centlivre |
| Provok'd Husband, by Cibber | Zara, by A. Hill, Esq; |
| Provok'd Wife | |
| Recruiting Officer | |
| Refusal, by Cibber | |

C O M U S:
A
M A S Q U E.

Of Forests and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the Ear,

IL PENSEROSO,

——— *Quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
Verborum sensusque vacans numerique loquacis?*

MILTON. ad Patrem.

[Price One Shilling.]

C O M M U S

A

M A S O U E

Of Forts and Settlements great
Where more is meant than meets the Eye
In France.

By the Author of the
Mason's and Painter's
Mysteries.

[One Shilling]

C O M U S:

A

M A S Q U E.

(Now adapted to the STAGE)

As Alter'd from

MILTON'S MASQUE

A T

LUDLOW-CASTLE,

Which was

First Represented on MICHAELMAS-Day, 1634;

Before the Right Honourable

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER,

Lord President of WALES.

The principal PERFORMERS were

The Lord BRACKLY, } } The Lady ALICE
Mr. THO. EGERTON, } } EGERTON.

The Music was composed by Mr. HEN. LAWES,
Who also represented the *Attendant Spirit*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to *Katharine-Street*, in
the *Strand*. MDCCLXII.

C O M M U N I T Y

M A S O N I C

As Amended

M A S O N I C

AND

L U D L O W - C A R R I E

1875

This Report is on Masonry's Progress

in the State of New York

THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1875

AND PUBLISHED BY W. J. ...

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

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The State of New York

Printed by ...



P R O L O G U E.

OUR *stedfast bard, to his own genius true,*
*Still bade his muse, * fit audience find, tho' few.*
Scorning the judgment of a trifling age,
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame,
She scarce for half an Age knew MILTON's name.
But now, his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around.
All things his eye, thro' wit's bright empire thrown,
Beheld, and made what it beheld his own.

Such MILTON was: 'Tis ours to bring him forth,
And yours to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
More wide the manna thro' the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Thro' mazy error's dark perplexing wood,
Points out the path of true and real good;
Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magic vice, by reason's aid.

Attend

* Paradise Lost, Book VII, Ver. 31.

P R O L O G U E.

*Attend the strains; and should some meaner phrase
Hang on the style, and clog the nobler lays,
Excuse what we with trembling hand supply,
To give his beauties to the public eye;
His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean,
Thro' which his spirit is in action seen.
Observe the force, observe the flame divine,
That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart;
Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part;
Be there your judgment, here your candour shewn;
Small is our portion, — and we wish 'twere none.*



E P I L O G U E

To be spoken

By Mrs. CLIVE, in the Dress of EUPHROSYNE,
with the WAND and CUP.

SOME critick, or I'm deceived, will ask,
“What means this wild, this allegorick masque?
“Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
“Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
“'Tis idle stuff!” — And yet I'll prove it true;
*Attend; for sure I mean it not of you.
The mealy sop, that tastes my cup, may try,
How quick the change from beau to butterfly;*

EPILOGUE.

*But o'er the Insect should the Brute prevail,
 He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
 One stroke of this *, as sure as Cupid's arrow,
 Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
 Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
 Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove.
 The sly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
 Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
 Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
 Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night ;
 Misers grow vultures of rapacious mind,
 Or more than vultures, they devour their kind ;
 Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
 With ev'ry changing colour changing round.
 The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
 Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road.
 While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs ;
 And snarling criticks, authors swear, are dogs.*

*But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least,
 All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.*

* The Wand.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

COMUS,	Mr. QUIN.
The Lady,	Mrs. CIBBER.
The BROTHERS,	{ Mr. MILWARD, Mr. CIBBER.
First SPIRIT,	Mr. MILLS.
Second SPIRIT,	Mr. HILL.
EUPHROSYNE,	Mrs. CLIVE.
SABRINA,	Mrs. ARNE.
Attendant SPIRITS, BACCHANALS, Pastoral Characters, and other vocal Parts,	{ Mr. BEARD, Mrs. CLIVE, Mrs. ARNE, and others.

Dancers, &c.

SCENE, a Wood near *Ludlow-Castle*.



C O M U S:

A

M A S Q U E.



A C T I.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The first attendant SPIRIT enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Jove's* court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright ærial spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and sev'rish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on fainted seats.
 Yet some there are, that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That ope's the palace of eternity:

B

T.

To such my errand is: and but for such,
 I would not foil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 But whence yon slanting stream of purer light,
 Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
 Its beamy point? Some messenger from *Jove*,
 Commission'd to direct or share my charge;
 And if I ken him right, a spirit pure
 As treads the spangled pavement of the sky,
 The gentle *Philadel*: But swift as thought
 He comes——

The second attendant SPIRIT descends.

Declare, on what strange errand bent,
 Thou visitest this clime, to me assign'd,
 So far remote from thy appointed sphere?

Second SPIRIT.

On no appointed task thou see'st me now:
 But as returning from *Elysian* bow'rs
 (Whither from mortal coil a soul I waded)
 Along this boundless sea of waving air
 I steer'd my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade
 Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy'd
 Gliding, as streams the moon through dusky clouds;
 Instant I stoop'd my wing, and downward sped
 To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 My kindred aid, from mortals ne'er withheld,
 When virtue on the brink of peril stands.

First SPIRIT.

Then mark th' occasion that demands it here.
Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway
 Of ev'ry salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether *Jove*
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay

The

The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.

Second SPIRIT.

Does any danger threat his legal sway,
 From bold sedition, or close-ambush'd treason?

First SPIRIT.

No danger thence. But to his lofty seat,
 Which borders on the verge of this wild vale,
 His blooming offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard.

Second SPIRIT.

What peril can their innocence assail
 Within these lonely and unpeopled shades?

First SPIRIT.

Attend my words. No place but harbours danger:
 In ev'ry region virtue finds a foe.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,

After the *Tuscan* mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the *Tyrhonne* shore, as the winds lifted,
 On *Circe's* island fell: (Who knows not *Circe*,
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grov'ling swine?)
 This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and *Comus* nam'd.

Second SPIRIT.

Ill-omen'd birth to virtue and her sons!

First SPIRIT.

He ripe and frolick of his full-grown age,
 Roving the *Celtic* and *Iberian* fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Off'ring to ev'ry weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a chrystal glass,
 To quench the drought of *Phœbus*, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 Yet, when he walks his tempting rounds, the sorcerer
 By magic pow'r their human face restores,
 And outward beauty to delude the sight.

Second SPIRIT.

Loſe they the mem'ry of their former ſtate?

First

First SPIRIT.

No, they (so perfect is their misery)
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual fly.

Second SPIRIT.

Degrading fall! from such a dire distress
 What pain too great our mortal charge to save?

First SPIRIT.

For this, when any favour'd of high *Jove*
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: and opportune thou com'st
 To share an office, which thy nature loves.
 This be our task: but first I must put off
 These my sky-ropes, spun out of *Iris'* woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty'd song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. Veil'd in such disguise,
 Be it my care the fever'd youths to guide
 To their distressed and lonely sister; thine
 To cheer her footsteps thro' the magic wood,
 Whatever blessed spirit hovers near,
 On errands bent to wand'ring mortals good,
 If need require, him summon to thy side.
 Unseen of mortal eye, such thoughts inspire,
 Such heaven-born confidence, as need demands
 In hour of trial.

Second

Second SPIRIT.

Swift as winged winds
To my glad charge I fly. [Exit.

[*Manet First SPIRIT.*]

—I'll wait a while
To watch the forcerer; for I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewleis now.

COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in
the other, with him a rout of men and women, dress'd as
BACCHANALS; they come in making a riotous and unruly
noise, with torches in their hands.

COMUS speaks.

The Star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east;
Mean while welcome joy and feast.

S O N G. By a Man.

1.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

2.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'ulous head,
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

COMUS

COMUS *speaks.*

We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.

SONG. *By a Woman.*

1.

*By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What has night to do with sleep?*

2.

*Night has better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love:
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.*

COMUS *speaks.*

Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd *Cocytto*, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb
 Of *Stygian* darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,

Wherein

Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

S O N G. *By a Man and a Woman.*

1.

*From tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.*

2.

*Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own:
 Pleasure counts our time alone.*

S O N G. *By a Man.*

*By the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waining night grows old.*

2.

*Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you!*

COMUS *speaks.*

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.

As they are going to form a dance, COMUS speaks.

Break off, break off, I feel the diff'rent pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.

Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;

Our number may affright: Some virgin sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)

Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains. I shall ere long

Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd

About my mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl

My dazzling spells into the spongy air,

Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,

And give it false presentments, lest the place

And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the damsel to suspicious flight;

Which must not be, for that's against my course.

I under fair pretence of friendly ends,

And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,

Baited with reasons not unplaussible,

Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And hug him into snares. When once her eye

Hath met the virtue of this magick dust,

I shall appear some harmless villager,

Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear,

But here she comes; I fairly step aside

And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The LADY enters.

LADY.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,

C

My

My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
 Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
 And thank the gods amiſs. I ſhould be loth
 To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd infolence
 Of ſuch late waſſailers ; yet, O ! where elſe
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?

[*COMUS aſide.*]

I'll eaſe her of that care, and be her guide.

LADY.

My brothers, when they ſaw me weary'd out
 With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
 Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
 Stepp'd, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide,
 To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit,
 As the kind hofpitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a ſad votariſt in Palmer's weeds,
 Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phæbus'* wain ;
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliſt
 They had engag'd their wand'ring ſteps too far :
 This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was riſe, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear ;
 Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
 What might this be ? A thouſand fantaſies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong-siding champion, conscience.
 O welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of chastity ;
 I see you visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme good, (t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if needst were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture ; for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Mæander' margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O ! if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere ;*

*So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.*

[COMUS *aside.*]

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, thro' the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother *Circe*, with the *Sirens* three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled *Naiades*,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in *Elysium*: *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now——I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddesses that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest'd song
Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.

Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending ears;

Not

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous *Echo*,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i'th'valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps forestalling night prevented them?

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his ooze traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his supper fat ;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
 Their port was more than human ; as they stood,
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i'th'plaited clouds. I was awe strook,
 And as I pass'd, I worship'd ; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
 To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood :
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatch'd pallat rowse: if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low

But

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till farther quest.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended. In a place,
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength——Shepherd, lead on.

Exeunt.

Enter COMUS's crew from behind the trees.

S O N G. *By a Man.*

I.

*Fly swiftly ye minutes, till COMUS receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.*

2.

*Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what you gave.*

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
To COMUS' court repair;
There night out-shines the day,
There yields the melting fair.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T



A C T II.

Enter the two BROTHERS.

Eldest BROTHER.

U N MUFFLE, ye faint stars ; and thou fair moon
 That won't to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades :
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Tho' a rush candle, from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian* cynosure.

Youngest BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops ;
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village-cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet ; some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 But oh ! that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.

What

What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

*Eldes*t BROTHER.

Peace, brother ; be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk : and wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th'center, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Younge*st BROTHER.

'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

D

Fat

Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house :
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
 But beauty, like the fair *Hesperian* tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unshunn'd heaps
 Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not :
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eldest BROTHER,

I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy :
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear,
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

Youngest BROTHER.

What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of heav'n, if you mean that ?

Eldest

Eldest BROTHER.

I mean that too ; but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

Youngest BROTHER.

How gladly would I have my terrors hush'd,
By crediting the wonders you relate !

Eldest BROTHER.

Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *curfew* time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity ;
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of *Greece*,
To testify the arms of chastity ?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lions
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The friv'lous bolt of *Cupid* ; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
What was the snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield,

That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?

Youngest BROTHER.

But what are virtue's awful charms to those,
 Who cannot reverence what they never knew ?

Eldest BROTHER.

So dear to heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear ;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

Youngest BROTHER.

Happy state,
 Beyond belief of vice !

Eldest BROTHER.

But when vile lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingring and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,

And

And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
To a degen'rate and degraded state.

Youngest BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eldest BROTHER.

List, list; I hear

Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

Youngest BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?

Eldest BROTHER.

For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Youngest BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister. Again! again! and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eldest BROTHER.

I'll hallow;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

Enter the first attendant SPIRIT, *habited like a shepherd.*

Youngest BROTHER.

That hallow I should know——What are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

First SPIRIT.

What voice is that? My young lord? Speak again.

Youngest BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd sure.

Eldest

Eldest BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry must-rose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here, good swain? Has any ram
Slip'n from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forfook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

First SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy,
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilf'ring wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand and the care it brought.
But O my virgin lady! where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eldest BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

First SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eldest BROTHER.

What fears, good *Thyrsis?* prithee briefly shew.

First SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not in vain, nor fabulous,
(Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

Eldest BROTHER.

Proceed, good shepherd; I am all attention.

First

First SPIRIT.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,
 Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, - great *Comus*,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
 And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
 Character'd in the face. This have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tygers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
 In their obscured haunts and inmost bow'rs.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
 And beauty's tempting semblance can put on
 T'inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 But hark! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound
 And wild tumultuous mirth proclaim their presence:
 Onward they move; and see! a blazing torch
 Gleams thro' the shade, and this way guides their steps.
 Let us withdraw a while, and watch their motions.

[*They retire.*]

Enter COMUS's crew revelling, and by turns caressing each other, till they observe the two brothers; then the elder brother advances and speaks.

Eldest BROTHER.

What are you? speak! that thus in wanton riot
 And midnight revelry, like drunken *Baccharals*,
 Invade the silence of these lonely shades?

First

First WOMAN.

Ye godlike youths, whose radiant forms excell
 The blooming grace of *Maia's* winged son,
 Bless the propitious star, that led you to us;
 We are the happiest of the race of men,
 Of freedom, mirth, and joy the only heirs:
 But you shall share them with us; for this cup,
 This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
 Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

[She offers 'em the cup, which they both put by.]

Eldest BROTHER.

Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets,
 That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
 All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

S O N G.

I.

*Fame's an Echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glit'ring bubble;
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
 The wise not worth their keeping think it.*

2.

*Why then, why such toil and pain
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 Like her sister Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find.*

Eldest BROTHER.

By her own sentence Virtue stands absolv'd,
 Nor asks an Echo from the tongues of men
 To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
 Who wants his own, no other praise enjoys;
 His ear receives it as a fulsom tale,
 To which his heart in secret gives the lye.

Nay,

Nay, slander'd innocence must feel a peace,
An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew.

Youngest BROTHER.

How low sinks beauty, when by vice debas'd!
How fair that form, if virtue dwelt within!
But, from this shameless advocate of shame,
To me the warbled song harsh discord grates.

First WOMAN.

Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming youth
Such grey severity!—But come with us,
We to the bow'r of bliss will guide your steps;
There you shall taste the joys that nature sheds
On the gay spring of life, youth's flow'ry prime,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark'd.

S O N G. *By a Woman in a pastoral Habit.*

1.

*Would you taste the noon tide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.*

2.

*Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.*

3.

*Round, the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.*

E

3. Ad

4.

All alone ~~and in her arms~~
 Your breast may beat to Love's alarms,
 Till bless'd, and blessing, you shall own
 The joys of Love are joys alone.

Youngest BROTHER.

Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;
 Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
 Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;
 But downward as its blaze declining speeds,
 The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

First WOMAN.

No more; these formal maxims misbecome you,
 They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

S O N G. *By a Man and two Women.*

*Live, and love, enjoy the fair,
 Banish sorrow, banish care;
 Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play,
 But youth's sport begins to-day.*

*From the fruits of sweet Delight
 Let not scare-crow Virtue fright.
 Here in Pleasure's vineyard we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree.
 Careless, airy, gay and free.*

Eldest BROTHER.

How can your impious tongues profane the name
 Of sacred Virtue, and yet promise pleasure
 In lying songs of vanity and vice?
 From virtue sever'd, pleasure phrenzy grows,
 The gay delirium of the sev'rish mind,
 And always flies at reason's cool return.

First

First WOMAN.

Perhaps it may; perhaps the sweetest joys
Of love itself from passion's folly spring;
But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow?

Eldst BROTHER.

Alike from love's and pleasure's path you stray,
In sensual folly blindly seeking both,
Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love;
Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust
Is meanly selfish, when resisted, cruel,
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.
But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrows;
Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move
In their own sphere of happiness content,
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.
But we forget: who hears the voice of truth,
In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd?

First WOMAN.

Come, come, my friends, and partners of my joys,
Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams;
Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled!
A beardless *Cynic* is the shame of nature,
Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup;
And my contempt, at best, my pity moves.
Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em.

CHORUS.

*Away, away, away,
To COMUS' court repair;
There night out-shines the day,
There yields the melting fair.*

[*Exeunt singing.*

E 2

Eldst

Eldest BROTHER.

She's gone! may scorn pursue her wanton arts,
 And all the painted charms that vice can wear.
 Yet oft o'er credulous youth such *Sirens* triumph,
 And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
 As links of adamant. Let us be free,
 And, to secure our freedom, virtuous.

Youngest BROTHER.

But should our helpless sister meet the rage
 Of this insulting troop, what could she do?
 What hope, what comfort, what support were left?

SPIRIT.

She meets not them: but yet, if right I guess,
 A harder trial on her virtue waits.

Eldest BROTHER.

Protect her, heav'n! But whence this sad conjecture?

SPIRIT.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the fav'ry herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopy'd, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrap'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while.

Youngest BROTHER.

What follow'd then? O! if our helpless sister——

SPIRIT.

Streight an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted flocks,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that ev'n silence
 Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains, that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death——But oh! ere long,
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.

Youngest BROTHER.

O my foreboding heart! Too true my fears——

SPIRIT.

Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear;
 And O! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headstrong haste,
 Thro' paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by my ear, I found the place,
 Where the damn'd wifard, hid in fly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
 Who gently ask'd, if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay; but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant: with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here:
 But farther know I not.

Youngest BROTHER.

O night and shades!

How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

Eldest BROTHER.

Yes; and keep it still,

Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that pow'r
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;
 Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness; when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd. If this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on;
 Against th' opposing will and arm of heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grievous legions that troop
 Under the footy flag of *Acheron*
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good vent'rous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead:
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eldest

Eldest BROTHER.

Why prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation ?

SPIRIT.

A shepherd lad,

Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
'Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly fury's apparition.

I purs'd it up. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when you go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardyhood
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand, tho' he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smok,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eldest BROTHER.

Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee :
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE opens, and discovers a magnificent hall in COMUS's palace, set off with all the gay decorations proper for an ancient banquetting-room. COMUS and attendants stand on each side of the lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair; and by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of uneasiness and melancholy.

COMUS speaks.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There, under ebon-shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing *Mirth*,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister graces more,
 To ivy-crown'd *Bacchus* bore.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such

Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastick toe:
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a nymph representing EUPHROSYNE, or Mirth; who advances to the Lady, and sings the following song.]

S O N G.

1.

*Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here.
 No domestick jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here.*

2.

*Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the Woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.*

F

LADY.

LADY.

How long must I, by magick fetters chain'd
To this detested seat, hear odious strains
Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors?

COMUS.

Ye sedge-crown'd *Naiades*, by twilight seen
Along *Mæander's* mazy border green,
At *Comus'* call appear in all your azure sheen.

[He waves his wand, the Naiades enter, and range themselves in order to dance.]

Now softly slow let *Lydian* measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.
In swimming dance on air's soft billows float,
Soft swell your bosoms with the swelling note;
With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
Till lively gesture each fond care reveal,
That musick can express, or passion feel.

[The Naiades dance a slow dance agreeable to the subject of the preceding lines, and expressive of the passion of love.]

[After this dance the Pastoral Nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats by way of soliloquy the first six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observ'd by EUPHROSYNE, who by her gesture expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.]

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V O.

*How gentle was my Damon's air!
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel task is mine!*

A B A L L A D.

1.

*On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.*

2.

*Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain:*

3.

*Now thro' the winding vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade;
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where Love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The va'e, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.*

4.

*From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.*

RECITATIVO. By EUPHROSŶNE.

*Love, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know;
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit.
 Simple nymphs, then learn of me,
 How to treat inconstancy.*

B A L L A D.

1.

*The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.*

2. Farewel

2.

*Farewel lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
Sure thè squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.*

3.

*They have charms, whilst mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease ;
Nor jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.*

4.

*Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain ?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me——whilst he can.*

COMUS *speaks.*

Cast thine eyes around and see,
How from every element
Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
And her choicest blessings sent.

Fire, water, earth, and air combine
To compose the rich repast,
Their aid the distant seasons join,
To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste.

Hither, summer, autumn, spring,
Hither all your tributes bring ;
All on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen,

[After

[After this they put on their chaplets, and prepare for the feast; while COMUS is advancing with his cup, and one of his attendants offers a chaplet to the Lady (which she throws on the ground with indignation) the preparation for the feast is interrupted by lofty and solemn musick from above, whence the second attendant SPIRIT descends gradually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines.

Second SPIRIT speaks.

From the realms of peace above,
 From the source of heav'nly love,
 From the starry throne of Jove,
 Where tuneful muses, in a glitt'ring ring,
 To the celestial lyre's eternal string,
 Patient Virtue's triumph sing:
 To these dim labyrinths, where mortals stray,
 Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
 To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
 Thy guardian spirit came.

[He advances to the Lady, and sings, remaining still invisible to COMUS and his crew, but heard by them with some concern, which they endeavour to dissemble.

S O N G.

I.

Nor on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
 Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.

2. On

2.

*On awful virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height, must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil and care.*

*So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal blifs for transient pain.*

*[The SPIRIT reascends, the musick playing
 loud and solemn.*

LADY.

Thanks, heav'nly songster! whosoe'er thou art,
 Who deign'st to enter these unhallow'd walls
 To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear!
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend——far from these horrid fiends!

COMUS.

Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these!
 Who look with envy on more happy man,
 And would decry the joys they cannot taste.
 Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
 Of hollow Virtue, which eludes the grasp.
 Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

*[He offers the cup, which she puts by, and
 attempts to rise.*

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue; or, as *Daphne* was,
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

LADY.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast ;
 Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd, while heav'n sees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, lady ? why do you frown ?
 Here dwell no frowns nor anger ; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the *April* buds in primrose season.
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.
 Not that *Nepenthes*, which the wife of *Thone*
 In *Ægypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
 Is of such pow'r to stir up joy, as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

LADY.

Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it.
 Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[Points to his crew.

COMUS.

Why shou'd you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition,
 By which all human frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain ;
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,

And

And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor!

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchantments.
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With vizard'd falshood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lick'rish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for *Juno* when she banquets,
I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,
But such as are good men, can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O, foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the *Stoic* fur,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand
Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawa innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th' all-worship'd ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on puiſe,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frize,

G

Th' All-

Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, wou'd be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons;
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Wou'd think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules, prank'd in reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance. She, good caterefs,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
 If ev'ry just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a mod'rate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver wou'd be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid. For swinish Gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with befotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough?

COMUS.

COMUS.

Enough to shew

That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
From scorning pleasures, which they cannot reach:

EUPHROSYNE *sings.*

1.

*Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.*

2.

*If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live, who life enjoy.*

COMUS.

These are the maxims of the truly wise,
Of such as practise what they preach to others.
Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers;
Nor pining grief, nor eating cares approach us,
Nor sighs, nor murmurs——but of gentle Love,
Whose woes delight: What must his pleasures then?

EUPHROSYNE *sings.*

*Ye Fauns, and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and grove,
Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love;
Swiftly resort to COMUS' gay court,
And in various measures shew Love's various sport.*

Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the following directions. The tune is play'd a second time, to which they dance.

*Now lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings, sound;
Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.
Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat;
Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, &c.*

*Now cold and denying,
Now kind and complying,
Consenting, repenting,
Disdaining, complaining,
Indifference now feigning.*

Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.

[*Exeunt dancers.*]

COMUS.

List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name *Virginity*.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
Unfavorly in th' enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence: Coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?

There

There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advis'd: you are but young yet;
 This will inform you soon.

LADY.

To him that dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what purpose?
 Thou hast no ear, nor soul to apprehend;
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That has so well been taught her dazzling fence:
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior pow'r;
 And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly——Come, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this

Will

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

[*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make signs of resistance, but are all driven in.*

Enter the First SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O, ye mistook, you should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast: without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissolv'ring pow'r,
We cannot free the lady, that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have, which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learn'd,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains:
I learn'd 'em then when with my fellow swain,
The youthful *Lycidas*, his flocks I fed.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure:
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoc'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
And see the swain himself in season comes.

Enter the Second SPIRIT.

Haste, *Lycidas*, and try the tuneful strain,
Which from her bed the fair *Sabrina* calls.

SONG.

SONG. *By a third SPIRIT.*

SABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

[SABRINA rises, attended by *Water-nymphs*, and sings.]

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the oster dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azure sheen
 Of Turkis blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslips velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Third SPIRIT.

Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distress'd,
 Thro' the force, and thro' the wile,
 Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

R E C I.

R E C I T A T I V O.

S A B R I N A.

*Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity:
 Brightest lady, look on me;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops, that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure;
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip;
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste, ere morning-hour,
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.*

*S A B R I N A descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat;
 the Brothers embrace her tenderly.*

E l d e s t B R O T H E R.

I oft had heard, but ne'er believ'd till now,
 There are, who can by potent magick spells
 Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
 Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
 Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,
 And thro' the yawning earth from *Stygian* gloom
 Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light:
 It may be so,——for some mysterious end!
 Yet still the freedom of the mind, you see,
 No spell can reach; that righteous *Jove* forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail divinity
 The slave of evil, or the sport of chance.

Y o u n g e s t

Youngest BROTHER.

Why did I doubt? Why tempt the wrath of heav'n
 To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust?
 Here spotless innocence has found relief,
 By means as wond'rous as her strange distress.
 Inform us, *Thyrsis*, if for this thine aid
 We aught can pay, that equals thy desert?

First SPIRIT.

Pay it to heaven, that lent you grace
 To escape this cursed place;
 To heaven, that here has try'd your youth,
 Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
 And sent you thro' these hard essays
 With a crown of deathless praise.

[Then the two first SPIRITS advance and speak alternately the following lines, which MILTON calls Epiloguizing.]

To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lye
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of *Hesperus*, and his Daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and *Cassia's* balmy smells.

H

Now

Now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend;
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.
 Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love *Virtue*, she alone is free:
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or, if *Virtue* feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her:

CHORUS.

*Taught by Virtue, you may climb
 Higher than the sphery chime,
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

F I N I S.



THE
Blind Beggar
OF
BETHNAL GREEN.

By R. DODSLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-Mall*; and sold
by T. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M D C C X L I.

THE
Belting Beggar
OF
BETHNAL GREEN.

By R. DODSLEY.



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M D C C X I I .

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And is continued Weekly,

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Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, and sold by T. Cooper, at the *Globe* in Pater-noster-Row.

(Price Three Pence.)

Of Sunday & 3d of January 1733
 A Bill
 THE
 PUBLICK REGISTER

PERSONS.

The Blind BEGGAR, } *Mr.* Berry.
 BESSY, *his* Daughter, } *Mrs.* Clive.
Sir WILLIAM MORLEY, *in* } *Mr.* Cashell.
love with her, }
 WELFORD, *in* love with, and } *Mr.* Lowe.
belov'd by her, }
 Lord RANBY, } *Suitors to* BESSY { *Mr.* Ridout,
 JOHN SLY, } *as a* Mistress, { *Mr.* Tafwel.
Neighbours, Passengers, &c.

SCENE, Bethnal Green, and the
 Beggar's House upon it.

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Twiss's Head in
 Hall-Street, and sold by R. Cooper, at the three
 in Patern-oster-Row.
 (Price Three Pence)



THE

Blind Beggar

OF

BETHNAL GREEN.

SCENE I. *The Beggar's House.*

WELFORD *alone.*



TRUE, she is but a Beggar's Daughter, yet her Person is a Miracle; and her amiable Qualities such as might well besit a better Station.

The Fame of her uncommon Beauty is now spread round the Country, and every Day pro-

duces some new Rival of my Happiness. How can I hope her Heart will continue mine, against so many, and such powerful Competitors? But him whom I most fear is Sir *William Morley*; and her Letter to me concerning him has alarm'd me. But here she comes.

SCENE II.

BESSY, WELFORD.

Ah *Bessy*! What is it you tell me? Surely you will not be so unkind!

BESSY.

You ought not, *Welford*; you cannot justly accuse me of Unkindness.

WELFORD.

Is it not unkind, to tell me you will marry Sir *William Morley*?

BESSY.

I will obey my Father.

WELFORD.

I am much afraid, *Bessy*, your Duty to your Father is not the only Motive to your Obedience in this Affair.---Sir *William* has Wealth and Titles to bestow.

BESSY.

BESSY.

Now you are unkind, nay cruel, to think that any Motive so mean as that of Interest or Vanity, could have the least Influence over me.

WELFORD.

What can I think?

BESSY.

Think on the Situation I am in; think on my Father. Can I leave him, blind and helpless, to struggle with Infirmity and Want, when it is in my Power to make his old Age comfortable and happy?

SONG.

The faithful Stork behold,

A duteous Wing prepare,

Its Sire, grown weak and old,

To feed with constant Care :

Should I my Father leave,

Grown old, and weak, and blind;

To think on Storks, would grieve

And shame my weaker Mind.

WEL-

(10)

WELFORD.

That shall be no Objection; no *Bessy*, whilst these Hands can work, he never shall know Want: Your Father shall be mine, nay dearer, a thousand Times dearer to me than my own.

BESSY.

Why can I not requite such faithful Love?

[*Aside.*

But *Welford*, suppose my Father commands me to marry Sir *William*, would you have me disobey him? 'Tis true, he is but a poor Man, a Beggar, yet he is my Father; and the best of Fathers he has been to me.

WELFORD.

He is the best of Men: and, if Report say true, far from a common Beggar.

BESSY.

Sometimes, indeed, I myself suspect that he is not what he seems; and what principally induces me to it is the extraordinary Care he has taken of my Education, instructing me himself, and teaching me a thousand Things above my Sphere of Life; and this is a further Reason why I ought not to disobey him.

WIL-

WELFORD.

You shall not disobey him, I will not desire it. But suppose it were possible for me to gain his Consent ?

BESSY.

Then you have mine; for believe me, *Welford*, I can propose no Happiness to myself, if not with you; and should I marry Sir *William*, it is only because I chuse rather to make myself unhappy than my Father.

WELFORD.

Unequall'd Goodness! Surely he will not make you miserable, who are so afraid of making him so! And he is too wise to think all Happiness confin'd to Greatness.

SONG.

Observe the fragrant blushing Rose,

Tho' in the humble Vale it spring,

It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,

As in the Garden of a King:

So calm Content as oft is found compleat

In the low Cot, as in the lofty Seat.

I will go this Instant to him, and try how far I can prevail. I hope your Wishes will be in my Favour.

BESSY.

Go. I dare not wish, lest they should be too much so. For how strongly soever I may be determined to obey my Father, I fear that Love will steal away my Heart in spite of Duty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bethnal Green.*

Enter the Blind Beggar led in by a Boy.

BEGGAR.

So, Boy, we are at our Journey's End I find: come stay by me, there's a good Boy.

Two Passengers cross the Stage.

Pray remember the Blind!

1 PASS.

1 PASS.

I have nothing for you, Friend. One cannot stir a Step without being plagu'd with the Cant of Beggars.

2 PASS.

'Tis an infamous Thing in a trading Country, that the Poor are not some way or other employ'd.

[They go out.]

BEGGAR.

I am afraid the Rich are employ'd full as ill ; and what is still worse, the Poor are not the only Beggars. Wants, real or imaginary, reach all States ; and as some beg in Rags, there are some not ashamed to beg even in Lace and Velvet. All Men are Beggars in some Shape or other ; those only are scandalous ones, who beg by Impudence what they should earn by Merit.

C

SONG

SONG.

*Let Begging no longer be taunted,
If honest and free from Offence;
Were each Man to beg what he wanted,
How many would Beggars commence!
Grave Church-men might beg for more Grace,
Young Soldiers for Courage might call;
And many that beg for a Pension or Place,
Might beg for some Merit withal.*

SCENE IV.

Enter another Passenger.

BEGGAR.

Pray remember the Blind!

PASS.

So, Neighbour, you are got to your old Seat
this Afternoon.

BEG-

BEGGAR.

Is not that my Neighbour *Greenfield*?

PASS.

Ay.

BEGGAR.

You have been in Town, I suppose, what News?

PASS.

I hear none, but that the Earl of *Essex* is dead this Morning.

BEGGAR.

The Earl of *Essex* dead ! That's greater News to me than you imagine.

PASS.

I hope it is not bad,

BEGGAR.

No,

PASS.

Here's my Lord *Ranby* seems to be coming this Way, as if he wanted to speak with you.

BEGGAR.

Does he ? Well, I am prepar'd for him. This worthy Man is one of those who has the Goodness, because he thinks me poor, to solicit me to prostitute my Daughter, and sell her Virtue for his borrow'd Gold.

C 2

PASS.

PASS.

Very charitable truly! and I don't doubt but you'll thank him as he deserves. Good bye.

BEGGAR.

I wish you a good Walk.

[Exit. Passenger.]

SCENE V.

Enter Lord Ranby.

RANBY.

Well, honest Beggar, have you thought of the Proposals I made when I saw you last?

BEGGAR.

Yes, I have thought of you and your Proposals, with Contempt.

RANBY.

With Contempt!

BEGGAR.

Yes, my Lord, with Contempt.

RANBY.

Don't be impudent, Friend.

BEG-

BEGGAR.

'Tis not I that am impudent, my Lord.

RANBY.

Hark ye, old Fellow, were it not for your Daughter, your Age should not protect your Insolence.

BEGGAR.

And were it not for my Age, young Fellow, your Quality should not protect yours. Insolence! I'd have thee know, proud Lord, my Birth is at least equal to thine; and tho' now a Beggar, I have not yet disgrac'd my Family, as thou hast done. Go home, young Man, and pay your Debts, it will more become you than this infamous Errand.

RANBY.

'Tis very well: but I shall perhaps make you repent this Freedom.

BEGGAR.

Repent your own Follies, Child; no honest Freedom ought to be repented of.

RANBY.

You are a brave Fellow!

BEGGAR.

And you are not a brave Fellow.

RANBY.

RANBY.

The old Wretch confounds me so I don't know what to say. [*Aside.*] I shall take a Course with you, Sir, for this Impudence.

BEGGAR.

An idle Course you have taken all your Life; be wise, and mend it.

RANBY.

Damn him! Why should I talk to such a Creature? I must enjoy his Daughter however; and since fair Means won't prevail, foul must. [*Exit.*]

BEGGAR.

What strange Creatures are the greatest Part of Mankind! What a Composition of Contradictions! Always pursuing Happiness, yet generally thro' such Ways as lead to Misery: Admiring every Virtue in others, indulging themselves in every Vice: fond of Fame, yet labouring for Infamy. In so bad a World, the Loss of Sight is not really so great an Evil as it may be apprehended.

SONG.

S O N G.

Tho' Darkneſs ſtill attends me,

It aids internal Sight;

And from ſuch Scenes defends me,

As bluſh to ſee the Night.

No Villain's Smile deceives me,

No gilded Fop offends,

No weeping Object grieves me,

Kind Darkneſs me befriends:

Henceforth no uſeleſs Wailings,

I find no Reason why;

Mankind to their own Failings

Are all as blind as I.

Who painted Vice deſires,

Is blind, what'er he thinks;

Who Virtue not admires,

Is either blind, or winks.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter JOHN SLY.

SLY.

Friend, if thou beest at leisure, I would commune with thee.

BEGGAR.

Is not that Mr. *Sly*?

SLY.

John Sly, at thy Service.

BEGGAR.

Well, Friend *Sly*, what is your Pleasure with me?

SLY.

Thou hast a Daughter, Friend, whose Charms I have beheld with the Eye of Wonder and Admiration. As a Goldfinch among Sparrows, or as a Peacock amongst Fowls, even such is thy Child amongst the Daughters of Men. Her Beauty maketh the Rose to blush with Shame, and the Lilly turneth pale with Envy thereat. Ah, Friend! what pity it were this innocent Lamb should fall amongst Wolves, and be devoured!

BEGGAR.

It were great pity, indeed.

SLY.

My Soul melteth in Compassion, yea, my Heart is moved with Affection unto her: Let her

her be mine Handmaid, and I will protect her from the Pollutions of the Ungodly.

BEGGAR.

And so, Friend, thou would'st debauch my Daughter thyself, that the Wicked may not have the Sin to answer for.

SLY.

Nay, Friend, thou should'st not call it debauching her. Come, come, I will make a Proposition that shall please thee. Thou art a poor Man, and thou knowest that I am rich; what Part of my Fortune shall I give unto her? Name the Sum, and it shall be settled upon her according to thy Direction.

BEGGAR.

How dare any Man have the Impudence to ask another the Price of his Virtue! Surely, Friend, thou must be very glad that I am blind.

SLY.

Why so, Friend?

BEGGAR.

Because I cannot see how much like a Rogue thou must now look. Out of my Reach, vile Hypocrite, or I will make thee feel the Weight of my Resentment!

D

SLY.

SLY.

Verily, Friend, thou knowest not the Ways of the World, nor the Wisdom thereof — But I will not be cast down, the Daughter may perhaps have more Wit than her Father; I will try at least. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter WELFORD.

WELFORD.

How shall I address him? Sure there is something venerable about this poor old Man; something that commands more than common Reverence and Respect. (*Aside.*) I am come, Sir, to speak with you about an Affair that to me is of Consequence, and I beg you will not think me impertinent or troublesome.

BEGGAR.

Who is it, that can be afraid of being impertinent to a poor Beggar?

WELFORD.

My Name is *Welford*.

BEGGAR.

O, I know you very well, Mr. *Welford*, your Father was formerly my very good Friend and Benefactor; I was sorry, poor Gentleman, for his

his Misfortunes ; all he had, I think, was lost at Sea.

WELFORD.

'Tis true ; and my chief Misfortune in that Loss, is, that it has depriv'd me of the Power of making it your's.

BEGGAR.

I understand ye ; you have a Kindness for my Daughter, and would have married her ; I have heard something of it, and suppose that is the Business you are come about, is it not ?

WELFORD.

It is, and I hope I shall have your Consent.

BEGGAR.

Mr. *Welford*, I had a Respect for your Father, for his sake I have a Regard for you ; and as you have unhappily no Fortune of your own, I would not have you do so imprudent a thing as to marry the Daughter of a Beggar.

WELFORD.

I have already learnt not to place any Part of my Happiness in the Enjoyment of Riches ; and my Heart tells me, that the greatest Pleasure I could have, would be to maintain you and your Daughter by the honest Labour of my Hands.

D 2

SONG.

S O N G.

To keep my gentle Bessy,

What Labour would seem hard?

Each toilsome Task how easy!

Her Love the sweet Reward.

The Bee thus uncomplaining,

Esteems no Toil severe,

The sweet Reward obtaining,

Of Honey all the Year.

BEGGAR.

Your Intentions are very kind, and I don't doubt but your Love to my Daughter is sincere; but I would have you suppress it: For, to deal plainly with you, I have already determined to marry my Daughter to Sir *William Morley*.

WELFORD.

But will you marry her to Sir *William* against her Consent?

BEGGAR.

I doubt not her Consent; she never disobey'd me yet; and will not now, I dare say.

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

I know she will obey if you command ; but surely, in an Affair of so much Consequence to her, you will have some Regard to her own Happiness. Let me only beg you to consider this, and then I leave it to your paternal Affection. At present I will trouble you no further. [Exit.

BEGGAR.

I have consider'd of it, and I hope she will consider of it too. I would not make my Child unhappy, nor will I marry her against her Mind : but Sir *William*, besides the Largeness of his Fortune, is of so good-natur'd and agreeable a Disposition, that I hope she will soon be won to taste the Happiness of her Condition, and then will thank me for my Care. Come, Boy, the Wind methinks blows cold here, we'll go to the other Side of the Green.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE changes to the BEGGAR'S House:

Sir WILLIAM MORLEY and BESSY.

BESSY.

I am very sensible, Sir *William*, of the Honour you do me in descending so much beneath yourself, as to think of marrying the Daughter of a Beggar:

Sir WILLIAM:

My dear *Bessy*, talk not of Inequality; true Love forgets Condition; and despises any Thought so mean as that of Interest.

BESSY:

Some would esteem such Love at best but Weakness. Nay you yourself, as Passion cools; and Reason gathers strength, perhaps may censure and regret as a Folly, what now you seriously fancy to be Love.

SONG:

S O N G.

The Boy thus of a Bird possess,

At first how great his Joys!

He strokes it soft, and in his Breast

The little Fav'rite lies :

But soon as grown to riper Age,

The Passion quits his Mind,

He hangs it up in some cold Cage,

Neglected and confin'd.

Sir WILLIAM.

This, my *Bessy*, is impossible; as your Beauties have subdu'd my Heart, your Virtues have endear'd, and will secure the Conquest.

BESSY.

I wish, *Sir William*, you would excuse my Fears; I was not born for Grandeur, and dare not venture on a State so much above my Rank.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

So far from Truth is that unjust Pretence, that 'tis your present Rank alone you are unfit for. You have not only Beauty to adorn, but Sense to support a higher,

BESSY.

I know you flatter me ; but granting what you say were true, yet I had rather attend my Father on this humble Green, than run the Risk of falling from that Greatness which I neither covet nor deserve.

Sir WILLIAM.

And am I then so much your Aversion, that Poverty, nay Beggary itself, is preferable to Wealth when brought by me? What Risk, what Hazard do you run? Do I not offer to marry you? Does not your Father join with me in desiring your Compliance? And ought not you to rejoice at the Hopes of being protected from the Insolence of those who daily invade your Innocence, and attempt your Chastity? But we are interrupted. I'll go wait on your Father home, and be with you again immediately.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Lord Ranby.

RANBY.

Ha! my little Cherubim, is not that the grave Knight, that would fain seduce you to commit Matrimony with him? Methinks he went away in the Dumps, as if you had reject-ed his Suit.

BESSY.

Suppose I did, Sir, what then?

RANBY.

Why then, my Dear, you did wisely. 'Tis as ridiculous for a beautiful Woman to throw herself away upon a Husband, in order to pre-serve her Honour, as it would be for a Man of Fortune to give away his Estate for Fear he should spend it.

BESSY.

I rather think it were as foolish for a Wo-man to trust herself to a Man without Mar-riage, as it would be for a Merchant to venture his Ship to Sea without Insuranc.

RANBY.

A Husband, Child, becomes your Master; a Gallant will continue your Adorer and your Slave.

E

BESSY.

BESSY.

A Husband rather is the Protector of that
Virtue which a Gallant would rob me of, and
then desert me.

SONG.

As Death alone the Marriage Knot unties,

So Vows that Lovers make

Last until Sleep, Death's Image, close their

Dissolve when they awake ; [Eyes,

And that fond Love which was to Day their

Is thought To-morrow but an idle Dream. [Theme,

Is thought To-morrow but an idle Dream.

RANBY.

Do you think then, that Love is more likely
to continue when it is constrain'd, than when it
is free and voluntary?

BESSY.

I should think I had but small Security for
the Continuance of his Love, who was afraid

of engaging with me any longer than from Day to Day.

RANBY.

What better Security can you have from a Gentleman, than his Honour?

BESSY.

He that would refuse me all other Security but his Honour, I should be afraid had too little of that to be trusted.

RANBY.

Well then, my dear *Bessy*, to come close to the Point, you cannot suspect my Sincerity, since I have not desir'd you to trust entirely to my Honour, but have offer'd to make you a handsome Settlement.

BESSY.

But, my Lord, as I don't like the Terms, I hope I may be excus'd accepting it.

RANBY.

Come, come, Child, since I find you are so very obstinate that you will not accept of what is so much for your own Good, I must be oblig'd to force you to it, my Dear.

BESSY.

What do you mean, my Lord?

E 2

RANBY.

RANBY. Only to make you happy, my Angel, whether you will or no.

BESSY.
O Heaven, defend me!

RANBY.
Look ye, my Dear, no Noise, no Stuggling; it will avail you nothing.---But let me not forget to turn the Key.

SCENE X.

Enter SLY.

SLY.
Indeed, Friend, thou should'st have done that before.

RANBY.
Curse on the sanctify'd Hyppocrite! What envious Demon sent him here?

BESSY.
Heaven rather sent him to preserve my Virtue. O save me from the brutal Violence of that Monster!

SLY.
Yea verily, I will protect thy Virtue, and save thee —— for myself. [*Afide.*] Friend, Friend, why walkest thou in Vanity? Verily, thou hast done the Thing that is not right.---

RAN-

RANBY.

Verily, Friend, and so hast thou: And unless thou dost immediately return from whence thou camest, I will exalt the Arm of Flesh against thee, and thy Iniquity shall be upon thy Bones.

SLY.

Hum! my Spirit burneth within me, yea, my inward Man is moved to Wrath. Howbeit, I doubt he is stronger than I, therefore I will be peaceable, and try if I cannot gain my Point, by seeming to join with him. [*Aside.*] Restrain thy Choler, Friend; I meant not to disappoint thee; for, to confess the Truth, I came with the same Design myself; wherefore I may, peradventure, be of Service unto thee, in persuading the Virgin to yield unto our Solicitations. What say'st thou, shall I try?

