



The Miser  
The Miser  
His Book 1745

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THE  
MISER:

A  
COMEDY

ACTED

By His Majesties Servants,

AT THE

Theater Royal.

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Written by THOMAS SHADWELL.

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LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Collins and John Ford, at the Middle  
Temple-gate in Fleetstreet, 1672.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES  
Lord Buckhurst,

Gentleman of His MAJESTIES  
BED-CHAMBER.

*My Lord,*

**T**HE Favour which your Lordship was pleased to shew to this Play, I value more than all the loud Applauses of a *Theater*: Nor can it be less esteemed by any man that has had the honour of knowing your Lordships Person, or the pleasure of reading the diversions of your pen. It seems by your obliging kindness to the Poets, and your great example in writing, as if you were design'd by Heaven, among many other great uses, for the sustaining of declining Poetry. This consideration, with the boldness which your frequent favours

A 2

have

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

have given me, pull the trouble of this Dedication upon you. You see, my Lord, the danger of encouraging any of us, who are too apt without it to use the names of great men for the defence of our weaknesses and follies; nay, some are so arrogant to believe their injurious Dedications competent returns for all the Obligations they receive from the generosity of their Patrons. But I, my Lord, have been too much obliged by you to think of making any return: all that I can do, is to beg leave to make an humble acknowledgment of all your favours; and to take this occasion to publish my self to the World,

My Lord,

*Your Lordships*

*Most Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

## R E A D E R.

**T**HE Foundation of this Play I took from one of *Moliere's* called *L' Avare*; but that having too few persons, and too little action for an *English Theater*, I added to both so much, that I may call more than half of this Play my own: and I think I may say without vanity, that *Moliere's* part of it has not suffer'd in my hands, nor did I ever know a *French Comedy* made use of by the worst of our Poets, that was not better'd by 'em. 'Tis not barrenness of wit or invention, that makes us borrow from the *French*, but laziness; and this was the occasion of my making use of *L' Avare*. This Play, as it was wrote in less than a moneth, and was the last Play that was Acted at the Kings Theater in *Covent-garden*, before the fatal fire there; the great hast I made in writing it, that made me very doubtful of the success of it, which was the reason that at first I did not own it, but conceal'd my Name. I have resolv'd to take my leave of long Prefaces, and will give you no farther trouble here, for fear you should find too much afterwards.

## PROLOGUE

[ *The Authors Name not being then known.* ]

**O**UR Poet never doubts the good success  
 Of Farce that's in half *French*, half *English* dress:  
 And this was made with little pains and wit,  
 As any cobling Poet e're wrote yet,  
 And therefore he's resolv'd not to submit.  
 The Fortune of his Fellows he has seen,  
 Who in dull Farce have so successful been,  
 That could he write true wit, he is in doubt  
 Whether you would endure to fit it out.  
 But though he has no wit, he has some shame,  
 And stealing from the *French* conceals his name.  
*French* Plays, in which true wit's as rarely found  
 As Mines of Silver are in *English* ground;  
 A foolish Marquis, or his knavish man,  
 Or some poor Pudden fool's the best they can. —  
 But stay, I've been too bold; methinks I see  
 The *English* *Messieurs* rise in mutiny,  
 Crying confound him, does he damn *French* Plays,  
 The only *Pieces* that deserve the Bayes:  
*France* that on fashions does strict Laws impose,  
 The Universal Monarchy for Cloaths,  
 That rules our most important part, our dress,  
 Should rule our wit, which is a thing much less,  
 But *Messieurs* he says, farther to provoke ye,  
 He would as soon be Author of *Tu Quoque*,  
 As any Farce that e're from *France* was sent,  
 And all consider'd 'tis a complement,  
 And yet he hopes the advantages they gain,  
 That he may please ye with small stock of brain:  
 For our good natur'd Nation thinks it fit,  
 To count *French* Toys, good Wares; *French* nonsense, wit.

EPILOGUE.

# The Actors Names.

*Goldingham*  
*Theodore*  
*Squeeze*  
*Timothy*

*Bellamour*

*Rant and*  
*Hazzard*

*Robin*  
*Roger*  
*James and*  
*William*

*Justice*  
*Two Bullies*  
*Constable and Watch*  
*Three Counterfeit Baylifs*  
*Fidlers*

*The Miser.*  
*His Son.*  
*A Scrivener.*  
*His Son.*

*{ A Gentleman in disguise, his*  
*true name Raines, and servant to*  
*{ Gold. but a lover of Theodora.*

*{ Two Gamesters of the Town.*

*Theodore's Servant.*

*{ servants to Goldingham.*

## Women:

*Theodora*  
*Isabella*  
*Cheatly*  
*Lettice*  
*Joyce*  
*Bridget*

*Daughter to Goldingham.*  
*Sister to Bellamour.*  
*A Procurer.*  
*Her Daughter a Wench.*  
*A Wench.*  
*The same.*



# The Miser.

## ACT. I. SCE. I.

Enter

*Rant, Hazard, Theodore.*

*Rant.*



Hat a devil makes thee in so musty a humour? Thou art as dull and dumpish as a fellow that had been drunk over night with Ale, and had done nothing but drunk Coffee, talked Politicks, and read Gazettes all this morning.

*Haz.* Hast lost thy money, or thy wench?

*Rant.* Nay faith *Hazard*, if he has lost his money, I am sure he has lost his wench, in spight of the noble vertue of constancy.

*Haz.* Come *Theodore* a lucky hand or two at the Groom Porters, will get thee as good a Mistriß as any about the Town.

*Rant.* No pox on't they are kept so high by foolish elder Brothers, that poor younger Brothers must despaire of 'em.

*Haz.* No *Rant*, thou art mistaken, the Elder Brothers are so kind to keep 'em for the younger, that can not do't for themselves; they are civil to the one for love, and the other for money.

*Rant.* I am not of your opinion, there was never so much ready money and so little love stirring, as at this time.

*Haz.* Faith then we ( that have but shallow purses ) must three or four club for one, shee'l serve us all, considering how we drink. Come *Theodore* be not melancholy, if thou hast

lost thy Mistress, I'll club with thee for another.

*Theo.* So Gentlemen, this Dialogue runs off very smartly; you had rehearsed it before, but I find you have the effects of last nights debauch upon you, and are hot headed this morning, what else should make you think me melancholy?

*Rant.* Come faith, thou art.

*Theo.* I must confess Gentlemen I am not in so brisk a humour as to leap over Joynt-stooles, or come over a stick for the King, or any of those pretty frolicks; but I have no trouble, unless you will create me one.

*Haz.* I am so far from that, that I'll tell thee news that will rejoyce the heart of thee, if thou wert as dumpish as a young Spark that is newly denied to be trusted for a white Periwig.

*Theo.* Prethee what's that?

*Rant.* That which I am sure you'll bite at.

*Haz.* There is the most delicate, charming creature, come to lye over against us in *Bow-street*! Oh tis a melting Girle, she looks as if she would dissolve like an Anchovee in Claret.

*Rant.* She would relish better (when a man has the hot fit upon him) than small Beer in a Feaver.

*Haz.* Than small Beer a pox on't, she would be more welcome to thee than a Reprieve would, if thou wert just now trolling out *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* upon a Ladder.

*Theo.* You are mighty witty, and full of similies; but who the Devil is this incomparable Lady?

*Rant.* Pox on't, thou art as testy as an old Leane Judge fasting, upon the Bench, between eleven and twelve.

*Haz.* I'll put him into a better humour; with this young Lady, is Mrs *Cheatly*, party per pale Match-maker, and Baud, got acquainted, and has promised to bring her to a Ball at the Bear at Charing-Cross, where you know there is a very convenient Couch.

*Rant.* Oh she's a delicate bit for him that can get her, she's fit for one of us honest Fellows to debauch, and for a dull rich Fellow (born to the drudgery of Plowing Land and getting Heirs) to Marry.

*Theo.* But (if you be not too much transported to tell me) Pray who is this young Lady?

*Haz.*

*Haz.* Why, 'tis one *Isabella* that lyes over against our Lodging at the Blew Balcone.

*Theo.* 'Sdeath what said he? [ *Aside* ]

*Rant.* How now, are you nettled? Gad I'll lay my life this Rogue has been before-hand with us.

*Theo.* No faith Gentlemen, but this Lady I have seen, and know she has some qualities very unfit for your Company.

*Haz.* What are those Man?

*Theo.* Dam'd unfashionable qualities, call'd vertue, and modesty.

*Rant.* Pish, but if she be not too much season'd with vertue in this warm age, she cannot keep long.

*Theo.* Indeed but she will, in spight of that Villanous Seducer *Cheatly*, whose Clutches scarce any young Lady can scape.

*Rant.* Prethee speak not against thy Mother-in-Law, thou hadst the debauching of her Daughter *Lettice*.

*Theo.* I the debauching of her; she was debauch'd from her Mothers Womb, she has it *ex Traduce*.

*Haz.* I'll hold thee ten pound *Cheatly* brings this Lady to Supper, for all her vertue, and modesty.

*Theo.* 'Sdeath Sir, I know she cannot, shall not do't.

*Rant.* On my Conscience he's in downright abominable love with this Lady.

*Theo.* Well, because you are a couple of good honest Fellows, that is, as farr as those that use *Cater-dence-azes*, and smooth Boxes, and Cheat at Dice, can be.

*Haz.* Cheat? we do play a little upon advantage I confess, (as many people of Quality and most Gentlemen that are Gamesters do.)

*Theo.* Indeed false Boxes, and Dice are an advantage, but to let that pass: I will prevent your Errour, with this *Isabella* I am unreasonably and desperately in Love.

*Rant.* But 'tis in an honourable way, I hope, not at all inclining to wedlock.

*Theo.* Yes faith, I am in Love, even to Matrimony.

*Haz.* Pox on thee for an unseasonable Fellow, to think of Matrimony in this age, when an honest Woman is almost

asham'd to shew her Face, she finds triumphant Punk so much preferred before her.

*Rant.* If we, honest Fellows of the Town, go on as we begin, honest Women will come to be Ston'd in the Streets.

*Haz.* What, thou art turn'd a publick spirited Fellow, I warrant, and wisely considerest, that people are wanting in *England*, and that more frequent Marriage would be a means of Propagation.

*Rant.* And I believe thou hast subtilly found out that whoring, and Monasteries, are as great causes of their wanting people in *Spain*, as their *West Indian Colonies*.

*Theo.* None of these politick considerations I assure you; and yet ever since I saw *Isabella* I care less for a Whore, than you do for an honest Woman: Yet you shall find I am not wholly unfit for your Company, I have not given over all sins at once, for if you'l go before and bespeak, Dinner at *Sbatolins* you shall see how I'll sowce you in *Burgundy*.

*Haz.* Well, wee'l go and hope, by the helpe of *Burgundy*, to recover your Senses again.

*Theo.* Have a care of loosing your own.

*Rant.* That we may have no advantage over you, wee'l each of us drink 2 or 3 Beer-glasses, before you come.

*Haz.* Adieu.

[*Exeunt. Haz. Rant.*]

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Theo.* How now *Bellamour*, where's my Father.

*Bell.* Sir, he's busie upon a question in Arithmetick; to see how much 15 l. comes to in seven years, with use upon use.

*Theo.* What use his fifty in the hundred, that he takes of Herb-women and Oyster-women? For which they Pawn, their dear Rings, and Wedding Petticoats.

*Bell.* Sir, he's willing to make the most of his money.

*Theo.* Has he taken account what Dripping has been sold this week to the Kitchen-stuff Women? Has he weighed the ends of Candle, and Suet, to change for Candles of 20 in the pound?

*Bell.* All this Sir, and he has been higling with a Fellow, above half an hour this morning, about 5 Coney-Skins he sold him; nay, Good man, he's very careful, and all for you.

*Theo.*

*Theo.* For me, 'Sdeath I expect he should live fifty years longer, unless the Parliament would bring down money to four in the hundred; and faith I thought the report of that last Sessions, would have done an honest *Filius ante Diem* some kindness, but a pox ont he's recover'd, but no more of him, prethee send in my man to me.

*Bell.* I will Sir *Robin*. [Exit *Theodore*.]

[Enter *Robin*.]

*Robin.* What say you Sir?

*Bell.* Go in to your Master [Ex. *Robin*] [Enter *Theodora*] Here comes the Mistress of my heart, my dearest *Theodora*, I see you now this morning, with as much Joy, as the *Persians* do the *Rising Sun*, that gives e'm all their Comfort.

*Theo.* For all your complements *Bellamour*, I find little prospect of comfort for either of us.

*Bell.* My dearest *Theodora*, I have observed much dejection in your Countenance, ever since the obliging assurances you have given me of your faith; do you repent of that engagement? then I am miserable.

*Theo.* No *Bellamour*, I cannot repent of any thing I do for you; you have too great a power over me, to suffer such resentments in my mind.

*Bell.* What then can be the reason, that in the midst of all my Joies, I see you grieve.

*Theo.* The thousand difficulties we are to undergo.

*Bell.* Ah Madam, do but Love enough, and there are none.

*Theo.* There is an impossibility of getting my Fathers consent, though it would be so much to my advantage: His covetous Shagrin Humour makes him hate a Gentleman.

*Bell.* I have gained so much upon him, that I do not despaire of it; But since I have your consent, I have too much happiness for one man.

*Theo.* I must confess, my *Bellamour*, I could justifie my Love to you to all the world, but to my Father; I have to defend me your Person, and your Merit: I can never repay the obligations I have received from you, that after seven years Travel, you can be content to stay from your Countrey, your Friends, and Kindred, and conceal your self from all the world

world but me: But above all, to put your self for my sake, in so base a condition, as to serve my Father, which is worse than Rowing in Gallies, this Testimony of your Love can never be forgotten.

*Bell.* Ah Madam! one kind look from you will overweigh a thousand such small Services: I must confess, serving your Father is the severest Task I have, to minister to his wretched Avarice, and endure the curses of all whom his extortion grieves. Pardon me, dear *Theodora*, that I take this liberty before you: This is a Subject, you know I can speak little good of.

*Theo.* I am too sensible of it, but I am extremely glad to see you gain so much upon him by your Artifices.

*Bell.* You see Madam, Love is able to turne a man into all Shapes, nay into the worst, a Flatterer, to a Covetous man: But by the sordid applauding of what he does, and observing all his Rules and Maximes, I have gained this point; That he will hear or believe no man so soon as me.

*Theo.* But why do you not discover this to my Brother, and procure his assistance in it?

*Bell.* Your Father's and Brother's tempers are so opposite, that it is impossible to accommodate my selfe to both of 'em, but do you please to mannage our interests with your Brother, he Loves you extremely, and will hear you; I hear him coming, I'll away. [*Ex. Bellamour*]

[*Enter Theodore and Robin.*]

*Theo.* *Robin* go stay within till I call you.

*Robin.* I will Sir. [*Ex. Robin*]

*Theodore.* Dear *Theodora* I am glad you are here, I have a secret of the greatest concernment in the world to me, to discover to you.

*Theodora.* I shall be glad to hear't, and (if I can) to serve you in it; what have you to say?

*Theodore.* A thousand things, in one little word, Love.

*Theodora.* How Brother are you in Love, I'll tell you —

*Theodore.* Hold Sister, I know as well as you that I depend [*Scommatically*] upon a Father, and that the name of Son, carries an inviolable Duty along with it.

*Theodora.* But Brother —

*Theodore*

*Theodore.* And that I ought not to engage my heart without the consent of him who gave me breath.

*Theodora.* Do you hear —

*Theodore.* And that Heaven has made our Parents disposers of our wills, and that they are in a condition to see more and be less deceived than we.

*Theodora.* Hold a little.

*Theodore.* And that we ought to trust the Eyes of their wisdom before the blindness of our own passion.

*Theodora.* Are you mad —

*Theodore.* And that the heat of our youth misleads, and betrays us often to dangerous precipices.

*Theodora.* Not one of these wise things would I have said to you, but tell me, are you engaged to her you Love?

*Theodore.* No, but resolv'd, in spite of all opposition, and I conjure you, give me no reasons.

*Theodora.* Why do you believe I will?

*Theodore.* You are no Lover, and faith I am damnably affraid of your wisdom.

*Theodora.* You know not my condition Brother; but pray who is it that has Charm'd you thus?

*Theodore.* A young Lady that Lyes near this place, of so excellent a Beauty, so delicate a creature, I cannot think of her without an extasie.

*Theodora.* Pray save your oratory, and in short, tell me who she is.

*Theodore.* Her name is *Isabella*; but that which is my extremest trouble, I have discover'd under hand, that she is the Daughter of a sickly Widdow, and of a small Fortune: You know the abominable humour of my Father (whose damn'd covetousness, if I had not now and then a Lucky hand at play, would make me forget all use of money) so that I have scarce any possibility of giving this Lady the least proof of my affection; and if I find not some means to do it, I am lost.

*Theodora.* It is an inhumane thing of him to put us both to our Shifts, thus, to get but ordinary Cloths.

*Theodore.* Prethee Sister, lets Joyn in our Complaints to him; and if he opposes us, we will quit our selves of his insupportable

table Tyranny, and seek our Fortunes together.

*Theodora.* I hear him coming, he's enraged at something, pray let us retire and consult what to say to him, here he comes, step in.

*Theodore.* Come on. [Exeunt Theodore and Theodora]

[Enter Goldingham and Robin]

*Gold.* Out of my house you Dog, begon, make no replies, you Rascal, that are a Sworn Thief; the Gallows groans for you.

*Robin.* Well, there was never any thing so wicked as this [Aside] damn'd old Fellow, and I think, under correction, the Devil's in him.

*Gold.* What's that you mutter between your Teeth Sarah?

*Robin.* Why do you hunt me up and down thus?

*Gold.* Out you Hang-Dog, must you ask questions? Out of my Doors, or I'll knock you down.

*Robin.* A pox on this damn'd flea-flint [Aside] Why what have I done to you?

*Gold.* Dispute no more, begon.

*Robin.* My Master gave me order to stay here for him.

*Gold.* Get you gone and wait in the Street, you Rascal, must you stand here like a Sentinel, and (with your damn'd watchful Eyes) be a Spy upon my actions, to devour what I have, and to ferret up and down to see what there is to Steal.

*Robin.* What a Devil do you think I should steal, unless I should steal you?

[Aside] Besides, He's as watchful as an Owl, a man that had killed seven men, Pissing against a wall, would rest more quietly.

*Gold.* You Dog must I be daily in danger to be Rob'd by you?

*Robin.* You are not a man to be Rob'd, all you have is under Lock and Key; besides you profess your self to be in great dant.

*Gold.* [Aside] Oh how I tremble! Least this Rogue should suspect I have money hidden in my Garden: If he do's I am ruin'd. Though I have but little Sirrah, I should be loth to loose it by such Rascals as you are. Besides what's Lock't up, is not there

a Tin Candlestick, a Pair of Brass Snuffers, a Nutmeg-Grater, Bellows, and a Darnock Carpet.

*Robin.* I scorn 'em all.

*Gold.* Come Sirrah, you are one of the Rogues that reported that I have money hid.

*Robin.* How, have you money hid say you?

*Gold.* No no you Dog, I don't say so, I have no money hid you Villain you. [*Aside*] 'Sdeath he distracts me.

*Robin.* Why what is't to me whether you have or have not.

*Gold.* What are you arguing? I'll beat your foolish reasons out of your head, once more, begon.

*Robin.* Well, I go.

*Gold.* Stay, have you taken nothing with you?

*Robin.* You had best search me.

*Gold.* Shew me your hands.

*Robin.* There.

*Gold.* The other — Both together — Stay have you put nothing here. [*He feels in his Coat Pockets.*]

*Robin.* What a Devil should I put there?

*Gold.* Let me see here. [*All this while Groping Robin.*]

*Robin.* Such a man as you deserves to be Rob'd.

*Gold.* What say you?

*Robin.* I say I think you'll grope me all over.

*Gold.* So I will Sirrah.

*Robin.* A Plague on all covetousness, and covetous men.

*Gold.* What's that?

*Robin.* I say, a Plague upon all covetousness, and covetous men.

*Gold.* Of whom do you speak Sirrah?

*Robin.* Of covetous men.

*Gold.* What are those covetous men?

*Robin.* Rogues, Villans, Dogs, Caterpillers, Horse-Leeches, Vipers, Theives, Robbers, Sons of Whores.

*Gold.* How now you Rascal.

*Robin.* Why do you trouble your selfe Sir, you are none of those; may not I curse covetous Rogues?

*Gold.* Sirrah, to whom did you speak thus? tell me.

*Robin.* I spoke it — I spoke it — to that Rogue *Dives* in the Picture there.

*Gold.* And I speak to your fools head there, Sirrah take that, do you feele me Rogue?

*Robin.* Ay, pox on you, against my will. [Aside]

*Gold.* Again Sirrah, out of my doors, I say, you insolent Villain.

*Robin.* A curse on him, he has broken my bones. [Ex. Robin.]

*Gold.* Oh the pains, the Jealousies, and fears a man must suffer that has great summes of money to guard; I cannot find one place safe enough about the house; Coffers and Trunks Theives can never scape. Let me see this particular. *Imprimis*, a thousand Pound, for which I have Pawnes worth two, at above fifty *per Cent.* *Item* in the City five thousand Pound, for which I have ten *per Cent.*, and the best security in *England.*

[Enter Theodore and Theodora.]

*Item* in Morgages of Land from young Gay Sparks 6000l. Oh but that dear sum of six thousand broad pieces in my Garden, that transports me. [He sees his Son and Daughter.] 'Sdeath that I should read this Note loud, I have betrayed my self, they have over-heard me, and I am ruin'd; would they were both hang'd: Well, what's the matter with you, have you been long there?

*Theo.* No Sir, but now come.

*Gold.* What do ye stand listening?

*Theo.* Not we, I assure ye.

*Gold.* Come come ye did: if they over-heard me, I shall hang my self—

*Theodora.* Not we, I assure you Sir.

*Gold.* I was saying to my self, how happy should I be if I had but six thousand Pound in the world.

*Theo.* You need not wish that.

*Gold.* 'Tis false, 'tis false, Oh would to heaven I had! Oh how happy should I be, I should never complain then, that the times are hard, not I.

*Theodora.* This is all but Raillerie Sir.

*Theodore.* You have more than five times as much.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath, what says he? Oh thou Villain, thou Viper thou, have I bred thee up to destroy me? are my Children become my greatest enemies?

*Theo.*

*Theo.* Are those your enemies that say you are rich?

*Gold.* Oh it is the vilest injury you can do me, such discourses as these will make my throat be cut, Thieves will believe I am all made up of Gold; your extravagant expences too, will make 'em think so.

*Theo.* I know none I am guilty of, unless keeping my self clean be so.

*Gold.* Oh your Periwigs, your Ribbands, your Laces, you are as much a Spark as any of those that go fine, keep Whores, and pay no debts, about the Town; and if the truth were known, you, and your Sister, here, must Rob me to do it.

*Theo.* He will have good luck that Robs you; [Aside] You know my Sister ventures some money at Sea, (that was left her by an Aunt,) and (for me) I am sometimes lucky at play, and I eat and drink, and keep my self handsomly drest with it.

*Gold.* Handsomly, foolishly; to what end are these multitudes of Ribbands, this Flaxen Mop of Whores Hair, and this Flanders Lace upon the Shirt; I warrant this Habit cost thirty Pound: now if you do win money, put it to other uses (you foolish young Knave) 30 l. comes to six and thirty shillings a year, according to Statutable use; But thou mightest make twenty Pound a year on't, if thou hadst any braines, and (with such use upon use) what would 30 l. come to in seven years!

*Theodora.* But Sir, my Brother and I came to talke with you of other business.

*Gold.* Well, and I have something to say to you, of other business.

*Theo.* Tis concerning Marriage, Sir.

*Gold.* And I intended to speak to you, concerning Marriage.

*Theodora.* Ah Father!

*Gold.* Ah Father! what's that for? what? what? you would be at it already, would you? lost and fair young Gentlewoman.

*Theo.* No Sir, my Sister is affraid that your opinion of Marriage will not agree with ours.

*Gold.* Fear not, you shall have no cause of complaint, I shall do well for you both ; and (first of all) have you *Theodora*, seen one *Isabella*, that lyes near this place ?

*Theo.* O yes Sir, several times, in her Balcony.

*Gold.* And you ?

*Theodora.* I have heard of her, Sir.

*Gold.* Well Son, and how do you find that Lady ?

*Theo.* She's admirably handsome, I have never seen her equal.

*Gold.* Her face, ha ?

*Theo.* Beyond what e're a Lover fancied of his Mistress.

*Gold.* Her shape, is it not well ?

*Theo.* Not only faultless, but excellent to a miracle.

*Gold.* Her meen, ha —

*Theo.* Graceful, and admirable.

*Gold.* Her ayer, and her manner —

*Theo.* The most charming in the world ; her ayer so full of modesty and wit, her carriage so allureing and gentle, I have never seen the like.

*Gold.* Oh ho, would not this Lady make a pleasant bed-fellow ?

*Theo.* It were a happiness beyond all expression, such as 'twere not safe to think on't.

*Gold.* But there is one point to be consider'd, her Portion.

*Theo.* Oh Sir, that (with so fine a Lady) is not considerable, not to be mentioned.

*Theodora.* Besides Sir, I have heard she has a tollerable fortune.

*Theo.* Never think of that.

*Gold.* Well, I am glad we agree so well in our opinions of this Lady ; for (by these charming qualities) she has so won upon me, that I am resolv'd forthwith to marry her.

*Theo.* Oh heaven !

*Gold.* What say you ?

[*Hastily.*]

*Theo.* Are you resolv'd say you —

*Gold.* Yes, to marry *Isabella*.

*Theo.* Who you ? you ?

*Gold.* Yes I, I, I, why, what do you make of me, young Cox-comb ?

*Theo.*

*Theo.* 'Sdeath this has struck me to the heart. [*Ex. Theo.*]

*Gold.* Who cares, go get some Aqua-Vitæ, I hope this young Prodigal Ass will hang himself at the news of a young Mother-in-Law——This Daughter, is that which I resolve for my self: now for him, I have provided a grave Matron of about 50, with a great deal of money; and you, I intend to marry to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scriveners Son, a very thrifty young man.

*Theodora.* Heaven, what do I hear!

*Gold.* He's a very pretty young man, and knowes how to make sixty per Cent of his money.

*Theodora.* Sir, if you please, I will not marry.

*Gold.* Madam, if you please you shall marry.

*Theodora.* Pray pardon me Sir.

*Gold.* Pray pardon me Madam.

*Theodora.* You may command me in any thing, but this.

*Gold.* I will command you in this, and to night too.

*Theodora.* To night, that shall not be.

*Gold.* That shall be.

*Theodora.* No Sir.

*Gold.* Yes Sir.

*Theodora.* I'll kill my self, before I marry him.

*Gold.* You shall not kill your self, and you shall marry him; but did ever Father endure such insolence from a Daughter?

*Theodora.* Was ever Daughter so severely used by a Father?

*Gold.* All the world will allow of my choyce.

*Theodora.* No man of sense will.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Gold.* Here comes *Bellamour*, will you be judg'd by him.

*Theodora.* With all my heart.

This is lucky enough. [*Aside*]

*Gold.* Look you *Bellamour*, my Daughter disputes with me, which do you think has reason, she or I?

*Bell.* Oh Sir, you without question.

*Gold.* Do you know what we were talking of?

*Bell.* No Sir, but you cannot be in the wrong.

*Gold.* Look you, you are to be Judge, I would marry her

her to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scriveners Son this night ; and the baggage despises him.

*Bell.* And am I to be Judge ?

*Gold.* Ay of this.

*Bell.* Oh heaven !

*Gold.* What say you ?

*Bell.* I am of your opinion Sir, in the main, but your Daughter is not wholly in the wrong.

*Gold.* Why, why is Mr *Timothy's* Person, or Fortune, to be rejected ? where can she have a better ?

*Bell.* That's true Sir, but she may say, 'tis too rash to resolve to do it so suddenly ; and that she ought to have some time to accommodate her inclinations to him.

*Gold.* Time, come I must take 'occasion by the fore-lock ; his Father ( that is very rich, but of mean extraction ) will ( for the sake of good Alliance ) let his Son marry her without a Portion.

*Bell.* Nay then, I must say no more, that is a convincing reason, she must submit to that.

*Theodora.* What means *Bellamour* ?

[*Aside*]

*Gold.* I know not what 'tis to her, I am sure 'tis the most considerable reason in the world to me.

*Bell.* Without doubt Sir, no man can contradict that, but your Daughter may answer you, that Marriage is the most solemn thing in the world, and that which must make her always either happy, or miserable.

*Gold.* Without Portion ! mark that——

*Bell.* You have reason Sir, that decides all. But Sir, people will tell you, that the inclination of your Daughter, ought to be a little regarded ; and that forcing affections has often ruined the best of Families.

*Gold.* What without Portion ?

*Bell.* Nay, there can be no reply to that : 'tis true, there are a great many Fathers that prize the satisfaction of their Daughters, and would never Sacrifice them to interest, but would consult their affections.

*Gold.* But again I say, without Portion.

*Bell.* 'Tis true, without Portion is an answer to every thing ; and who can resist such reason as yours.

*Gold.*

# THE MISER.

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*Gold.* [To himself] Oh heaven I hear the Dog bark, I am so affraid of this money, I must into the Garden: stay here. [Ex. Goldingham.]

*Theodora.* *Bellamour* you are in the wrong, to talk thus with him.

*Bell.* If I should oppose him Madam, I should ruine our design, and you will do better to feign a consent to what he commands.

*Theodora.* But for this sudden Marriage, to night.

*Bell.* Wee'l find means to break it, and make him consent to it.

*Theodora.* What can you invent?

*Bell.* Feign some sickness, and desire him to delay't for that.

*Theodora.* Physitians will find out that deceit.

*Bell.* Madam, he would scarce be at the charge of one to save his own life, much less yours.

*Theodora.* But he has Kindred, that will give him their advice for nothing.

*Bell.* Madam do you believe in Doctors? do you think they know more than Nurs-keepers? I warrant you Madam, counterfeit what distemper you please, they'l find reasons enough to tell you from whence it comes.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Gold.* Heaven be praised, all's well, there was no body.

*Bell.* Besides Madam, our last recourse shall be to discover our selves, and our affections, and if you can be constant, as I doubt not — [Goldingham is seen by them.]

Madam ( as I was saying ) a Daughter ought not to dispute her Fathers will, or once think whether she likes the man or no, whom he chuses for her; especially where that invincible reason, of without Portion, offers its self.

[Theodora flings from him hastily, and goes out.]

*Gold.* Well said *Bellamour*.

*Bell.* Sir, I ask you pardon, that I make so bold with your Daughter.

*Gold.* I am orejoy'd at it, you have done exceeding well.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Sir, I will never fail to urge her with arguments, and especially, that undeniable one, of *without Portion*.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well.

*Bell.* Oh Sir, there's nothing (in this world) so precious as money, not Honour, Birth, Education, Wit, Courage, Vertue, Wisdom, Religion, Loyalty——

*Gold.* Oh there spoke an Oracle! dear *Bellamour* I could hug thee for this, thou shalt follow, and advise her. But first, give me some little account of this days business, has *Sarah* the Orange-Wench redeem'd her Thumb-Ring, that I lent her ten shillings upon last week?

*Bell.* No Sir.

*Gold.* 'Tis forfeited then, it weighs two and twenty. Has the fellow that cryes old Cloths, redeem'd the new Velvit Coat (which I believe he Stole) or the Oyster-Woman her Red Petticoat with Silver Lace on't? or has the Cobler redeem'd his Pewter that he Pawn'd for money to buy Soles? or has the Country Gentlewoman (that lost her money at play) taken out her Watch, for which she is feign to make excuses to her Husband, and say 'tis a mending?

*Bell.* None of these.

*Gold.* Has the *Whetston* Whore redeem'd her Mantoplice, and her Silk-dy'd Petticoat, with Gold and Silver Lace?

*Bell.* No poor soul, she has had ill trading of late.

*Gold.* There is a Bauds Silver Aqua-Vitæ Bottle, a Mid-wife's hackny Satin Mantle, with old fashion'd Gold Lace; a Herald Painter's Heart-Cloth, and Velvit Pall; besides (let me see) an Attorneys Clerk Pawn'd a Beaver of his Masters in the Country; there is too, a Porters and a Water-mans Silver Badge, the Fidler's Violin, the Hackny Trumpeter's Brass Trumpet, the Barber's inlayd Razor Case, with Silver heads to his Instruments, are any of these redeem'd to day?

*Bell.* None of 'em Sir.

*Gold.* They are forfeited, to Hell with them, *ab inferis nulla redemptio*, this has been a happy week *Bellamour*: two young Sparks have forfeited Mortgages this week: they are the sweetest people to deal with, they seldom fail of forfeiting them

them, and I never fail to take 'em, but prethee go to my Daughter, and advise her.

*Bell.* I will Sir,

Better then you think.

[*Aside*]

*Gold.* How happy am I in this servant! well, (if this trade holds) I shall tumble in money; and next to that.

*The greatest pleasure I can have of life,  
Is in cold age, to have a warm young wife.*

## ACT. II. SCE. II

Enter

*Squeeze, Timothy, Roger.*

*Sque.* IS Mr. Goldingham at home?

*Roger.* He is in the Garden (where he always is) I'll tell him you are here. [Ex. Roger.]

*Sque.* Come Timothy, Cheere up, has't not thou forgot to put on thy little Cuffs, to Comb thy head, and get thy hair powder'd.

*Tim.* No no, I have my best Cloaths on too, just as I used to go to Church; but de' hear Sir, I shall be asham'd when *Theodora* comes, de' see, for (on my conscience and soul) I shall never learn how to Suitour a woman.

*Sque.* Take my directions, and I warrant thee.

*Tim.* How did you go to work to Suiter my Mother?

*Sque.* Why, I'll tell thee, when I was a young man, (Oh the happy days we lived in then) I could woe a young Gentlewoman, with as much dexterity, as the Sprucest Gallant on 'em all.

*Tim.* I long to hear, before Mrs. *Theodora* comes.

D

*Sque.*

*Sque.* Why look you, suppose thou wert thy Mother, stand there ( and I'll tell you she was as fine a young Lass, as any Aldermans Daughter, ( though she was but a Button-makers Daughter ) and as well bred too ; I am sure it cost her Father ten shillings a month for her learning to Dance, and she play'd most violently upon the Cittern too. But stand still, thus I begun.

[ *He salutes, and Kisses Timothy.* ]

Then forsooth your Servant , said I, wont you please to sit down ? here's a Chair, and please you. [ *He sets a Chair for Timothy, and sits down by him.* ]

*Tim.* I vow this is very well, de' conceive me ?

*Sque.* Then thus I went on ; pray give me leave to kiss your hand.

[ *He kisses Timothy's hand.* ]

*Tim.* O Lord Sir!

*Sque.* I protest and vow, I have a very great affection for you ; the very thoughts of you, has often broke my sleep ; and made me fetch many a sigh.

*Tim.* Ha, ha, ha, very well I vow.

*Sque.* For you are very handsom ( as I am an honest man, and I cannot but love you, an I were to be hang'd for't.

*Tim.* 'Tis your goodness more than my desert.

*Sque.* Good lack, to see the luck on't, she made that very answer, I protest.

*Tim.* Oh *Gemini*, why did she ?

*Sque.* Yes, but to go on, said I, I am come to see if you can love such a one as I am, ( and I was then as pretty a young Fellow as any in the City ) and if you can, said I, I shall be very well content to make you my wife.

*Tim.* Ay but Mrs. *Theodora*, they say, is most pestilent Coy.

*Sque.* 'Tis no matter, be thou bold, and she'l not deny thee.

*Tim.* Ay and I will now you bid me, though I venture my life for't, de' understand me ?

*Sque.* Do, stand up to her man, and kiss her, she'l not deny thee, for thou art a very pretty Fellow, though I say't ; stand up, let me see, turn thee about, well made too, well thou takest just like me, I was just such another when I was young.

[ *Enter Goldingham and Bellamour.* ]

*Gold.* Mr. *Squeeze* you are welcome.

*Sque.*

*Sque.* Thank you good Sir.

*Gold.* And you Mr. *Timothy*.

*Tim.* Thank you good Sir, (as my Father said before me.)

*Sque.* This is the young man I bring to your Daughter.

*Tim.* Ay Sir, I make bold to come a woing to Mrs. *Theodora*, de' conceive me, if your worship please.

*Gold.* With all my heart.

*Bell.* An excellent choice, an accomplisht Rival have I: I should sooner be jealous of a Ballad-singer, or a Pick-pocket. [*Aside*]

*Gold.* *Bellamour*, go call my Daughter.

*Bell.* I will Sir, A curse on him, must she be baited by this Bandog. [*Ex. Bell.*]

*Gold.* While the young people are together, wee'l drink a Cup; I would send for a Pint of white Wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, mens bones, Molossus, Lime, Brimstone, Stumme, Allom, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine — but I'll send for a Cup of wholesome Ale for you.

[*Enter Bellamour and Theodora.*]

*Sque.* With all my heart.

*Bell.* There's the sweet youth, he has provided for you.

*Tim.* Now Father stand by me.

*Gold.* This Daughter, is the pretty young man I told you of.

*Theodora.* He looks more like a Corn-Cutter than a Lover. [*Aside*]

*Sque.* Your servant young Gentlewoman. [*He Salutes her.*]

*Tim.* Your servant forsooth, I make bold to Salute you, de' see: I vow 'tis the sweetest kiss that ever I had in all my life; you kiss ver; well Mrs. *Theodora*, pray let me have another.

*Theodora.* Hold Sir, not too fast.

*Tim.* Why look you Father, did I not tell you how 'twould be?

*Sque.* You were a little too forward Son.

*Gold.* Come let's leave the young people, they'l do best together.

## THE MISER.

*Sque.* Ay I warrant you, they had rather be alone.

*Gold.* D'y' hear *Theodora*, be civil to him *Bellamour*!

[*Ex. Goldingham, Squeeze, and Bellamour.*]

*Tim.* So now we are alone Mrs *Thea*, I call you *Thea* for shortness, de' see?

will you please to sit down?

I'e try now if I can out-do my Father.

[*Aside*]

*Theodora.* To wait upon you I will Sir.

What a ridiculous Lover have I?

[*Aside*]

*Tim.* Come Mrs. *Thea*, I profess my Legs are very weary, I have been all this morning dunning for money, at this end of the Town; and I promise you I mind my business as well as e're a young man in the City that wears a head,, but (a deus take 'em) they do so fob me off with Protections hereabouts.

*Theodora.* They do ill, to disappoint so fine a Person.

*Tim.* Ah forsooth, you are pleased to say so, but come (now I think on't) pray where's your Maid?

*Theodora.* Why do you ask?

*Tim.* If you please to send her to some Tavern, where you have Credit, I'de make bold to send for a Pint of Sack for you, (there I out-do my Father a whole half Pint.)

*Theodora.* Oh admirable breeding.

[*Aside*]

By no means I don't love it, I assure you.

*Tim.* Then I'le send for a Bottle of white Wine; I have Sugar in my pocket, the Rogues at Tavern's make us pay three pence a paper for it.

*Theodora.* A thrifty consideration, but I drink no Wine.

*Tim.* Nay peuh Mrs *Thea*, you say this now to save me Charges, de' see; but alas I care no more for money than I do for the dirt under my foot, d' you understand me? if I had you at the *Pope's Head*, I'de give you half a peck of Oysters, I have as good Credit there as ere an Alderman's Son of 'em all, no dispraise: but faith I will send for White-Wine now, you shall not say me nay.

*Theodora.* Oh intollerable! I will have none sent for.

[*Enter James.*]

*James.* Sir, your Father bids me tell you he is sent for to *Chatolins*, to some young Blades, whom he is to take up money for.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* 'Tis very well. Come Mrs *Thea*, pray be not angry, but let us to our business.

*Theodora.* Have you any with me ?

*Tim.* Yes that I have, and very earnest business too, I'll tell you that.

*Theodora.* What is it ?

*Tim.* Look you Mrs. *Thea*, *pauca verba*, the short and the long on't is, I have had a very great affection for you, any time these two months, ever since I saw you at *Covengarden* Church, de' conceive me ?

*Theodora.* Oh wonderful!

*Tim.* As I am an honest man, you have stuck as close to my heart (all the time,) as a Burr (de' understand me) nay I have scarce slept a quiet night, all that time, for dreaming on you.

*Theodora.* 'Tis impossible.

*Tim.* Nay feck now 'tis true, whereupon my Father seeing me in this condition, advised me to come to you for cure, de' hear me ?

*Theodora.* Oh Sir, doubt not but you may command me.

*Tim.* No forsooth pardon me, I shall intreat you.

*Theodora.* To do what ?

*Tim.* Feck only to love me a little, that's all.

*Theodora.* No more but that! how can I chuse ?

*Tim.* Ay but will you have me for a husband, de' see ? that's the business I come about: if you will, I shall for my part, be very glad to make you my Bed-Fellow, as the saying is.

*Theodora.* Oh Sir, you deserve one of a greater Beauty and Fortune than I am.

*Tim.* Pshaw what's matter for that, 'tis all one as long as my Father bid me ask you Mrs. *Thea*, de' conceive me ?

*Theodora.* Sure this Holiday Fool, ha's never been bred to any thing but throwing at Cocks, or demolishing evil houses on Shrove-Tuesday; or may be, he ha's Rid on a Pageant for a *Neptune*, or a Sea-god, or perhaps waited at my Lord Mayor's Table upon a Feast day. [Aside.]

*Tim.* What say you to the proposition, ha ?

[Enter Robin.]

*Robin.* Did you see your Brother Madam ?

*Theo.*

*Theodora.* He's gone out.

*Tim.* A deus take this Fellow for interrupting us.

*Gold.* } *Theodora.*  
*Within.* }

*Theodora.* Hearn, I am call'd, farewell. [Ex. *Theodora.*]

*Tim.* Nay an I leave you, the King shall know it. [Ex. *Tim.*]  
[Enter at the other Door *Mrs. Cheatly.*]

*Cheat.* Oh dear *Robin*, art thou here?

*Robin.* *Mrs. Cheatly*, what makes you here for heavens sake?

*Cheat.* That which makes me go every where; I love to be serviceable to the Nation, in my faculty, I bring people together, and make work for the Parsons, and the Wid-wives. But where's Mr. *Goldingham*.

*Robin.* What business can you have with him? of all mankind.

*Cheat.* That which I hope to get by; you know I have no Rents, Industry, and Intrigue must maintain me; but thou art sure not to lose by it, my dear *Robin*.

*Robin.* And you not to get by it here, I assure you.

*Cheat.* You don't know, there are some things within my power, that may touch very nearly.

*Robin.* Why thou mayst sooner hope to get by thy Trade in a Town three years besieged, and almost famished.

*Cheat.* I warrant you, I have a way of tickling of 'em as they do Trouts out of their senses, but I must work upon him by degrees.

*Robin.* Why he would not give a shilling to save thy soul, nor eighteen pence for his own; I have heard him wish that that word Give, were blotted out of the *English* Tongue: you'll put him into Fits, if you but propound it to him. Slife here he comes, I must be gone I am sure. [Ex. *Robin.*]

[Enter *Goldingham.*]

*Cheatly.* Ah dear Sir, how briskly you look to day, good lack! If I had not been in your house, I protest I should not have known you.

*Gold.* I look well, alas, alas!

*Cheat.* I never saw any creature so chang'd in my life, sure you drink nothing but Viper Wine.

*Gold.*

*Gold.* Nay you wheadle.

*Cheat.* Upon my life, you amaze me, you look so delicately, so fresh, and gay.

*Gold.* Nay but do I? hah.

*Cheat.* Sir, you were never so young in your life, I have seen men of five and twenty in white Periwigs, have less youth about them.

*Gold.* But ( for all that ) I am above six and fifty.

*Cheat.* Six and fifty! alas that's nothing, that's the season of a perfect man, you are now in the flower of your Age — it was the time when the *Patriarchs* you know began to get Children.

*Gold.* That's true, but if I were twenty years younger, 'twould do me no hurt.

*Cheat.* You jest Sir, you need no youth, I'll lay my life you will live till you are a hundred years old.

*Gold.* No no, but do you think so really?

*Cheat.* Most certainly Sir, you have all the markes of long life; let me see, hold a little: Oh what a sign of life there is upon your forehead! I am sure you'll have four wives more.

*Gold.* — I care not how many wives I have, I love to bury wives much. [ *Aside.* ]

But have you such skill in these things?

*Cheat.* Ay as much as e're an Almanack-maker, or Cunning-man of 'em all; let me see your hand, Heaven! what a Line of life is here.

*Gold.* How, let me see. [ *He puts on his Spectacles.* ]

*Cheat.* Do you not see how farr that Line goes?

*Gold.* Yes, but what does that import?

*Cheat.* A hundred did I say? if you don't live to fixscore, I'll be content to be hang'd, when I am so old my self.

*Gold.* 'Tis impossible.

*Cheat.* You will live to bury all your Children, Grand-Children, Great-grand-children, and Posterity, to the fifth and sixth Generation.

*Gold.* The more I bury, the better; what care I for Posterity, I would be my self the last man of my family.

*Cheat.* Yes Sir, as you are the first.

*Gold.* But pray Mrs. *Cheatly*, how goes our affair?

*Cheat.*

*Cheat.* If it did not go extremly well, you would not have me in so good a humour. Well on my conscience no woman in *England* ha's that faculty in Match-making, that I have: there are no two persons, so opposite, that I cannot bring together: (if I had liv'd in that time) I would have been hang'd if I had not Married the Pope to Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Gold.* But I would not have had that done, that might have spoyl'd the reformation: but tell me?—

*Cheat.* Why Sir? I acquainted the Mother with your proposition, and brought *Isabella* to the window (as you appointed,) where she survey'd your person, your age, your youth, I mean, your meen and all your motions.

*Gold.* And how lik'd she, ha?

*Cheat.* She likes your person infinitely, and her Mother, and she entertained the proposal with a great deal of joy; and *Isabella* says you are the most Reverend charming old young Gentleman, in all *Covengarden*.

*Gold.* 'Tis her goodness, but in troth that was a little too much: but have you spoke with her Mother about Portion?

*Cheat.* Oh shee'l be a vast Fortune, she will be worth above two thousand Pound a year to you ( besides her Beauty ) which if you would, you might make as much more of, if she would consent.

*Gold.* And (if I can make so much more of her) I am sure I'll make her consent, or I'll strangle her. [ *Aside.* ]

But how will she be worth so much besides?

*Cheat.* Why first, she ha's the most thrifty Stomach of any woman in *Europe*; she loves nothing but Sallads, Milk, Cheese, Butter, and Apples, nor does she ever desire sweet meats above Almonds, and Raysins, you need not keep a table furnished with varieties, or delicacies for her: Wine she drinks none, this will be worth a thousand Pound a year; then she hates all finery, Lace she detests out of hatred to the *French*.

*Gold.* She does well, it was a Roguish invention, and he that first invented it, is damn'd.

*Cheat.* She hates rich Cabinets, Pictures, rich furnished Closets, and costly furniture extremly, this ( with her own thrift in Habits ) will amount to above six thousand Pounds; then

then she has a horrible aversion for Gaming, then Playes she detests.

*Gold.* This is admirable, I am each minute more in love with her.

*Cheat.* Then she never gives a farthing to the poor, though she sees 'em starving.

*Gold.* How admirably shall we agree, for I hate the poor as much as she can do.

*Cheat.* Then she abominates Singing-Masters, French-Masters, Dancing-Masters, Harpsical-Masters, above measure; now to sum up all these things they will amount to 2450 l. a year, for her life, there's four hundred and fifty Pound above your sum.

*Gold.* Mrs. *Cheatly*, these things are very good, but they are not real goods, I would have something that I might give an Acquittance for, and say, *I say Received per me Humphrey Goldingham.*

*Cheat.* Are not all these excellent qualities real Goods? and I assure you, you may receive them when you please.

*Gold.* These are not Goods and Chattels Mrs. *Cheatly*; I must touch something.

*Cheat.* Touch! why, you shall touch her, and touch her all over, and as much as you please, there's a delicate creature to touch, there's a touch for you.

*Gold.* Ay, but I must touch money; there's a delicate thing to touch, there's a touch for you!

*Cheat.* Money you shall have too, they have a good Estate in the North, which I have heard them speak of—

*Gold.* That must be seen: But there's one difficulty more; she is young, and I fear will not be brought to love an old man.

*Cheat.* Cods me I had like to have forgot that quality of hers, she has the most unconquerable aversion, in the world, for all young men; she was to have been Married t'other day, and broke off the match, because she found the man was not above fifty.

*Gold.* It cannot be, sure.

*Cheat.* Upon my word 'tis true, she says the young men of this age, are nothing but brisk, airy, conceited, gay, proud,

ignorant, foolish, singing, dancing, *Baboones* in huge Periwigs, not fit for wives.

*Gold.* It is impossible.

*Cheat.* If you did but see her Seals, and the few Pictures she ha's, not of *Adonis*, *Paris*, *Apollo*, *Narcissus*, or any young Figures, but of *Saturne*, King *Priam*, *Anchises*, *Nestor*, *Methusalem*, and some of the old *Patriarchs*, *John* of the times, and old *Parre*.

*Gold.* This is incomparable indeed, if I were a young woman I should never endure young Fellows; for my part I wonder what they can see in them, to love 'em so.

*Cheat.* Ay I wonder what pleasure they can take in 'em, Oh your fine old man for my money, he's the civilest, quietest Bed-fellow; worth a thousand of these young Fops, that are ever upon the spur, like a Citizen on a Journey.

*Gold.* 'Tis your goodness: But canst thou not bring this *Isabella* to Supper, to night, to my house? I am to give Mr. *Squeeze*, and his Son a Supper; who shall marry my Daughter immediately, and (if you can bring this Lady) I would kill two Birds with one stone, as that excellent thrifty Proverb says.

*Cheat.* Ne're doubt it Sir, I'll bring her after Dinner to see your Daughter, and they may take the ayr in your Coach together, and so come back to Supper.

*Gold.* Prethee go about it instantly.

*Cheat.* But Sir——

*Gold.* Nay prethee Mrs. *Cheatly* go about it, make no delays, prethee go now——

*Cheat.* One word more.

*Gold.* No more for heaven sake, go now.

*Cheat.* I must speak to you.

*Gold.* By no means, go just now about it, now, go quickly.

[*He thrusts her on towards the door.*]

*Cheat.* Well, there is nothing to be done with this old Fellow now.

[*Ex. Cheatly.*]

*Gold.* This *Cheatly* is a rare woman, but I was plaguily affraid she would have asked to borrow money of me, after she had done her story. 'Sdeath what do I hear! the Garden door

door opens, she's gone in there; I must watch her, and my dear dear money. [Exit.]

[Enter Bellamour and Theodora, as Gold. is going out.]

*Theodora.* What, makes my Father in such haste? I believe he is gone into the Garden; where he goes a hundred times a day: But pray *Bellamour*, is your man returned, you sent into the North to enquire of your Father?

*Bell.* Madam I expect him to night. But my dearest *Theodora*, since I have your heart, there's nothing else I have within my eye, or thought! let us not think of business, but employ this happy minute in talking of love.

*Theodora.* Here's my Father, to your advice again.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Gold.* So all's safe in the Garden.

*Bell.* Madam you must obey, and marry him to night, your Father will not delay the making of you happy.

*Theodora.* To night, is too sudden *Bellamour*.

*Bell.* 'Tis never too soon to obey your Father Madam.

*Gold.* Admirably well said, dear *Bellamour*, never was man so happy in a servant! Come into the next Room Daughter; I warrant you, my man and I will soon convince you.

*Theodora.* Let me beg you will defer it Sir.

*Gold.* I will have it despatch'd to night, come along.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Rant, Hazard, Lettice, and Joyce at Chatolins]

*Rant.* That *Theodore* should be such a Villain, to disappoint us.

*Hazard.* I wonder he should have no more care of his own soul, than to break his word with honest Fellows.

*Lettice.* I believe he knows of my being here; and has not the face to see me (after some inconstancy, I have taken him in lately.)

*Joyce.* That she should pretend to an interest in him, Mr. *Rant*! but if every body that has enjoy'd her should be constant to her, (as she calls it) she would have an Army of Lovers.

*Rant.* God-a-mercy Mrs. *Joyce*, I'll drink thy health for that; here boy give me a Glass. [Boy gives a little Glass.]

A pox on this thimble, give me such a Glass as your Noncon-

*forming* Parson drinks in, after labouring at a *Conventicle*; as big as King *Johns* Cup at *Lyn*, or *John Calvins* at *Geneva*: That is fit for nothing but to wear in a mans Bandstring ( as your Citizens do Rings. )

*Boy*. Here's one will fit you Sir.

*Rant*. Fill it, and strike it.

*Lettice* Here's thy health in a brimmer, *Hazard* have at thee.

*Hazard*. Ile do thee reason, dear *Rogue*, an 'twere a Pulpit full of *Burgundy*; I love such honest Fellows, that let drinking and wenching go hand in hand.

*Rant*. Faith they are such sweet sociable finnes, 'tis pitty they should ever be parted.

*Hazard*. Come boy, my Glass.

*Lettice*. But where's the Fiddlers you promised us ?

*Rant*. Here's Captain *Theodore*.

[*Enter Theodore*.]

They cannot be farr off.

*Theodore*. How now Gentlemen, what so forward already ?  
Ladies your servant.

*Rant*. You see *Theodore* we are not wanting, we provide you good Company ; but I am sorry you came not to Dinner.

*Lettice*. You see Mr. *Theodore* what I venture for your company ; to undergo the Scandal of these Gentlemen.

*Theodore*. No Scandal I hope Mrs. *Lettice* ! for women of your Tribe ( like *Fanaticks* ) are above Ordinances.

*Joyce*. Mr. *Theodore*, you are very unkind of late, one can never see you : But you see I can venture to be ruin'd with my Alderman to see you ; but not a word of this.

*Theodore*. Fear it not, I am as much affraid of the Scandal as you are.

*Hazard*. Come *Theodore*, thou wantest two or three Beer-Glasses ; Is it not better to drink, and be free with these glorious Harlots, than to crouch to a foolish simpering Lady that's honest ?

*Rant*. Thou art like a dry-foot-Dog, that ( out of a whole Heard of Deer ) singles out one, whose sent he only followes, and tires himself to catch that, when he might have twenty in the mean time.

*Theodore*.

*Theodore.* Gentlemen! the Devil is much obliged to you, you are his great Champions; and defend Whoreing with as good arguments as any of his controversial Divines about the Town: But all this will not make me think ill of an honest woman.

*Hazard.* I tell you there is not a woman in the world, that's honest at all times, and upon all occasions.

*Theodore.* What not thy Mother, or thy Sister?

*Hazard.* No gad, if they were, I would disown them, they had none of my blood in 'em.

*Rant.* *Theodore* let me advise thee not to speak contemptibly of Sons of Punks, for ( if thou dost ) Gad thou wilt raise a world of enemies.

*Theodore.* Ple assure you, I have a better opinion of the Sex than what ill company, and your leud lives, have given you.

*Hazard.* Ay pox on't, thou art not *compos mentis*, thou art in love; but here's a couple of remedies for that Disease; which ( if thou dost not nip in the bud ) will prove more dangerous than three Claps.

*Rant.* I hope it's nothing but some fumes of the Spleen; that make him base company (for the present:) I hope (with these Ladies assistance ) and a Bottle or two of *Burgundy*, to set them right yet.

*Lettice.* I am Mr. *Theodore's* humble servant, he shall want no assistance I can give him.

*Joyce.* Nor will I be deficient in any thing to serve him.

*Lettice.* Alas Madam, he does not ask your service, nor would it do him much good.

*Joyce.* Goodlack Mrs. *Lettice*, you are so exalted by the bounty of Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener, and twenty or thirty more, that ( unknown to him ) Club with him.

*Lettice.* Twenty or thirty, thou insolent creature; did you learn no better manners of your Alderman?

*Rant.* Hold Ladies, here are the Fiddlers. [*Flourish of Fiddles.*] Let them reconcile your quarrel. Come in youths.

[*Enter Fiddles.*] [*Enter Mrs. Cheatly and Mrs. Betty.*]

*Cheat.* Come Gentlemen you shall not be merry without me, I will participate. [*They all salute Betty.*] *Haz.*

*Hazard.* Who is this thou hast brought with thee *Mrs. Cheatly*?

*Cheat.* A pretty young Girl, which I am to marry to an old Prebend; but mum for that.

*Rant.* Boy give me a mighty Glas of *Burgundy*: *Theodore* here's thy *Mistress's* health; *Hazard*, to you, *Fidlers* play a health. [ *They Flourish.* ]

*Theodore.* You are very brisk, but I shall tame you, I warrant you.

*Hazard.* Come Ladies, faith you shall not scape, wee'l warm ye first with Wine, and then with a Dance; *Mrs. Cheatly.*

*Cheat.* I'll pledge you Sir, but with allowance [ *They Flourish.* ]

*Hazard.* With all my heart, take your liberty.

*Cheat.* *Mrs. Joyce*, *Mr. Theodore's* *Mistress.*

*Joyce.* With all my heart *Madam Cheatly*. [ *They Flourish.* ]  
There's one in this Room, perhaps is as nearly concerned in it, as any body.

*Lettrice.* For all that you know *Mrs. Joyce*, I vow *Mr. Theodore*, her confidence makes me ashamed of her.

*Theodore.* Alas poor modesty, fa la la.

*Cheat.* If you will have any singing, I'll sing you a little Country Song shall stir up these *Girls* more than your *Fiddles* and *Voyces* can do.

*Hazard.* Prethee do *Cheatly*.

Song.

AS I walk'd in the woods one evening of late,  
A Lass was deploring her hapless estate,  
She sigh'd, and she sob'd, Ah wretched she said;  
Will no youth come succour a languishing Maid?  
Shall I still sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,  
And languish for ever for want of a man?

At first when I saw a young man in the place,  
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face,  
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're;  
I thought 'twas an Ague, but Alas it was more,  
For ere since I've sigh'd, and do what I can,  
I find I must languish for want of a man.

When in bed all the night I weep on my Pillow,  
To see others happy, while I wear the Willow ;  
I revenge my selfe on the innocent sheet,  
Where in rage I have ostentimes made my Teeth meet :  
Put all this won't serve, let me do what I can,  
I find I must languish for want of a man.

Now all my fresh colour deserted my face,  
And let a pale greenness succeed in the place,  
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,  
And nothing but Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal, can eat :  
But in my despair I'll die if I can,  
And languish no longer for want of a man.

Joyce. Really Madam *Cheatly* 'tis a pretty Song.

*Cheat*. 'Tis a little too wanton, that's the fault on't.

*Rant*. Nay, it cannot be too much of that ; how dost like it *Theodore* ?

*Theodore*. Pox on't, there's no Wit in't.

*Rant*. Don't all your greatest Wits make Songs without any Wit at all in 'em, that take extreamly ?

*Hazard*. Come *Theodore* take out thy woman ; wee'l bounce their bodies in a Dance.

[ Enter Robin. ]

*Cheat*. Is *Robin* here ? he Dances well, ( with his Master's leave ) he shall be my partner.

*Theodore*. With all my heart, but what news *Robin* ?

*Robin*. Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener Sir will come to you, and bring the Gentleman that will lend the money.

*Theodore*. *Squeeze* does not know me.

*Robin*. No Sir, I told him it was a young Gentleman in whom he must be satisfied, when he knew his name.

*Rant*. Come *Theodore*, I bar all business now.

*Theodore*. Come Gentlemen I'll be as Idle for a while as the best of you, strike up. [ They Dance. ]

[ After the Dance, Enter Timothy. ]

*Tim*. Gentlemen by your leave, is my Farher here among ye ?

*Rant*.

*Rant.* Pox of this Rascal, knock him on the head.

*Hazard.* Hold *Rant*, who is your Father?

*Tim.* Mr. *Squeeze* the Scrivener, de' understand me? Lord! that Gentleman needed not have been so angry, my Father is a Livery-man, de' see, I am no such contemptible person, I promise you.

*Hazard.* Be civil to him, he has the Countenance of an excellent Buble.

*Rant.* I warrant thee, I'll make much of him; Sir I hope you'll forgive my ignorance of your person; had I known you, I should not have been so unmannerly.

*Tim.* Nay, 'las I'll be friends with you, for my part with all my heart; but my Father was sent for to this house, to some Gallants that wanted money: and by the noise and Ranting you kept here, de' understand me, I thought you had been the men.

*Hazard.* We expect him here every minute.

*Theodore.* Now will you brace of Knaves Cheat this fool.

*Hazard.* If he scapes us one way or other, I'll forswear *Caterdens-ace*, and smooth Box, as long as I live.

*Lettice.* Heaven! if Mr. *Squeeze* finds me here I shall be ruin'd for ever.

*Cheat.* Pray lets withdraw into another Room more private.

*Theodore.* Go all into another Room, and I'll come to you suddenly; I will but speak one word with my man.

*Rant.* Come on Ladies: Come Sir we must engage you till your Father comes.

*Tim.* Sir your servant, I don't care if I spend my Pint with you; and it be a Quart, I have money enough, de' see?

*Hazard.* And shall have little enough, de' see, before we leave you. [Aside.]

[Ex. all but *Theodore* and *Robin*.]

*Theodore.* Come *Robin*, is there any hopes of procuring the three hundred Pound?

*Robin.* Yes Sir, you may have the money upon some few conditions; and I (seeing you could not have it upon other termes) told him you must have the money upon any condition.

*Theodore.* So I must, but what are they?

*Robin.* I'll read 'em to you Sir, I have 'em here in writing; first, you must engage some reversion of Land for security.

*Theodore.* That's reasonable.

*Robin.* Item Mr. Squeeze will have 30 l. for Broakerage, for he but procures it.

*Theodore.* Oh damn'd Jew!

*Robin.* Have patience Sir, you shall hear more: Item the Gentleman that Lends it, will not in conscience take above 6 in the hundred; but he will have a Present of 30 l. for a pair of Candlesticks.

*Theodore.* What cursed exaction's this!

*Robin.* Item he will have you take the greatest part of it in Goods.

*Theodore.* A curse on him, what Moor or wild Arab is this?

*Robin.* Hold Sir, *Imprimis* a fine new Razor-Case, with Razors, and every thing suitable; the Case in-layd with Silver, and all the Instruments with Silver Heads, very fit for your man to learn to shave by.

*Theodore.* Death and Hell! what's this?

*Robin.* Item A *Bolonia* Lute, a *Roman-Arch* Lute, 2 Gittars, a *Cremona* Violin, 1 *Lyra* Viol, 1 *Viol de Gambo* and a Trump-Marin, very fit for you, if you be a lover of Musick; Item a very neat Chess-Board, and a pair of Tables, very good to pass away the time with.

*Theodore.* What abominable Villains are these?

*Robin.* Item 15 large Pewter Dishes, 2 Dozen of Pewter Plates, two Brass Pots and a Kettle, very useful for you against you keep house. Item a Furnace of Brick, with the Cornues, and Recipients, very fit for you, if you be curious in Distilling. Item 1 Scru'd Pistol, 3 Muskets, 1 Back, Brest, Head-Piece and Gauntlet, and 5 Swords; these things are valu'd at 160 l.

*Theodore.* What Inhuman bloody Rogues are these? I should not have above 80 l. of all this money: Heaven what shall I do! money I must, and will have; though by all the extremities in the world.

[Enter Squeeze and Goldingham.]

*Gold.* But do you think there is no danger?

*Sque.* None at all, he says his Father is so well known, that no man will question him: Besides he is so pressed for money, that hee'l undergo what ever you can put upon him.

*Gold.* That's very well.

*Sque.* Besides, hee'l go to the ensurance Office, and ensure his own life and his Fathers death; as you know they will ensure any thing.

*Gold.* That's well again.

*Theodore.* Sdeath who's here, my Father? I am betrayd by this Rogue.

*Sque.* Oh Sir, your servant, this is the young Gentleman Mr. *Goldingham* that wants the money.

*Gold.* Oh Heaven, my Son! I am amaz'd.

*Sque.* Is it his Son? this is lucky, above my wishes, [*Aside.*] he will disinherit him; and my Son will have a Portion then, a large one with his Daughter.

*Theodore.* You Rascal, did you betray me? I'll cut your throat you Dog. [*Softly.*]

*Sque.* I betray you, heaven forbid it.

*Gold.* Oh you Villain, is it you that abandon your self to these wicked extremities?

*Theodore.* Is it you Sir that are guilty of these abominable extortions?

*Gold.* Is it you that would ruin your self by your debauchery? and borrow money upon such conditions?

*Theodore.* Is it you Sir that seek to enrich your self by the Ruin of people, in lending money upon such shameful conditions?

*Gold.* Dare you appear before me after this?

*Theodore.* Dare you appear before the world after this?

*Gold.* Have you no shame in you, you debauched Villain! to spend thus impiously, what I have sweat for; to make away the reversion of your Estate, upon such dishonorable conditions?

*Theodore.* Do not you blush to dishonour your Name, and Family,

Family, by the most cruel exaction, and unheard of subtleties, that the most infamous of Usurers, nay *Jews* themselves could ne're invent.

*Gold.* Are you such a borrower?

*Theodore.* Are you such a lender?

*Gold.* Come along Mr. *Squeeze*, I cannot endure the sight of this Villain any longer. [*Ex. Goldingham and Squeeze.*]

*Theodore.* So, my affairs are in a very good posture, I am disappointed of money, and undone with my Father, if I cannot find out a way to bring my selfe off.

*Robin.* Make him believe, that it was for another you inquired for the money; and knowing that *Squeeze* dealt with your Father ( which I am sure you ne're suspected till now ) that you intended it for your Father's advantage.

*Theodore.* Wee'l think on't, and for *Squeeze*, I hope my friends in the next Room will Revenge me to the full upon his Son; I'lle into 'em, and set them on'.

*Robin.* Do Sir, and at misfortunes ne're repine,  
While there are handsom Women and good Wine.

## ACT. III. SCE. III.

Enter

*Theodore and Bellamour.*

*Theo.* **S**IR, I have at length broke loose by force from my Company, to wait on you; my Sister has told the honour you have done her, and me.

*Bell.* Sir I humbly beg your pardon for not first making my address to you: My long absence had made me a stranger to all the Town, and by that means to your Character; had

I known you to be a man of that honour I find you, I should not have gone so indirect a way.

*Theodore.* Sir I am happy that (any way) this favour can be conferred by a person of your worth upon my Sister; and so much honour on my selfe; and therefore 'tis my interest, as well as inclination, to desire of you that all Names may be layd by between us too, but that of Brother.

*Bell.* It is a Name that since you are pleased to honour me with it, shall not be forgotten, or ungratefully own'd while I live.

*Theodore.* Dear Brother, let me embrace you.

*Bell.* Let this eternally bind us, my dearest Brother,

*Theodore.* I am extremly glad you have prevailed so upon my Fathers opinion, since it may be of great use, as well to your own affairs, as to mine.

*Bell.* Do not distinguish our interests, for yours is now become mine.

*Theodore.* I am extremly oblig'd to you for your kindness, and I have now occasion to use you in a business of my own; I know you will excuse my freedom.

*Bell.* There's nothing you can ever do to me, can need an excuse; nor is there any thing you can ask of me, which I can deny.

*Theodore.* I doubt not but my Father has e're this told you of his anger against me.

*Bell.* He has, and I am very sorry for it, but I hope to serve you in this affair.

*Theodore.* I can put you in a way to do it, as thus, I'll tell you immediately.

[ *Enter Cheatly.* ]

*Cheatly.* Oh Mr. *Theodore*, your friends are very angry with you for leaving of 'em; but yon Coxcomb young *Squeeze* is as drunk as a Bully, and so sweet upon Mrs. *Joyce* (who is the only woman I have left with them) that there is no staying him off her: She perswaded him to play with *Hazard* at Backgammon, and he ha's already lost his *Edward* shillings that he kept for Shovel-board, and was pulling out broad pieces (that have not seen the *Sunthese* many years) when I came away.

*Theodore*

*Theodore.* I am heartily glad on't, I am sure the Rogues have no more mercy than a Bayliff with an execution in his pocket; but prethee what brings you hither? does my Father go astray towards the flesh?

*Cheatly.* No no, I come to borrow money of him upon Security; good enough, as you shall find to your cost. [*Aside.*]

*Theodore.* I'll send him to you, come my dear Brother.

*Bell.* I wait on you. [*Ex. Bellamour and Theodore.*]

*Cheatly.* If I be not reveng'd of *Theodore*, for using my Daughter unkindly, I have lost my cunning; I am sure there can be no Instrument of it so certain, as a Mother-in-Law.

[*Enter Robin.*]

*Robin.* — Dear Mrs. *Cheatly*! were not you discourag'd enough last time, but you must venture again hither?

*Cheatly.* I'll never give him over till I prevail upon him.

*Robin.* It is impossible, you'll sooner persuade a profest Jew to Swines flesh and Images, than him to parting with money.

*Cheatly.* Distrust not my art.

*Robin.* I heartily wish it might prevail, though I despair on't, for ( to say truth ) Mrs. *Cheatly* I have need at present for a great deal of love, not forgetting a little money, from you.

*Cheatly.* Thou shalt want neither, as long as I can help thee; here's somthing, come to my house at night, and thou shalt have more.

*Robin.* Thank you dear Mistress, it comes seasonably — Though loving such a one as she deserves very well; yet this is the freest Titt that ever had inclination to mankind. [*Aside*]

[*Enter Goldingham.*]

*Gold.* S'death you Rogue, are you about my house? begon Rascal.

*Robin.* Call me Rascal before my Mistress? I could find in my honour to beat him for an old *Sink-cater*.

*Cheatly.* Why do you use *Robin* so unkindly? he's a pretty ingenious young man.

*Gold.* Hang him Rascal! But prethee how goes our business on?

*Cheatly.* As you can wish: she says she saw you even now walk

walk under her Window, and made me the pleasantest description, and is so taken with you! She says you are of a fit Age and Beard for her, and infinitely admires the Gravity and Decency of your Habit

*Gold.* Does she like me, say you?

*Cheatly.* To admiration: Pray Sir turn you; just that delicate shape, that convenient height that she describ'd! Pray let me see you walk: just that free and janty meen, that very easie and unconstrained motion which she describ'd.

*Gold.* It is strange she should take so much notice of me in so short a time, hah.

*Cheatly.* She says you look as if you had no kind of infirmity.

*Gold.* I have none very great, (thank heaven) I have only a defluccion that troubles me sometimes. [*He Coughs.*]

*Cheatly.* Oh you are ne're the worse for that Rheume; you have an admirable grace, a good air and meen in Coughing; it becomes no man in *Europe* so well as you.

*Gold.* No no, you jest, you are a wag; but will *Isabella* come to see my Daughter?

*Cheatly.* Yes Sir, I am to go and wait on her hither immediately.

*Gold.* Dear Mrs. *Cheatly* you oblige me infinitely.

*Cheatly.* I oblige her of all things in the world. [*He Smiles.*]  
But Sir, I have an humble Petition to you. [*He Frownes.*]

*Gold.* What the Devil says she?

*Cheatly.* I am just now at the point of being cast in a Suit, for want of a little money to Fee my Lawyers with; you may if you please easily supply me, you cannot [*He Smiles.*] imagine what joy she had when I told her I would wait on her to your house; you cannot believe what pleasure shee'l have to see you.

*Gold.* Me, alas! alas!

*Cheatly.* Upon my word Sir, this Suit is of that consequence to me, that I shall be ruin'd, if I lose it; [*He Frownes.*] and a little assistance from you will restore my business again; Oh! if you could but have seen what [*He Smiles again.*] transport she was in, when I was speaking of you, what joy  
shin'd

shin'd through her eyes, when I repeated your excellent qualities to her: in fine, I have made her very impatient till this Marriage be concluded.

*Gold.* You have done me the greatest pleasure imaginable, and I owe all the kindness in the world to you.

*Cheatly.* Sir since it is so, I beg of you that you will afford me the small supply which I demand. [*He Frownes again.*]

*Gold.* Well adieu, I'll go see all things prepar'd for her reception in time.

*Cheatly.* I assure you, you could never supply me in so great an exigence.

*Gold.* Well, I'll see my Coach and Horses put in order, for ye to take the air.

*Cheatly.* I should not importune you, if I had not the greatest necessity in the world.

*Gold.* Let me know what she and you love best, that I may bespeak it to Supper.

*Cheatly.* I beg of you, do not refuse me; you cannot imagine the pleasure a little sum of money would do me.

*Gold.* Well, I must go see that Supper be ready in good time, for fear ye should be sick, if ye eat too late.

*Cheatly.* Pray consider my condition——

*Gold.* I warrant ye you shall have Supper ready early enough, I'll bespeak it instantly: Farewel.