RANBY.

And does the Carnal Passion lurk beneath this sober Mask of Sanctity? What the Devil can he say to her! It must be a ridiculous Scene, I'll hear it. [*Aside.*] Well Friend, prithee try thy Talent upon her; but, do ye hear, don't play false.

SLY.

Thy self shall judge.

BESSY.

BESSY.

What means this Parley? I don't like it. [*Afide.*

SLY.

Fair Maiden, I am moved, yea I am strongly moved, and as it were pushed forth by the Spirit towards thee: Suffer me therefore to entreat thee, and to prevail upon thee to answer the End of thy Creation. The Sun of thy Beauty nourisheth my Love as a Plant; My Soul longeth, yea I do long exceedingly, to taste thy Sweets, to feel the Softness of thy panting Breast. —

BESSY.

First feel my Hand, thou [*Gives him a Box*
holy Hyppocrite. What will *on the Ear.*]
become of me!

RANBY.

How like ye her Salute? Methinks she kifs'd you with a Smack.

SLY.
Verily, if her Hand is the softest Part of her, her Heart must be exceeding hard.

RANBY,
I see no Likelihood of prevailing with her by fair Means; suppose we force her into my Coach,

Coach, and drive her to a little House I have about ten Miles off, we shall there bring her to a Compliance.

SLY.

The Proposal is good, and I will assist thee in it.

RANBY.

Come, Madam, 'tis in vain to resist, you must along with us this Instant.

BESSY *kneeling*.

For Heaven's Sake, my Lord, forbear! Think on my poor blind Father, and take not from him the Support of his old Age, his only Child! Alas! he will die distracted.

SONG.

Behold me on my bended Knee,

Think on my Father's Cries!

O think the gushing Tears you see

Drop from his closed Eyes!

Let

*Let this sad Sight your Soul possess,
Let kind Regret take Place;
And save my Father from Distress,
His Daughter from Disgrace.*

RANBY.

Off! 'tis in vain.

BESSY.

Good Heaven protect my Virtue. Help!
help!

*[As they are forcing her towards the
Door, enter Welford, who seizes
Lord Ranby's Sword.*

SCENE XI.

WELFORD.

Villains! What means this Outrage?

RANBY.

Hell and Furies! are we disappointed?

WELFORD.

Unhand her, or this Moment is thy last.

[Holds the Sword to his Breast.]

RANBY.

Hold! hold! I will: Have a care, the Point
may hurt one!

WEL-

WELFORD.

Base Coward! why art thou so afraid to die?
Shouldst thou not rather be ashamed to live?
—— How fares my Love?

BESSY.

O my Deliverer! my dear Preserver! let my
Heart thank thee, for I cannot speak.

WELFORD.

Don't tremble so, my Dear; compose your-
self; the Danger's over; come, look up. Vile
Ravishers! how did you dare to rob the sacred
Dwelling of this poor old Man? Did you not
think the Gods would take his Part?

RANBY.

The God of Love, methinks, should have
taken ours; and if he had been true to his Cha-
racter he would.

SCENE XII.

Enter the Beggar and Sir William.

BESSY.

O my dear Father! do I live to see you once
again?

BEGGAR.

What means my Child?

B

RANBY.

RANBY.

Ay, now we shall have a dismal Story, how a trembling Dove escap'd the bloody Pounces of Hawk.

SLY.

Or how an innocent Lamb was snatch'd from the Jaws of a devouring Wolf.

WELFORD.

And can you know your Characters so well, and not detest yourselves?

BEGGAR.

Are not these, Lord *Ranby* and Friend *Sly*? What has been done?

SLY.

Nothing, indeed.

BESSY.

These wicked Men had form'd a base Design against my Virtue; and would even now have forc'd me from you, had not the friendly Arm of my dear *Welford*, that instant interpos'd to save me. Forgive me, Father, that I call him dear, I owe my Virtue and my Life to his Protection.

BEGGAR.

BEGGAR.

Unworthy Men! what had I done, that you should wish to make my old Age miserable?

RANBY.

We did not think of thy old Age at all, but of thy Daughter's Youth and Beauty.

BEGGAR.

Which I will this instant put beyond the Reach of your ungenerous and ungovern'd Passions. Sir *William*, my Daughter's Virtue——

BESSY.

My dearest Father, suffer me a Word, and I have done. The Worth and Honour of Sir *William Morley* are what I highly do esteem; and if 'tis your Command that I must marry him, so much I value your Repose beyond my own, that I will sacrifice my Happiness to my Obedience, and endeavour to give my Heart where you command my Hand. But O, forgive me, whilst I freely own, I feel my Heart will wish it otherwise.

BEGGAR.

Let me proceed. My Daughter's Virtue, Sir *William*---has conquer'd me. I did design to have given her to your honest Love; but you yourself will own, I ought not to compel a Child so gentle, and so tender of me. Can I make her miserable; who prefers my Happiness to her own?

Sir WILLIAM.

I own your Justice, tho' my Heart would fain plead against it. Dear *Bessy*, I will endeavour to subdue that Love, which cannot make me happy, since it would make you miserable.

WELFORD.

Generous and kind!

RANBY.

Well, there is a Pleasure after all in Virtue, which we loose Fellows know not how to taste.

BEGGAR.

Welford, come hither. Your Father was a worthy Man, and my good Friend; his Bounty oft relieved my seeming Want, and his good Nature

Nature took me to his Friendship. I am glad to find that you inherit his Worth, tho' not his Fortune. My Daughter loves you; receive her therefore from my grateful Hand, and with her full five thousand Pounds in Gold.

WELFORD *and* BESSY.

Five thousand Pounds!

BEGGAR.

Be not surpriz'd. Tho' long conceal'd upon this Green, beneath the poor Appearance of a Beggar, I am no other than Sir *Simon Montford*, whom the World thinks dead some Years ago. Here I have liv'd, and sav'd these poor Remains of a once noble Fortune.

BESSY.

I'm in amaze, and scarce know whether I should believe my Senses! Why did my Father conceal himself so long from me?

BEGGAR.

It was necessary, Child: but now I need no longer hide me from the World. The Earl of *Essex*, who long sought my Life, this Morning died. The Reason of his Enmity was this: His Father, who was Standard-bearer in an Engagement

gagement against the *Welch*, where I had some Command, most cowardly gave way, and occasion'd the Loss of the Battle ; which when I upbraided him with, he gave me the Lye, call'd me Villain, and would have laid the Blame on me. On this I challeng'd him, and it being his ill Fortune to fall by my Hand, I have ever since been oblig'd to conceal myself from the Revenge of his Son.

WELFORD.

My dear *Bessy*, the Surprize of this sudden Turn in our Favour, has taken from me the Power of Expression.

BESSY.

If your Joy is but equal to mine, I am happy.

D U E T T,

HE.

*The Man who in a Dungeon lies for Debt,
Esteems not Light and Liberty so dear.*

SHE.

SHE.

*The frighted Bird just scap'd the Fowler's
Net,
Its Heart not flutters more 'twixt Joy and
Fear.*

HE.

*Come to my Arms,
And on my Breast
From all Alarms
Securely rest.*

SHE.

*In this kind Haven let me lie,
In mutual Pleasure live and die.*

BOTH.

In mutual Pleasure live and die.

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Dear Father, let me indulge the Joy to call you so. The Happiness you give me with your Daughter, is half destroyed by this unexpected Fortune. The Pleasure I had promised myself in labouring with my Hands to maintain the Father of my Love is now no more; but let me still rejoice, that by this means

My *Bessy's* gentle Heart is free'd from Care,
 And her fair Hand no Labour needs to share.
 Hence let this Maxim to the World be given,
 True Love and Virtue are the Care of Heaven.

F I N I S.



4

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS:

THE MOST

TRAGICAL TRAGEDY,

That ever was Tragedized by any
Company of TRAGEDIANS.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL,
and S. BLADON.

MDCCLXX.

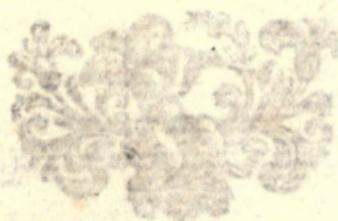
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MDCCLXX.

PROLOGUE.

TO Night our Comic MUSE the Buskin wears;
And gives herself no small Romantic Airs;
Struts in Heroics, and in pompous Verse
Does the minutest Incidents rehearse;
In Ridicule's strict Retrospect displays
The Poetasters of these modern Days;
Who with big bellowing Bombast rend our Ears,
Which, stript of Sound, quite void of Sense appears;
Or else their Fiddle-Faddle Numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low:
Either Extreme when vain Pretenders take,
The Actor suffers for the Author's Sake:
The quite-tir'd Audience lose whole-Hours; yet pay
To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away.
This being our Scheme, we hope you will excuse
The wild Excursion of the wanton Muse;
Who out of Frolic wears a mimic Mask,
And sets herself so whimsical a Task:
'Tis meant to please; but, if it should offend,
It's very short, and soon will have an End.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of Queerummania.*

Bombardinian, *his General.*

Aldiborontiphoscophornio,

Rigdum-Funnidos,

Captain of the Guards.

Herald.

Cook.

Doctor.

King of the Fidlers.

King of the Antipodes.

} *Courtiers.*

Fadladinida, *Queen of Queerummania.*

Tatlanthe, *her Favourite.*

Two Ladies of the Court.

Two Ladies of Pleasure.

Venus.

Cupid.

Guards and Attendants, &c.

S C E N E *Queerummania.*

THE



THE
T R A G E D Y
O F

Chrononhotonthologos.



S C E N E,

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.

*Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosco-
phornio.*

Rig-Fun.  *Ldiborontiphosco-phornio!*

Where left you *Chrononho-
tonthologos?*

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous Toils of
War,
Within his Tent, on downy Couch succumbent,
Himself

Himself he unfatigues with gentle Slumbers :
 Lull'd by the chearful Trumpets gladfom Clangor,
 The Noise of Drums, and Thunder of Artillery,
 He sleeps supine amidst the Din of War :

And yet 'tis not definitively Sleep ;
 Rather a kind of Doze, a waking Slumber,
 That sheds a Stupefaction o'er his Senses :
 For now he nods and snores ; anon he starts ;
 Then nods and snores again : If this be Sleep,
 Tell me, ye Gods ! what mortal Man's awake !
 What says my Friend to this ?

Rig. Fun.——Say ! I say he sleeps Dog-Sleep :
 What a Plague wou'd you have me say ?

Aldi. O impious Thought ! O curs'd Insinuation !
 As if great *Chrononhotontologos*
 To Animals detestable and vile
 Had aught the least Similitude !

Rig. My dear Friend ! you entirely misapprehend me : I did not call the King Dog by Craft ; I was only going to tell you that the Soldiers have just now receiv'd their Pay, and are all as drunk as so many Swabbers.

Aldi. Give Orders instantly that no more
 Money

Be issued to the Troops : Mean time, my Friend,
 Let

Let the Baths be fill'd with Seas of Coffee,
To stupefy their Souls into Sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the Sutlers,
and blow the *Geneva* Casks to the Devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
And Reason seems to father thy Advice:
But, soft!—The King in pensive Contemplation
Seems to resolve on some important Doubt;
His Soul, too copious for his Earthly Fabrick,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in Soliloquy,
And makes his Tongue the Midwife of his Mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his Solitude.

[*They retire.*

Enter King.

King. This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And Rest is grown a Stranger to my Eyes:
Sport not with *Chrononbotonthologos*,
Thou idle Slumb'rer, thou detested *Somnus*:
For, if thou dost, by all the waking Pow'rs
I'll tear thine Eye-Balls from their Leaden-Sockets,
And force thee to out-stare Eternity.

[*Exit in a Huff.*

Re-enter.

Re-enter Rigdum and Aldiboronti.

Rig.—The King is in a most cursed Passion!
Pray who the Devil is this Mr. *Somnus* he's so
angry withal?

Aldi. The Son of *Chaos* and of *Erebus*,
Incestuous Pair! Brother of *Mors* relentless,
Whose speckled Robe, and Wings of blackest Hue,
Astonish all Mankind with hideous Glare;
Himself with sable Plumes, to Men benevolent,
Brings downy Slumbers and refreshing Sleep.

Rig. Fun. This Gentleman may come of a very
good Family, for aught I know; but I would
not be in his Place for the World.

Aldi. But, lo! the King his Footsteps this Way
bending,
His cogitative Faculties immers'd
In Cogibundity of Cogitation:
Let Silence close our Folding-Doors of Speech,
'Till apt Attention tell our Heart the Purport
Of this profound Profundity of Thought.

Re-enter King, Nobles, and Attendants, &c.

King.—It is resolv'd—Now, *Somnus*, I
defy thee,
And from Mankind ampute thy curs'd Dominion.
These

These Royal Eyes thou never more shalt close.
 Henceforth let no Man sleep, on Pain of Death:
 Instead of Sleep, let pompous Pageantry
 Keep all Mankind eternally awake.
 Bid *Harlequino* decorate the Stage
 With all Magnificence of Decoration:
 Giants and Giantesses, Dwarfs and Pigmies,
 Songs, Dances, Music in its amplest Order,
 Mimes, Pantomimes, and all the mimic Motion
 Of Scene *Deceptiōisive* and Sublime.

[*The flat Scene draws.*

The King is seated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the Midst of which enters a Captain of the Guard.

Capt. To Arms! to Arms! great *Chrononbotontologos!*

Th' Antipodean Pow'rs, from Realms below,
 Have burst the solid Entrails of the Earth;
 Gushing such Cataracts of Forces forth,
 This World is too incopious to contain 'em:
 Armies on Armies march in Form stupendous;
 Not like our Earthly Regions, Rank by Rank,
 But Teer o'er Teer, high pil'd from Earth to
 Heaven;

B

A blaz-

A blazing Bullet, bigger than the Sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous Culverin,
Has laid your Royal Citadel in Ashes.

King. Peace, Coward! were they wedg'd like
golden Ingots,

Or pent so close, as to admit no *Vacuum*;

One Look from *Chrononhotontologos*.

Shall scare them into Nothing. *Rigdum-Funnidos*,

Bid *Bombardinian* draw his Legions forth,

And meet us in the Plains of *Queerummania*.

This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him:

Mean time, bid all the Priests prepare their Tem-
ples

For Rites of Triumph: Let the singing Singers,

With vocal Voices, most vociferous,

In sweet Vociferation, out-vociferize

Ev'n Sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E,

A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, and two Ladies.

Queen. **D**A Y's Curtain's drawn, the Morn
begins to rise,

And waking Nature rubs her sleepy Eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating Flocks
In Baa's harmonious warble thro' the Rocks:
Night gathers up her Shades in sable Shrouds,
And whisp'ring Oziers tattle to the Clouds.

What think you, Ladies, if an hour we kill,
At Basset, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille?

Tat.—Your Majesty was pleas'd to order Tea.

Queen.——My Mind is alter'd; bring some
Ratiffa.

[They are serv'd round with a Dram.

I have a famous Fidler sent from *France*.

Bid him come in. What think ye of a Dance?

Enter Fidler,

Fid.——Thus to your Majesty, says the sup-
pliant Muse,

Wou'd you a SOLO or SONATA chuse;

B 2

Or

Or bold *Concerto* or soft *Sicilina*,
Alla Francese overo in *Gusto Romano*?

When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke,

Queen. A civil Fellow!—play us the
Black Joak.

[*Musick plays.*

(*Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joak.*

So much for Dancing; now let's rest a while.
 Bring in the Tea-things, does the Kettle boil?

Tat.—The Water bubbles, and the Tea-Cups
 skip,

Through eager Hope to kiss your Royal Lip.

(*Tea brought in.*

Queen.—Come, Ladies, will you please to
 chuse your Tea;

Or Green Imperial, or *Pekoe Bohea*?

1st Lady.—Never, no, never sure on Earth
 was seen,

So gracious, sweet, and affable a Queen.

2d Lady.—She is an Angel.

1st Lady.—She's a Goddess rather.

Tat. She's Angel, Queen, and Goddess,
 altogether.

Queen.—Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady,

1st Lady.—————We don't indeed :
Your Merit does our Praise by far exceed.

Queen.———You make me Blush : Pray help
me to a Fan.

1st Lady. That Blush becomes you.—————

Tat.—————Wou'd I were a Man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic Airs.

[*Bell rings.*

The Bell rings in : Come, Ladies, let's to Pray'rs.

[*They dance off.*



SCENE,

S C E N E,

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphocophornio.

Rig. 'E GAD, we're in the wrong Box! Who the Devil wou'd have thought that *Chrononbotontologos* shou'd be at that mortal Sight of *Tippodeans*? Why, there's not a Mother's Child of them to be seen 'egad, they footed it away as fast as their Hands could carry 'em; but they have left their King behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one Comfort.

Aldi.—Wou'd he were still at amplest Liberty!

For, Oh! my dearest *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
I have a Riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a Statue.
Our Queen's in Love with this *Antipodean*.

Rigdum. The Devil she is? Well, I see Mischief is going forward with a Vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the Conq'ror comes all crown'd with Conquest!

A solemn Triumph graces his Return.

SCENE

1

Let's

Let's grasp the Forelock of this apt Occasion,
To greet the Victor, in his Flow of Glory.

A Grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, Guards and Attendants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Aldi.—All hail to *Chrononhotonthologos!*
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal Subjects.
Myself and faithful *Rigdum-Funnidos,*
Lost in a Labyrinth of Love and Loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost Souls,
And read in them what Tongue can never utter.

Cbro.—*Aldiborontiphoscophornio,*
To thee, and gentle *Rigdum-Funnidos,*
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded:
Our Bounty's Debtor to your Loyalty,
Which shall with Int'rest be repaid e're long.
But where's our Queen! where's *Fadladinida!*
She should be foremost in this gladsome Train,
To grace our Triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine,
I'll have a sweet and gentle Concubine.

Rig.—Now, my dear little *Phoscophornio,* for a
swinging Lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run
with

with it to her this Minute, that we may all be in
a Stay. Say she has got the Thorough-go-
Nimble.

[Whispers and Steals off.]

Aldi. — Speak not, great *Chrononbotontolo-*
gos,

In accents so injuriously severe
Of *Fadladinida*, your faithful Queen :
By me she sends an Embassy of Love,
Sweet Blandishments and kind Congratulations,
But, cannot, Oh! she cannot, come herself.

King. — Our Rage is turn'd to Fear : What
ails the Queen ?

Aldi. A sudden *Diarrhœa's* rapid Force
So stimulates the Peristaltic Motion,
That she by far out-does her late Out-doing,
And all conclude her Royal Life in Danger.

King. Bid the Physicians of the World assemble
In Consultation, solemn and sedate :
More to corroborate their sage Resolves,
Call from their Graves the learned Men of Old :
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus ;
Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Chymists,

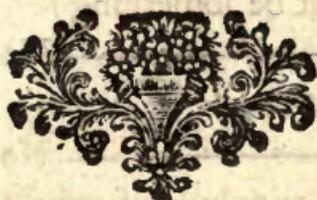
All !

All! all! attend; and see they bring their
Med'cines.

Whole Magazines of galli-potted Nostrums,
Materializ'd in *Pharmaceutic* Order.

The Man that cures our Queen shall have our
Empire.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



C

SCENE,

S C E N E,

*A Garden.**Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.*

Queen. **H**EIGH ho! my Heart!
Tat.—What ails my gracious
 Queen?

Queen. O would to *Venus* I had never seen!

Tat. Seen what, my Royal Mistress?

Queen.— Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen.— No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, Madam?

Queen.— Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something!

Queen.— No!

Tat. Or nothing!

Queen.— No.

Tat. Then I conclude of course, since it was
 Neither,

Nothing, and Something jumbled well together,

Queen. Oh! my *Tatlanthe*, have you never seen!

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my
 Queen?

Queen.

Queen. The King I mean.

Tat.——— Just now return'd from War :
He rides like *Mars* in his Triumphal Car.
Conquest precedes with Laurels in his Hand ;
Behind him *Fame* does on her Tripod stand ;
Her golden Trump shrill thro' the Air she sounds,
Which rends the Earth, and thence to Heaven
rebounds ;

Trophies and Spoils innumerable grace
This Triumph, which all Triumphs does deface :
Haste then, great *Queen* ! your Hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his Laurels at your Feet.

Queen.——— Art mad, *Tatlanthe* ? I meant no
such Thing.

Your Talk's distasteful.

Tat.——— Didn't you name the King ?

Queen. I did, *Tatlanthe*, but it was not thine ;
The charming King I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming
Fair,

In *Chrononbotontologos* should share ?

The *Queen* of Beauty, and the God of Arms,
In him and you united blend their Charms.

Oh ! had you seen him, how he dealt out Death,
And at one Stroke robb'd Thousands of their
Breath :

While on the slaughter'd Heaps himself did rise,
 In Pyramids of Conquest to the Skies :
 The Gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay ;
 But your Bright Charms have call'd him thence
 away.

Queen. This does my utmost Indignation raise ;
 You are too pertly lavish in his Praise.
 I leave me for ever !

[*Tatlanthe Kneeling.*

Tat. ————— Oh ! what shall I say ?
 Do not, great Queen, your Anger thus display !
 O frown me dead ! let me not live to hear
 My gracious Queen and Mistress so severe !
 I've made some horrible Mistake, no doubt !
 Oh ! tell me what it is !

Queen. ————— No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you ; here I'll grow
 Till you some Token of Forgiveness show :
 Oh ! all ye Pow'rs above, come down, come down !
 And from her Brow dispel that angry Frown.

Queen. *Tatlanthe*, rise, you have prevail'd at last :
 Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

[*Tatlanthe aside, rising.*

Tat. Why, what a Fool was I, not to perceive
 her Passion for the topsy-turvy King, the Gentle-

man that carries his Head where his Heels should be? But I must tack about I see.

[*To the Queen.*]

Excuse me, gracious Madam! if my Heart,
Bears Sympathy with your's in ev'ry Part;
With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,
Approve your Passion, and commend your Choice;
The Captive King ——

Queen.——That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten Thousand Deaths to set him free:
Oh! my *Tatlanthe!* have you seen his Face,
His Air, his Shape, his Mien, his ev'ry Grace,
In what a charming Attitude he stands,
How prettily he foots it with his Hands!
Well, to his Arms, no, to his Legs I fly,
For I must have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E,

*A Bed-Chamber.**Chrononhotonthologos asleep.*

[*Rough Musick, viz,
Salt-Boxes and Rolling-Pins, Grid-Irons and Tongs;
Sow-Gelders Horns, Marrow-Bones and Cleavers,
&c. &c.*

[He wakes.

Cbro. **W**HAT heav'nly Sounds are these
that charm my Ears!
Sure 'tis the Musick of the tuneful Spheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. A Messenger from Gen'ral *Bombardinian*
Craves instance Audience of your Majesty.

Cbro. Give him Admittance.*Enter Herald.*

Her. Long Life to *Chrononhotonthologos!*
Your faithful Gen'ral *Bombardinian*
Sends you his Tongue, transplanted in my Mouth,
To pour his Soul out in your Royal Ears.

Cbro.

Cbro. Then use thy Master's Tongue with Re-
verence,

Nor waste it in thine own Loquacity,
But briefly and at large declare thy Message.

Her. Suspend a-while, great *Chrononbotontologos*,
The Fate of Empires and the Toils of War;
And in my Tent let's quaff *Phalernian* Wine
Till our Souls mount and emulate the Gods.
Two Captive Females, beauteous as the Morn,
Submissive to your Wishes, court your Option.
Haste then, great King, to bless us with your
Presence.

Our Scouts already watch the wish'd Approach,
Which shall be welcom'd by the Drums dread
Rattle,

The Cannons Thunder, and the Trumpets Blast;
While I, in Front of mighty Myrmidons,
Receive my King in all the Pomp of War.

Cbro. Tell him I come; my flying Steed
prepare;
E're thou art half on Horse-back I'll be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

S C E E N E.

A Prison.

*The King of the Antipodes discover'd asleep on
a Couch.*

Enter *Queen.*

Queen. **I**S this a Place, Oh! all ye Gods above!
This a Reception for the Man I love?
See in what sweet Tranquillity he sleeps,
While Nature's Self at his Confinement weeps:
Rise, lovely Monarch! see your Friend appear,
No *Chrononbotontologos* is here;
Command your Freedom, by this sacred Ring;
Then command me: What says my charming King?

*[She puts the Ring in his Mouth, he bends the
Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring Noise.*

Queen. What can this mean! he lays his Feet
at mine,

Is this of Love or Hate his Country's Sign?
Ah! wretched Queen! how hapless is thy Lot,
To love a Man that understands thee not!
Oh! lovely *Venus*, Goddess all Divine!
And gentle *Cupid*, that sweet Son of thine,
Assist, assist me, with your sacred Art,
And teach me to obtain this Stranger's Heart.

Venus

Venus descends in her Chariot, and sings.

A I R.

Ven. See *Venus* does attend thee,

My Dilding, my Dolding,

Love's Goddess will befriend thee,

Lilly bright and shinee.

With Pity and Compassion,

My Dilding, my Dolding,

She sees thy tender Passion,

Lilly, &c. Da Capo.

Air changes.

To thee I yield my Pow'r divine,

Dance over the Lady Lee.

Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,

My gay Lady.

Take this magic Wand in Hand,

Dance, &c.

All the World's at thy Command,

My gay, &c. Da Capo.

Cupid descends and sings.

A I R.

Are you a Widow, or are you a Wife?

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

Or are you a Maiden, so fair and so bright?

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

D

Queen

Queen. Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.

But I'm, to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,
As the Dew, &c.

Cupid. You shall be a Widow before it is Night,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.

No longer a Maiden so fair and so bright,
As the Dew, &c.

Two jolly young Husbands your Person shall share,
Gilly Flow'r, &c.

And twenty fine Babies all lovely and fair,
As the Dew, &c.

Queen. O Thanks, Mr. *Cupid!* for this your
 good News,

Gilly Flow'r, &c.

What Woman alive would such Favours refuse?
While the Dew, &c.

*Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off,
 and the King of the Antipodes follows, walking on
 his Hands.*

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E,

Bombardinian's Tent.

King and Bombardinian, at a Table, with two Ladies.

Bomb. **T**HIS Honour, Royal Sir! so Royalizes

The Royalty of your most Royal Actions,
The Dumb can only utter forth your Praise;
For we, who speak, want Words to tell our
Meaning.

Here! fill the Goblet with *Phalernian* Wine,
And, while our Monarch drinks bid the shrill
Trumpet

Tell all the Gods, that we propine their Healths.

King. Hold, *Bombardinian*, I esteem it fit,
With so much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

Bomb. See that the Table instantly be spread,
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverse from Pole to Pole; sail round the Globe,
Bring every Eatable that can be eat;
The King shall eat, tho' all Mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his Majesty will be starv'd
before I can run round the World, for a Dinner;
besides, where's the Money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious Slave?
 Guards, seize the Villain, broil him, fry him,
 stew him;

Ourselves shall eat him out of mere Revenge.

Cook. O pray your Majesty, spare my Life;
 there's some nice cold Pork in the Pantry: I'll hash
 it for your Majesty in a Minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in Hell, audacious
 Slave.

[*Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.*

Hash'd Pork! shall *Cbrononbotontologos*
 Be fed with Swine's Flesh, and at Second-hand?
 Now, by the Gods! thou dost insult us, General!

Bomb. The Gods can witness, that I little thought
 Your Majesty to other Flesh than this
 Had aught the least Propensity.

[*Points to the Ladies,*

King. Is this a Dinner for a hungry Monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as *Cbrononbotontologos*,
 Have made a very hearty Meal of worse.

King. Ha! Traitor! dost thou brave me to my
 Teeth?

Take this Reward, and learn to mock thy Master.

[*Strikes him.*

Bom. A Blow! shall *Bombardinian* take a Blow?

Blush!

Blush! Blush, thou Sun! Start back, thou rapid
Ocean!

Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! all commixing
crumble,

And into *Chaos* pulverize the World;
For *Bombardinian* has receiv'd a Blow,

And *Chrononbotontologos* shall die. [Draws.

[*The Women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c,*
King. What means the Traitor?

Bomb.—————Traitor, in thy Teeth
Thus I defy thee!

[*They fight,—————he kills the King,*

—————Ha! What have I done?

Go, call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd;
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;
And, in his Calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh! for a Coach,
ye Gods!

[*Exit Raving.*

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your Majesty?

Doct.—————My Lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! Dead! impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.
Go join his Body to his Soul again,

Or,

Or, by this Light, thy Soul shall quit thy Body.

Doct. My Lord, he's far beyond the Power of
Phyfic,

His Soul has left his Body and this World.

Bomb. Then go to t'other World and fetch it
back.

[*Kills him.*]

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chace thy Shade through Myriads of Orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the Verge of Nature.

Ha!—Call'st thou, *Chrononhotontologos*?

I come! your faithful *Bombardinian* comes!

He comes in Worlds unknown to make new Wars,
And gain thee Empires num'rous as the Stars.

[*Kills himself.*]

Enter Queen and others.

Aldi. O horrid! horrible, and horridest Horror!
Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!
All dead! Stone dead! irrevocably dead!

O—h!— [All Groan, a Tragedy Groan.]

Queen. My Husband dead! Ye Gods! what
is't you mean,

To make a Widow of a Virgin Queen?

For, to my great Misfortune, he, poor King,
Has left me so; i'n't that a wretched Thing?

Tat.

Tat. Why then, dear Madam! make no farther
Pother,

Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy Advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a Husband in a Trice :
Here's *Rignum-Funnidos*, a proper Man ;
If any one can please a Queen, he can.

Rig-Fun. Ay, that I can, and please your Majesty.
So Ceremonies apart, let's proceed to Business.

Queen. Oh! but the Mourning takes up all my
Care,
I'm at a Loss what kind of Weeds to wear.

Rig-Fun. Never talk of Mourning, Madam,
One Ounce of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow,
Let's bed To-night, and then we'll wed To-morrow.
I'll make thee a great Man, my little *Phoscophorny*.

[*To Aldi. aside.*]

Aldi. I scorn your Bounty, I'll be King, or
nothing.

Draw, Miscreant! Draw!

Rig.—————No, Sir, I'll take the Law.

[*Runs behind the Queen.*]

Queen. Well, Gentlemen, to make the Matter
easy,

I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.
And now, *Tatantbe*, thou art all my Care :
Where shall I find Thee such another Pair ?

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,
 Shou'd die a Virgin, and lead Apes in Hell.
 Choose for yourself, dear Girl, our Empire round,
 Your Portion is Twelve Hundred Thousand Pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody Corpse
 away;

Make Preparation for our Wedding-Day.

Instead of sad Solemnity, and Black,

Our Hearts shall swim in Claret, and in Sack.



F I N I S.

ALBUMAZAR.

A

COMEDY.

AS IT IS NOW REVIVED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

With ALTERATIONS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, near SURRY STREET,
STRAND. 1773.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

ALBUM A. N. A. R.

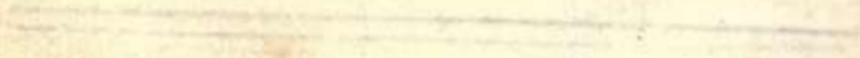
C O M P E D . Y .

AS IT IS NOW REVISED AT THE

T H I R D E R O Y A L

D R U R Y - L A N E

W I T H A B E R R A T I O N S



W H O S E

W H O S E

W H O S E

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

At the Revival in 1773.

*S*INCE your old taste for laughing is come back,
And you have dropp'd the melancholy pack
Of tragi-comic-sentimental matter,
Resolving to laugh more, and be the fatter,
We bring a piece drawn from our antient store,
Which made old English sides with laughing sore.
Some smiles from Tony Lumpkin, if you spare,
Let Trincalo of Totnam have his share.
Tho' thieves there are, JUSTICE herself will own;
No scene to hurt your morals will be shown.
Each sister muse a separate shop should keep,
Comedy to laugh, Tragedy to weep,
And sentimental laudanum to make you sleep.
I'll tell you what, good folks, if you don't jest;
But clasp the gigling goddess to your breast;
Let but the comic muse enjoy your favor,
We'll furnish stuff to make you laugh for ever!
Do laugh, pray laugh—'tis your best cure when ill,
The grand specifick, universal pill!
What would I give to set the tide a-going,
A spring-tide in your heart with joy o'erflowing!
No superficial skin-deep mirth—all from within—
Laugh till your jaws ach—'till you crack your skin;
The English laugh—the Frenchmen only grin.
Italians sneer, Dutch grunt, and German features
Smirk thus—you only laugh like human creatures.
Who has not laughter in his soul's a wretch,
And fit for treason, stratagems, Jack Ketch!
Your meagre hollow eye speaks spleen and vapors,
And stabs with pen and ink in daily papers.

When

P R O L O G U E.

*But the round cit, in ven'son to the knuckles,
 He is no plotter, but eats, drinks, and chuckles;
 When late to sentimentals you were kind,
 I thought poor I was whistled down the wind,
 To prey at fortune!—farewell said I to fun
 So I secur'd a bed at Islington.—
 To say the truth—I'm not prepar'd as yet
 To dance the wire, or throw a somerset.—
 In short, if at a pun you would not grumble,
 When I can't make you laugh—I needs must tumble;
 Shew you are fond of mirth—at once restore us,
 And burst with me, in one grand laughing chorus.
 True comedy reigns still—I see it plain
 Huzza!—we now shall live and laugh again.*

]Exit huzzaing and laughing.

DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ALBUMAZAR,	Mr. PALMER,
FURBO,	Mr. BANNISTER,
RONCA,	Mr. HURST,
HARPAX,	Mr. KEEN,
PANDOLFO,	Mr. PARSONS,
CRICCA,	Mr. BADDELEY,
TRINCALO,	Mr. KING,
LELIO,	Mr. DAVIES,
EUGENIO,	Mr. WHEELER,
ANTONIO,	Mr. PACKER.

W O M E N.

SULPITIA,	Mrs. ABINGTON,
FLAVIA,	Mrs. JEFFERSON,
ARMELLINA,	Miss POPE,
BEVILONA,	Miss PLATT.

Dinner Tables

M R N

Mr. Parker	Mr. Parker
Mr. Johnson	Mr. Johnson
Mr. Smith	Mr. Smith
Mr. Brown	Mr. Brown
Mr. Wilson	Mr. Wilson
Mr. Taylor	Mr. Taylor
Mr. King	Mr. King
Mr. Davis	Mr. Davis
Mr. Wheeler	Mr. Wheeler
Mr. Foster	Mr. Foster

W O M R N

Miss Arlington	Miss Arlington
Miss Jefferson	Miss Jefferson
Miss Pope	Miss Pope
Miss Platt	Miss Platt

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

*I*N times of old, by this old play we see,
 Our Ancestors, poor souls, tho' brave and free,
 Believ'd in spirits and astrology!
 'Twas by the stars they prosper'd, or miscarried;
 Thro' them grew rich, or poor; were hang'd, or married;
 And if their wives were naught, then they were born
 Under the Ram, or Bull, or Capricorn!
 When our great-grand-mamas had made a slip,
 (Their shoes with higher heels would often trip)
 The rose and lily left their cheeks—'twas duty
 To curse their Planets, and destroy their beauty:
 Such ign'rance, with faith in Stars, prevails;
 Our faces never change, they tell no tales;
 Or should a husband, rather unpolite,
 Lock up our persons, and our roses blight;
 When once set free again, there's nothing in it,
 We can be ros'd and lily'd in a minute:
 Fly all abroad, be taken into favour,
 And be as fresh and frolicksome as ever!
 To heav'nly bodies we have no relation,
 The Star that rules us is our inclination!
 Govern'd by that, our earthly bodies move,
 Quite unconnected with the things above:

Two young ones love—a chaise to Scotland carries 'em,
 The Stars lend light, but inclination marries 'em.
 When passion cools, and flame is turn'd to smother,
 They curse no Stars—but Scotland, and each other!
 To walk i' th' dark no belles now make a fuss,
 No specters or hobgoblins frighten us!
 No, says Old Crab, of Fops the last editions,
 Pray, Madam, what are they but apparitions!

EPILOGUE.

*So slim, so pale, so dress'd from foot to head,
 Half girl, half boy, half living, and half dead,
 They are not flesh and blood, but walking gingerbread !
 More flimsy beings kept alive by art,
 " They come like shadows, and they'll so depart."
 O fye, for shame ! said I—he turn'd about,
 And turn'd us topsy turvey, inside out :
 Rail'd at our sex, then curs'd the Stars, and swore—
 But you're alarm'd I see, I'll say no more :
 Old doting fools from Stars derive all evil,
 Nor search their hearts to find the little devil :
 Ladies take council, crush the mischief there ;
 Lay but that Spirit, you'll be wise—as fair.*

ALBUMAZAR.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A court-yard, with various instruments.

ALBUMAZAR, HARPAX, RONCA, *discovered.*

ALBUMAZAR.

COME, brave mercurials, sublim'd in cheating;
My dear companions, fellow soldiers
I'th watchful exercise of thievery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more than I at deep astrology.
For in the days of old, *good morrow thief,*
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *your worship.*
The Spartans held it lawful, and the Arabians;
So grew Arabia felix, Sparta valiant.

RONCA. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.

ALB. Your patron, Mercury, in his mysterious character,

Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,
And with his subtil influence works in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.
Most trades and callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with the honest title

B

Of

Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned
Only excepted; and he's therefore poor.

HARP. And yet he steals, one author from another;
This poet is that poet's plagiarist;
And he a third's, 'till they end all in Homer.

ALB. The world's a theatre of theft! Great rivers
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver:
Now all these pilfries couch'd and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery!

RONCA. Most philosophical Albumazar!

ALB. Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,
Your cardinal virtue, *great necessity*;
Wait on her close, with all occasions:
Be watchful, have as many eyes as heav'n,
And ears as harvest: be resolv'd and impudent;
Believe none, trust none: for in this city
(As in a fought field, crows, and carcasses)
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheatees.

RONCA. If all the houses in the town were prisons,
The chambers cages, all the settles stocks,
The broad-gates gallowses, and the whole people
Justices, juries, constables, keepers and hangmen,
I'd practise in spite of all, and leave behind me
A fruitful seminary of our profession,
And call them by thy name Albumazarians!

HARP. And I no less, were all the city thieves
As cunning as thyself.

ALB. Why bravely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: I'll make way
To your great virtue with a deep resemblance
Of high astrology. Harpax and Ronca,
Lift to our profit: I have new-lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that, taken, is so-fat and rich,
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase.

HARP. Who is't? speak quickly?

RON.

RONCA. Where, good Albumazar?

ALB. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as foolish.
The poor remnant of whose brain that age had left him,
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:
And which concerns us most, he gives firm credit
To necromancy and astrology,
Sending to me, as one that promise both.
Pandolfo is the man.

HARP. What, old Pandolfo!

ALB. The same [*Furbo sings*] but stay, yon's Furbo,
whose smoothest brow
Shines with good news, and's visage promises
Triumphs and trophies to us! (*Furbo plays.*)

RONCA. My life he 'as learnt out all, I know by's
music.

Enter FURBO.

S O N G.

*See, great ALBUMAZAR!
Stand off, ye vulgar and profane!
Wonder, gaze, and gape afar,
To search the skill, you must not deign,
Of great ALBUMAZAR!*

*His power can make you rich and great,
Transform your shape, reverse your state,
Foretell the future, tell the past;
Pronounce your fate, for soon or late,
He'll dupe ye, cheat ye, chouse you all at last.*

*Away, ye gipsies! pilfer, thieve!
Poor servant men and maids deceive!
He tricks the rich, consults the skies;
Your fate can weave,
For by your leave,
He'll dupe ye, cheat ye, chouse ye all at last.*

ALB. O brave Furbo!

FURBO. Albumazar,

Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance;
Pandolfo's ours; I understand his business,
Which I filcht closely from him, while he reveal'd
T' his man his purposes and projects.

ALB. Excellent!

FURBO. Thanks to this instrument: for in pretence
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th' old man's daughter,
I got access to th' house, and while I waited
'Till she was ready, over-heard Pandolfo
Open his secrets to his servants: thus 'tis.
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,
Before he went to Barbary, agreed
To give in marriage——

ALB. Furbo, this is no place
Fit to consider curious points of business;
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above:
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noise of my deep skill in art;
Thou know'st my rosy modesty cannot do it:
Harpax, up you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purposes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning.

HARP. Yes, yes.

FURBO. Yes, Sir.

ALB. Away then to our several stations.

Exeunt Albumazar, &c.

Furbo singing.

Enter PANDOLPHO, CRICCA.

RON. There's old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful
May,
And grey as January: I'll attend him here.

PAN.

PAN. Cricca, I seek thy aid, not thy cross counsel;
I am mad in love with Flavia, and must have her:
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
Like arrows against an anvil: I love Flavia,
And must have Flavia.

CRIC. Sir, you have no reason,
She's a young girl of sixteen, you of sixty.

PAN. I have no reason, nor spare room for any:
Love's harbinger hath chalkt upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia,
This house is wholly taken up for Flavia.
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I must have Flavia.

CRIC. But Sir, her brother Lelio, under whose charge
She's now, after her father's death, sware boldly
Pandolfo never shall have Flavia.

PAN. His father, e'er he went to Barbary,
Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,
Spight of a list of Lelio's, Pandolfo
Shall enjoy Flavia.

CRIC. Sir, y'are too old.

PAN. I must confess in years about threescore,
But in tough strength of body, four and twenty,
Or two months less. Love of young Flavia,
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews me:
My arteries blown full with youthful spirits,
Move the blood more briskly, and my wither'd
Nerves grow plump. Hence, thou poor prop
Of feebleness and age; (*throws away his stick*) walk with
such fires

As with cold palsies shake away their strength,
And lose their legs with cureless gouts: Pandolfo,
New-moulded, is for revels, masks, and music! Cricca,
String my neglected lute, and from my armory
Scour my best sword, companion of my youth.

CRIC. Your love, Sir, like strong water,

To a deplor'd sick man, quicks your feeble limbs
 For a poor moment, which as soon grow cold ;
 Shall I speak plainer, Sir ? she'll cuckold you ;
 Alas ! she'll cuckold you.

PAN. What me ? a man of known discretion,
 Of riches, years, and this grey gravity ?
 I'll satisfy'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.

CRIC. Wer't not far fitter to urge your son Eugenio
 To woo her for himself ?

PAN. Cricca, be gone.
 Touch no more there ; I will and must have Flavia.
 Tell Lelio, if he grant me his sister Flavia,
 I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.
 Be gone, and find me here within this half hour.

[Exit CRICCA.]

RON. 'Tis well that servant's gone ; I shall the easier
 Wind up his master to my purposes.

PAN. Sure this is some novice of th' artillery,
 That winks and shoots : Sir, prime, prime your piece
 anew,

The powder's wet. [Knocks at the door.]

RON. A good ascendent bless me ! Sir, are you fran-
 tick ?

PAN. Whyfrantick ? are not knocks the lawful courses
 To open doors and ears ?

RON. Of vulgar men and houses.

PAN. Whose lodging's this ? is't not the astrologer's ?

RON. His lodging ? no : 'tis the learn'd phrontisterion
 Of most divine Albumazar !

PAN. Good Sir,
 If the door break, a better shall redeem it.

RON. How ! all your land sold at a hundred years
 purchase

Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap !
 To thunder at the phontisterion
 Of great Albumazar !

PAN.

PAN. Why, man, what harm?

RON. Sir, you must know my master's heav'nly brain
Pregnant with mysteries of metaphysics,
Grows to the embryo of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifry,
That leapt from Júpiter's mighty cranium.

PAN. Pray you speak English:
Are you your master's countryman?

RON. Yes; why ask you?

PAN. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.

RON. You need not; with a wind-instrument my
master made,

In five days you may breathe ten languages,
As perfect as the devil or himself.

PAN. When may I speak with him?

RON. When't may please the stars.

He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,
Nor stirs a foot without due figuring

The horoscope. Sit down awhile, and't please you;
I see the heavens incline to his approach.

PAN. What's this, I pray you?

RON. Sir, 'tis a perspicil, the best under heaven:
With this I'll read a leaf of that small Iliad
That in a walnut-shell was desk'd, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you see Paul's from High-
gate.

PAN. Wonderful workman of so rare an instrument!

RON. 'Twill draw the moon so near, that you would
swear

The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes: nay more,
It searcheth like the eye of truth all closets

That have windows: Have at Rome, I see the Pope,
His cardinals, and his mule, the English college,
And the Jesuits, like a swarm of bees,

All buzzing just turn'd out.

PAN. A good riddance! let me see the Jesuits.

RON.

RON. So far you cannot: for this glass is fram'd
For eyes of thirty; you are nigh threescore.

PAN. The price?

RON. I dare not fell't.

But here's another of a stranger virtue.
The great Albumazar, by wond'rous art,
Hath fram'd an instrument that magnifies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from Prester John
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere deliver'd
Through a trunk, or Gloster's listning wall.

PAN. And may I see it, Sir? blefs me once more.