[*He rushes from her, and Exit.*]

*Cheatly.* This is the most obdurate, inhuman old Fellow, that are yet ventur'd a soul to the Devil for money.

[*Enter Robin.*]

*Robin.* What, you have succeeded just as I expected.

*Cheatly.* A curse on him, he was prepar'd and fortified against all my Attaques.

*Robin.* I tell you, you will sooner perswade *Quakers* to conform, and wear the *Surplice*; or Bauds to become *Nuns*; than him to part with any money.

*Cheatly.* I'll bait him once with the sight of this Lady here; and if that does not mollifie him, I can soon bring her over to another that shall bid high enough for her.

*Robin.* This Trafficking for Maiden-Heads is an excellent Professi-

Profession; but they are very dear, for their Rarity.

*Cheatly.* But I think I must wholly leave of Trading about Marriages, the Market runs higher at present t'other way.

*Robin.* Faith then, its the wisest course.

*Cheatly.* I'll consider on't, but come you shall usher me to the Lady I speak of.

*Robin.* Allons.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Hazard, Rant, Timothy, Joyce,*

Boy

*Tim. and Haz. at Tables.*

*Tim.* On my conscience and soul you Cog, de' see? look on the *Motto* o'th' Tables, *Play fair and swear not*, de' hear me? [Drunk.]

*Haz.* On my honour Sir.

*Tim.* A Devil take your honour for me, de' see? that's all your word at this end of the Town; de' conceive me? but for all that, one can't trust a man of ye: Here it goes *Size-ace*, *Hazard* hold out.

*Tim.* Did ever man see the like! on my conscience and soul you deal with the Devil, de' mark me? Mrs. *Joyce*, let me have but one kiss, de' conceive me, and I shall win the Game sack.

*Joyce.* Nay fie Mr. *Timothy*.

*Tim.* Nay ne're offer to resist, de' see? for would I might ne're stir if I han't it, if I set upon't; Come Come.

[*They struggle, he kisses her.*]

*Joyce.* You are but a rude person, let me tell you that.

*Tim.* I told you I'de have it, I faith; now Sir I am for you.

*Rant.* Prethee *Joyce* be not so coy to this young Fool, he may be of great advantage to us all, and especially to thee.

*Joyce.* I hope he might use more Courtship to a person of my quality, there is some difference sure.

*Rant.* Prethee let there be none, I am sure you will not repent it. Mr. *Timothy*, here's the Ladies health in a brimmer.

*Tim.* I'll pledge you an't were a Peck (*six and three*) for would I might ne're go home alive if she be not one of the Prettiest Gentlewomen I ever saw in my life (*Sink-Duce*) Come drink it off.

*Rant.*

*Rant.* 'Tis off, and there's a brimmer for you.

*Tim.* Where are the Fiddles? I'll vow and swear I will not drink without Fiddles.

*Rant.* They are drinking in the next Room, Boy, call 'em in.

*Haz.* Twelve, there's a Back-Gammon, the Gold is my own. [Ex. Boy.]

*Tim.* A duce tak't, I have lost all, as I am an honest man, on my conscience you have made a League; I make no more of Mr. *Selware's* Journey-man next Door to us, I give him one in five.

*Rant.* If you want any money, you shall have what you will of mee; but drink the health first.

*Tim.* Come on, Musiciansers, strike up, Hey: Here forsooth, here's your health; and would I might ne're go out of this place, if I would not drink it sooner than my Sisters, or my Mothers, if she were alive: Ha ha, [He drinks, they Flourish.] this is the Prettiest way of drinking I vow; it encourages us, as Drums and Trumpets do, when we let off our Guns at a Muster. Come Hey, what care I for losses, my Father ha's money enough, de' see? Mrs. *Joyce*, with your Cozens leave, I make bold to love you with all my heart.

*Joyce.* I am oblig'd to you really, but I know not how to return it.

*Tim.* O your love! I warrant you, you know well enough if you would; well to morrow we show at *Hide-Park*, and (if I know your Lodging) I'll give you a Gun as I come back, and steal a Bottle of Sack, and the Tip of a Neats-Tongue, and bring you, I tell you that.

*Rant.* Nay prethee *Hazard* give an honest account, don't sink for shame.

*Haz.* Upon my honour; he lost no more, what dost take me for a Cheat?

*Tim.* Come Gentlemen you don't drink, give me a Glas, here's my Mistress's health; I make bold to call you so, de' see?

*Joyce.* O your servant.

*Tim.* Come Gentlemen, an't I pure Company now? strike

up Musicians, Hey; Gad you think we Citizens are [*He drinks.*] Good for nothing, de' conceive me? but there's a knot of us, of about sixteen or eighteen, if we get together, can be as merry, as the best of you; we can i'faith, and sing, a Boat, a Boat, or herer's a health to his Majesty, with a fa la la lero; and Roar gallantly Mrs. *Joyce*.

*Joyce*. Methinks you are as Pretty a Spark as any about the Town.

*Tim*. I think so fack, I'le scorn any of 'em should out-do me if I set upon it. Hey! [*He Leaps and falls down.*]

*Joyce*. What, have you hurt your self?

*Tim*. 'Pshaw, not at all, *fa la la lero*, come [*He Sings.*] Mrs. *Joyce*, wee'l have a Song faik now; Violin men, (I dare not call 'em Fiddlers, for fear they should be angry) sing us a Catch; Oh I have seen one of these Act the Countrey man, and *Simkin* in the Chest rarely; and you may talk of your Playes, but give me such Pretty harmless Drolls for my money.

*Rant*. Well, you are a merry man.

*Tim*. I'le be as merry as the best, hang losses, Hey, Hey, strike up, *fa la la la lero*.

*Haz*. Let me embrace you, dear Mr. *Timothy*; well he's admirable company Mrs. *Joyce*.

*Tim*. Oh! am I so? Sing a Catch you Rogues, or I'le break your heads; give me a Glass; here Adversary, here's to you.

*Rant*. A pox on him, hee'l be too drunk. [*They Sing.*]

#### A Catch in four parts.

*Come lay by your cares, and hang up your sorrow,  
 Drink on, he's a sot, that er'e thinks on to morrow;  
 Good store of good Claret supplies every thing,  
 And the man that is drunk, is as great as a King.  
 Let none at misfortunes, or losses repine,  
 But take a full Dose of the juice of the Vine;  
 Diseases and troubles are ne're to be found,  
 But in the damn'd place, where the Glass goes not round.*

*Tim.* An admirable Song Mrs. *Joyce*, thank you honest friends: I have heard these men sing gallantly before my Lord Mayor; *Diseases and Troubles are ne're*, &c.

[*He Sings out of Tune.*]

*Rant.* Come will you take Revenge on *Hazard*, here's twenty Pound if you will.

*Tim.* Hang revenge fack, he's a very honest Gentleman; besides I have in my Fob 20. l. in broad Gold, I did not tell you of.

*Rant.* Is not that good news *Hazard*?

*Tim.* Come Mrs. *Joyce* lets sing and be merry a bitt; *Diseases and Troubles*, &c. Hey. [*He falls down dead drunk.*]  
Mrs. *Joyce* come to Bed: Come I say quickly, I am in hast, come away.

*Haz.* So now you have done well, this Rogue has 20. l. about him; and you have made him so drunk, he cannot lose it to us.

*Rant.* Lets carry him into another Room to sleep, and pick his Pocket; gad it's all one.

*Haz.* No pox, our way is a little more honourable.

*Joyce.* I have had excellent company of you to day Gentlemen.

*Rant.* I know thou hast goodness enough to pardon it; but if my design succeeds, you shall have cause to thank me; I will watch this Fellow, as *Bacon* did his Brazen Head; and (if I do not marry him to thee) I'll be bound never to Cheat the Son of a Citizen again.

*Joyce.* Flatter not your self, 'tis impossible.

*Haz.* Ne're doubt him, you know not his Art; but whilest he watches him, I'll wait on you to my Lodging; whither he shall bring *Timothy* as soon as he wakes.

*Joyce.* Come on, your servant Mr. *Rant*.

[*Ex. Joyce and Hazard.*]

*Rant.* Your servant sweet Mrs. *Joyce*.

Mr. *Timothy* wake a little.

*Tim.* I'll not wake for my Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and all the Common Council, de' see?

*Rant.* Here waiter, help to carry him into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Goldingham, Theodore, and Theodora.*]

*Gold.* But it is really, as *Bellamour* tells me, that you would procure the money for another?

*Theodore.* Upon my word Sir, the young Gentleman will give you a meeting to morrow morning.

*Gold.* 'Tis somewhat better, but why did you keep such scurvy Prodigal company?

*Theodore.* I did it only to draw him in, and get money of him.

*Gold.* That's very well. Now Son I have something else to say to you; the Lady which I intend for your Mother-in-Law, will be here instantly; and I charge you betray not the least dislike of any thing in your Countenance, but use her with all the respect imaginable.

*Theodore.* I can't promise you to be glad of the coming of a Mother-in-Law; but I am sure I will not dislike her you have Chosen.

*Gold.* Nor you Daughter?

*Theodora.* I have never given you occasion to suspect so ill a thing of mee.

*Theodore.* 'Sdeath! what Instrument of the Devil has he made use of, to seduce *Isabella* hither?

*Gold.* Leave me now, and send in all my servants.

[*Ex. Theodore and Theodora.*]

[*Enter Oldwoman, Roger, James, Will.*]

Here, where are you all, mind all your Charges. Oldwoman first, to you it belongs to make every thing clean; but do you hear, do not Rub my Moveables too hard, to wear them out; if you do, I shall stop your Wages.

*James.* Hey, what's to do now?

*Gold.* You *Roger* take all the Bottles and Glasses, and rince them; and take Charge of 'em, if there be one lost or broke, I'll bate it out of your Wages, Sirrah.

*James.* That I am sure of.

*Gold.* Then do you *William* fill the drink; but, never but when they are dry, and let 'em call for't twice, or thrice, pretend to be a little thick of Hearing; here are a company of Roguish Lackey's about the Town, that are always offer-

ing

ing the Glafs, and provoking people to drink, and kill themselves, I will have no such Rogues about me.

*William.* I warrant you Sir, I'll look to the Drink.

*Gold.* Then look you have your best Cloathe's on when the people come.

*Roger.* I have my best, and all I have on, but they are so horribly greasie before, that they are fit for nothing but to give to a Soapboyler, or Kitchin-stuff-woman.

*William.* And mine are so full of holes behind, as if I had a Volley of Musket-Bullets in my Posteriors.

*Gold.* You foolish Knaves, cannot you Sirrah take your Hat, and hold it before you to hide the Grease? And do you Sirrah turn your Face always to the people, to hide those holes behind; and when you are sent for any thing, go backward, thus you Rascal. Now to you *James*.

[*Ex. Oldwoman Roger and William.*]

*James.* Would you speak to me as your Cook, or Coachman? for you know I serve in both Offices.

*Gold.* As my Cook.

*James.* Good Sir hold a little.

[*He puts off his Coach-mans Cloak, and appears like a Cook.*]

*Gold.* What a Devil is this Ceremony for? you Rascal.

*James.* Good Sir have a little patience: Now speak, I am ready.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Gold.* Oh *Bellamour* come and assist me; *James*, I am to give a Supper to night.

*James.* The most miraculous thing I ever heard of!

*Gold.* Can you make us good Cheer?

*James.* Yes, if you will let me have a great deal of money.

*Gold.* Money! you Rascal you, have ye nothing to say but money; nothing in your mouth but money, money, money?

*Bell.* I never heard so impertinent an answer, every fool can do that; but you must make a good entertainment with a little money.

*James.* Good Mr. Steward, I would you would teach me that secret.

*Gold.* Peace Sirrah, and tell me what we must have.

*James*

*James.* There's your *Fac-totum*, let him till you.

*Gold.* Answer me, or I'll break your head.

*James.* Hold Sir, I will, how many will there be?

*Gold.* Ten in all, but provide enough but for eight.

*James.* Why you must have, first, two great Soupes made of Veal, Ducks, Chickens, Coxcombs, Sweet-Breads, Mushromes, Palates, Forced-meat, Artichoak-bottoms. —

*Gold.* 'Sdeath you Rogue, you would Feast all the Town.

*James.* Then Fricasees, Ragousts, a huge Dish ( with all sorts of Fowles ) as Duck, Teal —

*Gold.* Hold your Tongue you Rogue, you would undoe me.

*James.* Then Plover, Dotril —

*Gold.* Hold you Rogue.

[ *He stops James's mouth with his hand.* ]

*James.* Snipes, Ruffs, Woodcocks.

*Gold.* Hold you Dog, he puts me into a cold sweat.

*James.* Partridges, Gnats, Godwits.

*Gold.* Will the Rogue never have done?

*James.* Pheasants, Heath-Pouts, Black-Cocks, Quails, Rails, Larks, &c.

*Bell.* What do you intend to cramm all the Town? my Master does not invite people, to Murder 'em with eating.

*James.* But he would not starve 'em sure.

*Bell.* People should eat to live, not live to eat; as the Proverb says.

*Gold.* O dear *Bellamour*, let me Embrace thee for that word, he was a great man that said that; I will have that Sentence Engraven in Great Letters over my Hall Chimney.

*Bell.* Ne're trouble him Sir, I'll take care of the Supper.

*James.* Pray do Sir, with a little money, we shall see what 'twill be.

*Gold.* But now for my Coach.

[ *He puts on his Coach-man's Cloak.* ]

*James.* Hold good Sir, good Sir hold a little: Now Sir, what were you saying of your Coach?

*Gold.* Let it be clean'd, and the Horses Harnessed.

*James.* Horses Sir, why they are in that poor Condition, that

that a man must stretch devillishly to call 'em Horses; they are but the Shadows or Ghosts of Horses.

*Gold.* Can they be sick and do nothing?

*James.* Yes Sir, you make 'em keep such severe Lents, they eat no more than *Chamelions*; I look every day when they should depart this life: For my part, it grieves my heart, for I have a tender love and respect for my Horses; and indeed a man should not be so hard hearted, or unnatural, not to pity his Neighbour in distress.

*Gold.* The Journey will not be far.

*James.* I have not the Courage to put 'em in; how can they draw the Coach, that cannot draw their Legs after them.

*Bell.* Sir, I'll engage one to drive 'em.

*James.* I had rather they should die under any bodies hands than mine; but you have a mighty necessary man here to your Superintendent.

*Gold.* Peace you unmannerly Rascal.

*Bell.* I'll about these things instantly.

*Gold.* Do good *Bellamour*.

*James.* Sir, I cannot endure these Flatterers, and Pickthanks, I speak my mind plainly; and it made me mad to hear him say things to your Face, of you, that none of all mankind besides will say.

*Gold.* Why, what does the world say of me?

*James.* Pardon me Sir, you'll be angry if I tell you.

*Gold.* On the contrary, it will please me infinitely to see that plain dealing in you, let the world say what they will.

*James.* Truly I must deal plainly with one I love, and (next to my Horses) you are the person in the world, that I have the greatest respect for.

*Gold.* Come speak.

*James.* Why Sir, in plain honest sincerity of heart; I tell you in short, no man gives one good word of you; one says you never fail to pick Quarrels with your Servants at Quarter day, that you may turn 'em away without their Wages, that you have been taken Robbing of your own Horses of their Provender: That (when you go by water to your house at *Putney*) you take a Sculler, and make him bate half his Fair,

for

for your helping him to Row; in short, you would Rob, Pick Pockets, Murder, betray your Countrey, and do any Villany in the world for money; your Name is never used without Cursing, and calling you Villain, Wretch, Knave, common Barreter, Oppressor, Horse-Leech.

*Gold.* You are a Rogue, a Son of a Whore, a Dog, a Rascal.

[*He beats him with his Cane.*]

*James.* I was affraid this would be the end on't, a pox on plain dealing for me; did you not command me to tell you?

*Gold.* I'll teach you how to speak Rogue another time.

[*Ex. Goldingham.*]

*James.* Well, I see it is not safe for any man to be honest in this Age.

*Bell.* How now Mr. *James*, your plain dealing is rewarded very ill.

*James.* 'Sdeath do you make sport at my beating? Laugh at your own, when you have one:

*Bell.* Nay prethee be not passionate.

*James.* He intreats me, I'll huff a little and try [*Aside.*] if he fears me: Do you know Sir that I cannot endure to be laught at? and that I will make you laugh in another fashion.

[*He presses upon Bellamour.*]

*Bell.* Nay softly *James*, if you please.

*James.* No Sir, it does not please me.

[*James presses still upon Bellamour.*]

*Bell.* Nay good *James*.

*James.* You are a very impertinent Fellow.

*Bell.* Have patience a little.

*James.* I will have none; if I take a Cudgel, I will so Chastise you.

*Bell.* How Rascal a Cudgel, did you say a Cudgel?

[*James Retreats.*]

*James.* No no no Sir, alas I have no occasion for one, not I.

*Bell.* Do you think I am to be beaten Sirrah?

*James.* Alas Sir not I, I have better thoughts of you.

*Bell.* Are you not a Son of a Whore?

*James.* Yes Sir, any thing in the world, what you please, I am a Son of a Whore Sir, a Son of a damn'd Whore.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Do you know me Rascal?

[*Bellamour pursues James, who retires round about the Stage.*]

*James.* O Lord Sir, I honour you abundantly.

*Bell.* Did you say you would Cudgel me?

*James.* I was in jesting, I did but Droll upon my honour.

*Bell.* And I shall beat you in jesting.

*James.* Hold, hold, for heaven's sake.

*Bell.* Remember Sirrah, against another time, you are a very scurvy Railleur. [Ex. *Bellamour.*]

*James.* A pox on all sincerity, and plain dealing for me, I have had a couple of good substantial beatings; but if I be not reveng'd on this domineering Fellow, I will give Dogs leave to piss upon me.

[Enter *Isabella* and *Cheatly.*]

*Cheatly.* Do you know whether your Master be within?

*James.* A pox on't, I know but too well.

*Cheatly.* Pray tell him, we are here. [Ex. *James.*]

*Isabella.* But (that I am bound to obey my Mother) you should never have made me run my selfe into the danger of seeing this old man, for (though his Daughter, whom I come to wait on, I hear is an excellent person, yet) I strangely apprehend the trouble of seeing him.

*Cheatly.* Consult your Interest Madam, he's very rich, and very old, and will leave you a great deal of money, that may qualifie you to marry any young Gentleman you please, hereafter.

*Isabella.* But I have a natural antipathy to old men, as some have to Cats.

*Cheatly.* This old man will not have the Impudence to trouble your Ladyship above a year, after you are Married to him.

*Isabella.* I shall never wait for that time, to make my self happy; one year of such punishment would out-weigh all the pleasure, I could have all my life after.

*Cheatly.* I find the young Brisk Gentlemen you spoke of yesterday is still in your head.

*Isabella.* He is I confess, and in my heart too, and I think nothing will e're get him out; he keep's such a stir there, he will never let me rest a minute.

*Cheatly.* Do you know who 'tis Madam?

*Isabella.* No, but I have often seen him walking by my Lodging, and perpetually looking up at the Balcony, either upon me when I was there, or watching for my coming thither; and by his look, and air, I guess all is not well with him neither; I hope he's in the same condition with my selfe.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Cheatly.* Here comes the old Gentleman.

*Isabella.* What Spectacle's that?

*Gold.* God save you Lady, I am obliged to you for the honour you do my poor house, which (if you can love an old man,) know Lady I am above six and fifty, and it shall be yours: What a devil Mrs. *Cheatly!* she answers nothing, nor shews any kind of pleasure at the sight of me.

*Cheatly.* O Sir! she's surpris'd extreamly; besides, Maids endeavour what they can to hide their affections; she is so full of joy, she cannot speak to you.

*Gold.* That's something indeed.

*Isabella.* What a prodigious, ridiculous old Fellow is this?

*Gold.* What says my fair one?

*Cheatly.* That you are a most admirable person.

*Gold.* Fair Lady, you do me too much honour.

*Isabella.* What an abominable, odious old Fellow's this!

*Gold.* I am infinitely obliged Madam, for your good opinion of me: Here's my Daughter Madam.

[Enter Theodora.]

*Isabella.* Madam, I have too long delay'd waiting on you, but I hope you will pardon it.

*Theodora.* Madam, you do what I ought to have done; 'Twas on my part, to have prevented you.

[Enter Theodore.]

*Gold.* Here's my Son comes to kiss your hand.

*Isabella.* Oh Mrs. *Cheatly!* what accident's this? This is the young Gentleman I spoke of.

*Cheatly.* This is wonderful.

*Gold.* I see you are a little amazed to see me have such lusty Children, but I will soon be rid of them both.

*Theodore.* Madam, this is an adventure which I did not expect,

expect; nor was I ever in my life so surpris'd, as when my Father told me his design.

*Isabella.* Sir, I am not less surpris'd then you, I assure you, I was not at all prepar'd for what I see now.

*Theodore.* 'Tis true, Madam, my Father cannot in the world make so fair a Choice, and I am infinitely happy to see you here; but you are the person in the world, I would not have my Mother-in-Law; that would break my heart: Madam, I know you have apprehension enough to take what I say in the right sence, and not be offended at it.

*Gold.* You coxcomb, what an impertinent, silly complement is this! you must be making confessions, must you?

*Isabella.* Sir, we are so much upon even terms, that you are the man in the world, whom I would not have my Son-in-Law; and (if I were not brought here by an absolute power,) I should have given you no shadow of suspicion.

*Gold.* She is in the right, your complement deserves no better return; I know you would anger her: I beg you Madam to forgive my Son's impertinence, he's a young Sot, that does not understand himself.

*Isabella.* What he said, was so far from offending me, that it pleas'd me extreamly to hear him so frankly declare his opinion, and (if he had spoke in any other manner) I should have esteem'd him less.

*Gold.* You have a great deal of goodness to forgive his faults; in time hee'll be wiser, and change his opinion.

*Theodore.* Sir, I can never be capable of changing, and Madam, I beg of you to believe me.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath what extravagance is this?

*Theodora.* Brother, you will provoke him too much. [*Softly.*]

*Theodore.* 'Sdeath Sir, would you have me lye?

*Gold.* Again, I say change the discourse, you Sot.

*Theodore.* Well Sir, since you command me to speak in another fashion, give me leave Madam to put my self in my Fathers place; and now Madam, I protest to you I never yet saw so charming a creature. This is the happiest minute of my life, indeed my life began but from the time I saw you; the Name of your husband, is an honour, which I would prefer

to the Titles of all the Princes upon Earth; and there is nothing which I would not dare to do, for so glorious a conquest.

*Gold.* Softly, hold a little.

*Theodore.* 'Tis a complement I make for you to this Lady.

*Gold.* I have a Tongue to express my selfe, I need no advocate.

*Isabella.* I am not so dull of apprehension not to know for whom that complement was intended, and am glad to find it. [ *Aside.* ]

*Cheatly.* Sir, if you please let us take the air, I hear your Coach at the door.

*Gold.* Oh is it? but I am sorry you will make such hast, I have not time to prepare you a Collation before you go.

*Theodore.* Sir, I foresaw that, and provided beforehand upon your account, a great Dish of *China* Oranges, Cittrons, all sorts of Sweet-meats, Limonades, Sherbets, and all sorts of Wines.

*Golding.* } Villain, who gave you commission to do this.  
softly, but }  
in anger. }

*Theodore.* Pardon me Sir, if there be not enough, I know this Lady has goodness enough to excuse it; besides I can soon have more.

*Gold.* Is the Sot mad?

*Theodore.* Madam did you ever see a finer Stone, than that Diamond upon my Father's finger?

*Isabella.* It sparkles delicately.

*Theodore.* With your leave Sir.

[ *He takes it off his Fathers finger, and gives it Isabella.* ]  
Madam be pleased to look on't nearer.

*Gold.* What means the Rascal.

[ *Aside.* ]

*Isabella.* It is a delicate clear Stone indeed.

[ *She is going to give it Goldingham, Theodore puts himself between her and his Father.* ]

*Theodore.* No Madam, no returning of it, it is in too fair hands already, it is a Present, my Father makes to you Madam.

*Gold.*

Gold. Who I?

Theodore. Is it not true, that you would have this Lady keep the Ring?

Gold. What do you mean you Villain, are you mad? [*Softly*]

Theodore. Madam, he desires you, by me, that you would please to accept of it.

Gold. The fear, she will take it, distracts me.

Isabella. Pardon me Sir, I use not to receive Presents.

Theodore. Madam, I am sure my Father will never receive it.

Gold. Oh this lying Rascal! you are mistaken.

Theodore. Look you Madam, your Refusal has made him stark distracted.

Gold. O this damn'd Villain!

Theodore. Do you not see how he frets, and fumes? for heaven's sake Madam receive it.

Isabella. Well Sir, (rather than offend you Father,) I will keep it.

Gold. 'Sdeath I am undone, but there is no remedy. Madam, I thank you for the favour you do me. But would they were all hang'd, and I had my Ring again. [*Aside.*]

[*Enter Will.*]

Will. Sir, there's one to speak with you.

Gold. I am engag'd, I cannot come.

Will. He has brought you money.

Gold. Oh has he, I ask your Pardon Madam: Remember to go backward Will. [*Ex. Goldingham and Will.*]

Theodora. You have infinitely provoked my Father, and yet I could not but be pleas'd with it.

Theodore. I had a violent temptation upon me, that I could not resist Madam; will you do us the honour to take part of this Collation.

Isabella. Your humble servant Sir.

Theodora. Come Madam. [*To Cheatly.*]

Cheatly. I attend your Ladyship.

## ACT. IV. SCE. IV.

Enter

*Theodore, Theodora, Isabella, Cheatly.*

*Theo.* **M**Adam, you are one of the most hard hearted Ladies that ever triumphed over man.

*Isabella.* And you the most violent Lover, that ever attacked a woman; but this storme of love, is too great to last.

*Cheatly.* Never blame this violence, 'tis the best quality a Lover can have, to my knowledge. [*Softly to Isabella.*]

*Theodora.* Madam, my Brother has made me his confident in this affair, and I can answer for his truth; do not think me partial, for I assure you, I will value your interest equal with his, or with my own.

*Isabella.* You extreamly oblige me with your kindness; and your friendship will be able to sweeten all misfortunes that can happen to me.

*Cheatly.* You Lovers had need have something to sweeten, for ye are an unlucky sort of people.

*Theodore.* Love, when inclinations meet, is the only condition to be enjoy'd. Love! there is no life without it; we do but sleep, and dream we live, when we are not in love; and pray Madam will you be pleased to wake out of this dream, and think a little of one that loves you so, that his life or death depends upon your breath.

*Isabella.* You let me take no breath Sir.

*Theodore.* A good Souldier, when he has made a breach, assaults it presently; and never gives time to repair, and fortifie.

*Isabella.* But extemporary love, is most commonly as Hypocritical, as extemporary prayer: But if not dissembl'd, 'tis seldom constant.

*Theodore.* Let me beg to know your resolutions, must I live or die?

*Cheatly.*

*Cheatly.* Come Madam, be merciful, and relieve the Gentleman, that may be otherwise so far given over as to hang himself for your Ladyships love.

*Theodora.* Let me beg you will please to encourage my Brothers affection, which I am sure is true, and honourable.

*Isabella.* Madam, think your self in my place, and imagine whether I have not given too much encouragement for the first time; and whether it becomes my honour to give more.

*Theodore.* Pox o' this canting word Honour, it never did good yet, it is often the occasion of Killing men, and prevents the getting of 'em.

[*Aside.*]

[*To Isabella*] Madam, there is no honour but in love, the rest is but a shadow of honour; which the Authors of Romances have perplexed with intricacies, more than the Schoolmen have Divinity.

*Isabella.* You give me no time to think of love.

*Theodore.* I that have so little time, ought to make what use I can of this; if my Father perceives this, he will with all the malice that can be, seek to prevent me.

*Isabella.* But Sir, I have a Mother (whom yet I never disobey'd,) that hath engag'd her self to your Father; and though I confess, I can never think of marrying him, yet I must think of no other, without her consent.

*Theodore.* This is you that made that engagement, I thank you, a Plague of all Matchmakers; but I must make [*Aside.*] use of her yet, & not undeceive *Isabella* in the Character of her.

*Cheatly.* Sir, I did not know you had a passion here, but I will make you amends: if I can marry her to *Theodore* [*Aside*] he's liberal, and will reward me well; but his Father is the most hidebound Fellow——he has the Villany of fifty *Jems*, and, which is more, of ten *London* Brokers in him.

*Theodore.* Madam, let me have but some assurance, not to have your unkindness, and all other oppositions in the world are trifles.

*Cheatly.* Come Mrs. *Isabella*, hold off no longer; in short, you told me you loved this Gentleman violently, and wish't he were captivated with you; you did not wish it, that you might use him ill; therefore, since 'tis your inclination, dissemble

no longer: Here's the Gentleman, take him by the hand, he is your own *ipso facto*, he's a proper Gentleman, make much of him; here he is for you, and there's the short and the long on't. Now Mr. *Theodore* I think I have made you amends.

*Theodore*. Can I believe so great a happiness, I am so transported Madam, you must expect no sense from me.

*Isabella*. Sir, since she has betray'd my weakness, which she for her Sex sake ought to have concealed, and I ought in modesty not to have told you, pardon my easiness, and think me not guilty of levity, if you do, you will be very unjust to censure one that esteemes you so well.

*Theodore*. I should as soon censure heaven for granting my prayers; I have not words enough to tell you how welcome this minute is to me.

*Theodora*. Now I hope you will do me the honour to let me call you Sister.

*Isabella*. I shall be proud to be call'd so by you, but I cannot be so till my Mother consents.

*Theodore*. Shall I have your leave Madam, to use all the means I can to procure her consent?

*Isabella*. I freely give you leave to do and say what ever you can to obtain it; but I believe you will find it hard to break off her engagement with your Father.

*Cheatly*. Now comes my part, to set my braines on work, I'll shew you the mastery of my Art, and make your Father break off first.

*Theodore*. It is impossible he should be such a wretch as as willingly to quit so great a Prize.

*Cheatly*. I warrant you, trust me, there is one of my acquaintance who I will perswade him is worth 500. l. more than this Lady; and though Madam he loves you very much, yet he loves a little money much more: This friend of mine is but a Taylors Daughter, but I will make her Act a Countess with some odd Title; and she can behave her selfe as proudly and statelily, as the best of 'em, I will make him believe that she has a very great mind to marry him for his care and thrift, &c. This may make him release my Lady of her engagement.

*Theodore*. I think you have reason.

*Cheatly*.

*Cheatly.* Reason ay, I think so; if I han't, who should have it? alas I have done things that shall be nameless, that no woman of intrigue but my self has been capable of, though I say it; and if I do not bring this about, I will never pretend to an intrigue again.

*Theodore.* You will infinitely oblige me.

[*Enter Isabella's Foot-Boy.*]

*Foot-Boy.* Madam, my Lady your Mother desires your company instantly.

*Isabella.* I wait on her. Madam, if possible I will wait on you at Supper.

*Theodora.* I hope your affairs will permit you to do us that honour.

*Theodore.* Let me have the honour to wait upon you to your Mother; and be pleas'd to make me so happy as to assist me in perswading her to break off the Engagement with my Father.

*Isabella.* A man of your deserts needs no advocate with me, I am sure. Madam, your humble servant: your servant Mrs. *Cheatly.*

[*Exeunt Theodore, Isabella, and Foot-Boy.*]

*Cheatly.* Now Madam I have something to impart to your Ladyship's privacy.

*Theodora.* To me, what is it?

*Cheatly.* Your Ladyship is very young, and mighty Pritty, really I have never seen so charming an eye, so delicate an air in any Face, so excellent, such pleasant motion, and so bewitching a way——

*Theodora.* Pray Madam don't raily me at this rate——

*Cheatly.* I protest Madam I speak my opinion. Now Madam there is an acquaintance of mine is extreamly taken with your Ladyship; he is one of the handsomest and most accomplisht Sparkes in Town: He has fifteen hundred Pound a year, and his love is honourable too; now if your Ladyship will be pleased to walk in *Grays-Inn* walks with me, I will design it so that you shall see him, and he shall never know on't.

*Theodora.* I ask your pardon, I have no thoughts of putting my self off to Sale; but when I have, that Mart is too scandalous.

*Cheatly.* In the *Mulbery-Garden*, then Madam, he shall never know of it; I vow the poor Gentleman is ready to die for your Ladyship.

*Theodora.* You must excuse me.

*Cheatly.* In *Covengarden Church*, will you see him? I'll order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both set together there.

*Theodora.* I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church.

[*Enter Robin.*]

*Robin.* Mrs. *Cheatly*, your Daughter has urgent business with you, and desires you to come home immediately; I find Mr. *Squeeze* is there privately.

*Cheatly.* I thank you dear *Robin*. Madam, I hope to convince you next time I see you; in the interim I kiss your Ladyships hand.

*Theodora.* Your servant. [Ex. *Cheatly* and *Robin.*]  
[*To herself.*] This woman I fear is a little scandalously given, I will not trust her.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Bell.* Oh Madam, I have been seeking you at the *Park*, and the *Mulbery-Garden*; and thought it an Age till I saw you.

*Theodora.* What's the matter? you look as if you had some ill news for me.

*Bell.* I am sorry I must tell you, that which we must speedily provide against. Your Father has prepared an entertainment, and will have a *Hackney Parson* ready, that will venture all his Perferment, and go against the Canonical Hour, to marry you this night to that Rascal *Timothy*: and in spite of all my persuasion, your Father is resolv'd on't.

*Theodora.* How sudden are these resolutions? I shall not need to counterfeit sickness, I shall have enough when I see him.

*Bell.* Be pleas'd suddenly to make use of that Artifice; and if that prevent not, I hope you will give me leave to own my person, and my love.

*Theodora.* What disease must I make choice of now?

*Bell.* Here's one comes to help you to one.

*Enter*

[Enter Timothy very drunk.]

*Tim.* } Diseases and Troubles are ne're to be found,  
*sings.* } But in the damn'd place where the Glass goes not round.

*Bell.* This is lucky, above my wishes; he is very drunk, and that will certainly defeat your Fathers intention; this night, if you dare trust your self with him, I'll bring your Father to see him in this condition. [Ex. Bellamour.]

*Theodora.* Pray do, it will do very well.

*Tim.* Oh dear Mistress, have I found you! let me Salute you, de' see?

*Theodora.* Hold Sir.

*Tim.* Nay prethee Mrs. *Thea* don't be so coy, look what I have brought you here; here's a Bottle of *Campaigne*, I think they call it, and almost a whole Neats-Tongue, and a power of Sweet-Meats, for you dear Mrs. *Thea*, there they are.

*Theodora.* This Fellow has that advantage by nature, that not drunkenness, nor any condition can make him worse. [Aside.]

*Tim.* Well Mrs. *Thea*, I have been with the finest Ladies, and the merriest Gentlemen; we did rant, and roar, and sing, and tear, Hey, *Diseases and Troubles are*, &c. Faith I am as drunk as a Drum, or as the driven Snow, or as *David's* Sow, as the saying is, de' see? Hey, *fa la la la*, prethee dear Mrs. *Thea* let me kiss thee now, nay prethee do, nay shaw poise on't.

*Theodora.* Be not so passionate good Sir.

[She thrusts him almost down.]

*Tim.* Nay peuh, I can't abide this, you might have given one a fall now, would I might ne're stir; but 'tis no matter for that, I'll drink six go-downs upon reputation in *Campaigne* to your health, de' see? I can be merry when I set on't: i' faith here's your health upon my knees, de' understand me? Oh if I had but Fiddles to play a health now!

[He drinks upon his knees.]

[Enter Goldingham and Bellamour.]

*Bell.* Do you see Sir how abominably drunk he is?

*Gold.* He is a little in Beer, he is; he is disguis'd, that's the truth on't.

*Tim.* There Mrs. *Thea* I have done it, faith you shall pledge me

me by word of mouth; de' see, nay sack I am sound, you may drink after me, de' conceive me?

*Bell.* You see Sir he is too drunk to be married to night.

*Gold.* Come come, he's the fitter for't, for being drunk, if he be sober, he may repent him, and ask a Portion: stay here, I will fetch a Parson immediately. [*Ex. Goldingham.*]

*Bell.* This is worse and worse, Madam did you hear him?

*Theodora.* Yes to my grief, I must into my Chamber, and be very sick. [*She offers to go.*]

*Tim.* Nay, if you stir I am a Rogue, a very Rogue, de' see? wee'l be very merry, *Diseases and Troubles, &c.*

*Bell.* Who taught you this insolence? unhand her.

*Tim.* Why you saucy Fellow you, what's to do with you? Ha, you are so purdy. [*Exeunt Bellamour and Theodora.*]

[*Enter Rant, and Will, Goldingham's man.*]

*Will.* Where's Mr. *Timothy Squeeze*?

*Rant.* 'Slife, what makes this Rascal here? if I do not carry him off, I lose the hopefulest Bubble in *Christendom*.

*Tim.* Where's Mrs. *Thea*, Mrs. *Thea*?

*Rant.* Mr. *Timothy* come along with me, Mrs. *Joyce* is impatient till she see's you.

[*Enter Bellamour.*]

*Tim.* I'll not stir till I see Mrs. *Thea*, where's Mrs. *Thea*? Hey, Hey.

*Bell.* She says you are a drunken Rascal, and she will have you kick'd out.

*Tim.* Does she so? would I might ne're stir if I do not do her errand to her Father.

*Rant.* Come away and leave her: Mrs. *Joyce* is a person of Quality, and Fortune, and will use you with more civility.

*Tim.* I know she's a fine person, and I'll wait on her, but I am resolved to stay till Mr. *Goldingham* comes, that I may tell him of this Gilflirt his Daughter.

*Rant.* Nay then, I must to my last shift; Bayliffs come in. [*Softly.*]

[*Enter three counterfeit Bayliffs.*]

*Bayliff.* I Arrest you, at the Suit of *Humphrey Nit* a Barber.

*Tim.* Sirrah, you lie like a Rogue, I owe him not a farthing.  
*Bayliff.*

*Bayliff.* No Sir, but you did *vi et armis* break, or cause to be broken a very large Window, where he us'd to expose his Flaxen Periwigs.

*Rant.* Is that all? I'll Bail him for that —

*Tim.* Will you? nay then I'll break 'em again, I'll break Windows with e're a Gentleman that wears a head.

*Bayliff.* Come come and talk of these things in another place.

*Tim.* Ay with all my heart, *Diseases and Troubles*, &c. What a pox care I, come. [Exeunt all but Bellamour.]

*Bell.* This is a lucky Fellow that came in to our rescue.  
[Enter Theodore.]

*Theodore.* Dear brother, I am glad I have found you, I have a design, and upon my Father too, in which I am confident you will joyn.

*Bell.* — You may be sure to command me in any thing.

*Theodore.* I know some may blame me, but love excuses all.

*Bell.* Love, like the Crown, takes away all Attainders.

*Theodore.* My design is to work so upon my Fathers covetousness, as to draw him into a Plot against the Government; and he is you know, a mighty well wisher to the damn'd good old Cause, yet.

*Bell.* This will be dangerous tampering with; how can you draw him into one, without being guilty your self?

*Theodore.* It shall be but a seeming Plot, you may be sure; I would not engage my self in a real one; 'tis only a design to invert the order of nature for a while, and keep my Father in awe.

*Bell.* How can you contrive it?

*Theodore.* I have several great Chests almost full of Lumber, but cover'd on the top with a great many fine Arms, here he comes, I have not time to tell you the rest; but pray second me, in what I shall say to him.

[Enter Goldingham.]

*Bell.* I'll not examine your design, but serve you.

*Gold.* Have you the confidence to appear before me, after your giving my Ring away, and sending for those mountains of Sweet-Meats, and that Ocean of Wine and Limonades?

*Theodore.*

*Theodore.* I humbly beg your pardon; but I thought I had done well, since you commanded me to shew all the respect imaginable to my intended Mother-in-Law.

*Gold.* Respect with a pox, de' call it?

*Theodore.* I beseech you be not angry, I'll get your Ring again for you, and put you in a way to get forty Guinnes this night, but I must be very private in it.

*Gold.* How! can you do that? then I will forgive all your extravagance; but how is it? speak, you may trust *Bella-mour*.

*Theodore.* Sir, there is one that was my School-fellow, that I am very well acquainted with, that is called a *Phanatick* according to the flesh, he (after he had made me take an Oath of Secrecy, told me of a design his Brethren had, who (out of pure Zeal against *Surplice* and *Common Prayer Book*) were resolved upon an insurrection, and to sieze in one night upon *Whitehal*, and the *Exchequer*.

*Gold.* What say you?

*Theodore.* They have accordingly provided Arms and Ammunition, which they dispose of in packs of goods; to their secret friends, and well wishers, for which they reward them liberally.

*Gold.* What can this come to?

[*Aside.*]

*Theodore.* He remembering that (when we were Boys together) I had shewn him a secret Vault in the Garden, that is known but to few, propounded to me the concealing six Chests of Armour there, and promised forty Guinnes, and an Oath of Secrecy; this Sir you may chuse, whether you will accept of or no, but I thought I was obliged in duty to tell you, knowing you take all occasions whatsoever for the getting of money.

*Gold.* I got a good part of my Estate by Rebellion (as many other Estates were raised) but I would be loath to lose it by Rebellion again.

[*Aside.*]

*Theodore.* There is no danger, we will all take Oaths of Secrecy.

*Bell.* Ready money Sir is not to be despised, 'tis a precious thing.

*Gold.*

*Gold.* There spoke an Angel.

*Bell.* Besides Sir, if the Chest should be discover'd, (which will be almost impossible) some of your Swearers in Ordinary shall testifie you took 'em in Pawn.

*Gold.* The money is sweet, but the attempt is [*Aside.*] dangerous; hold to *Theodore*. Now Sir, I am glad you have put me in a way to be revenged on you for all your Villanies; I will immediately acquaint the King with your Treason, and you shall be hang'd.

*Bell.* For heaven's sake, betray not your own Son.

*Gold.* My Loyalty is dearer to me than Son and Daughter, and all the Relations in the world; I will hang him, I'll to the King immediately.

*Theodore.* I am at your disposal Sir, but be pleased to remember I did this for your advantage, and out of love and duty to you.

*Gold.* No Sir, I will hang you, never speak on't; farewell, shall I betray my Countrey?

*Theodore.* Hold Sir, for Heaven's sake conceal it, I will return the twenty Guinnes he gave in earnest; here they are, I will go and give 'em him immediatly.

*Gold.* Did he give you twenty Guinnes, hum?

*Theodore.* Yes Sir, and promised twenty more at the delivery of the Chests.

*Gold.* Fourty Guinnes is a most delicious Sum, where are they? let me see them.

*Theodore.* Here they are Sir, but I beseech you be not angry; I will carry them immediatly.

*Gold.* Hold, it may be there's no necessity of that—— I would hang this Rogue; but fourty Guinnes, dear fourty Guinnes.

*Bell.* He comes on a pace.

[*Aside.*]  
[*To Theodore.*]

*Theodore.* Sir, I will by no means offend you with the sight of 'em, I am gone.

*Gold.* Stay I say, and let me see them.

*Theodore.* I am afraid it will provoke you to talk any more of this business; do not be offended, I will return them instantly.

*Theodore.*

*Gold.* 'Sdeath Sir, I will see them. [*He lays hold on Theodore.*]  
*Theodore.* There they are Sir.

*Bell.* Oh Sir, how I could hug that Gold.

*Gold.* Ay *Bellamour*, does it not look beautifully? they talk of the beauty of women; but give me the beauty of Gold, Oh dear, dear, sweet Gold. [*Kisses the Gold.*]

*Theodore.* Shall I return 'em Sir?

*Gold.* No Sir, you shall not: Oh dear, dear *Guinnes*, are we all secret? [*He kisses them again.*]

*Bellamour.* }  
*Theodore.* } We are.

*Gold.* Swear never to reveal this.

*Bellamour.* }  
*Theodore.* } We do Swear.

*Gold.* Well Son, your importunity at last has overcome me, when shall these Arms be delivered?

*Theodore.* This night at ten a Clock.

*Gold.* Do you *Bellamour* see it done, and take his Oath of Secrecy. But I had forgot, where is Mr. *Timothy*? the Parson is ready in the Parlour.

*Bell.* He was Arrested here by Bayliffs, for breaking Windows when he was drunk, who have hurried him I know not whither.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath how unlucky is this! send immediately to all the Bayliffs hereabouts, to find him out; go *Bellamour*.

*Theodore.* Fox on't, I might have saved money, he would have consented to have betray'd his Countrey for half the Sum; and so will any covetous man, that can do it safely.

[*Exeunt Theodore and Bellamour.*]

[*Enter at another door Cheatly.*]

*Cheatly.* Sir, I am very glad I have taken you alone; I have a secret to impart to you.

*Gold.* 'Sdeath she's come to borrow money of me. [*Aside.*]

*Cheatly.* Though it may be to no purpose, I think it my duty to acquaint you, that I have since I parted with you discovered a Countess that is not above thirty, that is extremely in love with you for your person, besides your care and thrift,

thrift, which she says to me, would be very useful to her in the manangement and improving of her Fortune, she has five hundred Pounds more than *Isabella*.

*Gold*. What you are merry, Mrs. *Cheatly*?

*Cheatly*. Nay Sir, if you distrust me, there's no hurt done; I did not think you would embrace the offer; but I thought my self bound to discharge my trust, for the truth is, she engaged me (though something unwilling) to use my care in this business.

*Gold*. Why, sure thou art not in earnest?

*Cheatly*. If ever you were (when you said your prayers) I am.

*Gold*. There must be something in this, [*To himself.*] this is strange Mrs *Cheatly*.

*Cheatly*, You may chuse whether you will believe me or no, for my part I don't desire you should change; for I think if there be any difference, Mrs. *Isabella* is something more desirable.

*Gold*. Good faith, but if this be true, she is not more desirable, fifty Pounds is a noble Sum, and more than any woman's person is worth: for my part fifty Pounds with me would turne the ballance, were there ne're so much difference in their persons. But who is this?

*Cheatly*. You must not know, till you see her.

*Gold*. Can all this be true thou tell'st me?

*Cheatly*. If I make it not good, I'll forfeit my life; but I'll take my leave now, I have done my errand; but truly Sir, I think you ought not in honour to quit *Isabella*.

*Gold*. In good faith but I ought, I take it; Honour! quoth she; lose five hundred Pounds in honour! what a pox care I for their persons in comparison with money?

*Cheatly*. I am a little in hast, but I beseech you let not Mrs. *Isabella* know of this, she will be distracted.

*Gold*. Hold a little, it was unlucky we did not know of this before you brought *Isabella* acquainted with my Daughter, I shall be troubled with her: but canst thou oblige me to contrive an interview between the Countess and me?

*Cheatly*. Ay and a Marriage too, if I would; but really I think you are too far engaged to *Isabella*.

*Gold.* Engag'd, I am not engag'd, I will have nothing to do with her ; I will forbid her my house.

[*Enter a Foot-Boy.*]

*Foot-Boy.* Is Mrs. *Theodora* here?

*Gold.* What would you have with her?

*Foot-Boy.* Mrs. *Isabella* presents her service to her, and says she cannot possibly wait on her at Supper.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well, 'tis no matter whether she does or no, go get thee about thy business Lad ; go go. This is very lucky: Mrs. *Cheatly* you'll Sup here. [ *Ex. Foot-Boy.* ]

*Cheatly.* Sir, I must go home first. Your Servant. This will be joyful news for the two Lovers. [ *To herself.* ]

[*Enter William.*]

*Will.* Sir here's a Porter come from Mr. *Squeeze*, who says he is engaged upon extraordinary business, and cannot Sup here to night.

*Gold.* The Devil take thee for thy news.

[*Enter Roger.*]

*Roger.* Mr. *Timothy* was at the *Rose* Sir, under an Arrest, but was Bail'd by Mr. *Rant* and Mr. *Hazard*; and is gone along with them we know not whither.

*Gold.* All my designs are crossed this night, here's my Supper lost, and I have not given one this dozen years before, but I'll make these Rogues fast this month for't; begon Rogues, and call my Son: Oh here he is. [ *Ex. William and Roger.* ]

[*Enter Theodore.*]

Son I have something to say to you of concernment, pray ( now we are alone ) speak freely, how do you like this *Isabella*? ( setting aside the name of a Mother-in-Law. )

*Theodore.* I like her, what does he mean? [ *Aside.* ]

*Gold.* Yes, her Air! her Shape! her Beauty! her Wit.

*Theodore.* Faith Sir ( to speak the truth ) she is not what she appear'd to me, she has no Air or Spirit in her Face, her Shape's very indifferent, her Motion awkward, and her Wit little or none, but I like her well enough for a Mother-in-Law.

*Gold.* You talked at another rate to her to day.

*Theodore.* I only made some few complements to her in your name, I meant not one of 'em, I assure you. *Gold.*

*Gold.* Do you think you could have no kind of inclination for such a kind of woman?

*Theodore.* No not I Sir, if there were none but such women, I should be out of danger of Gun Shot.

*Gold.* I am sorry to find this, because it breaks a resolution I had made: I had reflected with my self upon *Isabella's* youth and my age; which are so disproportionable, that I have made choice of another, a Countess too of about thirty years old, that's worth five hundred Pounds more than she.

*Theodore.* How has *Cheatly* wheadled him already! I'll try him further: Sure Sir you cannot be in earnest.

*Gold.* By Heaven I am, and ( but for this averfion I find in you ) I would have Married *Isabella* to you.

*Theodore.* To me Sir?

*Gold.* Yes, to you.

*Theodore.* 'Tis a thing I must confefs I have no inclination in the world to; but I will obey your commands in any thing.

*Gold.* No no, mistake me not, I'll not force your inclination.

*Theodore.* Sir, I am easily inclined to any thing you please to impose upon me.

*Gold.* No Sir, I will impose nothing; those Marriages can never be happy where affections do not meet.

*Theodore.* I'll sacrifice my affection to interest, and your commands.

*Gold.* No no, if you had loved her, you should have Married her in my stead; but (since you have such an averfion,) I'll follow my first design, and marry her my self.

*Theodore.* Then Sir I must speak freely to you, I love her infinitely, and designed to ask your consent at the same time you declared your intention to marry her your self, and you might easily have perceived how that declaration surpris'd me.

*Gold.* 'Tis very well, & did you ever reveal your love to her?

*Theodore.* I have Sir, and she received it very kindly; and her Mother too, if you will quit her of her engagement, will freely dispose of her to me.

*Gold.* And has the Daughter consented to this, say you?

*Theodore.* She has Sir, and I am extreemly happy that you are pleased to give your consent; nothing else could be wanting to compleat my happiness.

*Gold.* I will give you my consent to hang your self, but not to marry her, I assure you.

*Theodore.* How's this?

*Gold.* 'Slife I had been finely serv'd, to have been bob'd of my Mistress, for a story of a Countess of I know not what, this was a fine conspiracy. [*Aside.*]

*Theod.* Sir, You are very mysticall, pray let me understand you.

*Gold.* I speak plainly: Do not dare once to think of loving this Lady: Have you the impudence to pretend to one whom I reserve for my selfe?

*Theod.* This makes me mad. Sir, Since you provoke me thus, I doe pretend to her, and will never quit those pretensions but with my life.

*Gold.* Impudent villaine! to speak thus to your Father.

*Theodor.* In other things I respect you as my Father, but love knowes nobody.

*Gold.* I will make you know me, or I'll cut your throat.

*Theodore.* A lover, and affraid of threats?

*Gold.* And shall I that am a lover endure this insolence?

*Theod.* I will not make use of my plot yet, things are not ripe.

*Gold.* Out of my doores you Rascal.

*Theodor.* Fare you well Sir, [*Exit Theodore.*]

*Gold.* This designe was well scaped; but lewatch your waters I warrant you. [*Exit Gold.*]

[*Squeeze, Lettice, and Cheatly.*]

*Squeeze.* My dear, I doubt not thy constancy, so pretty a creature cannot be false to one that loves her as I do.

*Lettice.* Indeed I can think of nobody but you; the thoughts of you are the last that leave me at night, and the first that salute me in the morning.

*Cheat:* I am sure I am sufficiently troubled with her, she talkes and thinks of nothing but you; if I aske her a question about business, she answers me something about you, and is so out of humour

humour when you are absent.

I hear some body knock. [*Knocking at the door.*] *Exit Cheat.*

*Squeeze.* Alas poor thing! my deare pretty *Lettrice!*

*Lettrice.* My dear Mr. *Squeeze*, I can find no satisfaction but in thy conversation, 'tis so charming and pleasant. [*She stroaks his cheeks*]

*Squeeze.* Thou art the rarest woman upon earth. Let me kiss thy hand upon my knees; [*He kneels.*] I know thou lovest me, and art true to me, for which I'll reward thee to the full: There's ne're a one of 'em all shall keep his Mistress better than I do; go to the Goldsmiths, and chuse a hundred pounds worth of Plate, I'll send mony for't by an unknown hand.

*Lettrice.* Alas how can I deserve it? I can returne nothing but my thanks, nor can I desire any thing from you but your constancy. [*Aside*] upon these termes.

*Squeeze.* I will be as constant to thee, as the Sun and Moon are to their courses.

*Lettrice.* But I shall have you get a young Wife, and forget mee.

*Squeeze.* If I should marry, my Dear, it should be for money, that I might spare the more for thee: besides what married man Loves not his Mistress better than if he were single? a Wife is but a foyle to a Mistress.

*Lettrice.* 'Tis true, this is the fashionable opinion, but you would be of another mind I feare.

*Squeeze.* Prethee believe me if I had a Wife, thou should'st have power to turne her out of dores at thy pleasure, thou should'st ride in my glass Coach when she took a hackney; thou should'st have my purse, my heart, and every thing: are Wives to be compar'd to Mistresses, that would be a fine age i' faith.

*Lettrice.* This is extreame kind, you are a good Man: I could never endure that a Wife should share affection with me, especially from thee my Deare. [*She stroakes him on the head*]

*Squeeze.* Nay, prethee my dear, do not stroke my head, 'tis bald, but 'tis not with age, for I am not above eight and thirty, but the hair came off with a sicknesse.

*Lettice*: 'Tis no matter, I like it, I hate them that weare much haire upon their heads, 'tis greazy, and smells ill; but this is so sweet, and clean, and pretty, I could kiss it now. [*Enter Cheatly*.

*Cheatly*. Oh Daughter, here has been the young Knight you know of; he was so importunate to see you, I thought I should never have got rid of him.

*Squeeze*. What's that, pray let me know?

*Lettice*. Nothing Sir,

*Squeeze*. Prethee my Dear tell me.

*Lettice*. Pray Sir do not aske, it signifies nothing.

*Squeeze*. I shall take it unkindly if you do not tell me.

*Lettice*. Nay there is nothing I can keep from you: the truth is, my Taylour came to Dun me, but the Rascall shall stay I warrant him.

*Squeeze*. How much is the debt?

*Cheatly*. Twenty pounds.

*Squeeze*. As I am an honest man, but he shall not stay, here's the money, give it him immediately.

[*Enter a servant of Cheatly's.*]

*Servant*. Sir *Jeffery Smelmock* is coming up to see *Mistris Lettice*; she was denied below, but he would not be answered.

*Cheatly*. Oh heaven, we are undone, if I stop him not.

[*Ex. Cheatly and Servant.*]

*Squeeze*. What's the matter, is it another Dun? prethee have comfort I'll send thee 50*l.* to morrow morning to discharge all little driblets.

*Lettice*. I could not expect this from you. [*Enter Cheatly.*]

*Cheatly* to

*Lettice* } I have got rid of Sir *Jeffery* much adoe.

softly.

Well this *Mercer's* a sawcy fellow, here's a stir for a little money indeed.

*Lettice*. Hang him rascal, he shall not have it these six Moneths for his insolence, and I'll have him kickt besides.

*Servant* } Sir, I tell you she is not within.  
*Within.*

*Bully*. Hold your tongue you insolent rascal! I'll break open [*within*] the door. Where's *Lettice*, where is your *Ladyship*? let me in, or by Heaven I'll break the dore.

*Lettice*.

*Lettice.* For heavens sake Sir get into the Cloffet till I get rid of this roaring fellow, I know not who it is.

*Squeeze.* Ay with all my heart, where is it? I tremble every joint of me.

*Bully.* What Madam, your Ladyship is grown coy and deny your selfe: What you do this for an old Rascal, they say that keeps you; If I can learn his name, or catch him here once, I'll cut off his eares, and his nose, both his arms, and both his leggs, I will mangle the old dog so.

*Squeeze.* Oh defend me heaven from this roaring *Bully*, he puts me in a cold sweat.

*Lettice.* Let me beg of you to go into another Room, and I'll satisfie you.

*Bully.* Come on, now you are civill. [*Exit Bully and Lettice.*]

*Cheatly.* Would this *Bully* were hang'd, he'll ruine my daughter. Come Mr. *Squeeze*, all's clear, come out.

*Squeeze.* Is he gone, he has put me in a dreadfull fright; this was a Dragon of a *Bully*:

*Cheatly.* You see Sir what she suffers for your sake, because she will not yield to the temptations of men.

*Squeeze.* Ay poor heart, but whither is she gone? Pray heaven she be true to me.

*Cheat.* She must give him faire words till she gets him out, and then she'll wait on you. [*Aside.*]

*Squeeze.* Oh me, where is she, she staves long, pray heaven all be well.

*Cheatly.* What is this Girle doing? [*To her selfe*]

*Squeeze.* Gad forgive me, will she never come, what is the matter? I am affraid the *Bully* is not gone.

*Cheatly.* Why *Lettice*, will you never come?

*Squeeze.* I hope in Gad she's honest, but I do not like this.

[*Enter Lettice.*]

*Cheatly.* Oh fie upon you, you have been naught with this *Bully*, look how you are Ruffled.

*Lettice.* Mum, not a word, I have sent him away much adoe, I'll have him clapt by the heeles if he comes to affront me again, like an insolent fellow as he is.

*Squeeze*

*Squeeze.* Heaven, what noyse is that there? } *A noyse without  
of singing and  
roaring & Fid-  
lers.*  
there are more roaring *Bullies* abroad. Let us  
retire quickly to bed, and bolt the dore upon  
our selves, my dear *Lettice*; quickly *Mistris*  
*Cheatly* barre the dores of the house.

[*Excunt Cheatly, Lettice, and Squeeze.*]

*Rant, Hazard, Tym:* with a sword, two *Servants* and *Fid-  
lers* playing, they singing and roaring, *Drunk*, brea-  
king windowes.

*Tym:* Hey let's break windowes in abundance.

*Haz:* Ah brave *Timothy*, thou art as gallant a *Bully* as a man  
shall see in a summers day.

*Tym:* Here's the *Constable*, don't you use to beat him al-  
ways when you see him?

*Hazard.* Yes, and will now.

*Constab:* Stand in the Kings name.

*Tym:* I can stand in ne're a Kings name in *Christendome* but  
we will beat you in the Kings name very exceedingly.

*Constab:* Knock 'em down, fall on *Fellowes* of the watch.

*Rant:* Have at you *Rogues* that disturbe the Kings Peace,  
and will not let honest fellowes give serenades, and break win-  
dowes in quiet, have at ye.

[*They fight, the Constable and Watchmen  
are driven up into a corner.*]

*Tym.* Hey, have we conquer'd you ye *Rogues*? lay down  
your armes.

*Rant.* Lay downe your weapons, or wee'l cut your throats:

*Constab:* Well sir, 'tis done. [*They lay down their Halberts.*]

*Hazard.* Do you mutiny ye *Rogues*, against *Bully Rocks*, your  
*Commanders*?

*Rant.* Are you offended at the noyse of fiddles? strike up, and  
found an alarme in the eares of 'em.

*Hazard.* Come *Rogues* here are just eight } *They play with  
their fiddles at  
their ears.*  
of you; either daunce to these fiddles, or we  
will slice you into steakes.

*Constab:* Ha ha, come fellowes of the watch, wee'l please  
them for once, they are very merry *Gentlemen* I sack,

*Rant.*

*Rant.* 'Tis very well done, there's a crown to drink for you: I, like *Julius Caesar*, am generous to foes o're come.

*Hazard.* Here's another for you to make ye as drunk as we are.

*Tim.* And I'll be outdone by no man, there's a broad piece for you, now I have beaten you.

*Rant:* Hee's plaguy liberal of our Money. Stay watch and be our guard.

*Constab.* We thank ye Gentlemen, and will live and dy with ye.

*Hazard.* Strike up here, faith wee'l see *Lettice* before we have done: *Cheatly* open the door. [*They play.*]

*Cheatly* } We are all abed: what *Ruffians* are those?  
 within. }

*Tim.* Bounce at the door, break the windowes, hey.

[*They bounce at the doores.*]

*Squeeze at a window in, his cap, and undressed.*

*Squeez.* Heart! if I be discovered in this condition I am ruined for ever, my credit in the City will be quite lost: Heaven they have almost broke the door, I must venture to escape at this window. [*He leaps down.*]

Death I have broke my bones; oh, oh.

*Constable.* How now, what noyse is that?

*Rant.* Some body leaped out of a window: lets see what old *Rogue's* this.

*Tim:* Ay, what old *Rogues* this, ha?

*Squeeze.* I was frighten'd out of my Lodging by these *Roaring Blades*, and I thought to have escaped out of a window.

*Constable.* Speak to me, I represent the King's person, who are you? what make you here?

*Tim.* Hang him, take him away to the Round house.

*Squeeze.* My Son here drunk with *Bullies!* then all my shame comes together.

*Constable.* What's here, he has been in bed with a woman, and for haſt has miſtaken a red ſilk ſtocking of hers for his own.

*Hazard.* 'Tis true, away with him an old whoring Rogue.

*Tim.* Ay away with him, an old Rogue, in bed with a whore!  
away with him, away with him.

*Constab'e.* We must secure the woman to.

*Rant.* Wee'l secure her, carry him away.

*Squeeze.* What a dreadfull mistake was this, I am for ever undone, I am for ever ruined, what shall I do?

*Ex. Constable and Watch with Squeeze.*

*Hazard.* If you will *Rant*, let's first give *Isabella* a serenade, and then come hither againe. It will be time too, to bring our bubble to *Mistress Joyce* againe.

*Rant.* Come along Fiddles, strike up.

*Haz.* Rank your selves here, strike up, and put out the lights that we may not be discover'd. [*They go off, and come in at another door.*]

[*Enter Theodore and Robin.*]

*Rant.* Faire *Isabella*, sweet *Isabella*! look out and shine upon your servants.

*Theodore.* How now, what Rascals are these: *Robin* fall on.

*Hazard.* Are you so briske? } *They fight, and Theodore is dri-*

*Bell.* This must be *Theodore* } *ven back, Enter Bellamour and*  
and his man that are engaged, I } *Joyes with Theodore, and*  
parted from 'em but just now. } *they beat the other off the*

*Tim.* Fly, shift for your selves, } *Stage.*  
the day is lost.

*Theodore.* Who's this that is so kind to draw his sword for us? my dear Brother, is it you? a thousand thanks to you.

*Bell.* No words, but lets pursue the Rogues.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCE. I.

Enter

[Theodore, Bellamour.]

Theo. I Wonder who those Fellows were we rancounter'd last night.

Bell. Very active nimble youths, they ran like *Irish* Footmen.

Theodore. If we had catch'd 'em, we would have paid 'em for scouring under that Window: But now I can think of nothing else but love. Revenge has given place to that. Yesterday I got a promise from my Mistress, and am within this hour to meet her, and marry her privately in the City; this day will make me richer than the *Indies* can.

Bell. I congratulate your good Fortune, but cannot envy any man, since I am happy in my *Theodora's* love.

[Enter Roger with a Letter.]

Roger. Here's a Letter Mr. *Bellamour* came by the Post for you.

Bell. For me! [He reads it, and seems astonished.]

Theodore. What is it that disturbs you?

Bell. News that nothing could make tollerable to me, but that it puts me into a condition of serving my *Theodora* better then I could before.

Theodore. How's that?

Bell. My Father has been dead these nine months, and died without a Will; my younger Brother is at present possesst of the Estate, and has inhumanly put my Mother and Sister out of the house, who live privately in this Town, somewhere about *Covengarden*. This account I have received from my man, who is hasting up to Town to me.

Theodore. In good faith such news would break a mans heart;

but pray beare it with a manly fortitude; if my Father should knock off, I could have no other remedy.

*Bell.* I have now no time to railly with you, I'll to my dear *Theodora*, and hope to get her into so good a humour, that we shall not be long after you in Marriage: adieu.

[*Ex. Bellamour.*]

*Theodore.* What ever you are in that, I am sure you are before hand with me in the death of a Father. How now Bullies, are you up so early? sure you have lain rough, or have not slept to night.

[*Enter Rant and Hazard.*]

*Rant.* How now Lover that are, and Whore-Master that was, you are full of your bobs.

*Hazard.* What I warrant you, you are got up early to Write a fashionable *Sonnet*, without sense, upon the Divine *Isabella*.

*Rant.* How many Stars, Moons, Suns, Alabasters, Roses, Pearls, and Rubies, have you made use of for similies?

*Hazard.* Come prethee communicate, let's see the labour of thy Muse.

*Theodore.* As I live, drunk still: but Gentlemen I hate the name of a Muse, as I do that of a Baud; were I a Poet I would invoke *Cresswell* or *Gifford* before any Muse in *Christendom*.

*Hazard.* Faith thou art in the right, for they two can supply our necessities better than all the nine Muses.

*Rant.* But this is not our business, here is a young Gentleman at the door call'd Mr. *Timothy Squeeze*, that comes to wait on you.

*Theodore.* Hang him Rascal, keep him to your selves, he's fitter for your purpose; have you fleec'd him soundly?

*Hazard.* Very sufficiently I assure you, but he is come upon a pleasant occasion; he says he has done you, and your Family such an injury.

*Theodore.* Pox on him, I will forgive him any but the trouble of his company.

*Rant.* Thou shalt see him, and when he tells thee his condition, thou wilt find we have Reveng'd thee to the full; I'll fetch him in.

[*Ex. Rant.*]

*Theodore.*

*Theodore.* How have you us'd the Rogue? you have won all his money.

*Hazard.* That's not all, but I'll not forstall you, you shall be surpris'd into your pleasure; he beg'd of us to make him friends with you for fear you should kill him, he fears not your Father.

[Enter Rant and Timothy.]

*Tim.* Are you sure he will do me no hurt?

*Rant.* I am, speak to him.

*Tim.* Sir, your Servant.

*Theodore.* Sir, Yours.

*Tim.* I beg your pardon from the bottom of my heart, for an injury I have done you, and your Family.

*Theodore.* What's that?

*Tim.* Pray Sir be not in passion, and I'll tell you, you know Sir I should have been your Brother-in-Law Sir; and last-night it seems I was overtaken in *Campaigne*, and as these Gentlemen tell me (for I vow I remember not a word on't) I married one Mrs. *Joyce*, Mr. *Hazard's* Cousin Sir: But your Sister sent me word she would have me kick'd out of the house Sir last-night, or I should not have done it on my conscience Sir; I find I did it in passion really.

*Theodore.* Oh brave Bullies, now you have Revenged me sufficiently.

*Tim.* Now Sir, I hope in God you will please to forgive me since I married in drink; and I vow to God Sir, as I am an honest man, I meant no more hurt in't Sir, than I do at this present; for I wak'd this morning Sir, and found my self in Bed with the said Mrs. *Joyce*, de' understand me, (and I vow she's a pure Bed-fellow that's the truth on't) but at first I was frighted, and wondr'd what a dickens was the matter, when these Gentlemen came up with a Cawdle to me, and fac'd me down I was married Sir, and at last shew'd me the Ring, the Licence, and the Parsons Certificate Sir.

*Theodore.* No more Sir, I forgive you freely Sir.

*Tim.* Sir I am beholding to you; but if there be an offence you must blame those Gentlemen; for I protest and vow I intended to marry Mrs. *Thea*, or would I might ne're stir out of this

this place alive. But I tell you in private, if I had not married the aforesaid Mrs. *Joyce*, I believe they would have forc'd me to it: for my part Sir, I don't like 'em; for between you and I, they won above forty Pound on me. But to give the Devil his due, the Gentlewoman is a Pretty Gentlewoman, and they say has a good Portion.

*Theodore* } This relation pleases me, but pray take away  
 To *Hazard* } your Fool, for I have business of great concern-  
 and *Rant*. } ment.

*Rant*. This was all we had to say to you. Fare you well.

*Hazard*. *Tim* come along, dear soul.

*Tim*. Ay come Cousin [To *Theodore*.] Sir your Servant to command. [Exeunt all but *Theodore*.]

[Enter *Robin*.]

*Robin*. Sir, I have a Present for you, but let us begon Sir, and take it in another place; pray follow me, I am weary with carrying it.

*Theodore*. What means the fellow?

*Robin*. Here is a Chest of money of your Fathers that was hid in the Garden.

*Theodore*. Of my Fathers! how camest thou by it?

*Robin*. Not very honestly Sir, but this is no place to ask questions in, now I am Reveng'd on him for calling me theif; follow me Sir.

*Theodore*. This is a lucky supply.

[Exeunt *Robin* and *Theodore*.]

Enter at another door *William*, *Cheatly*, and *Bridget*, with a Page.

*Cheatly*. Is Madam *Theodora* within?

*Will*. She is gone out with Mr. *Bellamour*.

*Cheatly*. Is not your Master within?

*Will*. We expect him every minute Madam. [Ex. *Will*.]

*Cheatly*. Now Mrs. *Bridget*, can you represent a Stately Countess.

*Bridget*. Never fear me; Page hold up my Train Sirrah, I can beare my head as high as any Lady in *Christendom*.

*Cheatly*. Remember when any body Salutes you, to turne your Cheek to him, as great Ladies use; that's very convenient too, for concealing a tainted breath.

*Bridget*.

*Bridget.* Mine is not so, but I'll not forget it.

*Cheatly.* But thou hast so used to offer thy mouth, that thou wilt forget it. [Enter Gold.]

*Gold.* Oh Sir, your Servant, the Countess of *Puddle Dock* is come to see Mrs. *Theodora*.

*Gold.* [Aside.] Countess of *Puddle-Dock*! I never heard of that Title, it may be 'tis some *Scotch* or *Irish* Title.

*To Bridget.* Madam I kiss your Honour's hand: where is my Daughter that she comes not to wait on her Honour.

*Cheatly.* Not within. This is the Countess I spoke of [Softly.]

*Gold.* Let me see; if this be a Countess, and has such a Fortune, no more then of *Isabella*; but I must into the Garden to my dear Gold. Madam I'll wait on your Honour presently.

[Ex. *Goldingham*.]

*Cheatly.* Is not this an amiable old Gentleman?

*Bridget.* As bad as he is, I am not so nice, but I could make shift with him.

*Golding within.* Murder, murder, Oh Theeves, theives.

*Cheat.* What's the meaning of this, is the man mad.

Enter *Goldingham*.

*Golding.* Thieves, thieves, murder, murder, death, devils, damnation, Hell and furies, thieves, thieves, I am undone, undone, they have cut my throat, they have murder'd me, they have stole my money, where is it? what's become on't? where are the Thieves? where have they hid themselves? whither shall I go to find 'em? what shall I do? shall I run? shall I stay? are they here? are they there? where are they?

*Cheatly.* What is it transports you thus?

*Golding.* Oh are you here, give me my money, [He tugs and hales *Cheatly*.] where's my Gold, confess, or I'll rack you, where is my dear Gold, my poor Gold, give it me, conceale it no longer.

*Cheatly.* Help, help, will you murder me?

*Bridg.* Are you Mad, 'tis Mrs *Cheatly*.

*Golding.* Another, is there more of your number, I will hang ye all, where is my money, Money, Money?

*James.* What's the Matter Sir,

[Enter *James*, *Roger*, *Will*.]

*Cheatly.* Come Countess, 'tis time to shift for our selves.

*Golding.*

*Golding*, falls on  
*'em with his* } Oh you thieves, my Gold, my Gold, give me my  
*Caine.* } Gold, I'll hang ye, I'll drown ye, I'll murder  
 ye all; oh my Gold, must I lose thee?

*James.* He raves help to hold him. [*He breaks from them, they*  
*run away.*]

*Golding.* I have lost my money, my life, my blood, my entrals, my heart, my vitalls, I dye, I am dead, I am buried, will no body save my life, and help me to it, oh I am mad, what say you, will you, hum; alas I am mad, there's no body: Oh my money, my soule, Justice, Justice, I will hang all the Towne, if *Isabella* has a hand in't I will hang her, I will beg the help of Constables, Beadles, Churchwardens, Baylies, Sergeants, Justices, Aldermen, Judge, Gibbet, Gallowes, and Hangmen: I will hang my son and daughter if they be guilty: and if I find not my Money I will hang my self.

*James.* My master Sir is Mad, be pleas'd to command him in his Majesties name to keep his worships wits.

*Golding.* Oh neighbour Justice, you are come in season, I am rob'd, undone, make me a *Mittimus*.

*Justice.* For whom neighbour *Goldingham*.

*Gold.* For all *Covengarden*, I will hang every body, oh my Gold.

*Justice.* You'll spoyle all, if you be thus outragious, we must examine such things privately, or you will never have notice of your Money.

*Golding.* Oh my money, I cannot containe my selfe, but if you will assist me, I'll endeavour.

*James.* Ha, is my Master Rob'd? now I may be fully revenged of our *dominus factotum* for my beating, and other things.

[*To Gold.*] I am mistaken, or I can give you some light into this business.

*Golding.* Speake what can you say, if you do not discover it, I will hang you.

*James.* I do certainly believe that Mr *Bellamour* has it.

*Golding.* What he that appear'd so true, and faithfull to me?

*James.* The same Sir, I believe 'tis he that has rob'd you.

*Golding.* Pray Sir make his *Mittimus*, I'll hang him if there were no more of the race of all mankind.

*Justice:*

*Justice.* But why do you believe it Sir!

*James.* Why do I believe it Sir?

*Just.* Yes.

*James.* Why, why, why, because I do believe it.

*Justice.* But I must have some proofs.

*Gold.* Did you see him dig where my money was hidden?

*James.* Oh yes Sir, why should I say so else? Where did you lay your money?

*Gold.* In the Garden.

*James.* Ay there I saw him digging: What was your money in?

*Gold.* In a Chest.

*James.* Why there's the business, now I saw him have a Chest, and the very same Chest you mean.

*Justice.* What manner of Chest is it?

*James.* What manner of one: 'Sdeath I shall be snap'd! [*Aside.*

*Justice.* How is it made?

*James.* Why 'tis made----'tis made very like a kind of a Chest, extraordinary like a Chest.

*Justice.* But how?

*James.* Why 'tis a great Chest.

*Gold.* Mine is a little one. Oh my Gold!

*James.* Ay so was this in it self, but for what it contained it was a great one, and was so heavy that I am sure it made him puffe and blow to carry it.

*Gold.* It must be the same, mine is very heavy.

*Justice.* Hold a little pray, what Colour is it of?

*James.* Of what Colour.

*Justice.* Yes.

*James.* Why it is of a colour, a certain Colour, I know not what a deus they call it, but really it is a very pretty Colour, for a chest, that's the truth on't.

*James.* Was it not a red?

*Gold.* No, no, mine's a green one:

*James.* Lord, you are so hasty, a reddish green I was going to say.

*Gold.* The same Sir; pray make his mittimus, and let him be hang'd.

[Enter Bellamour.]

*James.* Here he comes, let him not discover this of me; perhaps hee'l confesse it.

*Gold.* Come you Villain, come near and confesse your wickednesse, your abominable action.

*Bell.* What do you mean Sir?

*Gold.* Oh horrid traytor, do you not blush?

*Bell.* Has he heard any thing of his daughter and me; for what should I blush Sir?

*Gold.* Oh impudence, as if he knew not what I meant; but all your villany is discover'd: oh wretch, to come into my house to betray me, and abuse my goodnesse with so infamous an action!

*Bell.* Sir, since you have discover'd me, I'll make no more excuses. [Aside.]

*James.* That I should guesse so right when I swear at a venture: I told you Sir, hee'd confesse. [To the Justice.]

*Justice.* He ha's confes'd in part, but we must have more yet.

*Bell.* It was my designe to tell you of this, but I stay'd for a happier opportunity, and I beseech you be not angry till I give my reasons.

*Golding.* Oh abominable insolence, he would be giving me reasons for his infamous theft, like an impudent Thiefe.

*Bell.* These Titles are none of mine, and you'l find, if you examine it, that my crime is pardonable.

*Golding.* Oh devill, pardonable, to take away my soul, my life, my blood!

*Bell.* I am in a condition to do your blood no wrong, and to make full reparation for this pretended injury.

*Golding.* Oh you overjoy me, will you make restitution.

*Bell.* Your honour shall be fully satisfi'd.

*Golding.* Pox on my honour, I don't talk of my honour. But what could incite you to such action?

*Bell.* Love.

*Golding.* A pox on your love, admirable love indeed, love of my broad pieces.

*Bell.* No sir, it is not your Gold that I care for, let me but enjoy

joy what I have already, and I care for nothing in the world beside.

*Gold.* Oh intollerable insolence, he justifies his theft, and would keep what he has stollen. He distracts me, Sir you shall be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, before you shall keep the least part of it.

*Just.* No Sir, you must not keep what you have got, by your favour.

*Bell.* With your favour Sir, but I must; we have mutually engaged our faiths, and are now married, and nothing but death shall part us.

*Golding.* Ingaged his faith, and married to my Chest: [*aside.*] 'tis enough, make his Mittimus, that he may be hang'd, and so be divorced from it.

*Just.* Here is some mystery: where is this Treasure you have taken?

*Bell.* Here in the house.

*Just.* Have you not broke it up?

*Bell.* Broke her up; better words Sir, or I shall forget my respect to you; I assure you shee's too honest.

*Golding.* How my Chest of money too honest. [*aside.*]

*Bell.* Her fair eyes have inspired in me a more refined passion.

*Golding.* The Faire eyes of my chest. [*aside.*]

*Bell.* I see Sir 'tis in vaine to conceale the truth any longer. 'Tis not a quarter of an Houre since your daughter, and I were married in *Covengarden*; and without a Portion.

*Gold.* Oh devil, is that affront added to my losse?

*Bell.* Without portion, consider that Sir.

*Gold.* Make his Mittimus, you shall be hang'd you Villaine, send him to the Gatehouse quickly.

*Bell.* How be hang'd! I assure you, though I stole your daughter, 'twas with her own consent.

*Just.* But you have confest a more capital theft; or if you had not, 'tis sworn against you, and I must send you to the *Gaol*.

[*Enter Theodora.*]

*Theodora.* Oh Heaven! what do I hear? Sir, I'veou had any affection for me, hear me now; this Gentleman is a man of Quality and Fortune.

*Gold.* A curse on him, he has rais'd his Fortune on my ruines, and for his Quality 'twill bring him to the Gallows.

*Theodora.* For Heaven's sake Sir use no extremity on him, I consented to all he did; if there be a fault committed against you, I am equally guilty, and will suffer with him.

*Gold.* Heaven! my own Daughter guilty of such an action, she shall be hang'd, send her to the Gaol immediately; no less then six thousand broad pieces at a time.

*Theodora.* Sir, I understand you not.

*Gold.* Oh cunning Baggage! look you Mr. *Justice*, she understands me not; I'll have her hang'd, my own Daughter Rob me.

*Theodora.* Rob you! I am amaz'd.

*Bell.* Sure Sir, you are not *compos mentis*.

*Justice.* I am sorry to find ye guilty of so great a Felony, I must send ye both to the Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

[*Enter Theodore.*]

*Theodore.* Brother, I heard you were in this condition, and came to rescue you.

*Gold.* Oh Villian! are you come to heighten my affliction with the sight of you?

*Theodore.* Sir, I come about a little business that concerns you.

*Gold.* Business with me? you insolent Rebel, what can that be.

*Theodore.* Sir, the money is right.

*Gold.* What money you impertinent Ass?

*Theodore.* The broad pieces that were in the Garden, they are just six thousand; and I'll give you an acquittance under my hand for them.

*Gold.* O Devil, had you them?

*Theodore.* They were received by my order, to my own proper use and behoofe; *I say Received per me Theodore.*

*Golding.* }  
*strikes at* } O Barbarous insolence, I will cut your throat.  
*Theodore.* }

*Justice.* Nay, good Neighbour keep the peace.

*Gold.* I cannot keep the peace, I will not keep the peace,  
 let

let the peace keep its self; 'tis impossible to keep the peace.

*Justice.* By your leave Sir, you must keep the peace, and not be Judge in your own case.

*Gold.* Send him to Gaol then presently.

*Justice.* Be patient, and I will.

*Theodore.* Why would you have the Conscience to hang your Son?

*Gold.* Give me my Gold, and I'll spare your life.

*Theodore.* No Sir, your Gold is in sure hands, 'tis held in Mortmain.

*Gold.* Then I will hang you Rogue, make his *Mittimus*.

*Theodore.* You may please to remember, that there is a *Colledge* Lease of 4 hundred Pounds a year, that you hold only by my life; you will lose that (if you hang me) besides your broad pieces, of which you shall never have one by Heaven.

*Gold.* Nay then, I cannot be in a worse condition than I am; make hast Sir with his *Mittimus*.

*Justice.* 'Tis a making.

*Theodore.* Hold Sir, you must not make it, I did not Steal the Gold; I did but Sieze upon't for the Kings use.

*Gold.* By Heaven, I owe the King not a farthing, I paid the last assessment, it went to my heart I am sure; and yet, to say truth, the Assessors have stretch'd their consciences against the King all over *England*, God bless them: Have you the impudence to say I owe the King money?

*Theodore.* Assist me Brother.

[ *To Bellamour.* ]

[ *To Gold.* ] Do you think Sir the King will let you commit

[ *softly.* ] Treason for nothing?

*Gold.* Treason.

*Theodore.* There are Arms and Ammunition in the Vault Sir, if you be pleas'd to remember.

*Bell.* Have a care what you do Sir, Treason will fall heavy upon a rich man; you will be an excellent morsel for a Courtier.

*Gold.* Have ye the impudence to speak of a Plot ye drew me into, ye brace of Traitors and Villains?

*Theodore.* Sir I know nothing of a Plot, not I, but my Brother and I can swear we saw Arms and Ammunition put in a Vault;

Vault; and we know from whom they were Receiv'd, and the consideration too. We shall find friends Sir.

*Bell.* Sir Release the Gold, and make no more ado; if it should be found out that we know of the Plot, we should be pardon'd, for bringing in so rich and Capital an offender; but you would find no more mercy, than ever you shew'd to one that forfeited a Morgage.

*Gold.* A curse on these Villains, I am caught in my own snare; they are in the right, I shall be sure to be hang'd, but if I were sure they were to be hang'd with me, it were no matter: But Son, are you in earnest? will you not give me some of my Gold again?

*Theodore.* Not one piece by heaven, and pray Sir believe I deal fairly with you, that I ask no more; you know, I have not had a shilling of you these dozen years, 'tis time now to gather my Arrears.

*Gold.* What will become of me? I must either lose my money or my life, I know not which is best; I think I must go hang my self, for fear of being hang'd.

*Justice.* What shall I send him to Goal?

*Gold.* No, let it alone, I must forgive the Rogue for this time.

*Theodore.* And do you release me of the money, before all these witnesses?

*Gold.* Yes yes, but you cursed Villain I will be reveng'd on you, I'll marry *Isabella*, get Children and disinherit you of all the rest of my Estate.

*Theodore.* Now since you have Release me, look in your Chests in the Vault, and you will find nothing but Lumber.

*Gold.* And was it no Plot you drew me into?

*Theodore.* No by heaven, I but pretended it, and your hard usage forced me to these extremities.

*Gold.* Oh unheard of Villain, I will go marry *Isabella* instantly, and I hope you will hang your self.

*Theodore.* Stay Sir, I have one thing more to ask of you. This Lady and I are Married; and beg your pardon, and your blessing.

*Enter*

[Enter *Isabella*.]

*Isabella*. Sir I beg your blessing and your pardon: Heaven would have it thus, and I could not help it.

*Gold*. 'Sdeath and Hell! Married! you two Married!

*Theodore*. 'Tis now too late to perplex your self.

*Gold*. Oh Treacherous wretches! Oh this Engine of the Devil, Cheatly with her damn'd Countess of *Puddle-Dock*,

*Theodore*. Will you give us your blessing Sir? we kneel for it. [They kneel.]

*Gold*. Yes, I will give you my blessing.

*Isabella*. I shall receive it joyfully.

*Gold*. May all the curses e're attended Marriage fall on you.

*Isabella*. Oh impious wish.

*Theodore*. We are obliged to you Sir.

*Gold*. May invincible impotence possess you, raging Lust her, and tormenting jealousy both of ye.

*Justice*. For shame Neighbour be not so wicked.

*Gold*. May the perpetual spirit of contention wait on ye, may ye never in your lives agree in one thing; may the name of quiet ne're be heard betwixt ye; and to compleat all, may ye never be assunder: and so Farewel. [Ex. *Gold*.]

*Justice*. I'll after him, and try if I can mollifie him.

*Theodora*. Dear Sister, I am infinitely happy in my relation to you.

*Bellamour To himself*.] It must be so. Oh heaven! it is my Sister (though I have not seen her these nine years) yet she has so much of her former Countenance remaining, that I am sure 'tis she.

*Theodore*. Dear *Isabella*, here is a worthy Gentleman you must call Brother.

*Bell*. I have a nearer Title to her than what you can give me, she's my own Sister *Isabella*.

*Theodore*. This is wonderful.

*Isabella*. Indeed I had an Elder Brother beyond Sea, but we (having not seen him in nine years, nor heard from him these fifteen months) concluded him dead.

*Bell*. (To his great grief) my younger Brother will find it otherwise. *Isabella*.

*Ifabella.* But is it possible! are you my Brother? indeed you have some resemblance of my Father, when he was living.

*Bell.* If you be *Sir William Raines* his Daughter of the *North* (as I am sure you are) I am your Brother; but thou wert too young when I left *England*; to have any impressions left of me now.

*Ifabella.* My dear Brother, I am convinced, this is a happy hour, this will revive my dear Mother, who has kept her Chamber ever since my Fathers death.

*Theodore.* My dear Brother, now you are doubly so, but friendship yet shall be the stricter tie.

*Theodora.* This is a wonderful and happy union of our Families.

*Bell.* To shew you more clearly I am your Brother, (though my Father died without a Will) I know it was his intention to give you five thousand Pounds, which upon my honour you shall have.

*Theodore.* This is generosity in the highest point; but I was rich in the possession of my *Ifabella*, beyond the thoughts of Dowry; but if I live to have my Fathers Estate, faith I'll be even with you.

*Ifabella.* This noble offer confirms me, you are my Brother; but why did you so long conceal your self?

*Bell.* That my dear *Theodora* can best tell you. But let us hast to see my afflicted Mother.

[*Enter Constable and Watch, with Squeeze.*]

*Constable.* They say the Justices Worship is here Gentlemen.

*Theodore.* The *Constable* with *Squeeze*! pray lets stay a moment after our Comedy, that ends so pleasantly, in hopes to see a Farse.

*Squeeze.* Heaven! what confusion am I in, and besides my bones are all loose with the fall last night.

*Theodore.* What's the matter Mr *Constable*?

*Constable.* Why Sir, this old Gentleman (not having the fear of God before his eyes) by the malice and instigation of the Devil, did yesternight *vi & armis*, contrary to the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity; commit carnal copulation with one Mrs *Lettice*.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* The Stile of an *Inditement*.

*Theodore.* How now Mr. *Squeeze*, is the snare fallen upon you? can you help a man to three or four hundred Pound at fifty in the hundred, with good security?

*Squeeze.* You are very merry Sir, 'tis well if you have cause. Oh! Mrs. *Cheatly* what shall I do? my reputation is ruin'd, I am undone for ever.

[Enter Mrs. *Cheatly*.]

*Cheatly.* Oh Sir, there is more affliction for you yet, your Son lost fifty Pound last night, and Married a wench, one Mrs. *Joyce*, that was kept by Alderman *Do-Little*.

*Squeeze.* Oh Heaven! all my misfortunes come together; this added to the other, will distract me.

*Theodore.* This is for your damn'd Brokeage and Use.

*Cheatly.* Could you not have brib'd the *Constable*?

*Squeeze.* He durst not let me go for fear of the *Bullies*? what shall I do; what shall I do?

*Cheatly.* I would be loath to put you to inconvenience, but if you would own my Daughter for your wife, it would soon preserve or at least repair your credit.

*Squeeze.* She says true.

[*Aside*.]

*Cheatly.* And if you would really make her your wife, you would be fully reveng'd on your Son for his rash Marriage.

*Squeeze.* Ha, that's true again directly.

[*Aside*.]

*Cheatly.* If you do it not, the poor Girl will be ruin'd for ever in her reputation; which you know is her support at present.

*Squeeze.* She is in the right, there is no way to save my reputation but this; if my disgrace should be published, no Godly Citizen will trust me; old men in this Town had as good marry their wenches, for they stand 'em in more money, and they keep 'em as long as if they were their wives.

[Enter *Hazard* and *Lettice*.]

*Hazard.* Mr. *Squeeze*, here's your Lady; pray restore her Red Stocking, and take your own Black one; Oh! *Theodore*, thou art gone the way of all flesh, I hear thou's Married.

*Theodore.* I am Sir, for all your instructions so the

*Hazard.* Then thou art a lost man; yet such

Girl for a fortnights, use or so, as a man could wish.

*Bell.* I find this *Bully* has the common place wit of all the young Fops in this Town; in Railing against Marriage.

*Hazard.* Now art thou, *Theodore*, for a year condemn'd to eat and drink, go to Playes, to Church, and lie with thy own wife most unreasonable; But 'tis but having a little patience, and we shall have you amongst us again, as honest a sinner as the best of us.

[*Enter Rant, Timothy and Joyce.*]

*Tim.* O Lord, here's my Father, I am so affraid of him.

*Rant.* Bear up to him, you say you have two hundred Pound a year left by an Aunt, which he can't touch.

*Tim.* Ay, I have so.

*Rant.* Stand up and own your wife to him; then besides 'twill vex the heart of *Theodora* to see how you have bob'd her.

*Tim.* Ay, I think so, (do you understand me?) I hope 'twill break her heart, de' see?

*Rant.* Sir, here's your Son and his Lady, come to ask your blessing.

*Squeeze.* Oh you infinite Rascal!

*Tim.* Rascal Sir, I am the Son of a Scrivener, and they say I take mightily like my Father too.

*Squeeze.* Oh Villain! marry a Whore, out of my sight.

*Tim.* A Whore Sir, I vow to God I scorn your words, do you mark me, she's as Pretty a civil young Lady, and I am sure I had her Maiden-Head, had I not my dear?

*Joyce.* Yes indeed my dear, the best I had for you. [*Aside.*]

*Squeeze.* Oh infamous Villain! marry a Strumpet?

*Joyce.* Sir, I'd have you kick'd if you were not my Father-in-Law.

*Hazard.* Dare to speak one ill word more of my Cousin, and I'll cut your Throat, old Sot.

*Squeeze.* I am horrible affraid of this Hector; but I will be Reveng'd of the Rogue my Son.

*Joyce.* Now Madam *Lettice* I hope you'll own me to be equal at least with your Ladyship, Mr. *Tim.* has made me an honest woman; ther's more that you are.

*Rant.*

*Rant.* Farewel *Theodore*, thou art no more a man of this world; Marriage alters some men, and makes them forget their friends, as much as Perferment does

*Hazard.* But I hope he has more grace.

*Theodore.* No more of your senseless Railing against Marriage, 'tis dull and common.

[Enter *Justice.*]

*Justice.* There is no mollifying of your Father, he's run out in a rage; he has shut himself in his Clofset, and will not be spoke to; *Constable* what makes you here?

*Constable.* Sir we have brought an old Gentleman here before you, upon suspicion of Fornication, an please your Worship.

*Justice.* Whom, Mr. *Squeeze!* can a man of your years be guilty of Fornication?

*Constable.* Sir, we took him leaping out of a Window half undress'd, and for haste he had put on a Red Silk-stocking of the Gentlewomans from whom he rose:

*Justice.* Is this true?

*Squeeze.* 'Tis true, I was in bed with this Gentlewoman, but she's my wife; and I hope that's no offence.

*Justice.* Your wife.

*Squeeze.* Yes, and before all this company I a vow her to be so.

*Tim.* O fie for shame Sir, marry a Strumpet

*Squeeze.* Peace you insolent Rascal.

*Theodore.* *Lettice*, I wish thee joy of thy old Rascal.

*Lettice.* I thank you Mr. *Theodore*. Now Mrs. *Joyce* I hope you think not your self my equal: Down on your knees huf-wife and ask me blessing.

*Joyce.* I scorn your words, I shall never endure to call you Mother-in-Law while I live.

*Cheatly.* Madam *Isabella*, I wish you much joy with this Gentleman, and he is young enough, and handsome enough to give you good store on't.

*Theodore.* Mrs. *Cheatly*, to shew my gratitude to you, I have a hundred pieces ready for you; and *Robin*, you I will make my particular care.

*Robin.*

*Robin.* Sir, to shew you that I have taken some care of you, I have provided Fiddles for you.

*Theodore.* Let 'em enter, we'll borrow my Fathers house for a Dance; for perhaps we shall never come in it again.

[Enter Fiddles.]

*Robin.* What say you Mrs. *Cheatly*, shall you and I marry, or continue to love on as we did?

*Cheatly.* I am very indifferent *Robin*, take thy own choice.

*Robin.* Why then as you were.

*Cheatly.* Content.

*Bell.* Strike up.

[They Dance.]

*Theodore.* Now we have done, I must confess I have transgress'd in my duty to my Father, which I could not help; unless I would have neglected a greater, which I ought to your Beauty my dear *Isabella*, and my Love; and I hope

*My passion will a just excuse be thought:  
What is urg'd on by love, can be no fault.*

---

F I N I S.

## EPILOGUE.

**W**hen Sieges now by Poets are prepar'd,  
 And Love and War 'gainst Nations is declar'd;  
 When *Africa* and *Asia* are not spar'd,  
 By some who in Rime will all the World o'rerun,  
 Who in their Conquests will no Country shun,  
 Not scaping the *Mogul*, nor *Prester John*,  
 No *American* Prince is in his Throne secure,  
 Not *Totty Potty Moy* himself is sure:  
 But may the fury of their Rime endure,  
 Nay in time each Prince in *Guinny* will be sought,  
 And under these Poetick Fetters brought;  
 And we shall see how th' black Rogues lov'd and fought.  
 When such great things are for the Stage design'd,  
 We fear this trifle will no favour find.  
 But as a fop that's dress'd in Masquerade,  
 Will any place with impudence invade,  
 And little rambling Punks dare be so rude,  
 Among the best of Ladies ro intrude:  
 So Poets sure, though ill, may be allow'd  
 Among the best in Masquerade to crowd.  
 Our Poet who wrote this *Incognito*,  
 Does boldly claim this priviledge as his due;  
 He presses in, and will not be kept out,  
 Though he deserves to stand amongst the rout,  
 Those fifteen hundred Poets who have writ,  
 And never could have one Play acted yet.  
 But now hee's in, pray use him civilly,  
 Let him, what e're he sayes, unquestion'd be,  
 According to the Laws of Masquerade,  
 Those sacred Laws by dancing Nations made,  
 Which the young Gallants sure will ne're invade.  
 If ye resolve that yee'l be angry now,  
 Ye vent your spleen upon an unknown Foe;  
 Or if he be not, yet yee'l make him so:  
 But if a kindness to him ye intend,  
 And though 't deserves it not, the Play commend:  
 Each man for ought he knows is kind to's friend.

FINIS,



THE  
REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

---

The third Edition with Amendments and  
large Additions by the Author.

---

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow* at the  
Corner of *Chancery-lane* in *Fleet-*  
*street.* 1675.

THE THEATRE

Theatre-Royal

And ... ..

LONDON

Printed by ... ..

# PROLOGUE.

**W**E might well call this short Mock-play of ours  
A Posse made of Weeds instead of Flowers ;  
Yet such have been presented to your noses,  
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.  
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,  
What stuff it is in which they took delight.  
Here brisk insipid Rogues, for wit, let fall  
Sometimes dull sence, but oft'ner none at all :  
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim fac'd train,  
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyles vein.  
For ( changing Rules, of late, as if men writ  
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit )  
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,  
And with their Comedies they make us cry.  
Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met ;  
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.  
If you approve ; I shall assume the state  
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate :  
And justly too, for I will teach you more  
Than ever they would let you know before :  
I will not only shew the feats they do,  
But give you all their reasons for 'em too.  
Some honour may to me from hence arise.  
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,  
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ;  
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetic rage,  
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

THE

# The Actors Names.

**B** *Ayes.*  
*Johnson.*

*Smith.*

Two Kings of *Brentford.*

Prince *Pretty-man.*

Prince *Volsci.*

Gentleman *Usher.*

Physician.

*Drawcan* *sir.*

General.

Lieutenant General.

*Cordelie.*

*Tom Thimble.*

Fisherman.

Sun.

Thunder.

Players.

Souldiers.

Two Heralds.

Four Cardinals

Mayor.

Judges.

Serjeants at Arms.

} Mutes.

## *Women.*

*Amaryllis.*

*Cloris.*

*Parthenope.*

*Pallas.*

Lightning.

Moon.

Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford.*

THE

1

THE  
Rehearsal.

---

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

*Johnson and Smith.*

*Johns.* **H**onest *Frank!* I'm glad to see thee with all my heart : how long hast thou been in Town?

*Smi.* Faith, not above an hour : and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out ; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

*Johns.* And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

*Smi.* Dull, and fantastical ! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing ?

*Johns.* I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lyes another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can : and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops ; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Business.

B

*Smi.*

*Sm.* Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

*Johns.* I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is and Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

*Sm.* Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

*Johns.* Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your Men of Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

*Sm.* I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country-wits commend 'em.

*Johns.* I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

*Sm.* New kind! what kind is that?

*Johns.* Why, your Virtuosi, your civil persons, your Drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

*Sm.* Elevate, and surprize! pry'thee make me understand the meaning of that.

*Johns.* Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but thinking and Sence.

*Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.*

*Bayes.* Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

*Johns.* God so, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

*Sm.* No, pry'thee let him alone.

*Johns.* Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

*Bayes.* Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but

but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this. — Sweet Sir, your servant.

*Smi.* Your humble servant, Sir.

*Johns.* But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

*Bayes.* I, Sir: what is't?

*Johns.* Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

*Bayes.* How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

*Johns.* I, I; any thing.

*Bayes.* Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you. —, I think it is in this pocket [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

*Johns.* Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

*Smi.* Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

*Bayes.* Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

*Johns.* *Drama Common places*! pray what's that?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

*Smi.* How, Sir, helps for Wit?

*Bayes.* I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

*Johns.* What are those Rules, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

*Smi.* Well; but how is this done by a Rule, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

*Johns.* Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

*Bayes.* By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

*Smi.* Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

*Bayes.* Make it my own. 'tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table Book. Pray observe.

*Johns.* We hear you Sir: go on.

*Bayes.* As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own,

*Johns.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for invention?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

*Smi.* What Rule can that be, I wonder?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Persius*,

*Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives,* and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject : and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

*Smi.* We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Players upon the Stage.*

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect ?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book ; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in : whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo ! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing ; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence ; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act : now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put 'em quiet down, all things ever went before us : and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind ; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

*Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.*

*Bayes.* Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr. — a — Ha you your part ready ?

1 *Play.* Yes Sir.

*Bayes.* But do you understand the true humor of it ?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

*Bayes.* And *Amarillis*, how does she do ? Does not her Armor become her ?

3 *Play.*

3 Play. O, admirably!

*Bayes.* I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

*Smi.* What, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, I make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* That will be very well; indeed,

*Bayes.* Ay, it's a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I write that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

*Johns.* Then, I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I gad.

*Bayes.* No, I gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talkt bawdy to her already.

*Johns.* Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, there is, in the French Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Fœminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it bawdy.

*Johns.* Very true.

*Bayes.* Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tying-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperansa de mavie*; (which I gad, is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes a mavie Mounstieur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam— Songes vous a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

*Smi.* This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman, in the City.

*Smi.* How kept? for what?

*Bayes.* Why, for a *Beau Gerson*: I am, ifackins.

*Smi.* Nay, then we shall never have done.

*Bayes.* And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with my self.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

*Bayes.* O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me melancholy: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

*Smi.* That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I gad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

*Johns.* Phoo pox, That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

*Bayes.* Ay gad, there's no trusting o' these Rogues; but — a — Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometime, in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood,)

*Johns.* I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

*Bayes.* Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a ——— you understand me — upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that — In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[Exit, to call the Players.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any fence out of this.

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue]: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

*Smi.* Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

*Bayes.* And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to — a — in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping — a —

*Smi.* I, But suppose they don't.

*Bayes.* Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a! — ha, ha, ha. [Walks away.]

*Johns.* Phoo! pry'thee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

*Bayes.* If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

*Bayes.* I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be deny'd  
And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to  
mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets  
of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal,  
have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready  
in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you  
know, must follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of  
your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot misf.

*Bayes.* I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this to  
be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before  
they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better;  
because then they were engag'd: for let a man write never so  
well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons, they call  
Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in them than so many  
Hobby-horses; but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and  
censure things, that, I gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do  
themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glo-  
ries of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by ca-  
lumniating of persons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all per-  
sons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much  
despise all that as — a — In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

*Johns.* Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience:  
I'm sure more than they'll e're be able to answer.

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were  
it not for the sake of some ingenuous persons, and choice fe-  
male spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all  
hang'd, I gad, before I would e'er more set pen to papyr;  
but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

*Johns.* I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em in-  
deed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

*Bayes.* No, Sir; there are certain ties upon me, that I can-  
not be disingag'd from: otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir,  
how do you like my hang-man?

*Swi.* By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

*Bayes.* But how do you like it Sir? (for, I see, you can judge)

Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue?

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

*Bayes.* No, no; that wont do. Besides I have made another.

*Johns.* What other, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Johns.* That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

*Bayes.* Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non parvillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the concept?

*Johns.* Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

*Bayes.* I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

*Swi.* Lets hear it, I pray you.

*Bayes.* 'Tis an allusion to love,

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,  
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky;  
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,  
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:  
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,  
And snore and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

*Johns.* Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

*Bayes.* I gad, and so it does, now I think on't Mr. *Johns*, I thank you; and I'll put it in *prose*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Enter.*

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*,

*Bayes*, Mr. *Cartwright*, pry thee speak that a little louder,  
and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold *Thunder* ! Pshaw ! speak  
it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed : I am the bold  
*Thunder*.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Light.* The brisk *Lightning*, I.

*Bayes*, Nay, you must be quick and nimble.  
The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

*Thun.* I am the bravest *HeCtor* of the Sky.

*Light.* And I fair *Helen* that made *HeCtor* die.

*Thun.* I strike men down.

*Light.* I fire the Town.

*Thun* Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,  
For then begin I for to rumble.

*Light.* Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,  
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,  
And dry up their Peter to Soot,

*Thun.* Let the Critiques look to't.

*Light.* Let the Ladies look to't.

*Thun.* For *Thunder* will do't.

*Light.* For *Lightning* will shoot.

*Thun.* I'll give you dafh for dafh.

*Light.* I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants I'll singe your Feather.

*Thun.* I'll *Thunder* you together.

*Both.* Look to't, look to't, we'll do't, we'll do't : look to't,  
we'll do't.

[Twice or thrice repeated.

[Exeunt ambo.

*Bayes.* There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

*Smi.* Yes, 'Tis short, indeed, but very terrible.

*Bayes.* Ay, when the *similes* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad,  
Come, come begin the Play.

*Enter first Player.*

*I Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but hee'l be here presently, he's but two doors off.

*Bayes.* Comethen, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

*Bayes.* **N**OW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a whisper.

*Sm.* Umph! very new, indeed.

*Bayes.* Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

*Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.*

*Phys.* Sir, by your habit, I should ghes you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

*Ush.* And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

*Phys.* You hit my Function right.

*Ush.* And you, mine.

*Phys.* Then let's embrace.

*Ush.* Come.

*Phys.* Come.

*Johns.* Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

*Johns.* But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

*Johns.* Very well.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude.

*Smi.* What, before he begins?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

*Smi.* Where? in the Tying-room?

*Bayes.* Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

*Bayes.* Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

*Johns.* Yes; that grasping of a storm, with the eye, is admirable.

*Phys.* But yet some rumors great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false—which none but the great Gods can tell—you then perhaps would find that ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* Now he whispers.

*Ush.* Alone, do you say?

*Phys.* No; attended with the noble ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* Again.

*Ush.* Who, he in gray?

*Phys.* Yes; and at the head of ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* Pray mark.

*Ush.* Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.

These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't;

First, he ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* Now the other whispers.

*Ush.* Secondly, they ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* at it still.

*Ush.* Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they ——— [Whispers.

*Bayes.* Now they both whisper. [Exeunt Whispering.

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

*Johns.*

*Johns.* In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

*Bayes.* Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

*Smi.* But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*.

*Bayes.* By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

*Smi.* Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, 'as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

*Smi.* But then, Sir, why —

*Bayes.* Sir, if you'l but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd.

[ *Goes to the door.*

*Johns.* How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

*Smi.* Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghes at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

*Johns.* It is all a like: Mr, *Wintershul* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'l tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

*Smi.* It does surpris me, I'm sure, very much.

*John.* I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'l shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

*Smi.* Pox ont but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

*Enter Bayes.*

*Johns.* I'l swear, Mr, *Bayes* you have done this Scene most admi-

admirably; tho, I must tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

*Bayes.* I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'l find it so.

*Johns.* Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there; I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

*Bayes.* Has he, ifackins? Why then Pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

*Smi.* Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

*Bayes.* I but I mean, what do you do, when you write?

*Smi.* I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Sit down.

*Bayes.* Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self?

*Smi.* Prepare my self! what, the Devil, does the fool mean?

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of Stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Phisic, and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftnes of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly.

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt, for writing.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

*Smi.* In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

*Bayes.* May be, Sir? I gad, I'm sure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take snuff, when you write.

*Smi.* Why so Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, it spoil'd me once, I gad, one of the sparkishest Playes in all *England*. But a friend of mine, at *Gresham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to some spirit of Brains, and, I gad, that shall do my business.

## SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. **O**H, These now are the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their stile : 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, writ all just so.

1. King. Did you observe their whisper, Brother King?

2. King. I did; and heard, besides, a grave bird sing. That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are both persons of the same Quality.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1. King. If that design appears,  
I'll lug 'em by the ears  
Until I make 'em crack.

2. King. And so will I, i'fack.

1. King. You must begin, *Mon foy*.

2. King. Sweet, Sir, *Pardennes moy*.

Bayes. Mark that: I makes 'em both speak *French*, to shew their breeding,

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 King. Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand;  
And like true brothers, walk stil hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

Johns. This is a very Majestic Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole Play just in this very same stile; but it was never Acted yet.

Johns. How so?

I gad

*Bayes.* I gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is so pleasant a story : ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* What is't ?

*Bayes.* I gad, the Players refus'd to act it, Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* That's impossible.

*Bayes.* I gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I gad, Ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Fie, that was rude,

*Bayes.* Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em, I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turned 'em all back upon my hands again.

*Johns.* Strange fellows indeed!

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

*Bayes.* No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

*Smi.* That, indeed, would ha' done it.

*Bayes.* Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendome. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. So; now Prince Pretty-man comes in, and falls a sleep, making love to his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

## SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man

*Pret.* **H**ow strange a captive am I grown of late!  
 Shall I accuse my Love, or blame my Fate?  
 My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:  
 And, against Fate, what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing Comet is it not? [*Lyes down.*]

*Bayes.* Blazing Comet! mark that, I gad, very fine!

*Pret.* But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*sleeps.*]

*Bayes.* Does not that, now, surprize you, to fall a sleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swop falls a sleep, as you see. Now, here, she must make a *smile*.

*Smi.* Where's the necessity of that Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Because she's surpris'd. That's a general Rule, you must ever make a *smile*, when you are surpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

*Cloris.* As some tall Pine, which we, on *Atna*, find  
 T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,  
 Feeling without, that flames within do play,  
 Which would consume his Root and Sap away;  
 He spreads his woofsted Arms unto the Skies,  
 Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:  
 So, throwded up, your bright eye disappears.  
 Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my tears

[*Exit.*]

*Johns.* Mr. *Bayes*, Methinks, this *smile* wants a little application too.

*Bayes.* No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made

you

you sad ; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.  
*Smi.* No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd to, and I am likelier to fall a sleep.

*Prince Pretty-man starts up, and says —*

*Pret.* It is resolv'd.

[*Exit.*

*Bayes.* That's all.

*Smi.* Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry ?

*Bayes.* O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing ; what you please, I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour : you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

*Smi.* Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep.

*Bayes.* Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance ; I now, Sir, ( do you mark me ) — a —

*Smi.* Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all ?

*Bayes.* I do so, that's the very plain troth on't ; ha, ha, ha ; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business : pray observe it ; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

## SCÆNA IV.

*Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician,*

*Ush.* **C**OME, Sir ; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

*Phys.* Right : lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes ; but when a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I segue it a-way, i'faith.

*Bayes.* I do juſt ſo, I gad, alwayes.

*Uſb.* The grand queſtion is, whether they heard us whiſper? which I divide thus.

*Phyf.* Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

*Smi.* That's very complaiſant, I ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another man's opinion, before he knowes what it is.

*Bayes* Nay, I bring in none, here, but wel-bred perſons, I aſſure you.

*Uſb.* I divided the queſtion into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

*Johnſ.* Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear!

*Uſb.* As to the when; you ſay, juſt now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for what; why, what answers it ſelf: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt queſtion, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

*Smi.* This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

*Uſb.* Pray then to proceed in method, let me ask you that queſtion.

*Phyf.* No, you'l answer better, pray let me ask it you.

*Uſb.* Your will muſt be a Law.

*Phyf.* Come then, what is it I muſt ask?

*Smi.* This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has ſomewhat a ſhort memory.

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his pupil.

*Uſb.* You muſt ask me whether they heard us whiſper.

*Phy.* Well, I do ſo.

*Uſb.* Say it then.

*Smi.* Hey day! here's the braveſt work that ever I ſaw.

*Johnſ.* This is mighty methodical!

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way. I gad, in buſineſs.

*Phyf.* Did they here us whiſper?

*Uſb.* Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word Whiſper: to whiſper, in Latin is *Suſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly

softly, they heard us whisper : but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how ; how did they hear us whisper ? Why, as to that, there are two ways ; the one, by chance, or accident : the other, on purpose ; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

*Phys.* Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Physic more.

*Ush.* Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

*Bayes* pray mark this ; for a great deal depend upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

*Smi.* I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this Scene Mr. *Bayes* ?

*Bayes.* Partly, it was, Sir ; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

*Johns.* You have done it exceeding well indeed.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think, this will do.

*Phys.* Well, if they heard us whisper, they'l turn us out, and no body else will take us.

*Smi.* Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

*Phys.* Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan :

We are not safe until we them unthrone.

*Ush.* 'Tis right :

And, since occasion now seems debonair,

I'l seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

| *They draw their Swords, and sit down in*  
| *the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*

*Bayes.* There's now an odd surprize ; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole world, I gad,

*Johns.* A very silent change of a Government, truly, 'as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

*The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.*

*Enter Shurly.*

*Shir.* Hey ho, hey ho : what a change is here ! Hey day, hey day ! I knew not what to do, nor what to say. [Exit.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Mr. Bayes, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have said a little more, upon this occasion.

*Bayes.* No, Sir, not at all; for I under writ his Part, on purpose to set off the rest.

*Johns.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Smi.* But, pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

*Smi.* O very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

*Bayes.* And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

*Smi.* O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

*Bayes.* Aye.

*Smi.* O, I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

## SCENA V.

*Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.*

*1 soldier.* **S**Tand. Who goes there?

*2. sol.* A Friend.

*1 sol.* What Friend?

*2 sol.* A Friend to the House.

*2 sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Music strikes.*]

*Bayes.* Hold, hold.

[*To the Music. It ceaseth.*]

Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effant flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your note in *Effant flat*. Play on. [*To the Music.*]

Now, now, now. | *The music play his Note, and the dead men*  
O Lord, O Lord! | *rise; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? Udzookers, you dance worse than the

the

he Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1. *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

*Bayes.* O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I fate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead.

[Lies down flat on his face.

Now mark my Note *Effant flat*. Strike up Music.

Now, [As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.

Ah, gadfookers, I have broke my Nose.

*Johns.* By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effant*.

*Bayes.* A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

*Smi.* No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

*Bayes.* Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsemen.

[Exit *Bayes*.

*Smi.* Like Horsemen! what, a plague, can that be?

*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with so.

[Dance & exeunt.

*Smi.* What can this fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

*Johns.* Pr'ythe lets go see.

[exeunt.

*Finis Actus secundi.*

ACTUS.

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

*Bayes with a Papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* **N**OW, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

*Smi.* Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho.

*Johns.* That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

*Bayes.* Sir, all my Fancies are so. I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his Taylor: it might properly enough becall'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

*Goes to call the Players.*

*Smi.* What a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

*Johns.* Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes* Why don't you come in?

*Enter Prince Pretty man and Tom Thimble.*

This Scene will make you dye with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollory as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit,

*Pret.* But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs

mar-

marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

*Bayes.* Good.

*Thim.* Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

*Bayes.* Good again.

*Pret.* I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho, *Tom*, wont work by the day, but by the night.

*Bayes.* Good still.

*Thim.* However if my wife sits but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation-suit.

*Bayes.* Very good, i'faith.

*Pret.* Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

*Bayes.* Right.

*Thim.* I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths, in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

*Bayes.* There's a bob for the Court!

*Pret.* Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

*Bayes.* There's pay, upon pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

*Thim.* I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.

*Bayes.* Admirable, before gad!

*Pret.* Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.

*Bayes.* O, you did not do that half enough.

*Johns.* Methinks he does it admirably.

*Bayes.* I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

*Thim.* That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall

see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [Exeunt.

*Bayes.* Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

*Smi.* 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

*Bayes.* Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

*Smi.* Yes, but the Plot stands still.

*Bayes.* Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

*Smi.* O, I did not know that before.

*Bayes.* No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

*Johns.* 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess: but you write on still; for all that?

*Bayes.* Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr, *Johnson*, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first wife after she was dead.

*Smi.* How, Sir? after she was dead?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

*Johns.* Say? Why, nothing: he were a <sup>Devil</sup> ~~that Devil~~ had any thing to say to that?

*Bayes.* Right.

*Smi.* How did she come to dye, pray Sir?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes,

supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

*Johns.* I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel, fair *Armida*, on Seas,  
and in battels, in Bullets, and all that.

## S O N G.

In swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,  
Than in a Strong Castle, remoted from thee:  
My deaths-bruise pray think you gave me, tho a fall  
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;  
For then if the Moat on her mud would first lay,  
And after before you my body convey:  
The blew on my brest when you happen to see,  
You'll say, with a Sigh, there's a True blew for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a Debauchtee, as ever you saw: I am ifaith.

*Sm.* But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

*Bayes.* Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to — a —

*Johns.* Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

*Johns.* O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

*Bayes.* Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I gad. Now here we go on to our business.

## SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.*

*Ush.* **B**Ut what's become of *Volscius* the great?  
His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.

*Phys.* I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,  
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

*Bayes.* Is not that Majestical?

*Smi.* Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

*Bayes.* Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthe-  
nope*.

*Smi.* I thank you Sir.

*Enter Cordelio.*

*Cor.* My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

*Ush.* His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

*Smi.* How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad.

*Bayes.* Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience : Godsookers  
you'll spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every  
impertinent question you ask.

*Smi.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Cor.* His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you,  
That the fair person whom you both do know,  
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,  
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt  
Upon her precious life ; but by the care  
Of standersby prevented was.

*Smi.* 'Sheart, what stuff's here !

*Cor.* At last.

*Volscius* the great this dire resolve embrac'd :  
His servants he into the Countrey sent,  
And he himself to *Peccadille* went.

Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.

*Ush.* Dead ! is that possible ? Dead !

*Phys.* O ye Gods !

*Bayes.* There's a smart expression of a passion ; O ye Gods !  
That's

[*Exeunt.*

That's one of my bold strokes, I gad;

*Smi.* Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

*Bayes.* That you shall know anon Sir.

*Smi.* Nay; if we know it at all, 'tis well enough:

*Bayes.* Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

*Smi.* Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

*Bayes.* Now here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her.

[ a great shout within.

SCÆNA III.

*Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand,  
and Attendants.*

*Ama.* **W**hat shout triumphant's that?

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sol.* Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the false Assassinate is tane.

*Ama.* Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I hope its slow beginning will portend.

A forward *Exit* to all future end.

*Bayes.* Pish, there you are out; to all Future end? No, no; to all future End: you must lay the accent upon end, ore lse you lose the conceipt.

*Smi.* I see you are very perfect in these matters.

*Bayes.* I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know some thing.

*Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisher-man.*

*Ama.* Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind  
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?

Tell me who set thee on.

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man*.

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man*.

*Ama.* What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince  
*pretty man*?

*Fish.*

*Fish.* No; Prince *Volscius*.

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Volscius*,

*Ama.* What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

*Fish.* No; Prince *Pretty-man*.

*Ama.* So drag him hence,

Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. [*Exeunt.*]

*Bayes.* Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this Scene.

*Smi.* I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

*Bayes.* I, that's my way of writing; and so Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

#### SCÆNA IV.

**S**O now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I-vow to gad, quite marr'd.

*Enter Pretty-man.*

Phoo, pòx! you are come to late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr. — a — I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What Sir?

*Bayes.* What Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

*Johns.* Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

*Smi.* I am not of your opinion.

*Bayes.* Pish! come, let's hear your part, Sir,

*Pret.* Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho a Fisherman, he is my Father,

Was ever Son, yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?

Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father :

The being of a Son take from me rather.

[Exit.

*Smi.* Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

*Johns.* A Devil this is worst of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

*Bayes.* O, cry you mercy, Sir : I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

*Smi.* How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

*Bayes.* Taken Prisoner ! O Lord, what a question's there ! did ever any man ask such a question ? Godsookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say ?

*Johns.* Nay, the Lord knows : I cannot imagine.

*Bayes.* Stay, let me see ; taken : O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

*Smi.* Indeed?

*Bayes.* Nay, pr'ythe hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd ; and there upon the Prince grew angry.

*Smi.* So, so ; now 'tis very plain.

*Johns.* But Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son ? Have a care of that I pray.

*Bayes.* No, no ; not at all ; for 'tis but for a while : I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

*Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.*

*Pret.* By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire

Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

*Thim.* Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,

That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

*Bayes.* Lo you now ; there he's off again.

*Johns.* Admirably done i'faith.

*Bayes.* Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

*Pret.*

*Pret.* What Oracle this darkness can evince?  
 Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince,  
 It is a secret, great as is the world;  
 In which, I like the Soul, am tos'd and hurl'd.  
 The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,  
 And, when she writ my Name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

*Bayes.* There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

*Smi.* Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find  
 he is not a Fishermans Son?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his  
 Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son  
 at all.

*Smi.* Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

*Bayes.* So let me see.

## SCÆNA V.

*Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.* [Reads.

*Smi.* I Thought he had been gone to Peccadille.

*Bayes.* Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to  
 cover his design,

*Johns.* What design?

*Bayes.* Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him  
 in *Knights-bridge*.

*Johns.* I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. Bayes.

*Bayes.* Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a  
 world of more business anon.

*Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry with  
 a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

*Ama.* Sir, you are cruel; thus to leave the Town,  
 And to retire to Country solitude.

*Clo.* We hop'd this Summer that we should at least  
 Have held the honour of your Company.

*Bayes.* Held the honour of your Company! prettily express!  
 Held the honour of your Company! Godsookers, these fel-  
 lows will never take notice of any thing.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* I assure you Sir, I admire it extremely: I don't know what he does.

*Bayes.* I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

*Ama.* Pray let us two this single boon obtain,  
That you will here, with poor us, still remain,  
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,  
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late,

*Bayes.* Sad!

*Vols.* Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among  
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

*Bayes.* In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

*Johns.* No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

*Bayes.* His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

*Smi.* Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

*Bayes.* Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

*Enter Parthenope.*

*Vols.* Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!  
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!  
Too soon I thought my selfe secure from Love,  
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name  
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?  
For I should meet the Army out of town,  
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

*Par.* My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,  
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

*Bayes.* Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

*Johns.* I, I: I gad you are very right.

*Volf.* Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud,

*Bayes.* The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers,  
what a conceipt is there!

*Par.* Give you good Ev'n, Sir.

[Exit.

*Volf.* O in auspicious Stars! that I was born

To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

*Ana.* } How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.

*Clor.* {

[Exeunt laughing.

*Smi.* Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

*Bayes.* Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots falls in-love with her, Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* Well, and where lyes the jest of that?

*Bayes.* Ha?

[Turns to *Johnson*.

*Johns.* Why; In the Boots: where should the jest lie?

*Bayes.* I Gad, you are in the right: it does  
Lie in the Boots - Your friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho you don't, Sir.

*Smi.* Much good do't you, Sir.

*Bayes.* Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

*Volscius* sits down to pull on his Boots: *Bayes* stands by and over acts the Part as he speaks it.

*Volf.* How has my passion Made me *Cupid's* scoff!

This hasty Boot is on, the other off,

And fullen lies, with amorous design

To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.

*Smi.* Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this speech himselfe!

*Johns.* Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it

*Volf.* My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,  
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.

Sometimes with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,

My

My mind is guarded, and resolv'd : to do't :

Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love  
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

Shall I to Honour or to Love give way ?

Go on, cries Honour ; tender Love saies, nay :

Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on ;

But softer Love does whisper put on none.

What shall I do ? what conduct shall I find

To lead me through this twy-light of my mind ?

For as bright Day with black approach of Night

Contending ; makes a doubtful puzzling light ;

So does my Honour and my Love together

Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither, [*Goes out hop-  
ping with one Boot on, and the other off.*]

*Johns.* By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever  
I saw, and as equal ; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

*Bayes.* Ay, is't not now I gad, ha ? For, to go off hip hop, hip  
hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any  
conclusion in the world, I gad.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip hop, in this place as you  
say, does a very great deal.

*Bayes.* O, all in all Sir ; they are these little things that mar,  
or set you off a Play : as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set  
off a Scene I gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat,  
and the Belly ake.

*Smi.* Pray, how was that, Sir ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in  
upon a Chair, ( no body knew how ) into a Prince's Chamber,  
whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

*Johns.* God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance in-  
deed.

*Smi.* I but, Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the Belly-  
ake ?

*Bayes.* The easiest ith' World, I Gad : I'll tell you how, I  
made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so,  
and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Belly-  
ake ; whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and

his man ran away with the Petticoat.

*Smi.* Well and what follow'd upon that?

*Bayes.* Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

*Johns.* O, my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

*Bayes.* Yes It gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha: beastly, downright baudry upon the Stage, I gad; ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

*Johns.* That, I that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

*Bayes.* No, I Gad can't it come bring in the Dance [ *Exit.*  
to call 'em.

*Smi.* Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsom Rogue.

*Enter Bayes and Players.*

*Bayes.* Pray Dance well, before these Gentlemen: you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tah.

*All the while they Dance, Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well Gentlemen, you'l see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

*Smi.* I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

*Smi.* By my troth, I think so, Sir,

*Bayes.* Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

*Enter a Player.*

What, is the Funeral ready?

*Play.* Yes, Sir.

*Bayes.* And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

*Bayes.*

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my self.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But Mr. Johnson, I gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get mony for 'em, now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for mony? I write for Reputation. [Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

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ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **G**entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it besides: A person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johns. Nay if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my heroic Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. what is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that Cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold

bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, I gad with any the most warlike Tragœdy we have, either ancient or modern.

*Johns.* I, marry, Sir, there you say something:

*Smi.* And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolic of yours?

*Bayes.* Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example : they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please : now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please?

*Johns.* Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

*Bayes.* That is my sence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a Play in it too ; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Playes to one Plot : by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

*Johns.* Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

*Bayes.* I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, ( for I ever begin upon a *Monday* ) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

*Johns.* That consideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

*Smi.* And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

*Bayes.* The third week.

*Johns.* I vow you'll get a world of money.

*Bayes.* Why, faith, a man must live : and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'll never do it, for this Age ( take it o'my word ) is somewhat hard to please. But There's one pretty odd passage, in the last of these Plays which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

*Johns.* What is't, Sir?

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

*Smi.* Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it, You shall here. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Playes, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

*Johns.* By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

*Bayes.* The hardest in the World, I gad, and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you Mr. *Smith*?

*Smi.* Why truly Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare 'em both.

*Bayes.* I gad, and I think — ha — why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her selfe. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

*Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there: no, no, here, Sir. So now speak.

*K. Vsb.* Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief  
Receive, from its imbraces, some relief.

*K. Phys.* Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,  
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death,  
The World discovers now its emptiness,  
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

*Bayes.* Is not this good language now? is not that elevate?  
'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both  
in love with her.

*Smi.* With her? with whom?

*Bayes.* Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

*Smi.* *Lardella*! I, who is she?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcanfir*. A Lady that  
was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her Winding  
sheet.

*K. Vsb.* *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above;

Behold the Tragic issues of our Love.

Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,  
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

*Bayes.* Look you now, you see I told you true,

*Smi.* I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

*Bayes.* Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest  
M. — a — you will not have patience.

*Johns.* Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcansir*?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubs  
up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard  
to numbers, good manners, or justice.

*Johns.* A very pretty Character.

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been  
men of great humanity and justice.

*Bayes.* Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer  
that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies above all  
your moral virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him  
come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[*To the Players.*

*R. Phys.* O, cry you mercy.

[*Goes to take the paper.*

*Bayes.* Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come I'll read it  
myself.

[*Takes a paper from off the Coffin.*

Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is  
a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she  
is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so  
read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

*Smi.* A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And what do you think now I fancy her to make Love  
like, here, in the paper?

*Smi.* Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

*Bayes.* O'my word you are out tho, Sir; I gad, you are.

*Smi.* What then? like a man?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

*Smi.* I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

*Bayes.* It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho, in order to the  
opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the  
transmigration of the soul.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* Very fine.

*Bayes.* I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King Phys.*

*Smi.* That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favor, for a Humble Bee.

*Bayes.* Mr. *Smith*, in other things. I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

*Smi.* Your servant, Sir.

*Bayes.* Pray mark it.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove [ *Reads.*  
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;

Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.

And when to Melancholy Groves you come,

An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;

For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

*Smi.* ( *After a pause.* ) Admirable!

*Bayes.* At night, into your bosom I will creep,  
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:  
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,  
And then, both Hum an Buz, before your eye.

*Johns.* By my troth, that's a very great promise.

*Smi.* Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

*Bayes.* Your bed of love from dangers I will free;  
But most from love of any future Bee.

And when with pity your heart strings shall crack,

With empty arms, I'll bear you on my back.

*Smi.* A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

*Bayes.* Ay, I gad, but is not that *tant* now, ha? is it not *tant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality

Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,

And teach you your first fluttering in the Sky.

*Johns.* O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough

way of making love : for being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw you swords.

*K. Phys.* Come sword, come sheath thy self within this breast.  
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

*K. Ush.* Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,  
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart,

*Enter Pallas.*

*Pal.* Hold, stop your murd'ring hands  
At *Pallas's* commands:  
For the supposed dead, O Kings,  
Forbear to act such deadly things.  
*Lardella* lives; I did but try  
If Princes for their Loves could dye.  
Such Celestial constancy  
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :  
And from these Funeral Obsequies  
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

*Bayes.* So, take away the Coffin, Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

*Smi.* Well, but where is this Banquet?

*Bayes.* Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

*Smi.* That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

*Bayes.* O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your selfe once in an error, *Mr. Smith.*

*Dance.*

*K. Ush.* Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find  
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind :  
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,  
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

*K. Phys.*

*K. Phys.* Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,  
Let, in full Boles, her Health go round.

[The two Usurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.

*K. Usb.* but where's the Wine?

*Pal.* That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,  
Does flow the purest Wine of France: } Fills the Boles  
And, to appease your hunger, I } out of her Lance.  
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:  
Lastly, to bear a part with these,  
Behold a Buckler made of Cheefe. [vanish Pallas,

*Bayes.* There's the Banquet. Are you satisfid now,  
Sir?

*Johns.* By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I  
expected.

*Bayes.* Yes, I knew this would please you: for the chief Art  
in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you  
off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanfir.

*K. Phys.* What man is this, that dares disturb our Feast?

*Draw.* He that dares drink, and for that drink dares dye,  
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

*Johns.* That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to say, that tho he  
would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink  
for all that too.

*Bayes.* Right; that's the conceipt on't.

*Johns.* 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

*Bayes.* Now there are some Critics that have advis'd me to  
put out the Second *Dare*, and print *Must* in the place on't;  
but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

*Johns.* Whoo! a thousand times.

*Bayes.* Go on then.

*K. Usb.* Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,  
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

*Bayes.* Is not that now like a well bred person, I gad? So  
modest, so gent!

*smi.* O, very like.

*Draw.* You shall not know how long I here will stay ;  
But you shall know I'll take your Bowles away.

{ *Snatches the Bowles out of the Kings  
hands, and drinks 'em off.*

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

*Bayes.* No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

*K. Ush.* Tho, Brother, this grum stanger be a Clown,  
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

*Draw.* Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think  
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

{ *The two Kings sneak off the Stage,  
with their Attendants.*

I drink I huff, I strut, look big and stare ;

And all this I can do, because I dare. • [Exit

*Smi.* I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke  
of.

*Bayes.* Yes ; but this is nothing : you shall see him, in the  
last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I gad,  
as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

*Johns.* That will be a sight worth the seeing indeed.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let  
him use 'em so scurvily?

*Bayes.* Phoo ! that is to raise the character of *Drawcanfir*.

*Johns.* O' my word, that was well thought on.

*Bayes.* Now, Sirs I'll shew you a Scene indeed ; or rather,  
indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

*Smi.* And pray, Sir, what's your design in this Scene?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my design is gilded Truncheons, forc'd  
concept, smooth Verse, and a Rant : In fine, if this Scene do  
not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr. — a —  
nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must de-  
sire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

*Smi.* Why fill the Stage?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, because your Heroic Verse never sounds  
well, but when the Stage is full.

## S C Æ N A II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volscius.

**N**Ay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same Woman.

*Smi.* Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now speak.

*Pret.* Since fate, Prince *Volscius*, now has found the way  
For our so long'd for meeting here this day,  
Lend thy attention to my grand concern,

*Volf.* I gladly would that story from thee learn;  
But thou to love dost *Pretty-man*, incline;  
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine?

*Bayes.* *Antithesis!* Thine and mine.

*Pret.* Since love it self's the same, why should it be  
Differing in you from what it is in me?

*Bayes.* Reasoning! I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

*Volf.* Love takes, *Cameleon-like*, a various dye  
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

*Bayes.* *Simile!*

*Pret.* Let not thy love the course of Nature fright;  
Nature does most in harmony delight.

*Volf.* How weak a *Deity* would nature prove  
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

*Bayes.* There's a great Verse!

*Volf.* If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine  
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.  
Her *Rosie-lips* eternal sweets exhale;  
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

*Bayes.* I gad that is right.

*Pret.* Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice ;  
 But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.  
 All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul:  
 The Body they consume as well as Soul.

*Volf.* My love has yet a power more Divine ;  
 Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:  
 Amidst the flames they ne're give up the Ghost.  
 But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.  
 In spite of pain and death, they're, kept alive:  
 Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive,

*Bayes.* That is as well, I gad, as I can do.

*Volf.* Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail:

*Bayes.* Civil, I gad,

*Pret.* I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale :  
 In whose vast bulk, tho store of Oyl doth lye,  
 We find more shape, more beauty in a Fly,

*Smi.* That's uncivil, I gad.

*Bayes.* Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancy, tho, I gad, as e're you  
 saw.

*Volf.* Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence  
 Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.

*Parthenope* is sure, as far above  
 All other loves, as above all is Love.

*Bayes.* Ah! I gad, that strikes me.

*Pret.* To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

*Bayes.* Now mark.

*Volf.* Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend  
 My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,  
 Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to see.

*Bayes.* Now the Rant's a coming.

*Pret.* Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,  
 I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

*Bayes.* Ah, Godfookers, that's well writ!

[ *Scratching his head, his Perruke falls off.*

*Volf.* Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth translate,  
 He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State  
*Parthenope*, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

*Pret.*

*Pret.* *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,  
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

*Bayes.* There's a bold flight for you now ! 'Sdeath, I have  
lost my Perruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw  
any one could write, but my self. Here's true spirit and flame  
all through, I gad. So, So ; pray clear the Stage.

[He puts 'em off the Stage.

*Johns.* I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of  
writing smooth Verse thus.

*Smi.* Why there's no need of brain for this : 'tis but scanning  
the labour's in the finger ; but where's the sence of it ?

*Johns.* O, for that, he desires to be excus'd : he is too  
proud a man to creep servily after Sense, I assure you. But  
pray, Mr' *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verse ?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

*Smi.* Well said, i'faith ; I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that  
answer : 'tis well worth it.

*Bayes.* Come, with all my heart.  
I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.  
That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets  
ever writ. Let down the Curtain.

[Exeunt.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

*Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* **N**OW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew  
you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw :  
I mean not for words, for those I do not value ;  
but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to  
be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene  
in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad ; for instead  
of

of two Bishops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

*(The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince & Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Heralds and Sergeants at Arms with Maces.)*

*Smi.* Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, because — By gad, I won't tell you. Your Country friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

*K. Vsb.* Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

*K. Phys.* Speak *Volscius*.

*Vols.* Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak: whose high preheminance, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

*Bayes.* Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

*Johns.* Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that discovery.

*Pret.* Royal Father, upon my knees I beg,

That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard

*Vols.* That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

*Bayes.* I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

*Ama.* Invincible Sovereigns — [Soft Music.]

*K. Vsb.* But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

*K. Phys.* Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

*Pret.* Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far  
A God like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:  
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,  
With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

*K. Vsb.* Then, Brother *Phy*'s 'tis time we should begon.

*{ The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne,  
& go away.*

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a change as the other ?

*Smi.* Yes, faith, you did so ; tho' I confes, I could not believe you ; but you have brought it about, I see.

*{ The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments ; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.*

*Bayes.* Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

*1 King.* Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

*2 King.* Let us move, let us move :

Move to remove the Fate

Of Brentfords long united State.

*1 King.* Tarra, tan tara, full East and by south,

*2 King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,

In scorching noon day, whil't the traveller 'stays,

Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle a long.

Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rayes,

Through the Heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.

*1 King.* And we'll fall with our pate

In an *Ollio* of hate.

*2 King.* But now supper's done, the Servitors try,

Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

*1 King.* They gather, they gather hot Custard in spoons,

But Alas, I must, leave these half-moons,

And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

*2 King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray ;

The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,

And on their high ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll sing in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell

We'll firk in our shell,

And farewell,

1 King. But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,  
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fiddlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johnj. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart, Come, sing on,

2 King. Now Mortals that hear  
How we Tilt and Carreer,  
With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King  
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,  
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,  
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[Bayes phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.  
This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in  
with a Conjuror,

Johnj. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis  
more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir,  
what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks the Sence of this Song is not ve-  
ry plain.

Bayes. Plain? why did you ever hear any people in Clouds  
speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full  
range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When  
once you tye up sprits, and people in Clouds to speak plain,  
you spoil all,

Smi. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

{ The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and  
step into the Throne.

1 King.

1 King. Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance:

2 King. I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him

Johns. No, pr'thee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now,

[Dance a grand Dance.

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herlads.

1 King. What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?

1 Her. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,  
Desires a word with both your Majesties:

2 Her. Having from Knights-Bridge hither march'd by stealth,

2 King Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

Smi. How, Mr. Bayes? the Army in disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 King. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men,

2 King. And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten

1 Her. We have not seen so much the Lord knowes when..

[Exeunt Herlads.

1 King. Speak on, brave Amarillis.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,  
If at this grand conjuncture —

[Drum beat behind the Stage.

1 King. What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Souldier with his Sword drawn.

Sould. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save,

For the event of war no mortal knowes:

The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words and then to handy-blows. [Exit.

*Bayes.* Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handsome come off?

*2 King.* O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r!

Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

*1 King.* Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:

Perhaps the se threat'ning storms may pass away.

[Exit.

*Johns.* But Mr, *Bayes*, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well.

*Bayes.* Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

*Smi.* How, Sir, whether you would or no?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

*Smi.* Marry, that was hard.

*Johns.* But, pray, who hinder'd her?

*Bayes.* Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghefs how I'll represent this Battel.

*Smi.* I had rather be bound to fight your Battle, I assure you, Sir.

*Bayes.* Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battle? there's the common error, I knew presently where I should have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battle before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

*Johns.* No, faith, 'tis not civil.

*Bayes.* Right on the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

*Johns.* Excellently reason'd by my troth!

*Bayes.* Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indicorums, I sum up my whole Battle in the representation of two persons only,

only, no more : and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me ?

*Smi* Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho, for all that.

*Bayes*. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho, when you see it : for I make 'em both come out in Armor *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

*Johns*. I, I; so much, that, if I were in your place I would mak 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

*Bayes*. No; there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

*Smi*. How Sir? instead of a Buckler?

*Bayes*. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with Music and good Language; and your eye satisfied with the garb, and accoutrements of war.

*Smi*. I confess Sir, you stupifie me.

*Bayes*. You shall see.

*Johns*. But Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those playes, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

*Bayes*. Why, then, to tell you true I have contriv'd it both wayes. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

*Johns*. I, now you are right : there is nothing then can be objected against it.

*Bayes*. True: and so, I gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

*Enter, at several doors, the General, and  
Lietutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, with  
each of them a Lute in his hand, and his  
sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Rib-  
bon at his wrist.*

*Lieut. Gen.* Villain, thou'lt.

*Gen* Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook I trow.

*Lieut.*

*Lieut. Gen.* Advance, from *Acton*, with the Musquetiers.

*Gen.* Draw down the *Chelsey* Curiafiers.

*Lieut. Gen.* The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiafiers,  
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

*Gen.* *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,  
Join with the *Hammer-smith* Brigade.

*Lieut. Gen.* You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,  
Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

*Gen.* Let the left-wing of *Twicknam* Foot advance,  
And line that Eastern hedge.

*Lieut. Gen.* The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-France*  
Shall try their chance.

And scour the Meadows, over grown with Sedge.

*Gen.* Stand : give the word.

*Lieut. Gen.* Bright Sword.

*Gen.* That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

*Lieut. Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,  
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

*Gen.* Pursue, pursue; they fly  
That first did give the lie.

[*Exeunt*

*Bayes.* This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

*Johns.* Most exceeding well design'd!

*Bayes.* How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battle?

*Smi.* How?

*Bayes.* By an Eclipse : Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless.

*Enter Lieutenant General.*

*Lieut. Gen.* What mid-night darkness does invade the day  
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?  
Is the Sun weary of this bloody fight,  
And winks upon us with the eye of light? 'Tis

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon;  
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.  
Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;  
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:  
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [Exit.

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

smi. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a concept for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phæbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't; Mr. Bayes. A great deal better.

[Bayes, bugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but—a—Sir, you have heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is no thing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

smi. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum; And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses, by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may

may be something in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a bargain. Come, come out Eclipse to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

*Enter Luna.*

*Luna.* *Orbis, O Orbis.*

Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis*.

*Enter the Earth.*

*Orb.* Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?

*Luna.* *Luna* that ne'r shines by day.

*Orb.* What means *Luna* in a veil?

*Luna.* *Luna* means to shew her tail.

*Bayes.* There's the bargain,

*Enter Sol, to the Tune of Robin Hood.*

*Sol.* Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'lt me muse,

Derry, derry down.

To see the *Orb* abuse.

*Luna.* I hope his anger 'twill not move;

Since I shew'd it out of love,

Hey down derry down.

*Orb.* Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

*Luna.* Tomorrow soon, ere it be noon,

On Mount *Vesuvio*.

[*Bis.*

*Sol.* Then I will shine.

[*To the Tune of Trenchmore.*

*Orb.* And I will be fine.

*Luna.* And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

*Omnes.* And we, &c.

[*As they Dance the Hey, Bayes speaks.*

*Bayes.* Now the earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipse again.

*Emi.* He's mightily taken with this I see.

*Johns.* I, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

*Bayes.* So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, 'f I am not mittaken, you will see fighting enough.

*Abat.*

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby horses. At last, Drawcansir comes in and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is fighting Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with em.

*Draw.* Others may boast a single man to kill;  
But I, the blood of thousands daily spill.  
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:  
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.  
The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controuls,  
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.  
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,  
I would pursue and beat 'em through the skie:  
And moke proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see  
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [Exit.

*Bayes.* There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your  *Hector*, and  *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this  *Drawcansir*.

*Johns.* I swear, I think you may.

*Smi.* But Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

*Bayes.* go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; you friend here is very silly, Mr.  *Johnson*, I gad, he is. ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll show you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr.  *Ivory*, a word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

*Johns.* Will you so? then we'll be gone.

*Smi.* I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Bayes and Players.*

*Baes.* Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

*Bayes.* Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit,

1 *Play.* What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner,

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

*Reads.* *The Argument of the Fifth Act,*

3 *Play.* *Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man's* passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widdow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, brake off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walkes by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone.

[*Exeunt.*

*Most of the Play.* Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes.* A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of senceless raskals, that had rather go to dinner then see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr. —— a —— Where are you, Sir? come a way quick, quick.

*Enter Stage-keeper.*

*Stage.* Sir, they are gone to dinner.

*Bayes.* Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

*Stage.* Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

*Bayes.* How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible:

possible : the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other House.

*Stage.* Nay, good, Sir, don't take a way the Book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this after noon.

*Bayes.* That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

*stag.* But what will the Town say, Sir?

*Bayes.* The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all And Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrift I am. And so farewell to this Stage, I gad, for ever.

[Exit Bayes.]

*Enter Players.*

*1 Play.* Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play:

*2 Play.* I, I; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

*1 Play.* I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *shirley* practise the last dance; for that may serve us another time.

*2 Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

*The Dance done.*

*1 Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

# EPILOGUE.

**T**He Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?  
That circumstance our Poet Bayes forget.  
And we can boast, tho'tis a plotting Age,  
No place is freer from it than the Stage.  
The Ancients plotted, tho, and strove to please  
With sence that might be understood with ease;  
They every Scene with so much wit did store,  
That who brought any in, went out with more:  
But this new way of wit does so surprize,  
Men lose their wits in wondring where it lyes.  
If it be true, that Monstrous births presage  
The following mischiefs that afflict the Age,  
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;  
Plays without head or tail, may do the same.  
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdomes peace,  
May this prodigious way of writing cease.  
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time  
When we may hear some reason, not all Rhyme:  
We have these ten years felt it's Influx;  
Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Science.

F I N I S.

DON

SEBASTIAN,

King of Portugal:

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

---

Written by Mr. D R Y D E N.

---

— *Nec tarda Senectus*  
*Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.* Virgil.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for Jo. Hindmarsh, at the Golden Ball in  
Cornhil. M DC XC.

# Don Sebastian King of Portugal.

## A Tragedy.

### Persons Represented.

- 1 Don Sebastian King of Portugal,--- By Mr. *Williams*.
  - 2 Muley-Moluch Emperor of Barbary,--- Mr. *Kynastm*.
  - 3 Dorax, a Noble Portuguese now a Renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera Alcalde, or Governor of Alcazar,----- Mr. *Betterton*.
  - 4 Benducar, Chief Minister and Favourite to the Emperor, ----- Mr. *Sandford*
  - 5 The Mufti Abdalla,----- Mr. *Underbill*.
  - 6 Muley-Zeydan Brother to the Emperor,--- Mr. *Powell*, Jun.
  - 7 Don Antonio, a Young Noble amorous Portuguese, now a Slave,----- Mr. *Betterton*.
  - 8 Don Alvarez, an old Counsellor to Don Sebastian, now a Slave also,----- Mr. *Boweman*.
  - 9 Mustapha Captain of the Rabble.----- Mr. *Leigh*.
  - 10 Almeyda a Captive Queen of Barbary,--- Mrs. *Barry*.
  - 11 Morayma, Daughter to the Mufti,--- Mrs. *Montfort*.
  - 12 Johayma, Chief Wife to the Mufti, --- Mrs. *Leigh*.
- Two Merchants.  
Rabble.  
A Servant to Benducar.  
A Servant to the Mufti.  
Scene in the Castle of Alcazar.