RON. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall
Stand thus. What hear you? [try't.

PAN. Nothing.

RON. Set your hands thus—

That the vortex of the organ may perpendicularly
Point out our zenith—what hear you now? ha, ha, ha.

PAN. A humming noise of laughter.

RON. Why that's the audience

In a theatre, that now, Sir, are merry
With an old gentleman in a comedy—what now?

PAN. No more than a dead oyster.

O let me see this wond'rous instrument.

RON. Sir, this is called an otacoufticon.

PAN. A coufticon!

Why 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones.

RON. True; for in such a form the great Albumazar
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit't receivers
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.

PAN. What gold will buy it?

RON. I'll sell it you when 'tis finish'd;
As yet the epiglottis is unperfect.

PAN. Soon as you can, and here's ten crowns in earnest.
For when 'tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I mean to entail it on my heirs male for ever.

RON.

RON. Nay, rather give it to Flavia for her jointure:
For she that marries you, deserves it richly.

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. Sir, I have spoke with Lelio, and he answers—

PAN. Hang Lelio, and his answers—Come hither,
Cricca.

Wonder for me, admire, and be astonish'd!
Marvel thyself to marble at these engines,
These strange Gorgonian instruments!

CRIC. At what?

PAN. At this rare perspicil and otacousticon:
For with these two I'll hear and see all secrets,
Undo intelligencers.—Pray let my man see
What's done in Rome; his eyes are just as your's are.

RON. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret;
See you the steep danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that these instruments have power
To unlock the hidden'st closets of whole states?
And you reveal such mysteries to a servant?
Sir, be advis'd, or else you learn no more
Of our unknown philosophy.

PAN. Enough,

What news from Lilio? shall I have his sister?

CRIC. He swears and vows he never will consent.
She shall not play with worn antiquities,
Nor lie with snow and statues; and such replies
That I omit for reverence of your worship.

PAN. Not have his sister? Cricca, I will have Flavia,
Maugre his head: by means of this astrologer
I'll enjoy Flavia.

RON. One minute brings him.

CRIC. What 'strologer?

PAN. The learned man I told thee,
The high almanack of Germany, an Indian
Far beyond Trebesond, and Tripoli,

C

Close

Close by the world's end : a rare conjuror,
And great astrologer !—His name, pray Sir ?

RON. Albumazarro Meteoroscopico.

PAN. As he extels in science, so in title.

He tells of lost plate, horses, and stray'd cattle,
Directly, as he had stolen them all himself.

CRIC. Or he, or some of his confederates.

PAN. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue:
Albumazar has an otacoufticon !

Be silent, reverent, and admire his skill !

See what a promising countenance appears !

Stand still and wonder ; wonder and stand still !

Enter ALBUMAZAR.

ALB. Ronca, the bunch of planets new found out
Hanging at the end of my best perspicil,
Send them to Galilæo at Padua :

Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discovered 'twixt the horns of Aries,
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,
And hence stil'd Sidera Pandolfæa :

PAN. My marriage, Cricca ! he foresees my marriage
O most celestial Albumazar !

CRIC. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

RON. The perpetual motion
With a true 'larum in't to run twelve hours
'Fore Mahomet's return ?

ALB. Deliver it safe

To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it.
From me to the house of Ottoman.

RON. I go, Sir.

[*Exit Ron.*

ALB. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,
Exotical dispatches of great consequence
Staid me ; and casting the nativity
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference,
With a mercurial intelligence.

Y' are

Y' are welcome in a good hour, better minute,
 Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruple.
 Let the twelve houses of the horoscope
 Be lodg'd with fortitudes and fortunates,
 To make you blest in your designs, Pandolfo.

PAN. Were't not much trouble to your starry em-
 ployments,
 I a poor mortal would intreat your furtherance
 In a terrestrial business.

ALB. My ephemeris lies,
 Or I foresee your errand: Thus, 'tis thus.—
 You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,
 A widower like yourself, whose only daughter,
 Flavia, you love, and he as much admir'd
 Your child Sulpitia.—Is not this right?

PAN. Yes, Sir: O strange! Cricca, admire in silence!

ALB. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
 And purpos'd to truck daughters.—Is't not so?

PAN. Just as you say't. Cricca, admire, and wonder!

CRIC. This is no such secret: look to yourself,
 he'll cheat you.

ALB. Antonio, after this match concluded,
 Having great sums of gold in Barbary,
 Desires of you, before he consummate
 The rites of matrimony, he might go thither
 For three months; but now 'tis three and three
 Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd;
 Now, Sir, your business is to me, to know
 Whether Antonio be dead or living—
 I'll tell you instantly.

PAN. Hast thou reveal'd it?
 I told it none but thee.

CRIC. Not I.

PAN. Why stare you?
 Are you not well?

ALB. I wander 'twixt the poles

And

And heavenly hinges, 'monst excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles!
To hunt out an aspect fit for your business.

CRIC. Mean ostentation! for shame awake yourself;
And give no credit to this cheater.

ALB. This meddling busy fool must be got rid of.
[*aside.*]

And since the lamp of Heaven is newly entred
Into Cancer, old Antonio is dead,
Drown'd in the sea; for radius directorius
In the sixth house, and th'waning moon by Capricorn—
He's dead, he's dead.

CRIC. 'Tis an ill time to marry,
The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn!

PAN. Peace fool, these words are full of mystery.

ALB. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that follows you?

PAN. He is my servant,
A plain and honest speaker, but no harm in him.

CRIC. What see you in my face? 'tis good as yours.

ALB. Horror and darkness! death and gallowses!
He is profane,—my spirits will not come,
Or hear my call—my art is dumb and useles,
While ignorance and disbelief are suffer'd
To scoff my operations.—Let him go,
Depart—or let me loose a spirit at him,
To fix him motionless on yonder beam,
Till the work's done.

CRIC. I beg to be in motion,
And depart.—I am no friend to beams,
And beg to wait without your farther pleasure.

PAN. Your folly is its punishment,—begone.

CRIC. Most willingly I go. [Exit Cricca.]

PAN. Pardon the witless creature;
Now to our business—on great Albumazar.

ALB.

ALB. I shall—but first,
I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.

PAN. Strange!

ALB. Antonio dead, that promis'd you his daughter,
Your business is to entreat me to raise his ghost,
And force it stay at home, 'till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so return to rest.

PAN. That, that; y'have hit it, most divine Albumazar!

ALB. I'll change some servant, or a good friend of yours
To the perfect shape of this Antonio,
So like in face, behaviour, speech and action,
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives;

PAN. Most Necromantical Astrologer!
Do this, and take me for your servant ever;
And for your pains, after the transformation,
This chain is yours, it cost two hundred pounds
Besides the jewel.

ALB. Now get the man you purpose to transform,
And meet me here.

PAN. I will not fail to find you.

ALB. Mean while with scioferical instrument,
By way of azimuth, and almicantarath,
I'll seek some happy point in heaven for you.

PAN. I rest your servant, Sir.

ALB. Let all the stars,
Guide you with most propitious influence!
I must to my phrontesterion. [*Exit Albumazar.*]

PAN. What a wonder! Cricca, where are you Cricca?

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. Not motionless against a beam, thank heaven!

PAN. Peace and be wise; should you rouse his anger
Again, my pow'r and fortune cannot save you.
He's a great man indeed! of skill profound!
How right he knew my business 'fore he saw me;
And how thou scoffest him, when we talk'd in private.

CRIC.

CRIC. In earnest, Sir, I took him for a cheater.

PAN. Learn from this, Cricca, to believe the stars,
And reverence astrology—Let us now go home,
And make the necessary preparations ;
I'll talk in private to thee—if thou'lt follow
My commands, and hearken to divine Albumazar,
Thy fortune's made!—I'll tell thee as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter TRINCALO.

TRIN. **H**E that saith I am not in love, he lies *de cap a pie* ; for I am idle, choicely, neat in my clothes, valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are loaded with metaphors, songs, and sonnets ; not a dog shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion ; thus do I to my mistress ; but, alas ! I kiss the dog, and she kicks me. I never see a young wanton filly, but say I, there goes Armellina ! nor a lusty strong ass, but I remember myself, and sit down to consider, what a goodly race of mules would inherit, if she were willing : only I want utterance, and that's a main mark of love too.

Enter ARMELLINA.

ARM. Trincalo, Trincalo.

TRIN. O, 'tis Armellina ! Now if she have the wit to begin, as I mean she should, then will I confound her with compliments, drawn from the plays I see

at

at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I speak and understand not.

ARM. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that you are dressed out so and no holiday—not a word?—Why, Trincalo, what business in town? how do all at Totnam?—grown mute?—What do you bring from the country?

TRIN. There 'tis. Now are my flood gates drawn, And I'll surround her.

ARM. What have you brought, I say? no good manners, I'll swear for it.

TRIN. What I want in good manners is made up in my affections.—What have I brought, sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o' th' elder house to your most illustrious honour and worship.

ARM. To me these titles? Is your basket full of nothing else?

TRIN. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent lady; a present to your worthiness from your worship's poor vassal Trincalo.

ARM. My life on't, he scrap'd these compliments from his cart the last load he carried for the court-stables. What have you read, that makes you grow so eloquent?

TRIN. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyship's countenance; and desire only to kiss the skirts of your garments, if you vouchsafe me not the happiness of your white hands.

ARM. Come, give's your basket, and take it.

TRIN. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breathe but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. Armellina, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

ARM. As it deserves. What is't?

TRIN. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love you; and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts,

thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my secrets into your hands; that is, I'll give you an earnest kiss in the highway of matrimony.

ARM. Is this the end of all this business?

TRIN. This is the end of all this business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful lady.

ARM. What, do you want to finish with me before you have made a beginning? do you imagine you oaf you, that we of the city are to be woo'd and won like country girls, with *I like you Moll*, when shall we wed, ha? *E'en when you please, good Robin*. A little more ceremony with me, if you please, Mr. Trincalo of Totnam; there take your basket, grow a little wiser, and you may have better luck another time.

[Exit Arm.]

TRIN. Why now she knows my meaning, let it work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'tis a plain sign she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning—O lips, no lips, but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs! O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears! O tears, no tears, but—here comes my landlord.

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. Cricca denies me: no persuasions,
Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform.
Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo:
Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

TRIN. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

PAN. What rent do'st pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

TRIN. Ten pound; and find it too dear a pennyworth.

PAN. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives,
To serve me in a business I'll employ thee.

TRIN. Serve you? I'll serve, reserve, conserve,
preserve,

Deserve

Deserve you for th' one half—O Armellina!

A jointure, ha, a jointure! What's your employment?

PAN. Here's an astrologer has a wond'rous secret,
To transform men to other shapes and persons.

TRIN. How transform things to men? I'll bring
nine taylors,

Refus'd last mitter, shall give five marks a-piece

To shape three men of service out of all,

And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.

PAN. Now, if thou't let him change thee; take this
leave,

Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest.

TRIN. Stay, Sir.

Say I am transform'd: who shall enjoy the leave,

I, or the person I must turn to?

PAN. Thou,

Thou. The resemblance lasts but one whole day;

'Then home; true farmer, as thou wert before!

TRIN. Where shall poor Trincalo be? how's this?
transform'd!

Transmuted! how? not I—I love myself

Better than so: there's no leave—I'd not venture

For the whole fee-simple.

PAN. Tell me the difference

Betwixt a fool and a wise man.

TRIN. As 'twixt your worship and myself.

PAN. A wise man

Accepts all fair occasions of advancement,

While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,

Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward;

And wakes all night for want of moisture.

TRIN. Well, Sir,

I'd rather starve in this my lov'd image,

Than hazard thus my life for others looks,

Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.

PAN. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou tak'st it; we'll only

D

Alter

Alter thy count'nance for a day—Imagine
 Thy face mask'd only ; or that thou dream'ft all night
 Thou wer't apparel'd in Antonio's form,
 And, waking, find thyself true Trincalo.

TRIN. Antonio's form! was not Antonio a gentleman?

PAN. Yes, and a neighbour: that's his house.

TRIN. O ho!

Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick: he'll steep me
 In soldier's blood, or boil me in a cauldron
 Of barbarous law French; or anoint me over
 With supple oil of great mens services;
 For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry:
 Pardon me, Sir; I hate those medicines—Fie!
 All my posterity will smell and taste on't,
 Long as the house of Trincalo endures.

PAN. There's no such business; thou shalt only seem so,
 And thus deceive Antonio's family.

TRIN. Are you assur'd? 'twould grieve me to be
 pounded

In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
 To this Antonio's mould: Grant I be turn'd: what then?

PAN. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants,
 And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.
 The circumstances I'll instruct thee after.

TRIN. Pray give me leave: this side says do't, this
 do not.—

Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel:
 Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,
 And thou, in his shape, may'ft possess her: turn—
 But if I be Antonio, then Antonio
 Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.

A pretty trick to make myself a cuckold!
 No, no; there take your leave, I'll hang first—Soft,
 Be not so chol'rick, Thomas. If I become Antonio,
 Then all his riches follow: This fair occasion
 Once vanish'd, hope not the like; of a stark clown,
 I shall appear speck-and-span a gentleman!

A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses!
Then Armellina shall be given to Trincalo,
Three hundred crowns her portion: We'll get a boy,
And call him Transformation Trincalo:
I'll do't, Sir.

PAN. Art resolv'd?

TRIN. Resolv'd! 'tis done;
With this condition: after I have given your worship
My daughter Flavia, you shall then move my worship,
And much intreat me, to bestow my maid
Upon myself, I should say, Trincalo.

PAN. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her portion
Two hundred crowns.

TRIN. Come, come, Sir, quickly,
Let's to th' astrologer and there transform,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure:
I loath this country-countenance—Dispatch: my skin
Itches, like snakes in April, to be cut off:
Quickly, O quickly! as you love Flavia, quickly.

[Exit.

S C E N E, a CHAMBER.

Enter Sulpitia and Flavia.

SUL. I prithee, Flavia, do not droop so.

FLA. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I cannot
help it.

SUL. Faith you have some bad thoughts that trouble
you, my Flavia, I prithee tell 'em to thy friend.

FLA. 'Tis true I have, and I think, the same that
troubles you.

SUL. Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and
bitter hatred of an old dotard.

FLA. 'Tis so, witness your brother Eugenio, and
the rotten carcase of Pandolfo. Had I a hundred
hearts, I should want room to entertain his love, and
the other's hate.

SUL. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the
D 2 dead.

dead. Miserable wenches ! how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of physic ourselves ? I must be frost-bitten with the cold of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother, that left me a woman's will in her last testament : That's all the weapons we poor girls can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friend's, and kindred, and either have Lelio, or die in the field in's quarrel.

FLA. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

SUL. Why should I twine my arms to cables, and sigh my soul to air ? sit up all night like a watch-candle, and distill my brains through my eye-lids ? Your brother loves me, and I love your brother ; and where these two consent, I would fain see a third could hinder us.

FLA. Alas ! our sex is most wretched, nurs'd up from infancy in continual slavery. No sooner able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and hūd us so with four awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passion at their pleasure ; we, poor souls, must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the vapours.

SUL. I plainly will profess my love of Lelio, 'tis honest chaste, and stains no modesty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a sours'd sea-fish these three months ? and if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a cast hunter or a fall'n pack-horse. No, no, I'll see him freeze to crystal first : In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse, if I like not. Lelio's a handsome gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well fashion'd ; and him will Sulpitia have, or die

die a maid: And i'faith, the temper of my blood tells me I never was born to so cold a misfortune. Fie, Flavia! fie wench! no more tears and sighs, cheer up; Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him; I say you shall have him.

FLA. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work against so great a rival: your father in a spleen may disinherit him.

SUI. And give't to whom? h'as none but him and me: what though he doat awhile upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his son. Go to your chamber; my genius whispers in my ear, and swears, this night we shall enjoy our loves. Come cheer up my girl, and go with me to my chamber, where Lelio and your mother stay to meet us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the court before ALBUMAZAR's House.*

Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, RONCA, TRINCALO.

ALB. Signior Pandolfo, y' arrive in the happiest hour: If the seven planets were your nearest kindred, And all the constellations your allies: Were the twelve houses, and the inns o' th' Zodiack, Your own fee-simple, they could ne'er have chosen A fitter place to favour your desires. For the great luminaries look from Hilech, And, midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions, And fortunate aspects, a Trine and Sextile, Ready to pour propitious influences.

PAN. Thanks to your power and courtesy, that so plac'd them.

That is the man that's ready for the business!

ALB. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit To square to th' gentry: his looks as apt for changing, As he were covered with camelions skins.

TRIN. Except my hands, and 'twill be troublesome To fit these fingers to Antonio's gloves.

PAN. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be.

ALB;

ALB. First chuse a large low room, whose door's full east.

PAN. I have a parlour.

Of a great square and height as you desire it.

ALB. Southward must look a wide and spacious window :

For whosoever Omar, Alchabitius,
Hali, Albenezra, seem something to dissent ;
Yet Zoroastres, son of Oromasus,
Gebir and Budda Babilonicus,
With all the subtil Cabalists and Chaldees,
Swear the best influence for our metamorphosis,
Stoops from the south, or, as some say, south-east.

PAN. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpose.

TRIN. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, dwindle to th' smallness of a bed-staff.
Such a speech more, turns my high shoes strait boots.

RON. Ne'er were those authors cited to better purpose,
For, thro' that window, all Pandolfo's treasures
Must take their flight, and fall upon my shoulders.

PAN. Go to my house, satisfy your curious choice ;
But, credit me, this parlour's fit ; it neighbours
To a blind alley, that in busiest term-time,
Feels not the footing of one passenger.

ALB. Now then declining from Theourgia,
Artenosaria, Pharmacia, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy,
With all other vain and superstitious sciences,
We'll anchor at the art prestigiatory,
That represents one figure for another,
With smooth deceit abusing th' eyes of mortals.

TRIN. O my right arm ! 'tis alter'd ; and methinks
Longs for a sword—The strangeness of these names
Hath scal'd the marks of many a painful harvest,
And made my new peel'd finger itch for dice.

PAN. Deeply consider'd, wond'rous Albumazar !
O let me kiss those lips that flow with science.

ALB.

ALB. Spread all the floor with finest Holland sheets,
And over them fair damask table cloths ;
Above all these, draw me chaste virgins aprons :
The room, the work, and workman must be pure.

TRIN. With virgins aprons? the whole compass of
this city
Cannot afford a dozen.

ALB. An altar in the midst, loaded with plate
Of silver basons, ewers, cups, candlesticks ;
'Twere not amiss to mix some bowls of gold,
So they be massy, the better to resemble
The lovely brotherhood of Sol, and Luna :
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.
For 'tis our rule, in such like businesses,
Who spares most, spends most. Either this must do'r,
Or th' revolution of five hundred years
Cannot : so fit are all the heavens to help us.

PAN. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have store ;
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.

ALB. Cannot you borrow from the shops? Four hours
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.

PAN. That can I easily do ; all shall be done, Sir,
as you commanded.

TRIN. Doctor Abumazar, I have a vein of drinking,
And an artery of wenching runs thro' my body.
Pray when you turn me gentleman preserve those,
Two if it may be done with reputation.

ALB. Fear not, I'll only call the first good
Fellowship, and th' other civil recreation.

TRIN. And when you come to the heart, spoil not
The love of Armellina, and in my brain leave
As much discretion as may spy falshood in a tavern
Reckoning, and let me alone for bounty to wink
And pay it ; and if you change me perfectly I'll
Bring you a dozen knights for customers.

ALB. I warrant you ;
And when your man's transform'd, the chain you
promis'd.

PAN.

PAN. My hand; My deeds shall wait upon my promise.

ALB. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the chamber.

PAN. I go, Sir. Trincalo, attend us here, And not a word, on peril of thy life.

TRIN. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot; And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

[Exit Alb. and Pan.]

TRIN. O what business 'tis to be transform'd! My master talks of four and twenty hours; But if I miss these flags of yeomanry, Gilt in the seat, and shine in the bloom of gentry, 'Tis not their 'strology, nor sacrifice, Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'r part with't, Till I be sheriff of the county, and in commission Of peace and quorum. Then will I get me a clerk, A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship, And domineer amongst my fearful neighbours, And feast them bountifully with their own bribes.

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions, Look big, and grave, and speak not one wise word.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously Search all the circumstances: have blank mittimuffes Printed in readiness; breathe nought but firrah, Rogue, ha? how? hum? constable, look to your charge. Then vouch a statute, and a Latin sentence, Wide from the matter.

CRIC. Trincalo!

TRIN. Licence all ale-houses, Match my son's transformation t'a knight's daughter, And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch hearld: and then—

CRIC. What in such serious meditations?

TRIN.

TRIN. Faith no; but building castles in the air,
While th' weather's fit: O Cricca, such a business!

CRIC. What is't?

TRIN. Nay so't, they're secrets of my master;
Lock'd in my breast: he has the key at's purse strings.

CRIC. My master's secret? keep it, good farmer,
keep it,

I would not lend an ear to't, if thou didst hire me.

Farrwell.

TRIN. O how it boils and swells! if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impostume in my breast, and choak me.
Cricca!

CRIC. Adieu, good Trincalo; the secrets of our bet-
Are dangerous, I dare not know't.

TRIN. But hear'st thou,
Say I should tell, canst keep it as close as I do?

CRIC. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu!

TRIN. Albumazar——

CRIC. Farewell.

TRIN. Albumazar——

CRIC. Pr'ythee.

TRIN. Albumazar,

Th' astrologer, hath undertook to change me
T'Antonio's shape: this done, must I give Flavia
To my old master, and his maid to Trincalo.

CRIC. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar?

TRIN. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease!

CRIC. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar,
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks
To compass Flavia, spight of her brother Lilio,
And his own son Eugenio, that loves her dearly.
I'll lose no time, but find them, and reveal
The plot and work to cross this accident.
But Trincalo, art thou so rash and vent'rous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?

E

TRIN.

TRIN. What care I for a life, that have a lease
For three : but I am certain there's no danger in't.
Cricca, thou understandest not: for Antonio,
Whom I resemble, suffers all ; not I.

CRIC. Yonder Pandolfo comes, I'll hence and haste
to Lelio. [Exit Cricca.]

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. Up quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia ;
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-cloths,
The fairest Holland Sheets, all the silver plate,
Two gossip's cups of gold ; my greatest diamonds :
Make haste.

TRIN. As fast as the stars will let me. [Exit Trin.]

PAN. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Four hours attendance, 'till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia.
How slow the day slides on ! when we desire
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imp's his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. [Exit Pan.]

S C E N E, a CHAMBER.

Enter LELIO, EUGENIO, CRICCA.

LEL. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.
Is your old father of so poor a judgement,
To think it in the power of man to turn
One person to another ?

EUG. Lelio, his desire
T'enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,
Which, like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth itself.

LEL. But who's the man
That works these miracles ?

EUG. An astrologer.

LEL. How deals astrology with transmutation ?

CRIC. Under the veil and colour of a strology,
He

He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy.
Believe it by some art, or false imposture,
He'll much disturb your love, and your's, Eugenio.

LEL. Eugenio, 'tis high time for t'awake..
And as you love our Flavia, and I
Your sister, fair Sulpitia; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea,
Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly bears
The waves with arms and legs, to save his life?
So let us strive with our best power, lest
After we ascribe the loss to our dull negligence,
Not fortune.

EUG. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy league of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,
Who to your nobleness commends her life.

LEL. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me;
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
Your father's offers, and importunities.

But though I love your sister
Like mine own soul; yet did the laws of friendship
Master that strong affection, and deny'd him.

EUG. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee,
Thou must instruct us.

CRIC. You must trust in fortune,
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

LEL. What say'st? what think'st?

CRIC. Here's no great need of thinking,
Nor speech: the oil of scorpions cures their poison.
The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known,
But th' worst on't is prevented.

EUG. How, good Cricca?

CRIC. Soon as you see this false Antonio
Come near your doors with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion;

With

With long narrations how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,
 And other feign'd inventions of his dangers:
 Bid him be gone; and if he press to enter,
 Fear not the reverence of your father's looks,
 Cudgel him thence.

LEL. But were't not better, Cricca,
 Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
 And so by open course of law correct him?

CRIC. No. For my master would conceive that counsel
 Sprung from my brains: and so should I repent it.
 Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
 That if Antonio come, they drive him thence
 With threat'ning words, and blows if need be.

LEL. 'Tis done.
 I kiss your hands, Eugenio.

EUG. Your servant, Sir. I'll to your sister,
 And Sulpitia, and prepare 'em for th' event.

A C T III.

S C E N E, a C H A M B E R,

Enter PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

WHILE the astrologer hews out Trincalo,
 Squaring and framing him t'Antonio,
 Cricca, I'll make thee partner of a thought
 That something troubles me.

CRIC. Say, Sir, what is't?

PAN. I have no heart to give Albumazar
 The chain I promis'd him.

CRIC. Deliver it me,
 And I'll present it to him in your name.

PAN. T'has been an inheritance to our house four
 hundred years,
 And should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
 Would fly from us, and follow it.

CRIC,

CRIC. Then give him
The price in gold.

PAN. It comes to two hundred pounds;
And how would that well husbanded, grow in time!
I was a fool to promise, I confess it,
I was too hot and forward in the business.

CRIC. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftiness,
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a sum so easily.

PAN. My wary thrift aims at no other mark
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.

But for the love of my dear Flavia
I would not spare my life, much less my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great a sum?

CRIC. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,
How you may handsomly preserve your credit,
And save the chain.

PAN. I would gladly do it,
But fear he understands us what we say.

CRIC. What can you lose to try't? if it take,
There's so much sav'd; if otherwise, nothing lost.

PAN. What is't, good Cricca?

CRIC. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,
I'll entertain him here, mean while steal you
Closely into the room, and quickly hide
Some special piece of plate: Then run out amaz'd,
Roaring that all the street may know y'are robb'd.
Next threaten to attach him, and accuse him
Before a justice, and in th'end agree
If he restore the plate, you'll give the chain,
Otherwise not.

PAN. But if we be discovered!
For by his instruments and familiars
He can do much.

CRIC,

CRIC. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.
But here's the main point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express
Pity and anger that so learn'd a man
Should use his friend so basely; if you can call
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.

PAN. I'll fetch a cry from th' bottom of my heels,
But I'll roar loud enough; and thou must second me
With wonder at the sudden accident.

CRIC. But yours is the main part, for as you play't
You win or lose the chain.

PAN. No more, no more, he comes. [*Exit Pat.*]

Enter ALBUMAZAR.

ALB. Where's Pandolfo? three quarters of an hour
Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.

CRIC. Is he not wholly chang'd? what parts are wanting

ALB. Antonio's bulk hath cloth'd his shape and visage,
Only his hands and feet, so large and callous,
Require more time to supple.

CRIC. Pray you, Sir,
How long shall he retain this metamorphosis?

ALB. The compleat circle of a natural day.

CRIC. A natural day! are any days unnatural?

ALB. I mean the revolution of th' first mover,
Just twice twelve hours, in which period the rapt motion
Rowls all the orbs from east to occident.

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. Help! help! thieves! thieves! neighbours, I
am robb'd! thieves, thieves!

CRIC. What a noise make you Sir?

PAN. Have I not reason
That thus am robb'd? thieves! thieves! call constables,
The watch and serjeants, friends and constables,
Neighbours, I am undone!

CRIC. This is well begun.
What ails you, Sir?

PAN.

PAN. Cricca, my chamber's spoil'd
Of all my hangings, cloaths and silver plate.

CRIC. Why, this is bravely feign'd; continue, Sir.

PAN. Feign'd! 'tis true, villain! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

All that I had is gone, and more than all.

CRIC. Ha, ha, ha, hold out; lay out a lion's throat,
A little louder, that all the street may hear.

PAN. I can cry no longer,
My throat's sore, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have lost my voice;
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.

CRIC. Good, good; thieves! thieves! fire!
What have you lost?

PAN. Wine, jewele, table-cloths,
A cupboard of rich plate.

CRIC. Fie, you'll spoil all.
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.

PAN. Villain, I say all's gone; the room's as clean
As a wip'd looking glass: oh me, oh me!

CRIC. What, in good earnest?

PAN. Fool, in accursed earnest.

CRIC. You gull me sure.

PAN. They have gull'd me.

The window towards the south stands ope, from
Whence went all my treasure. Where's the astrologer?

ALB. Here, Sir, and hardly can abstain from laughing
To see you vex yourself in vain.

PAN. In vain, Albumazar?
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vanish'd,
And you shall answer it,

ALB. O! were it possible
By pow'r of art to check what art hath done,
Your man should ne'er be chang'd: to wrong me thus
With foul suspicion of flat felony?

Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,

Linen

Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,
 And for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.
 He'll keep them carefully. But as you love your
 mistress,

Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him
 Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman;
 Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untouch'd,
 To be innobled like his other members.

PAN. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
 Th' unlook'd-for bareness of the room amaz'd me.

ALB. How! think you me so negligent to commit
 So rich a mass of treasure to th' open danger
 Of a large casement, and suspicious alley?

No, Sir, my sacrifice no sooner done,
 But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo,
 I could be angry, but that your sudden fear
 Excuses you. Fie, such a noise as this
 Half an hour past, had fear'd the intelligences,
 And spoil'd the work; but no harm done, go walk
 Westward, directly westward, one half hour:
 Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd to
 Antonio,

And as you like my skill, perform your promise,
 I mean the chain.

PAN. Content, let's still go westward,
 Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.

[Exit Pan. and Cricca.]

Enter RONCA, HARPAX, FURBO.

ALB. Furbo, Harpax, and Ronca, come out, all's
 clear.

Why here's a noble prize worth vent'ring for.
 Is not this braver than sneak all night in danger,
 Picking of locks, or hooking cloths at windows?
 Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine,
 All rich, and eas'ly got. Furbo, stay hereabout,
 And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him

With

With a low reverence, Antonio,
Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it
Before he went to Barbary.

RON. How! lose ten pieces?

ALB. There's a necessity in't; devise some course
To get't again; if not, our gain's sufficient,
To bear that loss. Ronca, find out Bevilona
The courtezan, let her feign herself a gentlewoman,
Inamour'd of Antonio; bid her invite him
To banquet with her, and by all means possible
Force him stay there two hours.

HAR. Why two hours?

ALB. That in that time thou may'st convey
Our treasure to the inn, and speak a boat
Ready for Gravesend, and provide a supper.

FUR. And what will you do?

ALB. First in, and usher out our changeling Trincalo.

RON. Harpax, bestow the plate; Furbo, our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the same time and place meet all at supper.

Exit Fur. Har. and Ron.

Enter TRINCALO.

ALB. Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully mued
From brown soak feathers of dull yeomanry
To th' glorious bloom of gentry: plume yourself sleek;
Swear boldly y'are the man you represent
To all that dare deny it.

TRIN. I find my thoughts
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like Trincalo.

ALB. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive angler
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks

f

And

And constant trees, move like the running waters :
 So you that thirty years have liv'd in Trincalo,
 Chang'd suddenly, think y' are so still ; but instantly
 These thoughts will vanish.

TRIN. Give me a looking-glass
 To read your skill in these new lineaments.

ALB. I'd rather give you poison ; for a glass
 By secret power of cross reflections,
 And optic virtue, spoils the wond'rous work
 Of transformation, and in a moment turns you,
 Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.
 We read that Apuleius was by a rose
 Chang'd from an ass to man : so by a mirror,
 You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.
 But still remember, I pray you, Sir, remember
 T' avoid the devil, and a looking-glass.
 Let me conduct and usher you to the world ;
 This way, great Sir.—I pray you, Sir, remember.

Exeunt.

S C E N E *the* STREET.

Enter ALBUMAZAR *and* TRINCALO.

ALB. New-born Antonio, I humbly take my leave,
 And kiss your hands.

TRIN. Divine Albumazar, I kiss yours. (*Exit Alb.*
 Now I am grown a gentleman, and a fine one,
 I know 't by th' kissing of my hands so courtly :
 My courteous knees bend in so true distance,
 As if my foot walk'd in a frame on purpose,
 Thus I accost you ; or thus, sweet Sir, your servant :
 Nay more, your servant's servant : that's your grand
 servant.

I could descend from the top of Paul's to th' bottom,
 And on each step strew parting compliments,
 Strive for a door, while a good carpenter
 Might make a new one. I am your shadow, Sir,
 And

And bound to wait upon you; i'faith I will not:
 pray, Sir, fie, Sir, dear Sir—
 O brave Albumazar!

Enter FURBO.

FURB. Just Æsop's crow, prink'd up in borrow'd
 feathers.

TRIN. My veins are fill'd with newness: O for a
 surgeon

To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,
 To try if 't run two thousand pounds a year.

I feel my understanding is enlarg'd

With the rare knowledge of this latter age.

A sacred fury overways me. Prime—

Deal quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings and
 sixpence.

You see 't? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more cards,

And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths

For me; I'll pay thee again with interest—

O brave Albumazar!

FURB. How his imagination boils, and works in
 all things

He ever saw or heard!

TRIN. Sir, my grey Barbary

'Gainst your dun cow, three train scents and th' course,
 For fifty pound; as I am a gentleman.

I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard with me

That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder—

I lie? my reputation you shall hear on't.

O brave Albumazar!

FURB. He'll grow stark mad, I fear me.

TRIN. Now I know

I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me

To challenge some brave fellow for my credit,

And for more safety, get some friend in private

To take the business up in peace and quiet.

FURB. Signior Antonio!

TRIN. There's not a crumb of Trincalo
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina.

FURB. Signior Antonio! welcome ten thousand times;
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.

TRIN. I thank you, Sir, Antonio is your servant,
I am glad to see you well. Fie! I kiss your hands,
and thus accost you.

FURB. This three months all your kindred, friends,
and children.

Mourn'd for your death.

TRIN. And so they well might do,
For five days I was under water; and at length
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;
And thus in five days more got land: believe it,
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from Barb'ry: at your service.

FURB. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary,
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Than I: Nor am I thus for hope of gain;
But that I find occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember, Sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in bail, you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?

TRIN. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

FURB. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks; but you were still beyond seas:
Now am I happy of this fair occasion
To testify my honest care to pay you;
For you may need it.

TRIN. Sir, I do indeed,
Witness my treasure cast away by shipwreck.

FURB. Here, Sir.

TRIN.

TRIN. Is the gold good? has it weight?
For mine was so I lent you.

FURB. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for
this courtesy,

Call me your servant. [Exit Furbo.]

TRIN. Farewell, good servant, ha, ha ha, ha, ha. I
know not so much as his name! ten pounds? this change
is better than my birth; for in all the years of my
yeomanry, I could never yoak two crowns, and now
I have hoarded ten fair twenty shilling pieces. Now
will I go to this astrologer, and hire him to turn my
cart to a coach, my four jades to two Flander's mares,
my mistress Armellina to a lady, my plow-boy Dick
to two guarded footmen: then will I hurry myself into
the mercer's books, wear rich cloaths, be called Tony
by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate
citizens, beat bailiffs, and when all fails, sneak out
of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glass, and turn
as true Trincalo as ever.

Enter HARPAX.

HARP. Signior Antonio! I saw you as you landed,
And in great haste follow'd to congratulate
Your safe return, with these most wish'd embraces.

TRIN. Who the devil's this. [aside.]
And I accept your joy with like affection
How do you call yourself?

HARP. Have you forgot
Your dear friend Harpax, whom you love so well?

TRIN. My life here's ten pound more!
O, I remember now my dear friend Harpax.

HARP. Thanks to the fortune of the sea that sav'd you,

TRIN. How do's your body, Harpax?

HARP. My dear Antonio,
Never so well as now I have the power

Thus

Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange
Gave drown'd for threewhole months. My dear Antonio!

TRIN. I thank you, Sir.

HARP. Never in fitter season could I find you.
If you remember, Sir, before you went
To Barbary, I lent you ten pounds in gold.

TRIN. I lent you ten pounds in gold.

HARP. No, Sir, 'twas I lent you ten pounds.

TRIN. Faith I remember no such thing.

You must excuse me, you never lent me money.

HARP. Sir, as I live, ten twenty shilling pieces.

TRIN. Dangers at sea I find have hurt my memory!

HARP. Why here's your own hand-writing, seal'd
and sign'd

In presence of your cousin Julia.

TRIN. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I sustain'd great losses
By reason of the shipwreck. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to-morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest.

HARP. Well, Sir,
Tho' my necessity would importune you
For all, yet on your worship's word, the rest
I'll call for in the morning. Farewel, Antonio.

[Exit Harp.]

TRIN. I see we gentlemen can sometimes borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. I'll home, lest other creditors
Call for the rest. (going.)

Enter BEVILONA and RONCA, from the House.

BEV. Ronca, no more, unless thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: Antonio's dead.

He's dead, and in his death hath buried

All my delights—begone—

[Exit Ron.]

O strange! he's here.

[seeing Trincalo.]

Signior Antonio! my heart's sweet content!

My life and better portion of my soul!

Are

Are you return'd and safe? for whose sad death
I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs.
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses?

TRIN. Whom do you talk withal, fair gentlewoman?

BEV. With my best friend, commander of my life,
My most belov'd Antonio.

TRIN. With me?

What's your desire with me, sweet lady?

BEV. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you please: for all my liberty
Lies in your service.

TRIN. Now I smell the business.

This is some gentlewoman enamour'd
With him whose shape I bear. Fie! what an ass
Was I to strange myself, and lose the occasion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jest,
To try if absence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever.

BEV. Forget Antonio,

Whose dear remembrance doth inform the soul
Of your poor servant Bevilona! no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench'd one spark
Of th' sweet affection which your love hath kindled
In this warm breast.

TRIN. Madam, the waves had drown'd me,
But that your love held up my chin.

BEV. Will't please you

Enter and rest yourself, refresh the weariness
Of your hard travel; I have good wine and fruits,
My husband's out of town: you shall command
My house, and all that's in't.

TRIN. Why, are you married?

BEV. Have you forgot my husband, an angry roarer?

TRIN. O, I remember him: but if he come.

BEV. Whence grows this fear? how come you so
respectful? You

You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldness!
Go in, sweet life, go in.

TRIN. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you.
Exit Bev.

Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress,
And happier I, that in his place enjoy her!
I say still there's no pleasure like transformation.

Exit TRIN.

Enter FURBO.

Now is the ass expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court embrace, and kiss his mistress,
But I'll soon starve him. *(Exit.)*

SCENE, a Chamber in BEVILONA'S House.

Enter TRINCALO and BEVILONA.

BEV. Now tell me, dear Antonio, what has
Befall'n thee since our last sad parting?
Your cold address and strange behaviour
When you saw me first, strike to my heart,
And make me fear your Bevilona's forsaken
And forgot—is it not so Antonio?

TRIN. Don't weep so fairest blossom, I tell you
Your love incited me to try your constancy,
And happy is th' event, then let us lose no
Time, but strait begin to taste the banquet.

(FURBO without knocks.)

What ho! ho! there!

BEV. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within;
Or busy: why so importunate? who is't?

FUR. 'Tis I.

BEV. Your name?

FUR. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy,
ap Roger, &c.

TRIN. Spinola's camp's broke loose: a troop of
soldiers! Sir.

BEV. O me! my husband! O me wretch! 'tis my
husband!

TRIN.

TRIN. One man, and wear so many names !

BEV. O Sir.

H'as more outrageous devils in his rage
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window.

TRIN. 'Tis as high as Paul's.

Open the garden door.

BEV. He has the keys.

Down at some window, as you love your life,
My honour, and your safety ; 'tis but a leap.

TRIN. To break my neck.

FURB. Bevilona !

Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters
Beat all thy bones to pieces : down, you whore !

BEV. Be patient but a little ; I come instantly.

TRIN. Ha' you no trunk or chest to hide me ?

BEV. None, Sir.

Alas I am clean undone, it is my husband.

FURB. Doubtless this whore hath some of her com-
panions

That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
I'll bathe my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,
In his heart's-blood. Come down.

BEV. I cannot, stay.

There stands a water cask under the stairs
With head to ope and shut at pleasure ; in,
In, as you love your life.

TRIN. But hear you, madam,
Is there no looking-glass within't ? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.

BEV. In, in, there's none.

Enter FURBO.

FURB. How now ! where have you stow'd the clown ?

BEV. He is tunn'd up in the empty water-cask
Under the stairs.

G

FURB.

FURB. Empty! better and better! 'twas half full
This morning.

Second me handsomely—we'll entertain him
An hour or two, and laugh and get his cloaths
To make our sport up.

TRIN. (*within*) Oh I drown, I drown!

FURB. Whence comes this hollow sound? I drown,
I drown!

My life 'tis Trincalo, for I have heard that coxcomb,
That afs, that clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the country.
O that 'twere he! How would I use the villain!
First crop his ears, then slit his nose and fit him
As a present to the great Turk to keep his concubines.
Who's within here? [*Trincalo knocks in the tub.*]

BEV. One that you dare not touch

FURB. One that I dare not? [*Trincalo comes out.*]
Out, villain, out——Signior Antonio!
Had it been any but yourself, he died.
But as you sav'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your services.

I would have sworn y' had been drown'd in Barbary.

TRIN. 'Twas a hard passage: but not so dangerous
As was this vessel. Pray you conceive no ill,
I meant no harm, but call'd of your wife to know
How my son Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.

FURB. Sir, I believe you.

TRIN. But I must tell you one thing.
You must not be so jealous, on my honour
She's very honest.

FURB. For you I make no question.
But there's a rogue call'd Trincalo, whom if I catch,
I'll teach him.

TRIN. Who, you mean Pandolfo's farmer?
Alas, poor fool, he's a stark afs, but harmless.
And tho' she talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,

As

As all the world do's at him : Come, be friends
At my entreaty.

FURB. Sir, for your sake.

BEV I thank you.

TRIN. Let's have a fire ; and while I dry myself,
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with
you.

FURB. My house and self are at your service.

TRIN. Lead in.

Alas, poor Trincalo ! had'st thou been taken,
Thou had'st been tunn'd for Turkey.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's shape.

What a notorious wittall's this ! ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. A STREET.

Enter ANTONIO.

THUS by great favour of propitious stars,
From fearful storms, shipwrecks, and raging billows,
Merciless jaws of death ! am I return'd
To th' safe and quiet bosom of my country.
The memory of these misfortunes pass'd,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my son Lelio,
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy
Make gold, that else were useless, serviceable ;
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain
Threatens the smoothness of a smiling valley.

G 2

Enter

Enter ARMELLINA. (Speaking to a servant.

ARM. Do you get ready what I have told you,
And I will bring the other matters back with me.

(turns and sees Antonio)

What do I see! is not this Trincalo,
Transform'd t'Antonio? 'tis! and so perfectly,
That did the right Antonio now confront him,
I'd swear they both were true, or both were false.

ANT. Armellina! well met; how fares the girl?
And how fares my son and daughter Flavia?

ARM. How fares the girl, and how my son and
daughter?

Mary! come up—we are much improv'd—
Manners, they say, are often chang'd with cloaths.

(aside.

ANT. Why don't you speak, my girl?

ARM. Ha! ha! ha! what impudence!

(aside.

ANT. She's overjoy'd to see me!

And how fares it with my old friend Pandolfo?

ARM. His old friend Pandolfo! ha! ha! ha!
I can scarce refrain from beating him—bless me!
Your means are much encreas'd sure, that you dare
To stile so familiarly your master's friend.

ANT. What say'st thou?

ARM. Don't *thou* me, poor ignorant clown!

ANT. What do'st thou say? surely my ears deceiv'd

ARM. O! I must counterfeit too—I will do't. [me.
I am rejoic'd your worship's safe return'd
From your late drowning: th'Exchange hath giv'n
you lost,

(sifling a laugh.

And all your friends wore mourning three months past;
I'm sure, for my part, I 'most broke my heart.

ANT. Thou art a kind good girl.

ARM. Did you ever hear the like?

ANT. The danger of the shipwreck I escap'd,

So desperate was, that I may truly say,
I am new born, not sav'd.

ARM. Ha! ha! ha! thro' what a grace,
And goodly countenance the rascal speaks!
What a grave portance! could Antonio
Himself out-do him? O you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dis-
sembled?

ANT. How now! a servant thus familiar? begone,
Use your companions so: more reverence
Becomes you better.

ARM. As tho' I understood not
The end of all this plot, and goodly business.
Come, I know all. See! this untill'd clod of earth
Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing.

Ha! ha! ha!

ANT. Why laugh you, woman?

ARM. To see thee chang'd, thou no man,
So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch
Of thy old clownish carcase: Ha! ha!

ANT. Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions and weak minds.

ARM. Ha! ha! ha!

Sententious blockhead! what shall I do with him?

ANT. And y'are ill advis'd
To jest instead of pity. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slavery of cruel moors,
And tedious journeys, might have easily alter'd
A stronger body, much more this decay'd vessel,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

ARM. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's
house,

Effect your business, for I know it all;
Cricca has told me—and upon my credit,
Thou'rt so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

ANT.

ANT. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,
From my own house, children, and family.

ARM. His children, and his family! the booby! [*aside*.
Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive
His mind transform'd? how gravely he continues
The countenance he began? ha! ha! ha! why blockhead,
Think'st thou to deceive me too?—why, Trincalo?

ANT. I understand you not—hands off.

ARM. Art thou not Trincalo,
Pandolfo's man?

ANT. I not so much as know him.

ARM. Dar'st thou deny it to me?

ANT. I dare and must,
To all the world, long as Antonio lives. [*kin,*

ARM. You arrant ass! have I not known thee, bum-
Serve thy master in his farm for several years?
Hast thou not dar'd to make thy silly love
To me? and have I not scorn'd thee, Trincalo?
Taken thy presents? True—but with the basket,
Have thrown away the giver. (*going*.)

ANT. Stay, Armillina.
By all the oaths that bind men's consciences
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

ARM. I will not hear thee, lying knave—and never,
O never, dare to come near me—if thou dost,
Tho' you so lately have escap'd from drowning,
I shall souse your gentility again.

Enter CRICCA.

ARM. Cricca, there is the transform'd Trincalo—
And is so chang'd he does not know himself.
I'll return home to bar his entrance there. (*Exit.*

CRIC. (*looking round him*) I scarce can credit my
own eyes—strange art!
Wonderful art of great Albumazar!
Two sheep are not more like than he and Antonio.
How happy am I to escape his clutches!

ART.

ANT. Cricca, good day, I joy to see thee!

CRIC. 'Tis the devil from top to bottom—yes—
'Tis the devil! but he has hid his hoofs. (*aside.*
Your servant, Sir Trinc—Antonio I mean.

ANT. What is the meaning of all this?—all joining
To abuse, and to distress me? Sirrah! Cricca!
Where is your master, my old friend, Pandolfo?
He would not use me thus.—

CRIC. His impudence out-goes his transformation:
You rascal, Trincalo!—if you once more
Dare to attempt deceiving me—take notice,
Tho' the devil is your friend—I'll get a flail
And thrash out Trincalo from Antonio.
Don't trot from me in your Barbary trappings;
I am in the secret:—and will you still
Persist t' impose on me?—ay, you may grin—
And grind your teeth—another look I'll drive 'em
Down your throat—you poor insolent bull-calf.

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. What means this noise? O Cricca! what's
the matter?

CRIC. Sir, here's your farmer Trincalo, transform'd
So just as he was melted, and new cast
In the mould of old Antonio.

PAN. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar!
How I admire thy skill! Just so he look'd,
And thus he walk'd: this is his face, his hair,
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,
Then is th' astrologer a wonder-worker.

ANT. Signior Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much
To find you well, as for my own return.

How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia?

PAN. Well, well, Sir.

CRIC. This is a good beginning:
How naturally the rogue dissembles it!

With

With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,
He speaks and looks ! How cunningly Albumazar
Hath for our purpose suited him in Barbary clothes !

I'll try him further : Sir,

We hear'd you were drown'd ? pray you, how 'scap'd
you shipwreck ?

ANT. No sooner was I ship'd for Barbary,
But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us :
When enter'd in the streights of Gibraltar,
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us ;
The tempest tore our helm, and rent our tackles,
Broke the main-mast, while all the sea about us
Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us :
And struck's against a rock, splitting the vessel
T' a thousand splinters. I, with two mariners ;
Swam to the coast, where, by the barb'rous Moors,
We were surpris'd, fetter'd and sold for slaves.

CRIC. This tale th' astrologer pen'd, and he hath
conn'd it.

ANT. But by a gentleman of Italy,
Whom I had known before——

PAN. No more ; this taste
Proves thou canst play the rest. For this fair story,
My hand, I make thy ten pounds twenty marks,
Thou look'st and speak'st so like Antonio.

ANT. Whom should I look aad speak like, but myself ?

CRIC. Good, still !

PAN. But now, my honest Trincalo,
Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,
That the astrologer, when he had transform'd thee,
Committed to thy charge ? are they safe lock'd ?

ANT. I understand you not.

PAN. The jewels, man ;
The plate and gold th' astrologer, that chang'd thee,
Bade you lay up.

ANT. What plate ? what gold ?

What jewels ? what transformation ? what astrologer ?

CRIC.

CIRC. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.

ANT. Leave off your jesting. It neither suits your
place

Nor age, Pandolfo, to scoff your antient friend.

I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,

Nor by the astrologer, nor Trincalo.

CIRC. Better and better still. Believe me, Sir,
He thinks himself Antonio, and ever shall be,
And so possess your plate.—Art thou not Trincalo,
My master's farmer?

ANT. I am Antonio,
Your master's friend. If he teach you no more manners---

PAN. Three thousand pounds must not be lost so
slightly.

Come, Sir, we'll draw you to the astrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.

ANT. To me these terms?

PAN. Come, I'll not lose my plate.

CIRC. Stay, Sir, and take my counsel. Let him still
Firmly conceit himself the man he seems:

Thus he, himself deceiv'd. will far more earnestly
Effect your business, and deceive the rest.

There's a main difference, 'twixt a self-bred action
And a forc'd carriage. Suffer him then to enter

Antonio's house, and wait th' event: for him,

He can't escape: what you intend to do,

Do't when he's serv'd your turn. I see the maid;
Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.

PAN. Thy counsel's good: away.

CIRC. Look, Trincalo,
Yonder's your beauteous mistress, Armellina,
And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.

[Exit Pan. and Cric.]

ANT. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble;
For with their farmer and astrologer,

Plate and gold, they've almost maddened me

Now to my house, where I shall find comfort. [Exit.]

H

SCENE

SCENE *before ANTONIO's House.*ARMELLINA and FLAVIA *at the Window.*

ARM. Mistress! Flavia! pray come here,
I beseech you quick, quick good madam.

FLAV. (*at the Window.*) What is the matter wench?

ARM. Look here, there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's
farmer,
My foolish sweetheart, wrapt in your father's shape;
Let us abuse him.

FLAV. I can't, I am tongue ty'd; this strange ap-
pearance,
Tho' I know his art, brings to my mem'ry
My dear lov'd father; I can scarce bear
To look upon him. Is the door fast?

ARM. Yes, as a usurer's purse.—

ANT. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet
That keeps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.

[*Ant. Knocks.*]

ARM. Who is he that knocks so boldly?

FLAV. What want you, Sir?

ANT. O my fair daughter, Flavia! let all the stars
Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope' the doors.

ARM. Mark! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha:
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits!

ANT. Know'st not thy father, old Antonio?
Is all the world grown frantick?

FLA. What Antonio?

ANT. Thy loving father, Flavia.

FLA. My father! would he were here!

ARM. Would thou wert in his place.

ANT. Open the door, sweet Flavia.

FLA. Sir, I am afraid;
Horror incloses me, my mind's distracted!

ARM. I sweat to hear a dead man speak, fogh! get
you gone.

ANT.

ANT. Daughter you are abus'd; come down, and know me;

Let me come in.

ARM. Soft, soft, Sir, y'are too hasty.

ANT. Quickly, or else—

ARM. Good words, good words, I pray,
In strangers houses: were the doors your own,
You might be bolder.

ANT. I'll beat the doors and windows
About your ears.

ARM. Are you so hot? We'll cool you.

ANT. Imprudent creature!

ARM. Out, carter:

Hence, dirty whipstock; hence, you fowl clown.
Begone.

Or I will drive you hence—bring me a gun here—
Or a tub of water—once more to drown him.

Enter LELIO.

LEL. Armellina, whom do you draw your tongue
upon so sharply?

ARM. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by
force

To break the doors, and enter.

LEL. 'Tis his grave look!

In every lineament himself no liker.

And had I not hap'ly been advertis'd,

What could have forc'd me think 'twere Trincalo?

ANT. These ghosts, these Trincalos, and astrologers,
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,
When mine own son refuseth? Oh Antonio!

LEL. Infinite power of art! who would believe
The planets influence could transform a man
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly;
But that he wears the awful countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.

H 2

ANT.

ANT. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, son,
 Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,
 The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journeys,
 Have chang'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
 Yet still this face, tho' alter'd, may be known:
 This scar bears witness, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
 With thine own hands.

LEL. He that chang'd Trincalo
 T' Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,
 As a main character.

ANT. I have no other marks,
 Or reasons to persuade them: methinks these words,
I am thy father, were argument sufficient
 To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracements.

LEL. A sudden coldness strikes me: my tender heart
 Beats with compassion of I know not what.
 Sirrah, be gone; truss up your goodly speeches,
 Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations.
 Your plot's discover'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence
 For once, I pardon. The pious reverence
 I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
 Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
 Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you
 Out of Antonio's skin. Away.

ANT. I go, Sir;
 And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me,
[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* TRINCALO.]

TRIN. When this transformed substance of my
 carcase
 Did live imprison'd in a wanton hog'shead,
 My name was don Antonio, and that title
 Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suit of clothes.
 How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me!
 With what respect, and careful tenderness!

Your

“ Your worship, Sir, had ever a sickly constitution, and I fear much more now, since your long travel. As you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good Sir, neglect not your health; for, upon my experience there is nothing worse for the rheum than to be drench'd in a musty hoghead.”

Pretty soul! Now to the business: I'll into my own house, and first bestow Armellina upon Trincalo; then try what can be done for Pandolfo: for 'tis a rule I was wont to observe, first do your own affairs, and next your master's.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Wretched Antonio! hast been preserv'd so strangely
From foreign miseries, to be wrong'd at home?
Barr'd from thy house by the scorn of thine own
children! [TRIN. *knocks.*

ANT. But stay, there's one knocks boldly; 't may
be some friend. [TRIN. *Knocks again.*

ANT. Dwell you here, gentleman?

TRIN. He calls me gentleman:
See th' virtue of good cloaths! All men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us.

ANT. Good gentleman,
Let me, without offence, intreat your name,
And why you knock?

TRIN. How, sirrah, sauce-box, my name!
Or thou some stranger art, or grossly ign'rant,
That know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?

ANT. Be not in choler, Sir.

TRIN. Befits it me,
A gentleman of publick reputation,
To stoop so low as satisfy the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thyself? what art
thou? ha?

ANT.

ANT. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.

TRIN. Thou liest, base sycophant, my worship owns it.

ANT. May be my son hath sold it in my absence, Thinking me dead—How long has't called you master?

TRIN. 'Long as Antonio possessest it.

ANT. Which Antonio?

TRIN. Antonio Anastasio.

ANT. That Anastasio,
That was drown'd in Barbary?

TRIN. That Anastasio,
That self same man am I: I 'scap'd by swimming,
And now return to keep my former promise
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and in exchange,
To take Sulpitia to my wife.

ANT. All this
I intended 'fore I went: but Sir, if I
Can be no other than myself, and you
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.

TRIN. How! one with thee? speak such another
syllable,

And by the terror of this deadly steel,
That ne'er saw light, but sent to endless darkness
All that durst stand before't, thou diest.

ANT. Alas!
My weakness grown by age, and pains of travel,
Disarms my courage to defend myself;
I have no strength but patience.

TRIN. What boldness madd'd thee to steal my name?

ANT. Sir, heat of wine.

TRIN. And when y'are drunk,
Is there no person to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villanies?

ANT. Dangers at sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?

O most unfortunate Antonio!

At sea thou suffer'dst shipwreck of thy goods,
At land of thine own self—fly, fly to Barb'ry,
And rather there endure the foreign cruelty
Of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

TRIN. How! prating still? why Timothy begone,
Or draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us;
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.

Here's a brave rogue, that in the king's high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw!

ANT. These wrongs recall my strength, I am
resolved:

Better die once than suffer always. Draw!

TRIN. Stay, understand'st thou well nice points
of duel?

ANT. Yes, I'll to the point immediately.

(Beats Trin.)

TRIN. Hold! hold!—Murder! murder!
Give me my life, and take Antonio.

Enter LELIO, CRICCA, from the House.

LEL. What noise is this? am I awake.
See'st thou not, Cricca, Trincalo and Antonio?

CRIC. O strange! they're both here.

LEL. Didst not thou inform me
That Trincalo was turn'd to Antonio?
Which I believing, like a cursed son,
With most reproachful threats, drove mine old father
From his own doors: Pardon me, father.

[Goes to his father and kneels.

'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for that farmer,
Whom an astrologer, they said, transform'd.

ANT. How an astrologer?

LEL.

LEL. What with your distresses, injuries and fatigues,
Your spirits must demand repose :
Within, Sir, I will tell you all, and hope
Your pardon for each insult our abused
Minds have cast upon you.

ANT. Where there is no ill intention son,
There can be little merit in forgiveness.

[Exit into the house.]

CRIC. 'Tis plain Albumazar
Hath cheated my old master of his plate,
For here's the farmer as like himself as ever,
Only his cloaths excepted. Trincalo !

TRIN. Cricca, where's Trincalo? do'st see him here?

CRIC. Yes, and as rank an ass as ever he was.

TRIN. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither seest
nor knowst me.

I am transform'd, transform'd !

CRIC. Note the strange power of strong imagination!

TRIN. A world of engines cannot wrest my thoughts
From being a gentleman : I am one, and will be ;
And tho' I be not, yet will think myself so ;
And scorn thee, Cricca, as a slave and servant.

[Exit Trin.]

CRIC. 'Tis all lost labour to dissuade his dulness.
Now to work my brain ; what's more to be done ?
Trincalo must be catch'd—kept close lock'd up,
'Till I release him :—wine does that.—what next ?
No whisper must go forth, of the return
Of this Antonio,—and then shall our Pandolfo—
I have it now—'tis here—and we shall see
If cunning can't out-wit astrology :
'Tis Cricca's skill, 'gainst great Albumazar's,
Tho' back'd by all his devils and his stars.

[Exit.]

A C T

ACT V.

SCENE, *before ANTONIO'S House.**Enter LELIO and CRICCA, out of the House.*

CRIC. **T**IS the only way, Sir, humour but the bumpkin,
And fortune cannot trick us; Armellina's ready,
So am I—and here comes Trincalo. [*Exit Cric.*]

Enter TRINCALO.

TRIN. This rascal, Cricca, with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seem:
But that will soon be clear'd; if they receive me
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.

LEL. Signior Antonio, my most loving father!
Blest be the day and hour of your return.

TRIN. Son Lelio! a blessing on my child; I pray
thee tell me,
How fares my servant Armellina? well?

LEL. Have you forgot my sister Flavia?

TRIN. What, my dear daughter Flavia? no, but first
Call Armellina: for this day we'll celebrate
A glee of marriages: Pandolfo and Flavia,
Sulpitia and myself, and Trincalo
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.

LEL. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*]

TRIN. So: 'tis well that Lelio
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect Antonio.

Enter ARMILLINA.

ARM. Signior Antonio!
My long expected master!

I

TRIN.

TRIN. O Armellina!

Come, let me kiss thy brow like mine own daughter.

ARM. 'Tis too great a favour—alas! how feeble
Y you are grown with your long travel!

TRIN. True, being drown'd,
Nothing so griev'd me, as to lose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good service,
I'll help thee to a husband.

ARM. A husband, Sir?
Some young and handsome youth, or else I'll none.

TRIN. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly wench?
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.

ARM. Fie, an old man! how! cast myself away,
And be no nurse but his?

TRIN. He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;
A handsome well set man as I.

ARM. His name?

TRIN. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.

ARM. Signior Pandolfo's handsome farmer?

TRIN. That's he.

ARM. Most unexpected happiness! 'tis the man
I more esteem than my own life: sweet master,
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service without wages:
But ah, I fear you jest. My poor unworthiness
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet Trincalo.
No, wretched Armellina, in and despair:
Back to thy mournful dresser; there lament
Thyself to kitchen-stuff, and burn to ashes,
For love of thy sweet farmer.

TRIN. Alas! poor soul,
How prettily she weeps for me!—Wilt see him?

ARM. My soul waits in my eyes, and leaves my body
Senseless.

TRIN. Then swear to keep my counsel.

ARM,

ARM. I swear

By th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.

TRIN. Why, I am Trincalo.

ARM. Your worship, Sir! why do you flout your
servant,

Right worshipful Antonio, my reverend master?

TRIN. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.

Why laugh'st thou?

ARM. 'Tis desire and joy,

To see my sweetest.

TRIN. Look upon me and see him.

ARM. I say I see Antonio, and none other.

TRIN. I am within, thy love: without, thy master.

Th' astrologer transform'd me for a day.

ARM. Mock not your poor maid, pray you, Sir.

TRIN. I do not.

Now would I break this head against the stones,

To be unchang'd; fie on this gentry, it sticks

Like bird-lime. Carry me to your chamber,

And there we'll talk the matter over.

ARM. O Sir, by no means: but with my lovely farmer
I'd stay all night, and thank him.

TRIN. Cross misfortune!

Accurst Albumazar! and mad Pandolfo!

To change me thus, that when I most desire

To be myself, I cannot. Armellina,

Fetch me a looking-glass.

ARM. To what end?

TRIN. Fetch one.

Let my old master's business sink or swim,

This sweet occasion must not be neglected,

O wonderful!

[*He looks in the glass.*]

Admir'd Albumazar in two transmutations!

Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant

I am unchang'd that was so long a changing!

—O wonder! here's my old black chin again!—

Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo

To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,
Kiss thy fill.

ARM. Not here in public,
T' enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:
The world would envy then my happiness.
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my chamber
We'll consummate the match in privacy.

TRIN. Was not the face I wore far worse than this?
But for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar
Hath dy'd my thoughts so deep i'th' grain of gentry,
'Tis not a glass can rob me of my good fashion,
And gentlemanly garb. Come, my dear. [*Ex. Trin.*]

ARM. I'll follow you, So, now he's fast enough.
Thus have I got me a husband, and in good earnest
Mean to marry him—It is a tough clown,
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poor service. Well, he's something foolish;
The better can I domineer and rule him
At pleasure. That's the mark and utmost hight
We women aim at. I am resolv'd; I'll have him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, a CHAMBER.

Enter LELIO, SULPITIA.

SUL. Lelio! Lelio!

LEL. O there's the voice that in one note contains
All chords of music: how gladly she'll imbrace
The news I give her, and the messenger!

SUL. Soft, soft, y'are much mistaken; for in earnest,
I am angry, Lelio; and with you.

LEL. Sweetest, those flames
Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench
I'th' welcome news I bring you.

SUL. Stand still, I charge you
By th' virtue of my lips; speak not a syllable,
As you expect a kiss should close my anger.
For I must chide you,

LEL.

LEL. O my Sulpitia,
Were every speech you utter charg'd with death,
I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.

SUL. First, Sir, I hear, you teach Eugenio
Too grave a wariness in your sister's love,
And kill his honest forwardness of affection,
With your far-fetch'd respects, suspicious fears:
You have your may-bes; this is dangerous:
That course were better: for if so, and yet——
Who knows? the event is doubtful; be advis'd;
'Tis a young rashness: your father is your father:
Take leisure to consider— Thus y'ave consider'd
Poor Flavia almost to her grave. Fie, Lelio,
Had this my smallness undertook the business,
And done no more in four short winters days
Than you in four months; I'd have vowed my virginity
To the living tomb of a sad nunnery:
Which indeed for your sake I loath.

LEL. Sweet, by your favour.

SUL. Peace, peace: don't sweet me,—you're so
very wise
And tip your speeches with your saws, and proverbs,
That you seem to be laying in your winter crop
Before the summer fruits are gather'd; but indeed
Sagacious Sir, I won't hang upon the tree 'till I wither,
Or drop down with over mellowness.

LEL. Give me but leave.
SUL. Have I a lip? and you
Made sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and Eugenio had been sure
Long time e'er this.

LEL. But——

SUL. Stay, stay Sir, your cue's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this grey youth of yours,
As old Antonio's green dotage. Fy! wise lovers
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolv'd,
I should begin to cool mine own affection.

For

For shame consider well your sister's temper.
 Her melancholly may much hurt her. Respect her,
 On spight of mine own love, I'll make you stay
 Six months before you marry me. But what is this
 so happy
 News you have to tell me?

LEL. Let us haste to Flavia and your brother, and
 there I

Will unfold a secret, which if rightly manag'd will
 Give us all we wish :---

SUL. Let's away then. But---

Look to't, for if we be not married e'er next morning,
 By great love that is hid in this small compass,
 Flavia and myself will steal you both away,
 To your eternal shame and foul discredit.
 Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a TAVERN.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, ROMCO, FURBO, HARPAX.

ALB. How? not a single share of this great prize,
 That have deserv'd the whole? was't not my plot,
 And pains, and your meer instruments and porters?
 Shall I have nothing?

ROM. No, not a silver spoon.

FUR. Nor cover of a trencher salt.

HAR. Nor table-napkin.

ALB. Have we not kept an honest trust, and faith,
 Long time amongst us? break not the sacred league,
 By raising civil theft; turn not your furt
 'Gainst your own bowels Rob your careful master!
 Are you not asham'd?

ROM. No—'tis our profession,
 As yours astrology. And in the days of old,
Good morrow thief, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your worship 'Tis your own instruction.

FUR. *The Spartans held it lawful, and th' Arabians;*
So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant.

HAR.

HAR. *The world's a theatre of theft: great rivers
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.*

ALB. Have not I wean'd you up from petty-larceny,
Dangerous and poor? and must you to full strength
Of safe and gainful theft? by rules of art
And principles of cheating made you free
From taking as you went invisible?
And do you thus requite me; this the reward
For all my watchful care?

RON. We are your scholars,
Made, by your help and our aptness, able
To instruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.
You that are servant to divine astrology,
Do something worth her livery. Cast figures,
Make almanacks for all meridians.

FUR. Sell prespicils, and instruments of hearing,
Turn clowns to gentlemen; buzzards to falcons;
Cur-dogs to grey-hounds; kitchen-maids to ladies.

HAR. Discover more new stars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawful courses,
Rather than beg.

ALB. Not keep your honest promise?

RON. *Believe none, credit none: for in this city
No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheatees.*

ALB. You promis'd me the greatest share.

RON. Our promise!

If honest men, by bonds and obligations
And instruments of law are hardly constrain'd
To observe their word; can we, that make profession
Of lawless courses, do't?

ALB. Amongst ourselves!

Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,
Hold peace with their own feathers.

HAR. But when they counter
Upon one quarry, break the league as we do.

ALB. At least restore the ten pound of gold I lent you.

RON.

RON. 'Twas lent in an ill second, worse third,
And luckless fourth: 'tis lost, Albumazar.

FUR. Satan was in ascension, Mercury
Was then combust when you delivered it.
'Twill never be restor'd.

RON. Hali, Abenezra,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda, Babylonicus,
And all the Chaldees and Cabalists,
Affirm that sad aspect threatens loss of debts.

ALB. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion for a stock
To begin trade again.

RON. 'Tis an ill course
And full of fears. This treasure hath enricht us,
And giv'n us means to purchase, and live quiet,
With th' fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing
All blocks before me look'd like constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses;
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupils counsel:
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes
Than hang in fattin.

ALB. Villains, I'll be reveng'd,
And reveal all the business to a justice.

RON. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.

ALB. This treachery perswades me to turn honest.

FUR. Search your nativity; see if the fortunates
And luminaries be a good aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat e'er this.

ALB. Albumazar,
Trust not these rogues; hence and revenge. [*Ex. Alb.*]

RON. Away, away, here's company. Let's hence. [*Ex.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. Now Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news; and move
Thy

Thy master, whose desires are credulous,
 To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design
 Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,
 Eugenio, and their mistresses are oblig'd
 By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
 Upon thee for thy life.

Enter PANDOLFO.

PAN. I long to know
 How my good farmer speeds; how Trincalo
 Hath been receiv'd by Lelio.

CRIC. Where shall I find him? find Pandolfo!
 And bless him with good news!

PAN. This haste of Cricca
 Bodes some good; doubtless my Trincalo,
 Receiv'd for Antonio, hath given me Flavia.
 Cricca!

CRIC. Neither in Paul's, at home, nor in the Exchange
 Nor where he uses to converse! he's lost,
 And must be cry'd.

PAN. Turn hither, Cricca, Cricca
 Seest me not?

CRIC. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
 Had almost blinded me—'Tis so fortunate,
 I dare not pour it all at once upon you,
 Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy:
 Your transform'd Trincalo——

PAN. What news of him?

CRIC. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house——

PAN. On.

CRIC. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter Flavia,
 And Lelio for their father.

PAN. Quickly, good Cricca!

CRIC. And hath sent me in haste to bid you——

PAN. What?

CRIC. Come, with your son Eugenio——

PAN. And then?

K

CRIC.

CRIC. That he may be witness of your marriage.
 But, Sir, I see no signs of so large goodness
 As I expected, and this news deserv'd.

PAN. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward
 symptoms,
 And characters of joy, are poor expressions
 Of my inward happiness. My heart's full,
 And cannot vent the passions. Run, Cricca, run,
 Run as thou lov'st me, call Eugenio,
 And work him to my purpose: thou can'st do it:
 Haste, call him instantly.

CRIC. I fly, Sir. [Exit Cric.

PAN. How shall I recompence this astrologer,
 This great Albumazar! through whose learned hands
 Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my best wishes,
 And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain! alas,
 'Tis a poor thanks, short by a thousand links
 Of his large merit. No, he must live with me
 And my sweet Flavia, at his ease and pleasure,
 Wanting for nothing. And this very night
 I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
 To calculate his fortunes. So there's Trincalo
 Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.—

Enter ANTONIO, LELIO.

ANT. Signior Pandolfo! welcome.

LEL. Your servant, Sir.

PAN. Well met, Antonio; my prayers and wishes
 Have waited on you ever.

ANT. Thanks, dearest friend.
 To speak my danger past, were to discourse
 Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations
 Become not marriages: Sir, I am here
 Return'd to do you service. Where's your son?

PAN. He'll wait upon you presently.

Enter

Enter EUGENIO.

EUG. Signior Antonio!
Happily welcome.

ANT. Thanks, Eugenio.
How think you, gentlemen, were it amiss
To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd of all?

PAN. 'Tis well remember'd :
Eugenio call your sister.

ANT. Lelio, call my daughter. [*Ex. Lel. and Eug.*]

PAN. Wisely consider'd, Trincalo; 'tis a fair pro-
logue

To the comedy ensuing, Now I confess
Albumazar had equal power to change
And mend thy understanding with thy body !
Let me embrace and hug thee for this service :
'Tis a brave onset : ah, my sweet Trincalo !

ANT. How like you the beginning?

PAN. 'Tis o' th' further side
All expectation.

ANT. Was't not right, and spoken
Like old Antonio ?

PAN. 'Tis most admirable !
Wer't he himself that spoke, he could not better't.
And, for thy sake, I wish Antonio's shape
May ever be thy house, and's wit thy inmate :
But where's my plate, and cloth of silver ?

ANT. Safe.

PAN. They come. Keep state, keep state, or all's
discover'd.

Enter EUGENIO, LELIO, FLAVIA, SULPITIA.

ANT. Eugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia,
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties, with full freedom, speak their pleasure.
Before it be too late.

PAN

PAN. Good ! excellent !

ANT. Speak boldly therefore—Do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree
Touching these businesses, you'll all perform ?

EUG. I rest as you dispose : what you determine,
With my best power I ratify ; and Sulpitia,
I dare be bold to promise, says no less.

SUL. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourself
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me.

LEL. In this,
As in all other service, I commit myself
To your commands ; and so, I hope, my sister.

FLA. With all obedience : for dispose of me
As of a child, that judgeth nothing good,
But what you shall approve.

ANT. And you, Pandolfo ?

PAN. I most of all. And, for I know the minds
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after, 'tis my advice they swear
T' observe, without exception, your decree.

FLA. Content,

SUL. Content.

PAN. By all the powers that hear
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,
I promise to confirm and ratify
Your sentence.

LEL. Sir, I swear no less.

EUG. Nor I.

FLA. The self-same oath binds me.

SUL. And me the same.

PAN. Now Antonio, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal
From you to higher courts.

ANT. First, for preparative
Or slight præludium to the greater matches,
I must intreat you that my Armellina

Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns
I give her for her portion.

PAN. 'Tis done—Some reliques
Of his old clown'ry, and dregs o' th' country,
Dwell in him still. How careful he provides
For himself first! content. And more, I grant him
A lease for twenty pounds, a year.

ANT. I thank you.
Gentlemen, since I feel myself much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my son Lelio.

PAN. How cunningly hath the farmer provided
T' observe the 'semblance of Antonio's person,
And keep himself still free for Armellina!
On to the sentence.

ANT. Sir,
Conformity of years, likeness of manners,
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony.
Now, between seventy winters and sixteen,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.
Fie! that a gentleman of your discretion,
Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,
Should, in your western days, lose the good opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th' open danger
Of closing the weak remnant of your days
With discontentment unrecoverable.

PAN. Rack me no more; pray you, let's hear the
sentence.
Note how the ass would fright me, and endear
His service; intimating that his pow'r
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' sentence.

ANT. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter
Upon your son Eugenio, whose constant love,
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you, my good old friend with PATIENCE.

PAN. Treacherous villain!

Accursed

Accursed Trincalo! I'll——But this no place:
He's too well back'd: But shortly, when the date
Of his Antonioship's expir'd, revenge
Shall sweeten this disgrace.

ANT. Signior Pandolfo,
When you recover yourself, lost desperately
In disproportion'd dotage, then you'll thank me
For this great favour. Be not obstinate:
Disquiet not yourself.

PAN. I thank you, Sir.

*And that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with* PATIENCE—traiterous villain!
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't must be done with scoffs? Accursed Trincalo!
What's that I see?

Enter TRINCALO (a little drunk.)

TRIN. You see old trusty Trincalo, your honest farmer,
That will not part from himself hereafter
To serve either you or me.

PAN. What have not you been transform'd?

TRIN. No. but I have been gulled as you have been
By t' strologer—That's the right Antonio,
And safely too return'd from Barbary.

PAN. Oh me! what's this?

ANT. Truth itself.

TRIN. What a trouble it is to be out of a man's
self: If gentlemen have no pleasure but what I felt to-
day, a team of horses shall not drag me out of my pro-
fession. There's nothing among them but borrowing,
compounding for half their debts, and have their purse
cut for the rest, cozen'd by whores, frightened with hus-
bands, wash'd in wet hogshheads, cheated of their
cloaths, and lock'd up in cellars for conclusion.

ANT. Poor Trincalo! he repents his gentility

TRIN. Ay that I do from my soul!
And then such quarrelling! never a suit I wore
To-day,

To-day, but hath been foundly basted; only this
Faithful country-case 'scap'd fist free; and be it spoken
In a good hour, was never beaten yet, since
It came from fulling.

Enter CRICCA.

CRIC. News, news, rare news! where's my master?
Where's Signior Pandolfo?

PAN. Here Cricca, here! no news can raise my spirits.

CRIC. I'll warrant you, the rogues who cheated you
are taken:

Albumazar betray'd, and we secur'd 'em.
They were th' astrologers intelligencers,
That robb'd you thro' the south window:—All's safe,
Gold, jewels, cloth of silver; nothing perish'd.
One moment's thought will make you bless your fortune
That hath restor'd you to yourself and treasure,
Both which were lost i'th' foolish love of Flavia:
Why stand you mute, Sir?

ANT. Come, my old friend,
Let your reflection now take place of passion,
And let our actions suit our years and station;
Let's leave to younger breasts the sweets of Love;
Be it our part to give consent and blessing,
And with our children's welfare fix our own.

PAN. I clearly see the slavery of
Affections, and how unsuitable my declining
Years are for the dawning youth of Flavia:
Let the blest joys of Hymen compass her and
Her youthful husband, my Eugenio, with
Full content, and may thy days, Sulpitia,
Know no alloy of joy, in Lelio's arms;
My blessing on you all.

ANT. O happy change! good Pandolfo
Thus let me shew a friend's, a brother's fondness.

[Embracing.]

CRIC. Not to interrupt the present joy,
I beg to be an advocate for one without.

I think a general act of grace should pass ;
 Therefore as Albumazar of his own accord,
 Confess'd, and freely has restor'd your treasure ;
 Since 'tis a day of jubilee and marriage,
 I beg a pardon for the prisoner.

PAN. I grant it freely, and now
 Let's haste t' assist the marriage and the feast.

CRIC. Why now you shew yourself a worthy gentleman.

TRIN. All parties here seem pleas'd except myself :
 —Is there no news for Trincalo ?

PAN. Trincalo thou too shalt feel my joy ;
 Two hundred crowns and Armillina shall
 Be thine, besides the leate of twenty pounds
 A year for three lives.

TRIN. Two hundred crowns, and twenty pounds
 a year for three lives ? then I am a gentleman indeed !
 and to make but one trouble and expence of it, I'll
 be married too this day, and let my young masters
 take care I don't get the start of 'em.

ANT. Now are all my toils and labours in life
 Amply rewarded ; you and I brother are strong
 Examples that our passions and distresses are to
 Be surmounted by reason and perseverance.

In me behold the providential care,
 Restor'd to bliss from danger and despair ;
 With patience arm'd, I struggled with distress
 And resignation, purchas'd happiness.

F I N I S .

OLD CITY MANNERS.

A

C O M E D Y.

ALTERED FROM THE ORIGINAL

E A S T W A R D H O E,

WRITTEN BY

BEN JONSON, CHAPMAN, AND MARSTON.

BY MRS. L E N N O X.

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BY JAMES H. BURNETT

IT is with great satisfaction that
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Comedy.

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L O N D O N

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[Printed and Sold by J. Baskett, in Strand - Lane.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is with great satisfaction that Mrs. LENNOX, takes this opportunity to acknowledge her obligations to Mr. GARRICK, for recommending to her, the *Alteration of Eastward Hoe*, and for his very friendly assistance throughout this Comedy.

P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

*I*N Charles the Second's gay and wanton days,
When Lords had wit, and Gentlemen wrote plays,
A rural 'Squire was term'd a country put,
And the grave City was the standing butt!
To town, like oxen, honest Knights were led,
To shew in droves huge antlers on their head;
Gallants, in quest of game, cry'd Eastward hoe!
And oft sprung puss within the sound of Bow;
While every 'prentice in the galleries chuckl'd,
At London Alderman, dubb'd London Cuckold.

But now the times are chang'd, and chang'd the jest;
For horns, some say, sprout nobly in the West.
The murrain 'mongst horn'd cattle spreads so far,
It rages on each side of Temple-bar.
The modish Alderman o'erleaps his ward,
And the gay Cit plants horns upon my Lord;
While beaux, whose wives of flattery chew the cud,
Are Dupes full blown, or Cuckolds in the bud.

Artists, who furnish'd pictures for the stage,
In good Queen Bess's memorable age,
With a just pencil, city portraits drew,
Mark'd ev'ry vice, and mark'd each virtue too.

Artists,

P R O L O G U E.

*The city Madam's vanities display'd,
Prais'd honest gains, but damn'd the tricks of trade;
Artists, like these (old Ben the chief!) to-night,
Bring idleness, and industry to light;
Their sketch by time, perhaps, impair'd too much,
A female hand has ventur'd to retouch;
Hence too our Hogarth drew, nor scorn'd to glean,
The comic stubble of the moral scene,
Shew'd to what ends both good and evil stretch,
To honour one, and t'other to Jack Ketch;
Turn'd ridicule 'gainst folly, fraud, and pride,
And fought with humour's lance on virtue's side.*

*Such be henceforth each comick artist's aim,
Poets or painters, be their drift the same.
Such are the lessons which to-night we read,
And may next sessions prove that we succeed!*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Touchstone,	Mr. BADDELEY,
Sir Petronel Flash,	Mr. PALMER,
Quicksilver,	Mr. DODD,
Golding,	Mr. BRERETON,
Security,	Mr. PARSONS,
Counsellor Bramble,	Mr. HURST,
Fig,	Mr. WHITFIELD,
Captain Seagull,	Mr. BANNISTER,
Scapethrift,	Mr. FAWCETT,
Spendall,	Mr. CUBITT,
Wolf,	Mr. WRIGHTEN,
Holdfast,	Mr. GRIFFITH,
Constable,	Mr. CARPENTER,
Waterman,	Mr. WRIGHT,
Drawer,	Mr. GARLAND,
Coachman,	Mr. BLANCHARD,
Footman,	Mr. EVERARD,
Servant to Sir Petronel,	Mr. NORRIS.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Touchstone,	Mrs. JOHNSTON,
Gertrude,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
Mildred,	Miss P. HOPKINS,
Winifred,	Mrs. WHITFIELD,
Syndefy.	Miss PLATT,
Betty,	Mrs. MILLIDGE.

OLD

OLD CITY MANNERS:

A
M. BADDLEY
M. PALMER
M. BAKER
M. PAKSONS
M. L...
M. WHIT...
M. BAN...
M. CUR...
C O M M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Mr. TOUCHSTONE and QUICKSILVER, at several doors. — QUICKSILVER with a laced hat, an embroidered waistcoat, and a dagger and belt conceal'd under his great coat. At the middle door enter GOLDING, discovering a goldsmith's shop, and he walking short turns before it.

Touchstone.

WELL, whither are you going, now? What loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meet? Where's the supper? Where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, Sir—

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, Sir; when my back is turned, thou wilt swear faster than a Swiss porter, and talk more loosely than a midwife; but now it is, indeed, and in very good sober truth, Sir—

B

But

But suppose I should search you, what furniture should I find you rigg'd with? Hey! Sirrah, Sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone, Goldsmith, and thou art my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will know whither thou art running. *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Why, Sir, I hope a man may take his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices recreations are feldom with their master's profit; *work upon that now*; and that I may know what your's are likely to be, I will see what you carry under your great coat.—Hey-day! what have we here? tennis pumps and a racket---You'll make a fine racket, indeed!

Quick. *Work upon that now.*

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou make a jest of thy lawful master?

Quick. S'blood, Sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and quorum; and tho' I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and, Sir, I can prove that it is for your worship, and for your advantage that I keep good company: I am familiar with men of fashion, of spirit, true; they call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them money, good; they spend it, well: But when it is spent must they not try to get more? must not their land fly, and to whom? Shall not your worship have the refusal of it? Sir, if I was well understood, I should be call'd a laudable member of the city. How would traders thrive, if gentlemen were not unthrifty; and how wou'd gentlemen be unthrifty, if their humours were not fed? this I do, and—

Touch. Well, Sir, two hundred pounds art thou out in the cash, but look to it, I will not be talk'd out of my money, nor do I wish to rise by other men's

men's fall. Did I gain my wealth by haunting taverns? by keeping men of spirit company? No. I hired a little shop, took small gains; kept no debt book; garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome, thrifty sentences; as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee—light gains make heavy purses—'tis good to be merry and wise.* Thus grew I up, and went on thriving: I married, and now, I praise heaven, I bear my brow as high as the best of my neighbours—but thou—look to the accounts—your father's bond lies for you—two hundred pounds are in arrears.

Quick. Why, 'sld, Sir, I have sufficient security for it, I have trusted men of fashion, men of courtly phrase, who bid me be sure to put them in mind, and promise upon their honour; and call me honest Frank Quicksilver, and bow to me from their chariots—and shall not I trust such as these?

Enter a Footman, enquiring for TOUCHSTONE'S Shop.

Gold. What do you please to want, Sir? What shall I shew you?

Touch. Aye, marry, Sir, there is a youth of another stamp; there is thy fellow 'prentice as good a gentleman born as thou art, and a better fortune to begin with.

Gold. (to the Footman.) There is my master.

Foot. Sir Petronel Flash, my master, presents his compliments, and will wait on you immediately, Sir.

Touch. To conclude the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's favourite, whom she longs to call Lady.—Well, young man, since it must be so, tell your master I am ready to receive him. (*Exit*

Footman.) There's another affliction, too; as I have two 'prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality,
the

the other, of a most hopeful industry: So have I only two daughters; one saucy, proud, and ambitious; the other, wise, gentle, humble: The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd in the court fashion—all this is against my judgment, but my wife will have it so; my wife is given to be a little peremptory sometimes, and I have the reputation of being a wise man; now a wise man shou'd never be in a passion; therefore, when my wife is obstinate, I am passive, as it becomes a wise man to be.

Quick. Egad, Sir, you are not the only wise man in the city, then; I cou'd name you a hundred practical philosophers more between this and Temple-bar.

Touch. Coxcomb! Well, some lands she has, her grandmother's gift, these and herself she may bestow upon her Knight, but not a penny of my getting—she that scorns me as a citizen and a tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry. I must go receive this Sir Petronel, however—Golding I rely solely on thy care; look to the shop—As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks, for thy course is running directly to the prodgals hog-trough—husks, I say, Sirrah, husks—*Work upon that now.*

[Exit Touch.

Quick. Marry, pho, goodman Careful; 'sfoot, tho' I am a 'prentice, I can give arms, my father's a justice of peace by descent, and 'sbud—

Gold. Fie, how you swear!

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. Gad's my life, Golding, wilt be rul'd by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant, and, *let the Welkin roar and Erebus also.* We are both gentlemen, let us no longer be fools to this musty cit, Touchstone; 'sife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother sold gingerbread.

Gold. What wou'd you have me do, pray?

SCENE

Quick.

Quick. Do? why do nothing as I do: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. Make ducks and drakes of thy shillings---thou a gentleman born, and be content to cry, what do you lack? what do you buy? to stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose, under a penthouse; od'so, how like a sheep thou look'st now! on my conscience some bumpkin begat thee---thou Golding of Golding-Hall---away---

Gold. Go, thou art a prodigal coxcomb. I a bumpkin's son, because I am not a drunken rakehell like thyself---

Quick. Rakehell, rakehell! draw, Sir.

(He offers to draw.)

Gold. Draw, what shall I draw? thou art a cowardly, bragging boy; thou see'st I have no sword, or thou wouldst not dare to draw. I'll have thee whip'd.

Quick. Whip'd? that's good i'faith! whip'd!

Gold. Alas, I behold thee with pity, not with anger: Thou tool of every knave, thou standing jest of every company! methinks I see thee already in Moorfields---without a coat, with half a hat, a cudgel under thy arm, borrowing and begging three-pence.

Quick. Nay, s'life! take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll not do any thing now, but get drunk, grow valliant, and beat thee. *(Exit.)*

Gold. Go thou most madly vain, whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes the great sometimes religious, calamity: as for my place and life, thus have I read,

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,

The gains of honest pains is never base:

From trade, from arts, from valour honour springs,

These three are founts of gentry, nobles, kings.

(Exit Golding.)

SCENE

6 OLD CITY MANNERS.

SCENE II. A Dressing Room.

GERTRUDE at her toilet, her head dressed in the extremity of the Fashion; MILDRED working; a screen; BETTY waiting.

Ger. Now, in the name of love and grandeur, look if Sir Petronel approach!—is the dear man coming? Oh! sister Mil. tho' my father is a tradesman, yet I am to be a lady; and those who have turned their noses up at me, thank heaven, must say, Madam, and your Ladyship to me at every word— is he come? that sweet, that fine, that—am I dress'd, quite dress'd, Betty? is there not a bit of city formality left about me?

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatience have you thrown off the dress suitable to your birth and condition— I am sorry to see you dispise that which has made both you and us.

Ger. I tell you I hate, I abhor the city— I am to be a lady— I will be a lady.

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Ger. Bow-bell!

Mil. Sure it is a strange madness to yolk together courtiers and citizens, soldiers and tradesmen, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight.

Ger. Alas, poor Mil! thou art e'en sick with envy; but I will pray for thee when I am a lady, nay, and vouchsafe to call thee sister Mil. still; for altho' thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of heaven's making. and may'st, peradventure

venture be sav'd as soon as I---why does not the knight come? I must absolutely learn to tread light---light---and have a scornful toss of the head---aye, just so---this is the right court toss amble and---

(mimicking.)

Mil. Take care you do not make a false step, sister.

Betty. I am thinking, Madam, how poor young Mr. Fig, the grocer, will grieve when you are married to the knight.

Ger. Ah! let him drown himself in a butt of his own molassas, and die in his proper calling--wou'd he were here, though, that I might insult him a little with my pity--They say fine ladies always laugh at the men that love them.

Betty. You have your wish, Madam, here he comes, I vow.

Enter FIG.

Ger. This is your doing, minx! Pray, Sir, with how many pounds of almonds--and raisins did you bribe her to do you this good office?

Fig. No, Madam, it is you that are bribed by an empty title to do yourself a bad office, as I take it--but, dear Gertrude, it is not yet too late to escape this ruin.

Ger. Dear Gertrude! marry come up, sure you forget that I am within a few hours of being a lady---keep your distance, citizen.

Fig. Had you forsaken me for a man of birth and education, I could have bor'n your falshood patiently, but to prefer that ape of gentility, that second-hand coxcomb, that retailer of cast phrases, which become him as ill as the cast coat, on the credit of which he lets up for a gentleman.

Ger.

Ger. He may chance to break your head with one of your own sugar loaves for this insolence.

Fig. With all his boasting, Lady, he won't attempt that: but, dear Gertrude, I came not to offend, I love you still, and wou'd preserve you for your own sake.

Ger. Oh! he is beginning to whine now.---Betty, here is a pin falling out---What were you saying, Mr. Fig?

Fig. Ungrateful! fickle girl!

Ger. Girl! who do you speak to, Mr. Fig? Can you not speak me some fine verses, now, like our Frank Quicksilver, and I will answer you thus:

(*sings affectedly.*)

S O N G.