T O T H E

Right Honourable

*Philip Earl of Leycester, &c.*

FAR be it from me, (My most Noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanness can produce, shou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can say of you shou'd recommend you farther, to the esteem of good men in this present Age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by Posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledg it a great presumption in me, to make you this Address; and so much the greater, because by the common suffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded, as one of the first Persons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you so: Whether we have been all conscious to our selves that it was a needless labour to give this notice to Mankind, as all men are asham'd to tell stale news, or that we were justly diffident of our own performances, as even *Cicero* is observ'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus*; where knowing himself overmatch'd in good sense, and truth of knowledg, he drops the gawdy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever reason it may be, I am the first bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be punish'd for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordship; and that a crowd of bad Writers, do not rush into the quiet of your recesses after me. Every man in all changes of Government, which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incense, where it cou'd be so well deserv'd. For you, My Lord, are secure in your own merit; and all Parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your vertue: The leading men still bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the stamp of their intrinsick value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

rise and fall in the variety of Revolutions; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in mens opinions, who must court them for their interest: But the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of 'em are wise, but as they are in power: Because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the Copernican Systeme of the World, are whirl'd about by the motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever busie; neither to give rest to their Fellow creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves: Truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving Mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the Wing; and taking every occasion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not considering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day: and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one Phoenix in an Age,) who centring on himself, remains immovable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him. He possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content: He will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of Fortunes power to throw him down. 'Tis confess'd, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness; but not endeavoring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy; and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*; I shou'd say in *Athens*, when in the disturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wise *Pomponius* transported all the remaining wisdom and vertue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But, I wou'd ask the World, (for you, My Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cause) whether there may not yet be found, a Character of a Noble Englishman, equally shining with that illustrious *Roman*? Whether I need to name a second *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a second with a *longo sed proximus intervallo*, not  
a Young

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

a Young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet, into a resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Person of the same stamp and magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, besides the Word *Roman*, and the Superstition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years. One who walks by him with equal paces, and shares the eyes of beholders with him: One, who had been first, had he first liv'd; and in spite of doating veneration is still his equal. Both of them born of Noble Families in unhappy Ages, of change and tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet, not leaving the Common-wealth, till it had left it self; but never returning to publick business, when they had once quitted it; tho' courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd trust the quiet of their lives, with the extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment; and none cou'd guess whether the next heave of the Earthquake, wou'd settle them on the first Foundation, or swallow it? Both of them knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that study in themselves; and there they found the best part of humane composition, the worst they learn'd by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them. Their Philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot possibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philosophy, which exerted it self in all the offices of pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserv'd not so to be. The Friend was always more consider'd by them than the cause: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in distress, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Cassius*. For the lowermost party to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of good will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatist nor Stoick; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common justice, to yield the precedency to his younger Brother. For stiffness of Opinion is the effect

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

of Pride, and not of Philosophy: 'Tis a miserable Presumption of that knowledg which humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedness of a Stoick is only a silly affectation of being a God: To wind himself up by Pulleys, to an insensibility of suffering; and at the same time to give the lye to his own Experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True, Philosophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human use; *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is to strain himself beyond the nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our selves the Weaknesses and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the Compassion of our fellow Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the second *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either side, he has always been favorable and assisting to oppress'd Merit. The Praises which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerset Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houses on the other side of the Water, are as justly his:

*For, the distrest, and the afflicted lye  
Most in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.*

Neither has he so far forgotten a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whose best prospect is on the Garden of *Leicester-House*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* still remaining, tho there can never be another *Spencer* to deserve the Favor. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a second *Atticus*, or a second Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter, in all respects, will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the World will not so far flatter his Modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of Manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own Table.

I may

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleness, forgive the Presumption of this Address. 'Tis an unfinish'd Picture, I confess, but the Lines and Features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at the first sight, this was design'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artist, has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this Excuse, that even the greater Masters commonly fall short of the best Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the excellencies of Nature, can have no right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has express'd it;

*The Hero's Race transcends the Poet's Thought.*

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praise is undeserv'd, 'tis Satyr: Tho' Satyr on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Person, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a single *Atticus* the other; for 'tis easier to descend, than 'tis to climb. I shou'd have gone asham'd out of the World, if I had not at least attempted this Address, which I have long thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it: now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthiness. I may rest satisfi'd, that either the Adventure is not to be achiev'd, or that it is reserv'd for some other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, since the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valde pœnitet vivere: tantum te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amasti, ut eodem amore sis; ego nimirum, idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

THE

THE  
PREFACE.

**W**Hether it happen'd through a long disuse of Writing, that I forgot the usual compass of a Play; or that by crowding it, with Characters and Incidents, I put a necessity upon my self of lengthning the main Action, I know not; but the first days Audience sufficiently convinc'd me of my error; and that the Poem was insupportably too long. 'Tis an ill ambition of us Poets, to please an Audience with more than they can bear: And, supposing that we wrote as well, as vainly we imagin our selves to write; yet we ought to consider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauseousness in a City feast when we are to sit four hours after we are cloy'd. I am, therefore, in the first place, to acknowledg with all manner of gratitude, their civility; who were pleas'd to endure it with so much patience, to be weary with so much good nature and silence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was design'd to please them; or discourage an Author, whose misfortunes have once more brought him against his will, upon the Stage. While I continue in these bad circumstances, (and truly I see very little probability of coming out:) I must be oblig'd to write, and if I may still hope for the same kind usage, I shall the less repent of that hard necessity. I write not this out of any expectation to be priz'd; for I have Enemies enow to wish me yet in a worse condition; but give me leave to say, that if I can please by writing, as I shall endeavour it, the Town may be somewhat oblig'd to my misfortunes, for a part of their diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having observ'd how difficult it was to please; that the humours of Comedy were almost spent, that Love and Honour (the mistaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theaters cou'd not support their charges, that the Audience forsook them, that young men without Learning set up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudest, who understood the least: all these discouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had also given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties

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culties continue; they increase, and I am still condemn'd to dig in those exhausted Mines. Whatever fault I next commit, rest assur'd it shall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, since it was first deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed so judiciously lopt by Mr. Betterton, to whose care and excellent action, I am equally oblig'd, that the connexion of the story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation, which is requir'd to all great events: as in particular, that of raising the Mobile, in the beginning of the Fourth Act; which a Man of Benucar's cool Character, cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all those precautions, which he foresaw wou'd be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration, I have replac'd those lines, through the whole Poem; and thereby restor'd it, to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say it) that lustre, and masculine vigour, in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding Reader, that the most poetical parts, which are Descriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences; are those, which of necessity were to be par'd away, when the body was swoln into too large a bulk for the representation of the Stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a publick entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Closet: In the first we are confin'd to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the Watch often drawn out of the pocket, warns the Actors, that their Audience is weary; in the last, every Reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book, and lay it down at his pleasure; and find out those beauties of propriety, in thought and writing, which escap'd him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this Play, that in the roughness of the numbers and cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so design'd) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view, than in most, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures and more suitable to the loftiness of the Subject; and besides this some newnesses of English, translated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which for their significance and sound, deseru'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in Salust amongst the

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*Roman Authors, and in Milton's Paradise amongst ours; though perhaps the latter instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.*

*As for the story or plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those times, that Sebastian a young Prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that War partly upon a religious account, partly at the solicitation of Muley-Mahumer, who had been driven out of his Dominions, by Abdelmelech, or as others call him Muley-Moluch his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the Xeriff's; whose Fathers Hamet and Mahomet had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces; and shar'd it betwixt them after their victory: That the body of Don Sebastian was never found in the Field of Battel; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some years after, when the Spaniards with a pretended title, by force of Arms had Usurp'd the Crown of Portugal, from the House of Braganza, a certain Person who call'd himself Don Sebastian, and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appear'd at Venice, where he was own'd by some of his Country-men; but being seiz'd by the Spaniards was first Imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the Portugueses expected his return for almost an Age together after that Battel; which is at least a proof of their extream love to his Memory; and the usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old Master.*

*This ground work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that Sebastian shou'd return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in Affrick, or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his death; and the last of these was certainly the most easie, but for the same reason, the least artful; because as I have somewhere said, the poyson and the dagger are still at hand, to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary*  
according

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according to the Laws of the Drama, that Sebastian shou'd no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it; even so far as to be a habit in him; though I show him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavor a self-murder. This being presuppos'd, that he was Religious, the horror of his incest, tho' innocently committed, was the best reason which the Stage cou'd give for hind'ring his return. 'Tis true I have no right to blast his Memory, with such a crime: but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him; for the Learned Mr. Rymer has well observ'd, that in all punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical justice; and according to those measures an involuntary sin deserves not death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desert, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost punishment, which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation, which Sebastian cou'd make. For what relates to Almeyda, her part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the surname of a noble Family in Portugal, which was very instrumental in the Restoration of Don John de Braganza, Father to the most Illustrious and most Pious Princess our Queen Dowager. The French Author of a Novel, call'd Don Sebastian, has given that name to an African Lady of his own invention, and makes her Sister to Muley-Mahumet. But I have wholly chang'd the accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the supposition, that she was belov'd by the King of Portugal. Tho', if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus Augustus Cæsar wrote an Ajax, which was not the less his own, because Euripides had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late years Corneille writ an Oedipus after Sophocles; and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr. Lee, yet neither the French Poet stole from the

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Greek, nor we from the French man. 'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property and make it ours. The *Materia Poetica* is as common to all Writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all Physicians. Thus in our Chronicles, Daniels History is still his own, though Matthew Paris, Stow and Hollingshed writ before him, otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own account after a new and better manner.

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick rules of unity: I knew them and had them in my eye, but follow'd them only at a distance; for the Genius of the English cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-plot requir'd them so to be; though the General Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents, which are here represented, cou'd not naturally be suppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known History, in the death of Muley-Moluch, who, by all relations dyed of a fever in the Battel, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a Character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same, with that of the present Emperor Muley Ishmael, as some of our English Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.

I have been listening what objections had been made, against the conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd name them, a true critick wou'd imagin that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up fantsoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but *ætatem habet de se loquatur*. Others that the double poyson is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and Ausonius his famous Epigram answer that. Lastly a more ignorant sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of Dorax, is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them read the Play and think again, and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that Chapter of the Wise Montaigne,

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Montaigne, which is intituled de l'Inconstance des actions humaines. A longer reply, is what those Cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their fellows to understand, that the Earl of Dorset, was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was displeas'd any thing shou'd be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's Heroe against an Army; concurrere bellum, atque virum. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the design, or writing of this Play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of doating; and that I have given so much application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many gross absurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too rash a censure; and may also encourage my friends, who are many more than I cou'd reasonably have expected, to believe their kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me. This is not a Play that was huddled up in hast; and to shew it was not, I will own, that beside the general Moral of it, which is given in the four last lines, there is also another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will observe, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret Beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of design, which my puny judges will not easily find out; let them consider in the last Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preserv'd the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the Royal Character; and in making Dorax first submit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of Characters, that I have given the same to Sebaltian and Almeyda; and consequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of Character in the greatness of their Souls; was intended for a preparation of the final discovery, and that the likeness of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all Writers, and especially Poets will have some) I will give but one other instance, in relation to the Uniformity of the design. I have observ'd, that the

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*the English will not bear a thorough Tragedy ; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lightned with underparts of mirth. It had been easie for me to have given my Audience a better course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of Antonio and Morayma. But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any man cou'd have invented one, which had been more of a piece, and more depending, on the serious part of the design. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a Comical entertainment ? To prepare this Episode, you see Dorax giving the Character of Antonio, in the beginning of the Play, upon his first sight of him at the Lottery ; and to make the dependence, Antonio is engag'd in the Fourth Act, for the deliverance of Almeyda ; which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.*

*I shou'd beg pardon for these instances ; but perhaps they may be of use to future Poets, in the conduct of their Plays : At least if I appear too positive ; I am growing old, and thereby, in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my Old Master Virgil.*

*Tu, ne cede malis ; sed, contrà, audentior ito.*

PRO-

# PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN King of *Portugal*.

Spoken by a Woman.

**T**HE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My Lord,  
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:  
So may cast Poets write; there's no Pretension,  
To argue loss of Wit from loss of Pension.  
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place  
I see not one, that wears a damning face.  
The British Nation, is too brave to show,  
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquish'd foe,  
At least be civil to the Wretch imploring;  
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:  
Suppose our Poet was your foe before;  
Yet now, the bus'ness of the Field is o'er;  
'Tis time to let your Civil Wars alone,  
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.  
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;  
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.  
Take good advice, and please your selves this day;  
No matter from what hands you have the Play.  
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will pass,  
That serves to carry round another glass:  
When, with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,  
Tho at the Mighty Monarch you repine,  
You grant him still most Christian, in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet, but his brains grow Addle;  
And all the rest is purely from this Noddle.  
You've seen young Ladies at the Senate door,  
Prefer Petitions, and your grace implore;  
How ever grave the Legislators were.

*Their Cause went ne'er the worse for being fair,  
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;  
But I cou'd bribe you, with as good a thing.  
I heard him make advances of good Nature;  
That he for once, wou'd sheath his cutting Satyr:  
Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again  
The sacred Names of Fops and Beaſts profane.  
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I swear,  
As Times go now, he offers very fair.  
Be not too hard on him, with Statutes neither,  
Be kind; and do not set your Teeth together,  
To stretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.  
Horses, by Papists are not to be ridden;  
But sure the Muses Horse was ne'er forbidden.  
For in no Rate-Book, it was ever found  
That Pegasus was valued at Five-pound:  
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;  
And let him pay his Taxes out, in Writing.*

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Don

---

*Don Sebastian,*  
**King of Portugal.**

**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*The Scene at Alcazar, representing a Market-Place under the Castle.*

*Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.*

*Muley-Zeyd.* **N**OW *Affrica's* long Wars are at an end ;  
 And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Chri-  
 stian Blood,  
 My conquering Brother will have Slaves  
 enow,

To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.  
 What hear you of *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal* ?

*Benducar.* He fell among a heap of slaughter'd Moors ;  
 Though yet his mangled Carcase is not found.  
 The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,  
 Was hot pursued ; and in the general rout,  
 Mistook a swelling Current for a Foord ;  
 And in *Mucazer's* Flood was seen to rise ;  
 Thrice was he seen ; at length his Courser plung'd,  
 And threw him off ; the Waves whelm'd over him,  
 And helpless in his heavy arms he drown'd.

*Mul. Zeyd.* Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguish'd :  
 Thus, *Moluch*, still the Favorite of Fate,

Swims in a sanguine torrent to the Throne.  
 As if our Prophet only work'd for him :  
 The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants.  
 As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their care,  
 And younger Brothers but the draff of Nature.

*Bend.* Be still, and learn the soothing Arts of Court ;  
 Adore his fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,  
 And when they praise him most, be you the loudest ;  
 Your Brother is luxurious, close, and cruel,  
 Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.  
 The shadow of a discontent wou'd ruin us ;  
 We must be safe before we can be great :  
 These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

*Mul. Zeyd.* You have the Key, he opens inward to you.

*Bend.* So often try'd, and ever found so true,  
 Has given me trust, and trust has given me means  
 Once to be false for all. I trust not him :  
 For now his ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,  
 How am I sure to stand who serv'd those ends ?  
 I know your nature open, mild, and grateful ;  
 In such a Prince the People may be blest,  
 And I be safe.

*Mul. Zeyd.* My Father !

[*Embracing him.*

*Bend.* My future King ! (auspicious *Muley-Zeydan* :)  
 Shall I adore you ? No, the place is publick ;  
 I worship you within ; the outward act  
 Shall be reserv'd till Nations follow me,  
 And Heaven shall envy you the kneeling World.  
 You know th' Alcald of *Alcazar*, *Dorax* ?

*Mul. Zeyd.* The gallant Renegade you mean ? *Bend.* The same :  
 That gloomy outside, like a rusty Chest,  
 Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul,  
 Resolv'd and brave ; he has the Souldiers hearts,  
 And time shall make him ours. *Mul.* He's just upon us.

*Bend.* I know him from a far,  
 By the long stride and by the sullen port :  
 Retire my Lord.  
 Wait on your Brothers Triumph, yours is next,  
 His growth is but a wild and fruitless Plant,

I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,  
And graft you on to bear.

*Mul. Zeyd.* My Oracle!

[*Exit Muley-Zeyd.*

*Bend.* Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous Fool,  
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit  
Of so much toil, such guilt, and such damnation;  
If I am damn'd, it shall be for my self:  
This easie Fool must be my Stale, set up  
To catch the Peoples eyes; he's tame and merciful,  
Him I can manage, till I make him odious  
By some unpopular act, and then dethrone him.

*Enter Dorax.*

Now *Dorax!*

*Dorax,* Well *Bemboucar!*

*Bend.* Bare *Bemboucar!*

*Dor.* Thou wouldst have Titles, take 'em then, Chief Minister,  
First Hangman of the State.

*Bend.* Some call me Favourite.

*Dorax,* What's that, his Minion?

Thou art too old to be a Catamite!  
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy pride,  
Is not *Benducar* Bare, a better Name  
In a Friend's mouth, than all those gawdy Titles,  
Which I disdain to give the Man I love?

*Bend.* But always out of humor, —

*Dorax,* I have cause:

Tho all mankind is cause enough for Satyr.

*Bend.* Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on mankind,  
They say in fight, thou hadst a thirsty Sword,  
And well 'twas glutted there.

*Dorax,* I spitted Frogs, I crush'd a heap of Emmets,  
A hundred of 'em to a single Soul,  
And that but scanty weight too: the great Devil  
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he swallows Vulgar  
Like whip'd Cream, — feels 'em not in going down.

*Bend.* Brave Renegade! cou'dst thou not meet *Sebastian?*  
Thy Master had been worthy of thy Sword.

*Dorax,* My Master? By what title,

Because I happen'd to be born where he  
 Happen'd to be a King? And yet I serv'd him,  
 Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.  
 You know my story, how I was rewarded,  
 For Fifteen hard Campaigns, still hoop'd in Iron,  
 And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful,  
 But whosoever dares to injure me,  
 Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

*Bend.* Still you run off from bias; say what moves  
 Your present spleen?

*Dorax,* You mark'd not what I told you:  
 I kil'd not one that was his Makers Image;  
 I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes.  
*Sebastian* was my aim; he was a Man:  
 Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,  
 Yet I must do him right; he was a Man,  
 Above man's height, ev'n towring to *Divinity*.  
 Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:  
 Just as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seasons,  
 He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:  
 And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,  
 That thus unblameable to all besides  
 He err'd to me alone:  
 His goodness was diffus'd to human kind,  
 And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

*Bend.* You cou'd not meet him then?

*Dorax,* No, though I fought  
 Where ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the place  
 To seek *Sebastian*: through a track of Death  
 I follow'd him, by Groans of dying Foes,  
 But still I came too late, for he was flown  
 Like Lightning, swift before me to new Slaughters,  
 I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,  
 Defac'd the pomp of Battel, but in vain,  
 For he was still supplying Death elsewhere:  
 This mads me that perhaps ignoble hands  
 Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:  
 Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone

Had right to slay; I too wou'd have been slain,  
 That catching hold upon his sitting Ghost  
 I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;  
 And drag'd him down with me, spight of Predestination.

*Bend.* 'Tis of as much import as *Affric's* worth  
 To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*  
 The Sister of the Vanquish'd *Mahumet*,  
 Whose fatal Beauty to her Brother drew  
 The Lands third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n's.

*Dor.* I hope she dy'd in her own Female calling,  
 Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumcision.  
 As for *Sebastian* we must search the Field,  
 And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,  
 Send one to climb, and looking down below  
 There he shall find him at his Manly length  
 With his face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,  
 Which his true Sword has digg'd.

*Bend.* Yet we may possibly hear farther news;  
 For while our *Africans* pursu'd the Chase,  
 The Captain of the Rabble issued out,  
 With a black shirt-less train to spoil the dead,  
 And seize the living.

*Dor.* Each of 'em an Hoast,  
 A Million strong of Vermine ev'ry Villain:  
 No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,  
 Chaos of Power, and priviledg'd destruction.

*Bend.* Yet I must tell you Friend the Great must use 'em,  
 Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult.

*Dor.* I wou'd use 'em  
 Like Dogs in times of Plague, out-laws of Nature,  
 Fit to be shot and brain'd; without a process,  
 To stop infection, that's their proper death.

*Bend.* No more,  
 Behold the Emperor coming to survey  
 The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

*Enter Muley-Moluch the Emperor, with Attendants.  
The Musty, and Muley-Zeydan.*

*Moluch.* Our Armours now may rust, our idle scymitars  
Hang by our sides, for Ornament not use:  
Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums,  
And all the noisie trades of War, no more  
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the *Xeriff's* blood  
No longer in divided Channels runs,  
The younger House took end in *Mahumet*.  
Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name,  
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

*Musty.* For this Victorious day our Mighty Prophet  
Expects your gratitude, the Sacrifice  
Of Christian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

*Mol.* The purple present shall be richly paid:  
That Vow perform'd, fasting shall be abolish'd:  
None ever serv'd Heav'n well with a starv'd face:  
Preach Abstinence no more; I tell thee *Musty*  
Good feasting is devout: and thou our Head,  
Hast a Religious, ruddy Countenance:  
We will have learned Luxury: our lean Faith  
Gives scandal to the Christians; they feed high:  
Then look for shoals of Converts, when thou hast  
Reform'd us into feasting.

*Muf.* Fasting is but the Letter of the Law:  
Yet it shows well to Preach it to the Vulgar.  
Wine is against our Law, thar's literal too,  
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides,  
Wine is a Holy Liquor, for the Great.

[*Dorax aside.*

This *Musty* in my conscience is some *English*  
Renegade, he talks so favourly of toping.

*Mol.* Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

*Enter Mustapha Captain of the Rabble with his followers of the Black Guard, &c. and other Moors : with them a Company of Portugese Slaves without any of the chief Persons.*

*M. Mol.* These are not fit to pay an Emperors Vow ;  
Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims ;  
These are but garbidge not a Sacrifice.

*Must.* The Prophet must not pick and choose his Offerings ;  
Now he has giv'n the Day, 'tis past recalling :  
And he must be content with such as these.

*M. Mol.* But are these all ? Speak you who are their Masters.

*Musta.* All upon my Honour : If you'll take 'em as their  
Fathers got 'em, so. If not, you must stay till they get a bet-  
ter generation : These Christians are mere bunglers ; they pro-  
create nothing but out of their own Wives ; And these have  
all the looks of Eldest Sons.

*M. Mol.* Pain of your lives let none conceal a Slave.

*Must.* Let every Man look to his own Conscience, I am  
sure mine shall never hang me.

*Bend.* Thou speak'st as thou wert privy to concealments :  
Then thou art an Accomplice.

*Must.* Nay if Accomplices must suffer, it may go hard  
with me ; but here's the Devil on't, there's a Great Man and  
a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confess, he'll  
be sure to scape between his Greatness and his Holiness, and  
I shall be murder'd, because of my Poverty and Rascality.

*Mufti winking at him.*

Then if thy silence save the Great and Holy,  
'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to Paradise.

*Must.* 'Tis a fine place they say ; but Doctor I am not worthy  
on't : I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough  
for such a poor rascally Musulman as I am : Besides I have learnt  
so much good manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be serv'd  
before me.

*M. Mol.* Thou talk'st as if the *Musty* were concern'd :

*Must.* Your Majesty may lay your Soul on't : but for my  
part,

part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into Paradise, I wou'd he shou'd know it. The troth on't is an't like you, His reverence bought of me the flower of all the Market; these — these are but Dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he pay'd me too I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get Paradise when my time comes I can't help my self; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

*M. Mol.* Where are those Slaves? produce 'em.

*Muf.* They are not what he says.

*M. Mol.* No more excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*]

Know thou may'st better dally  
With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

*Muf.* I but reserv'd 'em to present thy Greatness  
An Offring worthy thee.

*Muf.* By the same token there was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin said I! but I won't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thousand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious Morfel, and give it away out of his own mouth; when it had such a farewell with it too?

*Enter Sebastian conducted in mean habit, with Alvarez, Antonio, and Almeyda: her face veil'd with a Barnus.*

*M. Mol.* Ay; These look like the Workmanship of Heav'n:  
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,  
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.

*Dorax aside while the Emperor whispers Benducar.*

By all my wrongs  
'Tis he; damnation seize me but 'tis he!  
My heart heaves up and swells; he's poyson to me;  
My injur'd honour, and my ravish'd love,  
Bleed at their Murderers sight.

[Bend. to Dor. *aside*.

The Emperor wou'd learn these Pris'ners names;  
You know 'em.

*Dor.* Tell him, no.

And trouble me no more. — I will not know 'em.  
Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd, [*Aside*.  
With my revenge? then, where's my satisfaction?  
No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy.

*M. Mol.* 'Tis decreed,  
These of a better aspect, with the rest  
Shall share one common Doom, and Lots decide it.  
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a ball  
Into an Urn; three only black be there,  
The rest, all white, are safe.

*Muf.* Hold Sir, the Woman must not draw.

*M. Mol.* O *Musti*.

We know your reason, let her share the danger.

*Muf.* Our Law says plainly Women have no Souls:

*M. Mol.* 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, set her by:  
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her  
The fairest of her Sex, so much unseen,  
I hate the Sister of our Rival House,  
Ten thousand such dry Notions of our *Alcoran*  
Shou'd not protect her life; if not Immortal:  
Dye as she cou'd, all of a piece, the better,  
That none of her remain.

*Here an Urn is brought in: the Pris'ners approach with great  
concernment; and among the rest Sebastian, Alvarez and  
Antonio; who come more chearfully.*

*Dor.* Poor abject Creatures how they fear to dye! [*Aside*.  
These never knew one happy hour in life,  
Yet shake to lay it down: is load so pleasant?  
Or has Heav'n hid the happiness of Death  
That Men may bear to live? — Now for our Heroes.

*The three approach.*

O, these come up with Spirits more resolv'd!  
 Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,  
 The Fav'rite once of this *Sebastian's* Father;  
 Now Minister; (too honest for his Trade)  
 Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,  
 In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.  
 O, he has drawn a black; and smiles upon't,  
 As who shou'd say my Faith and Soul are white  
 Tho my Lot swarthy: Now if there be hereafter  
 He's blest; if not, well cheated, and dyes pleas'd.

*Anton. holding his Lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,  
 Be what thou wilt: I will not look too soon.  
 Thou hast a colour; if thou prov'st not right,  
 I have a minute good ere I behold thee.  
 Now, Let me rowl, and grubble thee,  
 Blind Men say white feels smooth, and black feels rough;  
 Thou hast a rugged skin; I do not like thee.

*Dor.* There's th' Amorous airy spark, *Antonio*;  
 The wittiest Womans toy in *Portugal*.

Lord what a loss of Treats and Serenades!  
 The whole She Nation will b' in mourning for him.

*Antonio.* I've a moist sweaty palm; the more's my Sin;  
 If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious  
 Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hope in rubbing  
 To wash this Ethiope white.— (Looks) Pox of the Proverb!  
 As black as Hell: another lucky saying!  
 I think the Devils in me: — good again,  
 I cannot speak one syllable, but tends  
 To Death or to Damnation.

[*Holds up his ball.*

*Dor.* He looks uneasie at his future Journey:  
 And wishes his Boots off again; for fear  
 Of a bad Road, and a worse Inn at night.

[*Aside.*

Go to bed fool, and take secure repose  
For thou shalt wake no more.

(*Sebastian comes up to draw.*)

*M. Mol.* to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the Lott'ry,  
He looks secure of Death, superior greatness,  
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and said thou art  
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.

*Bend.* He looks as Man was made, with face erect,  
That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems asham'd  
He's not all spirit, his eyes with a dumb Pride,  
Accusing Fortune that he fell not warm:  
Yet now disdains to live.

(*Sebast. draws a black.*)

*M. Mol.* He has his wish;  
And I have fail'd of mine!

*Dor.* Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aside.*  
Fine work above, that their anointed care  
Shou'd dye such little Death: or did his Genius  
Know mine the stronger *Demon*, fear'd the grapple,  
And looking round him, found this nook of fate  
To skulk behind my Sword; shall I discover him?  
Still he wou'd dye not mine: no thanks to my  
Revenge: reserv'd but to more royal shambles.  
'Twere base too; and below those Vulgar Souls,  
That shar'd his danger, yet not one disclos'd him:  
But struck with Rev'rence kept an awful silence.  
I'll see no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit Dorax.*

*Mul. Mol.* One of these Three is a whole Hecatomb;  
And therefore only one of 'em shall dye.  
The Rest are but mute Cattle; and when Death  
Comes, like a rushing Lion, couch like Spaniels,  
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw,  
Let Lots again decide it.

(*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on Sebastian.*)

*Sebast.* Then there's no more to manage! if I fall  
It shall be like my self; a setting Sun  
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.

Behold *Sebastian* King of *Portugal*.

*M. Mol. Sebastian!* ha! it must be he; no other  
 Cou'd represent such suffering Majesty:  
 I saw him, as he terms himself, a Sun  
 Strugling in dark Eclipse, and shooting day  
 On either side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

*Sebast.* Not less ev'n in this despicable now,  
 Than when my Name fill'd *Affrick* with affrights,  
 And froze your hearts beneath your torrid *Zone*.

*Bend. to M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an Impudence  
 Of Greatness.

*Sebast.* Here satiate all your fury;  
 Let fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,  
 I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield  
 Can take in all; and verge enough for more.  
 I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only  
 A narrow neck of Land for a third World;  
 To give my loosen'd Subjects room to play.  
 Fate was not mine,  
 Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,  
 And trod the ground which I beheld from far,  
 I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:  
 For if you give it burial there it takes  
 Possession of your Earth:  
 If burnt and scatter'd in the air: the Winds  
 That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,  
 And spread me o'er your Clime: for where one Atome  
 Of mine shall light; know there *Sebastian* Reigns.

*M. Mol.* What shall I do to conquer thee?

*Seb.* Impossible!

Souls know no Conquerors.

*M. Mol.* I'll show thee for a Monster through my *Affrick*,

*Seb.* No thou canst only show me for a Man:  
*Affrick* is stor'd with Monsters; Man's a Prodigy,  
 Thy Subjects have not seen.

*Mul. M.* Thou talk'st as if

Still at the head of Battel.

*Seb.* Thou mistak'ſt,

For then I would not talk.

*Bend.* Sure he wou'd ſleep.

*Sebaſt.* Till Dooms-day ; when the Trumpet ſounds to riſe ;  
For that's a Soldiers call,

*M. Mol.* Thou'rt brave too late :

Thou ſhou'dſt have dy'd in battel, like a Soldier,

*Seb.* I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me,  
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,  
To crush my Soul out.

*M. Mol.* Still untameable !

In what a ruine has thy head-ſtrong Pride,  
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire plung'd thy People.

*Sebaſt.* What ſay'ſt thou, ha ! No more of that.

*M. Mol.* Behold,

What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes has ſtrew'd,  
And left our Affric Vultures to devour.

*Bend.* Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with thee,  
To cheriſh not deſtroy.

*Sebaſt.* Witneſs, O Heaven, how much  
This ſight concerns me ! Wou'd I had a Soul  
For each of theſe : How gladly wou'd I pay  
The Ransom down : But ſince I have but one,  
'Tis a King's life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.  
Not your falſe Prophet, but eternal Juſtice  
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to dye for theſe :  
'Tis fit a Sovereign ſo ſhou'd pay ſuch Subjects ;  
For Subjects ſuch as they are ſeldom ſeen,  
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need ;  
Nor for baſe lucre ſold their Loyalty,  
But ſhar'd my dangers to the laſt event,  
And ſenc'd 'em with their own : Theſe thanks I pay you :

[Wipes his Eyes.]

And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears  
Come harder than his Blood.

*M. Mol.* They plead too ſtrongly  
To be withſtood : My Clouds are gath'ring too,

In kindly mixture with this Royal showr :  
 Be safe, and owe thy Life, not to my gift,  
 But to the greatness of thy mind, *Sebastian* :  
 Thy Subjects too shall live ; a due reward  
 For their untainted Faith, in thy concealment.

*Mufti*, Remember, Sir, your Vow. [ *A general shout.*

*Mul. M.* Do thou remember

Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.

*Mul. Zeyd.* One of his generous Fits, too strong to last.

[ *Aside to Benducar.*

*Bend.* The *Mufti reddens*, mark that holy Cheek. [ *To him.*

He frets within, froths Treason at his mouth,  
 And churns it through his teeth ; leave me to work him.

*Sebast.* A mercy unexpected, undesir'd,  
 Surprizes more : You've learnt the art to vanquish :

You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you Sir)

Have giv'n me life but in my Subjects safety :

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

*M. Mol.* Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.

Unveil the Woman ; I wou'd view the Face

That warm'd our *Mufti's* Zeal :

These pious Parrots peck the fairest Fruit :

Such Tasters are for Kings.

[ *Officers go to Almeyda to unveil her.*

*Almeyda*, Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

*M. Mol.* Slave is thy Title : Force her.

*Seb.* On your lives,

Approach her not.

*M. Mol.* How's this !

*Seb.* Sir pardon me,

And hear me speak. ———

*Almeyda*, Hear me ; I will be heard :

I am no Slave ; the noblest blood of *Affric*

Runs in my Veins ; a purer stream than thine ;

For, though deriv'd from the same Source, thy Current  
 Is puddl'd, and defil'd with Tyranny.

*M. Mol.* What Female Fury have we here !

*Almeyda*, I shou'd be one,

Because of kin to thee: Wou'dst thou be touch'd  
 By the presuming hands of sawcy Grooms?  
 The same respect, nay more, is due to me:  
 More for my Sex; the same for my descent.  
 These hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.

Now, if thou dar'st behold *Almeydas* face. [Unveils her self.  
*Bend.* Wou'd I had never seen it! [aside.

*Almeyda*, She whom thy *Mussi* tax'd to have no Soul;  
 Let *Affric* now be judg;  
 Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,  
 As did *Sebastian* when he own'd his greatness.  
 But to remove that scruple know, base Man,  
 My murther'd Father, and my Brother's Ghost  
 Still haunt this Brest, and prompt it to revenge.  
 Think not I cou'd forgive nor dare thou pardon.

*M. Mol.* Wou'dst thou revenge thee, Trait'refs, hadst thou  
 pow'r?

*Alm.* Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more justly thine:  
 Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir  
 Of this large Empire; but with arms united  
 They fought their way, and seiz'd the Crown by force:  
 And equal as their danger was their share:  
 For where was Eldership, where none had right,  
 But that which Conquest gave? 'Twas thy ambition  
 Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword  
 Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,  
 No provocation given, no War declar'd.

*M. Mol.* I'll hear no more.

*Alm.* This is the living Coal that burning in me  
 Wou'd flame to vengeance, cou'd it find a vent.  
 My Brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold  
 In his deep watry bed: My wandring Mother,  
 Who in exile died.  
 O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,  
 That one might bourgeon where another fell!  
 Still wou'd I give thee work; still, still, thou Tyrant,  
 And hiss thee with the last.

*M. Mol.* Something, I know not what, comes over me:

Whether

Whether the Toys of Battel, unrepair'd  
With due repose, or other sudden qualm.

*Benducar* do the rest. [Goes off, the Court follows him.

*Bend*, Strange; in full health! This pang is of the Soul;

The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.

Conduct these Royal Captives to the Castle;

Bid *Dorax* use 'em well, till farther order.

[Going off, stops.

The inferior Captives their first owners take,

To sell, or to dispose. — You, *Mustapha*,

Set ope the Market for the sale of Slaves

[Exit *Benducar*.

*The Masters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of several Qualities come in and chaffer about the several Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.*

*Mustapha*, My Chattels are come into my hands again, and my Conscience will serve me to sell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Musti* comes to claim 'em.

*First Merchant* to *Mustapha*.

What do'st hold that old Fellow at?

[Pointing to *Alvarez*.

He's tough, and has no service in his limbs.

*Must*. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thousand Crowns.

*1st. Mer.* Thou mean'st a thousand *Marvedi's*.

*Must*. Prithee Friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

*1st. Mer.* What virtues has he to deserve that price?

*Must*. Marry come up Sir! Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich, What other Virtues wou'dst thou have in a Noble-man?

*1st. Mer.* I buy him with another man's Purse, that's my comfort.

My Lord *Dorax*, the Governor, will have him at any rate:—  
There's Handfel.

Come, old Fellow, to the Castle.

*Alcar.* To what is miserable Age reserv'd!

[Aside.

But oh the King! And oh the fatal Secret!

Which I have kept thus long, to time it better,

And

And now I wou'd disclose, 'tis past my pow'r.

[Exit with his Master.

Must. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter : A Pimp I warrant him, for I am sure he is an old Courtier.

Now to put off t'other remnant of my Merchandize, ——

Stir up, Sirrah

[to Antonio.

Anton. Dog, what wou'dst thou have !

Must. Learn better manners, or I shall serve you a Dog-trick ; come, down upon all four immediately ; I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horse of me ?

Must. Horse or Ass, that's as thy Mother made thee : —— But take earnest in the first place for thy Sawcyness.

[Lashes him with his Whip.

Be advis'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers : Behold my Ensign of Royalty display'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to use thee worse in Portugal.

Must. Ay, and good reason, Friend, if thou catchest me a conquering on thy side of the water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this. ——

[ Holds up his Whip.

Antonio lying down.

Hold my dear Thrum-cap : I obey thee cheerfully, I see the Doctrine of Non-Resistance is never practis'd thoroughly but when a Man can't help himself.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2d. Merchant. You, Friend, I wou'd see that Fellow do his Postures.

Mustapha bridling Antonio.

Now Sirrah follow, for you have rope enough :

To your paces Villain, amble, trot, and gallop : ——

Quick, about there. — Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

Antonio follows at the end of the Bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his Postures.

*2d. Merch.* He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good back ; that's half in half. [ *To Mustapha.* ] I wou'd see him strip, has he no Diseases about him ?

*Must.* He's the best piece of Man's flesh in the Market, not an Eye-fore in his whole body : Feel his Legs, Master, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall. [ *Claps him on the shoulder.*

*Merchant feeling about him, and then putting his hand to his side.*

Out upon him, how his flank heaves ! The Whorson's broken-winded.

*Must.* Thick breath'd a little : Nothing but a sorry cold with lying out a nights in Trenches ;— but sound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.

Try him at a loose trot a little.

*Puts the Bridle into his hand, he strokes him.*

*Anton.* For Heaven's sake Owner spare me ; you know I am but new broken.

*2d. Merch.* 'Tis but a washy Jade, I see : What do you ask for this Bauble ?

*Must.* Bauble do you call him ; he's a substantial true-bred Beast ; bravely forehanded ; mark but the cleanness of his shapes too ; his Dam may be a Spanish Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no skill in Horse-flesh. —

Marry I ask Six Hundred Xeriffs for him.

*Enter Musti.*

*Musti,* What's that you are asking, Sirrah ?

*Must.* Marry, I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons ; I was doing you a small piece of service here, putting off your Chattel for you.

*Musti,* And putting the Mony into your own Pocket.

*Must.* Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion ? I was sensible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any man that shou'd have injur'd you in a single Farthing ; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

*Musti,*

*Musti*, Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah,—and damning shall be the least part of your punishment; I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

*Must.* Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this World, and damn me in the next.

*Musti*, No Sirrah, so you may repent, and scape punishment: Did not you sell this very Slave amongst the rest to me, and take Money for him. *Must.* Right my Lord.

*Musti*, And selling him again? Take Money twice for the same Commodity? Oh, Villain!

But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

*Must.* Why shou'd I lye to your Honor, I did know him; and thereupon, seeing him wander about; I took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right Owner.

*Musti*, And yet at the same time was selling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together.

*Must.* Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your Heriot, with intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a Purse to you; for I know you wou'd have spent half of it upon your pious Pleasures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

*Musti*, And what's become of my other Slave? Thou hast sold him too I have a villainous suspicion.

*Must.* I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robustous Fellow, that old Spark who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by consequence, very nimble, slipt through my fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new Master.

*Musti to Antonio.*

Follow me home, Sirrah: [*to Must.*] I shall remember you some other time.

[*Exit Musti with Antonio.*]

*Must.* I never doubted your Lordships memory, for an ill turn: And I shall remember him too in the next rising of the Mobile, for this act of Resumption; and more especially for the Ghostly Counsel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my self in silence, to have sav'd his Reverence. The

best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his Slaves twice over.—And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what should a poor Man do, that gets his living by hard labor, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily. O, for some incomparable Tumult! Then thou'd I naturally wish, that the beaten Party might prevail, because we have plundered t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,  
'Tis ours to make our Fortunes while we may;  
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[Exit Mustaph.

## A C T II.

Scene 1. *Suppos'd to be a terrace Walk, on the side of the Castle of Alcazar.*

Emperor. Benducar.

*Emper.* **A**ND thinkest thou not it was discovered?  
*Bend.* No:

The thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,  
The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred retreat,  
Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.

*Emp.* Did not my conscios Eyes flash out a Flame  
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose  
The secret path I trod?

*Bend.* I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue  
To that close Labarynth; how then shou'd they?

*Emp.* I wou'd be loth they shou'd: it breeds contempt  
For Herds to listen, or presume to pry,  
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den:  
But is 't not strange?

*Bend.* To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax  
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,  
Familiar as our being.

*Emp.* Still

*Emp.* Still 'tis strange

To me: I know my Soul as wild as winds,  
That sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains;  
Love might as well be sow'd upon our Sands,  
As in a brest so barren:  
To love an Enemy, the only One  
Remaining too, whom yester Sun beheld,  
Must'ring her charms, and rolling as she past,  
By every Squadron her alluring eyes:  
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my ruin.  
The shouts of Soldiers, and the burst of Cannon,  
Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murmur'ing noise;  
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the sound  
Her Battel rows'd: Yet spight of me I love.

*Bend.* What then controuls you?

Her Person is as prostrate as her Party.

*Emp.* A thousand things controul this Conqueror,  
My native pride to own th'unworthy passion,  
Hazard of Int'rest, and my Peoples love:  
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!  
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what  
My Subjects all expect, and she deserves.  
Wou'd not th'impossibility  
Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,  
Calm all this rage, this Hurrican of Soul?

*Bend.* That ever, ever,

I mark'd the double, shows extream reluctance  
To part with her for ever.

*Emp.* Right thou hast me,

I wou'd, but cannot kill: I must enjoy her:  
I must, and what I must be sure I will.  
What's Royalty but pow'r to please my self?  
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,  
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns, — 'tis resolv'd,  
Weak Princes flatter when they want the pow'r  
To curb their People; tender Plants must bend,  
But when a Government is grown to strength,  
Like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the tug, but only nods,  
And turns to sullen State.

*Bend.* Then you resolve  
T'implore her pity, and to beg relief?

*Emp.* Death, must I beg the pity of my Slave?  
Must a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;  
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me:  
He tunes the Organs of my voice, and speaks  
Unknown to me within me; pushes me,  
And drives me on by force. —

Say I shou'd wed her, wou'd not my wise Subjects  
Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?

*Bend.* I hope they wou'd not.

*Emp.* Then thou doubt'st they wou'd?

*Bend.* To whom?

*Emp.* To her

Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to Thee.

[*Bend. in disorder.*

To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!  
The name of Treason shakes my honest Soul.  
If I am doubted, Sir,  
Secure your self this moment, take my life.

*Emp.* No more: if I suspected thee --- I wou'd.

*Bend.* I thank your kindness: Guilt had almost lost me! [*Aside.*

*Emp.* But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may rebel.

[*Bend. aside.*

This goes as I wou'd wish: --- (*to th' Emp.*) 'Tis possible.  
A secret Party still remains, that lurks  
Like Embers rak'd in ashes — wanting but  
A breath to blow aside th' involving dust,  
And then they blaze abroad.

*Emp.* They must be trampled out.

*Bend.* But first be known.

*Emp.* Torture shall force it from 'em.

*Bend.* You wou'd not put a Nation to the rack?

*Emp.* Yes, the whole World; so I be safe, I care not.

*Bend.* Our Limbs and Lives

Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

*Emp.*

*Emp.* All may be foes ; or how to be distinguish'd,  
If some be friends ?

*Bend.* They may with ease be winnow'd :  
Suppose some one, who has deserv'd your trust,  
Some one who knows Mankind, shou'd be employ'd  
To mix among 'em, seem a Malcontent,  
And dive into their breasts, to try how far  
They dare oppose your love ?

*Emp.* I like this well : 'Tis wholesom wickedness.

*Bend.* Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,  
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unsearch'd :  
Then, like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd venome,  
He brings it to your Hive : if such a Man  
So able, and so honest, may be found ;  
If not, my project dyes. —

*Emp.* By all my hopes thou hast describ'd thy self : —  
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,  
Thou only couldst contrive.

*Bend.* Sure I cou'd serve you :  
I think I cou'd : ——— but here's the difficulty,  
I'm so entirely yours,  
That I shou'd scurvily dissemble hate ;  
The cheat wou'd be too gross.

*Emp.* Art thou a Statesman  
And canst not be a Hypocrite ? Impossible :  
Do not distrust thy Vertues.

*Bend.* If I must personate this seeming Villain,  
Remember 'tis to serve you.

*Emp.* No more words :  
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all affairs  
Are troublesom but that ; and yet that most.

[*Going.*

Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebastian* like a King ;  
I had forgot him ; — but this Love marrs all,  
And takes up my whole brest.

[*Exit Emperor.*

*Bend.* (to the *Emp.*) Be sure I'll tell him. —  
With all the aggravating Circumstances  
I can, to make him swell at that Command,

[*Alone.*

The

The Tyrant first suspected me:  
 Then, with a sudden gust, he whirl'd about,  
 And trusted me too far: Madness of Pow'r!  
 Now, by his own consent, I ruin him.  
 For, shou'd some feeble Soul, for fear or gain  
 Bolt out t'accuse me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,  
 And thinks he's in the secret.  
 How sweet is Treason when the Traytor's safe!

(*Sees the Musti and Dorax entring and seeming to confer.*)

The *Musti*, and with him my sullen *Dorax*,  
 That first is mine already.  
 'Twas easie work to gain a cov'tous mind,  
 Whom rage to loose his Pris'ners had prepar'd:  
 Now, caught himself,  
 He wou'd seduce another; I must help him:  
 For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,  
 Are silly, woful, awkward Politicians;  
 They make lame mischief, though they mean it well:  
 Their Int'rest is not finely drawn, and hid,  
 But seams are coarsly bungled up, and seen.

*Muf.* He'll tell you more.

*Dor.* I've heard enough already  
 To make me loath thy Morals.

*Bend.* to *Dor.* You seem warm:  
 The good Man's zeal, perhaps has gon too far.

*Dor.* Not very far; not farther than zeal goes  
 Of course; a small days journey short of Treason.

*Muf.* By all that's Holy, Treason was not nam'd:  
 I spar'd the Emperors broken Vows to save  
 The Slaves from Death; though it was cheating Heav'n,  
 But I forgave him that.

*Dor.* And slighted o'er *[scornfully.]*  
 The wrongs himself sustain'd in property:  
 When his bought Slaves were seiz'd by force, no loss  
 Of his consider'd, and no cost repaid.

*Muf.*

*Musti*, Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely:  
Some modest hints of private wrongs I urg'd.

*Dorax*, Two thirds of all he said: there he began;  
To shew the fulness of his heart, there ended:  
Some short excursions of a broken Vow,  
He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff:  
But when he made his loss the Theme, he flourish'd,  
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,  
And thunder'd at oppressing Tyranny.

*Musti*, Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd seize  
My Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n,  
Whose Person, though unworthy, I sustain.

*Dorax*. You've made such strong Alliances above,  
That 'twere Profaneness in us Laiety  
To offer earthly Aid.

I tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise,  
They wou'd not wag one finger in your quarrels.  
Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet.  
The Phaethons of mankind, who fire that World,  
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.

*Bend*. This goes beyond the mark.

*Musti*, No, let him rail;  
His Prophet works within him;  
He's a rare Convert.

*Dorax*, Now his Zeal yearns,  
To see me burnt; he damns me from his Church,  
Because I wou'd restrain him to his Duty;  
Is not the care of Souls a load sufficient?  
Are nor your holy stipends pay'd for this?  
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,  
To study Souls, their Cures and their Diseases?  
If this be so, we ask you but our own:  
Give us your whole Employment, all your care:  
The Province of the Soul is large enough  
To fill up every Cranny of your time,  
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch  
Be damn'd by your neglect.

*Bend.* to the *Musti*. He speaks but reason.

*Dorax*, Why then these forein thoughts of State-Employments,  
 Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?  
 Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,  
 Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys,  
 What wonder is it if you know not Men?  
 Yet there, you live demure, with down-cast Eyes,  
 And humble as your Discipline requires:  
 But, when let loose from thence to live at large,  
 Your little tincture of Devotion dies:  
 Then Luxury succeeds, and set agog  
 With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,  
 You fall with greedy hunger to the Feast.  
 Of all your College Vertues, nothing now  
 But your Original Ignorance remains:  
 Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,  
 You swell, to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms.

*Musti*. He prates as if Kings had not Consciences,  
 And nons requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

*Dorax*, As private men they want you, not as Kings;  
 Nor wou'd you care t' inspect their publick Conscience,  
 But that it draws dependencies of Pow'r,  
 And Earthly Interest which you long to sway.  
 Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,  
 And let this little hanging Ball alone;  
 For give you but a foot of Conscience there,  
 And you, like *Archimedes*, to'ss the Globe.  
 We know your thoughts of us that Laymen are  
 Lag Souls, and rubbish of remaining Clay,  
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,  
 Set upright with a little puff of breath,  
 And bid us pass for Men.

*Musti*. I will not answer,  
 Base foul mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee  
 To shew my Charity.

*Exit Musti.*

*Dorax*, Do; but forget not him who needs it most:  
 Allow thy self some share: He's gone too soon;  
 I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;

Things that wou'd startle Faith, and make us deem  
Not this or that, but all Religions false.

*Bend.* Our Holy Oratour has lost the Cause: [ *Aside.*  
But I shall yet redeem it.—( to *Dorax* ) let him go;  
For I have secret Orders from the Emperour,  
Which none but you must hear: I must confess  
I cou'd have wish'd some other hand had brought 'em.  
When did you see your Pris'ner Great *Sebastian*?

*Dorax,* You might as well have ask'd me when I saw  
A crested Dragon, or a Basilisk;  
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature.  
He knows not I am I; nor shall he see me  
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,  
That rouls within my breast.

*Bend.* 'Twas my mistake:  
I guess'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,  
And your returning duty had effac'd  
The mem'ry of past wrongs; they wou'd in me;  
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.

*Dorax,* Forgive him! no, I left my foolish Faith  
Because it wou'd oblige me to forgiveness.

*Bend.* I can but grieve to find you obstinate:  
For you must see him; 'tis our Emp'rours will,  
And strict Command.

*Dorax,* I laugh at that Command.

*Bend.* You must do more than see; serve, and respect him.

*Dorax,* See, serve him, and respect, and after all  
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I must do this!  
But I forget my self.

*Bend.* Indeed you do.

*Dorax,* The Emp'rour is a stranger to my wrongs;  
I need but tell my story, to revoke  
This hard Commission.

*Bend.* Can you call me Friend,  
And think I cou'd neglect to speak, at full  
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Master?

*Dorax,* And yet enjoyn'd my Service, and Attendance?

*Bend.* And yet enjoyn'd 'em both: wou'd that were all;

He scru'd his Face into a harden'd smile,  
And said, *Sebastian* knew to govern Slaves.

*Dorax*, Slaves are the growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe* :  
By Heav'n I will not lay down my Commission ;  
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low ;  
But if there be a part in all his Face  
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

*Bend*. You may ; but then you lose all future means  
Of Vengeance on *Sebastian*, when no more  
Alcalde of this Fort.

*Dorax*, That thought escap'd me.

*Bend*. Keep your Command ; and be reveng'd on both :  
Nor sooth your self ; you have no pow'r t' affront him ;  
The Emp'rours love protects him from insults..  
And he, who spoke that proud ill-natur'd word,  
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,  
May force your reconciliation to *Sebastian* :  
Nay bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending foot,  
That kick'd you from his Presence.  
But think not to divide their punishment ;  
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd *Sebastian*,  
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.

*Dorax*, What means this Riddle ?

*Bend*. 'Tis out: there needs no *Oedipus* to solve it.  
Our Emp'rour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated ;  
I scarce remember in his Reign, one day  
Pass guileless o'er his execrable head.  
He thinks the Sun is lost that sees not bloud :  
When none is shed we count it Holiday.  
We, who are most in favour, cannot call  
This hour our own ?—— you know the younger Brother  
Mild *Muley Zeydan* ;——

*Dorax*, Hold and let me think.

*Bend*. The Soldiers Idolize you,  
He trusts you with the Castle,  
The Key of all his Kingdom.

*Dorax*, Well ; and he trusts you too.

*Bend.* Else I were mad,  
To hazard such a daring Enterprize.

*Dorax,* He trusts us both; mark that, shall we betray him?  
A Master who reposes Life and Empire  
On our fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,  
That hated name my nature most abhors;  
More, as you say, has loaded me with scorn:  
Ev'n with the last contempt, to serve *Sebastian*.  
Yet more I know he vacates my revenge;  
Which, but by this revolt I cannot compass:  
But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part  
To fawn and yet betray, I shou'd be hiss'd  
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

*Bend.* Consider well what I have done for you.

*Dorax,* Consider thou what thou wou'd'st have me do.

*Bend.* You've too much honour for a Renegade.

*Dorax,* And thou too little faith to be a Favorite.  
Is not the bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,  
Thy Wealth, and Honours, all the pure indulgence  
Of him thou wou'd'st destroy?  
And wou'd his Creature, nay his Friend betray him?  
Why then no Bond is left on human kind:  
Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;  
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;  
All must be Rapine, Wars, and Desolation,  
When trust and gratitude no longer bind.

*Bend.* Well have you argued in your own defence:  
You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,  
And turn'd a Rebel to your Native Prince.

*Dorax,* True, I rebell'd: but when did I betray?  
Indignities, which Man cou'd not support,  
Provok'd my vengeance to this noble Crime.  
But he had strip'd me first of my Command,  
Dismiss'd my Service, and absolv'd my Faith;  
And, with disdainful Language, dar'd my worst.  
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.  
Else had you seen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,  
With his couch'd Lance against your foremost *Moors*:

Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day ;  
 Made *Affrick* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

*Bend.* Let me embrace thee.

*Dorax*, Stand off Sycophant,  
 And keep Infection distant.

*Bend.* Brave and honest.

*Dorax*, In spite of thy Temptations.

*Bend.* Call 'em Trials:

They were no more : thy faith was held in Balance,  
 And nicely weigh'd by jealousie of Pow'r ;  
 Vast was the trust of such a Royal Charge ;  
 And our wise Emperour, might justly fear  
*Sebastian* might be freed and reconcil'd,  
 By new Obligements to thy former love.

*Dorax*, I doubt thee still ; thy reasons were too strong,  
 And driv'n too near the head, to be but Artifice.  
 And after all, I know thou art a Statesman,  
 Where truth is rarely found.

*Bend.* Behold the Emperour ;

( *Enter Emp. Seb. and Almeйда.* )

Ask him, I beg thee to be justify'd,  
 If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,  
 And try the footing whether false or firm,

*Dorax*, Death to my Eyes, I see *Sebastian* with him !  
 Must he be serv'd ! avoid him, if we meet,  
 It must be like the crush of Heav'n and Earth,  
 T' involve us both in ruin.

( *Exit Dorax.* )

*Bend.* 'Twas a bare saving game I made with *Dorax*,  
 But better so than lost ; he cannot hurt me,  
 That I precaution'd : I must ruin him.  
 But now this Love ; Ay, there's the gath'ring storm !  
 The Tyrant must not wed *Almeйда* ; no,  
 That ruins all the Fabrick I am raising.  
 Yet seeming to approve it, gave me time,  
 And gaining time gains all.

( *Bendu-*

(*Benducar goes and waits behind the Emperour.*)  
 (*The Emperour; Sebastian and Almeyda advance to the  
 front of the Stage.*) *Guards and Attendants.*

*Emp. to Seb.* I had 'em serve you, and if they obey not,  
 I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,  
 To stop their maws with disobedient Slaves.

*Seb.* If I had Conquer'd,  
 They could not have with more observance waited:  
 Their eyes, hands, feet,  
 Are all so quick they seem t' have but one motion,  
 To catch my flying words. Onely the *Alcayde*  
 Shuns me, and with a grim Civility,  
 Bows, and declines my Walks.

*Emp. A Renegade:*  
 I know not more of him: but that he's brave,  
 And hates your Christian Sect. If you can frame  
 A farther wish, give wing to your desires,  
 And name the thing you want.

*Sebast. My Liberty:*  
 For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,  
 Still I shou'd long to leap the Chrystal walls.

*Emp.* Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted:  
 In former beings; or, struck out together,  
 One spark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal.*  
 Expect a quick deliverance: (turning to *Alm:*) here's a third,  
 Of kindred Soul to both: pity our Stars  
 Have made us Foes! I shou'd not wish her death.

*Almeyda,* I ask no pity; if I thought my Soul  
 Of kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my heart-strings,  
 And tear out that Alliance: but thou *Viper*  
 Hast cancell'd kindred, made a rent in Nature,  
 And through her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way,  
 Through thy own Bloud to Empire.

*Emper.* This again: —  
 And yet she lives; and only lives t' upbraid me.

*Sebast.* What honour is there in a Womans death!  
 Wrong'd as she says, but helpless to revenge;  
 Strong in her Passion, impotent of Reason,  
 Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.  
 Mark her Majestick Fabrick; She's a Temple  
 Sacred by birth, and built by Hands Divine;  
 Her Soul's the Deity, that lodges there:  
 Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

*Emp.* She's all that thou canst say or I can think.  
 But the perverseness of her clam'rous Tongue  
 Strikes Pity deaf.

*Seb.* Then onely hear her Eyes;  
 Though they are mute they plead; nay more, command;  
 For beauteous Eyes have Arbitrary Power.  
 All Females have prerogative of Sex,  
 The Shes ev'n of the salvage herd are safe;  
 And when they snarl or bite, have no return  
 But Courtship from the Male.

*Emp.* Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*,  
 She's Mistress of unevitable Charms,  
 For all but me; nor am I so exempt,  
 But that — I know not what I was to say —  
 But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;  
 And sway'd by your Advice.

*Sebast.* Sir, I advis'd not.  
 By Heav'n, I never counsell'd Love but Pity.

*Emp.* By Heav'n thou didst: deny it not, thou didst:  
 For what was all that Prodigality  
 Of praise, but to enflame me? —

*Sebast.* Sir, —

*Emp.* No more:  
 Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my Love.

*Seb.* Was ever Man so ruin'd by himself! (*Aside.*)

*Almeyda,* Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd  
 To speak a word so soft:  
 Name Death again, for that thou canst pronounce  
 With horrid grace, becoming of a Tyrant.  
 Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,

Where the brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

*Emper.* Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,  
And grapple, and compel their savage Dames.—  
Mark my *Sebastian*, how that sullen frown,  
Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heaven;  
And while it kills delights. But yet, insult not  
Too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no love.

[*She frowns.*]

*Seb.* No Sir, I said so, and I witness for you,  
Not love; but noble pity mov'd your mind:  
Int'rest might urge you too to save her life;  
For those who wish her party lost, might murmur  
At shedding Royal Blood.

*Emp.* Right, thou instruct'st me;  
Int'rest of State requires not Death, but Marriage;  
T' unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

*Seb.* Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead,  
Like Wild-fire thrown against the Wind, returns  
With double force to burn me.

[*Aside.*]

*Emp.* Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe  
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed.—

*Almeyda,* Still thou dissemblest, but I read thy heart,  
And know the power of my own Charms; thou lov'st,  
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou dost.

*Emp.* And thou hast cause.

*Alm.* I have; for I have pow'r to make thee wretched.  
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.

*Emp.* Well then, I love,—  
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it:  
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;  
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,  
Through the parch'd Desarts, and the scorching Sands,  
T' enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

*Alm.* 'Tis a false Courage, when thou threat'nest me;  
Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my Life:  
Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st?  
Lay by the Lions Hide, vain Conqueror,  
And take the Distaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.

*Emp.* Confusion! How thou viewest my very Heart!

I cou'd as soon,  
 Stop a Spring-tide, blown in, with my bare hand,  
 As this impetuous Love:—Yes, I will wed thee;  
 In spite of thee, and of my self, I will.

*Alm.* For what? To people *Affric* with new Monsters,  
 Which that unnatural mixture must produce?

No, were we joyn'd, e'vn tho it were in death,  
 Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,  
 The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,  
 And my divided flame shou'd break from thine.

*Emp.* Serpent, I will engender Poyson with thee;  
 Joyn Hate with Hate, add Venom to the birth;  
 Our Off-spring, like the seed of Dragons Teeth,  
 Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.

*Alm.* I'm calm again; thou canst not marry me.

*Emp.* As gleams of Sun-shine soften storms to show'rs,  
 So, if you smile, the loudness of my rage  
 In gentle Whispers shall return, but this,——  
 That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.

*Alm.* See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Christian;  
 'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief;  
 Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease:  
 Those Fruits come late, and are of slow increase  
 In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy self  
 If this one word destroy not thy designs:  
 Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.

*Emp.* 'Tis but a specious Tale, to blast my hopes,  
 And baffle my pretensions. Speak, *Sebastian*,  
 And, as a King, speak true.

*Sebast.* Then, thus adjur'd,  
 On a King's word 'tis truth, but truth ill tim'd;  
 For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;  
 Unless you wholly can put on Divinity,  
 And graciously forgive.

*Alm.* Now learn by this,  
 The little value I have left for life,  
 And trouble me no more.

*Emp.* I thank thee Woman;

Thou hast restor'd me to my native Rage;  
And I will seize my happiness by force.

*Sebast.* Know *Muley-Moluch* when thou dar'st attempt. —

*Emp.* Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to use  
A Conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.  
If thou wou'dst merit to be thought my Friend,  
I leave thee to perswade her to compliance:  
If not, there's a new gust in Ravishment,  
Which I have never try'd.

*Bend.* They must be watch'd;  
For something I observ'd creates a doubt.

[*aside.*

[*Exeunt* Emperour and Benducar.

*Seb.* I've been too tame, have basely bor'd my Wrongs,  
And not exerted all the King, within me;  
I heard him, O sweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape;  
Nay insolently urg'd me to perswade thee,  
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;  
For whom I suffer Life, and drag this being.

*Alm.* You turn my Prison to a Paradise;  
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Prison:  
In all your Wars good fortune flew before you;  
Sublime you fate in Triumph on her Wheel;  
Till in my fatal Cause your Sword was drawn;  
The weight of my misfortunēs drag'd you down.

*Seb.* And is't not strange, that Heav'n shou'd bless my Arms  
In common Causes, and desert the best?  
Now in your greatest, last extremity,  
When I wou'd, ayd you most, and most desire it,  
I bring but Sighs, the succors of a Slave.

*Alm.* Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,  
To make your flight more easie, leave *Almeyda*.  
Nor think me left a base ignoble Prey,  
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's lust;  
My Virtue is a guard beyond my strength,  
And Death, my last defence, within my call.

*Seb.* Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;  
Tyrants can tye him up from your relief:  
Nor has a Christian privilege to dye.

Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith ;  
*Brutus* and *Cato* might discharge their Souls,  
 And give 'em *Furlo's* for another World :  
 But we, like *Centry's*, are oblig'd to stand  
 In starless Nights, and wait the pointed hour.

*Alm.* If shunning ill be good, then Death is good  
 To those who cannot shun it but by Death :  
 Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,  
 And draw the distant Landshape as they please :  
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,  
 To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws ?  
 I'll venture landing on that happy shoar  
 With an unfully'd Body, and white Mind ;  
 If I have err'd, some kind Inhabitant  
 Will pity a stray'd Soul, and take me home.

*Seb.* Beware of Death, thou canst not dye unperjur'd,  
 And leave an unaccomplish'd Love behind :  
 Thy Vows are mine ; nor will I quit my claim :  
 The tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,  
 Unless the Bodies joyn to seal the Contract.

*Alm.* What Joys can you possess or can I give ?  
 Where groans of Death succeed the sighs of Love.  
 Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe ;  
 But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds  
 His dropping Torch, extinguish'd with his Tears.

*Seb.* The God of Love stands ready to revive it  
 With his ethereal breath.

*Alm.* 'Tis late to joyn, when we must part so soon.

*Seb.* Nay rather let us haste it, ere we part :  
 Our Souls, for want of that acquaintance here,  
 May wander in the starry Walks above,  
 And, forc'd on worse Companions, miss our selves.

*Alm.* The Tyrant will not long be absent hence ;  
 And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.

*Seb.* Wilt thou thy self become the greater Tyrant,  
 And give not Love, while thou hast Love to give ?  
 In dang'rous days, when Riches are a Crime,  
 The wise betimes make over their Estates :

Make oer thy Honour, by a deed of trust,  
And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.

*Alm.* What shall I do! O teach me to refuse!  
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.  
For dire presages fright my Soul by day,  
And boding Visions haunt my Nightly Dreams:  
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of Ghosts;  
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;  
Then, like a dying Eccho, from afar,  
My Mothers Voice, that cries, Wed not *Almeyda*!  
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.

*Seb.* Some envious *Demon*, to delude our joys;  
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love. “

*Alm.* Mine is a flame so holy, and so clear,  
That the white taper leaves no soot behind; “  
No smok of Lust; but chaste as Sister's love,  
When coldly they return a Brothers kiss, “  
Without the zeal that meets at lovers mouths.

*Seb.* Laugh then at fond presages; I had some;  
Fam'd *Nostradamus*, when he took my Horoscope,  
Foretold my Father I shou'd wed with Incest:  
Ere this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;  
And Sisters I had none; vain Augury!  
A long Religious Life, a Holy Age,  
My Stars assign'd me too; impossible.  
For how can Incest suit with Holiness,  
Or Priestly Orders with a Princely State?

*Alm.* Old venerable *Alvarez*!--- (sighing.)

*Seb.* But why that sigh in naming that good Man?

*Alm.* Your Fathers Counsellor and Confident \_\_\_\_\_

*Seb.* He was; and, if he lives, my second Father:

*Alm.* Mark'd our farewell, when going to the fight,  
You gave *Almeyda* for the word of Battel;  
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he discover'd  
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.  
I know it; though my eyes stood full of tears,  
Yet, through the mist, I saw him stedfast gaze:  
Then knock'd his Aged breast, and inward groan'd;

Like some sad Prophet, that foresaw the doom  
Of those whom best he lov'd, and cou'd not save.

*Seb.* It startles me! and brings to my remembrance,  
That, when the shock of Battel was begun,  
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not time)  
Of our hid passion; then, with list'd hands,  
He beg'd me by my Fathers Sacred Soul,  
Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in fight:  
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,  
He had such things to urge against our Marriage,  
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my sword in Battel;  
And dastardize my Courage.

*Alm.* My blood cruddles;  
And cakes about my heart.

*Seb.* I'll breath a sigh, so warm into thy bosom,  
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not  
Thou art a Christian; that produc'd his fear:  
Lest thou shoud'st sooth my Soul with charms so strong,  
That Heav'n might prove too weak.

*Alm.* There must be more:  
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.

*Seb.* Yes, if I drew it, with a curst intent,  
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed;  
It must be so.

*Alm.* Yet ——

*Seb.* No, thou shalt not plead  
With that fair mouth, against the Cause of Love.  
Within this Castle is a Captive Priest,  
My Holy Confessor, whose free access  
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;  
This happy hour his hands shall make us one.

*Alm.* I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,  
To lead my way: half loth and half consenting.  
If, as my Soul fore-bodes, some dire event  
Pursue this Union, or some Crime unknown,  
Forgive me Heav'n; and all ye Blest above,  
Excuse the frailty of unbounded Love.

*Exeunt Ambo.*

Scene

Scene 2. *Suppos'd a Garden; with Lodging Rooms behind it; or on the sides.*

*Enter Musti; Antonio as a Slave; and Johayma the Musti's Wife.*

*Musti.* **A**ND how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a personable Fellow of a Christian Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner: Ha what say'st thou *Johayma*?

*Johayma.* He may make a shift to sow lettice, raise Melons, and water a Garden-plot.

But otherwise a very filthy Fellow; how odiously he smells of his Country garlike! fugh, how he stinks of *Spain*.

*Musti.* Why honey-bird I bought him a purpose for thee; didst not thou say thou long'dst for a Christian Slave?

*Job.* Ah, but the sight of that loathsom creature has almost cur'd me; And how can I tell that he's a Christian? and he were well search'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know.

And besides I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they say that's a Civil Creature, and almost as harmless as your self Husband: speak fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?

*Ant.* I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

*Musti.* To your Occupation Dog; bind up the Jessamines in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly I say, go tightly to your business; you have cost me much; and must earn it in your work; here's plentiful provision for you, rascal, sallating in the Garden, and water in the tanck, and on Holydays the licking of a platter of Rice, when you deserve it.

*Job.* What have you been bred up to Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my service?

[*Antonio making legs.*

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Ladies Service.

I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot: in fine, no Service either by day or by night shall come amifs to me; and besides am of so quick an apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me understand my duty.

[*She winks at him.*

*Anton.* Very fine, she has tipt the wink already. — [ *Aside.*

*Job.* The Whelp may come to something in time, when I have enter'd him into his business.

*Muf.* A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning, you must be taught your distance Sirrah.

(*Strikes him.*)

*Job.* Hold, hold. —

He ha's deserv'd it I confess; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we must not discourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beasts: here you filthy brute you: — take this little Alms, to buy you plaisters.

(*gives him a piece of money*)

*Ant.* Money and a Love-pinch in the inside of my palm into the bargain.

[ *Aside.*

(*Enter a Servant.*

Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

*Muf.* Come in *Johayma*, regulate the rest of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his work.

*Job.* Look how stupidly he stares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I shall teach you Sirrah to know your business, a little better. — — this way you awkward rascal, here lyes the Arbour, must I be showing you eternally?

(*turning him about.*)

*Muf.* Come away Minion; you shall show him nothing.

*Job.* I'll but bring him into the Arbor, where a Rose-tree and a Myrtle are just falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together they wou'd help to keep up one another: — He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

*Muf.* No more deeds of Charity to day; come in, or I shall think you a little better dispos'd than I cou'd wish you.

*Job.* Well, gobefore, I will follow my Pastor.

*Muf.* So you may cast a sheeps eye behind you: In before me. And you, sawciness, mind your pruning knife; or I may chance to use it for you.

*Exeunt Mufti and Jobayma.*

*Ant. alone.* Thank you for that; but I am in no such hast to be made a Musulman. For his Wedlock, with all her haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian shou'd resist, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Christian can resist is another question. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily necessity: Now have I a strange temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens apartment I am sure; and if these Birds are within distance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*pulls out his Flute*) If there be variety of Moors flesh in this Holy Market 'twere madness to lay out all my money upon the first bargain.

[*He plays.*

*A Grate opens and Morayma the Mufti's Daughter appears at it.*

*Anton.* Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morfel worthy of a *Mufti*; this is the relishing bit in secret; this is the Mystery of his Alcoran, that mult be reserv'd from the knowledg of the profane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; see, she beckons too. ———

(*She beckons to him.*)

*Morayma.* Come a little nearer and speak softly.

*Ant.* I come, I come I warrant thee; the least twinckle had brought me to thee; such another kind syllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor and draw me up to thee.

*Mor.* I dare not speak, for fear of being over-heard ; but if you think my Person worth your hazard, and can deserve my love — the rest this Note shall tell you — (throws down a handkerchief.) No more, my heart goes with you.

*Exit from the Grate.*

*Antonio.* O thou pretty little heart ; art thou flown hither, I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new nest : but now for my Treasure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief : No peeping here, though I long to be spelling her Arabick scrawls and pot-hooks. But I must carry off my prize, as Robbers do ; and not think of sharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other Windows. If her wit be as poy-  
nant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer dough to these : Insipid white Earth, meer Tobaccopipe-clay ; With no more Soul and Motion in 'em, than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and sublimes  
The well bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes ;  
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his Trade ;  
His keenest Arrows are in Affrick made.

[*Exit Antonio.*

## A C T. III.

Scene 1. *A Terrace-walk ; or some other publick place  
in the Castle of Alcazar.*

*Emperor Muley-Moluch ; Benducar.*

*Emper.* **M**arry'd ! I'll not believe it ; 'tis imposture ;  
Improbable they shou'd presume t'attempt,  
Impossible they shou'd effect their wish.

*Bend.* Have patience till I clear it.

*Emp.* I have none :

Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lye still,  
And stir not, when the stormy South blows high :  
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my Soul,  
And now 'tis in the madness of the Whirl,  
Requir'st a sudden stop ? unsay thy lye,  
That may in time do somewhat.

*Bend.* I have done :

For, since it pleases you it shou'd be forg'd,  
'Tis fit it shou'd : far be it from your Slave,  
To raise disturbance in your Sacred brest.

*Emp. Sebastian* is my Slave as well as thou ;  
Nor durst offend my love by that presumption.

*Bend.* Most sure he ought not.

*Emp.* Then all means were wanting ;  
No Priest, no Ceremonies of their Sect ;  
Or, grant we these defects cou'd be supply'd,  
How cou'd our Prophet do an Act so base,  
So to resume his gifts, and curse my Conquests  
By making me unhappy ! No, the Slave  
That told thee so absurd a story, ly'd.

*Bend.* Yet, till this moment I have found him faithful :  
He said he saw it too.

*Emp.* Dispatch ; what saw he ?

*Bend.* Truth is, considering with what earnestness,  
*Sebastian* pleaded for *Almeyda's* life,  
 Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise, —

*Emp.* O stupid, and unthinking as I was!  
 I might have mark'd it too: 'twas gross and palpable!