*While you, in most pathetic strain,
Of ill-requited love complain,
Your fate I thus deplore;
If lovers could on pity live,
That alms with liberal hand I'd give,
But Damon ask no more!*

Fig. To add insult to falshood!--methinks you are quite ugly now, and I cou'd hate you.

Ger. Ha! ha! ha!--Well, Mr. Fig, to shew you that I can be humble, and remember my old acquaintance, I promise you when I am a Lady, as shortly I shall be, you shall serve my house with grocery-ware---my butler shall treat you with a glass of wine in his pantry, and my steward shall pay your bills without poundage.

Fig. Farewel, vanity---when next we meet, it will be my turn to laugh, perhaps.

Ger. But now is my time, so farewel, sugar-plumb, Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit Fig.*

Mil.

Mil. How could you treat with so much scorn a hopeful young man who loves you, who was our father's choice, and is greatly your superior in fortune? I protest I am quite ashamed of you.

Ger. Aye that shews your breeding; I tell you a fine lady shou'd never be asham'd; shame is a very vulgar companion, and should never be seen but in the city.

Mil. Fye, Gertrude, fye——

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, running, Mr. TOUCHSTONE, and GOLDING.

Mrs. Touch. Oh! daughter, the Knight, the Knight is come!

Ger. Is my Knight come? my husband that is to be—Now I believe I ought to blush; Oh! that I could but blush a little!

Enter Sir PETRONEL.

Pet. My charming bride, may I presume to taste the hanging cherry of your lip? — Nectar! ambrosia! orgeat and capilaire! My honour'd father-in-law, let me embrace you—Madam, (*To Mrs. Touchstone.*) permit me to pay my duty on your hand. Mademoiselle, (*To Mildred.*) I am your most devoted slave. Thou fair handmaid to the Graces, (*To Betty.*) I must salute thee. But here, (*Turning to Gertrude.*) here is my load-star.

Ger. My dear Sir Petronel, welcome, welcome!

Touch. Fye! with more modesty.

Ger. Modesty! awkward! why I am no cit now: what would you have me be bashful now that I am a Lady?

Pet. Boldness is a becoming fashion and court like, my charmer! (*surveying her*) you are ravishingly dressed.

dressed. That sweeping train with all its variegated colours, looks like Juno's mantle, stuck full of peacock's eyes.

Mrs. Touch. How fine he talks!

Touch. Nonsense, nonsense.

Pet. Sure you have robb'd Cupid of one of his wings for that graceful feather in your head: those ponderous and majestic curls, too! you look like Cybele among the Goddesses, crowned with turrets.

Mil. That is a lofty compliment, indeed, Sir Petronel.

Mrs. Touch. Oh! he is highly bred!

Pet. Let me die, Signora, but I am the most in love of any man in the world: I see nothing--I hear nothing--I think of nothing but this bright luminary of Cheapside: when I am spoke to, I answer so wild and so little to the purpose, that all my friends at the court-end of the town begin to think me really a blockhead.

Touch. In my mind they are not mistaken.

Pet. The other day my Lord Duke Acreless shewed me a fine Flander's mare he had bought to make up his set.--What d'ye think of her Pet? says he, O! says I, thinking all the while of that treasure of charms, and quite forgetting the Flander's mare--My Lord Duke, says I, when she is presented at Court she will be the finest figure in the circle.

Touch. Coxcomb, Coxcomb!

Gold. and Mild. Hah! hah! hah!

Pet. At the Levee yesterday, my head running upon my wedding day, his Majesty the king (who is fond of speaking to me) observ'd that it was a very fine day. Please your Majesty, Sir, said I, Wednesday is to be the happy day. Wednesday, Pet, says the king--I look'd confounded, and all the ministers laugh'd at me.

me. 'Egad if I go on at this rate, I shall be the jest of the whole court.

Touch. Most certainly.

Mrs. Touch. But, sweet Knight, is not this to be your wedding day?

Pet. It is, good mother; and Mr. Touchstone, as soon as he pleases, if he is not ashamed of the connection, may call a poor Knight son-in-law.

(bowing affectedly.)

Touch. Sir, you are come:—what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. This girl has two hundred pounds a year, in lands, her grandmother's gift, 'tis your's: But if you expect aught from me, know my hand and my eyes open together; I do not give blindly—*work upon that now.*

Pet. Sir, have you any doubts as to my family, fortune, or my title?

Touch. Sir, Sir, what I do not know, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touch. Yes, yes, he is a Knight, sure enough; and so might you have been too, had you been ought else but a fool, as well as some of your neighbours: as I am an honest woman, an I thought you wou'd not have been knighted, I wou'd have taken care to have had you dub'd myself. But as for your daughter—

Pet. Paragon of excellence and extatic virtues!

Ger. No flattery, my dear Knight. I shall be a Lady presently, and by your leave, mother, I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband, I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touch. That you shall, Lady daughter, and proud I shall be to give it you.

Ger. Yes, mother; but, by your leave, mother, I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's

band's right, my coach horses must take the wall of your's.

Pet. My beasts are so well acquainted with their duty, that they would tear their harness to pieces, rather than give place to their inferiors.

Touch. Come, come, have done with your vanity; 'tis almost noon—use my house—the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost—thank me for nothing but my willing blessing, for I cannot feign, my hopes are faint---and, Sir, respect my daughter: she has refus'd for you wealthy and honest matches.

Ger. Citizens! Citizens!--Sweet Knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me, in mercy, take me out of this odious city, carry me instantly out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bowbell, I beseech thee; away with me, for heaven's sake, away with me into the country.

Pet. *Clasping my treasure, hence, sweet maid, we'll fly,
While vulgar beauties shall with envy die.*

[*Exeunt all but Touch. Mil. and Gold.*

Touch. Farewel, folly! Farewel, vanity! But yonder stand my hopes---Mildred, come hither, child. What think you of your sister's choice?

Mil. I hope as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and manners? Speak freely.

Mil. I am unwilling to speak ill, and yet I am sorry that of this I cannot speak well.

Touch. Very good; a modest answer. Golding, come hither---how dost thou like the Knight, Sir Flash? He looks as big as an elephant—he says he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch.

Touch. That's well said, faith---But seriously what is thy opinion of him?

Gold. The best I can say of him, and of myself, is, I know him not.

Touch. Very well, Golding, I love thee; I think highly of thy virtues---I will give thee a proof that I do. My wife has her humour, and I will have mine. Dost thou see my daughter here, she is tolerable, heh---well, thou art sensible; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful; she is now mine---give me thy hand, she is now thine---*work upon that now.*

Gold. This blessing is beyond my hopes, tho' not my wishes, for I long have lov'd your daughter, and both as your son and servant I will honour and obey you.

Touch. Say'st thou so; come hither, Mildred; do you see yon fellow? he is a gentleman, tho' my 'prentice; a youth of good hope and sufficient fortune. Are you mine? You are his---*work upon that now.*

Mil. I am indeed your's, Sir; you gave me life; your love and care have made that life happy; to your wisdom I wholly submit myself.

Touch. That's well, be you two better acquainted: kiss her, kiss her, Knave. So---shut up the shop---we must make holiday.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Parlour.**Enter TOUCHSTONE.**Touchstone.*

QUICKSILVER! Quicksilver! Francis Quicksilver! Why don't the fellow come? Mr. Quicksilver!

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Here, Sir—umph.

Touch. So, Sir, nothing but Mr. Quicksilver will fetch you.

Quick. Ay, forsooth—umph.

Touch. Umph! How now, Sir, the drunken hiccup so soon after dinner?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touch. What: have you the cause natural for it? ---you are a very learned sot, it seems.

Quick. The knight's servants, forsooth, are still on their knees at it, and because it is for your credit, Sir, I would be loath to flinch.

Touch. Pray, Sir, e'en to them again then: you are one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction and my young lady's, with whom, and their great match I will have nothing to do.

Quick.

Quick. Well, Sir, then I will go and keep my credit with them, and please you, Sir.

Touch. And by all means, Sir, lay one cup of sack more on your cold stomach, Sir.

Quick. Yes, forsooth, two to oblige you.

(Exit Quicksilver.)

Touch. This is for my credit! if servants get drunk in their master's house, it is always for his credit—I thank time the day wears low, I ne'er waked to such cost.—I think we have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our stomachs than ever Noah's ark received: and for wine—why my house turns giddy with it! this gluttony is the sin of us citizens, which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully.—But here come all the sober parcels my house can shew---I will listen and hear what thoughts they utter.

Enter GOLDING and MILDRED.

Gold. But is it possible that without aspiring, like your sister, to the rank of a lady, you can confine your hopes and wishes to the arms of a 'prentice?

Mil. Such hasty advancements as my sister's are not natural--you are my father's choice, therefore I need not blush to own you are mine also.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express---might I but hope that your father and you, would vouchsafe to bless me immediately with your hand---I cannot make you great, but I will make you happy---your contentment shall ever be the end of all my endeavours: I will love you above all, and only your grief shall be my misery, your joy my felicity.

Touch. On my conscience he woos honestly---he shall be the anchor of my hope---ha! see the ill-yoak'd monster his fellow 'prentice.

Enter

Enter QUICKSILVER, quite drunk.

Drunk now, downright.

Gold. Fie, Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

Quick. Pickle! pickle in thy throat---zounds, pickle!--good morrow, Knight Petronel, morrow, Lady Flash--all hail thou mirror of Knighthood.

Gold. Why, how now, Sir, do you know where you are?

Quick. Where I am! why s'blood, you jolt-head, where am I?

Gold. Away for shame, go to bed and sleep out this intemperance, you scandalize both my Master, and his house.

Quick. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st show thy bringing up--if thou wert a gentleman, as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk--come, lend me some money. I am to sup with two or three gallants and their wives, Sirrah.

Gold. I care not---I will not lend thee a farthing.

Quick. S'foot, lend me some money, I say.

Touch. Why, how now, Sirrah? what yein's this?

Quick. "Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!

What would your gracious figure?"

How does our Master, eh, old Touch?

Touch. Sirrah, Sirrah, you are past your hiccup now, I see you are drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, Master.

Touch. And I am informed you keep a mistress.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, Master.

Touch. I know, too, what fums you are out in cash---

Quick. So do I: my father's a gentleman. *Work upon that now.* Come, 'tis holiday time, prithee cry Eastward hoe.

Touch,

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoh, will make you go Westward hoh—my house shall be no longer scandalised, nor my stock endangered by your licentiousness—there, Sir, there are your indentures—--from me be free, but for other freedom, and the money you have wasted—--Eastward hoh, shall not serve your turn.

Quick. Am I freed from my fetters—rent—fly with a duck in thy mouth—--and now I tell thee, Touchstone—

Touch. Good Sir.

Quick. When this eternal substance of my soul—

Touch. Well said, change your gold ends, for your play ends,

Quick. Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh—

Touch. What then, Sir?

Quick. I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name.

Touch. Good Master Don Andrea, will you be gone?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. I have friends that will—Farewel—I will throw dirt at thy shop posts, and rotten eggs at thy sign: *work upon that now.* (Exit Quick.)

Touch. Now, Sirrah, Golding, do you hear me? you shall serve me no longer neither.

Gold. What mean you, Sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love; and with all these, such a portion as shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee. You are both agreed, are ye not?

Gold. With all submission, both of thanks, and duty.

Don

Touch.

Touch. Aye, aye, I know you were agreed long ago. Well heaven bless you! Come, let us in, and finish this humble, but I hope, happy match. I have the licence in my pocket, and my Lord Mayor's chaplain shall tack you together instantly? *(Exeunt omnes.)*

SCENE changes to a Room in **SECURITY'S** House.

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. My private guest, young Quicksilver, has tasted too freely of the bride-bowl. My house is the cave where the young out-law hoards the stolen vails of his occupation, and here, when he will revel it like a man of spirit, he retires to his treasure, and I may say, softly, to his wench. He confides both to my keeping, for I am Security itself, both by name and nature.

Enter QUICKSILVER, in his 'prentice's coat and hat, silk stockings, and laced waistcoat, gartering his stockings.

Quick. Well, old Security, thou father of destruction; the indented sheepskin is burnt, wherein I was wrapt, and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feedest my licentiousness, and I, thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy extortion.

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver!
Quick. Why man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used it is but a scape to the net of villany:

villany: they that use it simply, thrive simply
 The warrant-weight and fashion make goldsmiths
 cuckolds—

Enter SYNDEFY, *with* QUICKSILVER'S *fine coat,*
bat, and sword.

Syn. There, Sir, put off the other half of your
 'prenticeship—

Quick. Well said, my charmer, bring forth all my
 finery—

*There lie thou husk of my envassal'd days,
 I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines' bands;
 And in thy lap, my lovely Delilah,
 I'll lie, and snore out my enfranchis'd state.*

S O N G.

*I was a 'prentice yesterday,
 But now I've quitted sorrow,
 I'll never work, but will ever play.
 Make every hour a holiday,
 And never think of to-morrow.*

*But, Dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dres'd
 to-day?*

Sec. That I have, Frank, the hostler at the cock
 dres'd him for a breakfast.

Quick What, did he eat him!—hiccup!

Sec. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him,
 and so dres'd him for a breakfast.

Quick. What, old Security, have you wit and
 money too? You always was an unconscionable
 scoundrel.

Sec. Call me what you please, Frank! But, alas,
 how will all this be maintain'd now? thy place main-
 tain'd it before.

Quick.

Quick. Why, and I maintain'd my place—but now I'll to the court, I have some thriving qualities, that will take root in that soil. As for thee, old Dad, thou art moderate in thy desires of wealth, and art contented with the decent profits of thy occupation, *cent. per cent.* or so; provided the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days and years, thou art well satisfied.

Sec. Well, Mr. Francis, do but bring Sir Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall not need to toil in any trade. You know his wife's lands?

Quick. The devil a foot I know (*aside*). Every track of them, old Boy, I have been often there—a fine feat, good land, all entire within itself.

Sec. Well wooded?

Quick. A thousand pounds worth ready to cut, old boy; would I were your farmer for two hundred a year.

Sec. Excellent Mr. Francis; how I do long to do thee good! how I do hunger and thirst to have the honour of enriching thee! for on my conscience, Mr. Francis, and so tell the knight, I engage in this business purely to do him a pleasure.

Quick. I'll try you a little, old blood-sucker (*aside*). Marry, Dad, his horses are now coming up to carry down his lady: wilt thou lend him thy stables to fet them in?

Sec. Faith, Mr. Francis, I am not willing to do that, in a greater matter I wou'd serve him, but not in this.

Quick. There I caught your nose in a trap, old fox; you hunger and thirst to do him good, and won't give him half an hour's stabling—Well, well, let him have money on your own terms, he is going to the East Indies in search of wealth; all the money he cou'd raise has been expended on this scheme; he must

must make bold with his wife's fortune; for which purpose, indeed, he married; his ship now lies at Blackwall, ready to sail with the first fair wind; but this hopeful project will be spoil'd without your assistance, Old Generosity.

Sec. Let his wife seal to-day, and he shall have money instantly.

Quick. She shall, Dad, before she goes into the country—To work her to which action, I shall presently prefer my sweet Syndefy here to the place of her woman.

Sec. I protest a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the Lady, as the Lady spoil her; for it is three to one on one side.

Syn. But, dear Frank, when shall our father Security present me?

Quick. With all festination, I have broke the ice to it already, and am now going to visit the Knight, at his father-in-law's—no more my master, but honest old Touchstone—Thither, I beseech thee, bring Syndefy.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis—I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. (*Exit Quicksilver.*)

Come, sweet Mrs. Syndefy, take leave of my wife, and we will instantly meet Mr. Francis at your Lady's, (*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to TOUCHSTONE'S House.

Enter Sir PETRONEL, and QUICKSILVER.

Sir Pet. Thanks to my fortunate stars, my scheme has succeeded, and I shall soon be at liberty to leave this odious town, where there is no amusement left to kill that enemy Time with: Taverns are dead, gaming houses blown up, plays are at a stand, and houses of hospitality no where: 'tis time for honest folks to

be.

be going. What, my subtle Quicksilver, all alive still, and the fumes of the bride-bowl still operating in thy pericranium.

Quick. (*sings.*) *I was a 'prentice, &c.* But let us be merry and wise, and think of business. You had better take some dash in your purse, Knight, otherwise your eastward rattle will smoak but miserably.

Sir Pet. Oh! Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have, thou knowest, are built of air!

Quick. I know it, Knight, and therefore wonder where your Lady is going.

Sir Pet. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think; I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will go without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt, which will overturn them both, set fire to this part of the world, and we will make our escapes by the light of it.

Quick. A good rodomontade, i'faith. I fear when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her Ladyship will return and be very near invisible too. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Pet. Oh! that she would have the grace to do it—But, Frank, there is no jesting with my present necessity; my creditors have found me out; I am beset on every side; if I do not make present money to prosecute my intended voyage, and contrive to escape this night to my ship, to-morrow will see me in a jail, and I am ruin'd for ever.

Quick. Why then, Sir, in earnest, if you can prevail upon your Lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound, Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Sir Pet. There spoke my better angel; I have already tamper'd with her upon this subject—she is in such a hurry to be gone that she will not lose time in examining what we offer her.—She has settled the order of our cavalcade herself, and nothing can be

better

better contriv'd for my purpose. She is to set out in the new coach, with her mother, and her woman, and I am to follow with thee a horseback, and a crowd of divery servants; her fancy is so fill'd with this magnificence, that she has not a corner left for reflection—but in the mean time I must fain myself very fond—Plague of my fortune! what am I bound to?—But the best of it is, a large time-suited conscience is bound to nothing—Old Security's young wife, Winifred, who was forc'd from my wishes by her sordid parents, will still be mine.

Quick. Ay, Sir, I have good news from that quarter too, the old usurer will be here instantly with my wench Syndesy—whom you know your Lady has promis'd to entettain for her woman; and he, with a purpose to feed on you, invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Sir Pet. It falls out excellently for my scheme, which his wife is as yet but half instructed in—I see desire of gain makes jealousy venturous—But here comes my Lady.

Enter GERTRUDE.

How she gazes on thee, Frank?—I protest she does not know thee in this dress.

Ger. How now, who are you, I pray?

Quick. My name is Quicksilver, please your Ladyship.

Ger. By my dignity, and as I am a Lady—he is very handsome, now he is no longer a 'prentice; he's in liquor too!

Quick. For your service, Lady—Your happiness has intoxicated me.

Ger. How his raking becomes him!--but where is my woman, pray?

Enter

Enter SECURITY and SYNDEFY.

Quick. See, Madam, she is come to attend you---
A cousin of mine.

Sec. Save my honourable Knight, and his worship's Lady.

Ger. You are very welcome---you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, Madam, 'till I know your Ladyship's pleasure, I will not presume.

Ger. And is this a gentleman's daughter lately come out of the country.

Sec. She is, Madam.

Quick. And my cousin, as I told you.

Ger. And can you do any work belonging to a Lady's chamber?

Syn. What I cannot do, Madam, I will be glad to learn.

Ger. Well said, hold up your head, I say---she is very bashful---come hither.

Syn. I thank your Ladyship.

Ger. And, do you hear, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look upon you---I must have you, young woman, of my tutoring, not of my Knight's.

Syn. No, forsooth, Madam, of your's.

Ger. And be a spy upon my servants, and keep my secrets, and read a novel to me when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command any thing in the house for my dependants, and care not what you spend, for it is all mine.

Syn. I shall be sure to obey you, Madam.

Ger. Very well, you shall ride with me in my coach into the country---Come, sweet Knight, are our equipages ready?

Sir

Sir Pet. You are in such a hurry, my dear, to go out of town, that I cannot be presented to-morrow, as I intended, it being a court-day; if it should be taken ill now, that I do not kiss hands on account of my marriage, before I set out for my castle.

Ger. Well thought on, my dear Knight: No, no, we will not set out for our castle before we have kiss'd hands, as you call it—I would not for the world but go to court first.

Pet. (*aside.*) Here's a fine turn now!

Quick. Zooks, Knight, we are ruin'd if she holds in this mind! Have you never a fetch now?

Pet. Well, my charmer, it shall be as you please.

Ger. Very good—he will be an obedient husband, I see that.

Pet. Who's there?—tell my servants we do not go out of town to-night.

Quick. What does he mean?

Pet. Faith it will be a pity too to balk my tenants, I know they expect me to bring my new Lady to the castle to-night; they will be all drest in their holiday cloaths to meet us; the bonfires will blaze, and the bells will ring.

Ger. What for me? Shall I be received with all this grandeur?—O, Syn, I am so divided, I know not what to do. Do thou advise me.

Quick. With your Ladyship's leave I will advise you. Do not disappoint the good people, who have made great preparations to receive you; you may be presented any other court-day. Oh! I'll present you,

Ger. Say't thou so—Well then, dear Knight, let us be gone; nay, positively I will go to-night; is my coach ready? (*Security whispers Petronel.*)

Pet. That's true—Sweet Lady wife, let me in-treat you to stop a few moments: I order'd a jewel-

ter to attend me at Security's house, with an intention to purchase a few ornaments for you, mere trifles; I will not exceed two or three hundred pounds.

Ger. O, fortune!--What a husband have I got! Go, sweet Knight, and return presently; mean time I will take leave of my father. [Exit.

Quick. Faith, Knight, you overshot yourself there; that kissing of hands had like to have spoil'd all.

Pet. Well, well, we are safe however; and now, Mr. Security, if your lawyer has prepared the writings for my wife to sign—

Sec. He waits you, with them, at my house, Sir.

Pet. Away, then—one bold push more, and the day is our own.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in SECURITY'S House.

Enter Sir PETRONEL, SECURITY, WINIFRED, and BRAMBLE, with writings.

Sir Petronel.

THIS readiness to assist my necessities, good Mr. Security, shall always be gratefully remembered by me.

Sec. Worthy Knight, let this be a token of our inviolable friendship—you see my new married-wife, here—I hope, tho' I be something in years, to have a numerous family—and I vow faithfully to make you godfather, tho' in your absence, to the first child I am blest withal.

Sir Pet. Sir, I accept your offer, and in confirmation of this friendly title, I must intreat your fair wife to accept of this diamond, and keep it as a gift to her first child.

Win. Oh! by no means—what I have no right to, it is not modesty to accept.

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock! do you refuse so noble a favour? take it, I charge you, with all affection—and since the Knight is going, present boldly your lips to his honour, and wish him a happy voyage.

Win. Since I am commanded, you have my best wishes for your attendants.

(Petronel and Winifred talk apart while Security examines the writings, then exit Winifred.)

Sir Pet. Well now, my good friend, if the writings be ready, to which my wife must seal, let them be brought immediately before she sets out for the country, and I will prevail upon her to dispatch them.

Sec. The writings are ready, Sir; my learned council here, Mr. Bramble, hath perused them, and I will follow you with them to present to your Lady.

Sir Pet. Good Mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you, then—Heaven send you fortunate pleas, Sir, and contentious client!

Bram. And you foreright winds. Sir, and a fortunate voyage. [Exit.

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. All's right, my fortunate Flash! my Knight! Sir Petronel, your Lady's upon the wing to your castle in the air; she will be choak'd, she says, if she breathes the thick atmosphere of Cheapside a moment longer, though the cockatrice was bred and born here.

Sir Pet. She longs for an airy jaunt, and she shall have it. Ha! ha! ha!

Quick. Yes, yes, her fine airy schemes will soon have an end—So a woman marries to ride in her coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin.

Sir Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, as thou say'st—I care little what they think—he that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing.

Sec. Which is the worst thing in the world.

Sir Pet. A man, in the course of this world, shou'd be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself.

Quick.

Quick. As we have manag'd our affairs now, Knight, you need not devise excuses, or endure her outcries, when she returns; we shall be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Sir Pet. Well, my good friend, you have now the best security we both can make you—I beg, therefore, that the money we agreed on may be brought to the tavern I mention'd, by six o'clock, where I, and my chief friends bound for this voyage, will attend you with a parting glafs.

Sec. The money shall, without fail, observe the appointed hour.

Sir Pet. But there is one thing more which thou, and only thou canst serve me in.

Sec. Name it, dear Knight, thou knowest I hunger and thirst to do thee good.

Sir Pet. I know it—when I was in want thou did'st help me to money most disinterestedly—I am in love, and thou, most conscientiously, must help me to my mistress.

Sec. Aye, conscientiously, Knight; bate me but a hundred pieces of the money thou art to receive for the sale, and the business is done---if, indeed, it is in my power.

Sir Pet. A bargain! here is my hand upon it.

Sec. But who is the fair one? methinks it is necessary to know that.

Sir Pet. Your learned council's wife, Bramble, with whom I have long been acquainted---weary of his avarice and tyranny, she has consented to go off with me. Now as no man, like yourself, hath credit with him to entice his jealousy for so long a stay abroad, as may give her an opportunity to escape---you must engage him to sup with us this evening at the tavern---when he is come, my friend, here, will

go to his house and bring his wife masked, and in disguise, into our company.

Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project! who wou'd not strain a point of neighbourhood to carry it on?--the gains so great too--remember our agreement--I will go to him instantly. [*Exit.*]

Sir Pet. Now, Frank, do thou stay behind; and when Security is out of sight, convey his wife to our place of meeting; I have prepar'd her for this stragem, and she expects thee—

Re-enter SECURITY.

How! return'd?

Sec. You talk'd of disguising the Lady---Come here, Sir Petronel, I have a rare device for that; for, indeed, I wou'd not have the plot miscarry for a hundred pounds.

Quick. True; thou gain'st just so much by it.

Sec. Aye, and somewhat besides almost as desirable as money, revenge--I was engag'd in a suit the other day which he manag'd for me---the rogue took fees on both sides, I believe; I owe him a good turn for that you will allow.

Sir Pet. Oh! by all means get out of his debt, honest Security---Well, what is your device?

Sec. Marry, Sir. this it is; Mrs. Bramble shall have the cloaths my wife wore this morning; she and my Winny are much alike in size and shape: Bramble seeing her thus attir'd, her mask being on, will fall into some suspicion that it is my wife, and never dream of his own. Is not this rare? is it not fine? am I not born to furnish gentlemen?

Quick. Aye, and thyself--with horns.

Sec. Send one of thy servants, Knight, to my house for the cloaths, which I will desire my Winny to give him, and when I have enticed Bramble abroad, they

they may be conveyed to his wife. Adieu. Follow me, Frank. *(Exit.)*

Quick. With all my heart, Sir. Was ever rascal so honied over with poison! as he has contriv'd it, you will carry off his wife in her own proper likeness before his face. Go to the tavern, Knight, thither I will bring your mistress; your followers dare not be drunk I think, before their captain.

Sir Pet. Wou'd I might lead them to no hotter service. ! Farewel, Frank, success attend thee. *(Exit. Quick.)*

Sir Pet. (alone) Now for the tavern, and my fellow voyagers. Captain Seagull, and his associates, they are impatient to be gone, for their stay is dangerous; mine begins to be somewhat nice, and requires good speed—I shall be upon the sea with Mrs. Security, before my dainty lady returns from her castle in the air, and finds herself without husband, fortune, or followers; I could feel now for this foolish wife, or rather no wife of mine, had not I had so many of these cross accidents, that my feeling is quite worn out; her pride being now penniless, will have no comforters.

(Exit.)

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to Mr. TOUCH-*

STONE's House.

Enter a Coachman in his frock, eating.

Coach. Here's a clutter, when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house was on fire.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Why, Coachman, my Lady's coach—she is ready to come down.

Coach. Well, well, I am ready to receive her—what a fufs is here! *(Exit.)*

Enter GERTRUDE, Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, and SYNDEFFY.

Ger. My coach, for heaven's sake, my coach—

Foot. Your coach will be ready presently, Madam.

Ger. That's well, now gracious heaven, methinks I am even up to the knees in preferment.

Mrs. Touch. Methinks, indeed, Lady Daughter, you might have honour'd us with your Company a day or two before you set out for your castle.

Ger. Alas! mother you are quite ignorant of decorum; do not all the great people go to their country seats directly after they are married? nay, and little people too will be in the fashion. Have you not read in the news-papers, such a day, Miss Such-a-one, the daughter of an eminent tallow chandler, in the Borough, was married to Mr. Such-a-one, a great pawnbroker, in the same place; and immediately after the ceremony, the new-married pair set out for their

their apartments, in Camberwell-Green; But I marvel how my modest sister employs herself, that she cannot wait on me to my coach as well as her mother.

Syn. Why, Madam, she is married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, with a special licence in his pocket, stole to church with them in all haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might furnish out their nuptial supper—we have great oeconomy at our house.

Ger. There's a mean fellow my father, now; but he is e'en fit to father such a daughter! but, thank heaven, he must not take the liberty to call me daughter now, but Madam, and your Ladyship—out upon him, marry his daughter to a base 'prentice!

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, and MILDRED.

Ger. Now, shame on thee! no more sister of mine! married to a goldsmith! never expect that I will look on thee more, or do any think for thee—thou ride in my coach, or come down to my castle! Fie upon thee, I charge thee, as I am a lady, call me sister no more.

Touch. An it please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your Ladyship, and please your worship, Madam.

Mrs. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou makest thy 'prentice thy son-in-law. Thou saucy 'prentice, how durst thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleas'd my Master, Madam, to embolden me, while yet a 'prentice, to look up to his daughter: yet since I may say it without boasting, I am a gentle-

F

man,

man, and have a fortune, which with the assistance of my trade, will support my wife in ease and plenty.

Ger. Do you mark him? he is a gentleman!

Gold. Yes, Madam, a gentleman born.

Enter Sir PETRONEL.

Pet. Now, my sweet celestial bride, let me snatch thee from this terrestrial Cheapside, and fly with thee on the wings of love to Paradise, the coach is ready, your equipage in order, and I will follow thee like—like—upon my knighthood, my mind is so full of thee it has no room for a simile—

Ger. How eloquent and refin'd!—I cannot exist if I stay a moment longer in the smoke of this odious city. This is Mr. Golding, Sir Petronel—he—he I assure you he is a gentleman.

Gold. Yes, a gentleman born, and I trust that the character of an honest citizen would not disgrace even your dignity, Sir, or the proudest the land can boast of.

Pet. Never stand upon your gentility, Mr. Bridegroom; if your legs are no better than your arms, you will stand on neither shortly.

Gold. Sir, my arms have supporters, honour and property.

Touch. An it please your good worship, Sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, Sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship.

Pet. Nay, pray forbear, Sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen, one whom birth, means, and merit make so; the other, indeed, made by himself, without any other helps—*work upon that now.*

Pet.

Pet. Well said, old Touch. I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith—forth I beseech thee.

Touch. Why, Sir, my speeches were ever in vain to that lady, therefore you and she shall have no more of them—Come my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our humility, and live safe, ambition consumes itself with the very show—*work upon that now.* (Exit Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred.)

Ger. Let him go, poor man, let him go—let him make his apprentice his son, give away his daughter, and afterwards, come a begging to us—farewel, dear Knight, for a few hours; come, mother.

Mrs. Touch. Sweet Lady Daughter, I will but speak one word to my poor cast away, and wait on thee to thy coach instantly. (Exit.)

Enter SECURITY, with writings.

Sec. My worshipful Lady, will you please to set your Ladyship's hand to this writing, which your Knight order'd me to present to you.

Ger. What writing is it?

Pet. The sale, my charmer, of that poor tenement I told thee of—only to make a little ready money to purchase some fashionable furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Sec. I always carry proper materials about me.

(Pulls out a pen and ink, Petronel signs it.)

Ger. Very well—now give me the pen. (signs.)

Pet. It goes down without chewing i'faith.

Sec. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Pet. and Ger. We do.

Pet. What more's to be done, old Security?

Sec. I will give you the writings in the next room, but you must sign my acquittance, and the whole is settled.

Pet. I'll follow you—let me hand you to the coach.

Ger.

Ger. By no means, Knight—my dear Knight, dispatch your business and follow me, for even grandeur will be insupportable without you.

Pet. Pegasus would be too slow to carry me to you. Exquisite enchanting bride! adieu for a few hours—well off faith. (*aside*) (Exit.)

Ger. There's a man for you, Syndy.—So now run before and see that the footmen stand bare headed and observe whether any of the neighbours are got together to see me set out in my coach, and besure tell the coachman aloud to drive hard that I may get to my castle before evening.

I.

*Now from trade, dust, and smoke,
Which the citizens choak,
To fresh air, and new titles I'll bid,
Tho' blind chance plac'd me here,
To a still higher sphere,
My genius has feathers to fly.*

*Then I indeed shall be bless'd,
Shall be flatter'd, carest'd,
And out of the sound of Bow-bell.
Your servant, my lady!
A chair for my lady!
I hope that your ladyship's well!*

II.

*Then good-bye to papa,
To sister—mama,
And all the good friends of Cheapside;
For the mind truly great,
Will spring up to its state,
Upborne by the spirit of pride!
This, this is indeed to be bless'd,
To be flatter'd, carest'd, &c.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Tavern.*

Enter PETRONEL *and* Drawer.

Pet. Here, Drawer---Where are all my friends?

Draw. In the next room, Sir.

Pet. Very well---Let them know I'll wait upon them presently; and d'ye hear, desire Mr. Security, and Counsellor Bramble, to walk up. (*Exit Drawer.*) Now the sweet hour of freedom is at hand.

Enter SECURITY *and* BRAMBLE.

Sec. Save my brave Colonel, with all his worthy companions---See, see, Sir, my good friend and neighbour, Mr. Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.---All is safe, Knight; Frank will be here instantly with Mrs. Bramble.

Pet. Sweet, Mr. Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet briar of your kindness.

Sec. Aye, here comes one that has reason to thank him.

Enter QUICKSILVER *with* WINIFRED *in a mask.*

Quick. Here is the gentlewoman, your cousin, Sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern---but on account of the company you have with you, you must excuse her keeping on her mask.

Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin, my earnest desire to see you before my departure made me entreat you to favour me with your company here.

Sec. So, Mr. Francis, you have honour'd this company with the presence of a Lady, then.

Quick.

Quick. Pray, Sir, take no notice of her, for she will not be known to you.

Bram. I protest, I think, I have some knowledge of the Lady.

Sec. Mr. Francis, I hope you will introduce my learned council, Mr. Bramble, to the Lady. Ha, ha!

Quick. By no means, Sir; nor you neither, at this time; it will not be proper; consider the place; Mr. Bramble must pardon her.

Sec. Aye, he shall pardon her; and so do I from the bottom of my heart. Ha, ha, ha! and Master Francis and I, when we get home, will drink a health to all that are going Eastward to-night, towards Cuckolds-point, and so to the health of Master Bramble, ha, ha, ha! and you'll pledge it, Master Francis, heh?

Pet. Nay, dear cousin, do not weep—Mr. Security, friend, a word with you—here is our fair friend, Mrs. Bramble, dissolv'd in tears—she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting—prithee take her aside and comfort her.

Sec. Fye, fye, Mrs. Bramble! what do you weep for? what is the cause? Perhaps because your husband is so near, and your heart reproaches you for having a little abus'd him—Alas! alas! the offence is too common to be minded—you may be thankful, I think, for your escape. What woman, Mrs. Bramble, wou'd weep to leave an old jealous dotard for the arms of a young fond lover? Fye, for shame, Mrs. Bramble! fye, for shame!

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, here is one of your watermen desires to speak with you.

Quick. Let him come in.

Enter

Enter Waterman,

Water. Please your honours, I came to tell you as how it will be flood for these three hours; and it will be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porpoise just now seen at London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, and please you.

Quick. A porpoise! what is that to the purpose? Can we not reach Blackwall, where our ship lies, against the tide, and in spite of tempests, and porpoises too? Come, I'll go in to our friends and drink one glass more, and then take boat. [*Exit.*]

Bram. Come, neighbour Security, let us take leave of the Knight, and his Lady, and let us begone.

Sec. With all my heart, my learned council; ha, ha, ha! my mind runs so upon Cuckold's-point to-night, that I can think of nothing else. Ha, ha, ha!

Bram. Cuckold's-point! --- Why surely, neighbour, that is your wife.

Sec. No, by my troth, Master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! Plague of Cuckold's-point, I say.

Bram. Why it is the very dress I saw her in this morning--is the man blind?

Sec. My learned council, all are not cuckolds that seem so. Give me your hand, my learned council; you and I will sup at home with our wives. Adieu, my noble Knight---make haste aboard---do you hear, make haste aboard. (*aside to Petronel.*)

Pet. Friend Security, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven---friend Security.

Sec. I have done, I have done, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Room in the Tavern.*

SEAGULL, SPENDALL, SCAPETHRIFT, QUICKSILVER, and others, discover'd drinking, with the Drawer waiting.

Scap. Come, Drawer, peirce your neatest hogshead, and let us have cheer fit for our noble Colonel---he will be here instantly.

Draw. Please you to have any more wine, Sir?

Spend. More wine, Slave? whether we drink it or not, spill and draw more.

Enter PETRONEL,

Pet. Well met, my noble friends.

Sea. Come, noble Colonel, take your seat.

Pet. Come, let us drink one health; the tide will be ready, and we shall have a pretty wench that will bear us company in our voyage.

Sea. Whoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel.

Pet. Thanks kind Captain Seagull; she is one I love dearly, and must not be known 'till we are free from all that know us, and so gentlemen here is her health.

Quick. One glafs more---a song from Captain Seagull, and then Eastward hoh! my boys!

SEAGULL.

*Push the jovial bowl about,
 E'er we part, we'll see it out,
 And wit and mirth shall reign, boys;
 Many cares, we all may know,
 And many hardships undergo,
 Before we meet again, boys.*

C H O R U S.

*Yet hand in hand,
 By sea or land,
 When met we'll sing and roar,
 And lest our joy,
 Dull thoughts destroy,
 We'll laugh and sing no more.*

*North or South, or East or West,
 We'll have liquor of the best;
 For wheresoe'er we're bound, boys;
 In the bowl our joys shall swim,
 And while we fill it to the brim,
 They ne'er can run a ground, boys.*

CHORUS. Yet hand in hand, &c.

*Life is like the present hour,
 Mark'd with blended, sweet and sour,
 Our time flies swift along, boys;
 Like a bowl of punch is man,
 And now discover, if you can,
 The moral of my song, boys.*

CHORUS. Yet hand in hand, &c.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, WAPPING.

Enter a Waterman.

WHAT an oaf was I, for the lucre of a little gain, to take those madmen into my boat such a tempestuous night. I have rowed in the Thames, man and boy these twenty years, and never encountered such a gale before. Heaven knows if any of them escaped, but the poor young woman whom I took care of, because as why, it grieves me to see any of their helpless kind in trouble—so, here she comes.

Enter WINIFRED.

My Wapping friend has comforted her, and dried her cloaths I see. Well, gentlewoman, I can hear no tidings yet of your companions; but I hope and believe they have escaped as well as we.

Win. Pray heaven they may, to feel, as I do, the wholesome stings of conscience, and repent.

Wat. Shall we go in search of them, madam?

Win. Oh, no. Living or dead, I will never see them more: This storm which has wreck'd their hopes, has preserved me from actual guilt, therefore I am bound to bless it! My kind preserver, you must

must now assist me to get some conveyance to my own house, and till my gratitude can reward thee further, accept this purse.

Wat. Ha, for half this sum I would venture another ducking—come, you are a liberal-minded gentlewoman, and I will see you safe in a coach.

Win. Do so, then leave me to my fortune.

[Exit.]

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Accurs'd that ever I was born! Oh! which way shall I bend my desperate steps, where misery and shame will not attend them? I will walk this bank, and see if I can meet the other relics of our poor shipwreck'd crew. The Knight, alas! was so far gone with wine, as were the other three, that I refus'd their boat, and took the hapless woman in another, who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune hath wrought upon the others desperate lives. *[Exit.]*

Enter PETRONEL and SEAGULL, bare headed.

Pet. Zounds, Captain, I tell thee we are cast upon the coast of France—Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, faith, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while on the water, and in the water.

Pet. Undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny.

Pet. Not a penny between us, and cast ashore on the coast of France.

Sea. The coast of France! it may be so, neither my brains, nor my eyes are my own yet.

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me, I know by the elevation of the pole, and the altitude and latitude of the climate—Who's there? Frank!

Enter

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Knight!

Pet. What my dear Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? but, what, nobody at thy heels, Frank? Alas! what is become of poor Mrs. Security?

Quick. Faith, quite gone from her name, as she was from her fame, I think---I left her to the mercy of the waves.

Sea. Well, well, she is provided for---Come, I perceive where we are now; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. What will become of me? the last money I could make, the greedy waves have devour'd, and if our ship be seiz'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, Knight, what an unknightly faintness possesseth thee! I hope I have some tricks yet in this brain of mine that will not suffer us to perish.

Sea. Well said, my nimble spirit of Quicksilver; I wish thou hadst been our Colonel.

Quick. Come, we have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces, let us back to London; I have a friend there that will shelter us, 'till we see what fortunes the stars will assign us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to TOUCHSTONE'S House.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touch. Ha, ha! does my Knight-adventurer think we ken no point of the compass? Well, my errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, there's that gone before that will spoil your voyage---My daughter, his Lady, was sent Eastward, by land, to a cas-

a castle in the air, in what region I know not, and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach; she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell--since that they have all found their way back again by Weeping-cross--but I'll not see them; and for two of them, Madam and her malkin, they are like to bite the bridle for me--so shou'd my dame Touchstone too, but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. But I wonder I have no news of my son Golding--he was sent for to Guildhall this morning early, and I marvel at the matter--if I had not laid up hope and comfort in him, I shou'd grow desperate of all. Here he comes, how now, Son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter GOLDING.

Gold. An accident, somewhat strange, I think.

Touch. What! it is not borrowing of money, then?

Gold. No, Sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me in one of their number at the presentation of the inquest.

Touch. Hah!

Gold. And the Alderman of the ward in which I dwell, to appoint me his Deputy.

Touch. How!

Gold. In which place I have had an oath administer'd to me since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son, let me embrace thee--go on, go on to thrive and prosper, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that awaits thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I court no higher place--and I hope my conduct in
this,

this, or any other office, will add worth to it, rather than dignity to me.

Touch. Excellently said—this modest answer of thine blushes as if it said I will wear scarlet shortly.

Gold. But I have other news for you, Sir; the Knight, and all his company, putting off drunk from Billingsgate in a boat, late last night, were overset on this side Greenwich, and narrowly escaped drowning, and as I have intelligence by a false brother, are come dripping to town.

Touch. A miracle! the justice of heaven! where are they? let us go presently and lay out for them.

Gold. I have done that already, Sir, both by constables and other officers, who will take them at their old haunts, under colour of a hot press, that is now abroad, and they will be brought here before me.

Touch. Prudent and politick son! do not spare them—How to my wish it falls out that thou hast the office of a justice upon them—be severe in thy place, like a new officer of the first quarter—Have you heard how our new-made Lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle?

Gold. No. Where is she?

Touch. Here, in my house; but I have not seen her yet—nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undub'd, they say, and that she had walk'd a foot pace with her sister. Here they come.

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED,

and SYNDER.

Touch. Heaven save your Ladyship!—Your Ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your fair and wise retinue. I hear your Knight-errant is travelled on strange adventures; surely, in my

my mind, your Ladyship hath fish'd fair and caught a frog, as the saying is.

Mrs. Touch. Speak to your father, Madam, and kneel down.

Ger. Kneel! I am not a baby! and I know better what becomes my dignity. Tho' my Knight is gone off, and has sold my estate, I am a Lady still.

Touch. Your Ladyship is in the right, Madam, and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should bow to you, who are a Knight's wife, and a Lady, than you to bend your knees to me, who am only a tradesman, and your father.

Ger. Very well.

Mrs. Touch. Oh, child!

Touch. And, therefore, I do desire your Ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility to leave my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and your airy castle; and as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take care that she shall no longer be a charge to you.

Ger. Marry, I thought as much! Come away, Syndey, this is all the courtesy we are like to find here.

Mil. Oh, good sister!

Ger. Sister! You are very familiar, methinks; know your distance.

Fig. Shall I not have the honour, Madam, to serve your house with grocery ware, and to drink a glass of wine with your butler, at your castle? Your Ladyship promis'd me your custom, you know.

Ger. Impertinent!

Gold. Oh! Madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Ger. What! you come out with your gold ends, now.

Touch. Aye, good Madam; and here is another for you--you went witless to wedding, and you may go wisely to begging--therefore, Lady Flash, you,
and

and your damsel here, please ye to let us see your strait backs, for truly there is no room for such chickens as you are, or birds of your feather, an it like your Ladyship.

Mrs. Touch. Stay, Lady daughter---good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, tho' they be made of gold; my child wou'd invert the order of nature, and instead of obeying wou'd rule her father, but poverty is a great tamer of pride, she will be the better for it; she has some jewels still, she need not care for her relations; when they are sold, and the money spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Ger. I scorn it---Come, Syn:

[*Exit Gertrude and Syndefy.*

Mrs. Touch. Oh! Madam! why do you provoke your father thus?

Enter Constable, and whispers GOLDING.

Touch. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go before, shame will follow after, I warrant you; come, why dost weep now?