*Bend.* Methought I trac'd a Lover ill disguis'd;  
 And sent my spy, a sharp observing Slave,  
 T'inform me better, if I guess'd aright.  
 He told me, that he saw *Sebastian's* Page  
 Run cross the Marble Square; who soon return'd,  
 And after him there lag'd a puffing Fryar;  
 Close wrap'd he bore some secret Instrument;  
 Of Christian Superstition in his hand:  
 My servant follow'd fast, and through a chink,  
 Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:  
 And heard the hooded Father mumbling charms,  
 That make those Misbelievers Man and Wife.  
 Which done, the Spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,  
 And gave such furious earnest of their flames,  
 That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood  
 Flew flushing o'er their faces.

*Emp.* Hell confound 'em!

*Bend.* The Reverend Father, with a Holy leer,  
 Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:  
 This forc'd my Servant to a quick retreat,  
 For fear to be discover'd; guess the rest.

*Emp.* I do. My fancy is too exquisite,  
 And tortures me with their imagin'd blifs.  
 Some Earthquake shou'd have ris'n, and rent the ground,  
 Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride,  
 In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love. *(Walks disorderly)*

*Enter the Mufti.*

*Bend.* In an unlucky hour *[Aside.*  
 That Fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,  
 And uninstructed how to stem the tide.

*Coming*

*Coming up to the Musti aside.*

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy ;  
Keep to that point ; stand firm, for all's at stake.

*Emperor seeing him.* You, Druggerman of Heaven, must I attend

Your droaning Prayers ? Why came you not before ?  
Do'st thou not know the Captive King has dar'd  
To wed *Almeyda* ? Cancel me that Marriage,  
And make her mine ; about the business, quick,  
Expound thy Mahomet ; make him speak my sense,  
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Musti*,  
Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,  
To wrest and rend the Law to please thy Prince.

*Musti*, Why, verily the Law is monstrous plain :  
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alchoran,  
Which can be wrench'd in favor to your Project.

*Emp.* Forge one, and foist it into some by-place,  
Of some old rotten Roll ; do't, I command thee :  
Must I teach thee thy Trade ?

*Musti*, It cannot be.

For Matrimony being the dearest point  
Of Law, the People have it all by heart :  
A Cheat on Procreation will not pass.

Besides th' offence is so exorbitant, [ *In a higher tone.*  
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,  
That speedy Vengeance wou'd pursue your Crime,  
And holy *Mahomet* launch himself from Heav'n,  
Before th' unready Thunderbolt were form'd.

*Emperor taking him by the Throat with one hand, snatches out his  
Sword with the other, and points it to his Breast.*

*Emp.* Slave, have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,  
To preach against my Will ? Know I am Law ;  
And thou, not *Mahomet's* Messenger, but mine :  
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasure lawful :  
Or first I strip thee of thy ghostly greatness,  
Then send thee post, to tell thy Tale above ;

And

And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet  
Of Justice done below for Disobedience.

*Musti*, For Heaven's sake hold, the respite of a moment,—  
To think for you.

*Emp.* And for thy self.—

*Musti*, For both.

*Bend.* Disgrace, and Death, and Avarice have lost him! [*Aside.*

*Musti*, 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Christian;  
But it forbids you not to ravish her.

You have a Conqueror's right upon your Slave;  
And then, the more despiht you do a Christian,  
You serve the Prophet more who loaths that Sect.

*Emp.* Oh now it mends; and you talk reason, *Musti*.  
But stay! I promis'd freedom to *Sebastian*:  
Now shou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul  
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

*Musti*, Kill him, for then you give him liberty:  
His Soul is from his earthly Prison freed.

*Emp.* How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman  
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws.

*Bend.* Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

*Emp.* Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.

*Bend.* First, since our holy Man has made Rape lawful,  
Fright her with that: proceed not yet to force:  
Why shou'd you pluck the green distastful Fruit  
From the unwilling Bough,  
When it may ripen of it self and fall?

*Emp.* Grant her a day; tho' that's too much to give  
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

*Bend.* Then next, to bar  
All future hopes of her desir'd *Sebastian*,  
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his head.

*Emperor to the Musti.*

Go *Musti*, call him to receive his Orders.  
I taste thy Counsel, her desires new rowz'd,  
And yet unslak'd, will kindle in her fancy,  
And make her eager to renew the Feast.

[*Exit Musti.*

*Bend.*

*Bend. aside.* Dorax, I know before, will disobey :  
 There's a Foe's Head well cropt.—  
 But this hot love precipitates my Plot ;  
 And brings it to projection ere its time.

*Enter Sebastian and Almeyda hand in hand ; upon sight of the  
 Emperor, they separate and seem disturb'd.*

*Almeyda,* He breaks, at unawares, upon our Walks,  
 And like a mid-night Wolf invades the Fold :  
 Make speedy preparation of your Soul,  
 And bid it arm apace : He comes for answer,  
 And brutal mischief sits upon his brow.

*Sebast.* Not the last founding, cou'd surprize me more,  
 That summons drowzy Mortals to their doom,  
 When call'd in haste, they fumble for their Limbs,  
 And tremble unprovided for their charge :  
 My sense has been so deeply plung'd in Joys,  
 The Soul out-slept her hour ; and, scarce awake,  
 Wou'd think too late, and cannot ! But brave Minds  
 At worst can dare their Fate.—

*Emperor coming up to them.*

*Emp.* Have you perform'd  
 Your Embassy, and treated with success ?

*Sebast.* I had not time.

*Emp.* No, not for my Affairs,  
 But for your own too much.

*Sebast.* You talk in Clouds, explain your meaning, Sir:

*Emp.* Explain yours first : What meant you hand in hand,  
 And when you saw me, with a guilty start,  
 You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my presence ?

*Seb.* Affrighted ?

*Emp.* Yes, astonish'd, and confounded.

*Seb.* What mak'st thou of thy self, and what of me ?  
 Art thou some Ghost, some Demon, or some God ?  
 That I shou'd stand astonish'd at thy sight ?  
 If thou cou'dst deem so meanly of my Courage,  
 Why didst thou not engage me man for man,

And

And try the virtue of that *Gorgon Face*,  
To stare me into statue?

*Emp.* Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,  
Thou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpriz'd  
At unexpected baseness brought to light.  
For know, ungrateful man, that Kings, like Gods,  
Are every where; walk in th'abyss of minds,  
And view the dark recesses of the Soul.

*Seb.* Base and ungrateful never was I thought;  
Nor till this turn of fate, durst thou have call'd me;  
But, since thou boast'st th' omniscience of a God,  
Say, in what cranny of *Sebastian's* Soul,  
Unknown to me, so loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

*Emp.* Thou hast not broke my trust repos'd in thee?

*Seb.* Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that falsehood.

*Emp.* Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda*?

*Seb.* Yes.

*Emp.* And own'st the usurpation of my Love?

*Seb.* I own it in the face of Heav'n and thee  
No Usurpation; but a lawful claim,  
Of which I stand posselt.

*Emp.* Sh' has chosen well,  
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

*Almeyda,* Betwixt a Monster and the best of Men.  
He was the envy of his neighb'ring Kings;  
For him their fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,  
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.  
To share his noble Chains is more to me,  
Than all the salvage greatness of thy Throne.

*Seb.* Were I to choose again, and knew my fate,  
For such a night I wou'd be what I am.  
The Joys I have posselt are ever mine;  
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,  
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;  
But bless'd remembrance bring's 'em hourly back.

*Emp.* Hourly indeed, who hast but hours to live:  
O mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!  
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive night,  
And never shalt have more.

• *Seb.* Barbarian, thou canst part us but a moment ;  
 We shall be one again in thy despight :  
 Life is but air,  
 That yields a passage to the whistling Sword,  
 And closes when 'tis gone.

*Alm.* How can we better dye than close embrac'd,  
 Sucking each others Souls while we expire ?  
 Which so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,  
 The Saints deceiv'd, shall by a sweet mistake,  
 Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

*Emp.* No, I'll untwist you :  
 I have occasion for your stay on earth :  
 Let him mount first, and beat upon the Wing,  
 And wait an Age for what I here detain.  
 Or sicken at immortal Joys above,  
 And languish for the Heav'n he left below.

*Alm.* Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has joyn'd ?

*Emp.* Not break the Chain, but change a rotten link,  
 And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong ?  
 Why lingers *Dorax* thus ? Where are my Guards,

[*Benducar goes out for the Guards, and returns.*

To drag that Slave to death ?

[*Pointing to Sebast.*

Now storm and rage,

Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defie him  
 For wanting power to save thee.

*Seb.* That were to gratifie thy Pride: I'll shew thee  
 How a Man shou'd, and how a King dare dye :  
 So even, that my Soul shall walk with ease  
 Out of its flesh, and shut out Life as calmly  
 As it does words ; without a Sigh, to note  
 One struggle in the smooth dissolving frame.

*Almeyda to the Emperor.*

Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhuman Wretch ;  
 Nor hope t' ascend *Sebastian's* holy Bed.  
 Flames, Daggers, Poysons, guard the sacred steps :  
 Those are the promis'd Pleasures of my love.

*Emp.* And these might fright another, but not me.  
 Or me, if I design'd to give you pleasure ;

I seek my own, and while that lasts, you live.

*Enter two of the Guards.*

Go, bear the Captive to a speedy death,  
And set my Soul at ease.

*Alm.* I charge you hold, ye Ministers of death,  
Speak my *Sebastian*;

Plead for thy life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;

'Tis no dishonor, trust me, Love, 'tis none:

I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;

My haughty heart disdains it, ev'n for thee.

Still silent! Will the King of *Portugal*

Go to his death, like a dumb Sacrifice?

Beg him to save my life in saving thine.

*Seb.* Farewel, my life's not worth another word.

*Emp. to the Guards.* Perform your Orders.

*Alm.* Stay, take my farewel too:

Farewel the greatness of *Almeyda's* Soul!

Look, Tyrant, what excess of love can do,

It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet; [Kneels to him.

Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing hands,

Which blister when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,

Thus far I can to save *Sebastian's* life.

*Emp.* A secret pleasure trickles through my Veins:

It works about the inlets of my Soul,

To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the pass;

But the tough metal of my heart resists;

'Tis warm'd with the soft fire, not melted down.

*Alm.* A flood of scalding Tears will make it run,

Spare him, Oh spare; can you pretend to love,

And have no pity? Love and that are Twins.

Here will I grow;

Thus compass you with these supplanting Cords,

And pull so long till the proud *Fabricks* falls.

*Emp.* Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double pleasure  
So to be hugg'd, and see *Sebastian* dye.

*Alm.* Look Tyrant, when thou nam'st *Sebastian's* death,

Thy very Executioners turn pale,

Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade

Of Death, they start at an anointed Head,

And

And tremble to approach :——He hears me not ;  
 Nor minds th' impression of a God on Kings ;  
 Because no stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul ;  
 But the resisting Mass drove back the Seal.  
 Say, though thy heart be rock of Adamant,  
 Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes :  
 Instruct me how to bribe thee : Name thy price ;  
 Lo, I resign my Title to the Crown ;  
 Send me to exile with the Man I love,  
 And banishment is Empire.

*Emp.* Here's my claim ;                    *[Clapping his hand to his Sword.]*  
 And this extinguish'd thine ; thou giv'st me nothing.

*Alm.* My Father's, Mothers, Brothers death I pardon :  
 That's somewhat sure ; a mighty Sum of Murther,  
 Of innocent and kindred blood strook off.  
 My Prayers and Penance shall discount for these,  
 And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me :  
 Behold what price I offer, and how dear  
 To buy *Sebastian's* life.

*Emp.* Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools ;  
 I'll stand the tryal of those trivial Crimes :  
 But, since thou beg'st me to prescribe my terms,  
 The only I can offer are thy love ;  
 And this one day of respite to resolve.  
 Grant or deny, for thy next word is Fate ;  
 And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

*Alm.* May Heav'n be so                    *[Rising up.]*  
 At thy last breath to thine : I curse thee not,  
 For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,  
 Than to be what they are ? That Curse be thine.  
 Now, do not speak *Sebastian*, for you need not,  
 But dye, for I resign your Life : Look Heav'n,  
*Almeyda* dooms her dear *Sebastian's* death !  
 But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt ;  
 The Skyes are hush'd ; no grumbling Thunders roul :  
 Now take your swing, ye impious ; Sin unpunish'd ;  
 Eternal providence seems overwatch'd,  
 And with a slumb'ring Nod assents to Murther.

*Enter Dorax attended by three Soldiers.*

*Emp.* Thou mov'st a Tortoise pace to my relief.  
Take hence that, once a King; that fullen pride  
That swells to dumbness; lay him in the Dungeon,  
And sink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd,  
He shall not groan to hearing, when I send  
The next Commands are death.

*Alm.* Then Prayers are vain as Gurses.

*Emp.* Much at one  
In a Slaves mouth, against a Monarch's Pow'r.  
This day thou hast to think;  
At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly;  
Then I'll provoke thy lips; lay siege so close,  
That all thy sallying breath shall turn to Blessings.  
Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.

*Alm.* Farewel, my last *Sebastian!*  
I do not beg, I challenge Justice now;  
O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar care,  
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?  
Now flash him dead, now crumble him to ashes;  
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;  
And look not idely out upon a World  
That is no longer yours.

*She is carried off struggling, Emperour and Benducar follow.*

*Sebastian struggles in his Guards Arms, and shakes off one of them,  
but two others come in, and hold him; he speaks not all the while.*

*Dor.* I find I'm but a half-strain'd Villain yet;  
But mungril-mischievous; for my Blood boyld,  
To view this brutal act; and my stern Soul  
Tug'd at my arm to draw in her defence.  
Down thou rebelling Christian in my heart;  
Redeem thy fame on this *Sebastian* first;  
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.

[*Aside.*

[*Walks a turn.*

But

But how to right 'em? on a Slave disarm'd,  
 Defenceless, and submitted to my rage?  
 A base revenge is vengeance on my self?     *[walks again.*  
 I have it; and I thank thee, honest head,  
 Thus present to me at my great necessity: —

*[Comes up to Sebastian.*

You know me not?

*Sebast.* I hear Men call thee *Dorax*.

*Dor.* 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you speak too;  
 You were struck mute before.

*Sebast.* Silence became me then.

*Dor.* Yet we may talk hereafter.

*Seb.* Hereafter is not mine: —

Dispatch thy work, good Executioner.

*Dor.* None of my blood were hangmen; add that falshood  
 To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

*Seb.* A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.

*Dor.* A greater summ perhaps than you can pay.  
 Mean time I shall make bold t'increase your debt,

*(gives him his Sword)*

Take this, and use it at your greatest need.

*Seb.* This hand and this, have been acquainted well;  
*(Looks on it.)*

It shou'd have come before into my grasp,  
 To kill the Ravisher.

*Dor.* Thou heardst the Tyrants orders; Guard thy life  
 When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

*Seb.* I'm still without thy meaning but I thank thee.

*Dor.* Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.

*Seb.* Such surly kindness did I never see!

*(Dorax to the Captain of his Guards.)*

*Muza,* draw out a file, pick man by man,  
 Such who dare dye, and dear will sell their death.  
 Guard him to th' utmost; now conduct him hence,  
 And treat him as my Person.

*Seb.* Some-

*Seb.* Something like  
That voice methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard :  
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off ;  
Beyond my kenn of Soul.

[*Exit Sebastian with the Soldiers.*

*Dor.* But I shall bring him back ungrateful Man, [Solus.  
I shall, and set him full before thy sight,  
When I shall front thee, like some staring Ghost,  
With all my wrongs about me. — What so soon  
Return'd ? This halt is boding.

*Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, Musti.*

*Emp.* She's still inexorable, still Imperious ;  
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.  
Be quick, ye false Physicians of my mind,  
Bring speedy Death or Cure.

*Bend.* What can be counsell'd while *Sebastian* lives ?  
The Vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands :  
But that cut down creeps to the next support,  
And twines as closely there.

*Emp.* That's done with ease, I speak him dead : proceed.

*Muf.* Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next,  
That Civil Wars may cease ; this gains the Crowd ;  
Then you may safely force her to your will :  
For People side with violence and injustice,  
When done for publick good.

*Emp.* Preach thou that doctrine.

*Bend.* Th' unreasonable fool has broach'd a truth [Aside.  
That blasts my hopes ; but since 'tis gone so far,  
He shall divulge *Almeyda* is a Christian :  
If that produce no tumult I despair.

*Emp.* Why speaks not *Dorax* ?

*Dor.* Because my Soul abhors to mix with him.  
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far  
To trust the Preaching pow'r on State Affairs,

To him or any Heavenly Demagogue.

'Tis a limb lopt from your Prerogative,  
And so much of Heav'n's Image blotted from you.

*Muf.* Sure thou hast never heard of Holy Men  
(So Christians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;  
Such as in *Spain Ximenes, Albornoz,*  
In *England Woolsey*; match me these with Laymen.

*Dorax.* How you triumph in one or two of these,  
Born to be Statesmen, hap'ning to be Church-men:  
Thou callst 'em holy; so their function was;  
But tell me, *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?  
Next, Sir, to you; the summ of all is this;  
Since he claims pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,  
When 'tis his int'rest, he can int'rest Heav'n  
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend  
On hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

*Emp.* I'll trust his Preaching while I rule his pay.  
And I dare trust my *Affricans*, to hear  
Whatever he dare Preach.

*Dor.* You know 'em not.  
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;  
They scarcely want a Guide to move their madness:  
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,  
Blustering when courted, crouching when oppress'd.  
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the World.  
Restless in change, and perjurd to a Proverb.  
They love Religion sweetn'd to the sense;  
A good, luxurious, palatable faith,  
Thus Vice and Godliness, prepost'rous pair,  
Ride cheek by jowl; but Churchmen hold the Reins.  
And, when ere Kings wou'd lower Clergy greatness,  
They learn too late what pow'r the Preachers have,  
And whose the Subjects are; the *Mufti* knows it;  
Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.

*Emp.* No more; what ere he said was by Command.

*Dor.* Why then no more, since you will hear no more;  
Some Kings are resolute to their own ruin.

*Emp.* Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,  
Obey your Orders, and dispatch *Sebastian*.

*Dor.* Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

*Emp.* What mean'st thou! what's thy wishing to my will;  
Dispatch him, rid me of the Man I loath,

*Dor.* I hear you Sir, I'll take my time and do't —

*Emp.* Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole life  
To my one hour of ease? no more replies,  
But see thou do'st it; Or —

*Dor.* Choak in that threat: I can say Or, as loud.

*Emp.* 'Tis well, I see my words have no effect,  
But I may send a Message to dispose you.

*Dor.* Expect an answer worthy of that Message. *[Is going off.]*

*Muf.* The Prophet ow'd him this: *[Aside.]*  
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

*Bend.* By Holy Alha, I conjure you stay,  
And judge not rashly of so brave a Man.

*(Draws the Emperor aside and whispers him.)*

I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute  
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

*Muf.* *Benducar* is a fool to bring him off, *[Aside.]*  
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.

*Bend.* The Fort is his, the Soldiers hearts are his;  
A thousand Christian Slaves are in the Castle,  
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;  
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,  
Yet in the Christians hands.

*Emp.* I grant all this;  
But grant me he must dye.

*Bend.* He shall; by poyson:  
'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,  
Hot as Hell-fire: — then, to prevent his Soldiers  
From rising to revenge their Generals death,

While

While he is struggling with his Mortal pangs,  
The Rabble on the sudden may be rais'd  
to seize the Castle.

*Emp.* Do't ; 'tis left to thee.

*Bend.* Yet more ; but clear your brow ; for he observes.

*(They whisper again.)*

*Dor.* What will the Fav'rite prop my falling fortunes,  
O Prodigie of Court ! *[Aside.*

Emperor and Benducar return to Dorax.

*Emp.* Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence ;  
I was too hasty to condemn unheard,  
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.  
As far as fits the Majesty of Kings,  
I ask excuse.

*Dor.* I'm sure I meant it well.

*Emp.* I know you did : — this to our love renew'd. —

*[Emperor drinks.*

*Benducar* fill to *Dorax.*

*[Benducar turns and mixes a powder in it.*

*Dor.* Let it go round for all of us have need  
To quench our heats ; 'tis the Kings health *Benducar.* —

*[He drinks.*

And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere poyson.

*Bend.* Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,

*[Drinks out of another Bowl.*

And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your loves. —

*Muf.* Since Charity becomes my calling, thus

Let me provoke your friendship : and heav'n blest it  
As I intend it well. —

*Drinks ; and turning aside pours some drops out of a  
little Vial into the Bowl ; then presents it to Dorax.*

*Dor.* Heav'n make thee honest,  
On that condition we shall soon be friends. —

*[Drinks.  
Mufii.*

*Muf.* Yes, at our meeting in another World ;  
 For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this.  
 Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's Lake,  
 Cou'd sooner numb thy nimble faculties  
 Than this, to sleep eternal.

[*Aside.*

*Emp.* Now farewell *Derax* ; this was our first quarrel,  
 And I dare prophesie will prove our last.

*Exit Emperor with Benducar and the Musti.*

*Der.* It may be so: I'm strangely discompos'd ;  
 Quick shootings through my limbs, and pricking pains,  
 Qualms at my heart, Convulsions in my nerves,  
 Shiv'rings of cold, and burnings of my entrails  
 Within my little World make medley War,  
 Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back ;  
 As momentary Victors quit their ground.  
 Can it be poyson! poyson's of one tenour,  
 Or hot or cold ; this neither, and yet both.  
 Some deadly Draught, some enemy of life  
 Boils in my bowels, and works out my Soul.  
 Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry Clime ;  
 Affrick, the Scene remov'd, is Portugal.  
 Of all Court-service learn the common lot ;  
 To day 'tis done, to morrow 'tis forgot.  
 Oh were that all! my honest Corps must lye  
 Expos'd to scorn, and publick Infamy :  
 My shameful Death will be divulg'd alone ;  
 The worth and honour of my Soul unknown.

[*Exit.*

Scene

Scene 2. *Is a Night Scene of the Mufti's Garden where an Arbour is discover'd.*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* SHE names her self *Morayma*; the *Mufti's* only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the time and place that she appointed in her letter, yet she comes not. Why thou sweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy delay! dar'st thou be false to thy Affignation? What, in the cool and silence of the night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for instructing thee so little in the sweetest point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the rustling of her Silk Mantle. Now she comes; now she comes; no, hang't, that was but the whistling of the wind through the *Orange Trees*. Now again, I hear the pit a pat of a pretty foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken loose and munching upon the Melons: — Oh the misery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en despair, go into my Arbour, and try to sleep; in a dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her. [*Goes into the Arbour and lyes down.*]

*Enter Johayma wrapt up in a Moorish Mantle.*

*Job.* Thus far my love has carry'd me, almost without my knowledg whither I was going: Shall I go on, shall I discover my self! — What an injury am I doing to my old Husband! — Yet what injury, since he's old, and has three Wives and six Concubines besides me! 'Tis but stealing my own Tythe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*]

*Antonio raising himself a little and looking.*

At last 'tis she: this is no illusion I am sure; 'tis a true She-devil of Flesh and Blood; and she cou'd never] have taken a fitter time to tempt me. —

*Job.* He's young and handsome. —

*Ant.* Yes, well enough I thank nature.

[*Aside.*

*Job.* And I am yet neither old nor ugly : sure he will not refuse me.

*Ant.* No, thou mayst pawn thy Maiden-head upon't he wonnot.

[*Aside.*

*Job.* The *Musti* wou'd feast himself upon other Women, and keep me fasting.

*Ant.* O, the holy Curmudgeon!

[*Aside.*

*Job.* Wou'd Preach abstinence, and practice luxury ! but I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his example than his precept.

*Anton.* Most divinely argu'd ; she's the best Casuist in all *Affrick*.

[*Aside.*

*He rushes out and embraces her.*

I can hold no longer from embracing thee my dear *Morayma* : the old unconscionable Whorson thy Father, cou'd he expect cold chastity from a Child of his begetting?

*Job.* What nonsense do you talk ? do you take me for the *Musti's* Daughter ?

*Ant.* Why are you not Madam ?

[*throwing off her* *Barnus* :

*Job.* I find you had an appointment with *Morayma*.

*Ant.* By all that's good, the nauseous Wife.

[*Aside.*

*Job.* What you are confounded and stand mute ?

*Ant.* Somewhat nonplust I confess ; to hear you deny your name so positively ; why are not you *Morayma* the *Musti's* Daughter ? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you ? Were you not so charitable as to give me Money ? Ay and to tread upon my foot, and squeeze my hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours.

*Job.* And you see I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Musti's* Daughter.

*Ant.* Nay, I know not that : but I am sure he is old enough to be your Father : and either Father, or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

*Johayma*, Once again, how came you to name *Morayma* ?

*Ant.* Another damn'd mistake of mine: For, asking one of my fellow Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the house; he answer'd me *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but she it seems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

*Job.* Say your beloved Mistress, if you please; for that's the Title I desire. This Moon-shine grows offensive to my Eyes, come, shall we walk into the Arbor? There we may rectifie all mistakes.

*Ant.* That's close and dark.

*Job.* And are those faults to Lovers?

*Ant.* But there I cannot please my self, with the sight of your beauty.

*Job.* Perhaps you may do better.

*Ant.* But there's not a breath of air stirring.

*Job.* The breath of Lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

*Ant.* I am considering, indeed, that if I am taken with you.—

*Job.* The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discover'd.

*Ant.* Where lodges your Husband?

*Job.* Just against the face of this open Walk.

*Ant.* Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

*Job.* You make so many Difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

*Ant. aside.* If *Morayma* comes and takes me in the Arbor with her, I have made a fine exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

*Job.* You are much fall'n off, let me tell you, from the fury of your first embrace.

*Ant.* I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a qualm of Conscience.

*Job.* Of Conscience! Why, what has Conscience to do with two young Lovers that have opportunity?

*Ant.* Why truly Conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters: But how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Master?

*Job.*

*Job.* There must be something more in it; for your Conscience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma*.

*Ant.* I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter: For then I might have made you an honorable amends by Marriage.

*Job.* You Christians are such pecking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moon-shine.

*Ant.* And you Affricans are such Termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: Go back to your Chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the sweet Devil may have more power over me: I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

*Job.* Flesh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what Vengeance is in store for refusing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love: — Help, Help, there; will no body come to my assistance?

*Ant.* What do you mean, Madam, for Heaven's sake peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

*Job.* Ingrateful Wretch, thou deserv'st no pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I shall be ravish'd: The Villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed Creature.

*Ant.* Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me: I must drown her clamor what e'er comes on't.

*He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.*

*Enter the Musti in his Night-gown, and two Servants.*

*Musti,* O thou Villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What ravishing the Wife of my Bosom? Take him away,

away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of such a Monster.

[*Servants seize him.*]

*Ant.* Mercy, dear Master, Mercy: Hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

*Musti,* I have heard the out-crys of my Wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: Seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the Lamb lye bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that evidence sufficient of the Murther? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

*Ant.* Pray think in reason, Sir, is a Man to be put to death for a similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: The Lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

*Job.* How's that, Villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

*Ant.* Be patient Madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

*Job. aside.* I understand him; but I fear, 'tis now too late to save him:——Pray hear him speak, Husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

*Musti,* Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honor?

*Job.* I forgive him freely; for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

*Ant.* Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

*Musf.* But, did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

*Job.* In my Conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

*Musf.* 'Tis impossible: Then what meant all those out-crys?

*Job.* I heard Musick in the Garden, and at an unseasonable time of night; and I stole softly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

*Musf.* How's that *Jobayma*? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

*Job.*

*Job.* Why not, my Lord? Am not I the Mistress of the Family? And is it not my place to see good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the Shee-slaves to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his arms, with such a fury.—

*Muf.* I have heard enough, away with him.—

*Job.* Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my self, and cry'd aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some Serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

*Muf.* O thou corrupter of my Family, that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

*Job.* What, for an intended Trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred Crowns I take it.—

*Muf.* Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum: He shall not dye, tho he had committed folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

*Ant.* My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

*Muf.* To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortifie your flesh, and consider in whose Family you are.

*Job.* And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

*Muf. aside.* For all her smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousie; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[Exit *Mufi* with *Johayma* and *Servants*.]

*Ant.* I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly Counsel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor Sin lyes dormant, Concupiscence is retir'd to his winter

ter

ter quarters; and if *Morayma* shou'd now appear, I say no more, but alas for her and me!

(*Morayma comes out of the Arbour; she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*)

*Morayma*, And if *Morayma* shou'd appear, as she does appear, alas you say for her and you!

*Antonio*, Art thou there, my sweet temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my all!

*Morayma*, A mighty Complement, when all these, by your own Confession, are just nothing.

*Ant.* Nothing, till thou can'st to new create me; thou dost not know the power of thy own Charms: let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn wicked.

*Morayma stepping back.* Nay, if you are so dangerous, 'tis best keeping you at a distance; I have no mind to warm a frozen Snake in my bosom; he may chance to recover, and sting me for my pains.

*Ant.* Consider what I have suffer'd for thy sake already; and make me some amends: two disappointments in a night, O cruel Creature!

*Mor.* And you may thank your self for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my time, through the back walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a fresh-water Soldier, stood guarding the Pass before: if you mis'd the Enemy, you may thank your own dulness.

*Anton.* Nay, if you will be using stratagems, you shall give me leave to make use of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

*Mor.* By your favour, Sir, we meet upon treaty now, and not upon defiance.

*Ant.* If that be all, you shall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

*Mor.* No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma*: Any thing to serve you Madam; I shall refuse no drudgery: whose words were those.

Gentleman) was that like a Cavalier of honour?

*Anton.* Not very heroick; but self preservation is a point above Honour and Religion too ——— *Antonio* was a Rogue I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

*Mor.* To beg your life so basely; and to present your Sword to your Enemy; Oh Recreant!

*Ant.* If I had died honourably, my fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the blast: Come, don't make your self worse natur'd than you are: to save my life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing.

*Mor.* Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform nothing.

*Ant.* Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma*?

*Mor.* No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I must have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck. In short, I am younger; I think handsomer; and am sure I love you better, she has been my step-mother these fifteen years: you think that's her face you see, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard: she wears an Armour of proof upon't: an inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash: her Face is so fortifi'd that you can make no approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort, she will love till death, I mean till yours: for when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy memory in her favours. She has made my pious Father a three pil'd Cuckold to my knowledg: and now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

*Ant.* Prithce prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

*Mor.* No; I'll have a Butchers Pen'worth of you; first secure the Carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

*Ant.* Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this trouble, for a dry come off: by this hand --- (taking it:)

*Mor.* Which you shall never touch; but upon better assurances than you imagine. (Pulling her hand away.)

*Ant.* I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

*Mor.* I mean you shall: but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness: there's love enough to be had, and as much as you

you can turn you to; never doubt it, but all upon honourable terms.

*Ant.* I vow and swear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

*Mor.* But never to be trusted in any: he has another name too, of a worse sound. Shall I trust an Oath, when I see your Eyes languishing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? no, I'll not come near you: He's a foolish Physician who will feel the pulse of a Patient, that has the Plague-spots upon him.

*Ant.* Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue so perversly against so good a Cause! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

*Mor.* You would feign be fingring your Rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill Husband ever after. Consider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you shall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard task on't, to make even at the years end, and yet to live decently.

*Ant.* I came with a Christian intention, to revenge my self upon thy Father; for being the head of a false Religion.

*Mor.* And so you shall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but since you are so pressing, meet me under my Window, to morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll slip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my hand.

*Ant.* How, thy Father!

*Mor.* I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole contents, his heart, and Soul; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his Alchoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Postern gate, with two Horses ready saddled: no more, for I fear, I may be mis'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me, --- if you have constancy and Courage. —

*Ant.* Never doubt it: and love, in abundance to wander with thee all the World over. ( ket! —

*Mor.* The value of twelve hundred thousand Crowns in a Caf-

*Ant.* A heavy burden Heaven knows! but we must pray for patience to support it.

*Mor.* Besides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you:— Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to shew I am in Charity — *(He kisses her.)*

*Ant.* Once more, for pity; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

*Mor.* No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: and besides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: that's enough — but if you will be nibbling, here's a hand to stay your stomach. *(Kissing her hand.)*

*Anton.* Thus Conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may cease,  
Are forc'd to give their hands, and sign the Peace.

*Mor.* Thus Christians are outwitted by the Foe;  
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.  
If you release my hand, the fault's not mine;  
You shou'd have made me seal, as well as sign.

*She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.*

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Act.

## A G T IV.

Scene 1. Benducar's Pallace in the Castle of Alcazar.

*Bend.* MY future Fate, the colour of my life, ( *Solus.*  
 My all depends on this important hour:  
 This hour my Lott is weighing in the Scales,  
 And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.  
*Almeyda* and a Crown, have push'd me forward;  
 'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant must not ravish her:  
 He and *Sebastian* stand betwixt my hopes;  
 He most; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.  
 These and a thousand things are to be done  
 In the short compass of this rowling Night,  
 And nothing yet perform'd,  
 None of my Emisseries yet return'd.

*Enter Haly—, First Servant.*

Oh *Haly*, thou hast held me long in pain.  
 What hast thou learnt of *Dorax*? is he dead?  
*Haly*, Two hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;  
 All doors are shut, no Servant peeps abroad;  
 Some Officers with striding haist pass'd in,  
 While others outward went on quick dispatch;  
 Sometimes hush'd silence seem'd to reign within;  
 Then Cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;  
 Then Lights went gliding by, from room to room,  
 And shot like thwarting Meteors cross the house:  
 Not daring farther to enquire: I came  
 With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.

*Bend.*

*Bend.* Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:  
 His mournful Friends, summon'd to take their leaves,  
 Are throng'd about his Couch, and sit in Council,  
 What those Caballing Captains may design,  
 I must prevent,  
 By being first in Action.  
 To *Muley Zeydan* fly with speed, desire him  
 To take my last instructions; tell th' importance  
 And hast his presence here.

( *Exit Haly.* )

How has this Poison lost its wonted way?  
 It shou'd have burnt its passage, not have linger'd  
 In the blind Labyrinths and crooked turnings  
 Of human Composition; now it moves  
 Like a slow Fire that works against the Wind,  
 As if his stronger Stars had interpos'd.

*Enter Hamet.*

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?  
 From *Mustafa*, what Message?

*Hamet*, What you wish:

The streets are thicker in this noon of Night:  
 Than at the Mid-day Sun: a drowzy horror  
 Sits on their Eyes, like fear not well awake,  
 All crowd in heaps, as at a Night Alarm  
 The Bees drive out upon each others backs,  
 T' imboss their Hives in clusters; all ask news:  
 Their busie Captain runs the weary round  
 To whisper Orders; and commanding silence  
 Makes not noise cease; but deafens it to murmurs.

*Bend.* Night wasts apace: when, when will he appear?

*Hamet*, He only waits your Summons.

*Bend.* Hast their coming.

Let secrecy and silence be enjoind  
 In their close march: what news from the Lieutenant?

*Hamet*, I left him at the Gate, firm to your Interest,  
 T' admit the Townsmen at their first appearance.

*Bend.*

*Bend.* Thus far 'tis well: go hasten *Mustafa*.

( *Exit Ham.*

*Enter Orchan the Third Servant.*

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy diligence  
Wou'd lag behind the rest? what from the *Musti*?

*Orchan*, I fought him round his Palace; made enquiry  
Of all the Slaves: in short, I us'd your name  
And urg'd th' importance home; but had for answer  
That since the shut of Evening none had seen him.

*Bend.* O the curst fate of all Conspiracies!  
They move on many Springs, if one but fail  
The restiff *Machine* stops. — In an ill hour he's absent;  
'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last  
That e'er a *Musti* was not in the way,  
When Tumult and Rebellion shou'd be broach'd.  
Stay by me; thou art resolute and faithful;  
I have Employment worthy of thy Arm.

( *Walks.*

*Enter Muley Zeydan.*

*Muley Zeyd.* You see me come impatient of my hopes,  
And eager as the Courser for the Race:  
Is all in readiness?

*Bend.* All but the *Musti*.

*Mul. Zeyd.* We must go on without him.

*Bend.* True we must;

For 'tis ill stopping in the full Career,  
How e'er the leap be dangerous and wide.

*Orchan looking out.* I see the blaze of Torches from afar;  
And hear the trampling of thick beating feet;  
This way they move.

*Bend.* No doubt the Emperour.  
We must not be surpriz'd in Conference.  
Trust to my management the Tyrants death;

And

And hast your self to join with *Mustafa*.  
 The Officer who guards the Gate is yours;  
 When you have gain'd that Pass, divide your Force;  
 Your self in Person head one chosen half,  
 And march t' oppres the Faction in Consult  
 With dying *Dorax*: Fate has driv'n 'em all  
 Into the Net: you must be bold and sudden:  
 Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet  
 With pangs of Death, trust not his rowling Eyes  
 And heaving gasps; for Poison may be false,  
 The home-thrust of a friendly Sword is sure.

*Mul. Zeyd.* Doubt not my Conduct: they shall be surpriz'd;  
 Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,  
 At Morn I'll take her in. ———

*Bend.* Here lies your way,  
 You meet your Brother there.

*Mul. Zeyd.* May we ne'er meet:  
 For, like the Twins of *Leda*, when I mount  
 He gallops down the Skies. ———

*Exit Muley Zeyd.*

*Bend.* He comes: now Heart  
 Be rib'd with Iron for this one attempt:  
 Set ope thy Sluces, send the vigorous bloud  
 Through every active Limb for my relief:  
 Then, take thy rest within thy quiet Cell,  
 For thou shalt drum no more.

*Enter Muley Moluch and Guards attending him.*

*Mul. Mol.* What news of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax*?  
 Is he no more? say that, and make me happy.

*Bend.* May all your Enemies be like that Dog,  
 Whose parting Soul is lab'ring at the Lips.

*Mul. Mol.* The People, are they rais'd?

*Bend.* And Marshall'd too;  
 Just ready for the March.

*Mul. Mol.* Then I'm at ease.

*Bend.*

*Bend.* The Night is yours, the glitt'ring Hoast of Heav'n  
Shines but for you; but most the Star of Love,  
That twinckles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed.  
Oh there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,  
Dissolve in pleasures;  
And make the gods curse Immortality,  
That so they cou'd not dye.  
But haste, and make 'em yours.

*Mul. Mol.* I will; and yet  
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my Heart;  
My flagging Soul flies under her own pitch;  
Like Fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,  
As if she were a body in a body,  
And not a mounting substance made of Fire.  
My Senses too are dull and stupifi'd,  
Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,  
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Soul,  
To tell me Fate's at hand.

*Bend.* Mere Fancies all.  
Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body,  
And drunk so deep a Draught of promis'd bliss,  
She slumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,  
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feast.

*Mul. Mol.* It may be so; it looks so like the Dream  
That overtook me at my waking hour  
This Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,  
When all the balmy Vapors are exhal'd,  
And some o'er-pow'ring God continues sleep.  
'Twas then methought *Almeyda*, smiling, came  
Attended with a Train of all her Race,  
Whom in the rage of Empire I had murther'd.  
But now, no longer Foes, they gave me Joy  
Of my new Conquest, and with helping hands  
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's arms,  
Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

*Bend.* Good Omen, Sir, I wish you in that Heaven  
Your Dream portends you.  
Which presages death.——

*Mul. Mol.* Thou too wert there ;  
And thou methought didst push me from below,  
With thy full force to Paradise.

*Bend.* Yet better.

*Mul. Mol.* Ha ! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee ?

*Bend.* Why ask you Sir ?

*Mul. Mol.* For he was in my Dream ;  
And help'd to heave me up.

*Bend.* With Pray'rs and Wishes ;  
For I dare swear him honest.

*Mul. Mol.* That may be ;  
But yet he looks Damnation.

*Bend.* You forget,  
The Face wou'd please you better : Do you love,  
And can you thus forbear ?

*Mul. Mol.* I'll head my People ;  
Then think of dalliance, when the danger's o'er.  
My warlike Spirits work now another way ;  
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.

*Bend.* You debase your self,  
To think of mixing with th' ignoble Herd.  
Let such perform the servile Work of War,  
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy.  
What shall the People know their God-like Prince  
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmish ? Stole a Conquest,  
Headed a Rabble, and profan'd his Person,  
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure,  
And stifled with their rank offensive Sweat ?

*Mul. Mol.* I am off again : I will not prostitute  
The Regal Dignity so far, to head 'em.

*Bend.* There spoke a King.  
Dismiss your Guards to be employ'd elsewhere  
In ruder Combats : You will want no Seconds  
In those Alarms you seek.

*Mul. Mol.* Go joyn the Crowd ; [to the Guards.  
*Benducar,* thou shalt lead 'em, in my place. [Exeunt Guards.  
The God of Love once more has shot his Fires

Into

Into my Soul ; and my whole Heart receives him.

*Almeyda* now returns with all her Charms ;

I feel her as she glides along my Veins,

And dances in my Blood : So when our Prophet

Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,

Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,

A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by ;

Passing she cast at him a side-long glance,

And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd :

He took the hint, embrac'd the flying Fair ;

And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. [*Exit* *Mul. Mol.*]

*Bend.* That Paradise thou never shalt possess.

His death is easie now, his Guards are gone ;

And I can sin but once to seize the Throne.

All after Acts are sanctify'd by pow'r.

*Orchan.* Command my Sword and Life.

*Bend.* I thank thee *Orchan*,

And shall reward thy Faith : This Master Key

Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Person :

And shou'd we miss our blow, as Heav'n forbid,

Secures retreat : Leave open all behind us ;

And first set wide the *Musti's* Garden Gate,

Which is his private passage to the Palace :

For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,

And thence we may have aid. Now sleep ye Stars

That silently o'erwatch the fate of Kings ;

Be all propitious Influences barr'd,

And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.

[*Exit with Orchan.*]

### *A Night Scene of the Musti's Garden.*

*Enter the Musti alone, in a Slave's habit, like that of Antonio.*

*Musti,* This 'tis to have a sound Head-piece ; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion ; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my self. For

what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this night: I have mew'd up my suspected Spouse in her Chamber. No more Embassies to that lusty young Stallion of a Gardiner. Next my habit of a Slave; I have made my self aslike him as I can, all but his youth and vigor; which when I had, I pass'd my time as well as any of my Holy Predecessors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, if *Johayma* look out, she will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I shall know what Concupiscence is working in her; she cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my safety; but if she peep, if she put her Nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the first precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

*Enter Morayma running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

*Mor.* Now I can embrace you with a good Conscience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

*Muf.* I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didst thou know me in this disguise? And what Pearls and Jewels dost thou mean?

*Mor. going back.*—What have I done, and what will now become of me!

*Muf.* Art thou mad, *Morayma*?

*Mor.* I think you'll make me so.

*Muf.* Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy self, and speak sense to me.

*Mor.* Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of Fathers.

*Muf.* Did I think I had begotten such a Monster? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

*Mor.* You have been raking together a mass of Wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the Spoils of Orphans are in these Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in these Pearls.

*Muf.* Thou amazest me!

*Mor.* I wou'd do so. This Casket is loaded with your Sins ; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions ; the Iniquity of thirty Years Mustifhip, converted into Diamonds.

*Muf.* Wou'd some rich rayling Rogue would fay as much to me, that I might squeeze his Purfe for scandal.

*Mor.* No Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Raylers, when you insinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies when they dye. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your Theft ? I discharge my Conscience of it : Here take again your filthy Mammon, and restore it you had best to the true Owners.

*Muf.* I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

*Mor.* And a great credit for me to be so : Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be disguis'd like a Slave, and eves-dropping under the Womens Windows, to be saluted, as you deserve it richly, with a Piss-pot : If I had not known you casually by your shambling gate, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own Servants ; who have been in search of you through your whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

*Muf.* Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings ; they are but a little of the pitch and spots of the World that are still sticking on me ; but I hope to scour 'em out in time : I am better at bottom than thou think'st ; I am not the Man thou tak'st me for.

*Mor.* No, to my sorrow Sir you are not.

*Muf.* It was a very odd beginning, tho' methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm embrace ; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot Hug ?

*Mor.* I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

*Muf.* But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a close Embrace ?

*Mor.*

*Mor.* No indeed; for my Mother in Law complains, that you are past teaching: But if you mistook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

*Muf.* Why, this is as it shou'd be now: Take the Treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

*Mor.* Yes, to my knowledg but it might. I have confess'd my Soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you till this night, and now since through the violence of my Passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that upon the first opportunity I may go for ever from your sight; for Heaven knows, I never desire to see you more.

*Muf. Wiping his Eyes.* Thou mak'st me weep at thy unkindness; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

*Mor.* Indeed dear Daddy but we will.

*Muf.* Why if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without offence to his own Child: Here take the jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

*Mor.* Well then, in vertue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

*Muf.* Meaning mine, I know it.

*Mor.* Meaning his whom I love better than my life.

*Muf.* That's me again.

*Mor.* I wou'd have you think so.

*Muf.* How thy good nature works upon me; well I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to rise to Night.

*Enter Antonio in an Affrican rich habit.*

*Ant.* What do you mean my Dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath *Johayma's* Window? (to the *Muffi*) You are well met Comerade, I know you are the friend of our flight? are the horses ready at the postern gate?

*Muf.*

*Muf.* Antonio, and in disguise! now I begin to smell a rat.

*Ant.* And I another, that out-stinks it; false *Morayma*, hast thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

*Mor.* Alas, I was betray'd my self: He came disguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his hands.

*Muf.* In good time you did so; I laid a trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worse Vermine has caught himself in it: you wou'd fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my comfort.

[Antonio, taking him by the throat.]

No; I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have giv'n thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue shall Preach no more false Doctrin.

*Mor.* What do you mean? you will not throttle him? consider he's my Father.

*Ant.* Prithee let us provide first for our own safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

*Mor.* You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little cranny of his Wind-pipe, and some part of Speech.

*Ant.* Not so much as one single Interjection: Come away Father-in-Law, this is no place for Dialogues, when you are in the Mosque you talk by hours, and there no Man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.

[He struggles.]

Nay if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

(Pulls him along the Stage; with his Sword at his reins.)

*Mor.* T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make hast before we are discover'd.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

*Mor.* Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Mistress.

*Ant.* I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in silence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

*Job.* At the Balcony. — A Bird in a Cage may peep at least; though she must not fly; what bustle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my hopes, I know him by his habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and hasting hence? this is no time for silence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servants, why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Hassan* and the rest, make hast and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and stop 'em.

[*Antonio turning back.*]

O that Schrieck Owl at the Window! we shall be pursu'd immediatly; which way shall we take?

(*Morayma giving him the Casket.*)

'Tis impossible to escape them; for the way to our Houses lyes back again by the House; and then we shall meet 'em full in the teeth; here take these Jewels; thou may'st leap the Walls and get away.

*Ant.* And what will become of thee then poor kind Soul?

*Mor.* I must take my fortune; when you are got safe into your own Country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who lov'd you!

*Ant.* It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; besides I shou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy Fathers sins about me, thou and they had been a bargain.

*Mor.* Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

*Ant.* No; they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* I hear 'em coming; shift for your self at least; remember I am yours for ever.

(*Servants crying this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*)

*Ant.* And I but the empty shadow of my self without thee! farewell Father-in-Law, that shou'd have been, if I had not been curst in my Mothers belly — Now which way fortune. —

(*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*)

*Servants within.* Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.

*Ant.* O here's a gate open; but it leads into the Castle; yet I must venture it. [Going out.]

(A shout behind the Scenes where *Antonio* is going out)

*Ant.* There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight! — however 'tis good herding in a Crowd.

[*Runs out.*]

(*Mufti runs to Morayma and lays hold on her, then snatches away the Casket.*)

*Muf.* Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my flesh and blood, but these are my Life and Soul.

*Mor.* Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and keep to your self your Life and Soul.

*Muf.* Both or none; come away to durance.

*Mor.* Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have another trick to play you; and thank your self for what shall follow.

[*Enter Servants.*]

*Job.* From above. One of them took through the private way into the Castle; follow him be sure, for these are yours already.

*Mor.* Help here quickly *Omar Abedin*; I have hold on the Villain that stole my jewels; but 'tis a lusty Rogue, and he will prove too strong for me; what, help I say, do you not know your Masters Daughter?

*Muf.* Now if I cry out they will know my voice ; and then I am disgrac'd for ever : O thou art a venomous Cockatrice !

*Mor.* Of your own begetting. [*The Servants seize him.*

*First Servant.* What a glorious deliverance have you had Madam from this bloody-minded Christian !

*Mor.* Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be punish'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot. (*Takes the Jewels and runs out after Antonio at the same Passage.*)

*First Servant.* I long to be handselling his hide, before we bring him to my Master.

*Second Servant.* Hang him, for an old Covetous Hypocrite : he deserves a worse punishment himself for keeping us so hardly.

*First Servant.* Ay, wou'd he were in this Villains place ; thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus.

[*Beats him.*

*Second Servant.* And thus wou'd I revenge my self of my last beating,

(*He beats him too, and then the rest.*)

*Muf.* Oh, oh, oh !

*First Servant.* Now supposing you were the *Musti*, Sir, — [*Beats him again.*

*Muf.* The Devil's in that supposing Rascal ; I can bear no more ; and I am the *Musti* : Now suppose your selves my Servants, and hold your hands ; an anointed halter take you all.

*First Servant.* My Master ! you will pardon the excess of our zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and so we us'd you.

*Musti.* Ay so I feel you did ; my back and sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter : run I say.

*They*

*(They run to the Gate and the first Servant runs back again.)*

*First Servant.* Sir, the Castle is in a most terrible combustion; you may hear 'em hither.

*Muf.* 'Tis a laudable commotion: The voice of the Mobile is the voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the Slave, and to assume the *Musti*; and then I will return: for the piety of the People must be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

*Exit Musti and Servants.*

*Scene changes to the Castle-yard, and discovers Antonio Mustafa, and the Rabble shouting, they come forward.*

*Ant.* And so at length, as I inform'd you, I escap'd out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

*Muf.* Thou shalt have it, and now defie the *Musti*. 'Tis the first Petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to Tumult; in this second Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am resolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

*Ant.* I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compass it before, and had design'd you a Casket of my Masters jewels too; for I knew the Custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Person, as you are, without a present: But he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em, 'tis a prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of mark about you.

*Muf.* I shall make bold with his Treasure, for the support of my New Government. *[The People gather about him.*

What do these vile Ragga-muffins to near our Person? your favour is offensive to us; bear back there, and make room for honest Men to approach us; these fools and knaves are always im-

rudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deserving, bear back I say.

[*They make a wider Circle.*]

That's dutifully done; now shout to show your Loyalty. (*A great shout*) Hear'st thou that, Slave *Antonio*? these obstreperous Villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beasts they are. For whom do you shout now? who's to Live and Reign? tell me that the wisest of you.

*First Rabble.* Even who you please Captain.

*Must.* La you there; I told you so.

*Second Rabble.* We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

*Third Rabble.* Ay, the Richest of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

*Must.* This last Fellow is a little more sensible than the rest; he has enter'd somewhat into the merits of the Cause.

*First Rabble.* If a poor Man may speak his mind, I think, Captain, that your self are the fittest to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediatly under the People; and thereupon I say, *A Mustafa, A Mustafa.*

(*All Cry*) *A Mustafa, A Mustafa.*

*Must.* I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my Ambition; but alas good People, it must not be: I am contented to be a poor simple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I shall take care to instruct him in the arts of Government; and in his duty to us all: and therefore mark my Cry: *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

*Must.* You see Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

*Antonio.* I observe your Modesty.

*Must.* But for a foolish promise I made once to my Lord *Benducor*, to set up any one he pleas'd.

(*Re-enter the Mufti with his Servants.*)

*Ant.* Here's the Old Hypocrite again ; now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and Glorious Jewels ; they are destin'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

*Must.* Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

(*Mufti, making up to the Mobile.*)

Good People, here you are met together.

*First Rabble.* Ay, we know that without your telling, but why are we met together, Doctor ? for that's it which no body here can tell.

*Second Rabble.* Why to see one another in the Dark ; and to make Holy-day at Midnight.

*Muf.* You are met, as becomes good Mufulmen ; to settle the Nation ; for I must tell you, that though your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

*Ant.* What stuff he talks !

*Muf.* 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, Slave *Antonio* ; he has a rare tongue ; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock of Elephant !

*Ant. Aside.* What a Block have I to work upon, [*To him.*]  
But still remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

*Muf.* Nay that's true on t'other side : the Jewels must be mine ; but he has a pure fine way of talking ; my Conscience goes along with him, but the Jewels have set my heart against him.

*Muf.* That your Emperor is a Tyrant is most manifest ; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you ; and is taking your Religion away.

*Second Rabble.* We find that in our decay of Trade ; I have seen for these hunder'd years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

*Musti.* He is now upon the point of Marrying himself, without your Sovereign consent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

*Third Rabble.* A-scoulding, domineering Wife, if she prove honest; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

*Musti.* No, the natural effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget these Children? Even upon a Christian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to swear it upon the *Alcoran*! Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

*Must.* That's fine, in earnest; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

*Ant.* But yet remember.——

*Must.* Ay, Ay, the Jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my Conscience makes me listen to him.

*Musti.* Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Ancestors; remember the Majesty of the People; remember your selves, your Wives and Children; and lastly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all these require your timous assistance; shall I say they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest Tyes of these three P's Self-Preservation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous cheerful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader to a glorious Deliverance.

(*All cry, A Mufti, A Mufti, and are following him off the Stage.*)

*Ant.* Now you see what comes of your foolish Qualms of Conscience: The Jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

*Must.* What am I forsaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deserters; and hear me speak.

*1st. Rabble.* What will he come with his Balderdash, after the *Mufti's* eloquent Oration?

2d. *Rabble*, He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

*Omnes*, Speak Captain, for we will hear you.

*Must.* Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of Houses, your rummaging of Cellars, your demolishing of Christian Temples, and bearing off in triumph the superstitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were sentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seiz'd? Answer first for your remembrance, of all these sweetnesses of Mutiny; for upon those Grounds I shall proceed.

*Omnes*, Yes we do remember, we do remember.

*Must.* Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to those Honey-Combs? Your *Musti*? No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durst not lead you; he was but your Counsellor, but I was your Captain; he only lood you, but 'twas I that led you.

*Omnes*, That's true, that's true.

*Ant.* There you were with him for his Figures.

*Must.* I think I was, Slave *Antonio*. Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.—Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Musti*? Or a *Musti* for your Captain? And further to instruct you how to Cry, Will you have a *Musti*, or no *Musti*?

*Omnes*, No *Musti*, no *Musti*.

*Must.* That I laid in for'em, Slave *Antonio*.—

Do I then spet upon your Faces? Do I discourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundering? You may think I do, Believers, but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all these laudable Undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the Government; but you shall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Instigation.

3d. *Rabble*, Nay, when his turn is serv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Restitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

1st. *Rabble*, He may indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis Sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion,

ligion, wh<sup>o</sup> half the Commandments shou'd be taken away, the rest mollifi'd, and there shou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

*Omnes*, Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

*Must*. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little Inspiration: For I must tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Pease out of my Ear; rest satisfi'd 'till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depose the *Musti*.

*Ant*. And good reason; for when Kings and Queens are to be discarded, what shou'd Knaves do any longer in the pack?

*Omnes*, He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

*Must*. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Blessing, 'tis but justice they shou'd have the first fruits of it.—*Slave Antonio*, take him into custody; and dost thou hear, Boy, be sure to secure the little transitory Box of Jewels: If he be obstinate, put a civil Question to him upon the Rack, and he squeaks I warrant him.

*Ant*. *seizing the Musti*. Come my *quondam* Master, you and I must change Qualities.

*Musti*, I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me, we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Flesh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

*Must*. Now, late *Musti*, not forgetting my first Quarrel to you, we will enter our selves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to sanctifie a Work, and begin a God's name.

*1<sup>st</sup> Rabble*, Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the last *Mob*.

*Mob*. But he takes care of this himself.

*As they are going out enter Benducar leading Almeyda: He with a Sword in one hand; Benducar's Slave follows with Muly-Moluch's Head upon a Spear.*

*Must*. Not

Not so much hast Masters, come back again: you are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word of Plunder. Here's a sight for you: the Emperour is come upon his head to visit you; [*Bowing*] Most Noble Emperour, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all shout.*]

[*Benducar to Almeyda apart.*] Think what I am, and what your self may be, In being mine: refuse not proffer'd Love that brings a Crown.

[*Almeyda to him.*] I have resolv'd, And these shall know my thoughts.

*Bend. to her.* On that I build. — (*He comes up to the Rabble.*)

Joy to the People for the Tyrants Death!  
Oppression, Rapine, Banishment and Bloud  
Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue  
That lyes for ever still.

How is my grief divided with my joy,  
When I must own I kill'd him! bid me speak,  
For not to bid me, is to disallow  
What for your sakes is done.

*Mustafa.* In the name of the People we command you speak:  
But that pretty Lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a likeing to her Person, be not afraid Lady to speak to these rude Ragga-muffians: there's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their stink, and please you. [*Making a Legg.*]

*Almeyda.* Why shou'd I fear to speak who am your Queen?  
My peacefull Father sway'd the Scepter long;  
And you enjoy'd the Blessings of his Reign,  
While you deserv'd the name of *Africans*.  
Then not commanded, but commanding you,  
Fearless I speak: know me for what I am.

*Bend.* How she assumes! I like not this beginning. [*aside*]

*Almeyda.* I was not born so base, to flatter Crowds,  
And move your pittie by a whining tale:  
Your Tyrant would have forc'd me to his Bed;  
But in th' attempt of that foul brutal Act,  
These Loyall Slaves secur'd me by his Death. [*pointing to Bend.*  
*Bend.*]

*Bend.* Makes she no more of me then of a Slave? [*aside.*  
 Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*to Alm.*  
 To frame a Speech more suiting to the times:  
 The Circumstances of that dire design,  
 Your own despair, my unexpected ayd,  
 my Life endanger'd by his bold defence,  
 And after all, his Death, and your Deliv'rance,  
 Were themes that ought not to be slighted o're.

*Mustafa.* She might have pass'd over all your petty busi-  
 nesses and no great matter: But the Raising of my Rabble is an  
 Exploit of consequence; and not to be mumbled up in silence  
 for all her pertness.

*Almeyda.* When force invades the gift of Nature, Life,  
 The eldest Law of nature bids defend: [*ours:*  
 And if in that defence, a Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not  
 Suffice it that he's Dead: all wrongs dye with him;  
 When he can wrong no more I pardon him:  
 Thus I absolve my self; and him excuse,  
 Who sav'd my life, and honour; but praise neither.

*Benducar.* 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay;  
 But what speak I of payment and reward?  
 Ungratefull Woman, you are yet no Queen;  
 Nor more than a proud haughty *Christian* slave:  
 As such I seize my right. [*going to lay hold on her.*

[*Almyda drawing* Dare not to approach me;  
 [*a Dagger.* Now *Affricans,*  
 He shows himself to you; to me he stood  
 Confest before, and own'd his Insolence  
 T'espouse my person, and assume the Crown,  
 Claym'd in my Right: for this he slew your Tyrant;  
 Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse;  
 Imbas'd your Slavery by his own vileness,  
 And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:  
 Then think me not ungratefull, not to share,  
 Th' Imperial Crown with a presuming Traytor.  
 He says I am a *Christian*; true I am,  
 But yet no Slave: If *Christians* can be thought,  
 Unfit to govern those of other Faith,

'Tis left for you to judge.

*Benducar.* I have not patience ; she consumes the time  
In Idle talk, and owns her false Belief:  
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

[*Almeyda to the People.* No, let me rather dye your sacrifice  
Than live his Tryumph ;

I throw my self into my Peoples armes ;  
As you are Men compassionate my wrongs,  
And as good men Protect me.

[*Antonio aside.* Something must be done to save her.

[*To Mustafa.* This is all address'd to you Sir : She singled  
you out with her eye, as Commander in chief of the Mobility.

*Mustafa.* Think'st thou so Slave *Antonio*?

*Antonio.* Most certainly Sir ; and you cannot in honour but  
protect her, Now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

*Mustafa.* Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards me :  
Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrell as I am, till  
he rais'd himself to power, and consequently to Holyness, by  
marrying his masters Widow : I am resolv'd I'll put forward  
for my self : for why should I be my Lord *Benducars* Fool and  
Slave, when I may be my own fool and his Master ?

*Benducar.* Take her into possession, *Mustafa.*

*Mustafa.* That's better Counsell than you meant it : Yes I  
do take her into possession, and into protection too : what say  
you, Masters, will you stand by me ?

*Omnes.* One and all ; One and all.

*Benducar.* Hast thou betray'd me Traytor?

*Musti* speak & mind 'em of Religion. [*Musti shakes his head.*

*Mustafa.* Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a cold, with  
a Sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four : and be-  
sides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time  
of day, than to cut one anothers throats about Religion. Our  
*Musti* is a Green coat, and the *Christians* is a black coat ; and  
we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black  
shall sweep our spoils. [*Drums within and shouts.*

*Benducar.* Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail :  
The Conquering Troups of *Muley Zeydan*, come  
To crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

*Mustafa.* We will have a fair Tryall of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have dispatch'd with *Muley Zeydan*, your Lordship shall march in equall proportions of your body, to the four gates of the City; and every Tower shall have a Quarter of you, [Antonio draws them up and takes Almeyda by the hand  
[Shouts again and Drums.

*Enter Dorax and Sebastian attended by Affrican Soldiers and Portugueses.* (*Almeyda and Sebastian run into each others armes and both speak together.*

*Seb. and Alm.* My Sebastian! My Almeyda!

*Alm.* Do you then live?

*Seb.* And live to love thee ever.

*Bend.* How! *Dorax* and *Sebastian* still alive!

The Moors and Christians joyn'd! I thank thee Prophet.

*Dorax.* The Citadell is ours; and *Muley Zeydan* Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince. Lay down your armes: such base Plebeian blood Would only stain the brightness of my Sword, And blunt it for some nobler work behind.

*Must.* I suppose you may put it up without offence to any man here present? For my part, I have been Loyall to my Sovereign Lady: though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Musti*, would have corrupted me; but if those two scape publick Justice, then I and all my late honest Subjects here, deserve hanging.

[ *Benducar* I'm sure I did my part to poyson thee, to *Dorax.* ] What Saint so'e're has Sodder'd thee again. A Dose less hot had burst through ribs of Iron.

*Muf.* Not knowing that, I poyson'd him once more, And drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold That, had't not thou prevented, had congeal'd The channell of his blood, and froze him dry.

*Bend.* Thou interposing Fool, to mangle mischief, And think to mend the perfect work of Hell.

*Dorax.* Thus, when Heaven pleases, double poysons cure. I will not tax thee of Ingratitude

To me thy Friend, who hast betray'd thy Prince :  
 Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee.  
 But fate it seems reserv'd the worst of men  
 To end the worst of Tyrants.  
 Go bear him to his fate.

And send him to attend his Masters Ghost.  
 Let some secure my other poys'ning Friend,  
 Whose double-dilligence preserv'd my life.

*Ant.* You are fall'n into good hands, Father in law ; your  
 sparkling Jewells, and Morayma's eyes may prove a better  
 bail than you deserve.

*Muf.* The best that can come of me, in this condition, is  
 to have my life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for a Fool  
 afterwards. [ *Exit Antonio with the Musti, and at the same  
 time Benducar is carry'd off.*

[ *Dorax to Mustafa.* ] You and your hungry herd depart untouch'd ;  
 For Justice cannot stoop so low, to reach  
 The groveling sin of Crowds : but curst be they  
 Who trust revenge with such mad Instruments,  
 Whose blindfold bus'ness is but to destroy :  
 And like the fire Commission'd by the Winds,  
 Begins on sheds, but rouling in a round,  
 On Pallaces returns. Away ye skum,  
 That still rise upmost when the Nation boils :  
 Ye mungrill work of Heaven, with humane shapes,  
 Not to be damn'd, or sav'd, but breath, and perish,  
 That have but just enough of sence, to know  
 The masters voice, when rated, to depart.

[ *Exeunt Mustafa and Rabble.*

[ *Almeyda kneeling to him.*

With gratitude as low, as knees can pay  
 To those blest holy Fires, our Guardian Angells,  
 Receive these thanks ; till Altars can be rais'd.

[ *Dorax raising her up*

Arise fair Excellence, and pay no thanks,  
 Till time discover what I have deserv'd.

*Seb.* More then reward can answer.

If Portugall and Spain were joyn'd to Affrique,

And

And the main Ocean crufted into Land,  
If Univerfall Monarchy were mine,  
Here should the gift be plac'd.

*Dorax.* And from some hands I shou'd refuse that gift :  
Be not too prodigall of Promises ;  
But stint your bounty to one only grant,  
Which I can ask with honour.

*Seb.* What I am  
Is but thy gift, make what thou canst of me.  
Secure of no Repulse.

*Dorax to Sebastian:* Dismiss your Train.

[*To Almeyda.* You, Madam, please one moment to retire.  
[*Sebastian signes to the Portugueses to go off.* Almeyda bowing  
to him, goes off also: The Affricans follow her.

*Dorax To the Captain of his Guard.*

With you one word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*

*Sebastian Solus.* Reserv'd behaviour, open Nobleness,  
A long misterious Track of a stern bounty.  
But now the hand of Fate is on the Curtain,  
And draws the Scene to fight.

*Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turbant and put on a  
Peruque Hat and Crewat.*

*Dorax.* Now do you know me ?

*Seb.* Thou shouldst be *Alonzo.*

*Dorax.* So you shou'd be *Sebastian:*

But when *Sebastian* ceas'd to be himself,  
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*

*Seb.* As in a Dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

*Dorax* Is it so strange to find me, where my wrongs,  
And your Inhumane Tyranny have sent me ?  
Think not you dream : or, if you did, my Injuries  
Shall call so loud; that Lethargy should wake ;  
And Death should give you back to answer me.  
A Thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy wings  
Over these eyes, but ever when they clos'd,  
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em open again,  
And dry'd the dewes they brought.

The long expected hour is come at length,  
 By manly Vengeance to redcem my fame ;  
 And that once clear'd, eternall sleep is welcome.

*Sebast.* I have not yet forgot I am a King ;  
 Whole Royall Office is redrefs of Wrongs :  
 If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face ;  
 I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.

*Dorax.* 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me.  
 Then, though I loath this Womans War of tongues,  
 Yet shall my Cause of Vengeance first be clear :  
 And, Honour, be thou Judge.

*Sebast.* Honour befriend us both.  
 Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs  
 In terms becoming Majesty to hear :  
 I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper  
 Is Insolent and haughty to Superiours :  
 How often hast thou brav'd my peacefull Court,  
 Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;  
 And, with past service, nauseously repeated,  
 Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince ?

*Dorax.* And well I might, when you forgot reward,  
 The part of Heav'n in Kings : for punishment  
 Is Hangmans work, and drudgery for Devils.  
 I must and will reproach thee with my service,  
 Tyrant, ( it irks me so to call my Prince. )  
 But just resentment and hard usage coyn'd  
 Th' unwilling word ; and grating as it is  
 Take it, for 'tis thy due.

*Sebast.* How Tyrant ?

*Dorax* Tyrant.

*Sebast.* Traytour ? that name thou canst not Eccho back :  
 That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision  
 Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor :  
 And, if a Name  
 More foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.

*Dorax.* If I'm a Traytor, think and blush, thou Tyrant,  
 Whose Injuries betray'd me into treason.  
 Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,

And hurried me from hopes of Heaven to Hell.  
 All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,  
 When I shall rise to plead before the Saints,  
 I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

*Sebast.* Thy old presumptuous Arrogance again,  
 That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.  
 Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

*Dorax.* Too well I know thee ; but for King no more:  
 This is not *Libonne*, nor the Circle this,  
 Where, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd,  
 By Sycophants and Fools, the growth of Courts:  
 Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,  
 Met nothing but a lye in every face ;  
 And the gross flattery of a gaping Crowd,  
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud  
 The Stuff of Royall Nonsense : when I spoke,  
 My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,  
 For want of Courtly Stile : related Actions,  
 Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :  
 Secure of Merit if I ask'd reward,  
 Thy hungry Minions thought their rights invaded,  
 And the bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasits.

*Enriquez* answer'd, with a ready lye,  
 To save his King's, the boon was begg'd before.

*Sebast.* What sayst thou of *Enriquez*? now by Heaven  
 Thou mov'lt me more by barely naming him,  
 Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

*Dorax.* And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him ;  
 That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile ;  
 That Woman, but more dawb'd ; or if a man,  
 Corrupted to a Woman : thy Man-Mistress.

*Sebast.* All false as Hell or thou.

*Dorax.* Yes ; full as false  
 As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaignes,  
 And pitch'd thy Standard in these Forreign Fields  
 By me thy greatness grew ; thy years grew with it,  
 But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

*Sebast.* I see to what thou tend'lt, but tell me first

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If those great Acts were done alone for me ;  
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

*Dorax.* Why Love does all that's noble here below ;  
But all th' advantage of that love was thine.  
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand  
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,  
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own :  
(For *Violante's* vows were mine before :)  
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke :  
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez*.

*Seb.* I meant thee a reward of greater worth :

*Dor.* Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd ?  
Could the robb'd Passenger expect a bounty,  
From those rapacious hands who stript him first ?

*Seb.* He had my promise, e're I knew thy love,

*Dor.* My Services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

*Seb.* Thy Insolence had cancell'd all thy Service :  
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,  
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;  
E'ven to my face, as done in my despight,  
Under the wing of awfull Majesty  
To strike the man I lov'd !

*Dor.* Even in the face of Heaven, a place more Sacred,  
Would I have struck the man, who propt by power,  
Would Seize my right, and rob me of my Love :  
But, for a blow provok'd by thy Injustice,  
The hasty product of a just despair,  
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,  
That thou shoud'st make a Cowards Cause thy own !

*Seb.* He durst ; nay more desir'd and begg'd with tears,  
To meet thy Challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault  
To make it publique ; but my duty, then,  
To interpose ; on pain of my displeasure,  
Betwixt your Swords,

*Dor.* On pain of Infamy  
He should have disobey'd.

*Seb.* Th' Indignity thou didst, was ment to me ;  
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me, with scorn,

As who should say the blow was there intended;  
 But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands  
 Against Annointed power: so was I forc'd  
 To do a Sovereign justice to my self;  
 And spurn thee from my presence.

*Dor.* Thou hast dar'd  
 To tell me, what I durst not tell my self:  
 I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;  
 And live to hear it boasted to my face.  
 All my long Avarice of honour lost,  
 Heap'd up in Youth, and boarded up for Age;  
 Has honours Fountain then suck'd back the stream?  
 He has; and hooting Boys, may dry-shod pass,  
 And gather pebbles from the naked Foord.  
 Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back:—  
 Give me revenge; while I have breath to ask it.—

*Seb.* Now, by this honour'd Order which I wear,  
 More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it:  
 Nor shall the Sacred Character of King  
 Be urg'd, to shield me from thy bold appeal.  
 If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:  
 The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.  
 But thou hast charg'd me with Ingratitude:  
 Hast thou not charg'd me; speak?

*Dor.* Thou know'st I have:  
 If thou disown'st that Imputation, draw,  
 And prove my Charge a lye.

*Seb.* No; to disprove that lye, I must not draw:  
 Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy Soul  
 What thou hast done this day in my defence:  
 To fight thee, after this, what were it else,  
 Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgest?  
 That *Isthmus* stands betwixt two rushing Seas;  
 Which, mounting, view each other from afar;  
 And strive in vain to meet.

*Dor.* He cut that *Isthmus*.  
 Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy Life,  
 But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.

I sav'd thee out of honourable malice :  
 Now draw ; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not :  
 Beware of such another vile excuse.

*Seb.* O patience Heaven !

*Dor.* Beware of Patience too ;

That's a Suspicious word: it had been proper  
 Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :  
 Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,

I have thy Oath for my security :

The only boon I begg'd was this fair Combat :

Fight or be Perjur'd now ; that's all thy choice.

[*Sebas.* Now I can thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd:

*drawing*]. Never was vow of honour better pay'd,

If my true Sword but hold, than this shall be.

The sprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,

More gladly enters not the lists of Love.

Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus:

Go : bear my Message to *Henriquitz* Ghost ;

And say his Master and his Friend reveng'd him.

*Dor.* His Ghost ! then is my hated Rivall dead ?

*Seb.* The question is beside our present purpose ;

Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

*Dor.* A minute is not much in eithers Life,

When their's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,

And give it him of us, who is to fall.

( *him.*

*Sebas.* He's dead : make hast, and thou mayst yet o're take

*Dor.* When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.

I prethee let me hedge one moment more

Into thy promise ; for thy life preserv'd :

Be kind ; and tell me how that Rivall dy'd,

Whose Death next thine I wish'd.

*Seb.* If it would please thee thou should'st never know :

But thou, like Jealousy, enquir'st a truth,

Which, found, will torture thee : He dy'd in Fight :

Fought next my person ; as in Consort fought :

Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow ;

Say when he heav'd his Shield in my defence ;

And on his naked side receiv'd my wound.

Then, when he could no more, he fell at once :

But rowl'd his falling body cross their way ;  
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.

*Dor.* I never can forgive him such a death !

*Seb.* I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.  
Now, judge thy self, who best deserv'd my Love.  
I knew you both ; ( and durst I say ) as Heaven  
Foreknew among the shining Angell host  
Who would stand firm, who fall.

*Dor.* Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n ;  
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

*Seb.* What had been is unknown ; what is appears :  
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

*Dor.* Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,  
My fortune had been his, and his been mine,  
O, worse than Hell ! what Glory have I lost,  
And what has he acquir'd, by such a death !  
I should have fallen by *Sebastians* side ;  
My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.  
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,  
Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate life :  
It suited better with my life than his  
So to have dy'd : mine had been of a peice,  
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

*Seb.* The more effeminate and soft his life,  
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,  
And meet his glorious fate : Confess, proud Spirit,  
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)  
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

*Dor.* O, whether would you drive me ! I must grant,  
Yes I must grant, but with a swelling Soul,  
*Henriquez* had your Love with more desert :  
For you he fought, and dy'd ; I fought against you ;  
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,  
Hunted your Sacred life ; which that I miss'd  
Was the propitious error of my fate,  
Not of my Soul ; my Soul's a Regicide.

*Seb.* Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name :  
[ *more calmly.* ] Thou meant'st to kill a Tyrant, not a King :  
Speaks

Speak didst thou not, *Alonzo*?

*Dor.* Can I speak!

Alas, I cannot answer to *Alonzo*:

No, *Dorax* cannot answer to *Alonzo*:

*Alonzo* was too kind a name for me.

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your *Armes*,

In that blest Age I was the man you nam'd:

Till rage and pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;

And lost like *Lucifer*, my name above.

*Seb.* Yet, twice this day I ow'd my life to *Dorax*.

*Dor.* I sav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.

*Seb.* Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st repent:

Thou couldest not be a Villain, though thou woudest:

Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;

And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

*Dor.* O stop this headlong Torrent of your goodness:

It comes too fast upon a feeble Soul,

Half drown'd in tears, before; spare my confusion:

For pitty spare, and say not, first, you err'd.

For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,

[*Falls at his feet*] To throw my self beneath your Royall feet.

Now spurn this Rebell, this proud Renegade:

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

*Seb.* Indeed thou shoud'st not ask forgiveness first,

[*taking him up.*] But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

Yet I will raise thee up with better news:

Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my Ward,

Her Soul was absent when she gave her hand:

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing Courtship,

Effect the Consummation of his Love:

So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,

A Widdow and a Maid.

*Dor.* Have I been cursing Heav'n while Heav'n blest me!

I shall run mad with extasy of joy:

What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd

To Heaven, and to my King, and to my Love!

But pitty is my Friend, and stops me short,

For my unhappy Rivall: poor *Henriquez*!

*Seb.* Art thou so generous too, to Pitty him?

Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.

*Embrac-* Here let me ever hold thee in my arms :

*ing him.* And all our quarrells be but such as these,

Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :

Be what *Enriquez* was ; be my *Alonzo*.

*Dor.* What, my *Alonzo* sayd you ? my *Alonzo* !

Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak :

And if I cou'd,

Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

*Seb.* Thou canst not speak, and I can ne're be silent.

Some Strange reverse of Fate must, sure attend

This vast profusion, this extravagance

Of Heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis Gold so pure

It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay.

Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away :

With ease the gifts of Fortune I resign ;

But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

*Exeunt*

A C T V. *The Scene is a Room of State.*

*Enter Dorax and Antonio.*

*Dor.* Joy is on every face, without a Cloud :

As, in the Scene of opening Paradise,

The whole Creation danc'd at their new being :

Pleas'd to be what they were ; pleas'd with each other.

Such Joy have I, both in my self, and Friends :

And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.

*Antonio,* Pleasure has been the bus'ness of my life ;

And every change of Fortune easy to me,

Because I still was easy to my self.

The loss of her I lov'd would touch me nearest ;

Ye if I found her, I might love too much ;

And

And that's uneasy Pleasure.

*Dor.* If she be fated

To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you :  
Predestinated ills are never lost.

*Anton.* I had forgot

T'Enquire before, but long to be inform'd,  
How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,  
You could unwind your self from all these dangers ;  
And move so speedily to our relief!

*Dor.* The double poisons, after a short Combat,  
Expell'd each other in their Civill War,  
By natures benefit : and rows'd my thoughts  
To Guard that life which now I found Attack'd.  
I summon'd all my Officers in hast,  
On whose experienc'd Faith I might rely :  
All came ; resolv'd to dye in my defence,  
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.  
Our diligence prevented the surprize  
We justly fear'd : so, *Muley-Zeydan* found us  
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the charge.

*Ant.* But how the *Moors* and *Christian* slaves were joyn'd,  
You have not yet unfolded.

*Dor.* That remains.

We knew their Int'rest was the same with ours :  
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebastian* ;  
I could not see him dye by Vulgar hands :  
But prompted by my Angell, or by his,  
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self,  
Because I would not have his Person known.  
I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.

*Ant.* Your Conquest came of course ; their men were raw,  
And yours were disciplin'd : one doubt remains,  
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,  
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men ?

*Dor.* I would not hazard civill broils, betwixt  
His Friends and mine : which might prevent our Combat :  
Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his Troops ;  
Or, if Victorious, order'd his escape.

But I forgot a new increase of Joy,  
To feast him with surprize; I must about it:  
Expect my swift return.

[Exit Dorax.]

*Enter a Servant to Antonio,*

*Serv.* Here's a Lady at the door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

*Ant.* What manner of Woman is she? Does she not want two of the four Elements? has she any thing about her but ayr and fire?

*Servant.* Truly, she flies about the room, as if she had wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into a bird: a house-bird I warrant her: and so hasty to fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, she wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

*Enter Morayma.*

[Antonio running to her and Embracing her.]

Look if she be not here already: what, no deniall it seems will serve your turn? why! thou little dun, is thy debt so pressing?

*Mor.* Little Devill if you please: your lease is out, good Mr. Conjuror; and I am come to fetch you Soul and Body; not an hour of lewdness longer in this world for you.

*Ant.* Where the Devill hast thou been? and how the Devill didst thou find me here?

*Mor.* I follow'd you into the Castle-yard: but there was nothing but Tumult, and Confusion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by some of the Rabble: considering I had a double charge about me,——my Jewells & my Maiden-head.

*Ant.* Both of 'em intended for my Worships sole use and Property.

*Mor.* And what was poor little I among 'em all?

*Ant.* Not a mouthfull a piece: 'twas too much odds in Conscience.

*Mor.* So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old place  
of

of Affignation, the Garden-house; where for want of instinct, you did not follow me.

*Ant.* Well for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his effects for us.

*Mor.* Yes truly I had the prudent foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithall to make merry with the World; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

*Ant.* Thy fortune will be 'en too good for thee: for thou art going into the Country of Serenades, and Gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every Night, with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be sighing, and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee Cruell, & Goddess, & Moon, and Stars, and all the Poeticall names of wicked rhyme: while thou and I, are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leisure-minuts, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

*Mor.* I am afraid you are not very vatiant, that you huff so much before hand: but, they say, your Churches are fine places for Love-devotion: many a she-Saint is there worship'd.

*Ant.* Temples are there, as they are in all other Countries, good conveniences for dumb enterviews: I hear the Protestants an't much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the naturall name of Meeting-houses, therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future Spowse; and allways in a veile; for those eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

*Mor.* The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is that we women are allow'd the priviledge of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine, upon some Lover, when ever you begin to go astray, and, if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the turn.

*Ant.* When that day comes, I must take my revenge and turn Gardener again: for I find I am much given to Planting.

*Mor.* But take heed, in the mean time, that some young Antonio does not spring up in your own Family; as false as his Father, though of another mans planting.

*Reenter Dorax with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean time Antonio presents Morayma to Almeyda.*

*Seb.* How fares our Royall Pris'ner, *Muley Zeydan?*

*Dor.* Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,  
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: well I know him,  
Of easy temper, naturally good,  
And faithfull to his word.

*Seb.* Yet one thing wants,  
To fill the measure of my happines  
I'm still in pain for poor *Alvarez's* life.

*Dor.* Release that fear; the good old man is safe:  
I pay'd his ransome:  
And have already order'd his Attendance.

*Seb.* O bid him enter for I long to see him.

*Enter Alvarez with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is enter'd.*

[*Alvarez falling down and embracing the Kings knees.*]  
Now by my Soul, and by these hoary hairs,  
I'm so ore-whelm'd with pleasure, that I feel  
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,  
That Shoots me out again.

*Sebastian, raising him*]

Thou good old Man!  
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys;  
Who stood brim-full before.

*Alv.* O my dear Child!  
I love thee so, I cannot call thee King,  
Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!  
What, when I gave thee lost to find thee living!  
'Tis like a Father, who himself had scap'd  
A falling house, and after anxious search,  
Hears from afar, his only Son within:  
And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out

To see the friendly light.  
Such is my hast so trembling is my joy  
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.

*Seb.* The Tempest is ore-blown ; the Skys are clear,  
And the Sea, charm'd into a Calm so still,  
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

*Alv.* Just such she shows before a rising storm :  
And therefore am I come, with timely speed,  
To warn you into Port.

*Almeyda.* My Soul fore-bodes  
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words ;  
And just disclosing, in a birth of fate.

[aside.]

*Alv.* Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire,  
Who still Survives, of *Muley-Moluchs* branch ?

*Dor.* Yes such an one there is, a Captive here,  
And Brother to the Dead.

*Alv.* The Power's above  
Be prais'd for that : My prayers for my good Master  
I hope are heard.

*Seb.* Thou hast a right in Heav'n,  
But why these prayers for me ?

*Alv.* A door is open yet for your deliv'rance,  
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,  
Now all of us, and you (my all in one )  
May yet be happy in that Captives life.

*Seb.* We have him here an honourable Hostage  
For terms of peace : what more he can Contribute  
To make me blest, I know not.

*Alv.* Vastly more :  
*Almeyda* may be settled in the Throne ;  
And you review your Native Clime with fame :  
A firm Alliance, and eternall Peace,  
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,)  
Are all included in that Princes life :

Let this fair Queen be giv'n to *Muley-Zeydan* ;  
And make her love the Sanction of your League.

*Seb.* No more of that : his life's in my dispose ;  
And Pris'ners are not to insist on terms.

Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

*Alv.* You shou'd exact 'em.

*Alm.* Better may be made;

These cannot: I abhor the Tyrants race;

My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Usurpers.

But, at one blow to cut off all dispute,

Know this, thou busy, old, officious Man,

I am a Christian; now be wise no more;

Or if thou wou'd'it be still thought wise, be silent.

*Alv.* O! I perceive you think your Int'rest touch'd:

'Tis what before the Battail I observ'd:

But I must speak, and will.

*Seb.* I prethee peace;

Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.

*Alv.* I wish she may not wed to blood more near.

*Seb.* What if I make her mine?

*Alv.* Now Hea'vn forbid!

*Seb.* With rather Hea'vn may grant.

For, if I cou'd deserve, I have deserv'd her:

My toyls, my hazards, and my Subjects lives,

(Provided she consent) may claim her love:

And, that once granted, I appeal to these,

If better, I cou'd chuse a beauteous Bride.

*Ant.* The fairest of her Sex.

*Mor.* The pride of Nature.

*Dor.* He only merits her; she only him.

So payr'd, so suited in their minds and Persons,

That they were fram'd the Tallyes for each other.

If any Alien love had Interpos'd

It must have been an eyesore to beholders,

And to themselves a Curse.

*Alv.* And to themselves

The greatest Curse that can be, were to joyn.

*Seb.* Did I not love thee, past a change to hate,

That word had been thy ruine; but no more,

I charge thee on thy life, perverse old man.

*Alv.* Know, Sir, I wou'd be silent if I durst:

But, if on Shipbord, I shou'd see my Friend,

Grown frantique in a raging Calenture,  
 And he, imagining vain flowry fields,  
 Wou'd headlong plunge himself into the deep,  
 Shou'd I not hold him from that mad attempt,  
 Till his sick fancy were by reason cur'd?

*Seb.* I pardon thee th'effects of doting Age;  
 Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;  
 The second Non-age of a Soul, more wise;  
 But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,  
 Peeping by fits and giving feeble light.

*Alv.* Have you forgot?

*Seb.* Thou mean'st my Fathers Will,  
 In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* bed:  
 Thou seest my faculties are still entire,  
 Though thine are much impair'd, I weigh'd that Will,  
 And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;  
 But, had he liv'd to see her happy change,  
 He wou'd have cancell'd that harsh Interdict,  
 And joyn'd our hands himself.

*Alv.* Still had he liv'd and seen this change,  
 He still had been the Same.

*Seb.* I have a dark remembrance of my Father;  
 His reas'nings and his Actions both were just;  
 And, granting that, he must have chang'd his measures.

*Alv.* Yes, he was just, and therefore cou'd not change.

*Seb.* 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the Dead.

*Alv.* Now Hea'vn forbid,  
 That I shou'd blast his pious Memory:  
 No, I am tender of his holy Fame:  
 For, dying he bequeath'd it to my charge:  
 Believe I am; and seek to know no more,  
 But pay a blind obedience to his will.  
 For to preserve his Fame I wou'd be silent.

*Seb.* Craz'd fool, who wou'd'st be thought an Oracle:  
 Come down from off thy Tripods, and speak plain;  
 My Father shall be justify'd, he shall:  
 'Tis a Son's part to rise in his defence;  
 And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.

*Alv.* It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd;

But, to be clear'd at my dead Masters cost,  
 O there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,  
 By all you owe that dear departed Soul,  
 No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

*Seb.* Not Hea'vn and Earth combin'd, can hinder it.

*Alv.* Then, witness Hea'vn and Earth, how loath I am  
 To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.  
 And since not only a dead Fathers fame,  
 But more a Ladies honour must be touch'd,  
 Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;  
 Let all retire; that you alone may hear  
 What ev'n in whispers I wou'd tell your ear.

[All are going out.]

*Alm.* Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.  
 And, were my voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,  
 To reach the round of Hea'vn, and Earth, and Sea,  
 All Nations shou'd be Summon'd to this place.  
 So little do I fear that Fellows charge:  
 So shou'd my honour like a rising Swan,  
 Brush with her wings, the falling drops away,  
 And proudly plough the waves.

*Seb.* This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:  
 And I dare trust my Fathers memory,  
 To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.

*Alv.* It will be soon discover'd if I forge:  
 Have you not heard your Father in his youth,  
 When newly marry'd, travel'd into *Spain*,  
 And made a long abode in *Phillips Court*?

*Seb.* Why so remote a question? which thy self  
 Can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him,  
 His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast:  
 And nearest to his Soul.

*Alv.* Too near indeed, forgive me Gracious Heaven  
 That ever I should boast I was so near.  
 The Confident of all his young Amours.

[To *Almeyda*] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,  
 Have you not often heard, your Exil'd Parents  
 Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time?

*Alm.*

*Alm.* 'Tis true: and often since, my Mother own'd  
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her cause;  
She Counsell'd, nay, Enjoy'd me on her blessing  
To seek the Sanctuary of your Court:  
Which gave me first encouragement to come,  
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebastians* aid.

*Sebast.* Thou help'st me well, to justify my War:  
*to Alm.* ] My dying Father swore me, then a Boy;  
And made me kiss the Cross upon his Sword,  
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd Queen  
Were by my Arms restor'd.

*Alv.* And can you finde  
No mystery, couch'd in this excess of kindness?  
Were Kings e're known, in this degenerate Age,  
So passionately fond of noble Acts,  
Where Interest shar'd not more than half with honour?

*Seb.* Base groveling Soul, who know'st not honours worth;  
But weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales;  
The Secret pleasure of a generous Act,  
Is the great minds great bribe.

*Alv.* Show me that King, and I'll believe the Phoenix.  
But knock at your own breast, and ask your Soul  
If those fair fatall eyes, edg'd not your Sword,  
More than your Fathers charge, and all your vows?  
If so; and so your silence grants it is,  
Know King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;  
And Love is your Inheritance from him.

*Almeyda's* Mother too had eyes, like her,  
And not less charming, and were charm'd no less  
Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.

*Alm.* Thou ly'st Impostor, Perjur'd Fiend thou ly'st.

*Seb.* Wa'st not enough to brand my Father's fame,  
But thou must load a Ladies memory?  
O Infamous base, beyond repair.  
And, to what end this ill concerted lye,  
Which, palpable and gross, yet granted true,  
It bars not my Inviolable vows.

*Alv.* Take heed and double not your Fathers crimes;

To his Adultery, do not add your Incest,  
Know, she is the product of unlawfull Love;  
And 'tis your Carnall Sister you wou'd wed.

*Seb.* Thou shalt not say thou wert Condemn'd unheard.  
Else, by my Soul, this moment were thy last.

*Alm.* But think not Oaths shall justify thy charge;  
Nor Imprecations on thy cursed head,  
For who dares lye to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jest.  
Thou hast confess'd thy self the Conscious Pandar  
Of that pretended passion:

A Single Wirness, infamously known,  
Against two Persons of unquestion'd fame;

*Alv.* What Int'rest can I have, or what delight  
To blaze their shame, or to divulge my own?  
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd Condemn?  
Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this secret,  
But too much care, to save you from a Crime,  
Which would have sunk you both. For let me say,  
*Almeyda's* beauty well deserves your love:

*Alm.* Out, base Impostor, I abhor thy praise.

*Dorax.* It looks not like Imposture; but a truth,  
On utmost need reveal'd.

*Sebast.* Did I expect from *Dorax*, this return?  
Is this the love renew'd?

*Dorax.* Sir, I am silent;  
Pray Heav'n my fears prove false.

*Sebast.* Away; you all combine to make me wretched.

*Alv.* But hear the story of that farall Love;  
Where every Circumstance shall prove another;  
And truth so shine, by her own native light,  
That if a Lye were mixt, it must be seen.

*Sebast.* No; all may still be forg'd, and of a piece.  
No; I can credit nothing thou can'st say:

*Alv.* One proof remains; and that's your Fathers hand:  
Firm'd with his Signet; both so fully known,  
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,  
Unless his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n a while,  
And come on Earth to swear.

*Seb.*

*Seb.* Produce that Writing.

[*Alvar.* *Alonzo* has it in his Custody.  
to *Dorax* ] The same, which when his nobleness redeem'd me,  
And in a friendly visit own'd himself,  
For what he is, I then deposited:  
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

*Dorax* giving a seal'd Paper to the King.

Untouch'd, and Seal'd as when intrusted with me,  
Such I restore it, with a trembling hand,  
Lest ought within disturb your peace of Soul.

*Sebast.* tearing open the Seals.

Draw near *Almeyda*: thou art most concern'd.  
For I am most in Thee.

*Alonzo*, mark the Characters:

Thou know'st my Fathers hand observe it well:  
And if th' Impostors Pen, have made one slip,  
That shows it Counterfeit, mark that and save me.

*Dorax.* It looks, indeed, too like my Masters hand:  
So does the Signet; more I cannot say;  
But wish 'twere not so like.

*Sebast.* Methinks it owns  
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* birth;  
But such a mist of grief comes o're my eyes,  
I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.

*Alm.* Hea'vn cannot be more true, than this is false.

*Sebast.* O Coud'st thou prove it, with the same assurance!  
Speak, hast thou ever seen my Fathers hand?

*Alm.* No; but my Mothers honour has been read  
By me, and by the world, in all her Acts;  
In Characters more plain, and legible  
Then this dumb Evidence, this blotted lye:  
Oh that I were a man, as my Soul's one,  
To prove thee, Traytor, an Assassinate

Of her fair name : thus wou'd I tear thee, thus—: [(Tearing  
the Paper)]  
 And scatter, o're the field, thy Coward limbs,  
 Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.

(Scattering the Paper)

*Alv.* Just so, shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.  
 For know proud Woman, know in thy despight,  
 The most Authentique proof is still behind.  
 Thou wear'st it on thy finger : 'tis that Ring,  
 Which march'd with that on his, shall clear the doubt.  
 'Tis no dumb forgery : for that shall speak ;  
 And sound a rattling peal to eithers Conscience :

*Seb.* This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold  
 And shaking hand, just in the pangs of Death,  
 Put on my finger ; with a parting sigh,  
 And wou'd have spoke ; but falter'd in his speech,  
 With undistinguish'd sounds.

*Alv.* I know it well :  
 For I was present : Now, *Almeyda*, speak :  
 And, truly tell us, how you come by yours ?

*Alm.* My Mother, when I parted from her sight,  
 To go to *Portugall* bequeath'd it to me,  
 Prefaging she shou'd never see me more :  
 She pull'd it from her finger, shed some tears,  
 Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of Love ;  
 And hid a Mistry of great Importance  
 Relating to my Fortunes.

*Alv.* Mark me now,  
 While I disclose that fatall Mistry.  
 Yhose rings, when you were born, and thought anothers,  
 Tour Parents, glowing yet in sinfull love,  
 Bid me bespeak : a Curious Artift wrought 'em :  
 With joynts so close, as not to be perceiv'd ;  
 Yet are they both each others Counterpart.  
 Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda* :  
 ) You know those names are theirs : ) and in the midst,  
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.  
 Now if the rivets of those Rings, inclos'd,

Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;  
But if they joyn, you must for ever part,

[ *Seb. pulling off his Ring. Alm. does the same, and gives it to Alv. who unscrues both the Rings & fits one half to the other.* ]  
*Seb.* Now life, or death,  
*Alm.* And either thine, or ours.  
*Alm.* I'm lost for ever.— ( *swoons* )  
( *The Women and Morayma, take her up and carry her off.* )

[ *Seb. here stands amaz'd without motion, his eyes fixt upward.* ]

*Seb.* Look to the Queen my Wife ; For I am past  
All Pow'r of Aid, to her or to my self.

*Alv.* His Wife, said he, his Wife ! O fatall sound !  
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news  
Had never reach'd their ears.  
So they had still been blest in Ignorance,  
And I alone unhappy.

*Dor.* I knew it, but too late : and durst not speak.

[ *Seb. starting out of his amazement.* ] I will not live : no not a moment more ;  
I will not add one moment more to Incest.  
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being.

For, should I live, my Soul's so little mine,  
And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.  
Ye Cruell Powers  
Take me as you have made me, miserable ;  
You cannot make me guilty ; 'twas my fate  
And you made that, not I. [ *Draws his Sword.* ]

*Antonio and Alv. lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests the  
Sword out of his hand.*

*An.* For Heav'ns sake hold, and recollect your mind.  
*Alvarez.* Consider whom you punish, and for what ;  
Your self ? unjustly : You have charg'd the fault,

On Heav'n that best may bear it.  
 Though Incest is indeed a deadly Crime,  
 You are not guilty, since, unknown 'twas done,  
 And, known, had been abhorr'd.

*Seb.* By Heaven y're Traytours, all, that hold my hands,  
 If death be but cessation of our thought,  
 'Then let me dye for I would think no more.  
 I'll boast my Innocence above;  
 And let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not fuly:  
 I shall be there before my Fathers Ghost;  
 That yet must languish long, in frosts and fires,  
 For making me unhappy by his Crime:

[*Struggling* Stand off and let me take my fill of death;  
*again.*] For I can hold my breath in your despight,  
 And I well my heaving Soul out, when I please.

*Alv.* Heav'n comfort you!

*Seb.* What art thou given comfort!  
 Wou'dst thou give comfort, who hast giv'n despair?  
 Thou seest *Alonzo* silent; he's a man.  
 He knows, that men abandon'd of their hopes  
 Shou'd ask no leave, nor stay for sueing out  
 A tedious Writ of ease, from lingring Heaven,  
 But help themselves, as timely as they cou'd,  
 And teach the fates their duty.

[*Dorax* to *Alv.* Let him go:

and *Anto.*] He is our King; and he shall be obey'd:

*Alv.* What to destroy himself, O Parricide!

*Dor.* Be not Injurious in your foolish zeal,  
 But leave him free; or by my sword I swear,  
 To hew that Arm away, that stops the passage  
 To his Eternal rest.

[*Anto.* letting go his hold.] Let him be Guilty of his own death if he  
 pleases: for I'll not be guilty of mine; by  
 holding him.

*The King shakes off Alvarez*

*Alvarez, to Dorax.* Infernal Fiend,  
 Is this a Subjects part?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* 'Tis a Friends Office.

He has convinc'd me that he ought to dye.  
And, rather than he should not, here's my sword  
To help him on his Journey.

*Seb.* My last, my only Friend, how kind art thou  
And how Inhuman these!

*Dor.* To make the trifle death, a thing of moment!

*Seb.* And not to weigh th' Important cause I had,  
To rid my self of life?

*Dor.* True; for a Crime.  
So horrid in the face of Men and Angells,  
As wilfull Incest is!

*Seb.* Not wilfull neither.

*Dor.* Yes, if you liv'd and with repeated Acts,  
Refresh'd your Sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,  
To swell your scores of Guilt.

*Seb.* True; if I liv'd.

*Dor.* I said so, if you liv'd.

*Seb.* For hitherto 'was fatall ignorance :  
And no intended crime.

*Dor.* That you best know.  
But the Malicious World will judge the worst.

*Alv.* O what a Sophister has Hell procur'd,  
To argue for Damnation!

*Dor.* Peace, old Dotard.  
Mankind that always judge of Kings with malice,  
Will think he knew this Incest, and pursu'd it.  
His only way to rectify mistakes,  
And to redeem her honour, is to dye.

*Seb.* Thou hast it right, my dear, my best *Alonzo!*  
And that, but petty reparation too;  
But all I have to give.

*Dor.* Your pardon, Sir;  
You may do more, and ought.

*Seb.* What, more than death?

*Dor.* Death? Why that's Childrens sport: a Stage-Play,  
We Act it every Night we go to bed.

( Death.

Death

Death to a Man in misery is sleep,  
 Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime,  
 As frighten'd nature, made the Saints above  
 Shake Heav'ns Eternal pavement with their trembling,  
 To view that act, wou'd you but barely dye?  
 But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,  
 To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,  
 And dream you had your Sister in your arms.

*Seb.* To expiate this, can I do more then dye?

*Dor.* O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd:  
 You must be damn'd to all Eternity.  
 And, sure, self-Murder is the readiest way.

*Seb.* How, damn'd?

*Dor.* Why is that News?

*Alvar.* O, horrour! horrour!

*Dor.* What, thou a Statesman,  
 And make a bus'ness of Damnation?  
 In such a World as this, why 'tis a trade.  
 The Scriv'ner, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop keeper,  
 And Soldier, cannot live, but by damnation:  
 The Polititian does it by advance;  
 And gives all gone before-hand.

*Seb.* O thou hast giv'n me such a glimpse of Hell,  
 So push'd me forward, even to the brink,  
 Of that irremeable burning Gulph,  
 That looking in th' *Abyss*; I dare not leap.  
 And now I see what good thou meantst my Soul,  
 And thank thy pious fraud: Thou hast indeed,  
 Appear'd a Devill, but didst an Angells work.

*Dor.* 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you leisure,  
 For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you safe.

*Seb.* I thank thee, my *Alonso*: I will live  
 But never more to *Portugall* return:  
 For, to go back and reign, that were to show  
 Triumphant Incest, and pollute the Throne.

*Alv.* Since Ignorance —

*Seb.* O, palliate not my wound:

When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Incest :

No, 'tis resolv'd, I charge you plead no more ;

I cannot live without *Almeyda's* fight,

Nor can I see *Almeyda* but I sin.

Hea'vn has inspir'd me with a Sacred thought,

To live alone to Hea'vn : and dye to her.

*Dorax.* Mean you to turn an Anchoret ?

*Seb.* What else ?

The world was once too narrow for my mind,

But one poor little nook will serve me now ;

To hide me from the rest of humane kinde.

Affrique has desarts wide enough to hold

Millions of Monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.

*Alv.* You may repent, and wish your Crown too late.

*Seb.* O never, never : I am past a Boy,

A Scepter's but a play thing, and a Globe

A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave

*Almeyda*, may renounce the rest with ease.

*Dorax.* O Truly great !

A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Hea'vn.

Old as he is your Uncle Cardinall,

Is not so far enamour'd of a Cloyster,

But he will thank you, for the Crown you leave him,

*Seb.* To please him more, let him believe me dead :

That he may never dream I may return.

*Alonzo*, I am now no more thy King,

But still thy Friend, and by that holy Name,

Adjure thee, to perform my last request.

Make our Conditions with yon Captive King,

Secure me but my Solitary Cell ;

'Tis all I ask him for a Crown restor'd.

*Dor.* I will do more :

But fear not *Muley-Zeydan* ; his soft mettall

Melts down with easy warmth ; runs in the mould,

And needs no farther forge.

*Exit Dorax.*

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Almeyda, led by Morayma, and followed  
by her Attendants.*

*Seb.* See where she comes again.

By Hea'vn when I behold those beauteous eyes,  
Repentance laggs and Sin comes hurrying on.

*Alm.* This is too cruell!

*Seb.* Speak'ft thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,  
Or double Death, for we must part *Almeyda.*

*Alm.* I speak of all.

For all things that belong to us are cruell.  
But what's most cruell, we must love no more.  
O'tis too much that I must never see you,  
But not to love you is impossible:

No, I must love you: Hea'vn may bare me that,  
And charge that Sinfull Sympathy of Souls;  
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.

(*thine.*

*Seb.* Good Hea'vn, thou speakst my thoughts, and I speak  
Nay then there's Incest in our very Souls.  
For we were form'd too like.

*Alm.* Too like indeed,  
And yet not for each other.  
Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too  
Tho' you propos'd it first,) however distant,  
We shall be ever thinking of each other.  
And, the same moment, for each other pray.

*Seb.* But if a wish shou'd come a thwart our prayers!

*Alm.* It wou'd do well to curb it: if we cou'd.

*Seb.* We cannot look upon each others face,  
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt.  
And yet methinks I cannot chuse but love;

*Alm.* I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for shame,  
If still you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.

Ah why were we not born both of a Sex;  
For then we might have lov'd, without a Crime!  
Why was not your Brother? though that with  
Involv'd our Parents guilt, we had not parted;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendship is not Incest.

*Seb.* Alas, I know not by what name to call thee;  
Sister and Wife are the two dearest Names;  
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.  
Unhappy we! that still we must confound  
The dearest Names, into a common Curse.

*Alm.* To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!

*Seb.* To have but one poor night of all our lives;  
It was indeed a glorious; guilty night:  
So happy, that, forgive me Hea'vn, I wish  
With all its guilt, it were to come again.  
Why did we know so soon, or why at all,  
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in such a blisse?

*Alm.* Men have a larger priviledge of words,  
Else I shou'd speak: but we must part, *Sebastian*,  
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.  
I must not call thee by the name I wou'd;  
But when I say *Sebastian*, dear *Sebastian*,  
I kiss the name I speak.

*Seb.* We must make hast, or we shall never part.  
I wou'd say something that's as dear as this;  
Nay, wou'd do more than say: one moment longer,  
And I shou'd break through Laws Divine, and Humane;  
And think 'em Cobwebs, spred for little man,  
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.  
The vigorous young world, was ignorant  
Of these restrictions, 'tis decrepit now;  
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.  
All this is impious; therefore we must part:  
For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy sight,  
And, once burnt down to tinder, light again  
Much sooner then before.

*Reenter Dorax.*

*Alm.* Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,  
To toul the mournfull knell of Seperation:

While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the sound,  
That warns me hence for ever.

[*Sebastian to* Now be brief,

*Dorax.* And I will try to listen.

And share the minute that remains, betwixt  
The care I owe my Subjects and my Love.

*Dorax.* Your fate has gratify'd you all she can;  
Gives easy misery, and makes Exile pleasing.

I trusted *Muley Zeydan*, as a friend,

But swore him first to Secresy: he wept

Your fortune, and with tears, not squeez'd by Art,

But shed from nature, like a kindly shower:

In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded;

A safe retreat, a gentle Solitude,

Unvex'd with noise, and undisturb'd with fears:

I chose you one. —

*Alm.* O do not tell me where:

For if I knew the place of his abode,

I shou'd be tempted to pursue his steps,

And then we both were lost.

*Seb.* E'vn past redemption.

For, if I knew thou wert on that design,

(As I must know, because our Souls are one,)

I shou'd not wander but by sure Instinct,

Shou'd meet thee just half-way, in pilgrimage

And close for ever: for I know my love

More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

*Alm.* Tell me not that: for I must boast my Crime,

And cannot bear that thou shoud'st better love.

*Dorax.* I may inform you both: for you must go,

Where Seas, and winds, and Desarts will divide you.

Under the ledge of *Atlas*, lyes a Cave,

Cut in the living Rock, by Natures hands:

The Venerable Seat of holy Hermites.

Who there, secure in separated Cells,

Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion:

And from the purling Streams and savage fruits,



So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.  
 My heart's too great; or I wou'd dye this moment:  
 But Death I thank him, in an hour, has made  
 A mighty journey, and I hast to meet him.

*(She staggers and her Women hold her up)*

*Seb.* Help to support this feeble, drooping flower:  
 'This tender Sweet, so shaken by the storm.  
 For these fond arms must, thus be stretch'd in vain,  
 And never, never must embrace her more.  
 Tis past:—my Souls goes in that word;—farewell.

*Alvarez goes with Sebastian to one end of the Stage. Women with  
 Almeyda to the other.*

*Dorax, coming up to Antonio and Morayma, who stand on the  
 Middle of the Stage.*

*Dor* Hast to attend *Almeyda*: for your sake  
 Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*  
 He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:  
 And let *Sebastian* and *Almeyda's* Fate,  
 This dreadfull Sentence to the World relate,  
 That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,  
 Are justly punish'd on their Childrens head.

FINIS

PROLOGUE

# PROLOGUE.

*Sent to the Author by an unknown hand, and propos'd to be spoken*

*By Mrs. Monford dress'd like an Officer.*

**B** Right Beauties who in awfull Circle sit,  
And you grave Synod of the dreadfull Pir,  
And you the Upper-tire of pop-gun wit.

Pray ease me of my wonder if you may  
Is all this Crowd barely to see the play,  
Or is't the Poets Execution day?

His breath is in your hands I will presume  
But I advise you to deferr his doom:  
Till you have got a better in his room.

And don't maliciously combine together,  
As if in spite and spleen you were come hither,  
For he has kept the Pen tho' lost the feather.

And on my Honour Ladies I avow,  
This Play was writ in Charity to you,  
For such a dearth of Wit whoever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinfull Nation  
For the abuse of so great Dispensation:  
And therefore I resolv'd to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-coat I've put on buff,  
To try what may be got by lying rough:  
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully Criticks I a Troup won'd lead;  
But one reply'd, thank you there's no such need,  
I at Groom-Porters Sir can safer bleed.

Another who the name of danger loaths,  
Vow'd he would go, and swore me Forty Oaths,  
But that his Horses were in body-cloaths.

*A third*

A wit derry'd, Draw my blood, it'de be equal  
To push my Fortune, if the Parliament  
Would but recall Claret from Banishment.

A Fourth (and I have done) made this excuse  
Pae draw my Sword in Ireland Sir to chuse:  
Had not their Women gony leggs and wore no shoes:

Well, I may march though I and fight and wrudge,  
But of these blades the Devill a man will budge,  
They there would fight e'n just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,  
But when their Honour calls they can't be bought,  
Honour in danger, blood and wounds is sought.

Left Virtus whether fled, or where's thy dwelling,  
Who can reveal, at least 'tis past my telling,  
Unless thou art Embarkt for Iniskelling.

On Carrion tis those Sparks denounce their rage  
In boot of wish and Leinster freeze in age,  
What would you do in such an Equipage?

The Siege of Derry does you Gallants threaten:  
Not out of Errant shame of being beaten,  
As fear of wanting meat or being eaten.

Were Wit like honour to be won by fighting  
How few just Judges would there be of writing:  
Then you would leave this Villanous back-biting.

Your Talents lye how to express your flight,  
But where is he knows how to praise aright,  
You praise like Cowards but like Criticks fight.

Ladies be wise, and wear those yearling Calves  
Who in your Service too are meer fawn-braves,  
They Judge and write and fight, and Love by halves.

## EPILOGUE

# EPILOGUE.

TO

Don Sebastian, King of Portugall.

*Spoken betwixt Antonio and Morayma.*

Mor. **I** Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal Fashion  
Shou'd have seduc'd Us two to Separation:  
To be drawn in, against our own desire,  
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.

Ant. I trembled when the Old Mans hand was in,  
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:  
Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like t' other,  
Betwixt my Father and thy sinfull Mother;  
To make Us Sister Turk and Christian Brother.

Mor. Excuse me there; that League shou'd have been rather  
Betwixt your Mother and my Multi-Father;  
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit  
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian  
With Incest prov'd upon us:—

Mor. Without question  
Their Conscience was too queazy of digestion.

Ant. Thou woud'st have kept the Councell of thy Brother  
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beas't as you are on Natures Law's to trample;  
'Twere suter that we follow'd their Example

And shun all Marriage in Repentance ends,  
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.  
To save a Maids remorse and Confusions  
E'en leave me now before We try Conclusions.

Ant. To copy their Example first make certain  
Of one good hour like theirs before our parting ;  
Make a debauch o're Night of Love and Madnes;  
And marry when we wake in sober sadness.

Mor. I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing,  
One Night might cost me nine long months repenting ;  
First wed, and if you find that life a fetter,  
Dye when you please, the sooner Sir the better ;  
My wealth wou'd get me love e're I cou'd ask it :  
Oh there's a strange Temptation in the Casket :  
All these Young Sharpers wou'd my grace importune,  
And make me thundring Votes of lives and fortune.

1647. p. 0  
H. B.

Entered  
April the 11th 1887

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LICENSED,  
*April the 11th, 1687.*

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THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.  
A  
POEM,

In Three Parts.

— *Antiquam exquirite matrem.* } Virg.  
*Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.* — }

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in  
Chancery Lane near Fleetstreet, 1687.

H I S

P A T E N T

P O S T

IN THE

OFFICE OF THE

LONDON

Printed for James Taylor, at the Bell in the Strand, 1787.

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T O T H E

R E A D E R .

**T**HE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even so much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the opposite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this side or that: and tho' Conscience is the common Word, which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of Their Conscience, he is knock'd down before the Reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of Favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the Reader should know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this Advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cause. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the several Members of 'em; at least all such as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are some of the Church by Law Establish'd, who envy not Liberty of Conscience to Dissenters; as being well satisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the Numbers of the rest with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other side there are many of our Sects, and more indeed then I could reasonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themselves from the Communion of the Panther; and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majesty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the Royal Party are consequently suppos'd to be out of Gunshot. Our Physicians have observ'd, that in Process of Time, some Diseases have abated

## To the Reader.

of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Malignity, so as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by Comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Persecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Censure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without suspicion of Flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary Measures, and those more suitable to the Spirit of Christianity. Some of the Dissenters in their Addresses to His Majesty have said That he has restor'd God to his Empire over Conscience: I Confess I dare not stretch the Figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that Conscience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is absolute in his own Breast, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which passeth only betwixt God and Him. Those who are driven into the Fold are, generally speaking, rather made Hypocrites than Converts.

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the Benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteem'd their Persecutors, what is it else, but publickly to own that they suffer'd not before for Conscience sake; but only out of Pride and Obstinacy to separate from a Church for those Impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have so long contended for their Classical Ordination, (not to speak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length submit to an Episcopal? if they can go so far out of Complaisance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reason should perswade 'em to take another step, and see whether that wou'd lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I sha'l say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Christian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in Specie from them; that the Kindness which He has Graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

## To the Reader.

*As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the Reader: That it was neither impos'd on me, nor so much as the Subject giv'n me by any man. It was written during the last Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finish'd it, His Majesties Declaration for Liberty of Conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spar'd myself the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the Church of England might have been perswaded to have taken off the Penal Lawes and the Test, which was one Design of the Poem, when I propos'd to my self the writing of it.*

*'Tis evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended. I mean that defence of my self, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attack'd in Print: and I refer my self to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, and that of the Dutchess, (in which last I was concern'd) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Supervisers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrate's Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him consider, whether he deserv'd not a more severe reprehension then I gave him formerly; for using so little respect to the Memory of those whom he pretended to answer: and, at his leisure look out for some Original Treatise of Humility, written by any Protestant in English, (I believe I may say in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of Duncomb on that Subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez: tho' with the Omission of the 17th, the 24th the 25th, and the last Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

*He would have insinuated to the World that Her late Highness died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cause: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would dispute the Motives of her Change: how preposterously let all men judge, when he seem'd to deny the Subject of the Controversy, the Change it self. And because I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick can*

## To the Reader.

*not fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the Protestant Religion.*

*I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first Part, consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The second, being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The third, which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.*

*There are in it two Episodes, or Fables, which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the Common Places of Satyr, whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no Reader of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old to my knowledge, as the Times of Boccace and Chawcer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.*

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THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.

**A** Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,

And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds

*The Hind and the Panther.*

Aim'd at Her heart ; was often forc'd to fly ,  
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not so her young ; for their unequal line  
 Was Heros's make, half humane, half divine.  
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,  
 Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.  
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in bloud,  
 Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,  
 Their native walk ; whose vocal bloud arose,  
 And cry'd for pardon on their perjurd foes ;  
 Their fate was fruitful , and the sanguin seed  
 Endu'd with souls, encreas'd the sacred breed.  
 So Captive *Israel* multiply'd in chains,  
 A numerous Exile ; and enjoy'd her pains.  
 With grief and gladness mixt, their mother view'd  
 Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd ;  
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,  
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,  
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once Her own.  
The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd  
By sov'reign pow'r, her company disdain'd :  
Grin'd as They pass'd, and with a glaring eye  
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.  
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light  
They had not time to take a steady fight.  
For truth has such a face and such a meen  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The bloody *Bear* an *Independent* beast,  
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.  
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*  
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.  
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, 'as *Atheists* use,  
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuse:  
Still when the *Lion* look'd, his knees he bent,  
And pay'd at Church a *Courtier's Complement*.

4 *The Hind and the Panther.*

The bristl'd *Baptist Boar*, impure as He,  
 (But whitn'd with the foam of sanctity)  
 With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,  
 And mountains levell'd in his furious race,  
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.  
 But since the mighty ravage which he made  
 In *German Forests*, had his guilt betrayd,  
 With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name  
 He shun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;  
 So lurk'd in Sects unseen. With greater guile  
 False *Reynard* fed on consecrated spoil:  
 The graceless beast by *Athanasius* first  
 Was chas'd from *Nice*; then by *Socinus* nurs'd  
 His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,  
 And natures King through natures opticks view'd.  
 Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,  
 Nor in an Infant could a God descry:  
 New swarming Sects to this obliquely tend,  
 Hence they began, and here they all will end,

What

*The Hind and the Panther.*

What weight of antient witness can prevail  
If private reason hold the publick scale ?  
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring Guide ?  
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight ;  
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,  
And search no farther than thy self reveal'd ;  
But her alone for my Directour take  
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake !  
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,  
My manhood, long misled by wandring fires,  
Follow'd false lights ; and when their glimps was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.  
Such was I, such by nature still I am,  
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.  
Good life be now my task : my doubts are done,  
(What more could fright my faith, than Three in One ?)

Can I believe eternal God could lye  
 Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?  
 That the great maker of the world could dye?  
 And after that, trust my imperfect sense  
 Which calls in question his omnipotence?  
 Can I my reason to my faith compell,  
 And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebell?  
 Superiour faculties are set aside,  
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?  
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,  
 And winking tapers shew the sun his way;  
 For what my senses can themselves perceive  
 I need no revelation to believe.  
 Can they who say the Host should be descry'd  
 By sense, define a body glorify'd?  
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?  
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts  
 He shot that body through th' opposing might  
 Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,  
 And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.

For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain  
One single place two bodies did contain,  
And sure the same Omnipotence as well  
Can make one body in more places dwell.  
Let reason then at Her own quarry fly,  
But how can finite grasp Infinity?

'Tis urg'd again that faith did first commence  
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,  
And thence concluded, that our sense must be  
The motive still of credibility.  
For latter ages must on former wait,  
And what began belief, must propagate:

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find,  
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.  
Were all those wonders wrought by pow'r divine  
As means or ends of some more deep design?

Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,  
 To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.  
 God thus asserted: man is to believe  
 Beyond what sense and reason can conceive.  
 And for mysterious things of faith rely  
 On the Proponent, heav'ns authority.  
 If then our faith we for our guide admit,  
 Vain is the farther search of human wit,  
 As when the building gains a surer stay,  
 We take th' unuseful scaffolding away:  
 Reason by sense no more can understand,  
 The game is play'd into another hand.  
 Why chuse we then like *Bilanders* to creep  
 Along the coast, and land in view to keep,  
 When safely we may launch into the deep?  
 In the same vessel which our Saviour bore  
 Himself the Pilot, let us leave the shoar,  
 And with a better guide a better world explore.  
 Could He his god-head veil with flesh and bloud  
 And not veil these again to be our food?

*The Hind and the Panther.*

9

His grace in both is equal in extent,  
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.  
And if he can, why all this frantick pain  
To construe what his clearest words contain,  
And make a riddle what He made so plain?  
To take up half on trust, and half to try,  
Name it not faith, but bungling biggotry.

Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call  
To pay great summs, and to compound the small.  
For who wou'd break with heav'n, and wou'd not break <sup>(for all ?</sup>  
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed;  
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.  
Faith is the best ensurer of thy blis;  
The Bank above must fail before the venture mis.  
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee  
Thou first Apostate to Divinity.  
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;  
A fiercer foe th' infatiate *Wolf* remains.

Too boastful *Britain* please thy self no more,  
 That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shoar :  
 The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every salvage name,  
 Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,  
 Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blisfull bow'r,  
 And muzl'd though they seem, the mutes devour.

More haughty than the rest the *wolfish* race,

Appear with belly Gaunt, and famish'd face :

Never was so deform'd a beast of Grace.

His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears

Close clap'd for shame, but his rough crest he rears,

And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His wild disorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,

Did all the bestial citizens surprize.

Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile

As Captain or Companion of the spoil.

Full many a year his hatefull head had been

For tribute paid, nor since in *Cambria* seen :

The last of all the Litter scap'd by chance,  
And from *Geneva* first infested *France*.  
Some Authors thus his Pedigree will trace,  
But others write him of an upstart Race:  
Because of *Wickliff's* Brood no mark he brings  
But his innate Antipathy to Kings.  
These last deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind  
Who near the *Leman lake* his Consort lin'd.  
That fiery *Zuynghius* first th' Affection bred,  
And meagre *Calvin* blest the Nuptial Bed  
In *Israel* some believe him whelp'd long since,  
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppres'd the Prince,  
Or, since he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r  
When *Corab* with his Brethren did conspire,  
From *Moyfes* Hand the Sov'reign sway to wrest,  
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to develt:  
Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,  
And cou'd not bear the Burd'n of a *class*.  
The *Fox* and he came shuff'd in the Dark,  
If ever they were stow'd in *Noah's* Ark:

*Vid. Pref.*  
*to Heyl.*  
*Hist. of*  
*Presb.*

Perhaps not made; for all their barking train,  
 The Dog (a common species) will contain.  
 And some wild currs, who from their masters ran,  
 Abhorring the supremacy of man,  
 In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

Ohappy pair, how well have you increas'd,  
 What ills in Church and State have you redress'd!  
 With Teeth untry'd, and rudiments of Claws  
 Your first essay was on your native Laws:  
 Those having torn with Ease, and trampil'd down,  
 Your Fangs you fasten'd on the miter'd Crown,  
 And freed from God and Monarchy your Town.  
 What though your native kennel still be small  
 Bounded betwixt a Puddle and a Wall,  
 Yet your Victorious Colonies are sent  
 Where the North Ocean girds the Continent.  
 Quickned with fire below your Monsters Breed,  
 In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitful *Fweed*.

And like the first the last effects to be  
Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.  
As, where in Fields the fairy rounds are seen,  
A rank sow'r herbage rises on the Green ;  
So, springing where these mid-night Elves advance,  
Rebellion Prints the Foot-steps of the Dance.  
Such are their Doctrines, such contempt they show  
To Heaven above, and to their Prince below,  
As none but Traytors and Blasphemers know.  
God, like the Tyrant of the Skies is plac'd,  
And Kings, like slaves, beneath the Croud debas'd.  
So fulsome is their food, that Flocks refuse  
To bite ; and only Dogs for Physick use.  
As, where the Lightning runs along the Ground,  
No husbandry can heal the blasting Wound,  
Nor bladed Grasse, nor bearded Corn succeeds,  
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breeds :  
Such Warrs, such Waste, such fiery tracks of Dearth,  
Their Zeal has left, and such a teemless Earth.

But as the Poisons of the deadliest kind  
Are to their own unhappy Coasts confin'd,  
As only *Indian* Shades of light deprive,  
And Magick Plants will but in *Colchos* thrive ;  
So Presby'try and Pestilential Zeal  
Can only flourish in a Common-weal.

From *Celtique* Woods is chas'd the *wolfish* Crew ;  
But ah! some Pity e'en to Brutes is due,  
Their native Walks, methinks, they might enjoy  
Curb'd of their native Malice to destroy.  
Of all the Tyrannies on humane kind  
The worst is that which Persecutes the mind.  
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,  
Tis but because we cannot think alike.  
In punishing of this, we overthrow  
The Laws of Nations and of Nature too.  
Beasts are the Subjects of Tyrannick sway,  
Where still the stronger on the weaker Prey.

Man only of a softer mold is made ;  
Not for his Fellows ruine, but their Aid.  
Created kind, beneficent and free,  
The noble Image of the Deity.

One Portion of informing Fire was giv'n  
To Brutes, th' Inferiour Family of Heav'n:  
The Sm ith Divine, as with a careless Beat,  
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat :  
But when arriv'd at last to humane Race,  
The Godhead took a deep consid'ring space :  
And, to distinguish Man from all the rest,  
Unlock'd the sacred Treasures of his Breast :  
And Mercy mixt with reason did impart ;  
One to his Head, the other to his Heart :  
Reason to Rule, but Mercy to forgive :  
The first is Law, the last Prerogative.  
And like his Mind his outward form appear'd  
When issuing Naked, to the wondring Herd,  
He charm'd their Eyes, and for they lov'd, they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,  
 Or Claws to seize their furry spoils in Fight,  
 Or with increase of Feet, to overtake 'em in their flight.  
 Of easie shape, and pliant ev'ry way,  
 Confessing still the softness of his Clay,  
 And kind as Kings upon their Coronation Day:  
 With open Hands, and with extended space  
 Of Arms to satisfy a large embrace.  
 Thus kneaded up with Milk, the new made Man  
 His Kingdom o'er his Kindred world began:  
 Till Knowledg mis-apply'd, mis-understood,  
 And pride of Empire sour'd his Balmy Blood  
 Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;  
 The Murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his Loins;  
 And Blood began its first and loudest Cry  
 For diff'ring worship of the Deity.  
 Thus persecution rose, and farther Space  
 Produc'd the mighty hunter of his Race.  
 Not so the blessed *Pan* his flock increas'd,  
 Content to fold 'em from the famish'd Beast:

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmless Hind  
Were never of the persecuting kind.  
Such pity now the pious Pastor shows,  
Such mercy from the *British* Lyon flows,  
That both provide protection for their foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,  
Which never did those monsters entertain!  
The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance  
No native claim of just inheritance.  
And self preserving laws, severe in show,  
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.  
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em safely share  
The common benefit of vital air.  
Themselves unharmed, let them live unharmed;  
Their jaws disabl'd, and their claws disarm'd:  
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,  
They dare not seize the Hind nor leap the fold.  
More pow'rful; and as vigilant as they,  
The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,  
 They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;  
 Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,  
 And stand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beast,  
 Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe  
 A slimy-born and fun-begotten Tribe:  
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
 In fields their sullen conventicles found:  
 These gross, half animated lumps I leave;  
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.  
 But if they think at all, 'tis sure no high'r.  
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire.  
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay;  
 So drossy, so divisible are They,  
 As wou'd but serve pure bodies for allay:  
 Such souls as *Sbards* produce, such beetle things,  
 As only buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;

Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,  
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.  
They know not beings, and but hate a name,  
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the same.

The *Panther* sure the noblest, next the *Hind*,  
And fairest creature of the spotted kind ;  
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,  
She were too good to be a beast of Prey !  
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,  
Or how divide the frailty from the friend !  
Her faults and vertues lye so mix'd, that she  
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free,  
Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me speak,  
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.  
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,  
The *Wolfe* begins to share her wandring heart.  
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,  
She half commits, who sins but in Her will.

If, as our dreaming *Platonists* report,  
There could be spirits of a middle sort,  
Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,  
Who just dropt half way done, nor lower fell ;  
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,  
It seems a soft dismissal from the skie.  
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence  
Her clergy Heralds make in her defence.  
A second century not half-way run  
Since the new honours of her blood begun.  
A *Lyon* old, obscene, and furious made  
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade.  
Then, by a left-hand marriage weds the Dame,  
Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name :  
So schism begot ; and sacrilege and she.  
A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresie.  
God's and Kings rebels have the same good cause,  
To trample down divine and humane laws :  
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,  
Alike destructive both to Church and State:

The fruit proclaims the plant ; a lawless Prince  
By luxury reform'd incontinence,  
By ruins, charity ; by riots, abstinence.  
Confessions, fasts and penance set aside ;  
Oh with what ease we follow such a guide !  
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd.  
Where marr'age pleasures, midnight pray'r supply,  
And mattin bells (a melancholly cry)  
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encrease* and *multiply*.  
Religion shows a Rosie colour'd face ;  
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace ;  
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.  
What flesh and blood wou'd croud the narrow gate,  
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait ?  
All wou'd be happy at the cheapest rate.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has giv'n,  
The full fed *Musulman* goes fat to heav'n ;  
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights  
Of sense, allur'd his eastern Profelytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began  
 T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;  
 To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,  
 And make the paths of *Paradise* more sweet:  
 Bethought him of a wife e'er half way gone.  
 (For 'twas uneasy travailing alone, )  
 And in this masquerade of mirth and love,  
 Mistook the blifs of heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.  
 Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock  
 Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock ;  
 Burnish'd, and bat'ning on their food, to show  
 The diligence of carefull herds below.

Our *Panther*, though like these she chang'd her head,  
 Yet, as the mistress of a monarch's bed,  
 Her front erect with majesty she bore,  
 The Crozier wielded, and the Miter wore.  
 Her upper part of decent discipline  
 Shew'd affectation of an ancient line :

And fathers, councils, church and churches head,  
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.  
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,  
Was *Calvin's* brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.  
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,  
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.  
To foreign lands no sound of Her is come,  
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.  
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,  
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.  
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,  
And least deform'd, because reform'd the least.  
In doubtful points betwixt her diff'ring friends,  
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,  
Their contradicting terms she strives to joyn.  
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.  
A real presence all her sons allow,  
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,  
Because the God-head's there they know not how.



Her Novices are taught that bread and wine  
 Are but the visible and outward sign  
 Receiv'd by those who in communion joyn.  
 But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,  
 His blood and body, who to save us dy'd ;  
 The faithful this thing signify'd receive.  
 What is't those faithful then partake or leave ?  
 For what is signify'd and understood,  
 Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.  
 Then, by the same acknowledgement, we know  
 They take the sign, and take the substance too.  
 The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,  
 But nonsense never can be understood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is tost,  
 But sure no Church can better morals boast.  
 True to her King her principles are found ;  
 Oh that her practice were but half so found !  
 Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,  
 And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood ;

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,  
That int'rest or obligation made the tye,  
(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy :)  
(Before the founding Ax so falls the Vine,  
Whose tender branches round the Poplar twine.)  
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,  
In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife :  
A rare example : But some souls we see  
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity :  
Yet these by fortunes favours are undone,  
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,  
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.  
Let this be natures frailty or her fate,  
Or \* *Isgrim's* counsel, her new chosen mate ;  
Still she's the fairest of the fallen Crew,  
No mother more indulgent but the true.

\* *The  
Wolfe.*]

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,  
Because she wants innate aucturity ;

For how can she constrain them to obey

Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?

Rebellion equals all, and those who toil

In common theft, will share the common spoil

Let her produce the title and the right

Against her old superiours first to fight;

If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain

For her own Rebels to reform again.

As long as words a different sense will bear,

And each may be his own Interpreter,

Our airy faith will no foundation find:

The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:

The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe*, by turns prevail;

The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.

The wretched *Panther* crys aloud for aid

To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;

No help from Fathers or traditions train,

Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.

And by that scripture which she once abus'd

To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,  
Expounding which she owns her self may err?  
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,  
If doubts arise she slips herself aside,  
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.  
If then that conscience set th' offender free,  
It bars her claim to church auct'ority.  
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,  
But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?  
Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits  
To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;  
Because no disobedience can ensue,  
Where no submission to a Judge is due.  
Each judging for himself, by her consent,  
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment!  
Suppose the Magistrate revenge her cause,  
'Tis only for transgressing humane laws.  
How answ'ring to its end a church is made,  
Whose pow'r is but to counsel and perswade?

Of solid rock, on which secure she stands !  
 Eternal house, not built with mortal hands !  
 O sure defence against th' infernal gate,  
 A patent during pleasure of the state !

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,  
 A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd ;  
 Whom soon by lawful pow'r she might controll,  
 Her self a part submitted to the whole.  
 Then, as the Moon who first receives the light  
 By which she makes our nether regions bright,  
 So might she shine, reflecting from afar  
 The rays she borrow'd from a better Star :  
 Big with the beams which from her mother flow  
 And reigning o'er the rising tides below :  
 Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes  
 And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes,  
 Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour  
 Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening while the cooler shade she sought,  
Revolving many a melancholy thought,  
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,  
With ruful visage for her vanish'd train:  
None of her sylvan subjects made their court ;  
Leveés and coucheés pass'd without resort.  
So hardly can Usurpers manage well  
Those, whom they first instructed to rebel :  
More liberty begets desire of more,  
The hunger still encreases with the store.  
Without respect they brush'd along the wood  
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food,  
Ask'd no permission to the neighbor'ing flood,  
The *Panther*, full of inward discontent,  
Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wisely went :  
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,  
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.  
Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearful face,  
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,

Nor durst approach ; till with an awful roar  
 The sovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.  
 Encourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,  
 Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,  
 And drank a sober draught ; the rest amaz'd  
 Stood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd :  
 Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find  
 The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless *Hind*,  
 Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had design'd.  
 They thought at first they dream'd, for 'twas offence  
 With them, to question certitude of sense,  
 Their guide in faith ; but nearer when they drew,  
 And had the faultless object full in view,  
 Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew !  
 Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,  
 Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born ragerestrain'd,  
 Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.  
 Whether for love or int'rest, ev'ry sect  
 Of all the salvage nation shew'd respect :

The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,  
The more the company the less they fear'd.

The surly *Wolfe* with secret envy burst,  
Yet cou'd not howl, the *Hind* had seen him first:  
But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the herd suffis'd, did late repair  
To ferny heaths, and to their forest laire,  
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,  
Proffring the *Hind* to wait her half the way :  
That since the Skie was clear, an hour of talk  
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.  
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,  
To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd :  
Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot  
Her friend and fellow-suff'rer in the plot.  
Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,  
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,  
She thought this hour th' occasion would present  
To learn her secret cause of discontent,

Which

Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,  
Consid'ring Her a well-bred civil beast,  
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.  
After some common talk what rumours ran,  
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.



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THE

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THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.

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The Second Part.

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**D**AME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well  
 Since late among the *Philistines* you fell ;  
 The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground  
 With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round ;  
 Th' Enclosure narrow'd ; the sagacious pow'r  
 Of Hounds, and Death drew nearer ev'ry Hour.

'Tis true, the younger *Lyn* scap'd the snare,  
 But all your priestly Calves lay struggling there ;  
 As sacrifices on their Altars laid ;  
 While you their careful mother wisely fled  
 Not trusting destiny to save your head.  
 For, what e'er Promises you have apply'd  
 To your unfailing Church, the surer side  
 Is four fair Leggs in danger to provide.  
 And what e'er Tales of *Peter's* Chair you tell,  
 Yet saving Reverence of the Miracle,  
 The better luck was yours to 'scape so well.

As I remember, said the sober *Hind*,  
 Those Toils were for your own dear self design'd,  
 As well as me ; and, with the self same throw,  
 To catch the Quarry and the Vermin too,  
 (Forgive the sland'rous Tongues that call'd you so.)  
 Howe'er you take it now, the common Cry  
 Then ran you down for your rank Loyalty ;

Besides, in Popery they thought you nurst,  
(As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,)  
Because some forms, and ceremonies some  
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.  
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long  
The *Test* it seems at last has loos'd your tongue.  
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,  
By real presence in the Sacrament,  
(After long fencing push'd against a wall,)  
Your *salvo* comes, that he's not there at all :  
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall. }  
Who can believe what varies every day,  
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay ?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,  
And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,  
Reply'd the *Panther* ; grant such Presence were,  
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.  
A real *vertue* we by faith receive,  
And that we in the sacrament believe.

Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state  
 Not only *Jesuits* can equivocate ;  
 For *real*, as you now the Word expound,  
 From Solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.  
 Methinks an *Esop's* fable you repeat,  
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat ;  
 Your Churches substance thus you change at will,  
 And yet retain your former figure still.  
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life,  
 For then you lay beneath the Butchers Knife.  
 Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,  
 But, after all, against your self you swore ;  
 Your former self, for ev'ry Hour your form  
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.  
 Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some,  
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd ;  
 That men may err was never yet deny'd.

But,

But, if that common principle be true,  
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.  
But, shunning long disputes, I fain wou'd see  
That wond'rous Wight infallibility.  
Is he from Heav'n this mighty Champion come,  
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?  
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,  
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,  
The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd,  
The doubtful residence no proof can bring  
Against the plain existence of the thing.

Because *Philosophers* may disagree,  
If Sight b'emission or reception be,  
Shall it be thence infer'd, I do not see?

But you require an Answer positive,  
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,  
For Fallacies in Universals live.

I then affirm that this unfailing guide  
 In Pope and gen'ral Councils must reside ;  
 Both lawful, both combin'd, what one decrees  
 By numerous Votes, the other Ratifies :  
 On this undoubted Sense the Church relies.  
 Tis true, some Doctors in a scantier space,  
 I mean in each apart contract the Place.  
 Some, who to greater length extend the Line,  
 The Churches after acceptation join.  
 This last Circumference appears too wide,  
 The Church diffus'd is by the Council ty'd ;  
 As members by their Representatives  
 Oblig'd to Laws which Prince and Senate gives :  
 Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space ;  
 In Pope and Council who denies the place,  
 Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace ?  
 Those Canons all the needful points contain ;  
 Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,  
 That no disputes about the doubtful Text  
 Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd :

If any shou'd in after times appear,  
New Councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear.  
Because in them the pow'r supreme resides ;  
And all the promises are to the Guides.  
This may be taught with sound and safe Defence :  
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,  
Who setting Councils, Pope, and Church aside,  
Are ev'ry Man his own presuming Guide.  
The sacred Books you say, are full and plain,  
And ev'ry needful Point of Truth contain :  
All who can read, Interpreters may be :  
Thus though your several Churches disagree,  
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himself alone  
The Secret of this Philosophick Stone.  
These Principles you jarring Sects unite,  
When diff'ring Doctors and Disciples Fight.  
Though *Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin*, holy Chiefs  
Have made a Battel Royal of Beliefs ;  
Or like wild Horses sev'ral ways have whirl'd  
The tortur'd Text about the Christian World ;

Each *Jehu* lashing on with furious force,  
 That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worse.  
 No matter what dissention leaders make  
 Where ev'ry private man may save a stake;  
 Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice  
 Each has a blind-by-path to Paradise;  
 Where driving in a Circle slow or fast;  
 Opposing Sects are sure to meet at last.  
 A wondrous charity you have in Store  
 For all reform'd to pass the narrow Door:  
 So much, that *Mahomet* had scarcely more.  
 For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,  
 But *Christ* and *Moyse* were to save their own:  
 Himself was to secure his chosen race,  
 Though reason good for *Turks* to take the place,  
 And he allow'd to be the better Man  
 In virtue of his holier *Alcoran*.

True, said the *Panther*, I shall ne'er deny  
 My Breth'ren may be sav'd as well as I:

Though

Though *Huguenots* contemn our ordination,  
Succession, ministerial vocation ;  
And *Luther*, more mistaking what he read,  
Misjoins the sacred Body with the Bread ;  
Yet, *Lady*, still remember I maintain,  
The Word in needfull points is only plain.

Needless or needful I not now contend,  
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,  
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay  
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray  
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.  
For did not *Arius* first, *Socinus* now,  
The Son's eternal god-head disavow,  
And did not these by Gospel Texts alone  
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own ?  
Have not all hereticks the same pretence  
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence ?  
How did the *Nicene* council then decide  
That strong debate, was it by Scripture try'd ?

*The Hind and the Panther.*

No sure to those the Rebel would not yield,  
 Squadrons of Texts he marshal'd in the field ;  
 That was but civil war, an equal set,  
 Where Piles with piles, and Eagles Eagles met.  
 With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe :  
 And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour so ?  
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way,  
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,  
 Or how he was instructed in his youth,  
 And by traditions force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* smil'd at this, and when, said she,  
 Were those first Councils disallow'd by me ?  
 Or where did I at sure tradition strike,  
 Provided still it were Apostolick ?

Friend, said the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,  
 Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found,  
 Now, 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ,  
 But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No, said the *Panther*, for in that I view,  
 When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.  
 I set 'em by the rule, and as they square,  
 Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,  
 This Oral fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council steer'd it seems a diff'rent course,  
 They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;  
 But you tradition by the Scripture try;  
 Pursu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,  
 Nor dare on one foundation to rely.  
 The word is then depos'd, and in this view,  
 You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.  
 Thus said the *Dame*, and smiling, thus pursu'd,  
 I see tradition then is disallow'd,  
 When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,  
 And Scripture, as interpreted by you.  
 But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;  
 Unless you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which you reject as odious Popery,  
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on me,  
Suppose we on things traditive divide,  
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;  
By various texts we both uphold our claim,  
Nay, often ground our titles on the same:  
After long labour lost, and times expence,  
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.  
Thus all disputes for ever must depend;  
For no dumb rule can controversies end.  
Thus when you said tradition must be try'd  
By Sacred Writ, whose sense your selves decide,  
You said no more, but that your selves must be  
The judges of the Scripture sense, not we.  
Against our church tradition you declare  
And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moyse's* chair:  
At least 'tis prov'd against your argument,  
The rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures how can we be sure  
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?  
For you may palm upon us new for old,  
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,  
To whom deriv'd from fire to son they came;  
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,  
And trusts no farther than the next above;  
Where all the rounds like *Jacob's* ladder rise,  
The lowest hid in earth, the topmost in the skies.

Sternly the salvage did her answer mark,  
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,  
And said but this, since lucre was your trade,  
Succeeding times such dreadfull gaps have made  
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your sons and you  
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* breath was ever fam'd for sweet,  
But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet :  
You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,  
Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.  
As for your answer 'tis but barely urg'd ;  
You must evince tradition to be forg'd ;  
Produce plain proofs ; unblemish'd author's use  
As ancient as those ages they accuse ;  
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :  
An old possession stands, till Elder quits the claim.  
Then for our int'rest which is nam'd alone  
To load with envy, we retort your own.  
For when traditions in your faces fly,  
Resolving not to yield, you must decry :  
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man  
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can ;  
So when you stand of other aid bereft,  
You to the twelve Apostles would be left.

Your friend the *Wolfe* did with more craft provide  
To set those toys traditions quite aside:  
And *Fathers* too, unless when reason spent  
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.  
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more sincere,  
Are not so wise as your Adulterer:  
The private spirit is a better blind  
Than all the dodging tricks your authours find.  
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,  
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;  
The way to please 'em was to make 'em proud. }  
Thus, with full sails, they ran upon the shelf;  
Who cou'd suspect a couzenage from himself?  
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,  
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second hand.  
But you who *Fathers* and traditions take,  
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,  
Pretending church aucthority to fix,  
And yet some grains of private spirit mix.

Are like a *Mule* made up of differing feed,

And that's the reason why you never breed;

At least not propagate your kind abroad,

For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.

And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,

While you (to speak the best) are at a stay,

For sects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.

Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,

Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:

Of all expedients never one was good.

Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)

If we must fix on church auct'ority,

Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood,

That must be better still, if this be good.

Shall she command, who has her self rebell'd?

Is *Antichrist* by *Antichrist* expell'd?

Did we a lawfull tyranny displace,

To set aloft a bastard of the race?

Why all these wars to win the Book, if we  
Must not interpret for our selves, but she?  
Either be wholly slaves or wholly free.

For *purging* fires traditions must not fight;  
But they must prove Episcopacy's right:

Thus those led horses are from service freed;  
You never mount 'em but in time of need.

Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,  
They will not serve against their native Prince.

Against domestick foes of *Hierarchy*

These are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly;  
But, when they see their countrey-men at hand,  
Marching against 'em under church-command,  
Streight they forsake their colours, and disband.

Thus she, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge  
With weak defence against so strong a charge;  
But said, for what did *Christ* his Word provide,  
If still his church must want a living guide?

And if all saving doctrines are not there,  
Or sacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,

30 *The Hind and the Panther.*

From after-ages we should hope in vain  
 For truths, which men inspir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, said the *Hind* :  
 Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind ;  
 From his Apostles the first age receiv'd  
 Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.  
 Thus by tradition faith was planted first,  
 Succeeding flocks succeeding Pastours nurs'd.  
 This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,  
 (Who sure could all things for the best dispose,) }  
 To fence his fold from their encroaching foes. }  
 He cou'd have writ himself, but well foresaw  
 Th' event would be like that of *Moyse's* law ;  
 Some difference wou'd arise, some doubts remain,  
 Like those, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.  
 No written laws can be so plain, so pure,  
 But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure,  
 Not those indited by his first command,  
 A Prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.

Thus

Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,  
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.  
But since the Apostles cou'd not be confin'd,  
To these, or those, but severally design'd  
Their large commission round the world to blow ;  
To spread their faith they spread their labours too.  
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,  
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.  
And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,  
Or bold seducers taught 'em to rebell,  
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,  
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,  
For all their wants they wisely did provide,  
And preaching by Epistles was supply'd :  
So great Physicians cannot all attend,  
But some they visit, and to some they send.  
Yet all those letters were not writ to all ;  
Nor first intended, but occasional.  
Their absent sermons ; nor if they contain  
All needfull doctrines, are those doctrines plain.

Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought,  
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.

And what one Saint has said of holy *Paul*,  
*He darkly writ*, is true apply'd to all.

For this obscurity cou'd heav'n provide  
More prudently than by a living guide, }  
As doubts arose, the difference to decide? }

A guide was therefore needfull, therefore made;  
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.

Thus, with due rev'ence to th' Apostles writ,  
By which my sons are taught, to which, submit;  
I think, those truths their sacred works contain,  
The church alone can certainly explain;  
That following ages, leaning on the past,  
May rest upon the Primitive at last.

Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,  
But none without the church interpreter.

Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,  
And is it self the subject of dispute.

But what th' Apostles their successours taught,  
They to the next, from them to us is brought,  
Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought.  
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,  
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprize;  
And safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.  
By these all festring sores her counsels heal,  
Which time or has discloas'd, or shall reveal,  
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.  
Nor can a council national decide  
But with subordination to her Guide:  
(I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)  
Much less the scripture; for suppose debate  
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,  
Bequeath'd by some Legator's last intent;  
(Such is our dying Saviour's Testament:)  
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;  
The doubtfull heirs their diff'ring titles plead:  
All vouch the words their int'rest to maintain,  
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.

Shall then the testament award the right ?

No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight ;

The field of battel, subject of debate ;

The thing contended for, the fair estate.

The sense is intricate, 'tis onely clear

What vowels and what consonants are there.

Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd

Before some judge appointed to decide.

Suppose, (the fair Apostate said,) I grant,  
 The faithfull flock some living guide should want,  
 Your arguments an endless chase persue :  
 Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,  
 This mighty *Moyfes* of the chosen crew.