Gold. Sir, the Knight and your 'prentice are without, wou'd you have them brought in?

Touch. Certainly; and here is a chair; appear terrible to them on the first interview; let them behold the melancholy austerity of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office. Women, leave the room. [*Exit women.*

Gold. But, Sir, I can do nothing to them unless you charge them with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge them, and recharge them, and overcharge them, and fire 'em off too, rather than authority shall be foil'd.

Enter

Enter QUICKSILVER, Sir PETRONEL, Constable and other Officers.

Quick. Oh! my shame, would I had been tuck'd up at Wapping.

Pet. Is that fellow Golding to sit upon us?

Con. You might carry a Mr. under your girdle to Mr. Deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, Mr. Constable?

Con. Please your worship a couple of masterless men, whom I have pres'd for failors.

Gold. Why do you not carry them to Bridewell, according to your orders?

Con. Please your worship, one of them says he is a Knight, therefore we thought good to bring him before your worship.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, Sir.

Pet. Yes, Sir; let that knowledge and my appearance give you caution.

Gold. Justice is blind to appearances—and what is the other?

Con. A Knight's companion, Sir, an it please you.

Gold. What are their names, say they.

Con. This calls himself Sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is it possible? I thought your worship had been sail'd to the East Indies, Sir. Your worship has made a quick return it seems, and no doubt a good voyage.

Pet. Go on, Sir—where folly is triumphant, wisdom is silent.

Touch. Methinks I have seen this gentleman before. Good Mr. Quicksilver, how a degree to the South-

H

ward

ward has alter'd you. Mr. Deputy, I charge this gallant, Mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony, and the Knight with being accessory to the receiving my goods.

Quick. Oh! good Sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace—Does not the sight of this man's temper and fortune confound thee? who was the younger 'prentice, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee—doft thou observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and swaggers will come now to moan thy misfortunes or pity thy penury? they will look out of a window as thou ridest in triumph to Tyburn, and cry yonder goes poor Frank Quicksilver, and then take the other glass. Ah, wretch! the clew of thy knavery hath at last brought thee weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Good Master——

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile! I will not hear a word—Mr. Deputy, pray commit them to safe custody.

Quick. What a wretch have I made myself!

Pet. What do you whimper and flinch, coward! I am ashamed of your company.

Quick. And, truly, so am I of yours.

Touch. Mr. Deputy, you will dispose of these; in the mean time I will to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent, Security, into my hands, and seal up both house and goods to the King's use, and my satisfaction; he has been the plotter of all this, he was their chief engine. Now, son, come over him with some fine saying.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, 'tis with sorrow I see thee thus, and 'tis with pain I speak to thee thus, but I must tell thee, Francis, thou hast shewn manifest signs of an ill disposition, and such pride and disobedience

obedience are justly punished with the scorn and infamy, that now await thee.

Quick. What have I lost by not following thy example!

Gold. And what have you to say, Sir Knight?

Pet. This I say—when such as you are to sit in a chair of judgment, and be call'd worshipful, and such as I to stand bare headed before you—I may say with the poet—"Chaos is come again!"

Gold. Poetical fiction, and all other fiction must yield to justice. Where is the jailor, Mr. Wolf, I sent for him.

Con. He is here, Sir.

Enter WOLF.

Gold. Here, Mr. Wolf, take into your custody this Knight, and this young man,

Wolf. The Knight! What my old acquaintance. Knight! aye the Knight of the dismal countenance! When I had the honour to have you for a lodger last, Sir, you wore regimentals, and call'd yourself Captain.

Gold. And do you know him then?

Wolf. Yes, please your worship, I know him for a very clever knave, one who has had the wit to escape the gallows more than once—It is not more than six months since I had him in custody, for robbing his wife's uncle.

Touch. His wife's uncle!

Wolf. Yes, Sir, an honest Inn-keeper, at Mile-End, whose niece fell in love with his red coat, and title of Captain, and married him; the rogue spent her little fortune in a few weeks, and then found means to carry off plate and cash of her uncle's to a considerable amount, for which he was taken up and lodg'd with me. But the kind hearted soul, his

H 2

wife

wife, prevailed upon her uncle to have mercy on him, and so he got off for that time.

Touch. Away with him, Mr. Wolf—my eyes ake at beholding him—Take away your prisoners, I say.

Gold. Officers, take them to prison.

Pet. Then all is over.

Quick. Yet, yet relent, good master.

Touch. Away! now see the progress of your vicious habits. Of sloth cometh riot; of riot comes raking; of raking comes extravagance; of extravagance, want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging—and there is my Quicksilver fixed. [*Exeunt.*

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment meanly furnish'd.

Enter GERTRUDE and SYNDEFY.

Gertrude.

NO news yet of my jewels?

Syn. Alas! no, Madam!—The rogue of a jew whom you employ'd to sell them for you, is in Holland by this time, no doubt.

Ger. What will become of us? Ah! *Syn.* hast thou ever read in the Chronicle, of any Lady and her waiting woman driven to the extremity we are in?

Syn. Not I, truly, Madam; and if I had, it would be but cold comfort that could come from books now.

Ger. Why truly, *Syn.* I cou'd dine on a lamentable story, now—Can'st thou not tell me one, *Syn?*

Syn. None but mine own, Madam, which is lamentable enough—first to be stolen from my friends, who were of good repute in the country, by a 'prentice, in the disguise of a gentleman, and brought up to London here, and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in a possibility to be hang'd.

Ger. Nay, weep not, *Syn.* my Knight is in as good a possibility as he; but he is well enough serv'd, that as soon as he got my hand to the sale of my inheritance,

ance, could run away and leave me to poverty and disgrace. But have you no message from my mother, nor any of my old acquaintance, whom I sent you to?

Syn. I could not get to the speech of your mother, Madam; as for your old acquaintance, I had a great deal of good counsel from them, and some offers of service.

Ger. Good counsel, and offers of service—well, we must take the one with the other. What were their offers, pray?

Syn. One offer'd to employ you as a mantua-maker, if you wou'd learn the business—another said, you might gain a pretty livelihood by washing point laces, and she wou'd recommend you to customers; and a third—

Ger. Ah! no more of this—I am justly punish'd, I confess—I wou'd be a Lady, but I am not the only tradesman's daughter who is born with that appetite—many in the city have the same longing, I believe—What is now to be done? Shall I sue humbly to my sister Golding for protection, and live a dependant upon her bounty? that sister whose decent manners and modest ambition I despis'd—Ah!
Syn. *Syn.* pride, as I just now read in a book, is ever producing its mortifying contrary.

Syn. (*looking out.*) I protest, Madam, here is your sister come to visit you.

Ger. My sister! what can her visit mean?

Enter MILDRED.

Are you come to insult me too, sister Mil?

Mil. Heaven forbid! If your misfortunes have made you reasonable, I come to comfort you.

Ger. (*sighing.*) And I am sure I am in great need of comfort—Have you then any good news for me, sister?

Mil.

Mil. I have.

Ger. What? Speak quickly!

Mil. First, then, you are no Lady.

Ger. So.

Mil. You do not seem to relish this beginning, sister?

Ger. Why it is a little bitter to the palate, but for all that, it may be very wholesome.

Mil. I am glad to hear you say so.

Ger. But how does this happen? my Knight is no Knight, I suppose.

Mil. Even so—he made bold with his master's title to catch you, sister.

Ger. Oh! my shame! the wife of a vile impostor!

Mil. Not so, neither; for you have no husband.

Ger. How!

Mil. He has another wife who has a better claim to him, which I fancy you are not willing to dispute with her, sister.

Ger. Another wife! then I am free—Oh! sister
Mil. how shall I thank thee for this good news.

Mil. Sister, we women are said to be fond of whatever is dear bought. Cherish your experience then, which you have purchas'd with the loss of your fortune, and thank heaven it is no worse.

Ger. Might I but hope for my father's forgiveness.

Mil. I came to bring you to him.

Ger. Oh! Mildred! how does this goodness reproach me? Let me be but once more shelter'd under my father's hospitable roof, and my future conduct shall convince him, that calamity has not been thrown away upon me.

[Exit Mildred, Gertrude, and Syndefy.]

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room in TOUCHSTONE'S House.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, and WOLF.

Touch. I will receive no letters from your prisoners, Mr. Wolf.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I know my own easy nature, and I know what a well-pen'd subtle letter may work upon it—there may be tricks packing, do you see—return with your packet, Sir.

Wolf. Believe me, Sir, you need fear no packing here—these are submissive letters.

Touch. Sir, I look for no submissions—I will, in this affair, bear myself like blind justice—*work upon that now*—when the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Please you, Sir, one from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security, who is almost mad in prison; as for the impostor, Petronel, he is remov'd to York Jail to take his trial at the affizes there for robbing his late master, whose title he assum'd. Here is a letter to your worship, likewise, Mr. Deputy, from Quicksilver.

Gold. Give me that.

Touch. I am surpriz'd, Mr. Wolf, at your taking so much pains in this affair, so contrary to the nature and usage of your place.

Wolf. Sir, my office has not harden'd my temper against the feelings of humanity; but I do not remember that I was ever so much mov'd with the dis-
course

course and behaviour of any of my prisoners, as with Francis Quicksilver.

Gold. In good faith, Sir, there is a great deal of humility in this letter.

Wolf. Humility, Sir? Aye, were your worship an eye witness of it, you would be astonish'd. I never knew a man more penitent or more devout—he will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison.

Touch. Is he so penitent, then?

Wolf. I never knew his like—he is so well dispos'd, and has such godly gifts—he can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs, and speak you all the Sick Man's Salve, out of book.

Touch. Aye, if he had grace, he was brought up where it grew, Mr. Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fang, a Bailiff, a fellow cou'd neither write nor read, and he was call'd the Ban-dog of the prison, and he has brought him already to pare his nails and to say his prayers, and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become thoroughly reform'd, and be an exciseman.

Touch. No more; I am coming already—If I listen to you any longer I shall be taken—Farewel, good Mr. Wolf—Son do not importune me, I feel my own weakness—Pity is a rheum that I am subject to, but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, tell hypocrisy it will not do—I have touch'd and tried too often—I am yet proof, and I will remain so—When the sessions come they shall hear from me—in the mean time, to all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle—lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes in mine hand, against all temptations—*work upon that now.* [Exit Touchstone.

Gold.

Gold. Mr. Wolf, you see how inexorable he is; there is little hope of prevailing with him to alter his resolution—Pray commend me to Quicksilver, my fellow-'prentice once—present him this purse, and tell him I wish I cou'd serve him more effectually. Yet, desperate as his case seems, I will exert my utmost power for him; and, Sir, as far as I have any credit with you let him not want any thing—tho' I am not ambitious he shou'd know so much.

Wolf. Both your actions and your words speak you to be a real gentleman; he shall know only what is fit and no more. *[Exit.*

SCENE *the* PRISON.

Enter HOLDFAST, BRAMBLE *and* SECURITY.

Hold. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Bram. With Mr. Security, who is prisoner here.

Hold. Stay here, Sir; I will call him to you—Mr. Security, here is a gentleman wou'd speak with you.

Sec. Who is he? Is it one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper? What say you to me, Sir? How! my learned council, Mr. Bramble—When saw you my wife? Oh! that ever I was married.

Bram. Your head still runs on Cuckold's-haven, I perceive—It wou'd be my turn to laugh, Mr. Security, but I really pity you, and am come at the desire of your wife to enquire of you your case, that we may fall upon some method to release you.

Sec. My case, Mr. Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; as you see.

Bram. But what are you in for, Sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, Sir; whereof marriage is the greatest.

Enter

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Go in and talk with him, Mr. Bramble; his mind is much disturbed.

Bram. Aye, aye, come in with me, Mr. Security, and we will devise some means to release you.

Sec. Release me, from what? can you release me from shame, infamy, horns, horns, horns? [*Exit.*

Bram. 'Twas a crop of your own sowing and you ought to keep 'em—Eh! Quicksilver?

Quick. Away! insult him not---I heartily repent the part I took in the injury that was intended him---for no injury has been done her.

Bram. More's the pity---the evil he meant his neighbour should have lighted upon his own head.

[*Exit Bramble.*

Enter WOLF.

Quick. Well, Mr. Wolf, what news? what answer do you bring from my master?

Wolf. Faith, very bad; he will receive no letters---he says the sessions shall determine---but Mr. Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he cou'd do you any service.

Quick. Then all is over---Distribute the money among the prisoners, Mr. Wolf, and desire them to pray for me.

Enter HOLDFAST.

Hold. Here is one wou'd speak with you, Sir.

Wolf. Who is it? [*Mr. Bramble.*

Hold. A gentleman that will not be seen, Sir.

Wolf. Shew me to him. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to TOUCHSTONE's House.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, and SYNDEFY.

Touch. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mil. Dear father!

Mrs. Touch. Husband!

Syn. Sir, Mr. Touchstone!

Touch. Away, Syrens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touch. Dear husband, hear me.

Ger. Let not me be the only one that shall rejoice in your clemency—my offence was greater than that of your 'prentice; I sinn'd against a father, yet you forgave me.

Syn. Pray good dear Sir, be merciful.

Touch. I am deaf; I do not hear you; I have stopp'd my ears, and drank Lethe and Mandragora to forget you; all you speak to me I commit to the air.

Enter WOLF.

Mil. Mr. Wolf, alas! we cannot prevail.

Wolf. Where is Mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him instantly.

Mil. What is the matter, Sir? Your looks and haste alarm me.

Wolf. Mr. Deputy Golding is arrested, and desires to see your father immediately.

Mil. Oh, heavens! Father do you hear?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks, I have them in my nose, I scent them.

Mrs. Touch. Why here is Mr. Wolf himself, husband.

Mil.

Mil. Dear father hear his message.

Touch. I am deaf still, I say—I will neither yield to the song of the Syren, nor the voice of the Hyæna; the tears of the Crocodile, nor the howlings of a Wolf—Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. What strange humour is this? Pray look here, Sir; examine the token I have brought.

Touch. Ha! what token?

Wolf. Do you know it, Sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Can this be true, Mr. Wolf.

Wolf. By my faith, Sir, he is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak there—I am plagu'd for my austeriety---What, my son Golding arrested! is he an unthrift too?---My cloak I say---he whom I thought so wise---so provident, for whom I predicted such great things---Is all my sagacity come to this? all my hopes of happiness a bubble?---So, so---I shall be pointed at for a fool, a dupe---Arrested! at whose suit, Mr. Wolf!---Tell me, tell me---I shall go mad!

Wolf. I will tell you as we go, Sir.

Touch. This is the completion of my misery---Come along, come along.

[*Exit Touchstone and Wolf.*]

Wolf. (*returning*) Do not be alarm'd, good Mrs. Touchstone, and you fair gentlewoman---stay let me see if he is within hearing---No, no, he is plodding on---all is well I assure you---Mr. Deputy's worship contriv'd this stratagem himself, to bring his father to the prison, that with his own eyes he might behold the contrite behaviour of his poor 'prentice, Quicksilver, whose deep and unfeigned repentance deserves to find mercy. I must haste and overtake him. Master Golding intreats you all to follow,
and

and join your intreaties to his---but I must haste after him.

[Exit.

Mrs. Touch. Most willingly, Mr. Wolf---Come, daughters; come, Syndefy, this is your concern I am sure.

[Exeunt *Mrs. Touchstone, &c.*

S C E N E *the* P R I S O N.

Enter GOLDING and one of the Turnkeys.

Gold. Who is that young man who looks so melancholly?

Turn. Why, Sir, that was the gallant 'prentice, young Quicksilver, Mr. Touchstone's 'prentice.

Gold. Is that he?---They say he has been a galant, indeed.

Turn. Aye, Sir; he would play you away his hundred pounds at dice at a sitting; kept Lords and Knights company; had his hunting nag, and his wench, and wore lace and embroidery.

Gold. He makes a miserable appearance now.

Turn. That is his choice---he gave away all his fine cloaths among the prisoners as soon as he came here---Alas! he has no hope of life, therefore he mortifies himself--he does but linger on 'till the sessions come.

Gold. Poor wretch! I pity him.

Turn. Oh! he's a rare young man, Sir! He has penn'd the best thing you ever heard; he calls it his repentance, or his last farewell---to be sure he is a great poet, and for petitions, you would wonder how many prisoners he has help'd out with penning them. But here comes my master---your humble servant, Sir.

[Exit *Turn.*

Enter

Enter TOUCHSTONE and WOLF.

Touch. Where, where, is my son?---Oh, Golding! is this a place to find you in?

Gold. Pardon me, dear father, you see me here indeed, but I am free as you are: I had no other way to engage your compassion for poor Quicksilver, whose remembrance were you to be witness of—

Touch. How! and this was a trick, was it? I am glad of it, and pardon you with all my soul.

(embracing him.

But your trick shall not serve---no, no, I am not to be caught so---here, Mr. Wolfe, let me out again instantly---let me out I say---But who is that?

(looking back.

Gold. Don't you know him, father?

Touch. Ha! what is that wretched creature my 'prentice?

Wolf. Good Sir, good Mr. Deputy, stand aside a little and observe him.

Enter QUICKSILVER, and BRAMBLE.

Quick. Pray, Mr. Bramble, trouble me no more with your winding devices, I have deserv'd to suffer, and if it be my master's will, to push my punishment as far as my offence will bear, I will endeavour to endure my lot with patience.

Touch. That's something yet.

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, whom I have so greatly offended—

Touch. He weeps too!

Quick. I am no poet, Sir, as the simplicity of these poor verses will shew; but to those, for whose use they are design'd, they will be good enough, if they paint my vices, and the fatal consequences of them.

Bram.

Bram. Pray, let's hear them.

Quick. In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
I, Quicksilver, did dwell of late :
I had a master, good and kind,
That wou'd have wrought me to his mind :
He had me still—work upon that ;
But, alas ! I wrought I know not what !
He was a Touchstone, black, but true ;
And told me still what would ensue ;
But he his wisdom found at last,
Was on the barren waters cast.

Touch. I hope not, I hope not. (*aside.*)

Quick. I threw my fit attire away,
And went in silk and sattins gay ;
In guilty pleasures, I, by stealth,
Wasted my master's well-earn'd wealth.

Touch. This penitence cannot be feign'd---heaven
pardon me, I have been too severe.

Quick. But shame and sorrow seiz'd me soon,
My morn of life, is turn'd to noon :
Now cry I, Touchstone touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill—

Touch. And so I will, I will, my poor penitent.

Quick. My master here---he weeps---the honest man !
---my guilt confounds me—I cannot speak to him.

Touch. Son Golding, and Mr. Wolf, I thank you
both for the friendly deceit you have used---*Quick-*
silver, thou hast eat into my breast, *Quicksilver,* with
the drops of thy sorrow, and kill'd the desperate
opinion I had of thy reformation.

Quick. Oh, Sir, I am not worthy to look on you.

Touch. Say no more, I am satisfied, and here my
word shall release you—Mr. Wolf, I am his bail.

Gold. Now, Sir, you act like yourself. We should
try and judge a criminal indeed with impartial strict-
ness,

ness, but penitence, if it is sincere, tho' it ought not to alter the ballance, may stop the sword of Justice.

Sec. (within) Mr. Touchstone! Mr. Touchstone!

Touch. Who is that?

Wolf. Mr. Security, Sir.

Touch. Bring him here; this day shall be sacred to mercy——see, here are more suitors!

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, and SYNDEFY.

Spare your intreaties, all things have succeeded to your wishes: Frank, I know your engagements to this young woman; I expect you will marry her.

Quick. Most willingly, Sir.

Gold. And you, Mr. Security, must give up the writings of this young Lady's estate; this is a restitution you must make from that huge mass you have so unlawfully gotten---what do you say to it?

Sec. I will say any thing that you would have me---would I were no cuckold!

Quick. Come, Sir, I know the cause of your suspicions, your wife is yet innocent; endeavour to keep her so, by confidence and kind usage.

Sec. I am satisfied,--and Winny and I shall be friends again.

Touch. Well, then all are pleased—Mr. Wolf, have you any apparel to lend Francis? methinks I wou'dn't have him appear in this garb.

Quick. Sir, I do not desire to change it; but intreat you will permit me to go home through the streets in these cloaths, as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Gold. Let your penitence, friend Quicksilver, appear in your actions, resulting from inward conviction, and not from external appearance—a foul heart may

be cover'd with tatter'd cloaths, and a decent out-side is the best garment for a reclaim'd prodigal—he who endeavours to shew too much, may be suspected of repenting too little.

Touch. Right, Son Golding,

*Tho' for a citizen 'tis not the vogue,
To speak to such rare guests, the Epilogue,
For once permit an honest, trading man,
To change for moral truth, the wanton plan.
Short, I will be, and sweet I trust to some,
That city youths may go instructed home:
As in a glass, let citizens this day,
Behold the plot, and moral of our play;
See the two ways, which lead to shame or state,
Chuse Ruin or fair fame---work upon that!*

F I N I S,



G E O R G E R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas our Trusty, and Well-beloved *Lewis Theobald*, of our City of *London*, Gent. hath, by his Petition, humbly represented to Us, That He having, at a considerable Expence, Purchased the Manuscript Copy of an Original Play of *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*, called *Double Falshood: Or, The Distrest Lovers*; and, with great Labour and Pains, Revised and Adapted the same to the Stage; has humbly besought Us, to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore, by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, grant unto Him, the said *Lewis Theobald*, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, Our Royal Licence, for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Play, in such Size and Manner, as He and They shall think fit, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to Reprint the same, either in the like, or in any other Size, or Manner whatsoever; or to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter, or Distribute, any Copies thereof, Reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent, or Approbation of the said *Lewis Theobald*, his Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, under his, or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril:—Whereof the Commissioners, and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers, are to take Notice, that the same may be entered in the Register of the said Company, and that due Obedience be rendered thereunto. Given at Our Court at *St. James's*, the Fifth Day of *December*, 1727, in the First Year of Our Reign.

By his Majesty's Command,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

7

DOUBLE FALSHOOD;

OR, THE

DISTREST LOVERS.

A

P L A Y,

As it is now Acted at

The Theatre Royal in COVENT-GARDEN.

Written ORIGINALLY

By W. SHAKESPEARE;

And REVISED

By Mr. THEOBALD.

——— *Quod optanti Divium promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda Dies, en! attulit ultrò.*

VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXVII.

BOURNE FAIRSHOOD

OF THE

THE THIRTEENTH FLOWERS

A

BY THE AUTHOR

THE THIRTEENTH FLOWERS

THE THIRTEENTH FLOWERS

BY THE AUTHOR

BY W. S. HARRIS

BY THE AUTHOR

BY MR. T. H. ORR

BY THE AUTHOR



To the Right HONOURABLE

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

S I R,

NOTHING can more strongly second the Pleasure I feel, from the Universal Applause which crowns this *Orphan* Play, than this Other which I take, in presuming to shelter it under Your Name. I bear so dear an Affection to the Writings and Memory of SHAKESPEARE, that, as it is my good Fortune to retrieve this Remnant of his Pen from Obscurity, so it is my greatest Ambition

that this Piece should be received into the Protection of such a Patron: And, I hope, Future Times, when they mean to pay *Shakespeare* the best Compliment, will remember to say, Mr. DODINGTON was that Friend to his *Remains*, which his own SOUTHAMPTON was to his *living Merit*.

It is from the *fine Discernment* of our Patrons, that we can generally best promise Ourselves the good Opinion of the Publick. You are not only, SIR, a distinguished *Friend* of the *Muses*, but most intimately *allied* to them: And from hence it is I flatter Myself, that if You shall think fit to pronounce this Piece genuine, it will silence the Censures of those *Unbelievers*, who think it impossible a Manuscript of *Shakespeare* could so long have lain dormant; and who are blindly paying Me a greater Compliment than either They design, or I can merit, while they
cannot

cannot but confess Themselves *pleased*, yet would fain insinuate that they are *imposed upon*. I should esteem it some Sort of *Virtue*, were I able to commit so *agreeable* a Cheat.

But pardon Me, SIR, for a Digression that perverts the very Rule of Dedications. I own, I have my Reasons for it. As, SIR, your known Integrity and Honour engages the warmest Wishes of all good Men for your Prosperity, so your known Distinction in Polite Letters, and your generous Encouragement of Those who pretend to them, obliges us to consider your Advancement, as our own personal Interest, and as a good Omen, at least, if not as the surest Means, of the future flourishing Condition of those *Humane* Arts amongst us, which We *profess*, and which You *adorn*. But neither Your Modesty, nor my Inability, will suffer

me to enter upon that Subject. Permit me, therefore, SIR, to convert *Panegyrick* into a most ardent Wish, that You would look with a tender Eye on this *dear Relick*, and that you would believe me, with the most unfeigned Zeal and Respect,

S I R,

Your most Devoted

and Obedient Humble Servant,

LEW, THEOBALD,

P R E F A C E

PREFACE of the EDITOR.

THE Success which this Play has met with from the Town in the Representation, (to say nothing of the Reception it found from those Great Judges, to whom I have had the Honour of communicating it in Manuscript,) has almost made the Purpose of a Preface unnecessary: And therefore what I have to say, is design'd rather to wipe out a flying Objection or two, than to labour at proving it the Production of *Shakespeare*.

It has been alledg'd as incredible, that such a Curiosity should be stifled and lost to the World for above a Century. To this my Answer is short; that though it never till now made its Appearance on the Stage, yet one of the Manuscript Copies, which I have, is of above Sixty Years Standing, in the Hand-writing of Mr. *Downes*, the famous Old Prompter; and, as I am credibly inform'd, was early in the Possession of the celebrated Mr. *Betterton*, and by Him design'd to have been usher'd into the World. What Accident prevented This Purpose of his, I do not pretend to know: Or thro' what Hands it had successively pass'd before that Period of Time. There is a Tradition (which I have from the Noble Person, who supply'd me with One of my Copies) that this Play was given by our Author, as a Present of Value, to a Natural Daughter of his, for whose Sake he wrote it, in the Time of his Retirement from the Stage. Two other Copies I have, (one of which I was glad to purchase at a very good Rate,) which may not, perhaps, be quite so Old as the Former; but One of Them is much more perfect, and has fewer Flaws and Interruptions in the Sense.

Another Objection has been started, (which would carry much more Weight with it, were it a Fact;) that the Tale of this Play, being built upon a Novel in *Don Quixot*, Chronology is against Us, and *Shakespeare* could not be the Author. But it happens, that the *First Part* of *Don Quixot*, which contains the Novel upon which

the

the Tale of this Play seems to be built, was publish'd in the Year 1605, and our *Shakespeare* did not dye till *April* 1616; an Interval of no less than Eleven Years, and more than sufficient for All that we want granted.

Others again, to depreciate the Affair, as they thought, have been pleas'd to urge, that tho' the Play may have some Resemblances of *Shakespeare*, yet the *Colouring*, *Diction*, and *Characters*, come nearer to the Style and Manner of FLETCHER. This, I think, is far from deserving any Answer; I submit it to the Determination of better Judgments; tho' my Partiality for *Shakespeare* makes me wish, that Every Thing which is good, or pleasing, in that other great Poet, had been owing to *his* Pen. I had once design'd a *Dissertation* to prove this Play to be of *Shakespeare's* Writing, from some of its remarkable Peculiarities in the *Language*, and Nature of the *Thoughts*: but as I could not be sure but that the Play might be attack'd, I found it adviseable, upon second Consideration, to reserve *that* Part to my *Defence*. That Danger, I think, is now over; so I must look out for a better Occasion. I am honour'd with so many powerful Sollicitations, pressing Me to the Prosecution of an Attempt, which I have begun with some little Success, of restoring SHAKESPEARE from the numerous Corruptions of his Text; that I can neither in Gratitude, nor good Manners, longer resist them. I therefore think it not amiss here to promise, that, tho' *private Property* should so far stand in my Way, as to prevent me from putting out an *Edition* of *Shakespeare*, yet, some Way or other, if I live, the Publick shall receive from my Hand his *whole* WORKS corrected, with my best Care and Ability. This may furnish an Occasion for speaking more at large concerning the present *Play*: For which Reason I shall now drop it for another Subject.

As to the Performance of the respective *Actors* concern'd in this Play, my applauding It here would be altogether superfluous. The Publick has distinguish'd and given them a Praise, much beyond Any that can flow from my Pen.

Pen. But I have some particular Acknowledgments to make to the *Managers* of this Company, for which I am glad to embrace so fair an Opportunity.

I came to Them at this Juncture as an *Editor*, not an *Author*, and have met with so much Candour, and handsome Treatment from Them, that I am willing to believe, the Complaint, which has so commonly obtain'd, of their Disregard and ill Behaviour to Writers, has been more severely urg'd, than it is justly grounded. They must certainly be too good Judges of their own Interest, not to know that a Theatre cannot always subsist on old Stock, but that the Town requires Novelty at their Hands. On the other hand, they must be so far Judges of their own Art and Profession, as to know, that all the Compositions, which are offer'd them, would never go down with Audiences of so nice and delicate a Taste, as in this Age frequent the Theatres. It would be very hard upon such a Community, where so many Interests are concern'd, and so much Merit in their Business allow'd, if they had not a Privilege of refusing some crude Pieces, too imperfect for the Entertainment of the Publick. I would not be thought to infer, that they have never discourag'd what They might, perhaps, afterwards wish they had receiv'd. They do not, I believe, set up for such a Constant Infallibility. But if We do but fairly consider out of above Four Thousand Plays extant, how small a Number will now stand the Test; if We do but consider, too, how often a raw Performance has been extoll'd by the Partiality of private Friendship; and what a Clamour of Injury has been rais'd from that Quarter, upon such Performance meeting a Repulse; we may pretty easily account for the Grounds upon which they proceeded in discountenancing some Plays, and the harsh Things that are thrown out upon their giving a Repulse to others.

But I should beg Pardon for interfering in this Question, in which I am properly neither Party nor Judge. I am only throwing out a private Opinion, without Interest or Prejudice, and if I am right in the Notion,
Valeat quantum valere potest.

*Nature so intimately SHAKESPEARE knew,
From her first springs his Sentiments he drew,
Most greatly wild they flow; and, when most wild,
yet true.* }

*While These, secure in what the Criticks teach,
Of servile Laws still dread the dangerous Breach;
His vast, unbounded, Soul disdain'd their Rule,
Above the Precepts of the Pedant School!*

*Ob! could the Bard, revisiting our Light,
Receive these Honours done his Shade To-night,
How would he bless the Scene this Age displays,
Transcending his Eliza's Golden Days!
When great AUGUSTUS fills the British Throne,
And his lov'd Consort makes the Muse her own.
How would he joy, to see fair Merit's Claim
Thus answer'd in his own reviving Fame!
How cry with Pride—"Oblivion I forgive;
" This my last Child to latest Times shall live:
" Lost to the World, well for the Birth it stay'd;
" To this auspicious Æra well delay'd."*



E P I L O G U E.

Written by a F R I E N D.

Spoken by Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

*WELL, Heaven defend us from these ancient Plays,
These Moral Bards of good Queen Bess's Days!
They write from Virtue's Laws, and think no further;
But draw a Rape as dreadful as a Murdber.
Your modern Wits, more deeply vers'd in Nature,
Can tip the Wink, to tell us, you know better;
As who should say—" 'Tis no such killing Matter.—* }
*" We've heard old Stories told, and yet ne'er wonder'd,
" Of many a Prude, that has endur'd a Hundred:
" And Violante grieves, or we're mistaken,
" Not, because ravish'd; but because—forsaken."—*
*Had this been written to the modern Stage,
Her Manners had been copy'd from the Age.
Then tho' she had been once a little wrong,
She still had had the Grace to've held her Tongue;
And after all, with downcast Looks been led
Like any Virgin to the Bridal Bed.
There, if the good Man question'd her Mis-doing,
She'd stop him short—" Pray, who made you so knowing?
" What, doubt my Virtue!—What's your base Intention?
" Sir, that's a Point above your Comprehension."—*

Well,

*Well, Heav'n be prais'd, the Virtue of our Times
 Secures us from our Gothick Grandfires Crimes.
 Rapes, Magick, new Opinions, which before
 Have fill'd our Chronicles, are now no more:
 And this reforming Age may justly boast,
 That dreadful Sin Polygamy is lost.
 So far from multiplying Wives, 'tis known
 Our Husbands find, they've Work enough with one.—
 Then, as for Rapes, those dangerous Days are past;
 Our Dapper Sparks are seldom in such Haste.*

*In SHAKESPEARE'S Age the English Youth inspir'd,
 Lov'd, as they fought, by him and Beauty fir'd.
 'Tis yours to crown the Bard, whose Magick Strain
 Could charm the Heroes of that glorious Reign,
 Which humbled to the Dust the Pride of Spain.* }



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

	Drury-Lane. In 1728.	Covent-Garden. In 1767.
Duke <i>Angelo</i> ,	Mr. <i>Corey</i> .	Mr. <i>Clarke</i> .
<i>Roderick</i> , his Elder Son,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .	Mr. <i>Hull</i> .
<i>Henriquez</i> , his Younger Son,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Don <i>Bernard</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> ,	Mr. <i>Harper</i> .	Mr. <i>Walker</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , Father to <i>Julio</i> ,	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .	Mr. <i>Gibson</i> .
<i>Julio</i> , in Love with <i>Leonora</i> ,	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .	Mr. <i>Ross</i> .
Citizen,	Mr. <i>Oates</i> .	Mr. <i>Perry</i> .
Master of the Flocks,	Mr. <i>Bridgwater</i> .	Mr. <i>Buck</i> .
First Shepherd,	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .	Mr. <i>Bennet</i> .
Second Shepherd,	Mr. <i>Ray</i> .	Mr. <i>Cushing</i> .
Gentleman,		Mr. <i>Gardner</i> .
Servant,		Mr. <i>R. Smith</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .	Mrs. <i>Mattocks</i> .
<i>Violante</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Booth</i> .	Miss <i>Macklin</i> .

SCENE, *the Province of Andalusia in Spain.*

DOUBLE



DOUBLE FALSHOOD;

OR, THE

DISTREST LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Royal Palace.*

Duke Angelo, Roderick, and Courtiers.

R O D E R I C K.

Y gracious Father, this unwonted
Strain

Visits my Heart with Sadneſs.

Duke. ——— Why, my Son?

Making my Death familiar to my
Tongue.

Digs not my Grave one Jot before the Date.

I've worn the Garland of my Honours long,

And would not leave it wither'd to thy Brow,

But flourishing and green; worthy the Man,

Who, with my Dukedoms, heirs my better Glories.

B

Roder.



2 D O U B L E F A L S H O O D ; o r ,

Roder. This Praise, which is my Pride, spreads me
with Blushes.

Duke. Think not, that I can flatter thee, my *Roderick*;
Or let the Scale of Love o'er-poize my Judgment.
Like a fair Glass of Retrospection, Thou
Reflect'st the Virtues of my early Youth;
Making my old Blood mend its Pace with Transport:
While fond *Henriquez*, thy irregular Brother,
Sets the large Credit of his Name at Stake,
A Truant to my Wishes, and his Birth.
His Taints of Wildness hurt our nicer Honour,
And call for sweet Reclaim.

Roder. ————— I trust, my Brother
Will, by the Vantage of his cooler Wisdom,
E'er-while redeem the hot Escapes of Youth,
And court Opinion with a golden Conduct.

Duke. Be Thou a Prophet in that kind Suggestion!
But I, by Fears weighing his unweigh'd Course,
Interpret for the Future from the Past.
And strange Misgivings, why he hath of late
By Importunity, and strain'd Petition,
Wrested our Leave of Absence from the Court,
Awake Suspicion. Thou art inward with him;
And, haply, from the bosom'd Trust can'st shape
Some formal Cause to qualify my Doubts.

Roder. Why he hath press'd this Absence, Sir, I
know not;
But have his Letters of a modern Date,
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* Son,
(Who, as he says, shall follow hard upon;
And whom I with the growing Hour expect :)
He doth sollicit the Return of Gold
To purchase certain Horse, that like him well.
This *Julio* he encounter'd first in *France*,
And lovingly commends him to my Favour;
Wishing, I would detain him some few Days,
To know the Value of his well-placed Trust.

Duke.

Duke. I have, upon *Henriqucz*' strong Request,
Sent for this *Julio*—Thou assay to mould him
An honest Spy upon thy Brother's Riots.
Make us acquainted when the Youth arrives ;
We'll see this *Julio*, and he shall from Us
Receive the secret Loan his Friend requires.
Bring him to Court.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Prospect of a Village at a Distance.*

Enters Camillo with a Letter.

Cam. How comes the Duke to take such Notice of my Son, that he must needs have him in Court, and I must send him upon the View of his Letter?—
Horsemanship! What Horsemanship has *Julio*? I think, he can no more but gallop a Hackney, unless he practised Riding in *France*. It may be, he did so; for he was there a good Continuance. But I have not heard him speak much of his Horsemanship. That's no Matter: If he be not a good Horseman, all's one in such a Case, he must bear. Princes are absolute; they may do what they will in any thing, save what they cannot do.

Enters Julio.

O, come on, Sir; read this Paper: No more Ado, but read it: It must not be answer'd by my Hand, nor yours, but, in Gross, by your Person; your sole Person. Read aloud.

Jul. 'Please you, to let me first o'erlook it, Sir.

Cam. I was this other Day in a Spleen against your new Suits: I do now think, some Fate was the Taylour that hath fitted them: For, this Hour, they are for the Palace of the Duke. — Your Father's House is too dusty.

4 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,

✓ *Jul.* Hem!—to Court? Which is the better, to serve a Mistress, or a Duke? I am sued to be his Slave, and I sue to be *Leonora's*. [Aside.]

Cam. You shall find your Horsemanship much praised there; Are you so good a Horseman?

Jul. I have been,
E'er now, commended for my Seat, or mock'd.

Cam. Take one Commendation with another, every Third's a Mock.—Affect not therefore to be praised. Here's a deal of Command and Entreaty mixt; there's no denying; you must go, peremptorily he inforces That.

Jul. What Fortune soever my Going shall encounter, cannot be good Fortune; What I part withall unseasons any other Goodness. [Aside.]

Cam. You must needs go; he rather conjures, than importunes.

✓ *Jul.* No moving of my Love-Suit to him now!— [Aside.]

Cam. Great Fortunes have grown out of less Grounds.

— *Jul.* What may her Father think of me, who expects to be solicited this very Night? [Aside.]

Cam. Those scatter'd Pieces of Virtue, which are in him, the Court will solder together, varnish, and rectify.

Jul. He will surely think I deal too slightly, or unmannerly, or foolishly, indeed; nay, dishonestly; to bear him in hand with my Father's Consent, who yet hath not been touch'd with so much as a Request to it. [Aside.]

Cam. Well, Sir, have you read it over?

Jul. Yes, Sir.

Cam. And consider'd it?

Jul. As I can.

Cam. If you are courted by good Fortune, you must go.

Jul. So it please you, Sir.

Cam.

The DISTREST LOVERS. 5

Cam. By any Means, and To-morrow: Is it not there the Limits of his Request?

Jul. It is, Sir.

Cam. I must bethink me of some Necessaries, without which you might be unfurnish'd: And my Supplies shall at all Convenience follow You. Come to my Closet by and by; I would there speak with You.
[Exit Camillo.]

Manet Julio solus.

Jul. I do not see that Fervour in the Maid,
Which Youth and Love should kindle. She consents,
As 'twere to feed without an Appetite;
Tells me, She is content; and plays the Coy one,
Like Those that subtly make their Words their Ward,
Keeping Address at Distance. This Affection
Is such a feign'd One, as will break untouch'd;
Dye frosty, ere it can be thaw'd; while mine,
Like to a Clime beneath *Hyperion's* Eye,
Burns with one constant Heat. I'll strait go to her;
Pray her to regard my Honour: But she greets me.—

Enter Leonora, and Maid.

See, how her Beauty doth enrich the Place!
O, add the Musick of thy charming Tongue,
Sweet as the Lark that wakens up the Morn,
And make me think it Paradise indeed.
I was about to seek thee, *Leonora*,
And chide thy Coldness, Love,

Leon. ————— What says your Father?

Jul. I have not mov'd him yet.

Leon. ————— Then do not, *Julio*.

Jul. Not move him? Was it not your own Command,
That his Consent should ratify our Loves?

Leon. Perhaps, it was: But now I've chang'd my
Mind.

You purchase at too dear a Rate, that puts You
To woo me and your Father too: Besides,
As He, perchance, may say, You shall not have me,
You,

6 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; *or,*

You, who are so obedient, must discharge me
Out of your Fancy: Then, you know, 'twill prove
My Shame and Sorrow, meeting such Repulse,
To wear the Willow in my Prime of Youth.

Jul. Oh! do not rack me with these ill-plac'd
Doubts;

Nor think, tho' Age has in my Father's Breast
Put out Love's Flame, he therefore has not Eyes,
Or is in Judgment blind. You wrong your Beauties,
Venus will frown if you despise her Gifts,
That have a Face would make a frozen Hermit
Leap from his Cell, and burn his Beads to kiss it;
Eyes, that are nothing but continual Births
Of new Desires in Those that view their Beams.
You cannot have a Cause to doubt.

Leon. ————— Why, *Julio*?

When you that dare not chuse without your Father,
And, where you love, you dare not vouch it; must not,
Though you have Eyes, see with 'em;—can I, think
you,

Somewhat, perhaps, infected with your Suit,
Sit down content to say, You would, but dare not?

Jul. Urge not Suspensions of what cannot be;

You deal unkindly; mis-becomingly,
I'm loth to say: For All that waits on you,
Is grac'd, and graces. — No Impediment
Shall bar my Wishe, but such grave Delays
As Reason presses Patience with; which blunt not,
But rather whet our Loves. Be patient, Sweet.

Leon. Patient! What else? My Flames are in the Flint.
Haply, to lose a Husband I may weep;
Never, to get One: When I cry for Bondage,
Let Freedom quit me.

Jul. ————— From what a Spirit comes This?
I now perceive too plain, you care not for me.

Duke, I obey thy Summons, be its Tenour
Whate'er it will: If War, I come thy Soldier:
Or if to waste my silken Hours at Court,

The Slave of Fashion, I with willing Soul
Embrace the lazy Banishment for Life;
Since *Leonora* has pronounc'd my Doom.

Leon. What do you mean? Why talk you of the
Duke?

Wherefore of War, or Court, or Banishment?

Jul. How this new Note is grown of me, I know
not;

But the Duke writes for Me. Coming to move
My Father in our Bus'ness, I did find him
Reading this Letter; whose Contents require
My instant Service, and Repair to Court.

Leon. Now I perceive the Birth of these Delays;
Why *Leonora* was not worth your Suit.
Repair to Court? Ay, there you shall, perhaps,
(Rather, past Doubt;) behold some choicer Beauty,
Rich in her Charms, train'd to the Arts of Soothing,
Shall prompt you to a Spirit of Hardiness,
To say, So please you, Father, I have chosen
This Mistress for my own.—

Jul. ————— Still you mistake me:
Ever your Servant I profess myself;
And will not blot me with a Change, for all
That Sea and Land inherit.

Leon. But when go you?

Jul. To-morrow, Love; so runs the Duke's Com-
mand;

Stinting our Farewell-kisses, cutting off
The Forms of Parting, and the Interchange
Of thousand precious Vows, with Haste too rude.
Lovers have Things of Moment to debate,
More than a Prince, or dreaming Statesman, know:
Such Ceremonies wait on *Cupid's* Throne.
Why heav'd that Sigh?

Leon. O *Julio*, let me whisper
What, but for Parting, I should blush to tell thee:
My Heart beats thick with Fears, lest the gay Scene,
The Splendors of a Court, should from thy Breast

8 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; *or,*

Banish my Image, kill my Int'rest in thee,
And I be left the Scoff of Maids, to drop
A Widow's Tear for thy departed Faith.

Jul. O let Assurance, strong as Words can bind,
Tell thy pleas'd Soul, I will be wond'rous faithful;
True, as the Sun is to his Race of Light,
As Shade to Darkness, as Desire to Beauty:
And when I swerve, let Wretchedness o'ertake me,
Great as e'er Falshood met, or Change can merit.

Leon. Enough; I'm satisfied: and will remain
Yours, with a firm and untir'd Constancy.

Make not your Absence long: Old Men are wav'ring;
And sway'd by Int'rest more than Promise giv'n.
Should some fresh Offer start, when you're away,
I may be prest to Something, which must put
My Faith, or my Obedience, to the Rack.

Jul. Fear not, but I with swiftest Wing of Time
Will labour my Return. And in my Absence,
My noble Friend, and now our honour'd Guest,
The Lord *Henriquez*, will in my behalf
Hang at your Father's Ear, and with kind Hints,
Pour'd from a friendly Tongue, secure my Claim;
And play the Lover for thy absent *Julio*.

Leon. Is there no Instance of a Friend turn'd false?
Take Heed of That: No Love by Proxy, *Julio*.
My Father—

Enters Don Bernard.

D. Bern. What, *Julio*, in publick? This Wooing is
too urgent. Is your Father yet moved in the Suit, who
must be the prime Unfolder of this Business?

Jul. I have not yet, indeed, at full possess'd
My Father, whom it is my Service follows;
But only that I have a Wife in Chase.

D. Bern. Chase!—— Let Chase alone: No Mat-
ter for That.—— You may halt after her, whom
you profess to pursue, and catch her too; Marry, not
unless

unless your Father let you slip. — Briefly, I desire you, (for she tells me, my Instructions shall be both Eyes and Feet to her;) no farther to insist in your Requiring, 'till, as I have formerly said, *Camillo* make known to Me, that his good Liking goes along with Us; which but once breath'd, all is done; 'till when, the Business has no Life, and cannot find a Beginning.

Jul. Sir, I will know his Mind, e'er I taste Sleep: At Morn, you shall be learn'd in his Desire.

I take my Leave. ——— O virtuous *Leonora*,
 Repose, sweet as thy Beauties, seal thy Eyes;
 Once more, adieu. I have thy Promise, Love;
 Remember, and be faithful.

[*Ex. Julio.*

D. Bern. His Father is as unsettled, as he is wayward in his Disposition. If I thought young *Julio's* Temper were not mended by the Metal of his Mother, I should be something crazy in giving my Consent to this Match: And, to tell you true, if my Eyes might be the Directors to your Mind, I could in this Town look upon twenty Men of more delicate Choice. I speak not This altogether to unbend your Affections to him: But the Meaning of what I say is, that you set such Price upon yourself to him, as Many, and much his Betters, would buy you at; (and reckon those Virtues in you at the Rate of their Scarcity;) to which if he come not up, you remain for a better Mart.

Leon. My Obedience, Sir, is chain'd to your Advice.

D. Bern. 'Tis well said, and wisely. I fear, your Lover is a little Folly-tainted; which, shortly after it proves so, you will repent.

Leon. Sir, I confess, I approve him of all the Men I know; but that Approbation is nothing, 'till season'd by your Consent.

D. Bern. We shall hear soon what his Father will do, and so proceed accordingly. I have no great Heart to the Business, neither will I with any Violence oppose

10 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,

pose it: But leave it to that Power which rules in these Conjunctions, and there's an End. Come; haste We homeward, Girl. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Henriquez, and Servants with Lights.

Henr. Bear the Lights close: — Where is the Musick, Sirs?

Serv. Coming, my Lord.

Henr. Let 'em not come too near. This Maid, For whom my Sighs ride on the Night's chill Vapour, Is born most humbly, tho' she be as fair As Nature's richest Mould and Skill can make her, Mended with strong Imagination.

But what of That? Th' Obscureness of her Birth Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes, Which make her all One Light. — Strike up, my Masters;

But touch the Strings with a religious Softness; Teach Sound to languish thro' the Night's dull Ear, 'Till Melancholy start from her lazy Couch, And Carelessness grow Convert to Attention.

[Musick plays.]

She drives me into Wonder, when I sometimes Hear her discourse; The Court, whereof Report And Guefs alone inform her, she will rave at, As if she there sev'n Reigns had slander'd Time. Then, when she reasons on her Country State, Health, Virtue, Plainness, and Simplicity, On Beauties true in Title, scorning Art, Freedom as well to do, as think, what's good; My Heart grows sick of Birth and empty Rank, And I become a Villager in Wish.

Play on; — She sleeps too sound: — Be still, and vanish:

A Gleam

A Gleam of Day breaks sudden from her Window:
O Taper, graced by that midnight Hand!

Violante appears above at her Window.

Viol. Who is't, that woos at this late Hour? What are you?

Henr. One, who for your dear Sake——

Viol. Watches the starless Night!

My Lord *Henriquez*, or my Ear deceives me.
You've had my Answer, and 'tis more than strange
You'll combat these Repulses. Good my Lord,
Be Friend to your own Health, and give me Leave,
Securing my poor *Faith*, nothing to pity
What Pangs you swear you suffer. 'Tis impossible
To plant your choice Affections in my Shade,
At least, for them to grow there.

Henr. ————— Why, *Violante*?

Viol. Alas! Sir, there are Reasons numberless
To bar your Aims. Be warn'd to Hours more wholesom;
For, These you watch in vain. I have read Stories,
(I fear, too true ones;) how young Lords, like you,
Have thus besung mean Windows, rhymed their Suffer-
ings,

Ev'n to th' Abuse of Things Divine, set up
Plain Girls, like me, the Idols of their Worship,
Then left them to bewail their easie Faith,
And stand the World's Contempt.

Henr. ————— Your Memory,
Too faithful to the Wrongs of few lost Maids,
Makes Fear too general.

Viol. ————— Let us be homely,
And let us too 'be chaste, doing you Lords no wrong;
But crediting your Oaths with such a Spirit,
As you profess them: so no Party trusted
Shall make a losing Bargain. Home, my Lord,
What you can say, is most unseasonable; what sing,
Most absonant and harsh: Nay, your Perfume,
Which I smell hither, cheers not my Sense
Like our Field-violet's Breath.

Henr.

I 2 D O U B L E F A L S H O O D ; o r ,

Henr. ————— Why, this Dismission
Does more invite my Staying.

Viol. ————— Men of your Temper
Make ev'ry Thing their Bramble. But I wrong
That which I am preserving, my Maid's Name,
To hold so long Discourse. Your Virtues guide you
T' effect some nobler Purpose! [*Ex.* *Violante.*]

Henr. Stay, bright Maid!

Come back, and leave me with a fairer Hope.

She's gone: — No matter! — I have brib'd her Woman,
And soon shall gain Admittance. —

Who am I, that am thus contemn'd:

The second Son to a Prince? — Yes; well; What then?

Why, your great Birth forbids you to descend

To a low Alliance: — Her's is the self-same Stuff,

— Whereof we Dukes are made; but Clay more pure!

And take away my Title, which is acquir'd

Not by myself, but thrown by Fortune on Me,

Or by the Merit of some Ancestor

Of singular Quality, She doth inherit

— Deserts t'outweigh me. — I must stoop to gain her;

Throw all my gay Comparisons aside,

And turn my proud Additions out of Service;

Rather than keep them to become my Masters.

The Dignities we wear, are Gifts of Pride;

And laugh'd at by the Wise, as meer Outside. [*Exit.*]

End of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prospect of a Village.*

Enter Fabian and Lopez; Henriquez on the Opposite Side.

Lop. SOFT, soft you, Neighbour; who comes here?
Pray you, flink aside.

Henr. Ha! Is it come to this? Oh the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

Fab. Lo you now! for want of the discreet Ladle of a cool Understanding, will this Fellow's Brains boil over.

Henr. To have enjoy'd her, I would have given—
What?

All that at present I could boast my own,
And the Reversion of the World to boot,
Had the Inheritance been mine:—And now,
(Just Doom of guilty Joys!) I grieve as much
That I have rifled all the Stores of Beauty,
Those Charms of Innocence and artless Love,
As just before I was devour'd with Sorrow,
That she refus'd my Vows, and shut the Door
Upon my ardent Longings.

Lop. Love! Love!—Downright Love! I see by the Foolishness of it.

Henr. Now then to Recollection—Was't not so?
A Promise first of Marriage—Not a Promise only,
for 'twas bound with Surety of a thousand Oaths;—
and those not light ones neither.—Yet I remember
too, those Oaths could not prevail; th' unpractis'd
Maid trembled to meet my Love: By Force alone I
snatch'd

14 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,

snatch'd th' imperfect Joy, which now torments my Memory. Not Love, but brutal Violence prevail'd; to which the Time, and Place, and Opportunity, were Accessaries most dishonourable. Shame, Shame, upon it!

Fab. What a Heap of Stuff's this—I fancy this Fellow's Head would make a good Pedlar's Pack, Neighbour.

Henr. Hold, let me be severe to my Self, but not unjust.—Was it a Rape, then? No. Her Shrieks, her Exclamations then had drove me from her. True, she did not consent; as true, she did resist; but still in Silence all.—'Twas but the Coyness of a modest Bride, not the Resentment of a raviisht Maid. And is the Man yet born, who would not risque the Guilt to meet the Joy?—The Guilt! that's true—but then the Danger; the Tears, the Clamours of the ruin'd Maid, pursuing me to Court. That, that I fear, will (as it already does my Conscience) something shatter my Honour. What's to be done? But now I have no Choice. Fair *Leonora* reigns confess the Tyrant Queen of my revolted Heart, and *Violante* seems a short Usurper there.—*Julio's* already by my Arts remov'd.—O Friendship, how wilt thou answer That? Oh, that a Man could reason down this Fever of the Blood, or sooth with Words the Tumult in his Heart! Then, *Julio*, I might be, indeed, thy Friend. They, they only should condemn me, who, born devoid of Passion, ne'er have prov'd the fierce Disputes 'twixt Virtue and Desire. While they, who have, like me,

The loose Escapes of youthful Nature known.

Must wink at mine, indulgent to their own.

[Exit *Henriquez*.

Lep. This Man is certainly mad, and may be mischievous. Pr'ythee, Neighbour, let's follow him; but at some Distance, for fear of the worst.

[*Exeunt, after Henr.*

S C E N E

SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

Enters Violante alone.

Viol. Whom shall I look upon without a Blush?
There's not a Maid, whose Eye with Virgin Gaze
Pierces not to my Guilt. What wil't avail me,
To say I was not willing;
Nothing; but that I publish my Dishonour,
And wound my Fame anew.—O Misery,
To seem to all one's Neighbours rich, yet know
One's Self necessitous and wretched.

Enter Maid, and afterwards Gerald with a Letter.

Maid. Madam, here's *Gerald*, Lord *Henriquez*' Servant;

He brings a Letter to you.

Viol. A Letter to me! How I tremble now!
Your Lord's for Court, good *Gerald*, is he not?

Ger. Not so, Lady.

Viol. O my presaging Heart! When goes he then?

Ger. His Business now steers him some other Course.

Viol. Whither, I pray you?—How my Fears torment me!

Ger. Some two Months Progress.

Viol. ————— Whither, whither, Sir,
I do beseech you? Good Heav'ns, I lose all Patience.
Did he deliberate this? or was the Business
But then conceiv'd, when it was born?

Ger. Lady, I know not That; ; nor is it in the Command I have to wait your Answer. For the perusing the Letter I commend you to your Leisure.

[*Exit Gerald.*

Viol. To Hearts like mine Suspense is Misery.
Wax, render up thy Trust: Be the Contents
Prosperous, or fatal, they are all my Due.

Reads.]

16 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,

Reads.] *Our Prudence should now teach us to forget, what our Indiscretion has committed. I have already made one Step towards this Wisdom, by prevailing on Myself to bid you Farewell.*

O, Wretched and betray'd! Loſt *Violante*!
 Heart-wounded with a thouſand perjur'd Vows,
 Poiſon'd with ſtudied Language, and bequeath'd
 To Deſperation. I am now become
 The Tomb of my own Honour: a dark Manſion,
 For Death alone to dwell in. I invite thee,
 Conſuming Deſolation, to this Temple,
 Now fit to be thy Spoil: the ruin'd Fabricken,
 Which cannot be repair'd, at once o'er-throw.
 What muſt I do?——But That's not worth my
 Thought:

I will commend to Hazard all the Time
 That I ſhall ſpend hereafter: Farewel, my Father,
 Whom I'll no more offend: and Men, adieu,
 Whom I'll no more believe: and Maids, adieu,
 Whom I'll no longer ſhame. The Way I go,
 As yet I know not.—Sorrow be my Guide.

[*Exit Violante.*]

S C E N E III. *Proſpect of a Village, before
 Don Bernard's Houſe.*

Enters Henriquez.

Henr. Where were the Eyes, the Voice, the various
 Charms,
 Each beauteous Particle, each nameleſs Grace,
 Parents of glowing Love? All Theſe in Her,
 It ſeems, were not: but a Diſeaſe in Me,
 That fancied Graces in her.—Who ne'er beheld
 More than a Hawthorn, ſhall have Cauſe to ſay
 The Cedar's a tall Tree; and ſcorn the Shade,

The

The lov'd Bush once had lent him. Soft ! mine Honour

Begins to ficken in this black Reflection.

How can it be, that with my Honour safe

I should pursue *Leonora* for my Wife ?

That were accumulating Injuries,

To *Violante* first, and now to *Julio* ;

To her a perjur'd Wretch, to him perfidious ;

And to myself in strongest Terms accus'd

Of murth'ring Honour wilfully, without which

My Dog's the Creature of the nobler Kind.——

But Pleasure is too strong for Reason's Curb ;

And Conscience sinks o'er-powered with Beauty's
Sweets.

Come, *Leonora*, Authress of my Crime,

Appear, and vindicate thy Empire here ;

Aid me to drive this ling'ring Honour hence,

And I am wholly thine.

Enter to him, Don Bernard and Leonora.

D. Bern. Fye, my good Lord ; why would you wait
without ?

If you suspect your Welcome, I have brought

My *Leonora* to assure you of it. [*Henr. salutes Leon.*

Henr. O Kifs, sweet as the Odours of the Spring,

But cold as Dews that dwell on Morning Flow'rs !

Say, *Leonora*, has your Father conquer'd ?

Shall Duty then at last obtain the Prize,

Which you refus'd to Love ? And shall *Henriquez*

Owe all his Happiness to good *Bernardo* ?

Ah ! no ; I read my Ruin in your Eyes :

That Sorrow, louder than a thousand Tongues,

Pronounces my Despair.

D. Bern. —— Come, *Leonora*,

You are not now to learn, this noble Lord,

(Whom but to name, restores my failing Age,

Has with a Lover's Eye beheld your Beauty ;

Thro' which his Heart speaks more than Language
can;

It offers Joy and Happiness to You,
And Honour to our House. Imagine then
The Birth and Qualities of him that loves you;
Which when you know, you cannot rate too dear.

Leon. My Father, on my Knees I do beseech you
To pause one Moment on your Daughter's Ruin.
I vow, my Heart ev'n bleeds, that I must thank you
For your past Tenderness; and yet distrust
That which is yet behind. Consider, Sir,
Whoe'er's th' Occasion of another's Fault,
Cannot himself be innocent. O, give not
The censuring World occasion to reproach
Your harsh Commands; or to my Charge lay That
Which most I fear, the Fault of Disobedience.

D. Bern. Pr'ythee, fear neither the One, nor the O-
ther: I tell thee, Girl, there's more Fear than Danger.
For my own part, as soon as Thou art married to this
noble Lord, my Fears will be over.

Leon. Sir, I should be the vainest of my Sex,
Not to esteem myself unworthy far
Of this high Honour. Once there was a Time,
When to have heard my Lord *Henriquez*' Vows,
Might have subdued my unexperienc'd Heart,
And made me wholly his.—But That's now past:
And my firm-plighted Faith by your Consent
Was long since given to the injur'd *Julio*.

D. Bern. Why then, by my Consent e'en take it
back again. Thou, like a simple Wench hast given thy
Affections to a Fellow, that does not care a Farthing
for them. One, that has left thee for a Jaunt to Court;
as who should say, I'll get a Place now; 'tis Time
enough to marry, when I'm turn'd out of it.

Henr. So, surely, it should seem, most lovely Maid;
Julio, alas, feels nothing of my Passion:
His Love is but th' Amusement of an Hour,
A short Relief from Business, or Ambition,

The Sport of Youth, and Fashion of the Age.
O! had he known the Hopes, the Doubts, the Ar-
dours,

Or half the fond Varieties of Passion,
That play the Tyrant with my tortured Soul;
He had not left Thee to pursue his Fortune:
To practise Cringes in a slavish Circle,
And barter real Blifs for unsure Honour.

Leon. Oh, the opposing Wind,
Should'ring the Tide, makes here a fearful Billow:
I needs must perish in it.—Oh, my Lord,
Is it then possible, you can forget
What's due to your great Name, and princely Birth,
To Friendship's holy Law, to Faith repos'd,
To Truth, to Honour, and poor injur'd *Julio*?
O think, my Lord, how much this *Julio* loves you;
Recall his Services, his well-try'd Faith;
Think too, this very Hour, where-e'er he be,
Your Favour is the Envy of the Court,
And secret Triumph of his grateful Heart.

Poor *Julio*, how securely thou depend'st
Upon the Faith and Honour of thy Master;
Mistaken Youth! this very Hour he robs thee
Of all thy Heart holds dear.—'Tis so *Henriques*
Repays the Merits of unhappy *Julio*. [Weeps.]

Henr. My slumb'ring Honour catches the Alarm.
I was to blame to parley with her thus:
Sh' as shown me to myself. It troubles me. [Aside.]

D. Bern. Mad; Mad. Stark mad, by this Light.

Leon. I but begin to be so. —I conjure you,
By all the tender Interests of Nature,
By the chaste Love 'twixt you, and my dear Mother,
(O holy Heav'n, that she were living now!)
Forgive and pity me.— Oh, Sir, remember,
I've heard my Mother say a thousand Times,
Her Father would have forced her Virgin Choice;
But when the Conflict was 'twixt Love and Duty,
Which should be first obey'd, my Mother quickly

Mother
 Paid up her Vows to Love, and married You.
 You thought this well, and she was praised for This ;
 For this her Name was honour'd, Disobedience
 Was ne'er imputed to her, her firm Love
 Conquer'd whate'er oppos'd it, and she prosper'd
 Long Time your Wife. My Case is now the same ;
 You are the Father, which You then condemn'd ;
 I, what my Mother was ; but not so happy.—

D. Bern. Go to, you're a Fool. No doubt, You
 have old Stories enough to undo you.— What, you
 can't throw yourself away but by Precedent, ha ? —
 You will needs be married to One, that will None of
 You ? You will be happy no Body's way but your
 own, forsooth. — But, d'ye mark me, spare your
 Tongue for the future ; (and That's using you hardly
 too, to bid you spare what you have a great deal too
 much of :) Go, go your ways, and d'ye hear, get
 ready within these Two days to be married to a Hus-
 band you don't deserve ; — Do it, or, by my dead Fa-
 ther's Soul, you are no Acquaintance of mine.

Henr. She weeps : Be gentler to her, good *Bernardo*.

Leon. Then Woe the Day. — I'm circled round with
 Fire ;

No Way for my Escape, but thro' the Flames.

Oh, can I e'er resolve to live without

A Father's Blessing, or abandon *Julio* ?

With other Maids, the Choice were not so hard ;

Int'rest, that rules the World, has made at last

A Merchandize of Hearts : and Virgins now

Chuse as they're bid, and wed without Esteem.

By nobler Springs shall my Affections move ;

Nor own a Master, but the Man I love.

[*Exit Leonora.*

D. Bern. Go thy ways, Contradiction.— Follow
 her, my Lord ; follow her, in the very Heat. This
 Obstinacy must be combated by Importunity as obsti-
 nate.

[*Exit Henriquez after her.*

The

The Girl says right ; her Mother was just such Another. I remember, Two of Us courted her at the same Time. She lov'd neither of Us, but She chose me purely to spight that surly Old Blockhead my Father in-Law. Who comes here, *Camillo* ? Now the refusing Part will lie on my Side.—

Enters Camillo.

Cam. My worthy Neighbour, I am much in Fortune's Favour to find You thus alone. I have a Suit to You.

D. Bern. Please to name it, Sir.

Cam. Sir, I have long held You in singular Esteem ; and what I shall now say, will be a Proof of it. You know, Sir, I have but one Son.

D. Bern. Ay, Sir.

Cam. And the Fortune I am blest withal, You pretty well know what it is.

D. Bern. 'Tis a fair One, Sir.

Cam. Such as it is, the whole Reversion is my Son's. He is now engaged in his Attendance on our Master, the Duke. But e'er he went, he left with me the Secret of his Heart, his Love for your fair Daughter. For your Consent, he said, 'twas ready : I took a Night, indeed, to think upon it, and now have brought you mine ; and am come to bind the Contract with half my Fortune in present, the Whole some time hence, and, in the mean While, my hearty Blessing. Ha ? What say You to't, *Don Bernard* ?

D. Bern. Why, really, Neighbour,— I must own, I have heard Something of this Matter.—

Cam. Heard something of it ? No doubt, you have.

D. Bern. Yes, now I recollect it well.

Cam. Was it so long ago then ?

D. Bern. Very long ago, Neighbour. — On *Tuesday* last.

Cam. What, am I mock'd in this Business, *Don Bernard*?

D. Bern. Not mock'd, good *Camillo*, not mock'd: But in Love matters, you know, there are Abundance of Changes in half an Hour. Time, Time, Neighbour, plays Tricks with all of us.

Cam. Time, Sir! What tell you me of Time? Come, I see how this goes. Can a little Time take a Man by the Shoulder, and shake off his Honour? Let me tell you, Neighbour, it must either be a strong Wind, or a very mellow Honesty that drops so easily. Time, quoth'a?

D. Bern. Look'ee, *Camillo*; will you please to put your Indignation in your Pocket for half a Moment, while I tell you the whole Truth of the Matter. My Daughter, you must know, is such a tender Soul, she cannot possibly see a Duke's younger Son without falling desperately in Love with him. Now, you know, Neighbour, when Greatness rides Post after a Man of my Years, 'tis both Prudence, and good Breeding, to let one's self be overtaken by it. And who can help all This? I profess, it was not my seeking, Neighbour.

Cam. I profess, a Fox might earth in the Hollowness of your Heart, Neighbour, and there's an End. If I were to give a bad Conscience its true Likeness, it should be drawn after a very near Neighbour to a certain poor Neighbour of yours. —Neighbour! with a Pox.

D. Bern. Nay, you are so nimble with me, you will hear Nothing.

Cam. Sir, if I must speak Nothing, I will hear Nothing. As for what you have to say, if it comes from your Heart, 'tis a Lye before you speak it.—I'll to *Leonora*; and if I find her in the same Story, why, I shall believe your Wife was true to You, and your Daughter is your own. Fare you well. [*Exit, as into D. Bernard's House.*

D. Bern.

D. Bern. Ay, but two Words must go to that Bargain. It happens, that I am at present of Opinion my Daughter shall receive no more Company to day at least, no such Visits as yours.

[*Exit D. Bernard, following him.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to another Prospect of Don Bernard's House.*

Leonora, above.

Leon. How tediously I've waited at the Window, Yet know not One that passes.—Should I trust My Letter to a Stranger, whom I think To bear an honest Face, (in which sometimes We fancy we are wond'rous skilful;) then I might be much deceiv'd. This late Example Of base *Henriquez*, bleeding in me now, From each good Aspect takes away my Trust: For his Face seem'd to promise Truth and Honour. Since Nature's Gifts in noblest Forms deceive, Be happy You, that want 'em!—Here comes One; I've seen him, tho' I know him not; He has An honest Face too—that's no Matter.—Sir,——

Enters Citizen.

Citiz. To me?

Leon. As You were of a virtuous Matron born, (There is no Doubt, you are :) I do conjure you Grant me one Boon. Say, do you know me, Sir?

Citiz. Ay, *Leonora*, and your worthy Father.

Leon. I have not Time to press the Suit I've to you With many Words; nay, I should want the Words, Tho' I had Leisure: but for Love of Justice, And as you pity Misery——But I wander Wide from my Subject. Know you *Julio*, Sir?

Citiz. Yes, very well; and love him too, as well.

Leon. Oh, there an Angel spake! Then I conjure you,

Convey this Paper to him: and believe me,
You do Heav'n Service in't, and shall have Cause
Not to repent your Pains. — I know not what
Your Fortune is; — Pardon me, gentle Sir,
That I am bold to offer This.

Citiz. By no means, Lady-----

[Offers to throw down a Purse with Money.

D. Bern, within.] Leonora.—

Leon. I trust to you; Heav'n put it in your Heart
To work me some Relief.

Citiz. Doubt it not, Lady. You have mov'd me so,
That tho' a thousand Dangers barr'd my way,
I'd dare 'em all to serve you. *[Exit Citizen.*

Leon. Thanks from a richer Hand than mine requite
you!

D. Bern, within.] Why, Daughter—

Leon. I come: — Oh, *Julio*, feel but half my Grief,
And thou wilt outfly Time to bring Relief.

[Exit Leonora from the Window.

End of the Second Act.





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE. *The Prospect of a Village.**Enter Julio with a Letter, and Citizen.*

Citiz. **W**HEN from the Window she did bow
and call,
Her Passions shook her Voice; and from her Eyes
Mistemper and Distraction, with strange Wildness
Bespoke Concern above a common Sorrow.

Jul. Poor *Leonora!* Treacherous, damn'd *Henriquez!*
She bids me fill my Memory with her Danger;
I do, my *Leonora*; yes, I fill
The Region of my Thought with nothing else;
Lower, she tells me here, that this Affair
Shall yield a Testimony of her Love:
And prays, her Letter may come safe and sudden.
This Pray'r the Heav'ns have heard, and I beseech 'em,
To hear all Pray'rs she makes.

Citiz. ————— Have Patience, Sir.

Jul. O my good Friend, methinks, I am too patient.
Is there a Treachery, like this in Baseness,
Recorded any where? It is the deepest:
None but itself can be its Parallel:
And from a Friend, profess'd! ————— Friendship?
Why, 'tis

A Word for ever maim'd; in human Nature
It was a Thing the noblest; and 'mong Beasts,
It stood not in mean Place: Things of fierce Nature

Hold Amity and Concordance. — Such a Villany
A Writer could not put down in his Scene,
Without Taxation of his Auditory
For Fiction most enormous.

Citiz. ————— These Upbraidings
Cool Time, while they are vented.

Jul. ————— I am counsel'd.
For you, evermore, Thanks. You've done much for Us;
So gently press'd to't, that I may persuade me
You'll do a little more.

Citiz. ——— Put me t' Employment
That's honest, tho' not safe, with my best Spirits
I'll give 't Accomplishment.

Jul. No more but This;
For I must see *Leonora*: And to appear
Like *Julio*, as I am, might haply spoil
Some good Event ensuing. Let me crave
Th' Exchange of Habit with you: some Disguise,
May bear me to my Love, unmark'd, and secret.

Citiz. You shall not want. Yonder's the House be-
fore us:
Make haste to reach it.

Jul. ————— Still I thank you, Sir.
O *Leonora*! stand but this rude Shock;
Hold out thy Faith against the dread Assault
Of this base Lord, the Service of my Life
Shall be devoted to repay thy Constancy. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. Don Bernard's House.

Enters Leonora.

Leo. I've hoped to th' latest Minute Hope can give:
He will not come: H'as not received my Letter:
'May be, some other View has from our Home
Repeat'd his chang'd Eye: for what Business can
Excuse a Tardiness thus willful? None,
Well then, it is not Business. ——— Oh! that Let-
ter, ———

I say, is not deliver'd; or he's sick;

Or, O Suggestion, wherefore wilt Thou fright me?

Julio does to *Henriquez* on meer Purpose,
On plotted Purpose, yield me up; and he
Hath chose another Mistress. All Presumptions
Make pow'rful to this Point: His own Protraction,
Henriquez left behind; — That Strain lack'd Jealousy,

Therefore lack'd Love. ——— So sure as Life shall empty

Itself in Death, this new Surmise of mine
Is a bold Certainty. 'Tis plain, and obvious,
Henriquez would not, durst not, thus infringe
The Law of Friendship; thus provoke a Man,
That bears a Sword, and wears his Flag of Youth
As fresh as he: He durst not: 'Tis Contrivance,
Gross-dawbing 'twixt them both. — But I'm overheard.

[Going.]

Enters Julio, disguised.

Jul. Stay, *Leonora*; Has this outward Veil
Quite lost me to thy Knowledge?

Leon. ——— O my *Julio*!
Thy Presence ends the stern Debate of Doubt,
And cures me of a thousand heartfick Fears,
Sprung from thy Absence: yet awakes a Train
Of other sleeping Terrors. Do you weep?

Jul. No, *Leonora*; when I weep, it must be
The Substance of mine Eye. 'Would I could weep;
For then mine Eye would drop upon my Heart,
And swage the Fire there.

Leon. ——— You are full possess'd
How things go here. First, welcome heartily;
Welcome to th'Ending of my last good Hour:
Now Summer Blifs and gaudy Days are gone,
My Lease in 'em 's expir'd.

Jul. ——— Not so, *Leonora*.

Leon. Yes, *Julio*, yes; an everlasting Storm
Is come upon me, which I can't bear out.
I cannot stay much Talk; we have lost Leisure;

And

And thus it is : Your Absence hath giv'n Breeding
To what my Letter hath declar'd, and is
This Instant on th'effecting, Hark ! the Musick

(Flourish within.

Is now on tuning, which must celebrate
This Business so discordant.— Tell me then,
What you will do.

Jul. ————— I know not what : Advise me :
I'll kill the Traitor.

Leon. ————— O ! take heed : his Death
Bettors our Cause no whit. No killing, *Julio.*

Jul. My Blood stands still ; and all my Faculties
Are by Enchantment dull'd. You gracious Pow'rs,
The Guardians of sworn Faith, and suff'ring Virtue,
Inspire Prevention of this dreaded Mischief !

This Moment is our own ; Let's use it, Love,
And fly o'th' Instant from this House of Woe.

Leon. Alas ! Impossible : My Steps are watch'd ;
There's no Escape for me. You must stay too.

Julio. What ! stay, and see thee ravish'd from my Arms ?
I'll force thy Passage. Wear I not a Sword ?

Ne'er on Man's Thigh rode better. ——— If I suffer
The Traitor play his Part ; if I not do
Manhood and Justice, Honour ; let me be deem'd
A tame, pale, Coward, whom the Night-Owl's hoot
May turn to Aspen-leaf : Some Man take this,
Give me a Distaff for it.

Leon ————— Patience, *Julio* ;
And trust to me : I have fore-thought the Means
To disappoint these Nuptials. ——— Hark ! again ;

Musick within.

These are the Bells knoll for us. ——— See, the Lights
Move this Way, *Julio.* Quick, behind yon Arras,
And take thy secret Stand. ——— Dispute it not ;
I have my Reasons, you anon shall know them :—
There you may mark the Passages of the Night.
Yet, more :—I charge you by the dearest Ties,
Whate'er you see, or hear, whate'er shall hap,

In your Concealment rest a silent Statue.

Nay, hide thee straight, — or, — see, I'm arm'd, and
vow [Shows a Dagger.]

To fall a bleeding Sacrifice before Thee.

[Thrusts him out, to the Arras.]

I dare not tell thee of my Purpose, *Julio*,
Left it should wrap thee in such Agonies,
Which my Love could not look on.

SCENE opens to a large Hall: An Altar prepared with Tapers. Enter at one Door Servants with Lights, Henriquez, Don Bernard, and Churchman. At another, Attendants to Leonora. Henriquez runs to her.

Henr. Why, *Leonora*, wilt thou with this Gloom
Darken my Triumph; suff'ring Discontent,
And wan Displeasure, to subdue that Cheek
Where Love should sit inthron'd? Behold your Slave;
Nay, frown not; for each Hour of growing Time
Shall task me to thy Service, 'till by Merit
Of dearest Love I blot the low-born *Julio*
From thy fair Mind.

Leon. ————— So I shall make it foul;
This Counsel is corrupt.

Henr. ————— Come, you will change. —

Leon. Why would you make a Wife of such a One,
That is so apt to change? This foul Proceeding
Still speaks against itself, and vilifies
The purest of your Judgment. — For your Birth's
Sake

I will not dart my hoarded Curses at you,
Nor give my Meanings Language: For the Love
Of all good Things together, yet take heed,
And spurn the Tempter back.

D. Bern. I think, you're mad. — Perverse and
foolish, Wretch!

Leon.

Leon. How may I be obedient, and wise too?
 Of my Obedience, Sir, I cannot strip me;
 Nor can I then be wise: Grace against Grace!
 Ungracious, if I not obey a Father;
 Most perjur'd, if I do. ——— Yet, Lord, consider,
 Or e'er too late, or e'er that Knot be ty'd,
 Which may with Violence damnable be broken,
 No other Way dissever'd: Yet consider,
 You wed my Person, not my Heart, my Lord;
 No Part of my Affection. Sounds it well,
 That *Julio's* Love is Lord *Henriquez's* Wife;
 Have you an Ear for this harsh Sound?

Henr. No Shot of Reason can come near the Place,
 Where my Love's fortified. The Day shall come,
 Wherein you'll chide this Backwardness, and bless
 Our Fervour in this Course.

Leon. ——— No, no, *Henriquez*,
 When you shall find what Prophet you are prov'd,
 You'll prophesie no more.

D. Bern. ——— Have done this Talking,
 If you will cleave to your Obedience, do't;
 If not, unbolt the Portal, and be gone;
 My Blessing stay behind you.

Leon. ——— Sir, your Pardon:
 I will not swerve a Hair's Breadth from my Duty;
 It shall first cost me dear.

D. Bern. ——— Well then, to th' Point:
 Give me your Hand. ——— My honour'd Lord, re-
 ceive

My Daughter of Me, ——— (nay, no dragging back,
 But with my Curses;) ——— whom I frankly give you,
 And wish you Joy and Honour.

[As Don Bernard goes to give Leonora to Henriquez,
Julio advances from the Arras, and steps between.

Jul. ——— Hold, *Don Bernard*,
 Mine is the elder Claim.

D. Bern. ——— What are you, Sir?

Jul.

Jul. A Wretch, that's almost lost to his own Knowledge,

Struck thro' with Injuries.——

Henr. ———Ha? *Julio*? ———Hear you,

Were you not sent on our Commands to Court?

Order'd to wait your fair Dismission thence?

And have you dared, knowing you are our Vassal,

To steal away unprivileg'd, and leave

My Business and your Duty unaccomplish'd?

Jul. Ungen'rous Lord! The Circumstance of Things
Should stop the Tongue of Question. —— You have
wrong'd me;

Wrong'd me so basely, in so dear a Point,

As stains the Cheek of Honour with a Blush;

Cancels the Bonds of Service; bids Allegiance

Throw to the Wind all high Respects of Birth,

Title, and Eminence; and, in their Stead,

Fills up the panting Heart with just Defiance.

If you have Sense of Shame, or Justice, Lord,

Forego this bad Intent; or with your Sword

Answer me like a Man, and I shall thank you.

Julio once dead, *Leonora* may be thine;

But, living, She's a Prize too rich to part with.

Henr. Vain Man! the present Hour is fraught with
Business

Of richer Moment. Love shall first be serv'd:

Then, if your Courage hold to claim it of me,

I may have Leisure to chastise this Boldness.

Jul. Nay, then I'll seize my Right.

Henr. ———What, here, a Brawl?

My Servants, —— Turn this boist'rous Swarder forth;

And see he come not to disturb our Joys.

Jul. Hold, Dogs! —— *Leonora*, —— Coward, base,
Henriquez!

[*Julio* is seiz'd, and drag'd out by the Servants.

Henr. She dies upon Me; help!

[*Leonora* swoons; as they endeavour to recover her,
a Paper drops from her.

D. Bern. ——— Throng not about her;
But give her Air.

Henr. ——— What Paper's That? let's see it.
It is her own Hand-Writing.

D. Bern. ——— Bow her Head:
'Tis but her Fright; she will recover soon.

What learn you by that Paper, good my Lord?

Henr. That she would do the Violence to herself,
Which Nature hath anticipated on her.

What Dagger means she? Search her well, I pray
you.

D. Bern. Here is the Dagger.———Oh, the stub-
born Sex,
Rash ev'n to Madness!———

Henr. ——— bear her to her Chamber:
Life flows in her again.——— Pray, bear her hence:
And tend her, as you would the World's best Treasure.

[*Women carry Leonora off.*]

Don Bernard, this wild Tumult soon will cease,
The Cause remov'd; and all return to Calmness.
Passions in Women are as short in Working,
As strong in their Effect. Let the Priest wait:
Come, go we in: My Soul is all on Fire;
And burns impatient of this forc'd Delay.

[*Exeunt; and the Scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *Prospect of a Village at a Distance.*

Enters Roderick.

Rod. *Julio's* Departure thus in secret from Me,
With the long doubtful Absence of my Brother,
(Who cannot suffer, but my Father feels it;)
Have trusted me with strong Suspicions,
And Dreams, that will not let me sleep, nor eat,
Nor taste those Recreations Health demands:

But,

But, like a Whirlwind, hither have they snatch'd me,
Perforce, to be resolv'd. I know my Brother
Had *Julio's* Father for his Host : from him
Enquiry may befriend me.

Enters Camillo.

Old Sir, I'm glad
To 've met you thus : What ails the Man ? *Camillo*,—

Cam. Ha ?

Rod. Is't possible, you should forget your Friends ?

Cam. Friends ! What are Those ?

Rod. ——— Why, those that love you, Sir.

Cam. You're none of those, sure, if you be Lord
Roderick.

Rod. Yes, I am that Lord *Roderick*, and I lie not,
If I protest, I love you passing well.

Cam. You lov'd my Son too passing well, I take it :
One, that believ'd too suddenly his Court-Creed.

Rod. All is not well. [*aside.*] ——— Good old Man,
do not rail.

Cam. My Lord, my Lord, you've dealt disho-
nourably

Rod. Good Sir, I am so far from doing Wrongs
Of that base Strain, I understand you not.

Cam. Indeed ! ——— You know not neither, o' my
Conscience,

How your most virtuous Brother, noble *Henriquez*,
(You look so like him, Lord, you are the worse for't ;
Rots upon such Diffemblers !) under colour
Of buying Coursers, and I know not what,
Bought my poor Boy out of Possession
Ev'n of his plighted Faith. ——— Was not this Ho-
nour ?

And this a constant Friend ?

Rod. ——— I dare not say so.

Cam. Now you have robb'd him of his Love, take
all ;

D

Make

Make up your Malice, and dispatch his Life too.

Rod. If you would hear me, Sir, —

Cam. ————— Your brave old Father
Would have been torn in Pieces with wild Horses,
Ere he had done this Treachery. On my Conscience,
Had he but dreamt you two durst have committed
This base, unmanly Crime, ———

Rod. Why, this is Madness. ———

Cam. I've done, I've eas'd my Heart; now you may
talk.

Rod. Then, as I am a Gentleman, believe me,
(For I will lie for no Man;) I'm so far
From being guilty of the least Suspicion
Of Sin that way, that fearing the long Absence
Of *Julio* and my Brother might beget
Something to start at, hither have I travell'd
To know the Truth of you.

Enters Violante behind.

Vio. My Servant loiters; sure, he means me well.
Camillo, and a Stranger? These may give me
Some Comfort from their Talk. I'll step aside:
And hear what Fame is stirring. [*Violante retires*

Rod. ——— Why this Wond'ring?

Cam. Can there be one so near in Blood as you are
To that *Henriquez*, and an honest Man?

Rod. While he was good, I do confess my Near-
ness;

But, since his Fall from Honour, he's to me
As a strange Face I saw but Yesterday,
And as soon lost.

Cam. ——— I ask your Pardon, Lord;
I was too rash and bold.

Rod. ————— No Harm done, Sir.

Cam. But is it possible, you should not hear
The Passage 'twixt *Leonora* and your Brother?

Rod. None of all this.

Enters

Enters Citizen.

Cam. How now?

Citiz. I bear you Tidings, Sir, which I could wish
Some other Tongue deliver'd.

Cam. ——— Whence, I pray you?

Citiz. From your Son, Sir.

Cam. Prithee, where is he?

Citiz. That's more than I know now, Sir.

But this I can assure you, he has left

The City raging mad; Heav'n comfort him!

He came to that curst Marriage ——— The Fiends
take it!

Cam. Pr'ythee, be gone, and bid the Bell knoll
for me:

I have had one Foot in the Grave some Time.

Nay, go, good Friend; thy News deserve no Thanks.

How does your Lordship? [Exit Citizen.]

Rod. ——— That's well said, old Man.

I hope, all shall be well yet.

Cam. ——— It had need;

For 'tis a crooked World. Farewell, poor Boy! ———

Enters Don Bernard.

D. Bern. This comes of forcing Women where they
hate:

It was my own Sin; and I am rewarded.

Now I am like an aged Oak, alone,

Left for all Tempest. ——— I would cry, but cannot:

I'm dry'd to Death almost with these Vexations.

Lord! what a heavy Load I have within me!

My Heart,—my Heart,—my Heart —

Cam. ——— Has this ill Weather

Met with thee too?

D. Bern. ——— O Wench, that I were with thee!

Cam. You do not come to mock at me now?

D. Bern. Ha?—

Cam. Do not dissemble; Thou may'st find a Knave
As bad as thou art, to undo thee too:

I hope to see that Day before I die yet.

D. Bern. It needeth not, *Camillo*; I am Knave
Sufficient to myself. If thou wilt rail,
Do it as bitterly as thou canst think of;

For I deserve it. Draw thy Sword, and strike me;
And I will thank thee for't.—I've lost my Daughter;
She's stol'n away, and whither gone, I know not.

Cam. She has a fair Blessing in being from you,
Sir.

I was too poor a Brother for your Greatness;
You must be grafted into noble Stocks,
And have your Titles rais'd. My State was laugh'd at:
And my Alliance scorn'd. I've lost a Son too;
Which must not be put up so. [*Offers to draw.*]

Rod. ——— Hold; be counsel'd.

You've equal Losses; urge no farther Anger.

Heav'n, pleas'd now at your Love, may bring again,
And, no doubt, will, your Children to your Com-
forts:

In which Adventure my Foot shall be foremost.
And one more will I add, my honour'd Father;
Who has a Son to grieve for too, tho' tainted.
Let your joint Sorrow be as Balm to heal
These Wounds of adverse Fortune.

D. Bern. Come, *Camillo*,

Do not deny your Love for Charity;
I ask it of you. Let this noble Lord
Make Brothers of us, whom our own cross Fates
Could never join. What I have been, forget;
What I intend to be, believe and nourish:
I do confess my Wrongs; give me your Hand.

Cam. Heav'n make thee honest;—there.

Rod. ——— 'Tis done like good Men.

Now there rests nought, but that we part, and each
Take

*Father
wounded*

Take sev'ral Ways in quest of our lost Friends :
Some of my Train o'er the wild Rocks shall wait
you.

Our best Search ended, here we'll meet again,
And tell the Fortunes of our separate Travels. [*Exeunt.*]

Violante comes forward.

Viol. I would your Brother had but half your
Virtue!

Yet there remains a little Spark of Hope
That lights me to some Comfort. The Match is
cross'd ;

The Parties separate; and I again
May come to see this Man that has betray'd me;
And wound his Conscience for it: Home again
I will not go, whatever Fortune guides me;
Tho' ev'ry Step I went, I trod upon
Dangers as fearful and as pale as Death.
No, no, *Henriquez*; I will follow thee
Where there is Day. Time may beget a Wonder.

Enters Servant.

O, are you come? What News?

Serv. None but the worst. Your Father makes
mighty Offers yonder by a Cryer, to any one can bring
you home again.

Viol. Art thou corrupted?

Serv. No.

Viol. Wilt thou be honest?

Serv. I hope, you do not fear me.

Viol. Indeed, I do not. Thou hast an honest Face;
And such a Face, when it deceives, take heed,
Is curst of all Heav'n's Creatures.

Serv. I'll hang first.

Viol. Heav'n blefs thee from that End! — I've heard
a Man

38 D O U B L E F A L S H O O D ; o r ,
Say more than This ; and yet that Man was false.
Thou'lt not be so, I hope.

Serv. By my Life, Mistress,———

Viol. Swear not ; I credit thee. But pry'thee tho',
Take heed, thou dost not fail ; I do not doubt thee :
Yet I have trusted such a serious Face,
And been abused too.

Serv. If I fail your Trust,———

Viol. I do thee Wrong to hold thy Honesty
At Distance thus : Thou shalt know all my Fortunes.
Get me a Shepherd's Habit.

Serv. Well ; what else ?

Viol. And wait me in the Evening, where I told thee ;
There thou shalt know my farther Ends. Take heed——

Serv. D'ye fear me still ?

Viol. ————— No ; This is only Counsel :
My Life and Death I have put equally
Into thy Hand : Let not Rewards, nor Hopes,
Be cast into the Scale to turn thy Faith.

Be honest but for Virtue's Sake, that's all ;

He, that has such a Treasure, cannot fall. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Wide Plain, with a Prospect of Mountains at a Distance.*

Enter Master of the Flocks, three or four Shepherds, and Violante in Boy's Cloaths.

1 *Shep.* WELL, he's as sweet a Man, Heav'n comfort him! as ever these Eyes look'd on.

2 *Shep.* If he have a Mother, I believe, Neighbours, she's a Woe-woman for him at this Hour.

Mastr. Why should he haunt these wild unpeopled Mountains,

Where nothing dwells but Hunger, and sharp Winds?

1 *Shep.* His Melancholy, Sir, that's the main Devil does it. Go to, I fear he has had too much foul Play offer'd him.

Mastr. How gets he Meat?

2 *Shep.* Why, now and then he takes our Victuals from us, tho' we desire him to eat; and instead of a short Grace, beats us well and soundly, and then falls to.

Mastr. Where lies he?

1 *Shep.* Ev'n where the Night o'ertakes him.

2 *Shep.* Now' will I be hang'd, an' some fair-snouted skittish Woman, or other, be not at the End of this Madness.

1 *Shep.* Well, if he lodg'd within the Sound of us, I knew our Musick would allure him. How attentively he stood, and how he fix'd his Eyes, when your Boy sung his Love-Ditty. Oh, here he comes again.