The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,  
 With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd ;  
 (And looking upward to her kindred sky,  
 As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,  
 Pronounc'd his words--*she whom ye seek am I.*)

Nor less amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,  
Than were those *Jews* to hear a god declar'd.  
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd ;  
Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,  
And see to which of 'em your selves think fit  
The conduct of your conscience to submit :  
Each Profelyte wou'd vote his Doctor best,  
With absolute exclusion to the rest :  
Thus wou'd your *Polish* Diet disagree,  
And end as it began in Anarchy :  
Your self the fairest for election stand,  
Because you seem crown-gen'ral of the land ;  
But soon against your superstitious lawn  
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn :  
In your establish'd laws of sov'raignty  
The rest some fundamental flaw wou'd see,  
And call Rebellion gospel-liberty.  
To church-decrees your articles require  
Submission modify'd, if not entire ;

Homage deny'd; to censures you proceed;  
 But when *Curtana* will not doe the deed,  
 You lay that pointles clergy-weapon by,  
 And to the laws, your sword of justice fly.  
 Now this your sects the more unkindly take  
 (Those prying varlets hit the blots you make)  
 Because some ancient friends of yours declare,  
 Your onely rule of faith the Scriptures are,  
 Interpreted by men of judgment sound,  
 Which ev'ry sect will for themselves expound:  
 Nor think less rev'ence to their doctours due  
 For sound interpretation, than to you.  
 If then, by able heads, are understood  
 Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,  
 Those able heads expound a wiser way,  
 That their own sheep their shepherd shou'd obey.  
 But if you mean your selves are onely sound,  
 That doctrine turns the reformation round,  
 And all the rest are false reformers found.

Because in sundry Points you stand alone,  
Not in Communion join'd with any one ;  
And therefore must be all the Church, or none.

Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,  
Against this forc'd submission they protest :

While *sound* and *sound* a diff'rent sense explains

Both play at hard-head till they break their brains :

And from their Chairs each others force defy,

While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I pass the rest, because your Church alone

Of all Usurpers best cou'd fill the Throne.

But neither you, nor any Sect beside

For this high Office can be qualify'd,

With necessary Gifts requir'd in such a Guide.

For that which must direct the whole, must be

Bound in one Bond of Faith and Unity :

But all your sev'ral Churches disagree.

The *Consubstantiating* Church and Priest

Refuse Communion to the *Calvinist* ;

The *French* reform'd, from Preaching you restrain,  
 Because you judge their Ordination vain;  
 And so they judge of yours, but Donors must ordain.  
 In short in Doctrine, or in Discipline  
 Not one reform'd, can with another join:  
 But all from each, as from Damnation fly;  
 No Union they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.  
 Nor should their Members in a Synod meet,  
 Cou'd any Church presume to mount the Seat  
 Above the rest, their discords to decide;  
 None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the Guide:  
 And face to face Dissentions wou'd encrease;  
 For only distance now preserves the Peace.  
 All in their Turns accusers, and accus'd:  
*Babel* was never half so much confus'd.  
 What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;  
 For amongst equals lies no last appeal,  
 And all confess themselves are fallible.  
 Now since you grant some necessary Guide,  
 All who can err are justly laid aside:

Because a trust so sacred to confer

Shows want of such a sure Interpreter :

And how can he be needful who can err ?

Then granting that unerring guide we want,

That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant :

Our Saviour else were wanting to supply

Our needs, and obviate that Necessity.

It then remains that Church can only be

The Guide, which owns unfailing certainty ;

Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,

Relapsing from a necessary Guide.

But this annex'd Condition of the Crown,

Immunity from Errours, you disown,

Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down.

For petty Royalties you raise debate ;

But this unfailing Universal State

You shun : nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight.

And for that cause those Promises detest

With which our Saviour did his Church invest :

But strive t'evade, and fear to find 'em true,

As conscions they were never meant to you :

All which the mother church asserts her own,

And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.

So when of old th' Almighty father sate

In Council, to redeem our ruin'd state,

Millions of millions at a distance round,

Silent the sacred Consistory crown'd,

To hear what mercy mixt with Justice cou'd propound.

All prompt with eager pity, to fulfill

The full extent of their Creatour's will :

But when the stern conditions were declar'd,

A mournful whisper through the host was heard,

And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,

Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.

Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high

Rose in the strength of all the Deity ;

Stood forth t'accept the terms, and underwent

A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent,

Nor he Himself cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.

Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,  
That ev'n the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,  
Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,  
What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows  
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.  
Behold what marks of Majesty she brings;  
Richer than antient heirs of Eastern kings:  
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,  
To shew whom she commands, and who obeys;  
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,  
With that t' assert spiritual Royalty.

One in herself not rent by Schism, but sound,  
Entire, one solid shining Diamond,  
Not Sparkles shatter'd into Sects like you,  
One is the Church, and must be to be true:  
One central principle of unity.

*Marks of  
the Catho-  
lick Church  
from the  
Nicene  
Creed.*

As undivided, so from errors free,  
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.

Thus

Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting Rage  
Of Hereticks oppos'd from Age to Age:

Still when the Giant-brood invades her Throne  
She stoops from Heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,  
And with paternal Thunder vindicates her Crown.

But like *Egyptian* Sorcerers you stand,

And vainly lift aloft your Magick Wand,

To sweep away the Swarms of Vermin from the Land:

You cou'd like them, with like infernal Force

Produce the Plague, but not arrest the Course.

But when the Boils and Botches, with disgrace

And publick Scandal sat upon the Face,

Themselves attack'd, the *Magi* strove no more,

They saw God's Finger, and their Fate deplore;

Themselves they cou'd not Cure of the dishonest sore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread

Like the fair Ocean from her Mother-Bed;

From East to West triumphantly she rides,

All Shoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The Gospel-sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,  
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,  
The self same doctrin of the Sacred Page  
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my sorrow give my satyr place,  
To raise new blushes on my *British* race ;  
Our sayling Ships like common shoars we use,  
And through our distant Colonies diffuse  
The draughts of Dungeons, and the stench of stews.  
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,  
We disembogue on some far *Indian* coast :  
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, sins of ev'ry sort,  
Those are the manufactures we export ;  
And these the *Missioners* our zeal has made :  
For, with my Countrey's pardon be it said,  
Religion is the least of all our trade.

Yet some improve their traffick more than we,  
 For they on gain, their only God, rely :  
 And set a publick price on piety.  
 Industrious of the needle and the chart  
 They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart :  
 Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame  
 Sell all of Christian to the very name ;  
 Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked shame.

Thus, of three marks which in the Creed we view,  
 Not one of all can be apply'd to you :  
 Much less the fourth ; in vain alas you seek  
 Th' ambitious title of Apostolick :  
 God-like descent ! 'tis well your blood can be  
 Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree :  
 For all of ancient that you had before,  
 (I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)  
 Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Heresies condemn'd in ages past,  
By care and time recover'd from the blast.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,  
The church her old foundations has remov'd,  
And built new doctrines on unstable sands:  
Judge that ye winds and rains; you prov'd her, yet she stands.  
Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,  
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.  
We claim no pow'r when Heresies grow bold  
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.  
How else cou'd that obscene disease be purg'd  
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?  
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more  
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.  
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd  
Till Schism or Heresie call down *Goliath's* sword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth,  
The first plantations of the gospel's youth,

Old standard faith : but cast your eyes again  
 And view those errors which new sects maintain,  
 Or which of old disturb'd the churches peaceful reign,  
 And we can point each period of the time,  
 When they began, and who begot the crime ;  
 Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,  
 Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd :  
 Of all which are already pass'd away,  
 We know the rise, the progress and decay.

Despair at our foundations then to strike  
 Till you can prove your faith Apostolick ;  
 A limpid stream drawn from the native source ;  
 Succession lawfull in a lineal course.  
 Prove any church oppos'd to this our head,  
 So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,  
 Under one chief of the spiritual state,  
 The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.  
 Shew such a seamless coat, from schism so free,  
 In no communion join'd with heresie :

If such a one you find, let truth prevail:  
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:  
A church unprincipl'd kicks up the scale.

But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can  
Suppose in God what were unjust in man,)  
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,  
Should suffer falshood for so long a space  
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:  
That sev'n successive ages should be lost  
And preach damnation at their proper cost;  
That all your erring ancestours should dye,  
Drown'd in th' Abyss of deep Idolatry;  
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,  
Awake and open your unwilling eyes:  
God has left nothing for each age undone,  
From this to that wherein he sent his Son:  
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.

See how his church adorn'd with ev'ry grace  
 With open arms, a kind forgiving face,  
 Stands ready to prevent her long lost sons embrace.

Not more did *Joseph* o'er his brethren weep,  
 Nor less himself cou'd from discovery keep,  
 When in the croud of suppliants they were seen,  
 And in their crew his best beloved *Benjamin*.

That pious *Joseph* in the church behold,  
 To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;  
 The *Joseph* you exil'd, the *Joseph* whom you sold.

The renun-  
 ciation of  
 the Bene-  
 dictines to  
 the Abby  
 Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,  
 A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;  
 Shot from the skyes: a cheartull azure light;  
 The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,  
 And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty spright.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky  
 For *James* his late nocturnal victory;

The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,  
The fire-works which his angel made above.

I saw my self the lambent easie light

*Post lo-  
quitur.*

Guild the brown horrour and dispell the night;

The messenger with speed the tidings bore;

News which three lab'ring nations did restore,

But heav'ns own *Nuntius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell;  
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.

When she, by frequent observation wise,

As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,

Discern'd a change of weather in the skyes.

The Western borders were with crimson spread,

The moon descending look'd all flaming red;

She thought good manners bound her to invite

The stranger Dame to be her guest that night.

'Tis true, course dyet and a short repast,

(She said) were weak inducements to the tast

Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast.

But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,  
 A hearty welcome at a homely board  
 Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,  
 An honest meaning, and an open breast.  
 Last, with content of mind, the poor man's Wealth;  
 A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.  
 This she desir'd her to accept and stay,  
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,  
 Because she wanted an unerring guide,  
 And then the dew-drops on her silken hide  
 Her tender constitution did declare,  
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,  
 And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.  
 But most she fear'd that travelling so late,  
 Some evil minded beasts might lye in wait;  
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning ear,  
 Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear:

Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal  
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,  
Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;  
And took her friendly hostess at her word,  
Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a shed  
With hoary moss and winding Ivy spread,  
Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,) }  
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest: }  
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest }  
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest; }  
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,  
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.  
This peaceful Seat my poverty secures,  
War seldom enters but where wealth allures;  
Nor yet dispise it, for this poor aboad  
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;  
A god victorious of the stygian race  
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.

This mean retreat did mighty *Pan* contain;  
 Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,  
 And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see  
 Contempt of wealth, and wilfull poverty:  
 And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,  
 A while suspended her desire of gold.  
 But civilly drew in her sharpn'd paws,  
 Not violating hospitable laws,  
 And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws:

The *Hind* did first her country Cates provide;  
 Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER.

---

The Third Part.

---

**M**UCH malice mingl'd with a little wit  
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ :  
Because the Muse has peopl'd *Caledon*  
With *Panthers, Bears and Wolves*, and Beasts unknown,  
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.

L

Let

Let *Æsop* answer, who has set to view,  
 Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;  
 And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dress  
 Has sharply blam'd a *British Lioness*,  
 That *Queen*, whose feast the factious rabble keep,  
 Expos'd obscenely naked and a-sleep.  
 Led by those great examples, may not I  
 The wanted organs of their words supply?  
 If men transact like brutes 'tis equal then  
 For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

---

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,  
 To entertain a dangerous guest by night.  
 Let those remember that she cannot dye  
 Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;  
 Nor need she fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,  
 Because the *Lyon's* peace was now proclaim'd;  
 The wary salvage would not give offence,  
 To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;

But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,  
When all her furry sons in frequent Senate met.  
Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood,  
And with a Lenten fallad cool'd her blood.  
Their commons, though but course, were nothing scant,  
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whose noble nature strove  
T'express her plain simplicity of love,  
Did all the honours of her house so well,  
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.  
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,  
To common dangers past, a sadly pleasing theme;  
Remembring ev'ry storm which toss'd the state,  
When both were objects of the publick hate,  
And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make  
Of what the *Panther* suffer'd for her sake.

Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,  
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd Heir,  
Her strength t'endure, her courage to defy ;  
Her choice of honourable infamy.

On these proluxly thankfull, she enlarg'd,  
Then with acknowledgments herself she charg'd :  
For friendship of it self, an holy tye ,  
Is made more sacred by adversity.

Now should they part, malicious tongues wou'd say,  
They met like chance companions on the way,  
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd ;  
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;  
But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends :  
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her speech was done,  
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.  
But said her gratitude had gone too far  
For common offices of Christian care.

If to the lawfull Heir she had been true,  
She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due.  
I might, she added, with like praise describe  
Your suff'ring sons, and so return your bribe;  
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd,  
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.  
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;  
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings display,  
And sip the sweets, and bask in your Great *Patron's* day. }

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find  
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind;  
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,  
And canker'd malice stood in open fight.  
Ambition, int'rest, pride without controul,  
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;  
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,  
With all the lean tormenters of the will.  
'Twas easie now to guess from whence arose  
Her new made union with her ancient foes.

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,  
 Affected kindness with an alter'd face :  
 Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,  
 As hoping still the nobler parts were found ;  
 But strove with Anodynes t'asswage the smart,  
 And mildly thus her medicine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to ease their pain,  
 It shows a Rest of kindness to complain ;  
 A friendship loth to quit its former hold,  
 And conscious merit may be justly bold.  
 But much more just your jealousy would show,  
 If others good were injury to you :  
 Witness ye heav'ns how I rejoyce to see  
 Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty.  
 Your Warriour Offspring that upheld the crown,  
 The scarlet honours of your peacefull gown,  
 Are the most pleasing objects I can find,  
 Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind :

When vertue spooms before a prosperous gale  
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail ;  
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,  
*Cæsar* should still have such, and such should still reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd :  
'Tis just you reap the product of the field.  
Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggars gain.  
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.  
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,  
Your charity for alms may safely spare,  
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.  
My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd,  
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard ;  
If *Cæsar* to his own his hand extends,  
Say which of yours his charity offends :  
You know he largely gives, to more than are his friends.  
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor ?  
Our mite decreases nothing of your store ;

I am but few, and by your fare you see

My crying sins are not of luxury.

Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,

And makes you break our friendships holy laws,

For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.

Show more occasion for your discontent,

Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent ;

Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,

Some *French*, where force is uppermost, will doe.

When at the fountains head, as merit ought

To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,

How easie 'tis an envious eye to throw,

And tax the sheep for troubling streams below ;

Or call her, ( when no farther cause you find, )

An enemy profess'd of all your kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,

The *Wolf* design'd to eat as well as drink.

For charity ( reply'd the Matron ) tell  
What sad mischance those pretty birds befell.

Nay, no mischance, (the salvage Dame reply'd) }  
But want of wit in their unerring guide, }  
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride. }  
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,  
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the rest  
Of all the birds, as man's familiar Guest,  
Pursues the Sun in summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:  
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,  
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoak alone.  
From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,  
Endu'd with particles of soul divine.  
This merry Chorister had long possess'd  
Her summer feat, and feather'd well her nest :

Till frowning skys began to change their cheer  
 And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;  
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow  
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.  
 Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,  
 Which by instinct, or Prophecy, she knew:  
 When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes  
 And seek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeples height,  
 And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;  
 The day was nam'd, the next that shou'd be fair,  
 All to the gen'ral rendezvouz repair;  
 They try their flutt'ring wings, and trust themselves in air.  
 But whether upward to the moon they go,  
 Or dream the winter out in caves below,  
 Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,  
 And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Next morn they rose and set up ev'ry sail,  
The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale :  
The sickly young fat shiv'ring on the shoar,  
Abhorr'd salt-water never seen before,  
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay  
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

With these the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,  
A church-begot, and church-believing bird ;  
Of little body, but of lofty mind,  
Round belly'd, for a dignity design'd,  
And much a dunce, as *Martyns* are by kind.  
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and *Code*,  
And Fathers which he never understood,  
But little learning needs in noble blood.  
For, sooth to say, the *Swallow* brought him in,  
Her household Chaplain, and her next of kin.  
In Superstition silly to excess,  
And casting Schemes, by planetary gueses :

In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,  
His fear foretold foul-weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,  
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croke.

That omen lik'd him not, so his advice

Was present safety, bought at any price:

(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardise.)

To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,

Of rising waters, and a troubl'd stream,

Sure signs of anguish, dangers and distress,

With something more, not lawfull to express:

By which he slyly seem'd to intimate

Some secret revelation of their fate.

For he concluded, once upon a time,

He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rime,

Whose antique characters did well denote

The *Sibyl's* hand of the *Cumæan* Grott:

The mad *Diviners* had plainly writ,

A time should come (but many ages yet,)

In which, sinister destinies ordain,  
 A *Dame* shou'd drown with all her feather'd train,  
 And seas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main.  
 At this, some shook for fear, the more devout  
 Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.

'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort  
 Made all these idle wonderments their sport:  
 They said, their onely danger was delay,  
 And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd say,  
 Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.  
 The passage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,  
 Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,  
 Nor more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.  
 The Sun (already from the scales declin'd)  
 Gave little hopes of better days behind,  
 But change from bad to worse of weather and of wind.  
 Nor need they fear the dampness of the Sky  
 Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,  
 'Twas onely water thrown on sails too dry.

But, least of all *Philosophy* presumes  
 Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes :  
 Perhaps the *Martyn* hous'd in holy ground,  
 Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,  
 Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream  
 Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.  
 As little weight his vain presages bear,  
 Of ill effect to such alone who fear.  
 Most prophecies are of a piece with these,  
 Each *Nostradamus* can foretell with ease :  
 Not naming persons, and confounding times,  
 One casual truth supports a thousand lying rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had seiz'd the most,  
 And all good counsel is on cowards lost.  
 The question crudely put, to shun delay,  
 'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to stay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence  
 His pow'r, and from a Priest became a Prince.

He order'd all things with a busie care,  
And cells, and refectories did prepare,  
And large provisions laid of winter fare.  
But now and then let fall a word or two  
Of hope, that heav'n some miracle might show,  
And, for their sakes, the sun shou'd backward go ;  
Against the laws of nature upward climb,  
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime :  
For which two proofs in Sacred story lay,  
Of *Abaz* dial, and of *Joshuah's* day.  
In expectation of such times as these  
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd of ease :  
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,  
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit  
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)  
That, this accomplish'd, or at least in part,  
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.

Some \* *Swifts*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind,  
 Large limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,  
 ( For *Swiffes*, or for *Gibeonites* design'd, )

\* Otherwise  
 call'd Mare-  
 lets.

These Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,  
 To suck fresh air survey'd the neighbouring plain ;  
 And saw ( but scarcely could believe their eyes )

New Blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise ;  
 As God had been abroad, and walking there,  
 Had left his foot-steps, and reform'd the year :

The sunny hills from far were seen to glow  
 With glittering beams, and in the meads below  
 The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.

At last they heard the foolish *Cuckow* sing,  
 Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of spring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,  
 And repossess their patrimonial sky.

The *Priest* before 'em did his wings display ;  
 And, that good omens might attend their way,  
 As luck wou'd have it, 'twas *St. Martyn's* day.

This breathing-time the *Matron* took ; and then,  
Resum'd the thrid of her discourse agen.  
Be vengeance wholly left to powr's divine,  
And let heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine :  
If joyes hereafter must be purchas'd here  
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,  
Then welcome infamy and publick shame,  
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.  
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly try'd  
By haughty souls to humane honour ty'd !  
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride !  
Down then thou rebell, never more to rise,  
And what thou didst, and do'st so dearly prize,  
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.  
'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears  
For a long race of unrepenting years :  
'Tis nothing yet ; yet all thou hast to give,  
Then add those *may-be* years thou hast to live.

Yet nothing still : then poor, and naked come,  
 Thy father will receive his unthrift home,  
 And thy blest Saviour's bloud discharge the mighty sum.

Thus (the pursu'd) I discipline a son  
 Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:  
 He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,  
 And starts a-side, and flounders at the cross.  
 Instruct him better, gracious God, to know,  
 As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too.  
 That suff'ring from ill tongues he bears no more  
 Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to school your child,  
 And ask why *God's* anointed he revil'd ;  
 A *King* and *Princess* dead ! did *Shimei* worse ?  
 The curser's punishment should fright the curse :  
 Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o're,  
 But he who councill'd him, has paid the score :

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,  
But wo to him on whom the weights descend :  
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flies :  
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes ;  
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,  
The foe discharges ev'ry Tyre around,  
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight,  
But his own thund'ring peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry's* change his charge as ill succeeds,  
To that long story little answer needs,  
Confront but *Henry's* words with *Henry's* deeds.  
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,  
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.  
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,  
Which from the cause, he calls a distant flight,  
And yet no larger leap than from the sun to light.

Now last your sons a double *Pæan* sound,  
*A Treatise of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought  
 Than thus in Protestant procession brought.  
 The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,  
*Rodriguez* work, my celebrated son,  
 Which yours, by ill-translating made his own;  
 Conceal'd its authour, and usurp'd the name,  
 The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.  
 My Altars kindl'd first that living coal,  
 Restore, or practice better what you stole:  
 That vertue could this humble verse inspire,  
 'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd;  
 And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.  
 For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,  
 To make himself a saver where he can.  
 Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell  
 The names of Pirates in whose hands he fell:

But at the den of thieves he justly flies,  
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.  
No private person in the foes estate  
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.  
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;  
Then let the greater supersede the less.  
But let th' Abbetors of the *Panther's* crime  
Learn to make fairer wars another time.  
Some characters may sure be found to write  
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight  
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her plea controll'd,  
Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,  
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife;  
And judge conversion by the convert's life.  
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange  
So few shou'd follow profitable change:  
For present joys are more to flesh and bloud,  
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,  
 (I hope to quote him is not to purloin;)   
 Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss;  
 The larger loadstone that, the nearer this :  
 The weak attraction of the greater fails,  
 We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails :  
 But when the greater proves the nearer too,  
 I wonder more your converts come so flow.  
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,  
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inference wou'd be strong (the *Hind* reply'd)  
 If yours were in effect the suffering side :  
 Your clergy sons their own in peace possess,  
 Nor are their prospects in reversion less.  
 My Proselytes are struck with awfull dread,  
 Your bloody Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.  
 The respite they enjoy but onely lent,  
 The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.

Be judge your self, if int'rest may prevail,  
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.  
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,  
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,  
Admire no longer at my slow encrease.

By education most have been misled,  
So they believe, because they so were bred.  
The *Priest* continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man.  
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat :  
But int'rest is the most prevailing cheat,  
The sly seducer both of age and youth ;  
They study that, and think they study truth :  
When int'rest fortifies an argument  
Weak reason serves to gain the wills assent ;  
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easie bent.  
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,  
And picque of honour to maintain a cause,

And shame of change, and fear of future ill,  
 And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will;  
 And chief among the still mistaking crowd,  
 The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,  
 And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.  
 Disdain of Fathers which the daunce began,  
 And last, uncertain who's the narrower span,  
 The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a scornfull smile:  
 Yet still you travail with unwearied toil,  
 And range around the realm without controll  
 Among my sons, for Profelytes to prole,  
 And here and there you snap some silly soul.  
 You hinted fears of future change in state,  
 Pray heav'n you did not prophesie your fate;  
 Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,  
 But may mistake the season of the year;  
 The *Swallows* fortune gives you cause to fear.

This last allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,  
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the fore.  
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly pain'd:  
But thus her Passive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,  
Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.  
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,  
But I am always on the suff'ring side:  
You know my doctrine, and I need not say  
I will not, but I cannot disobey.  
On this firm principle I ever stood:  
He of my sons who fails to make it good,  
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many sons have you  
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!  
But most of them who that relation plead  
Are such ungratious youths as wish you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,  
 And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;  
 Enquire into your years, and laugh to find  
 Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.

Were you not dim, and doted, you might see  
 A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,  
 No more of kin to you, than you to me.

Do you not know, that for a little coin,

*Heralds* can foist a name into the line;

They ask you blessing but for what you have,

But once possess'd of what with care you save,

The wanton boyes wou'd piss upon your grave.

Your sons of Latitude that court your grace,

Though most resembling you in form and face,

Are far the worst of your pretended race.

And, but I blush your honesty to blot:

Pray god you prove 'em lawfully begot:

For, in some *Popish* libells I have read,

The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed.

At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,  
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.  
Their malice too a fore suspicion brings ;  
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings :  
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,  
Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Profelytes are come  
To starve abroad , because they starv'd at home ?  
Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,  
They found the new *Messiah* by the star :  
Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,  
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.  
Mark with what management their tribes divide,  
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,  
That many churches may for many mouths provide.  
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make,  
All wou'd have Latitude enough to take ;

The rest unbenefic'd, your sects maintain:

For ordinations without cures are vain,

And chamber practice is a silent gain.

Your sons of breadth at home, are much like these,

Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;

They melt, and take the figure of the mould:

But harden, and preserve it best in gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,

Is double edg'd, and cuts on either side.

Some sons of mine who bear upon their shield,

Three steeples Argent in a sable field,

Have sharply tax'd your converts, who unfe

Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;

Such who themselves of no religion are,

Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.

Bare lyes with bold assertions they can face,

But dint of argument is out of place.

The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,

'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.

Thus

Thus our eighth *Henry's* marriage they defame;  
They say the schism of beds began the game,  
Divorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.  
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd  
That conscience, conscience wou'd not let him rest:  
I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,  
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.  
For fundry years before did he complain,  
And told his ghostly Confessour his pain.  
With the same impudence, without a ground,  
They say, that look the reformation round,  
No *Treatise of Humility* is found.  
But if none were, the Gospel does not want,  
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,  
The Sermon in the mount was *Protestant* :

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as sure as all  
The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul*.  
On that decision let it stand or fall.

Now for my converts, who you say unfed  
 Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,  
 Judge not by hear-say, but observe at least,  
 If since their change, their loaves have been increast.  
 The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,  
 Beasts wou'd be sold as fast as he cou'd bid.  
 Tax those of int'rest who conform for gain,  
 Or stay the market of another reign.  
 Your broad-way sons wou'd never be too nice  
 To close with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;  
 But rais'd three steeples high'r, wou'd change their note,  
 And quit the Cassock for the Canting-coat.  
 Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,  
 Judge by your selves, and think not others fold.

Mean-time my sons accus'd, by fames report  
 Pay small attendance at the *Lyon's* court,  
 Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late,  
 (For silently they beg who daily wait.)

Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,  
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.  
How they shou'd speed, their fortune is untry'd,  
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.  
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bless,  
And hope they shou'd not murmur, had they less.  
But, if reduc'd subsistence to implore,  
In common prudence they wou'd pass your door;  
Unpitty'd *Hudibras*, your Champion friend,  
Has shown how far your charities extend.  
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,  
*He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.*

With odious *Atheist* names you load your foes, }  
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expose? }  
It never fails in charities like those. }  
In climes where true religion is profess'd,  
That imputation were no laughing jest.  
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,  
Is here sufficient licence to defame.

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,  
 The Homicide of names is less than lives ;  
 And yet the perjur'd murderer survives.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd  
 The boiling indignation of her breast ;  
 She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd  
 Pollute her satyr with ignoble blood :  
 Her panting foes she saw before her lye,  
 And back she drew the shining weapon dry :  
 So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in fight  
 His equal match, he rouses for the fight ;  
 But when his foe lyes prostrate on the plain,  
 He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane ;  
 And, pleas'd with bloudless honours of the day,  
 Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey,  
 So *JAMES*, if great with less we may compare,  
 Arrests his rowling thunder-bolts in air ;  
 And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd space,  
 T'implore the remnants of long suff'ring grace.

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,  
The Canopy of heaven is all her own,  
Her youthfull offspring to their haunts repair ;  
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,  
And dip for insects in the purling springs,  
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.  
Their mothers think a fair provision made,  
That ev'ry son can live upon his trade,  
And now the carefull charge is off their hands,  
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:  
The youthfull widow longs to be supply'd ;  
But first the lover is by Lawyers ty'd  
To settle jointure-chimneys on the bride. }  
So thick they couple, in so short a space,  
That *Martyns* marr'age offrings rise apace ;  
Their ancient houses, running to decay,  
Are furbish'd up, and cemented with clay ;  
They teem already ; store of eggs are laid,  
And brooding mothers call *Lucina's* aid.

Fame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear  
 In flocks to greet the new returning year,  
 To bless the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)  
 To plant abroad, and people colonies;  
 The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had desir'd,  
 (For so their cruel destiny requir'd)  
 Were sent far off on an ill fated day;  
 The rest wou'd need conduct 'em on their way,  
 And *Martyn* went, because he fear'd alone to stay.

So long they flew with inconsiderate haste  
 That now their afternoon began to waste;  
 And, what was ominous, that very morn  
 The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;  
 Which, by their bad Astronomers account,  
 That week the virgin balance shou'd remount;  
 An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,  
 And hid the small remainders of his day:

The crow'd amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark ;  
But birds met birds, and juttled in the dark ;  
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright ;  
And fear increas'd the horrour of the night.

Night came, but unattended with repose,  
Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close,  
Alone, and black she came, no friendly stars arose.

What shou'd they doe, beset with dangers round,  
No neighb'ring Dorp, no lodging to be found,  
But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground.

The latter brood, who just began to fly  
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,  
For succour to their helpless mother call,  
She spread her wings ; some few beneath 'em craul,  
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.

T'augment their woes, the winds began to move  
Debate in air, for empty fields above,  
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and powr'd amain  
His ratling hail-stones mix'd with snow and rain.

The joyless morning late arose, and found  
 A dreadfull desolation reign a-round,  
 Some buried in the Snow, some frozen to the ground:  
 The rest were struggling still with death, and lay  
 The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey;  
 Excepting *Martyn's* race, for they and he  
 Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree,  
 But soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,  
 He headed all the rabble of a town,  
 And finish'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.  
*Martyn* himself was caught a-live, and try'd  
 For treas'nous crimes, because the laws provide  
 No *Martyn* there in winter shall abide.  
 High on an Oak which never leaf shall bear,  
 He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air,  
 And there his corps, unblest'd, are hanging still,  
 To show the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The patience of the *Hind* did almost fail,  
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale :  
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther* owes, }  
In malice it began, by malice grows, }  
He sow'd the *Serpent's* teeth, an iron-harvest rose. }  
But most in *Martyn's* character and fate, }  
She saw her slander'd sons, the *Panther's* hate, }  
The people's rage, the persecuting state : }  
Then said, I take th' advice in friendly part,  
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart :  
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-seeing skill,  
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill :  
As for my sons, the family is blest'd,  
Whose ev'ry child is equal to the rest :  
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line ;  
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine :  
Or else an old fanatick Authour lyes  
Who summ'd their Scandals up by Centuries.

But, through your parable I plainly see  
 The bloody laws, the crowds barbarity :  
 The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight,  
 Had some their wishes, it wou'd soon be night.  
 Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you,  
 Your sons are male-contents, but yet are true,  
 As far as non-resistance makes 'em so,  
 But that's a word of neutral sense you know,  
 A passive term which no relief will bring,  
 But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Rest well assur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,  
 My sons wou'd all support the regal side,  
 Though heav'n forbid the cause by battel shou'd be try'd.

The Matron answer'd with a loud Amen,  
 And thus pursu'd her argument agen.  
 If as you say, and as I hope no less,  
 Your sons will practise what your self profess,  
 What angry pow'r prevents our present peace ?

The *Lyon*, studious of our common good,  
Desires, (and Kings desires are ill withstood,)  
To join our Nations in a lasting love;  
The barrs betwixt are easie to remove,  
For sanguinary laws were never made above  
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny  
Whose mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,  
Make not a worse example of your own,  
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,  
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.  
His blunted sword, your suff'ring brotherhood  
Have seldom felt, he stops it short of blood:  
But you have ground the persecuting knife,  
And set it to a razor edge on life.  
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,  
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;  
Your finger is more gross than the great Monarch's loins,  
But you perhaps remove that bloody note,  
And stick it on the first Reformers coat.

Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep,  
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.  
Unjust, or just, is all the question now,  
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Test wou'd put you in a rage,  
You charge not that on any former age,  
But smile to think how innocent you stand  
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.  
Yet still remember that you weild a sword  
Forg'd by your foes against your Sovereign Lord.  
Design'd to hew th' imperial Cedar down,  
Defraud Succession, and dis-heir the Crown.  
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,  
Is to hate Traytors, and the treason love.  
What means it else, which now your children say,  
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppose

Suppose some great Oppressor had by flight  
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,  
Your common fire surrendring in a fright;  
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,  
Aest by the villain's will to heir the land?  
More just was *Judas*, who his Saviour sold;  
The sacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,  
Nor hang in peace, before he rendr'd back the gold.  
What more could you have done, than now you doe,  
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?  
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;  
The dire Magicians threw their mists around,  
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.  
But now when time has made th' imposture plain,  
(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping held her train,)  
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?  
The painted Harlot might awhile bewitch,  
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

The first Reformers were a modest race,  
Our Peers possess'd in peace their native place :  
And when rebellious arms o'return'd the state,  
They suffer'd onely in the common fate ;  
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair  
And mitr'd seats are full, yet *David's* bench is bare :  
Your answer is, they were not dispossest'd,  
They need but rub their mettle on the Test  
To prove their ore : 'twere well if gold alone  
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone ;  
But that unfaithfull Test, unfound will pass  
The dross of Atheists, and sectarian brass :  
As if th' experiment were made to hold  
For base productions, and reject the gold :  
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,  
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise :  
No danger to the church or state from these,  
The Papist onely has his Writ of ease.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence  
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.  
Wrong conscience, or no conscience may deserve  
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to sterve.

Still thank your selves you cry, your noble race  
We banish not, but they forsake the place.  
Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,  
You tofs your cens'ring Test, and fume the room ;  
As if 'twere *Toby's* rival to expell,  
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell.

To this the *Panther* sharply had reply'd,  
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her side,  
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide ;  
Well satisfy'd to have the But and peace,  
And for the Plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,  
Because she su'd in *forma Pauperis* ;  
Yet thought it decent something shou'd be said,  
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd :

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,  
 But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks such terms of preferr'd peace you bring  
 As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King :

By long possession all the land is mine,  
 You strangers come with your intruding line,  
 To share my sceptre, which you call to join.

You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,  
 And claim a peacefull seat by fates decree.

In ready pomp your Sacrificer stands,  
 T' unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,  
 And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,  
 Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.

Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,  
 But still you bring your exil'd gods along;  
 And will endeavour in succeeding space,  
 Those household Poppits on our hearths to place.  
 Perhaps some barb'rous laws have been preferr'd,  
 I spake against the *Test*, but was not heard;

These to rescind, and Peerage to restore,  
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:  
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.

Conscience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,  
Which well-inform'd will ever be the same.  
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,  
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.  
When first the *Lyon* sat with awfull sway  
Your conscience taught you duty to obey:  
He might have had your Statutes and your Test,  
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.  
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,  
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.  
In vain the sects assay'd their utmost art  
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part,  
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.  
But when by long experience you had prov'd,  
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,  
 And onely short of heav'ns unbounded grace:  
 A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our Isle,  
 Calm in the rise, and fruitfull as the Nile,  
 Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was supply'd,  
 You thought your Sov'reign bound to send the tide:  
 Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,  
 But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:  
 Then conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began  
 To stretch her limits, and extend the span,  
 Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,  
 And made a wise Alliance with her foes.  
 Can conscience own th' associating name,  
 And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?  
 For sure she has been thought a bashfull Dame.  
 But if the cause by battel shou'd be try'd,  
 You grant she must espouse the regal side:  
 O *Proteus* Conscience, never to be ty'd!  
 What *Phæbus* from the *Tripod* shall disclose,  
 Which are in last resort, your friends or foes?

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,  
The seeming *Gordian* knot wou'd soon unty ;  
Immortal pow'rs the term of conscience know,  
But int'rest is her name with men below.

Conscience or int'rest be't, or both in one ;  
(The *Panther* answer'd in a surly tone,) . . . .  
The first commands me to maintain the Crown,  
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.  
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,  
Our *Test* excludes your Tribe from benefit.  
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,  
Which proudly rising overlooks the land :  
And once let in, with unresisted sway  
Wou'd sweep the Pastors and their flocks away.  
Think not my judgment leads me to comply  
With laws unjust, but hard necessity :  
Imperious need which cannot be withstood  
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.

Possess your soul with patience, and attend :  
 A more auspicious Planet may ascend ;  
 Good fortune may present some happier time,  
 With means to cancell my unwilling crime ;  
 (Unwilling, witness all ye Pow'rs above )  
 To mend my errours and redeem your love :  
 That little space you safely may allow,  
 Your all-dispensing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, said the *Hind*, 'tis needless to explain ;  
 You wou'd *postpone* me to another reign :  
 Till when you are content to be unjust,  
 Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.  
 A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,  
 For present profit and inheritance :  
 Few words will serve to finish our dispute,  
 Who will not now repeal wou'd persecute ;  
 To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,  
 Wishing that happier Planet wou'd ascend :

For shame let Conscience be your Plea no more,  
To will hereafter, proves she might before ;  
But she's a Bawd to gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear  
Of threatenng Floods, and Inundations near ;  
If so, a just Reprise would only be  
Of what the Land usurp'd upon the Sea ;  
And all your Jealousies but serve to show  
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.  
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,  
Is to distrust the justice of your Cause ;  
And argues that the true Religion lyes  
In those weak Adversaries you despise.

Tyrannick force is that which least you fear,  
The sound is frightfull in a Christian's ear ;  
Avert it, Heav'n ; nor let that Plague be sent  
To us from the dispeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;  
 Those Pray'rs are needless in this Monarch's Reign.  
 Behold ! how he protects your Friends oppress'd,  
 Receives the Banish'd, succours the Distress'd:  
 Behold, for you may read an honest open Breast.  
 He stands in Day-light, and disdains to hide  
 An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd,  
 A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.  
 Your Test he would repeal, his Peers restore,  
 This when he says he means, he means no more.

Well, said the *Panther*, I believe him just,  
 And yet——

And yet, 'tis but because you must,  
 You would be trusted, but you would not trust.  
 The *Hind* thus briefly; and disdain'd t' inlarge  
 On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,

As Heav'ns Trustees before the Peoples choice :  
Tho' sure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce  
To hear those *Echo's* giv'n of her once Loyal voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her Kindness to the last,  
But cou'd not win ; her hour of Grace was past.  
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring  
To leave the *Wolf*, and to believe her King,  
She gave Her up, and fairly wish'd her Joy  
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally :  
Which well she hop'd wou'd more successfull prove,  
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.  
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be  
Betwixt two kinds whose Natures disagree ?  
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis sung in ev'ry Street,  
The common chat of Gossips when they meet :  
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while  
To take a wholesome Tale, tho' told in homely stile.

A Plain good Man, whose Name is understood,  
 (So few deserve the name of Plain and Good)  
 Of three fair lineal Lordships stood possess'd,  
 And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best;  
 Inur'd to hardships from his early Youth,  
 Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:  
 At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtfull Fight,  
 Was never known a more adven'trous Knight,  
 Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As fortune wou'd (his fortune came tho' late)  
 He took Possession of his just Estate:  
 Nor rack'd his Tenants with increase of Rent,  
 Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;  
 But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay was just,  
 And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:  
 Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;  
 So true, that he was awkward at a trick.

For little Souls on little shifts rely,  
And coward Arts of mean Expedients try:  
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.  
False Friends, (his deadliest foes,) could find no way  
But shows of honest bluntness to betray ;  
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd ;  
He look'd into Himself, and was deceiv'd.  
Some lucky Planet sure attends his Birth,  
Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth ;  
For prosp'rous Honesty is seldom seen :  
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.  
It looks as Fate with Nature's Law would strive,  
To shew Plain dealing once an age may thrive :  
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,  
Exceeded her Commission to befriend.

This gratefull man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,  
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor ;  
His House with all convenience was purvey'd ;  
The rest he found, but rais'd the Fabrick where he pray'd ;

And

And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wife  
Employ'd Her happiest hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to those alone  
Whom common Faith more strictly made their own ;  
A sort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,  
Who cross the Proverb, and abound with Gall.  
Tho' some 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,  
The greater Part degenerate from their kind ;  
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,  
And largely drink, because on Salt they feed.  
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws ;  
Yet, bound by Promise, he supports their Cause,  
As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That House which harbour to their kind affords  
Was built, long since, God knows, for better Birds ;  
But flutt'ring there they nestle near the Throne,  
And lodge in Habitations not their own,  
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.

Like *Harpy's* they could scent a plenteous board,  
Then to be sure they never fail'd their Lord.  
The rest was form, and bare Attendance paid,  
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.  
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more,  
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;  
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,  
The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind,  
But when some Lay-preferment fell by chance  
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.  
When once possess'd, they never quit their Claim,  
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Hea'vens high Name;  
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Consent,  
The Gift should be prophan'd by Wordly management.

Their Flesh was never to the Table serv'd,  
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were starv'd;  
But that their Master did not like the Food,  
As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.

Nor did it with His Gracious Nature suite,  
 Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to persecute:  
 Yet He refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)  
 Their Glutton Kind should teach him abstinence.  
 Nor Consecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,  
 Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:  
 But left his Hinds, each in his Private Pow'r,  
 That those who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.  
 He for himself, and not for others chose,  
 Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impose;  
 But in their Faces His Devotion paid,  
 And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,  
 And Sacred Incense on His Altars laid.

Besides these jolly Birds, whose Crops impure,  
 Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;  
 Another Farm he had behind his House,  
 Not overstock't, but barely for his use;  
 Wherein his poor' Domestick Poultry fed,  
 And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.

Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,  
Beheld these Inmates, and their Nurseries:  
Tho' hard their fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn  
A Cruife of Water and an Ear of Corn;  
Yet still they grudg'd that Modicum, and thought  
A Sheaf in ev'ry single Grain was brought;  
Fain would they filch that little Food away,  
While unrestrain'd those happy Gluttons prey.  
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their Hall,  
The Bird that warn'd *St. Peter* of his Fall;  
That he should raise his miter'd Crest on high,  
And clap his Wings, and call his Family  
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Pow'rs  
With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:  
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours should molest,  
Just in the sweetness of their Morning rest.

Beast of a Bird, supinely when he might  
Lye snugg and sleep, to rise before the light:

What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,  
 Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?  
 The VVorld was fall'n into an easier way;  
 This Age knew better, than to Fast and Pray.  
 Good Sense in Sacred VVorship would appear  
 So to begin, as they might end the year.  
 Such feats in former times had wrought the falls  
 Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyster'd VValls.  
 Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled;  
 And Sister Partlet with her hooded head  
 Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a Bed. }  
 The way to win the restiff, World to God,  
 Was to lay by the Disciplining Rod,  
 Unnatural Fasts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;  
 Religion frights us with a meen severe.  
 'Tis Prudence to reform her into Ease,  
 And put Her in Undress to make Her pleas:  
 A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,  
 And leave the Luggage of Good VVorks behind.

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught,  
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;  
But sure the common Cry was all for these  
Whose Life, and Precept both encourag'd Ease.  
Yet fearing those alluring Baits might fail,  
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail :  
(For Vice, tho' frontless, and of harden'd Face  
Is daunted at the sight of awfull Grace)  
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,  
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true ;  
And this Grottesque design, expos'd to Publick view.  
One would have thought it some Ægyptian Piece,  
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,  
More thick than *Ptolomey* has stuck the Skies.  
All so perverse a Draught, so far unlike,  
It was no Libell where it meant to strike :  
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small  
To view the Monster crowded Pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees  
 Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,  
 And by him, a mishapen, ugly Race ;  
 The Curse of God was seen on ev'ry Face:  
 No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,  
 But still the worse the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Master of the Farm displeas'd to find  
 So much of Rancour in so mild a kind,  
 Enquir'd into the Cause, and came to know,  
 The Passive Church had struck the foremost blow :  
 VVith groundless Fears, and Jealousies possess'd,  
 As if this troublesome intruding Guest  
 VVould drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Nest.  
 A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,  
 But Int'rest will not trust, tho God should plight his Word.

A Law, the Source of many Future harms,  
 Had banish'd all the Poultry from the Farms ;

With loss of Life, if any should be found  
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.  
That Bloody Statute chiefly was design'd  
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;  
But after-malice did not long forget  
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;  
For them, for their Inferiours and Allyes,  
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* devise:  
By which unrighteously it was decreed,  
That none to Trust, or Profit should succeed;  
Who would not swallow first a poysonous wicked Weed:  
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs'd,  
Or Henbane-Juice to swell 'em till they burst,  
The Patron (as in reason) thought it hard  
To see this Inquisition in his Yard,  
By which the Sovereign was of Subjects use debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw  
Th' Effects of so unnatural a Law :

But still the Dove-house obstinately stood  
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:  
*And which was worse, (if any worse could be)*  
Repented of their boasted Loyalty :  
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cause,  
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applause ;  
For those whom God to ruine has design'd,  
He fits for Fate, and first destroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,  
Suggested Dangers, interpos'd Delays ;  
And Emissary Pigeons had in store,  
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,  
To whisper Counsels in their Patrons Ear ;  
And veil'd their false Advice with Zealous Fear.  
The Master smil'd to see 'em work in vain,  
To wear him out, and make an idle reign :  
He saw, but suffer'd their Protractive Arts,  
And strove by mildness to reduce their Hearts ;

But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,  
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;  
For Fools are double Fools, endeav'ring to be wise.

After a grave Consult what course were best,  
One more mature in Folly than the rest,  
Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aside,  
That desp'rate Cures must be to desp'rate Ills apply'd:  
And therefore since their main impending fear  
Was from th' encreasing race of *Chanticleer* :  
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,  
A Foe profess'd to him, and all his kind :  
Some haggard *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,  
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly ;  
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak :  
The *Musquet*, and the *Coystrel* were too weak,  
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the rest,  
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me best ;  
Of small Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,  
We call him but a *Hawk* by courtesie.

I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-House and Farm,  
 And more, in time of War, has done us harm;  
 But all his hate on trivial Points depends,  
 Give up our Forms, and we shall soon be friends.  
 For *Pigeons* flesh he seems not much to care,  
 Cram'd *Chickens* are a more-delicious fare;  
 On this high Potentate, without delay,  
 I wish you would conferr the Sovereign sway:  
 Petition him t' accept the Government,  
 And let a splendid Embassy be sent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,  
 Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* should succeed.

Their welcom Suit was granted soon as heard,  
 His Lodgings furnish'd, and a Train prepar'd,  
 With *B's* upon their Breast, appointed for his Guard.  
 He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,  
 God save King *Buzzard*, was the gen'ral cry.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,  
He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height :  
Like those whom stature did to Crowns prefer ;  
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter* :  
Broad-back'd, and Brawny built for Loves delight,  
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Profelyte.  
A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,  
By Breeding sharp, by Nature confident.  
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd ;  
More learn'd than Honest, more a Wit than learn'd.  
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,  
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled :  
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along ;  
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.  
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive ;  
The most unlucky Parasite alive.  
Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,  
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment :

But, by reverse of Fortune chac'd away,  
 His Gifts no longer than their Author stay :  
 He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful race,  
 And leaves the stench of Ordures in the place.  
 Oft has he flatter'd, and blasphem'd the same,  
 For in his Rage, he spares no Sov'rains name :  
 The Hero, and the Tyrant change their style  
 By the same measure that they frown or smile ;  
 When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,  
 The kindness he returns, is to expose :  
 For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,  
 No gratitude in Fellow-minds beget,  
 As tribute to his VVit, the churl receives the treat.  
 His praise of Foes is venemously Nice,  
 So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice :  
*A Greek, and bountifull forewarns us twice.*  
 Sev'n Sacraments he wisely do's disown,  
 Because he knows Confession stands for one ;  
 Where Sins to sacred silence are convey'd,  
 And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd :

But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,  
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his Soul :  
Stood forth th' accusing Sathan of his Crimes,  
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.  
Prompt to assaye, and careless of defence,  
Invulnerable in his Impudence ;  
He dares the VWorld, and eager of a name,  
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.  
Frontless, and Satyr-proof he scowr's the streets,  
And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.  
So fond of loud Report, that not to miss  
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)  
He rather would be known, for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the test,  
Tho' half his Vertues are not here express't ;  
The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.  
The spleenful *Pigeons* never could create  
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save ;  
 A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave :  
 For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,  
 But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud ;  
 Gave time to fix their Friends, and to seduce the crowd.  
 They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,  
 Their Patrons promise into question call,  
 And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

Falſe Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,  
 As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſ't ;  
 Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want ;  
 For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.  
 The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encrease ;  
 Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs :  
 For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode ;  
 Ev'n Atheiſts out of envy own a God :  
 And reeking from the Stews, Adult'ers come,  
 Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demolish Rome.

That Conscience which to all their Crimes was mute,  
Now calls aloud, and cries to Persecute.  
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,  
And much the less, because it was their Lords request:  
They thought it great their Sov'rain to controul,  
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect  
Were short of Pow'r their purpose to effect:  
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,  
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:  
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cause did stir,  
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer  
With all respect, He was a gross Idolater.

But when th' Imperial owner did espy  
That thus they turn'd his Grace to villany,  
Not suff'ring wrath to discompose his mind,  
He strove a temper for th' extreams to find,  
So to be just, as he might still be kind.

Then, all Maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom  
 Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.  
 By this the Doves their Wealth and State possess,  
 No Rights infring'd, but Licence to oppress:  
 Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long  
 To Crowns ascrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.  
 But, since His own Domestick Birds have try'd  
 The dire Effects of their destructive Pride,  
 He deems that Proof a Measure to the rest,  
 Concluding well within his Kingly Breast,  
 His Fowl of Nature too unjustly were oppress. }  
 He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect }  
 Free of his Farm, with promise to respect }  
 Their sev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect. }  
 His Gracious Edict the same Franchise yields • }  
 To all the wild Encrease of Woods and Fields, }  
 And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds. }  
 To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,  
 And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and such Republick Birds :

Secur'd with ample Priviledge to feed,  
Each has his District, and his Bounds decreed :  
Combin'd in common Int'rest with his own,  
But not to pass the Pigeons *Rubicon*.

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove ;  
All Prophecies accomplish'd from above,  
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to Remove.  
Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,  
Like *Dyonysius* to a private Rod :  
The Passive Church, that with pretended Grace  
Did Her distinctive Mark in Duty place,  
Now Touch'd, Reviles Her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to guess ;  
The small Beginnings had a large Encrease,  
And Arts and Wealth succeed (the secret spoils of Peace.)  
'Tis said the Doves repented, tho' too late,  
Become the Smiths of their own Foolish Fate :

Nor did their Owner hasten their ill hour :  
 But, sunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r :  
 Like Snows in warmth that mildly pass away,  
 Dissolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,  
 Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,  
 To hide the thinness of their Flock from Sight,  
 And all together make a seeming, goodly Flight :  
 But each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own,  
 Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.  
 Nor can th' Usurper long abstain from Food,  
 Already he has tasted Pigeons Blood :  
 And may be tempted to his former fare,  
 When this Indulgent Lord shall late to Heav'n repair.  
 Bare bending times, and moulting Months may come,  
 When lagging late, they cannot reach their home :  
 Or Rent in Schism, (for so their Fate decrees,)  
 Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees,

They fight their Quarrel, by themselves oppress;  
The Tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,  
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;  
But, with affected Yawnings at the close,  
Seem'd to require her natural repose.  
For now the streaky light began to peep;  
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.  
The Dame withdrew, and, wishing to her Guest  
The peace of Heav'n, betook her self to rest.  
Ten thousand Angels on her slumbers waite  
With glorious Visions of her future state.



1649. p. 0

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THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER  
TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of

The *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*.

*Charles Montagu and Matthew Prior*

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Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

*Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.*

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L O N D O N :

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THE

STATE

OF

NEW YORK

IN

1850

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# PREFACE.

**T**HE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermits Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is

## P R E F A C E.

one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,  
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

*What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, these, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.*

*As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledg misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood, though 'tis conceiv'd the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.*

*There*

## P R E F A C E.

*There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen: He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncombs was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?*

Difference between a Protestant and Sec. man, p. 62.

Page 92.

*We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him it seems, to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.*

Page 90.

Pref.

Page 87.

Thus

## P R E F A C E.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

*Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author him'self, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.*

*But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters*

T H E

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THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the *Country and  
the City-Mouse*

---

*Bayes. Johnson. Smith.*

*Johnson.*

**H** AH! my old friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

*Bayes.* Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Swords point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal party, I expect nei-* Pref. p. 1:  
*ther fair war, nor fair quarter from you.*

*Johns.* How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

B

*Bayes.*

*The Hind and*

*Bayes.* Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promises.

*Smith.* Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted, as a dog that has been worrying sheep.

*Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation is in t' o high a ferment for me to expect any mercy*, or I gad, to trust any body.

*Smith.* But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

*Bayes.* Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. ———  
*Good life be now my Task.*

*Johns.* Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

*Bayes.* I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

*Johns.* Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

*Bayes.* Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

*Smith.* How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your pallat? you have been more curious.

*Bayes.* True, I have so, but *senses* must be starv'd that  
the

the *soul* may be gratified. Men of your *Kidney* make the *senses* the *supream* *Judg*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside. Page 21.

*Smith*. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

*Bayes*. No, no, whenever you see a fat *Rosie-colour'd* fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a *Turk*. Ibid.

*Johns*. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

*Bayes*. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *straight gate*. Page 51.

*Smith*. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a *true Character*.

*Bayes*. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

*Smith*. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *Kings Health* to thee——Communicate.

*Bayes*. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the world ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* Faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your persuasion.

*Job*. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

*Bayes*. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

*Johns*. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

## The Hind and

*Bayes.* Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be a-sham'd for your *old friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a *Hobby-horse*; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*; and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts, Fathers, Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Assle* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

*Bayes.* Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'l understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed in soft Cheese, and o're the Dairy rang'd;  
Without, unspotted; innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

*Johns.*

*the Panther Transvers'd.*

5

*Johns.* Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cælestial Provision*.

*Bayes.* Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the *Original*.

*Tet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws*

Pag. 1.

*Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws*

*Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly,*

Pag. 2.

*Tho She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to dye.*

*Smith.* How came She that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid; mayn't he?

*Johns.* But pray give me leave; how was She *doom'd* to Death, if She was *fated not to dye*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the same thing?

*Bayes.* Nay Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Regues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

*Smith.* Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

*Bayes.* Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the business in hand.

*Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey line,  
Was Her's make, half humane, half Divine.*

Pag. 2.

*Smith.*

## The Hind and

*Smith.* Certainly these *Hero's*, half *Humane*, half *Divine*, have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother*.

*Bayes.* Gadfokers! Mr. *Johnson*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse*, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests*, *Martyrs* and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin Sentence*, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiæ*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Pag. 2.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,  
Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred Brood;  
She multipl'd by these, now rang'd alone,  
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Pag. 3.

*Smith.* Was She *alone* when the *sacred Brood* was *encreas'd*?

*Bayes.* Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone*, tho the *Members* be *encreas'd*, mayn't it?

*Johns.* Certainly Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be *alone*.

*Bayes.* But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

*Smith.* Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

*Bayes.* Do? why She *reign'd*; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter* and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

*Smith.* Now her Sons are so *encreas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

*Bayes.*

*the Panther Transvers'd.*

7

*Bayes.* I gad, and so She may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

*The common Hunt*, She timorously past by,  
For they made tame, *disdain'd Her company*;  
*They grin'd*, She in a fright tript o're the Green,  
For She was lov'd, whereever She was seen.

Pag 3.

*Johns.* Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leasure, that attacks those Verses.

*Bayes.* I gad, I'll warrant him, who ere he is, *offendet solido*; but I go on.

*The Independent Beast.* —

Pag 3.

*Smith.* Who is that Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

— *In groans Her hate exprest.*

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

*Smith.* Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

*Bayes.* A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no, a *Hare*, a quaking *Hare*. — *Armarillis*, because She wears  *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no man knows how to  *pun* in  *Heroics* but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking *Hare*  
Her cruel Foe, because *She would not swear*,  
And had *profess'd neutrality*.

Pag 3.

*Johns.* A shrew'd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

*Bayes.*

## The Hind and

*Bays.* Wars! why there had bin bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Pag. 3.

*Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent,  
And paid at Church a Courtier's complement.*

That Gauls somewhere; I gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every day for it.

Pag. 4.

*The brisl'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.*

*Smith.* As who?

Pag. 86.

*Bays.* As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'n take it as they will, I gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 10.

*Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.*

*The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,*

*And pricks up.*——Now in one word will I abuse the whole Party most damnably——*and pricks up.*——I gad, I am sure you'l Laugh——*his predestinating Ears.* Prethee Mr. *Johnson*, remember little *Bays*, when next you see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predestination* in the shape of his *Ear*: I have studied men so long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his Wig.

*His predestinating Ears.* I gad there's ne're a *Presbyterian* shall dare to show his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

*Smith.* Pray Mr. *Bays*, if any of 'em should come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

*Bays.* Would they? Ay, I gad, they would shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

*Smith.*

*Smith.* Then if ever the Party should chance to fail,  
you might lose 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

*Bayes.* Mind, mind—

*These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred.*

Pag. 11.

*Smith.* Those I suppose are some Out-Landish Beasts,  
*Mr. Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they were the  
chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company  
because they were Enemies to my *Moose*, and anon when  
I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors*,  
*Captains*, *Horses* and *Horsemen* in the very same Breath. Pag. 39.  
You shall hear how I go on now,

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd *this Class*,  
*When opening Earth made way for all to pass.*

Pag. 11.

*John.* For all, *Mr. Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Yes, They were all lost there, but some of 'em  
were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a *Catho-  
lick Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at  
*Queenhith*.

*The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,*  
*If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.*

Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quære, Whether there were any *Socinians*  
before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in?  
I have been lately apt to believe that the World was  
drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made  
me leave it.

*Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed*  
*In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed.*

Pag. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way, to  
elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see this

C

*Quick-*

*Quickning Fire from the Bottom of Boggs and Rivers.*

*John.* Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass of Ice.

*Bayes.* Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

*Smith.* Faith I do'nt know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

*Bayes.* Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

*Smith.* Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

*Bayes.* I'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors *creep servilely* after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

*John.*

## the Panther Transvers'd.

11

*John.* Could go on with 'em *Mr. Bayes!* there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

*Bayes.* Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, *Mr. Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot?*

*John.* Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-House.

*Bayes.* 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it *Mr Johnson?*

*John.* Really 'tis very ingenious.

*Bayes.* Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

*Smith.* But how does that come in?

*Bayes.* Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was not

*The Hind and*

of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

*The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,  
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,  
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,  
He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;  
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden  
*Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning  
Pudding :*

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay  
*Confessing still the softness of its Clay,*  
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }  
Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire  
Did over-boile him, like too great a Fire,  
And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*  
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled  
Blood.

*John.* But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

*John.* Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands the fittest to make a Pudding.

*Bayes.* Why do you imagin Him an Earthly dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouse, the *City Mouse*.

A *spotted Mouse*, the prettiest next the *White*,  
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,  
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spred,  
*Crozier* in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head.

*Three*

Pag. 15.

Pag. 19.

Pag. 16.

Pag. 23.

Pag. 22.

# the Panther Transvers'd.

13

*Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield,  
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.*

Pag. 84.

*John.* This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but, as you have dress'd her, we do'nt know whether she be *Jew, Papist* or *Protestant*.

*Bayes.* Let me embrace you, *Mr. Johnson*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel of Religions*, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

*This Princess—*

*Smith.* What *Princess*, *Mr. Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, Pag. 20. and begot *on her Body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

*This Princess*, tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,  
*Was least Deform'd*, because *Reform'd the least*.

Pag. 23.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

*She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love*,  
*Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above*,  
*And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet*,  
*To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet*.

Pag. 22.

There's a *Jolly Mouse* for you, let me see any *Body* else that can shew you such another. Here now have I one damnable severe, reflecting *Line*, but I want a *Rhime* to it, can you help me *Mr. Johnson*.

*She—*

*Humbly content to be despis'd at Home*,  
*John.* Which is too narrow *Infamy* for some.

*Bayes*

*Bayes.* Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

*Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,  
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.*

Pag. 63.

*John.* But does not this reflect upon some of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish this Peice, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salva* for this: But what do me I, but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Business.

*Smith.* But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

*Bayes.* Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnablely I'gad.

*Smith.* Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Fests*.

*Bayes.* What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

*Smith.* I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

*Bayes.* Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Moralitv*, and as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any

Book

Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

*One Evening*, when she went away from Court, Pag. 29.  
*Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.*

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

*Smith*. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

*Bayes*. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face  
Beheld from far the common watering Plate; Pag. 29.  
Nor durst approach

*Smith*. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouse is strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

*Bayes*. Godfokers! Why no more she does not yet, fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

*Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar*  
*The Sovereign Lyon had her fear no more.* Pag. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no Danger; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But

Pag. 30.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse *in view*,  
 Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let  
 my self down from the Majesty of *Virgil*, to the Sweetness  
 of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the  
*Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find  
 I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewen  
 Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read Him;  
 I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep:

Th'Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come  
 So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouse*, the  
*Viceroy*!

*Smith*. But pray why d'e call her so?

Pag. 55.

*Bayes*. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'll call her  
 the *Crown-General* presently if I've a mind to it, Well.

———did invite her Home

Pag. 31.

To smoak a Pipe, and o're a sober Pot

Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.

She made a Court'ly, like a *Civil Dame*,

And, being much a *Gentlewoman*, came

Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I  
 think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the  
*Majestick turn of Heroick Poesy*. The rest being matter  
 of *Dispute*, I had not such frequent occasion for the magni-  
 ficence of *Verses*, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I  
 have heard *Men*, and considerable *Men* too, talk the very  
 same things, a great deal worse.

John.

*John. Nay*, without doubt, *Mr. Bayes*, they have received no small advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

*Bayes.* Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things my self, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* discourse, without ever troubling ones head with the Books of *Controversie*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but 'i gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm mistaken: and pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

*Dame, said the Lady of the Spotted Muff,* Pag. 32.  
 Methinks your Tiff is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.  
 There did not I tell you she'd be nice?  
 Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoak;  
 And the Weed worse than e're *Tom. I---s* took.

*Smith.* I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.  
*Bayes.* Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this hoary *Shed* † *Poeta Lo-*  
 and lonely Hills, *quitur.*  
 And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at *Will's*.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,  
 When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?  
 Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;  
 Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent  
 the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquaint-  
 ed at all those good Houses, though perhaps he nere  
 was in 'em. But heark! she goes on.

Come, at a *Crown* a *Head* our selves we'll treat,  
*Champain* our *Liquor*, and *Ragousts* our *Meat*.  
 Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,  
 To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.  
 With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,  
 Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' *Dark*.  
 Break clattering *Windows*, and demolish *Doors*  
 Of *English Manufactures*----*Pimps*, and *Whores*.

Pag. 63.

*John*. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort  
 of a *Manufacture*, *Mr. Bayes*.

*Bayes*. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint  
 not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the  
 decay of *Trade* at home.

With these *Allurements Spotted* did invite  
 From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.  
*Oh!* with what ease we follow such a *Guide*,  
 Where *Souls* are starv'd, and *Senses* gratif'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but I gad,  
 you're mistaken; you shall hear a long *Argument* a-  
 bout *Infallibility*, before she stirs yet.

Pag. 69.

But here the *White*, by *observation wise*,  
 Who long on *Heaven* had fixt her prying *Eyes*,  
 With thoughtful *Countenance*, and grave *Remark*,  
 Said, or my *Judgment* fails me, or 'tis dark. Left

Left therefore we should stray, and not go right,  
Through the *brown* horror of the starleis Night.

Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*?

*Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd :*

*That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.*

That I deny, said the immortal Dame,

There is a Guide---Gad I've forgot his Name,

Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord knows where,

Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.

But heark you, Sister, this is but a Whim ;

For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Pag. 37.

Pag. 37.

*Spotted  
Mouse,  
Loquitur.*

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *dapple Speaks* by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur* ; which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margent any-where else. Well now says *White*;

Pag. 69.

What need we find Him? we have certain proof

That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough :

For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,

Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I Gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

*Smith*. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprise.

*Bayes*. Every Jot, I Gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission* or *Re-* Pag. 37.  
*ception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I

think the last is most familiar ; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,  
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.  
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather  
From this dissention that they work by neither.

And I Gad, she's in the right on't ; but mind now,  
she comes upon her swop !

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I Gad, if they had been never so good, this  
next Line confutes 'em.

Pag. 54.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I*.

There's a Surprize for you now ! How sneakingly  
t'other looks ? Was not that pretty now, to make her  
ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one ?  
Who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had  
the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly ?  
Now Dapple had nothing to say to this ; and there-  
fore you'll see she grows peevish.

Pag. 101.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they say,  
Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay  
Which I gad is new, and my own. }  
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.  
Then on they jogg'd, and since an hour of talk  
Might cut a Banter on the tedious walk ;  
As I remember said the sober Mouse,  
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.  
Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see  
*Priests* sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea* ;  
Here rugged Freeze, there *Quality* well drest,  
These basling the *Grand-Seignour* ; those the *Test*.

And

And hear shrew'd guesses made, and reasons given,  
That humane Laws were never made in Heaven. Pag. III.

But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,  
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight ;

Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,  
Who do's i' th' *Darkness* of his *Glory* sit.

*And as the Moon* who first receives the light,  
*With which she makes these neither Regions bright ;*

Pag. 28.

*So does he shine, reflecting from a far,*  
*The Rayes be borrow'd from a better Star :*

For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,  
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.

From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,  
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd offence, }  
To question his, or trust your private sense.

Hah ! Is not that right , Mr. *Johnson* ? Gad forgive me he is fast a sleep ! Oh the damn'd stupidity of this Age ! a sleep ! Well , Sir , Since you're so drousy , your humble Servant.

*Johns.* Nay , Pray Mr. *Bayes* , Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouse.*

*Bayes.* The white Mouse ! ay , ay , I thought how you heard me. Your Servant , Sir , your Servant.

*John.* Nay , Dear *Bayes* , Faith I beg thy Pardon , I was up late last Night , Frithee lend me a little Snuff , and go on.

*Bayes.* Go on ! Pox I don't know where I was , well I'll begin here ; mind , now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,  
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive ;  
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back ;  
And slipping through the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's

## The Hind and

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry,  
Many a *young Templer* will save his shilling by this  
Stratagem of my Mice.

*Smith*. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the  
back of a Coach?

*Bayes*. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty  
natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,  
Of *Clergy kind*, or Councillour *Chough* was there;  
Or *Mr. Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,  
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,  
Or *Sister Partlet*, with the Hooded head;  
No, Sir. She's booted hence, said *Will*, and fled.  
Why so? *Because she would not pray a-Bed.*

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Pag. 126.

Pag. 130.

*John*. *aside*. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at such  
stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

*Bayes*. *Mr. Johnson*, How d'e like that Box? Pray  
take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *person of Ho-*  
*nour* for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed  
I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in  
the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh!  
Here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*;  
from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very  
well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,  
Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;  
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,  
Our Wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.  
For as an *Author* happily compares  
*Tradition* to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,  
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,  
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.

Pag. 45.

Thus

Thus every Step I take my Spirits soar,  
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest Image  
in the World of a Mouses going up a pair of Stairs.  
*More a Wit, and more and more?*

*Smith.* Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I  
must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this  
time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

*Bayes.* Godfokers! Sure you won't serve me so:  
All my finest Discriptions and best Discourse is yet to  
come.

*Smith.* Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary  
concern I could not leave you.

*Bayes.* Well; but you shall take a little more; and  
here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*,  
*Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

*Johns.* I know not why they should come in, ex-  
cept to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was  
told.

*Bayes.* Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the  
length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was,  
made little, short, simple stories, with a dry Moral  
at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble de-  
sign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and  
after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first course,  
serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second;  
now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular  
person; for I gad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd  
me. I was once translating a very good *French Au-Varillas*.  
*thor*, but being something long about it, as you  
know a Man is not always in the Humour; What  
does this *Jack* do, but put's out an Answer to my  
Friend before I had half finished the Translation: so  
there

Pag. 137.

there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, lusty fellow*, of a *brown Complexion, fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking amongst the Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*; more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him --- I gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

*Smith*. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit* ---

*Bayes*. Right; and his name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha

*Johns*. Very proper indeed, Sir.

*Bayes*. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a *B*; which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson*; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

*Smith*. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

*Bayes*. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-Nest; and here's three hundred more, Translated from two *Paris Gazets*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Muscovy*, and the *Emperour*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion

sion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*.  
Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that  
it had been better for the World, if we nere had any  
*Bibles* at all.

E're that *Gazet* was printed, said the *White*,  
*Our Robin* told another story quite ;  
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,  
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.  
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,  
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.  
Words I confess *bound by, and trip so light*,  
*We have not time to take a steady sight* ;  
Yet fleeting thus are plainer then when Writ,  
To long Examination they submit.

Pag. 50.

Pag. 3.

Hard things --- Mr. *Smith*, if these two lines don't  
recompence your stay, ne'r trust *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,  
*God mends on second thoughts*, but Man grows dull. Pag. 15.

I gad I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis so with  
me, I never strove to be very exact in any thing but  
I spoil'd it.

*Smith*. But allowing your Character to be true, is  
it not a little too severe ?

*Bayes*. 'Tis no matter for that, these general re-  
flections are daring, and favour most of a *noble Ge-  
nius*, that spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

*John*. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that  
*daring* of your *noble Genius* ?

*Bayes*. Afraid ! Why *Lord* you make so much of  
a beating, I' gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting.  
No, No, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em en-  
lay on, I Faith, I'll ne'r baulk my fancy to save my

Carkas. Well, but we must dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,  
*And, like the gaudy fly, their Wings display;*  
*And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray.* }

Well there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: but here follows a dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while, trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth; and I gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

*Sirrah*, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,  
 Sour to my tast, and to my Eyes unfine.

Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *White*,  
 What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.

Pag. 38.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House  
 Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference,  
 which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* consent oppose  
 My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick't her, that's up to the  
 Hilt, I gad, and you shall see *Dapple* resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?  
 Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?

And

And palms upon us Catholic consent,  
 To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.  
 Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,  
 If you must Argue thus and not obey? [vey'd,  
*Drawers* must be trusted, through whose hands con-  
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.  
 For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack,  
 Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.  
 How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,  
 If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*  
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast*? }  
*Thus she*: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,  
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge. }

Pag. 5.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted,  
 which is such a blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant  
 'em they will never claw off, I Gad.

But with a *weary Tawn* that shew'd her pride,  
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lyed*.  
*White* saw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,  
 And said her *Prayers*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.  
 T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:  
 And thus her *passive Character* maintain'd.  
 But now alas-----

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll  
 ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so  
 engaging; hear me but two Lines, I Gad, and go a-  
 way afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell  
 What sad mischance these pretty things besel  
 These *Birds of Beasts*-----

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis  
 the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*,

to

Pag. 129. to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

*These Birds of Beasts*, these learned Reas'ning Mice,  
Were separated, banish'd in a trice.

Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I Gad, Gentle-  
men, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure  
you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

Pag. 135. The *Constable* alarm'd by this noise,  
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,  
And speaking to the *Watch*, with head-aside,  
Said, *Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd*.  
These *Gentlemen*, for so their Fate decrees,

Pag. 115. Can n'ere enjoy at once *the But and Peace*.

Pag. 144. ~~When~~ *each have separate Interests of their own*,  
*Two Mice are one too many for a Town*.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,  
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Pag. 98. Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,  
Or in the *Stocks* all night her Fingers blow,  
Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know*.

But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,  
Forgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spight,  
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night*.

Pag. 145. *Ten thousand Watchmen* waited on this Mouse,  
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Au-  
thor, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his  
*Hind*, and she asleep too, I Gad. ----

*John*. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

*Bayes*. What a Pox, are you in such haste? You  
han't told me how you like it.

*John*. Oh, extremely well. Here, *Drawer*.

F I N I S.

*Wm: Bingham*  
THE  
WEESILS.

---

A  
Satyrical Fable :

GIVING  
An Account of some Argumental Passages hap-  
pening in the Lion's Court about *Weesilion's*  
taking the Oaths.

*Thomas Brown*

---

*I tell thee Mufti, if the World were wise  
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels ;  
Your Heaven you Promise, but our Earth you covet ;  
The Phaetons of Mankind, who fire that World,  
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.*

Mr. Dryden in *Don Sebastian*.

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THE  
W E E S I L S.

---

The Argument of the first Section.

*Husband and Wife at Variance are  
About the Oathes, till Female Art  
Informs his Conscience, he must Swear,  
And brings him over to her part.*

SECTION

**N**EAR to an Ancient Famous House of Prayer,  
Where pious Rules were taught for many a year;  
Where the Knights Templers lie with Legs across,  
Expecting what may never come to pass;  
In a close Cell, secure from Storms of Fate  
*Weeflion* liv'd, in Matrimonial State;  
Lucky, and Learn'd, he bore no Cross in Life,  
Unless Mankind's Domestick Cross, a Wife;  
But in the Lion's Court was prosperous long,  
An Awful Bard, and reverenc'd was his Song;  
Of Stature tall, and of right Weefl Size,  
A Grace to all his Tribe, learn'd, pious, wise;  
In favour with his Prince above the rest,  
And had the knack of Preaching with the best;  
Passive Obedience own'd to Legal Power,  
And to defend it, true Allegiance swore.