Mastr. Let him alone; he wonders strangely at us.

1 *Shep.* Not a Word, Sirs, to cross him, as you love your Shoulders.

2 *Shep.* He seems much disturb'd: I believe the mad Fit is upon him.

Enters Julio.

Jul. Horsemanship! — Hell — Riding shall be abolish'd:

Turn the barb'd Steed loose to his native Wildness;
It is a Beast too noble to be made

The Property of Man's Baseness.—What a Letter
Wrote he to's Brother? What a Man was I?

Why, *Perseus* did not know his Seat like me;

The *Parthian*, that rides swift without the Rein,

Match'd not my Grace and Firmness.—Shall this Lord
Dye, when Men pray for him? Think you 'tis meet?

1 *Shep.* I don't know what to say: Neither I, nor
all the Confessors in *Spain*, can unriddle this wild Stuff.

Jul. I must to Court! be usher'd into Grace,
By a large List of Praises ready penn'd!

O Devil! What a venomous World is this,

When Commendations are the Baits to Ruin!

All these good Words were Gyves and Fetters, Sir,

To keep me bolted there: while the false Sender

Play'd out the Game of Treach'ry.—Hold; come hither;

You have an Aspect, Sir, of wond'rous Wisdom,

And, as it seems, are travell'd deep in Knowledge;

Have you e'er seen the *Phoenix* of the Earth,

The Bird of Paradise?

2 *Shep.* ————— In troth, not I, Sir.

Jul. I have; and known her Haunts, and where she
built

Her spicy Nest: 'till, like a credulous Fool,

I shew'd the Treasure to a Friend in Trust,

And he hath robb'd me of her.—Trust no Friend:

Keep thy Heart's Counsels close.—Hast thou a Mistress?

Give her not out in Words; nor let thy Pride

Be wanton to display her Charms to View;

Love is contagious : and a Breath of Praise,
Or a slight Glance, has kindled up its Flame,
And turn'd a Friend a Traytor.—'Tis in Proof ;
And it has hurt my Brain.

1. *Shep.* Marry, now there is some Moral in his Madness,
and we may profit by it.

Maft. See, he grows cool, and penfive.
Go towards him, Boy, but do not look that way.

Viol. Alas ! I tremble

Jul. ————— Oh, my pretty Youth !
Come hither, Child ; Did not your Song imply
Something of Love ?

1 *Shep.* Ha—ha— goes it there ? Now if the Boy
be witty, we shall trace something.

Viol. Yes, Sir, it was the Subject.

Jul. Sit here then : Come, shake not, good pretty Soul,
Nor do not fear me ; I'll not do thee Wrong.

Viol. Why do you look so on me ?

Jul. ————— I have Reasons.
It puzzles my Philosophy, to think
That the rude Blaſt, hot Sun, and dashing Rains
Have made no fiercer War upon thy Youth ;
Nor hurt the Bloom of that Vermilion Cheek.
You weep too, do you not ?

Viol. ————— Sometimes, I do.

Jul. I weep sometimes too. You're extremely young.

Viol. Indeed, I've seen more Sorrows far than Years.

Jul. Yet all these have not broken your Complexion.
You have a strong Heart, and you are the happier.
I warrant, you're a very loving Woman.

Viol. A Woman, Sir ?—I fear, h'as found me out.

[*Aside.*

2 *Shep.* He takes the Boy for a Woman.—Mad, again!

Jul. You've met some Disappointment ; some foul Play
Has cross'd your Love.— I read it in your Face.

Viol. You read a Truth then.

Jul. ————— Where can lie the Fault ?
Is't in the Man, or some dissembling Knave,
He put in Trust ? Ho ! have I hit the Cause ?

Viol. You're not far off.

Jul. This World is full of Coz'ners, very full ;
Young Virgins must be wary in their Ways.
I've known a Duke's Son do as great a Knavery.
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Viol. ————— Yes.

Jul. ————— Kill Yourself.

'Twill be a Terror to the Villain's Conscience,
The longest Day he lives.

Viol. ————— By no means. What ?
Commit Self-murder !

Jul. ————— Yes ; I'll have it so.

1 Shép, I fear, his Fit is returning, Take heed of
all Hands.—Sir,—do you want any thing ?

Jul. Thou ly'st ; thou can'st not hurt me : I am proof
'Gainst farther Wrongs.—Steal close behind me, Lady.
I will avenge Thee.

Viol. ————— Thank the Heav'ns, I'm free.

Jul. O treach'rous, base *Henriquez* ! have I caught
thee ?

2 Shép. Help ! help ! good Neighbours ; he will kill
me else. [*Julio seizes on the Shepherd ;*

[Violante runs out.

Jul. Here thou shalt pay thy Heart-blood for the
Wrongs

Thou'st heap'd upon this Head. Faith-Breaker ! Villain !
I'll suck thy Life-blood.

1 Shép. Good Sir, have Patience ; this is no *Hen-*
riquez. [*They rescue the Shepherd.*

Jul. Well ; let him sink to Court, and hide a Co-
ward ;

Not all his Father's Guards shall shield him there.

Or if he prove too strong for mortal Arm,

I will solicit ev'ry Saint in Heav'n

To lend me Vengeance.— I'll about it straight.—

The wrathful Elements shall wage this War ;

Furies shall haunt him ; Vultures gnaw his Heart ;

And Nature pour forth all her Stores of Plagues,

To join in Punishment of Trust betray'd. [*Exit Julio.*

2. Shép. Go thy Ways, and a Vengeance go with
Thee !

Thee!— Pray, feel my Nose; is it fast, Neighbours?

1 *Shep.* 'Tis as well as may be.

2 *Shep.* He pull'd at it, as he would have dragg'd a Bullock backward by the Tail.— An't had been some Mens Nose that I know, Neighbours, who knows where it had been now? He has given me such a devilish Dash o'er the Mouth, that I feel, I shall never whistle to my Sheep again: Then they'll make Holy-day.

1 *Shep.* Come, shall we go? for, I fear, if the Youth return, our second Course will be much more against our Stomachs.

Mast. Walk you afore; I will but give my Boy Some short Instructions, and I'll follow straight. We'll crash a Cup together.

1 *Shep.* Pray, do not linger.

Mast. I will not, Sirs;—This must not be a Boy; His Voice, Mein, Gesture, every Thing he does, Savour of soft and female Delicacy, He but puts on this Seeming, and his Garb Speaks him of such a Rank, as well persuades me, He plays the Swain, rather to cloak some Purpose, Than forced to't by a Need: I've waited long To mark the End he has in his Disguise; But am not perfect in't. The Madman's Coil Has driv'n him shaking hence. These Fears betray him. If he prove right, I'm happy. O, he's here.

Enters Violante.

Come hither, Boy; where did you leave the Flock, Child?

Viol. Grazing below, Sir, — What does he mean, to stroke One o'the Cheek so? I hope, I'm not betray'd.

Mast. Have you learnt the Whistle yet, and when to Fold?

And how to make the Dog bring in the Strayers?

Viol. Time, Sir, will furnish me with all these Rules; My Will is able, but my Knowledge weak, Sir.

Mast. That's a good Child: Why dost thou blush, my Boy?

'Tis

✓ 'Tis certainly a Woman. [*Aside.*] Speak, my Boy.

Viol. Heav'n! how I tremble.—'Tis unusual to me

to find such Kindness at a Master's Hand,

That am a poor Boy, ev'ry way unable,

Unless it be in Pray'rs, to merit it.

Besides, I've often heard old People say,

Too much Indulgence makes Boys rude and sawcy.

Mast. Are you so cunning!—

Viol. ————— How his Eyes shake Fire,

And measure ev'ry Piece of Youth about me! [*Aside.*

The Ewes want Water, Sir: Shall I go drive 'em

Down to the Cisterns? Shall I make haste, Sir?

'Would I were five Miles from him — How he gripes
me! [*Aside.*

Mast. Come, come, all this is not sufficient, Child,

To make a Fool of me. — This is a fine Hand,

A delicate fine Hand—Never change Colour;

You understand me, —and a Woman's Hand.

Viol. You're strangely out: Yet if I were a Woman,

I know, you are so honest and so good,

That tho' I wore Disguises for some Ends,

You would not wrong me, —

Mast. ——— Come, you're made for Love;

Will you comply? I'm madder with this Talk.

There's nothing you can say, can take my Edge off.

Viol. Oh, do but quench these foul Affections in you,

That, like base Thieves, have robb'd you of your Reason,

And I will be a Woman; and begin

So sad a Story, that if there be aught

Of humane in you, or a Soul that's gentle,

You cannot chuse but pity my lost Youth.

Mast. No Stories now. —

Viol. ————— Kill me directly, Sir;

As you have any Goodness, take my Life.

Rod within. Hoa! Shepherd, will you hear, Sir?

Mast. What bawling Rogue is that, i'th' Devil's
Name?

Viol. Blessing; upon him, whatsoe'er he be! [*Runs out.*

Enters

Enters Roderick.

Rod. Good Even, my Friend; I thought, you all had been asleep in this Country.

Mast. You had lied then; for you were waking, when you thought so.

Rod. I thank you, Sir.

Mast. I pray, be cover'd; 'tis not so much worth, Sir.

Rod. Was that thy Boy ran crying?

Mast. Yes; What then?

Rod. Why dost thou beat him so?

Mast. To make him grow.

Rod. A pretty Med'cine! Thou can't not tell me the Way to the next Nunnery?—

Mast. How do you know that? — Yes, I can tell you; but the Question is, whether I will or no; and, indeed, I will not. Fare you well. [*Exit Master.*]

Rod. What a brute Fellow's this! Are they all thus? My Brother *Henriquez* tells me by his Letters, The Mistress of his Soul not far from hence Hath taken Sanctuary: from which he prays My Aid to bring her back.—From what *Camillo* Hinted, I wear some Doubts.—Here 'tis appointed That we should meet; it must be here; 'tis so. He comes.

Enters Henriquez.

Now, Brother, what's this post-haste Business You hurry me about? — Some wenching Matter—

Henr. My Letter told you, Sir.

Rod. 'Tis true, it tells me, that you've lost a Mistress Whom your Heart bleeds for; but the Means to win her

From her close Life, I take it, is not mention'd. You're ever in these Troubles.—

Henr. ————— Noble Brother, I own, I have too freely giv'n a Scope

To Youth's intemp'rate Heat, and rash Desires :
 But think not, that I would engage your Virtues
 To any Cause, wherein my constant Heart
 Attended not my Eye. 'Till now my Passions
 Reign'd in my Blood ; ne'er pierc'd into my Mind ;
 But I'm a Convert grown to purest Thoughts :
 And must in Anguish spend my Days to come,
 If I possess not her : So much I love.

Rod. The Means?—She's in a Cloyster, is she not?
 Within whose Walls to enter as We are,
 Will never be : Few Men, but Fryars, come there ;
 Which We shall never make.

Henr. ————— If that would do it,
 I would make Any thing.

Rod. ————— Are you so hot ?
 I'll serve him, be it but to save his Honour. [*Aside.*
 To feign a Corpse ——— By th' Mass, it shall be so.
 We must pretend, we do transport a Body
 As 'twere to's Funeral : and coming late by,
 Crave a Night's Leave to rest the Herse i'th' Convent.
 That be our Course ; for to such Charity
 Strict Zeal and Custom of the House give way.

Henr. And, opportune, a vacant Herse pass'd by
 From Rites but new perform'd ; This for a Price
 We'll hire, to put our Scheme in Act. Ho ! *Gerald*—
 [*Enter Gerald, whom Henriquez whispers ; then Ge-
 rald goes out.*

Rod. When we're once lodg'd, the Means of her
 Conveyance,
 By safe and secret Force, with Ease we'll compass,
 But, Brother, know my Terms.—If that your Mistress
 Will to the World come back, and she appear
 An Object worthy in our Father's Eye,
 Wooe her, and win her ; but if his Consent
 Keep not Pace with your Purpose.—

Henr. Doubt it not.
 I've look'd not with a common Eye ; but chose
 A noble Virgin, who to make her so,

Has all the Gifts of Heav'n and Earth upon her.
If ever Woman yet could be an Angel,
She is the nearest.

Rod. ————— Well ; a Lover's Praise
Feasts not a common Ear. ——— Now to our Plot ;
We shall bring Night in with Us. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Julio, and Two Gentlemen.

Gent. Good Sir, compose yourself.

Jul. ————— O *Leonora*,
That Heav'n had made Thee stronger than a Woman,
How happy had I been !

Gent. ————— He's calm again :
I'll take this Interval to work upon Him.
These wild and solitary Places, Sir,
But feed your Pain ; let better Reason guide you ;
And quit this forlorn State, that yields no Comfort.

[*Lute sounds within.*

Jul. Ha ! hark, a Sound from Heav'n ! Do you hear
Nothing ?

Gent. Yes, Sir ; the Touch of some sweet Instrument :
Here's no Inhabitant.

Jul. ————— No, no, the better.

Gent. This is a strange Place to hear Musick in.

Jul. I'm often visited with these sweet Airs.
The Spirit of some hapless Man that dy'd,
And left his Love hid in a faithless Woman,
Sure haunts these Mountains. [Violante sings within.

*Fond Echo ! forego thy light Strain,
And heedfully bear a lost Maid ;
Go, tell the false Ear of the Swain
How deeply his Vows have betray'd.
Go, tell him, what Sorrows I bear ;
See, yet if his Heart feel my Woe :
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,
Or Death will make Pity too slow.*

Gent.

Gent. See, how his Soul strives in him! This sad
Strain
Has search'd him to the Heart.

Jul. Excellent Sorrow!
You never lov'd?

Gent. No.

Jul. — Peace; and learn to grieve then.

[*Violante sings within.*

*Go, tell him, what Sorrows I bear;
See, yet if his Heart feel my Woe:
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,
Or Death will make Pity too slow.*

Is not this heav'nly?

Gent. I never heard the like, Sir.

Jul. I'll tell you, my good Friends; but pray, say
Nothing;

I'm strangely touch'd with This. The heav'nly Sound
Diffuses a sweet Peace thro' all my Soul.

But yet I wonder, what new, sad, Companion
Grief has brought hither to out-bid my Sorrows.
Stand off, stand off, stand off ----- Friends, it appears.

Enters Violante.

Viol. How much more grateful are these craggy
Mountains,

And these wild Trees, than things of nobler Natures,
For These receive my Complaints, and mourn again
In many Echoes to me. All good People
Are fast asleep for ever. None are left,
That have the Sense, and Touch of Tenderness
For Virtue's sake: No, scarce their Memory:
From whom I may expect Counsel in Fears,
Ease to Complaining, or Redress of Wrongs.

Jul. This a moving Sorrow, but say nothing.

Viol. What Dangers have I run, and to what Insults
Expos'd this Ruin of my self? Oh! Mischief
On that Soul-spotted Hind, my vicious Master!

Who

Who would have thought, that such poor Worms as they
(Whose best Feed is coarse Bread; whose Bev'rage,
Water;)

Should have so much rank Blood? I shake all over,
And blush to think what had become of me,
If that good Man had not reliev'd me from him.

Jul. Since she is not *Leonora*, she is heav'nly. ✓
When she speaks next, listen as seriously
As Women do that have their Loves at Sea,
What Wind blows ev'ry Morning.——

Viol. I cannot get this false Man's Memory
Out of my Mind. You, Maidens, that shall live
To hear my mournful Tale, when I am Ashes,
Be wise; and to an Oath no more give Credit,
To Tears, to Vows (false Both!) or any Thing
A Man shall promise, than to Clouds, that now
Bear such a pleasing Shape, and now are nothing.
For they will cozen (if they may be cozen'd)
The very Gods they worship.——Valour, Justice,
Discretion, Honesty, and all they cover,
To make them seeming Saints, are but the Wiles
By which these *Syrens* lure us to Destruction.

Jul. Do not you weep now? I could drop myself
Into a Fountain for her.

Gent. She weeps extremely.

Jul. ————— Let her weep; 'tis well:
Her Heart will break else. Great Sorrows live in Tears.

Viol. O false *Henriquez*! ——

Jul. ————— Ha!

Viol. ————— And Oh, thou Fool,
Forsaken *Violante*! whose Belief
And childish Love have made thee so——go, die;
For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring Comfort, but a quiet Grave.
There all the Miseries I long have felt,
And those to come, shall sweetly sleep together.
Fortune may guide that false *Henriquez* hither,
To weep Repentance o'er my pale, dead Corse,

And cheer my wand'ring Spirit with those lov'd Obsequies. [Going.]

Jul. Stay, Lady, stay: Can it be possible That you are *Violante*?

Viol. ————— That lost Name, Spoken by One that needs must know my Fortunes, Has taken much Fear from me. Who are you, Sir? For sure I am that hopeless *Violante*.

Jul. And I, as far from any earthly Comfort That I know yet, the much-wrong'd *Julio*!

Viol. ————— *Julio*!

Jul. I once was thought so. ——— If the curst *Henriquez*

Had Pow'r to change you to a Boy, why, Lady, Should not that Mischief make me any thing That have an equal Share in all the Miseries His Crimes have flung upon us?

Viol. ————— Well I know it: And pardon me, I could not know your Virtues Before your Griefs. Methought, when last we met, The Accent of your Voice struck on my Ear Like something I had known, but Floods of Sorrow Drown'd the Remembrance. If you'll please to sit, (Since I have found a suff'ring true Companion) And give me Hearing, I will tell you something Of *Leonora* that may comfort you.

Jul. Blessing upon thee! Henceforth, I protest Never to leave thee, if Heav'n say *Amen*. But, soft! let's shift our Ground, guide our sad Steps To some remoter Gloom, where, undisturb'd, We may compare our Woes; dwell on the Tale Of mutual Injuries, till our Eyes run o'er, And we infect each other with fresh Sorrows. — Talk'd you of Comfort? 'Tis the Food of Fools, And we'll have none on't; but indulge Despair: So, worn with Griefs, steal to the Cave of Death, And in a Sigh give up our latest Breath. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prospect of the Mountains continued.*

Enter Roderick, Leonora veil'd, Henriquez, Attendants as Mourners.

Rod. **R**EST certain, Lady, nothing shall betide
you

But fair and noble Usage. Pardon me,
That hitherto a Course of Violence
Has snatch'd you from that Seat of Contemplation
To which you gave your After-Life.

Leon. Where am I?

Rod. Not in the Nunnery; never blush, nor trem-
ble;

Your Honour has as fair a Guard as when
Within a Cloister. Know then, what is done,
(Which, I presume, you understand not truly)
Has this Use, to preserve the Life of One
Dying for Love of You, my Brother and your
Friend:

Under which Colour we desir'd to rest
Our Herse one Night within your hallow'd Walls,
Where we surpriz'd you.

Leon. ——— Are you that Lord *Roderick*
So spoken of for Virtue and fair Life,
And dare you lose these to be Advocate
For such a Brother, such a sinful Brother,

*taken before
the arrival at the
nunnery*

52 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,
Such an unfaithful, treacherous, brutal Brother?

Rod. This is a fearful Charge.——

[Looks at Henriquez.

Leon. —— If you would have me
Think you still bear Respect for Virtue's Name;
As you would with your Daughters, thus distress'd,
Might find a Guard, protect me from *Henriquez*,
And I am happy.

Rod. —— Come, Sir, make your Answer;
For as I have a Soul, I am asham'd on't.

Henr. O *Leonora!* see, thus self-condemn'd,
I throw me at your Feet, and sue for Mercy.
If I have err'd, impute it to my Love;
The Tyrant God that bows us to his Sway,
Rebellious to the Laws of reas'ning Men;
That will not have his Vot'ries Actions scann'd,
But calls it Justice when we most obey him.
He but commanded, when your Eyes inspir'd;
Whose sacred Beams, darted into my Soul,
Have purg'd the Mansion from impure Desires,
And kindled in my Heart a Vestal's Flame.

Leon. Rise, rise, my Lord; this well-diffembled
Passion

— Has gain'd you nothing but a deeper Hate.
Should I imagine he can truly love me,
That, like a Villain, murders my Desires?
Or should I drink that Wine, and think it Cordial,
When I see Poison in't?

Rod. —— Draw this way, Lady;
I am not perfect in your Story yet;
But see you've had some Wrongs that want Redress.
Only you must have Patience to go with us
To yon small Lodge, which meets the Sight from
hence,

Where your Distress shall find the due Respect:
Till when, your Grievs shall govern me as much
As Nearness and Affection to my Brother.
Call my Attendants yours, and use them freely;

For

For as I am a Gentleman, no Pow'r
Above your own Will shall come near your Person.

[As they are going out, Violante enters, and plucks
Roderick by the Sleeve; the rest go out.]

Viol. Your Ear a Moment: Scorn not my tender
Youth.

Rod. Look to the Lady there. — I follow strait.
What ails this Boy? Why dost thou single me?

Viol. The due Observance of your noble Virtue,
Vow'd to this mourning Virgin, makes me bold
To give it more Employment.

Rod. ——— Art not thou
The surly Shepherd's Boy, that, when I call'd
To know the Way, ran crying by me?

Viol. Yes, Sir.

And I thank Heav'n and you for helping me.

Rod. How did I help thee, Boy?

Viol. I do but seem so, Sir; and am indeed
A Woman; one your Brother once has lov'd,
Or, Heav'n forgive him else, he ly'd extremely.

Rod. Weep not, good Maid. O this licentious
Brother!

But how came you a Wand'rer on these Mountains?

Viol. That, as we pass, an't please you, I'll discover.
I will assure you, Sir, these barren Mountains
Hold many Wonders of your Brother's making.

Here wanders hapless *Julio*, worthy Man!

Besides himself with Wrongs——

Rod. That once again——

Viol. Sir, I said, *Julio*.——Sleep weigh'd down his
Eyelids,

Oppress'd with Watching, just as you approach'd us.

Rod. O Brother! We shall sound the Depths of
Falshood.

If this be true; no more, but guide me to him:

I hope a fair End will succeed all yet.

If it be he, by your Leave, gentle Brother,

I'll see him serv'd first.—Maid, you have o'erjoy'd me.

54 DOUBLE FALSHOOD; or,
Thou shalt have Right too: Make thy fair Appeal
To the good Duke, and doubt not but thy Tears
Shall be repaid with Interest from his Justice.
Lead me to *Julio*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Lodge.*

Enter the Duke, Don Bernard, and Camillo.

Cam. Ay, then your Grace had had a Son more;
he, a Daughter; and I, an Heir: But let it be as 'tis,
I cannot mend it; one Way or other I shall rub it
over with rubbing to my Grave, and there's an End on't.

Duke. Our Sorrows cannot help us, Gentlemen.

Cam. Hang me, Sir, if I shed one Tear more. By
Jove, I've wept so long, I'm as blind as Justice. When
I come to see my Hawks (which I held a Toy next to
my Son) if they be but House-high, I must stand
aiming at them like a Gunner.

Duke. Why, he mourns like a Man. *Don Bernard,*
you
Are still like *April*, full of Show'rs and Dew's,
And yet I blame you not; for I myself
Feel the self-same Affections. — Let them go;
They're disobedient Children.

D. Bern. ————— Ay, my Lord;
Yet they may turn again.

Cam. Let them e'en have their Swing; they're young
and wanton; the next Storm we shall have them gal-
lop homeward, whining as Pigs do in the Wind.

D. Bern. Would I had my Daughter any way.

Cam. Would'st thou have her with Bearn, Man; tell
me that?

D. Bern. I care not, if an honest Father got it.

Cam. You might have had her so in this good Time,
Had my Son had her: Now you may go seek
Your Fool to stop a Gap with.

Duke.

Duke. You say, that *Rod'rick* charg'd you here should wait him:

He has o'erlipp'd the Time, at which his Letters Of Speed request that I should also meet him.

I fear, some bad Event is usher'd in

By this Delay:——How now?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. ——So please your Grace,
Lord *Rod'rick* makes Approach.

Duke. ——I thank thee, Fellow,
For thy so timely News: Comes he alone?

Gent. No, Sir, attended well; and in his Train
Follows a Herse with all due Rites of Mourning.

[*Exit Gent.*

Duke. Heav'n send *Henriquez* live!

Cam. ——'Tis my poor *Julio*.——

Enters Roderick, hastily.

Duke. O welcome, welcome,
Welcome, good *Rod'rick*! Say, what News?

Cam. Do you bring Joy or Grief, my Lord? For me,
Come what can come, I'll live a Month or two
If the Gout please, curse my Physician once more,
And then——

*Under this Stone
Lies Sev'nty-one.*

Rod. Signior, you do express a manly Patience.
My noble Father, something I have brought
To ease your Sorrows: My Endeavours have not
Been altogether barren in my Journey.

Duke. It comes at need, Boy; but I hop'd it from
thee.

Enter Leonora veil'd, Henriquez behind, and Attendants.

Rod. The Company I bring will bear me Witness
The busiest of my Time has been employ'd
On this good Task. *Don Bernard* finds beneath
This Veil his Daughter; you, my Royal Father,
Behind that Lady find a wand'ring Son.
How I met with them, and how brought them hither,
More Leisure must unfold.

Henr. ————— My Father here!
And *Julio's*! O Confusion! ——— Low as Earth
I bow me for your Pardon. [To the Duke.]

D. Bern. O my Girl!
Thou bring'st new Life. ——— [Embraces Leonora.]

Duke. And you, my Son, restore me [To Roderick.
One Comfort here that has been missing long.
I hope thy Follies thou hast left abroad. [To Henriq.]

Cam. Ay, ay; you've all Comforts but I; you have
ruin'd me, kill'd my poor Boy; cheated and ruin'd him;
and I have no Comfort.

Rod. Be patient, Signior; Time may guide my
Hand
To work you Comfort too.

Cam. I thank your Lordship;
Would Grandfire Time had been so kind to've done it,
We might have joy'd together like good Fellows;
But he's so full of Business, good Old Man,
'Tis Wonder he could do the Good he has done.

D. Bern. Nay, Child, be comforted. These Tears
distract me.

Duke. Hear your good Father, Lady.

Leon. ——— Willingly.

Duke. The Voice of Parents is the Voice of Gods:
For to their Children they are Heav'n's Lieutenants;
Made Fathers, not for common Uses merely
Of Procreation (Beasts and Birds would be

As noble then as we are); but to steer
The wanton Freight of Youth thro' Storms and Dan-
gers,

Which with full Sails they bear upon, and streighten
The moral Line of Life they bend so often :

[For these are we made Fathers, and for these
May challenge Duty on our Children's Part.
Obedience is the Sacrifice of Angels,
Whose Form you carry.

D. Bern. Hear the Duke, good Wench.

Leon. I do most heedfully. My gracious Lord,
[To the Duke.

Let me be so unmanner'd to request
He would not farther press me with Persuasions
O'th' instant Hour; but have the gentle Patience
To bury this keen Suit, till I shake Hands
With my old Sorrows,——

Cam. —— Why dost look at me?
Alas! I cannot help thee.

Leon. —— And but weep
A Farewell to my murther'd *Julio.*——

Cam. Blessing be with thy Soul whene'er it leaves
thee!

Leon. For such sad Rites must be performed, my
Lord,

E'er I can love again. Maids that have lov'd,
If they be worth that noble Testimony,
Wear their Loves here, my Lord; here, in their
Hearts;

Deep, deep within; not in their Eyes or Accents;
Such may be slipp'd away; or with true Tears
Wash'd out of all Remembrance: Mine, no Physick,
But Time or Death, can cure.

Henr. You make your own Conditions, and I seal
them

Thus on your virtuous Hand. [Aside.

Cam. Well, Wench, thy Equal
Shall not be found in haste; I give thee that:

Thou

Thou art a right one, ev'ry Inch. ——— Thy Father
 (For, without Doubt, that Snuff never begot thee)
 Was some choice Fellow, some true Gentleman ;
 I give thy Mother Thanks for't——there's no Harm
 done.———

Would I were young again, and had but thee,
 A good Horfe under me, and a good Sword,
 And thus much for Inheritance.———

[Violante offers, once or twice, to shew
 herself, but goes back.

Duke. What Boy's that

Has offer'd twice or thrice to break upon us ?
 I've noted him, and still he falls back fearful.

Rod. A little Boy, Sir, like a Shepherd ?

Duke. Yes.

Rod. 'Tis your Page, Brother ; —— One that
 was so, late.

Henr. My Page ! What Page ?

Rod. —— Even so he says, your Page ;
 And more, and worse, you stole him from his Friends,
 And promis'd him Preferment.

Henr. I, Preferment ! ——

Rod. And on some slight Occasion let him slip
 Here on these Mountains, where he had been starv'd
 Had not my People found him as we travell'd.
 This was not handsome, Brother.

Henr. —— You are merry.

Rod. You'll find it sober Truth.

Duke. —— If so, 'tis ill.

Henr. 'Tis Fiction all, Sir —— Brother, you must
 please

To look some other Fool to put these Tricks on ;
 They are too obvious : —— Please your Grace, give
 Leave

T' admit the Boy ; if he know me, and say
 I stole him from his Friends, and cast him off,

Know me no more. —— Brother, pray do not wrong
 me.

Enters

Enters Violante.

Rod. Here is the Boy. If he deny this to you,
Then I have wrong'd you,

Duke. ———— Hear me : What's thy Name, Boy ?

Viol. Florio, an't like your Grace.

Duke. ———— A pretty Child.

Where wast thou born ?

Viol. ———— On t'other Side the Mountains.

Duke. What are thy Friends ?

Viol. ———— A Father, Sir ; but poor.

Duke. How camest thou hither ? how to leave thy
Father ?

Viol. That noble Gentleman pleas'd once to like
me. [Pointing to Henriquez.

And, not to lie, so much to doat upon me,
That with his Promises he won my Youth
And Duty from my Father : Him I follow'd.

Rod. How say you now, Brother ?

Cam. ———— Ay, my Lord, how say you ?

Hen. As I have Life and Soul, 'tis all a Trick, Sir.
I never saw the Boy before.

Viol. ———— O Sir,

Call not your Soul to witness in a Wrong :
And 'tis not noble in you to despise
What you have made thus. If I lie, let Justice
Turn all her Rods upon me.

Duke. ———— Fye, Henriquez ;
There is no Trace of Cunning in this Boy.

Cam. A good Boy ! ———— Be not fearful : Speak thy
Mind, Child.

Nature, sure, meant thou should'st have been a Wench ;
And then't had been no Marvel he had bobb'd thee.

Duke. Why did he put thee from him ?

Viol. ———— That to me

Is yet unknown, Sir ; for my Faith he could not,
I never did deceive him ; for my Service

He

He had no just Cause; what my Youth was able
My Will still put in Act to please my Master:
I cannot steal, therefore that can be nothing
To my Undoing: No, nor lie; my Breeding,
Tho' it be plain, is honest.

[Weeps.]

Duke. ————— Weep not, Child.

Cam. This Lord has abused Men, Women, and
Children already: What farther Plot he has, the Devil
knows.

Duke. If thou can't bring a Witness of thy Wrong,
(Else it would be Injustice to believe thee,
He having sworn against it) thou shalt have,
I bind it with my Honour, Satisfaction
To thine own Wishes.

Viol. ————— I desire no more, Sir.
I have a Witness, and a noble one
For Truth and Honesty.

Rod. ————— Go, bring him hither. [Exit Violante.]

Henr. This lying Boy will take him to his Heels,
And leave me slander'd.

Rod. ————— No; I'll be his Voucher.

Henr. Nay then, 'tis plain this is Confederacy.

Rod. That he has been an Agent in your Service
Appears from this. Here is a Letter, Brother,
(Produc'd, perforce, to give him Credit with me);
The Writing, yours; the Matter, Love; for so,
He says, he can explain it.

Cam. ————— Then, belike,
A young He-bawd.

Henr. ————— This Forgery confounds me!

Duke. Read it, Roderick.

Rod. Reads.] *Our Prudence should now teach us to
forget what our Indiscretion has
committed. I have already made one
Step towards this Wisdom* —————

Henr. Hold, Sir.—My very Words to Violante!

[Aside.]

Duke. Go on.

Henr.

Henr. — My gracious Father, give me Pardon ;
I do confess I some such Letter wrote
(The Purport all too trivial for your Ear)
But how it reach'd this young Dissembler's Hands,
Is what I cannot solve. For on my Soul,
And by the Honours of my Birth and House,
The Minion's Face till now I never saw.

Rod. Run not too far in Debt on Protestation.—
Why should you do a Child this Wrong ?

Henr. ————— Go to ;
Your Friendships past warrant not this Abuse :
If you provoke me thus, I shall forget
What you are to me. This is a mere Practice
And Villainy to draw me into Scandal.

Rod. No more ; you are a Boy. — Here comes a
Witness
Shall prove you so : No more. ———

Enter Julio, disguis'd ; Violante, as a Woman. *disguis'd*

Henr. ————— Another Rascal !

Duke. Hold ! ———

Henr. Ha ! [Seeing Violante.

Duke. What's here ?

Henr. By all my Sins, the injur'd *Violante* ! [*Aside.*

Rod. Now, Sir, whose Practice breaks ?

Cam. ————— Is this a Page ? [To *Henr.*

Rod. One that has done him Service,
And he has paid her for't ; but broke his Covenant.

Viol. My Lord, I come not now to wound your
Spirit ;

Your pure Affection dead, which first betray'd me,] *eml*

My Claim die with it ! Only let me not

Shrink to the Grave with Infamy upon me ;

Protect my Virtue tho' it hurt your Faith,

And my last Breath shall speak *Henriquez* noble.

Henr. What a fierce Conflict Shame and wounded
Honour

Raise in my Breast!—but Honour shall o'ercome.—
 She looks as beauteous and as innocent
 As when I wrong'd her.—Virtuous *Violante*!
 Too good for me! dare you still love a Man
 So faithless as I am?— I know you love me.
 Thus, thus, and thus, I print my vow'd Repentance:
 Let all Men read it here.—My gracious Father,
 Forgive, and make me rich with your Consent:
 This is my Wife; no other would I chuse
 Were she a Queen.

Cam. Here's a new Change! *Bernard* looks dull upon't.

Henr. And fair *Leonora*, from whose Virgin Arms
 I forc'd my wrong'd Friend *Julio*, O forgive me.
 Take home your holy Vows, and let him have 'em
 That has deserv'd them. O that he were here!
 That I might own the Baseness of my Wrong,
 And purpos'd Recompence. My *Violante*,
 You must again be widow'd; for I vow
 A ceaseless Pilgrimage, ne'er to know Joy
 Till I can give it to the injur'd *Julio*.

Cam. This almost melts me — But my poor lost
 Boy! —

Rod. I'll stop that Voyage, Brother.—Gentle Lady,
 What think you of this honest Man?

Leon. Alas!

My Thoughts, my Lord, were all employ'd within:
 He has a Face makes me remember something
 I have thought well of: How he looks upon me!
 Poor Man! he weeps.—Ha! stay; it cannot be—
 He has his Eye, his Features, Shape, and Gesture.—
 Would he would speak.

Jul. — *Leonora*! — [Throws off his Disguise.]

Leon. ————— Yes, 'tis he!

O Ecstasy of Joy! ————— [They embrace.]

Cam. Now, what's the Matter?

Rod. Let 'em alone; they're almost starv'd for
 Kisses.

Cam. Stand Forty Foot off; no Man trouble 'em.

Much

Much Good may't do your Hearts!—What is he, Lord,
What is he?

Rod. A certain Son of yours.

Cam. ————— The Devil he is.

Rod. If he be the Devil, that Devil must call you
Father.

Cam. By your Leave a little, ho—Are you my *Julio*?

Jul. My Duty tells me so, Sir,

Still on my Knees.—But Love engross'd me all:

O *Leonora*, do I once more hold thee?

Cam. Nay, to't again: I will not hinder you a Kiss.
'Tis he! ————— [Leaps.

Leon. The righteous Pow'rs at length have crown'd
our Loves.

Think, *Julio*, from the Storm that's now o'erblown,

Tho' four Affliction combat Hope awhile,

When Lovers swear true Faith, the list'ning Angels

Stand on the golden Battlements of Heav'n,

And waft their Vows to the Eternal Throne.

Such were our Vows, and so are they repaid.

Duke. E'en as you are, we'll join your Hands to-
gether.

A Providence above our Pow'r rules all.

Ask him Forgiveness, Boy. [To Henriquez:

Jul. ————— He has it, Sir: | ?

The Fault was Love's, not his.

Henr. ————— Brave, gen'rous *Julio*!

I knew thy Nobleness of old, and priz'd it,

'Till Passion made me blind.—Once more, my Friend,

Share in a Heart that ne'er shall wrong thee more.

And, Brother —————

Rod. ————— This Embrace cuts off Excuses.

Duke. I must, in Part, repair my Son's Offence:

At your best Leisure, *Julio*, know our Court.

And, *Violante* (for I know you now)

I have a Debt to pay: Your good old Father

Once, when I chas'd the Boar, preserv'd my Life:

For that good Deed, and for your Virtue's Sake,

Tho'

Tho' your Descent be low, call me your Father.
 A Match drawn out of Honesty and Goodness
 Is Pedigree enough.—Are you all pleas'd?

[Gives her to Henriquez.

Camil. All.

Henr. }

D. Bern. }

—— All, Sir.

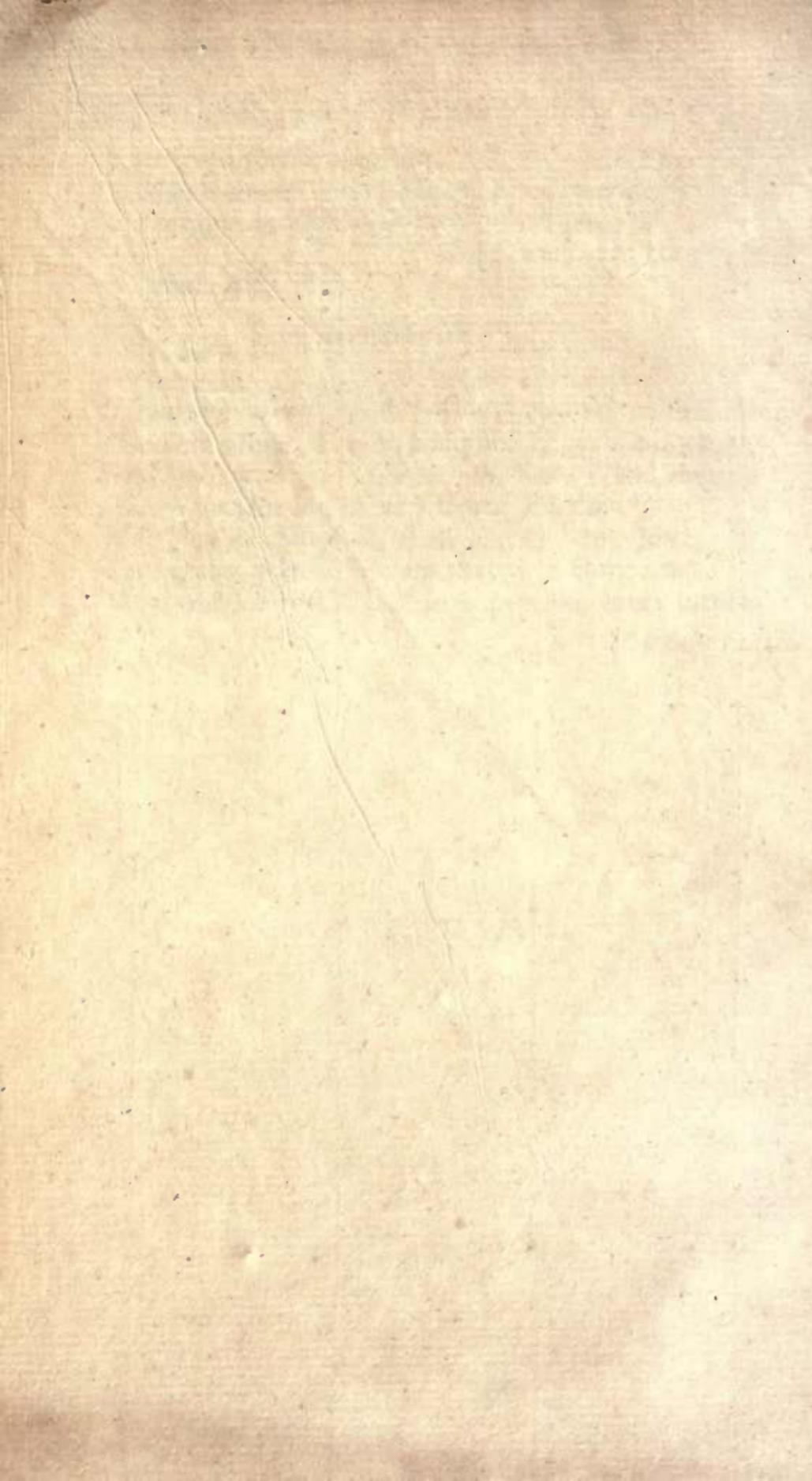
Jul. All.

Duke. And I not least. We'll now return to Court:
 (And that short Travel, and your Loves compleated,
 Shall, as I trust, for Life restrain these Wand'rings:)
 There the Solemnity and Grace I'll do
 Your sev'ral Nuptials, shall approve my Joy,
 And make griev'd Lovers that your Story read,
 Wish true Love's Wand'rings may like yours succeed.

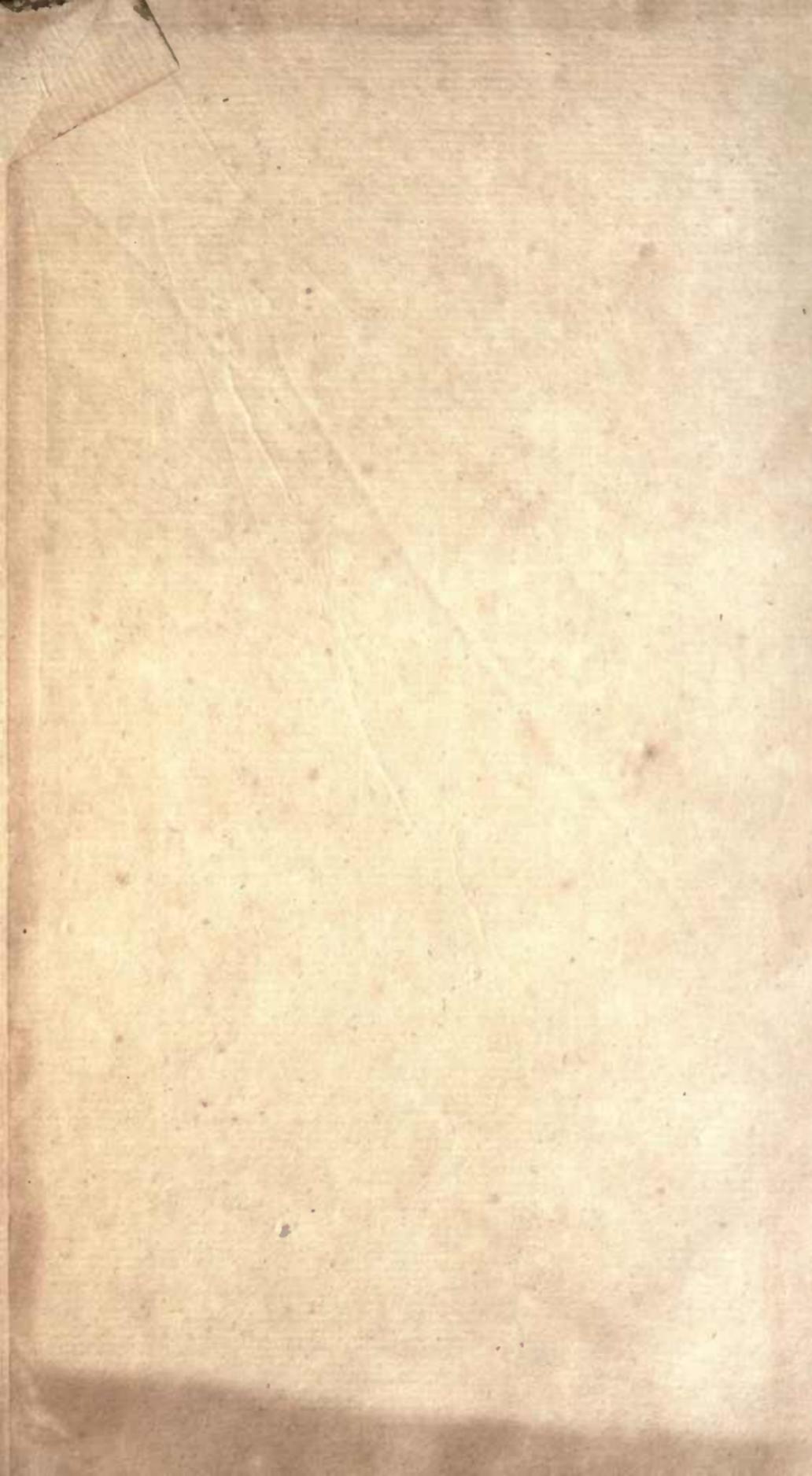
[Curtain falls.

F I N I S.











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