It chanc'd the Lion for Oppressions laid  
On's Subjects, not long after was betray'd:

Sly Foxes first the Faction 'gan to spread,  
 And then each free-born English Brute made Head;  
 Tyrannick Sway resolving to subdue,  
 They turn'd him out, and strait set up a new.

And now Obedience in a second Sphere,  
 To their ador'd new Monarch does appear?  
 Conscience Anatomiz'd in numbers was,  
 For true Belief, for Quiet, and for Place;  
 Whilst others the new Oaths would not receive,  
 Because the Lion late depos'd did live;  
 And tho' from Pastoral Office dispossest,  
 Thought Perjury improper for a Priest.

Amongst the Learned Ministerial Crew  
*Weefilian* was the first that thought this true,  
 As fighting with the Argumental Lore,  
 Which to the World he often taught before;  
 And therefore as his tender Conscience us'd  
 Still to direct him right, the Oaths refus'd,  
 As thinking he should else be much in fault,  
 And contradict the Doctrin he had taught:  
 But his dear Wife, whose Heart was fond of Gain,  
 And known a *Weefil* of another strain,  
 Whose Worldly Thoughts still rather did incline  
 To temporal Blessings than to Grace Divine,  
 Perceiving that her Bacon did decrease,  
 And that she miss'd her late supplies of Cheese;  
 The Pye-crust lost that feasted her before,  
 And all upon his starving Conscience score,  
 Resolv'd, as th' Sex oft do to Men most wise,  
 To work upon his fond uxorious Vice;  
 And thus as if she felt some mighty Pang  
 Of sudden Grief, began her first Harangue.

*Wife Weefil.* What signifies it, as our case now lies,  
 That thou art thought of Weefils the most wise,  
 That through our large Precinct art lov'd and fear'd.  
 And my Lord Cat himself not more rever'd;  
 (Tho' Robes Episcopal much Reverence draw)  
 T' instruct and keep Parochial Mice in awe?

If Conscience bounds the Blessings of thy Life,  
 Conscience may get thee Fame, but starve thy Wife:  
 The Malecontents may cry thee up for good,  
 But I shall have the lesser store of Food;  
 And the least Vermin of the poorest Race,  
 Whose Husband swears, will make me give her place;  
 A thing that to our Sex more trouble draws,  
 Than loss of Life, Religion, or the Laws.

*Hus Weefil.* Take heed how solid Judgment you disgrace,  
 You must consider, Dearest, on our case,  
 What pains we take to tie our Flocks to Rules,  
 And what hard shifts we make to bubble Fools;  
 The wise begin to pry into our Trade,  
 And many see what Blockheads they are made;  
 You must not then my cautious Deeds revile,  
 Because our state is lessened for a while:  
 For yet e're I recant, 'tis fit I know  
 Whether the Government will stand or no.

*Wife Weefil.* Your Scruple in this case is plain and clear,  
 The Government well settled does appear,  
 Which by your own late Tenets safe may bring  
 Your true Allegiance unto any King.

*Hus. Weefil.* Opinions variously the Wise endite;  
 Ne're build too much, Sweet-heart, on what I write;  
 Thou art my own, and I may boldly say  
 My Pen can travel this and t'other way,  
 And Fallacies for Truths to Crowds make out,  
 The Ignorant are ever most devout.

*Wife Weefil.* If Profit be your Aim, why won't you swear?  
 Our Wants are great, and you know Winter's near.

*Hus. Weefil.* Tho my Preferments I retrieve again,  
 My Conscience tells me 'tis a mighty sin.

*W. Weefil.* Does not your Conscience find t'ie Scripture saith,  
 Preserve thy self?

*Hus. Weefil.* Sweet-heart, you must have Faith.

*Wife Weefil.* Feed on your musty Morals if you please,  
 A little Faith's good, with a little Cheefe.

I love Devotion well, as being your Wife,  
But good White Bread is still the staff of Life.

*Hus. Weefil.* Can you then murmur ?

*Wife Weefil.* 'Tis in vain to sit

And think to feed upon your scraps of Wit;  
I must lay up against a rainy Day,  
And hoard a Stock, lest you are snatch'd away;  
As with your own Diseases, and my draining  
You quickly may, for you'r each day complaining;  
And then perhaps at last you'l have the Grace  
To Joynture me in your *Resistance case*;  
Or else instead of Treasure will bequeath  
Some *Practical Discourses about Death*;  
But for a good support I may go seek,  
If puking Conscience thus can make you squeak.

*Hus. Weefil.* Wouldst have a Clergyman be such a Wretch  
To have no Conscience !

*Wife Weefil.* None that would not stretch;  
To be cramp'd with it is a sordid Fate,  
And a worse pain than wearing Shoes too streight:  
Conscience in all things should our Comfort be,  
No wise Man lets it starve his Family.

*Hus. Weefil.* Yet *Job* had Patience.

*Wife Weefil.* *Job* was curs'd alone;

And tho he Patience had, his Wife had none;  
The better part on's Family stood out,  
Much more inclin'd to curse than be devout:  
And if I should my secret Thoughts confess,  
I find my self a little in her Case.

How many favoury Bits were mine before ?

No Weefil in the Town I'm sure had more :

Gammons and Marrow-Puddings my delight,

Besides Bribe-pyes when-ever you did write ;

With Visitants still throng'd, the Hind, the Mare,

Councillor Fox, and my great Lord the Bear,

But now no Bruit of Fashion e're comes here,

Unless a sullen Male-contented Crew,

That having lost their Tales, would have yours too.

*Hus. Weefil.* 'Tis fit we should on Providence depend,  
Which in its own due time will Succour send ;  
To that with modest Patience let us fix.

*Wife Weefil.* But the mean time I want my Coach and six.  
The Neighboring Wives already slight me too,  
Justle to the Wall, and take the Upper Pew.

*Hus. Weefil.* Your Heart, Religion, to be humble, shews.

*Wife Weefil.* A Coach, a Treat, a Title, and fine Cloathes,  
Is all th' Religion that a Woman knows.

Therefore if my Contentment you hold dear,  
Redeem your Loss, and if you love me, Swear.

*Hus. Weefil.* Suppose I should, what would the Subject say,  
That I thus long have seem'd to disobey ?

*Wife Weefil.* The Subjects are a Crew of little Mice,  
Rich drowsie Moles, blunt Rats, and Bruits unwise ;  
You Clergy top upon them all with ease,  
Your Name will quash a thousand when you please ;  
Write 'em your Reasons, pop some Logick in't,  
'Twill get at least Ten Pound a Sheet for Print ?  
Tell 'em your Prudent Part was then disarm'd,  
And that you're ne're too wise to be inform'd.  
They'le then agree you only were mistaken.

*Hus. Weefil.* No, they'l conclude I do't to save my Bacon.

*Wife Weefil.* Though that one Reason is enough, by *Jose*  
You're safe, because 'tis more than they can prove :  
Why, is it strange you should past Errors see ?  
To be infallible is Popery.

Come, come, Sweet-hart, you must resolve upon't ;  
Must I give place, Is't fit that I should want ?

*Hus. Weefil.* Consider if I should your Wishes Crown,  
What a strange Noise 'twould make about the Town,  
How many galling Censures must I bear ?

*Wife Weefil.* What's Censure, to six hundred Pounds a year ?

*Hus. Weefil.* That's true, but yet the headlong Multitude  
Seeing thee pass along may be so rude  
To point and laugh in Scorn.

*Wife Weefil.* I'll take a Chair,  
And shew my Motion in an higher Sphere.

Come, come, excuse is vain, this Oath must be,  
If you intend to live in peace with me.

*Hus. Weefil.* How much unable was Mankind decreed  
To contradict, when Love and Beauty plead ?  
Strict Conscience o're our Souls has mighty Power,  
But yet alas ! dear Womankind has more :  
I'll do't, and to excuse my Error better,  
Lay all the Fault upon my Human Nature.

*Wife Weefil.* Not so, but use your Sophistry agen,  
Amuse the Town with Notions from your Pen ;  
Preach on, look gravely, that still Credit draws ;  
If you own Frailty, you give up the Cause.

At this *Weefilion* with a close embrace  
Seal'd his Resolve upon her charming Face ;  
And to oblige her, without more delay,  
Resolv'd to swear Allegiance the next day,  
Which was perform'd, and round the Lions Court  
The News the Beasts did variously report ;  
The Bulls and Horses shew their different sense,  
Th' one spoke him perjur'd, t' other in's defence :  
But on his Spouse's side the Cows and Mares  
Were resolute, as if the Case was theirs ;  
Who now (Preferments being all return'd)  
No longer for her late Misfortunes mourn'd ;  
But pleas'd and jocund flaunts it up and down,  
The happiest briskest Weefil in the Town.

*The End of the First Section.*

---

T H E  
W E E S I L S.

---

The Argument of the second Section.

*A Weefil of his former Flock,  
Our Convert's Double-dealing shews,  
Who patiently receives the Shock,  
And lays the Fault upon his Sponse.*

S E C T. II.

**A**ND now *Weefilion* was in prosperous state,  
And daily expectation to be great:  
His Wife too, in her Cock'd Comode well drest,  
And richest Silks, can rustle with the best;  
When yet some *Weefils* of a former Herd,  
His Neighbouring Friends before he was prefer'd,  
Perceiving that his Doctrin different was,  
From what he taught 'em in another place,  
With daily Grumblings vex, from time to time,  
The wav'ring Brute, for his Apostate Crime:  
All doubting much the safety of their Souls;  
That had depended on his former Scrowls;  
Mongst whom a *Weefil* of a weightier Brain  
Than generally the Party did retain,  
Remembring what he late had heard him say,  
*And now had seen him swear another way,*  
A Friendly Visit made, to state the Case,  
And find if he were utterly past Grace.

*Weeflion*, tho he late had been much teiz'd,  
 And was not with more Disputants well pleas'd,  
 Yet with a chearful Look invites him in,  
 When thus the Stranger does his Tale begin.

*Visitant W.* What crack-brain'd Whimsie have you lately done?  
 What can you mean by Preaching *pro & con*?  
 Strangely mistaking thus your Reverend Place,  
 And bringing your whole Function in disgrace:  
 Can you believe that you are grown so wise,  
 To charm our Senses, and blind all our Eyes;  
 And that we are so stupid all of late,  
 That none can see how you prevaricate;  
 And with slight Sophistry and shallow Rules  
 Top and impose upon us all like Fools;  
 One while affirm, *We may resist a King*;  
*Another, contradict the self same thing,*  
 Disguising streight what now your sense unfolds,  
 As if you plaid the Jugler with our Souls;  
 By which Proceedings all we can remark,  
 Is, you design to leave us in the dark;  
 And to our Judgments make those Tenets vain  
 In th' Temple, which you taught in *Buttolph-Lane*;  
 Else why this Turn of Humour?

*Hus. Weefel.* Hear me speak,  
 And then you will not think this Turn a Freak:  
 'Tis Conscience which can never add to Crimes,  
 That makes our Doctrins alter with the Times;  
 Th' unhappy Land with Blood might over-flow,  
 If we should Preach now as some years ago;  
 'Tis our Profession still to calm the vext.

*Visitant W.* And as the Nation veers to turn your Text.  
 How e're unlike this your Profession be,  
 That 'tis your Topick now we plainly see;  
 You leave true Sense and Reason in the Lurch,  
 And yet pretend 'tis to support the Church;  
 That Conscience prompts you to promote a Peace;  
 You'd better own self-interest in the Case,

And that you contradict your former Rules,  
Only beause you took us all for Fools.

*But who the Devil, if this be your way,  
Will ever value what you Preach or Pray ?  
For if your Doctrin now in truth excels,  
By consequence the former must be false,  
And all the Notions you did late avow,  
Dash'd and exploded by your Reasons now.  
How oft alas! have I been one of those,  
On whom you long did formerly Impose?  
How oft have argued what you gravely taught,  
Which you as gravely now prove good for nought ;  
Altho' perhaps I've laid my Soul upon't,  
Eccho'd your Stuff, and justified your Cant ;  
And would have laid my Wives and Childrens too,  
On knotty Points you ty'd, and now undo.*

*Hus. Weefil.* These angry things are fit for all to say,  
That are but little knowing in our way ;  
When once the Flock can give the Pastor Rules,  
The Ignorant are wise, th' Instructors Fools :  
We oft Designs Political must own,  
As well as pious Rules, t' instruct the Town ;  
Your sense runs all upon Soul-saving Graces,  
Ours is sometimes on Titles, and on Places ;  
For if we must explain all things we do,  
We are not the Instructors then, but you ;  
Besides you Err in your Imagination,  
For tho my Doctrins upon that occasion,  
With others are not rightly understood,  
They in one point agree, for all are good ;  
And you as wholsom Rules might learn from thence,  
As the Case stood, as from my *Reasons* since.

*Vif. W.* There lies the Fallacy with which you cheat,  
*You never gave us your true Reasons yet.*  
You'd have us think 'twas Conscience made you swear ;  
Conscience, alas! was the least Motive there ;

For Conscience working when your Cause was strong;  
 No Cause gave to defer the Oath so long:  
 Another Motive more your Sense amuz'd,  
*That Ireland was in'doubt to be reduc'd,*  
 The Government not settled, and the scorn  
 You'd bear, if the late Lion should return.  
 Conquest unsure made you refuse before,  
 But when you found we were in hopes, you swore.

*Hus. Weefel* Let vulgar Insolents think what they please,  
 I best can tell what gave my Conscience ease,  
 I found one Book that the Case plain express'd.

*Vif. Weefil.* Faith, then let me advise, burn all the rest:  
 If you have read thus long, and are taught now  
 By ore, what in this point you ought to do,  
 Leave off to study, and be rul'd by me,  
 Turn and begin again at *ABC*.

*Hus. Weefil.* Should any think Instruction out of season?

*Vif. Weefil.* Could any Man of Sense give such a Reason?  
 Especially where Free-will is his own,  
 No strict Commands, nor Impositions known;  
 The Gracious Lion lets our Consciences  
 Lie close, or else dilated as we please;  
 When tho' his Power may remand a place,  
 He never touches our Spiritual Case,  
 But fairly lets us swear, or disobey;  
 Stand out for Conscience, or come in for Pay.

*Hus. Weefil.* Altho' he does not force, he may require.

*Vif. Weefil.* Ah, that's a thing we find you all desire;  
 Spite of Devotion we can see an Itch  
 In Sanctity, still longing to be rich;  
 And though the Scripture has confirm'd it true,  
 That no one can serve God and Mammon too;  
 Yet the Long Robe, in all their strictest Zeal,  
 I find by you the Misers Murrain feel;  
 Gold on the craving Bosom of a Priest  
 Adorns his *Z'rim* and his *Thummim* best;  
 And Gold 'tis thought by all your Neighbours round  
 Inform'd your Faith more than the Book you found.

*Hus. Weefil.* Prithee no more, I'm teez'd enough already.

*Vis. Weefil.* Your Tribe should all be in Opinion stedly.

Not turn and wind for Title and for Place,  
 Nor covet Wealth, but in spiritual Grace ;  
 The Gifts of Mammon you should ne'er implore,  
 Nor wish for Gold, unless to give the Poor ;  
 It makes your Trade contemptible appear,  
 Less follow'd too, and look'd into more near :  
 For if all those that fell us Paradise  
 Must have their shares of every Human Vice,  
 They shall cant long enough e're I believe,  
 Or pin my Soul's Salvation on their Sleeve.  
 But come, to leave all Fallacies and Tricks,  
 Swear as if 'twere upon a Crucifix,  
 Declare, as you would merit to be bless'd,  
 Why you refus'd so long, why swore at last ;  
 Was not a Female Serpent in the case ?  
 Was't not your Wife ?

*Hus. Weefil.* To say the Truth, it was ; [weeping.]

Profit with Argument my Heart did win,  
 Fix'd my long wavering Faith, and drew me in ;  
 Her flowing Reasons mine in Publick brought,

*Vis. Weefil.* And to deal plainly with thee, so 'tis thought ;

Her ebbing Stores did this Desire inflame,  
*She wanted Counters too to play at Pam ;*  
 And Toys and Treats, and Trappings for the Head,  
 These Knacks set you a swearing.

*Hus. Weefil.* Yes indeed,

The purest work of Nature's Artful Hand  
 Winning my Heart, did soon my Sense command ;  
 Nor had I power to deny my *Eve*,  
 No more than he whom she did first deceive.

*Vis. Weefil.* Worst work of Heaven's Creation! How much ill

In every Age is done by Woman still ?  
 Born to destroy, by Nature dress'd for sin,  
 Their Soul's their outward Form, they've none within:  
 To be impos'd on by a Female Brain  
 Exalts your Fault, and makes Excuse more vain :

To each proud Dame you give Example now,  
They'd fain rebel, and you have shewn them how:  
They'l always quote your Reasons as sublime,  
And Cuckoldom's entail'd upon your Crime:  
Courage, they cry, let's make the Men obey,  
Mark how the D---r's Wife has led the way.  
Thus you not only Disobedience draw  
From them, but set us up a Salique Law,  
But almost make us leave our Souls in th' Lurch,  
By bringing a just Scandal on the Church.

*Hus. Weefil.* My Reasons shall hereafter be more strong,  
Scandal you know is ne're but seven days long;  
Tho Pamphlets now the Vulgar dare repeat,  
The Tone will alter'd be when I am great;  
And then I shall in a right Posture be  
To do my Friends some good, and some to thee.

*Vis. Weefil.* If Temporal Good you mean, with all my Heart,  
But I'll ne're trust again your Preaching Art.  
Pursue your Work, gain the Pontifick Field,  
Advance the Mitre, and the Crosier Wield;  
But may I be of all Male rights disarm'd,  
If ever I come t'ye to be confirm'd.

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POST-

## POSTSCRIPT

**I**Nstead of a Preface I only shall let you know, That I have a Veneration for the Church of England and Monarchical Government; and only presume to give this little Jerk to some, who, I am afraid, byas'd by Interest, either wink at, or absolutely forget her admirable, tho plain Principles.

F I N I S.



Table-Talk:  
BEING THE  
DISCOURSES  
OF  
John Selden Esq;  
OR HIS  
SENCE  
Of Various  
MATTERS  
OF  
WEIGHT and High CONSEQUENCE  
Relating especially to  
Religion and State.

---

*Distingue Tempora.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed for E. Smith, in the Year MDC LXXXIX.

THE

DISCOVERIES

OF

JOHN GOLDEN FLD.

OF

THE

MAINTENANCE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

To the Honourable

Mr. Justice Hales,

One of the JUDGES

OF THE

Common-Pleas;

And to the much Honoured

EDWARD HEYWOOD, JOHN  
VAUGHAN and ROWLAND  
FEWKS Esquires.

Most worthy Gentlemen,

**W**ere you not Executors to that Person, who (while he liv'd) was the Glory of the Nation; yet I am Confident any thing of his would find Acceptance with you, and truly the Sense and Notion here is wholly his, and most of the words. I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty Years together, and least all those Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to Writing, which here digested into this Method, I humbly present to your Hands; you will quickly perceive them to be his by the familiar Illustrations wherewith they are set off, and in which way you know he was so happy, that (with a marvelous delight to those that heard him) he would presently convey the highest Points of Religion, and the most important Affairs of State to an ordinary apprehension.

In reading be pleas'd to distinguish Times, and in your Fancy carry along with you, the When and the Why, many of these things were spoken; this will give them the more Life, and the smarter Relish. 'Tis possible the Entertainment you find in them, may render you the more inclinable to pardon the Presumption of

Your most Obliged and

most Humble Servant

R I: MILWARD.

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T H E  
D I S C O U R S E S  
O F  
John Selden, Esq;

---

Abbies, Priors, &c.

1. **T**HE unwillingness of the Monks to part with their Land, will fall out to be just nothing, because they were yielded up to the King by a Supream Hand (*viz.*) a Parliament. If a King conquer another Country, the People are loth to loose their Lands, yet no Divine will deny, but the King may give them to whom he please. If a Parliament make a Law concerning Leather, or any other Commodity, you and I for Example are Parliament Men, perhaps in respect to our own private Interests, we are against it, yet the Major part conclude it, we are then involv'd and the Law is good.

2. When the Founder of Abbies laid a Curse upon those that should take away those Lands, I would fain know what Power they had to curse me; 'Tis not the Curses that come from the Poor, or from any body, that hurt me, because they come from them, but because I do something ill against them that deserves God should curse me for it. On the other side 'tis not a mans Blessing me that makes me blessed, he only declares me to be so, and if I do well I shall be blessed, whether any bless me or not.

3. At the time of Dissolution, they were tender in taking from the Abbots and Priors their Lands and their Houses, till they surrendred them (as most of them did) indeed the Prior of *St. John's*, Sir *Richard Weston*, being a stout Man, got into *France*, and stood out a whole year, at last submitted, and the King took in that Priory also, to which the Temple belonged, and many other Houses in *England*, they did not then cry no Abbots, no Priors, as we do now no Bishops, no Bishops.

4. *Henry* the Fifth put away the Friars, Aliens, and seiz'd to himself 100000 *l.* a year, and therefore they were not the Protestants only that took away Church Lands.

5. In *Queen Elizabeths* time, when all the Abbies were pulled down, all good Works defaced, then the Preachers must cry up Justification by Faith, not by good Works.

## Articles.

1. **T**HE nine and thirty Articles are much another thing in Latin, (in which Tongue they were made) then they are translated into English, they were made at three several Convocations, and confirmed by Act of Parliament six or seven times after. There is a Secret concerning them: Of late Ministers have subscribed to all of them, but by Act of Parliament that confirm'd them, they ought only to subscribe to those Articles which contain matter of Faith, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments, as appears by the first Subscriptions. But Bishop *Bancroft* (in the Convocation held in King *James's* days) he began it, that Ministers should subscribe to three things, to the Kings Supremacy, to the Common-prayer, and to the Thirty nine Articles; many of them do not contain matter of Faith. Is it matter of Faith how the Church should be govern'd? Whether Infants should be Baptized? Whether we have any Property in our Goods? &c.

## Baptism.

1. **T**Was a good way to perswade men to be christned, to tell them that they had a Foulness about them, viz. Original Sin, that could not be washed away but by Baptism.

2. The Baptizing of Children with us, does only prepare a Child against he comes to be a Man, to understand what Christianity means. In the Church of *Rome* it hath this effect, it frees Children from Hell. They say they go into *Limbus Infantum*. It succeeds Circumcision, and we are sure the Child understood nothing of that at eight days old; why then may not we as reasonably baptise a Child at that Age? in *England* of late years I ever thought the Parson baptiz'd his own Fingers rather than the Child.

3. In the Primitive times they had God-fathers to see the Children brought up in the Christian Religion, because many times, when the Father was a Christian, the Mother was not, and sometimes when the Mother was a Christian, the Father was not, and therefore they made choice of two or more that were Christians, to see their Children brought up in that Faith.

## Bastard.

1. **T**IS said the 23d. of *Deuteron*. 2. [*A Bastard shall not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation.*] *Nen ingreditur in Ecclesiam Domini,* he shall not enter into the Church. The meaning of the Phrase is, he shall not marry a Jewish Woman. But upon this grossly mistaken; a Bastard at this day in the Church of *Rome*, without a Dispensation, cannot take Orders; the thing haply well enough, where 'tis so settled; but 'tis upon a Mistake (the Place having no reference to the Church) appears plainly by what follows at the third Verse [*An Ammonite or Moabite shall not enter into the Congregation of the Lord, even to the tenth Generation.*] Now you know with the Jews an Ammonite, or a Moabite could never be a Priest, because their Priests were born so, not made.

## Bible, Scripture.

1. 'TIS a great question how we know Scripture to be Scripture, whether by the Church, or by Mans private Spirit, Let me ask you how I know any thing? how I know this Carpet to be Green? First, because somebody told me it was Green; that you call the Church in your Way. Then after I have been told it is green, when I see that Colour again, I know it to be Green, my own Eyes tell me it is Green, that you call the private Spirit.

2. The English Translation of the Bible, is the best Translation in the World, and renders the Sense of the Original best, taking in for the English Translation, the Bishops Bible, as well as King James's. The Translation in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a Tongue (as the *Apocrypha* to *Andrew Downes*) and then they met together, and one read the Translation, the rest holding in their Hands some Bible, either of the learned Tongues, or *French, Spanish, Italian, &c.* if they found any Fault they spoke, if not, he read on.

3. There is no Book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a *French* Book into *English*, I turn it into *English* Phrase, not into *French English* [*Il fait froid*] I say 'tis cold, not, it makes cold, but the Bible is rather translated into *English* Words, than into *English* Phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the Phrase of that Language is kept: As for Example [*he uncovered her Shame*] which is well enough, so long as Scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the Common People, Lord, what Gear do they make of it!

4. *Scrutamini Scripturas.* These two Words have undone the World, because Christ spake it to his Disciples, therefore we must all, Men, Women and Children, read and interpret the Scripture.

5. *Henry* the Eighth made a Law, that all Men might read the Scripture, except Servants, but no Woman, except Ladies and Gentlewomen, who had Leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning. The Law was repealed in *Edward* the Sixth's days.

6. Lay-men have best interpreted the hard places in the Bible, such as *Johannes Picus, Scaliger, Grotius, Salmansius, Heinsius, &c.*

7. If you ask which of *Erasmus, Beza* or *Grotius* did best upon the New Testament, 'tis an Idle question, for they all did well in their way. *Erasmus* broke down the first Brick, *Beza* added many things, and *Grotius* added much to him, in whom we have either something new, or something heightened, that was said before, and so 'twas necessary to have them all three.

8. The Text serves only to guess by, we must satisfie our selves fully out of the Authors that liv'd about those times.

9. In interpreting the Scripture, many do, as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. meaning four, was but four Unites, and five, five Unites, &c. and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that sees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports, that he hath five pounds in one Bag, and six pounds in another Bag, and nine pounds in another Bag, &c. when as in truth he

hath but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here, and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and consider'd what went before, and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

10. Make no more Allegories in Scripture than needs must, the Fathers were too frequent in them, they indeed, before they fully understood the literal Sence, look'd out for an Allegory. The Folly whereof you may conceive thus; here at the first sight appears to me in my Window, a Glas and a Book, I take it for granted 'tis a Glas and a Book, thereupon I go about to tell you what they signifie; afterwards, upon nearer view, they prove no such thing, one is a Box made like a Book, the other is a Picture made like a Glas, where's now my Allegory?

11. When Men meddle with the Literal Text, the question is, where they should stop; in this case a Man must venture his Discretion, and do his best to satisfy himself and others in those places where he doubts, for although we call the Scripture the Word of God (as it is) yet it was writ by a Man, a mercenary Man, whose Copy, either might be false, or he might make it false: For Example, here were a thousand Bibles printed in *England* with the Text thus, [*Thou shalt commit Adultery*] the Word [*not*] left out; might not this Text be mended?

12. The Scripture may have more Sences besides the Literal, because God understands all things at once, but a Mans Writing has but one true Sence, which is that which the Author meant when he writ it.

13. When you meet with several Readings of the Text, take heed you admit nothing against the Tenets of your Church, but do as if you were going over a Bridge, be sure you hold fast by the Rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please, be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various Lections.

14. The *Apocrypha* is bound with the Bibles of all Churches that have been hitherto. Why should we leave it out? the Church of *Rome* has her *Apocrypha* (*viz.*) *Susanna*, and *Bell and the Dragon*, which she does not esteem equally with the rest of those Books that we call *Apocrypha*.

## Bishops before the Parliament.

1. **A** Bishop as a Bishop, had never any Ecclesiastial Jurisdiction; for as soon as he was *Electus Confirmatus*, that is, after the three Proclamations in *Bow-Church*, he might exercise Jurisdiction, before he was consecrated, not till then, he was no Bishop, neither could he give Orders. Besides, *Suffragans* were Bishops, and they never claim'd any Jurisdiction.

2. Antiently, the Noble Men lay within the City for Safety and Security. The Bishops Houses were by the Water-side, because they were held Sacred Persons which no body would hurt.

3. There was some Sence for *Commendams* at first, when there was a Living void, and never a Clerk to serve it, the Bishops was to keep it till they found a fit Man, but now 'tis a Trick for the Bishop to keep it for himself.

4. For a Bishop to preach, 'tis to do other Folks Office, as if the Steward of the House should execute the Porters or the Cooks Place; 'tis his Business to see that they and all other about the House perform their Duties.

5. That

5. That which is thought to have done the Bishops hurt, is their going about to bring men to a blind Obedience, imposing things upon them [though perhaps small and well enough] without preparing them, and insinuating into their Reasons and Fancies, every man loves to know his Commander. I wear those Gloves, but perhaps if an Alderman should command me, I should think much to do it; what has he to do with me? Or if he has, peradventure I do not know it. This jumping upon things at first dash will destroy all; to keep up Friendship, there must be little Addresses and Applications, whereas Bluntness spoils it quickly: To keep up the Hierarchy, there must be little Applications made to men, they must be brought on by little and little: So in the Primitive times the Power was gain'd, and so it must be continued. *Scaliger* said of *Erasmus*: *Si minor esse voluit, major fuisset.* So we may say of the Bishops, *Si minores esse voluerint, majores fuissent.*

6. The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aim'd at: The old Story of the Fellow, that told the Gentleman, he might get to such a place, if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

7. For a Bishop to cite an old Cannon to strengthen his new Articles, is as if a Lawyer should plead an old Statute that has been repeal'd God knows how long.

### Bishops in the Parliament.

1. **B**ishops have the same Right to sit in Parliament as the best Earls and Barons, that is, those that were made by Writ: If you ask one of them [*Arundel, Oxford, Northumberland*] why they sit in the House? they can only say, their Fathers sate there before them, and their Grand-father before him, &c. And so says the Bishops, he that was a Bishop of this Place before me, sate in the House, and he that was a Bishop before him, &c. Indeed your later Earls and Barons have it expressed in their Patents, that they shall be called to the Parliament. *Objection.* But the Lords sit there by Blood, the Bishops not. *Answer,* 'Tis true, they sit not there both the same way, yet that takes not away the Bishops Right: If I am a Parson of a Parish, I have as much Right to my Gleab and Tyth, as you have to your Land which your Ancestors have had in that Parish eight hundred years.

2. The Bishops were not Barons, because they had Baronies annex to their Bishopricks (for few of them had so, unless the old ones, *Canterbury, Winchester, Durham,* &c. the new erected we are sure had none, as *Glocester, Peterborough,* &c. besides, few of the Temporal Lords had any Baronies.) But they are Barons, because they are called by Writ to the Parliament, and Bishops were in the Parliament ever since there was any mention or sign of a Parliament in *England.*

3. Bishops may be judged by the Peers, though in time of Popery it never hapned, because they pretended they were not obnoxious to a Secular Court, but their way was to cry, *Ego sum Frater Domini Papa,* I am Brother to my Lord the Pope, and therefore take not my self to be judged by you; in this Case they impannelled a Middlesex Jury, and dispatcht the Business.

4. Whether may Bishops be present in cases of Blood? *Answer.* That they had a Right to give Votes, appears by this, always when they did go out, they left a

Proxy, and in the time of the Abbots, one man had 10. 20. or 30. Voices. In *Richard* the Seconds time, there was a Protestation against the Canons, by which they were forbidden to be present in case of Blood. The Statute of 25th. of *Henry* the Eighth may go a great way in this Business. The Clergy were forbidden to use or cite any Cannon, &c. but in the latter end of the Statute, there was a Clause, that such Cannons that were in usage in this Kingdom, should be in force till the thirty two Commissioners appointed should make others, provided they were not contrary to the Kings Supremacy. Now the Question will be, whether these Cannons for Blood were in use in this Kingdom or no? the contrary whereof may appear by many Presidents, in *R. 3.* and *H. 7.* and the beginning of *H. 8.* in which time there were more attainted than since, or scarce before: The Cannons of Irregularity of Blood were never received in *England*, but upon pleasure. If a Lay Lord was attainted, the Bishops assented to his Condemning, and were always present at the passing of the Bill of Attainder: But if a Spiritual Lord, they went out as if they cared not whose Head was cut off, so none of their own. In those days the Bishops being of great Houses, were often entangled with the Lords in Matters of Treason. But when d'ye hear of a Bishop a Traytor now?

5. You would not have Bishops meddle with Temporal Affairs, think who you are that say it. If a Papist, they do in your Church; if an *English* Protestant, they do among you; if a Presbyterian, where you have no Bishops, you mean your Presbyterian Lay Elders should meddle with Temporal Affairs as well as Spiritual. Besides, all Jurisdiction is Temporal, and in no Church, but they have some Jurisdiction or other. The Question then will be reduced to *Minus* and *Minus*; they meddle more in one Church than in another.

6. *Objection.* Bishops give not their Votes by Blood in Parliament, but by an Office annex to them, which being taken away, they cease to vote, therefore there is not the same reason for them as for Temporal Lords. *Ans.* We do not pretend they have that Power the same way, but they have a Right: He that has an Office in *Westminster-Hall*, for his Life, the Office is as much his, as his Land is his that hath Land by Inheritance.

7. Whether had the inferior Clergy ever any thing to do in the Parliament? *Ans.* No, no otherwise than thus, There were certain of the Clergy that used to assemble near the Parliament, with whom the Bishops, upon occasion might consult (but there were none of the Convocation, as 'twas afterwards settled, (*viz.*) the Dean, the Arch-Deacon, one for the Chapter, and two for the Diocess) but it hapned by continuance of time (to save Charges and Trouble) their Voices and the Consent of the whole Clergy were involved in the Bishops, and at this day the Bishops Writs run, to bring all these to the Parliament, but the Bishops themselves stand for all.

8. Bishops were formerly one of these two Conditions, either Men bred Canons and Civilians, sent up and down Ambassadors to *Rome* and other Parts, and so by their Merit came to that Greatness, or else great Noble Mens Sons, Brothers, and Nephews, and so born to govern the State: Now they are of a low Condition, their Education nothing of that way; he gets a Living, and then a greater Living, and then a greater than that, and so comes to govern.

9. Bishops are now unfit to Govern because of their Learning, they are bred up in another Law, they run to the Text for something done amongst the *Jews* that nothing concerns *England*; 'tis just as if a Man would have a Kettle and he would not go to our *Brazier* to have it made; as they make Kettles, but he would have it made as *Hiram* made his Brafs.work, who wrought in *Solomons* Temple.

10. To take away Bishops Votes, is but the beginning to take them away; for then they can be no longer useful to the King or State. 'Tis but like the little Wimble, to let in the greater Auger. Objection. But they are but for their Life, and that makes them always go for the King as he will have them. *Answer.* This is against a double Charity, for you must always suppose a bad King and bad Bishops. Then again, whether will a Man be sooner content, himself should be made a Slave or his Son after him? [when we talk of our Children we mean our selves,] besides they that have posterity are more obliged to the King, then they that are only for themselves, in all the reason in the World.

11. How shall the Clergy be in the Parliament if the Bishops are taken away? *Answer.* By the Layety, because the Bishops in whom the rest of the Clergy are included, are sent to the taking away their own Votes, by being involv'd in the major part of the House. This follows naturally.

12. The Bishops being put out of the House, whom will they lay the fault upon now? When the Dog is beat out of the Room, where will they lay the stink?

## Bishops out of the Parliament.

1. **I**N the beginning Bishops and Presbyters were alike, like the Gentlemen in the Country, whereof one is made Deputy Livetenant, another Justice of Peace, so one is made a Bishop, another a Dean; and that kind of Government by Arch-Bishops, and Bishops no doubt came in, in imitation of the Temporal Government, not *Jure Divino*. In time of the *Roman* Empire, where they had a Legatus, there they placed an Arch-Bishop, where they had a Rector there a Bishop, that every one might be instructed in Christianity, which now they had received into the Empire,

2. They that speak ingeniously of Bishops and Presbyters, say, that a Bishop is a great Presbyter, and during the time of his being Bishop, above a Presbyter: as your President of the Colledge of Phisicians, is above the rest, yet he himself is no more than a Doctor of Physick.

3. The words [Bishop and Presbyter] are promiscuously used, that is confessed by all: and though the word [Bishop] be in *Timothy* and *Titus*, yet that will not prove the Bishops ought to have a Jurisdiction over the Presbyter, though *Timothy* or *Titus* had by the order that was given them: some Body must take care of the rest, and that Jurisdiction was but to Excommunicate, and that was but to tell them they should come no more into their Company. Or grant they did make Canons one for another, before they came to be in the State, does it follow they must do so when the State has

receiv'd them into it? What if *Timothy* had Power in *Ephesus*, and *Titus* in *Creet* over the *Presbyters*? Does it follow therefore the Bishop must have the same in *England*? Must we be govern'd like *Ephesus* and *Creet*?

4. However some of the Bishops pretend to be *Jure Divino*, yet the Practice of the Kingdom had ever been otherwise, for whatever Bishops do otherwise [then the Law permits, *Westminster-Hall* can controul, or send them to absolve, &c.

5. He that goes about to prove Bishops *Jure Divino*, does as a Man that having a Sword shall strike it against an Anvil, if he strike it a while there, he may peradventure loosen it, though it be never so well riveted, 'twill serve to strike another Sword (or cut Flesh) but not against an Anvil.

6. If you should say you hold your Land by *Moses* or Gods Law, and would try it by that, you may perhaps loose, but by the Law of the Kingdom you are sure of it, so may the Bishops by this Plea of *Jure Divino* loose all; The Pope had as good a Title by the Law of *England* as could be had, had he not left that, and claim'd by Power from God.

7. There is no Government enjoyn'd by Example, but by Precept; it does not follow we must have Bishops still, because we have had them so long. They are equally mad who say Bishops are so *Jure Divino* that they must be continued, and they who say they are so Antichristian, that they must be put away, all is as the State pleaseth.

8. To have no Ministers, but Presbyters, 'tis as in the Temporal State they should have no Officers but Constables. Bishops do best stand with Monarchy, that as amongst the Laity, you have Dukes, Lords, Lieutenants, Judges, &c. to send down the Kings pleasure to his Subjects; So you have Bishops to govern the inferiour Clergy: These upon occasion may address themselves to the King, otherwise every Parson of the Parish must come, and run up to the Court.

9. The Protestants have no Bishops in *France*, because they live in a Catholic Country, and they will not have Catholic Bishops; therefore they must govern themselves as well as they may.

10. What is that to the purpose, to what end Bishops Lands were given to them at first? you must look to the Law and Custom of the place. What is that to any Temporal Lords Estate, how Lands were first divided, or how in *William* the Conquerours days? And if Men at first were juggled out of their Estates, yet they are rightly their Successours. If my Father cheat a Man, and he consent to it, the Inheritance is rightly mine.

11. If there be no Bishops, there must be something else, which has the Power of Bishops, though it be in many, and then had you not as good keep them? If you will have no Half Crowns, but only single Pence, yet Thirty single Pence are a Half Crown; and then had you not as good keep both? But the Bishops have done ill, 'twas the Men, not the Function; As if you should say, you would have no more Half Crowns, because they were stolen, when the truth is they were not stolen because they were Half Crowns, but because they were Money and light in a Theives hand.

12. They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of Government, do as he that pulls down an old House, and builds another, in another fashion

fashion, there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble, the old rubbish must be carried away, and new materials must be brought, Workmen must be provided, and perhaps the old one would have serv'd as well.

13. If the Parliament and *Presbyterian Party* should dispute who should be Judge? Indeed in the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*, there was such a difference, between the *Protestants* and *Papists*, and Sir *Nicholas Bacon* Lord Chancellor was appointed to be Judge, but the Conclusion was the stronger *Party* carried it: For so Religion was brought into Kingdoms, so it has been continued, and so it may be cast out, when the State pleases.

14. 'Twill be a great discouragement to Scholars that *Bishops* should be put down: For now the Father can say to his Son, and the Tutor to his *Pupil*, *Study hard, and you shall have Vocem & Sedem in Parlamento*; then it must be, *Study hard, and you shall have a hundred a year if you please your Parish*. *Obj.* But they that enter into the Ministry for preferment, are like *Judas* that lookt after the *Bag*. *Ans.* It may be so, if they turn Scholars at *Judas's* Age, but what Arguments will they use to perswade them to follow their *Books* while they are young?

## Books, Authors.

1. **T**HE giving a *Bookseller* his price for his *Books* has this advantage, he that will do so, shall have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hand, and so by that means get many things, which otherwise he never should have seen. So 'tis in giving a *Bawd* her price.

2. In buying *Books* or other *Commodities*, 'tis not always the best way to bid half so much as the seller asks: witness the Country fellow that went to buy two  
groat Shillings, they askt him three Shillings, and he bid them  
Eighteen pence.

3. They counted the price of the *Books* (*Acts* 19. 19.) and found Fifty Thousand peices of Silver, that is so many *Sextertii*, or so many three half pence of our Money, about Three Hundred pound Sterling.

4. *Popish Books* teach and inform, what we know, we know much out of them. The *Fathers*, *Church Story*, *Schoolmen*, all may pass for *Popish Books*, and if you take away them, what Learning will you leave? Besides who must be Judge? The Customer or the Waiter? If he disallows a *Book* it must not be brought into the Kingdom, then Lord have mercy upon all Schollars. These *Puritan Preachers* if they have any things good, they have it out of *Popish Books*, though they will not acknowledg it, for fear of displeasing the people, he is a poor Divine that cannot sever the good from the bad.

5. 'Tis good to have *Translations*, because they serve as a *Comment*, so far as the Judgment of the Man goes.

6. In Answering a *Book*, 'tis best to be short, otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides in being long I shall give my Adversary a huge advantage, somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

1. In quoting of *Books*, quote such *Authors* as are usually read, others you may read for your own Satisfaction, but not name them.

8. Quoting of Authors is most for matter of Fact, and then I write them as I would produce a Witness, sometimes for a free Expression, and then I give the Author his due, and gain my self praise by reading him.

9. To quote a modern *Dutch Man* where I may use a Clasic Author, is as if I were to justify my Reputation, and I neglect all Persons of Note and Quality that know me, and bring the Testimonial of the Scullion in the Kitchen.

### Cannon-Law:

**I**F I would study the Cannon-Law as it is used in *England*, I must study the Heads here in use, then go to the Practicers in those Courts where that Law is practiced, and know their Customs, so for all the study in the World.

### Ceremony.

1. **C**eremony keeps up all thiugs; 'Tis like a Penny-Glas to a rich Spirit, or some Excellent Water, without it the water were spilt, the Spirit lost.
2. Of all people Ladies have no reason to cry down Ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with Ceremony, with Compliments and Addresses, with Legs, and kissing of Hands, they were the pittifullest Creatures in the World, but yet methinks to kiss their Hands after their Lips as some do, is like little Boys, that after they eat the Apple, fall to the paring, out of a Love they have to the Apple.

### Chancellor.

1. **T**HE Bishop is not to sit with the Chancellor in his Court (as being a thing either beneath him, or beside him) no more then the King is to sit in the *Kings-Bench* when he has made a Lord-Chief-Justice.
2. The Chancellor govern'd in the Church, who was a Layman. And therefore 'tis false which they charge the Bishops with, that they Challenge sole Jurisdiction. For the Bishop can no more put out the Chancellor than the Chancellor the Bishop. They were many of them made Chancellors for their Lives, and he is the fittest Man to Govern, because Divinity so overwhelms the rest.

### Changing Sides.

1. **T**IS the Tryal of a Man to see if he will Change his side; and if he be so weak as to Change once, he will Change again. Your Country Fellows have a way to try if a Man be weak in the Hams, by coming behind him, and giving him a blow unawares, if he bend once, he will bend again.
2. The Lords that fall from the King after they have got Estates, by base Flattery at Court, and now pretend Conscience, do as a Vintner, that when he first sets up, you may buy your Wench to his House, and do your things there, but when he grows Rich, he turns Conscientious, and will sell no Wine upon the Sabbath-day.
3. Collonel *Goring* serving first the one side and then the other, did like a good Miller that knows how to grind which way soever the Wind sits.
4. After

( 11 )  
4. After *Luther* had made a Combustion in *Germany* about Religion, he was sent to by the *Pope*, to be taken off, and offer'd any preferment in the Church, that he would make choice of, *Luther* answer'd, if he had offered half as much at first, he would have accepted it, but now he had gone so far, he could not come back, in Truth he had made himself a greater thing than they could make him, the *German* Princes Courted him, he was become the Author of a Sect ever after to be called *Lutherans*. So have our Preachers done that are against the Bishops, they have made themselves greater with the People, than they can be made the other way, and therefore there is the less Charity probably in bringing them of. Charity to Strangers is injoynd in the Text, by Strangers is there understood those that are not of our own kin, Strangers to your Blood, not those you cannot tell whence they come, that is be Charitable to your Neighbours whom you know to be honest poor People.

### Christmas.

1. **C**hristmas succeeds the *Saturalia*, the same time, the same number of Holy days, then the Master waited upon the Servant like the Lord of *Misrule*.

2. Our Meats and our Sports (much of them) have relation to Church-works. The Coffin of our *Christmas* Pies in shape long, is in imitation of the Cratch, our Choosing Kings and Queens on Twelfth night, hath reference to the Three Kings. So likewise our eating of Fritters, whipping of Tops, Roasting of Herrings, Jack of Lents, &c. they were all in imitation of Church-works, Emblems of *Martyrdom*. Our Tansies at *Easter* have reference to the bitter Herbs: though at the same time 'twas always the Fashion for a Man to have a Gammon of Bakon, to show himself to be no *Jew*.

### Christians.

1. **I**N the High Church of *Jerusalem*, the Christians were but another Sect of *Jews*, that did believe the *Messias* was come. To be called was nothing else, but to become a Christian, to have the Name of a Christian, it being their own Language, for amongst the *Jews*, when they made a Doctor of Law, 'twas said he was called.

2. The *Turks* tell their People of a Heaven where there is sensible Pleasure, but of a Hell where they shall suffer they do not know what. The Christians quite invert this order, they tell us of a Hell where we shall feel sensible Pain, but of a Heaven where we shall enjoy we cannot tell what.

3. Why did the Heathens object to the Christians, that they Worship an Asses Head? you must know, that to a Heathen, a *Jew* and a Christian were all one, that they regarded him not, so he was not one of them. Now that of the Asses Head might proceed from such a mistake as this, by the *Jews* Law all the Firstlings of Cattle were to be offered to God, except a Young Ass, which was to be redeem'd, a Heathen being present, and seeing young Calves, and young Lambs killed at their Sacrifices, only young Asses redeem'd might very well think they had that silly Beast in some high Estimation, and thence might imagine they worshipt it as a God.

## Church.

1. **H**eretofore the Kingdom let the Church alone, let them do what they would, because they had something else to think of (*viz.*) Wars, but now in time of peace, we begin to examine all things, will have nothing but what we like, grow dainty and wanton, just as in a Family the Heir uses to go a hunting, he never considers how his Meal is dress'd, takes a bit, and away, but when he stays within, then he grows curious, he does not like this, nor he does not like that, he will have his Meat dress'd his own way, or peradventure he will dress it himself.

2. It hath ever been the gain of the Church when the King will let the Church have no Power to cry down the King and cry up the Church: but when the Church can make use of the Kings Power, then to bring all under the Kings Prerogative, the Catholicks of *England* go one way, and the Court Clergy another.

3. A glorious Church is like a Magnificent Feast there is all the variety that may be, but every one chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone, how Glorious soever the Church is, every one chooses out of it his own Religion, by which he governs himself and lets the rest alone.

4. The Laws of the Church are most Favourable to the Church, because they were the Churches own making, as the Heralds are the best Gentlemen because they make their own Pedigree.

5. There is a Question about that Article, Concerning the Power of the Church, whether these words [of having Power in Controversies of Faith] were not stoln in, but 'tis most certain they were in the Book of Articles that was Confirm'd, though in some Editions they have been left out: But the Article before tells you, who the Church is, not the Clergy, but *Cæus fidelium*.

## Church of Rome.

1. **B**Efore a Juglars Tricks are discovered we admire him, and give him Money, but afterwards we care not for them, so 'twas before the discovery of the Jugling of the Church of *Rome*.

2. Catholics say, we out of our Charity, believe they of the Church of *Rome* may be saved: But they do not believe so of us. Therefore their Church is better according to our selves; first, some of them no doubt believe as well of us, as we do of them, but they must not say so; besides is that an Argument their Church is better than Ours, because it has less Charity?

3. One of the *Church of Rome* will not come to our Prayers, does that agree he doth not like them? I would fain see, a *Catholic* leave his Dinner, because a Nobleman's *Chaplain* says Grace, nor haply would he leave the Prayers of the *Church*, if going to *Church* were not made a mark of distinction between a *Protestant* and a *Papst*.

## Churches.

1. **T**HE Way coming into our great Churches was Antiently at the West door, that Men might see the Altar, and all the Church before them, the other Doors were but Posterns.

1. **W**Hat makes a City? Whether a Bishoprick or any of that nature?  
*Answer.* 'Tis according to the first Charter which made them a Corporation. If they are Incorporated by Name of *Civitas* they are a City, if by the name of *Burgum*, then they are a Burrough.

2. The Lord Mayor of *London* by their first Charter was to be presented to the King, in his absence to the Lord Cheif Justiciary of *England*, afterwards to the Lord Chancellor, now to the Barons of the Exchequer, but still there was a Reservation, that for their Honour they should come once a Year to the King, as they do still.

### Clergy.

1. **T**Hough a Clergy-Man have no Faults of his own, yet the Faults of the whole Tribe shall be laid upon him, so that he shall be sure not to lack.

2. The Clergy would have us believe them against our own Reason, as the Woman would have had her Husband against his own Eyes: What! will you believe your own Eyes before your own sweet Wife?

3. The Condition of the Clergy towards their Prince, and the Condition of the Physitian is all one: the Physitians tell the Prince they have Agrick and Rubarb, good for him, and good for his Subjects bodies, upon this he gives them leave to use it, but if it prove naught, then away with it, they shall use it no more; So the Clergy tell the Prince they have Physick good for his Soul, and good for the Souls of his People, upon that he admits them: but when he finds by Experience they both trouble him and his People, he will have no more to do with them, what is that to them or any body else if a King will not go to Heaven.

4. A Clergy Man goes not a dram further than this, you ought to obey your Prince in general [if he does he is lost] how to obey him you must be inform'd by those whose profession it is to tell you. The Parson of the Tower (a good discreet Man) told Dr. *Mosely* (who was sent to me, and the rest of the Gentlemen Committed the 3. *Caroli*, to perswade Us to submit to the King) that they found no such words as [Parliament, *Habeas Corpus*, *Return*, *Tower*, &c.] Neither in the Fathers, nor the School-Men, nor in the Text, and therefore for his part he believed he understood nothing of the business. A Satyr upon all those Clergy Men that meddle with Matters they do not understand.

All Confess there never was a more Learned Clergy, no Man taxes them with Ignorance. But to talk of that, is like the Fellow that was a great Wentcher he wisht God would forgive him his Leachery, and lay Usury to his Charge. The Clergy have worse Faults.

6. The Clergy and Laity together are never like to do well, 'tis as if a Man were to make an Excellent Feast and should have his Apothecary and Physitian come into the Kitchen: The Cooks if they were let alone would make Excellent Meat, but then comes the Apothecary and he puts Rubarb into one Sauce, and Agrick into another Sauce. Chain up the Clergy on both sides.

### High Commission.

1. **M**En cry out upon the High-Commission, as if the Clergy-men only had to do in it, when I believe there are more Lay-men in Commission there, than Clergymen, if the Laymen will not come, whose fault is that? So of the Star-Chamber, the People think the Bishops only censur'd *Prin*, *Burton*,

and *Bastwick*, when there were but two there, and one speak not in his own Cause.

### House of Commons.

1. **T**Here be but two Erroneous Opinions in the House of Commons, That the Lords sit only for themselves, when the truth is, they sit as well for the Common-wealth. The Knights and Burgesses sit for themselves and others, some for more, some for fewer, and what is the reason? Because the Room will not hold all, the Lords being few, they all come, and imagine the Room able to hold all the Commons of *England*, then the Lords and Burgesses would sit no otherwise than the Lords do. The second Error is, that the House of Commons are to begin to give Subsidies, yet if the Lords dissent they can give no Money.

2. The House of Commons is called the Lower House in Twenty Acts of Parliament, but what are Twenty Acts of Parliament amongst Friends?

3. The Form of a Charge runs thus, *I Accuse in the Name of all the Commons of England*, how then can any man be as a Witness, when every man is made the Accuser?

### Confession.

1. **I**N time of Parliament it used to be one of the first things the House did, to petition the King that his Confessor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the King, or else, least he should reveal to the Pope what the House was in doing, as no doubt he did, when the Catholick Cause was concerned.

2. The difference between us and the *Papists* is, we both allow Contrition, but the *Papists* make Confession a part of Contrition, they say a Man is not sufficiently contrite, till he confess his sins to a Priest.

3. Why should I think a Priest will not reveal Confession, I am sure he will do any thing that is forbidden him, haply not so often as I, the utmost punishment is Deprivation, and how can it be proved, that ever any man reveal'd Confession, when there is no Witness? And no man can be Witness in his own Cause. A meer Gullery. There was a time when 'twas publick in the Church, and that is much against their Auricular Confession.

### Competency.

1. **T**hat which is a Competency for one Man, is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one Man warm, will keep another Man warm; one Man can go in Doublet and Hose, when another Man cannot be without a Cloak, and yet have no more Cloaths than is necessary for him.

### Great-Conjunction.

**T**he greatest Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, happens but once in Eight Hundred Years, and therefore Astrologers can make no Experiments of it, nor foretel what it means, (not but that the Stars may mean something, but we cannot tell what) because we cannot come at them. Suppose a Planet were a Simple, or an Herb, How could a Physician tell the Vertue of that Simple, unless he could come at it, to apply it?

### Conscience.

1. **H**E that hath a Scrupulous Conscience, is like a Horse that is not well weigh'd, he starts at every Bird that flies out of the Hedge.

2. A knowing Man will do that, which a tender Conscience Man dares not do, by reason of his Ignorance, the other knows there is no hurt, as a Child is afraid to go into the dark, when a Man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

3. If we once come to leave that outloose, as to pretend Conscience against Law, who knows what inconvenience may follow? For thus, Suppose in 444

*baptist* comes and takes my Horse, I Sue him, he tells me he did according to his Conscience, his Conscience tells him all things are common amongst the Saints, what is mine is his; therefore you do ill to make such a Law, If any Man takes anothers Horse he shall be hang'd. What can I say to this Man? He does according to his Conscience. Why is not he as honest a Man as he that pretends a Ceremony establisht by Law, is against his Conscience? Generally to pretend Conscience against Law is dangerous, in some cases haply we may.

4. Some men make it a case of Conscience, whether a man may have a Pidgeon-house, because his Pidgeons eat other Folks Corn. But there is no such thing as Conscience in the business, the matter is, whether he be a man of such Quality, that the State allows him to have a Dove-house, if so there's an end of the business, his Pidgeons have a right to eat where they please themselves.

### Consecrated Places.

1. **T**He *Jews* had a peculiar way of Consecrating things to God, which we have not.

2. Under the Law, God, who was Master of all, made choice of a Temple to Worship in, where he was more especially present: Just as the Master of the House, who owns all the House, makes choice of one Chamber to lie in, which is called the Master's Chamber, but under the Gospel there was no such thing, Temples and Churches are set apart for the conveniency of men to Worship in; they cannot meet upon the point of a Needle, but God himself makes no choice.

3. All things are Gods already, we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before, only we set it apart to his Service. Just as a Gardiner brings his Lord and Master a Basket of Apricocks, and presents them, his Lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains, and yet the Apricocks were as much his Lords before as now.

4. What is Consecrated, is given to some particular man, to do God Service, not given to God, but given to Man, to serve God: And there's not any thing, Lands, or Goods, but some men or other have it in their power, to dispose of as they please. The saying things Consecrated cannot be taken away, makes men afraid of Consecration.

5. Yet Consecration has this Power, when a Man has Consecrated any thing to God, he cannot of himself take it away.

### Contracts.

1. **I**F our Fathers have lost their Liberty, why may not we labour to regain it? *Ans.* We must look to the Contract, if that be rightly made we must stand to it, if we once grant we may recede from Contracts upon any inconveniency that may afterwards happen, we shall have no Bargain kept. If I sell you a Horse, and do not like my Bargain, I will have my Horse again.

2. Keep your Contracts, so far a Divine goes, but how to make our Contracts is left to our selves, and as we agree upon the conveying of this House, or that Land, so it must be, if you offer me a hundred pounds for my Glove. I tell you what my Glove is, a plain Glove, pretend no virtue in it, the Glove is my own, I profess not to sell Gloves, and we agree for an hundred pounds, I do not know why I may not with a safe Conscience take it. The want of that common Obvious Distinction of *Jus præceptivum*, and *Jus permissivum*, does much trouble men.

3. Lady *Kent* Articled with Sir *Edward Herbert*, that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she would have him, to

which he set his hand; then he Articled with her, That he should go away when he pleas'd, and stay away as long as he pleas'd, to which she set her hand. This is the Epitome of all the Contracts in the World, betwixt man and man, betwixt Prince and Subject, they keep them as long as they like them, and no longer.

### Council.

1. **T**hey talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General-Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy-Ghost.

### Convocation.

1. **W**hen the King sends his Writ for a Parliament, he sends for two Knights for a Shire, and two Burgeses for a Corporation: But when he sends for two Archbishops for a Convocation, he commands them to assemble the whole Clergy, but they out of custome amongst themselves send to the Bishops of their Provinces to will them to bring two Clerks for a Diocese, the Dean, one for the Chapter, and the Arch-deacons, but to the King every Clergy-man is there present.

2. We have nothing so nearly expresses the power of a Convocation, in respect of a Parliament, as a Court-Leet, where they have a power to make By-Laws, as they call them; as that a man shall put so many Cows, or Sheep in the Common, but they can make nothing that is contrary to the Laws of the Kingdom.

### Creed.

1. **A** *Thanasius's* Creed is the shortest, take away the Preface, and the force, and the Conclusion, which are not part of the Creed. In the *Nicene* Creed it is *εἰς ἐκκλησίαν*, I believe in the Church, but now, as our Common-prayer has it, I believe one Catholick and Apostolick Church; they like not Creeds, because they would have no Forms of Faith, as they have none of Prayer, though there be more reason for the one than for the other.

### Damnation.

1. **I**F the Physician sees you eat any thing that is not good for your Body, to keep you from it, he crys 'tis posson, if the Divine sees you do any thing that is hurtful for your Soul, to keep you from it, he crys you are damn'd.

2. To preach long, loud, and Damnation is the way to be cry'd up. We love a man that Damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a fore Leg, and he should go to an Honest Judicious Chyrurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an Oyl (an Oyl well known) that would do the Cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the Medicine before hand an ordinary Medicine. But if he should go to a Surgeon that should tell him, your Leg will Gangreen within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you, what listning there would be to this Man? Oh for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is, I will give you any content for your pains.

### Devils:

1. **W**hy have we none posselt with Devils in *England*? The old Answer is, the Protestants the Devil hath already, and the Papists are so Holy, he dares not meddle with them. Why, then beyond Seas where a Nun is posselt, when a *Hugonot* comes into the Church, does not the Devil hunt them out? The Priest teaches him, you never saw the Devil throw up a Nuns Coats, mark that, the Priest will not suffer it, for then the People will spit at him.

2. Casting out Devils is meer Juggling, they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where for Reverence no Man shall dare to Examine it, they do it in a Corner, in a Mortice-hole, not in the Market-place. They do nothing but what may be done by Art, they make the Devil fly out of the Window in the likeness of a Bat, or a Rat, why do they not hold him? Why, in the likeness of a Bat, or a Rat, or some Creature? That is why not in some shape we Paint him in, with Claws and Horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon Mens fancies, and so are reverenc'd, and certainly if the Priest deliver me from him, that is my most deadly Enemy, I have all the Reason in the World to Reverence him. Objection. But if this be Juggling, why do they punish Impostures? *Answer.* For great Reason, because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should discover them, and so all of them ought to be of the same Trade.

3. A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head [I wonder'd what he meant] and just at that time, one of them bid him kill me, [with that I begun to be afraid and thought he was mad] he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd he would go to no body else. I perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came gave it to him, to hang about his Neck, withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his Houe and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me, he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well said I, I am glad two of them are gone I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck, three days after he came to me. to my Chamber and profess he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extreamly thank me for the great care I had taken of him, I fearing least he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self, and one Physitian more in the whole Town that could Cure the Devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepar'd) and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as my self. The Gentleman lived many Years and was never troubl'd after.

### Self Denyal.

1. 'TIS much the Doctrine or the times that Men should not please themselves, but deny themselves every thing they take delight in, not look upon Beauty, wear no good Clothes, eat no good Meat, &c. which seems the greatest Accusation that can be upon the maker of all good things. If they be not to be us'd why did God make them? The truth is, they that Preach against

them, cannot make use of them their selves, and then again they get Esteem by seeming to contemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not please themselves as much as they can, and we live more by Example than precept.

### Duell.

1. **A** Duell may still be granted in some Cafes by the Law of *England*, and only there. That the Church allow'd it Antiently, appears by this, in their publick Liturgies there were Prayers appointed for the Duellists to say, the Judge used to bid them go to such a Church and pray, &c. But whether is this Lawful? If you grant any War Lawful, I make no doubt but to Convince it, War is Lawful, because God is the only Judge between two, that is Supream. Now if a difference happen between two Subjects, and it cannot be decided by Human Testimony, why may they not put it to God to Judge between them by the Permission of the Prince? Nay what if we should bring it down for Arguments sake, to the Swordmen. One gives me the Lye, 'tis a great disgrace to take it, the Law has made no provision to give Remedy for the Injury (if you can suppose any thing an Injury for which the Law gives no Remedy) why am not I in this case Supream, and may therefore right my self.

2. A Duke ought to fight with a Gentleman, the Reason is this, the Gentleman will say to the Duke 'tis True, you hold a higher Place in the State than I, there's a great distance between you and me, but your Dignity does not Priviledge you to do me an Injury, as soon as ever you do me an Injury, you make your self my equal, and as you are my equal I Challenge you, and in sence the Duke is bound to Answer him. This will give you some light to understand the Quarrel betwixt a Prince and his Subjects, though there be a vast distance between him and them, and they are to obey him, according to their Contract, yet he hath no power to do them an Injury, then they think themselves as much bound to Vindicate their right, as they are to obey his Lawful Commands, nor is there any other measure of Justice left upon Earth but Arms.

### Epitaph.

1. **A**N *Epitaph* must be made fit for the Person for whom it is made, for a Man to say all the Excellent things, that can be said upon one, and call that his *Epitaph*, is as if a Painter should make the handsomest peice he can possibly make, and say 'twas my Picture. It holds in a Funeral Sermon.

### Equity.

1. **E**quity in Law is the same that the spirit is in Religion, what every one pleases to make it, sometimes they go according to Conscience, sometimes according to Law, sometimes according to the Rule of Court.

2. Equity is a Roguish thing, for Law we have a measure, know what to trust to, Equity is according to the Conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the Standard for the measure, we call a Chancellors Foot, what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long Foot, another a short Foot, a Third an indifferent Foot: 'Tis the same thing in the Chancellors Conscience.

3. That saying, do as you would be done to, is often misunderstood, for 'tis not thus meant that I a private Man, should do to you a private Man, as I would have you to me, but do, as we have agreed to do one to another by publick Agreement, If the Prisoner should ask the Judge, whether he would be content to be hanged were he in his case, he would Answer no. Then says the Prisoner

do as you would be done to, neither of them must do as private Men, but the Judge must do by him as they have publickly agreed, that is both Judge and Prisoner have consented to a Law that if either of them Steal, they shall be hanged.

### Evil-Speaking.

1. **H**E that speaks ill of another commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against, for if he had Civility or breeding he would forbear such kind of Language.

2. A Gallant Man is above ill words: an Example we have in the old Lord of *Salisbury* (who was a great wise Man) *Stone* had call'd some Lord about Court, Fool, the Lord complains and has *Stone* whipt, *Stone* cries, I might have called my Lord of *Salisbury* Fool often enough, before he would have had me whipt.

3. Speak not ill of a great Enemy but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his Hands, the Spaniard did this when he was dying; his Confessor told him (to work him to Repentance) how the Devil Tormented the wicked that went to Hell: the Spaniard replying, called the Devil my Lord. I hope my Lord the Devil is not so Cruel, his Confessor reproved him. Excuse me said the *Don*, for calling him so, I know not into what hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.

### Excommunication.

1. **T**hat place they bring for Excommunication [put away from among your selves that wicked person, 1. Cor. 5. Cha: 13. verse.] is corrupted in the Greek for it should be, *τὸ ποινεῖν*, put away that Evil from among you, not *τὸν ποινεῖν*, that Evil Person, besides *ὁ ποινεῖς* is the Devil in Scripture, and it may be so taken there, and there is a new Edition of *Theoderet* come out, that has it right *τὸ ποινεῖν*, 'Tis true the Christians before the Civil State became Christian, did by Covenant and Agreement set down how they should live, and he that did not observe what they agreed upon, should come no more amongst them, that is, be Excommunicated. Such Men are spoken of by the Apostle [Romans 1. 31.] whom he calls *ἀνομοῖς καὶ ἀπειθεῖς*, the Vulgar has it, *Incomposit, et sine fide*, the last word is pretty well, but the first not at all, *Origen* in his Book against *Celsus*, speaks of the Christians *κοινωνοὶ*: the Translation renders it *Conventus*, as it signifies a Meeting, when it is plain it signifies a Covenant, and the English Bible turned the other word well, Covenant-breakers. *Pliny* tells us, the Christians took an Oath amongst themselves to live thus, and thus.

2. The other place [Dicitur Ecclesie] tell the Church, is but a weak Ground to raise Excommunication upon, especially from the Sacrament, the lesser Excommunication, since when that was spoken, the Sacrament was instituted. The Jews *Ecclesia* was their *Sanhedrim*, their Court: so that the meaning is; if after once or twice Admonition this Brother will not be reclaim'd, bring him thither.

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3. The first Excommunication was 180. Years after Christ and that by *Victor*, Bishop of *Rome*: But that was no more than this, that they should Communicate and receive the Sacrament amongst themselves, not with those of the other Opinion: The Controversie (as I take it) being about the Feast of *Easter*. Men do not care for Excommunication because they are shut out of the Church, or delivered up to *Sathan*, but because the Law of the Kingdom takes hold of them, after so many days a Man cannot sue, no, not for his Wife, if you take her from him, and there may be as much Reason, to grant it for a small Fault, if there be Contumacy, as for a great one, in Westminster-Hall you may Out-law a Man for forty Shillings, which is their Excommunication, and you can do no more for forty thousand Pound.

4. When *Constantine* became Christian, he so fell in Love with the Clergy, that he let

them be Judges of all things, but that continued not above three or four Years, by reason they were to be Judges of matters they understood not, and then they were allowed to meddle with nothing but Religion, all Jurisdiction belonged to him, and he scanted them out as much as he pleased, and so things have since continued. They Excommunicate for three or four things, matters concerning Adultery, Tythes, Wills, &c. which is the Civil Punishment the State allows for such Faults. If a Bishop Excommunicate a Man for what he ought not, the Judge has Power to absolve, and punish the Bishop, if they had that Jurisdiction from God, why does not the Church Excommunicate for Murder, for Theft? If the Civil Power might take away all but three things, why may they not take them away too? If this Excommunication were taken away, the Presbyters would be quiet; 'tis that they have a mind to, 'tis that they would fain be at, like the Wench that was to be Married; she asked her Mother when 'twas done, if she should go to Bed presently: no says her Mother you must Dine first, and then to Bed Mother? no you must Dance after Dinner, and then to Bed Mother, no you must go to Supper, and then to Bed Mother, &c.

### Faith and Works.

1. **T** Was an unhappy Division that has been made between Faith and Works; though in my Intellect I may divide them, just as in the Candle, I know there is both light and heat. But yet put out the Candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other: So 'tis betwixt Faith and Works; nay, in a right Conception *Fides est opus*, if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is *Opus*.

### Fasting-days.

1. **W** Hat the Church debars us one day, she gives us leave to take out in another. First we Fast, and then we Feast; first there is a Carnival, and then a Lent.

2. Whether do Human Laws bind the Conscience? If they do, 'tis a way to ensnare: If we say they do not, we open the door to disobedience. *Ans.* In this Case we must look to the Justice of the Law, and intention of the Law-giver, If there be no Justice in the Law, 'tis not to be obey'd, if the intention of the Law-giver be absolute, our obedience must be so too. If the intention of the Law-giver enjoyn a Penalty as a Compensation for the Breach of the Law, I sin not, if I submit to the Penalty, if it enjoyn a Penalty, as a further enforcement of Obedience to the Law, than ought I to observe it, which may be known by the often repetition of the Law. The way of Fasting is enjoyn'd unto them, who yet do not observe it, The Law enjoyns a Penalty as an enforcement to Obedience; which intention appears by the often calling upon us, to keep that Law by the King, and the Dispensation of the Church to such as are not able to keep it, as Young Children, Old Folks, Diseas'd Men, &c.

### Fathers and Sons.

1. **I** T hath ever been the way for Fathers, to bind their sons, to strengthen this by the Law of the Land, every one at Twelve Years of age, is to take the Oath of Allegiance in Court-Leets, whereby he swears Obedience to the King.

### Fines.

1. **T** He old Law was, That when a Man was Fin'd, he was to be Fin'd *Salvo Contentamento*, so 'as his Countenance might be safe, taking Countenance in the same sense as your Countryman does, when he says, if you will come unto my House, I will show you the best Countenance I can, that is not the best Face, but the best Entertainment. The meaning of the Law was, that so much should be taken from a man, such a Gobbet sliced off, that yet notwithstanding he might live in the same Rank and Condition he lived in before; but now they Fine men ten times more than they are worth.

### Free-will.

1. **T** He *Puritans*, who will allow no free-will at all, but God does all, yet will allow the Subject his Liberty to do, or not to do, notwithstanding the King, the God upon Earth. The *Arminians*, who hold we have free-will, yet say, when we come to the King, there must be all Obedience, and no Liberty to be stood for.

**Fryars.**

**Fryers.**

1. The Fryers say they possess nothing, whose then are the Lands they hold? not their Superiour's, he hath vow'd Poverty as well as they, whose then? To answer this, 'twas Decreed they should say they were the Popes. And why must the Fryers be more perfect than the Pope himself?

2. If there had been no Fryers, *Christendome* might have continu'd quiet, and things remain'd at a stay.

If there had been no Lecturers (which succeed the Friars in their way) the Church of *England* might have stood, and flourish'd at this day.

**Friends.**

1. Old Friends are best. King *James* us'd to call for his Old Shoos, they were easiest for his Feet.

**Genealogy of Christ.**

1. They that say the reason why *Joseph's* Pedigree is set down, and not *Mary's*, is, because the descent from the Mother is lost, and swallow'd up, say something; but yet if a *Jewish* Woman, marry'd with a *Gentil*, they only took notice of the Mother, not of the Father; but they that say they were both of a Tribe, say nothing; for the Tribes might Marry one with another, and the Law against it was only Temporary, in the time while *Joshua* was dividing the Land, lest the being so long about it, there might be a confusion.

2. That Christ was the Son of *Joseph* is most exactly true. For though he was the Son of God, yet with the *Jews*, if any man kept a Child, and brought him up, and call'd him Son, he was taken for his Son; and his Land (if he had any) was to descend upon him; and therefore the Genealogy of *Joseph* is justly set down.

**Gentlemen.**

1. What a Gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define, in other Countries he is known by his Priviledges; in *Westminster* Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honour, he that hath Arms. The King cannot make a Gentleman of Blood [what have you said] nor God Almighty, but he can make a Gentleman by Creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, Civilly, the Gentleman of Blood, Morally the Gentleman by Creation may be the better; for the other may be a Debauch'd man, this a Person of worth.

2. Gentlemen have ever been more Temperate in their Religion, than the Common People, as having more Reason, the others running in a hurry. In the beginning of Christianity, the Fathers writ *Contra gentes*, and *Contra Gentiles*, they were all one: But after all were Christians, the better sort of People still retain'd the name of Gentiles, throughout the four Provinces of the *Roman* Empire; as *Gentil-homme* in *French*, *Gentil homo* in *Italian*, *Gentil-huombre* in *Spanish*, and *Gentil-man* in *English*: And they, no question, being Persons of Quality, kept up those Feasts which we

borrow from the Gentils; as *Christmas, Candlemas, May-day, &c.* continuing what was not directly against Christianity, which the Common people would never have endured.

### Gold.

1. There are two Reasons, why these words (*Jesus autem transiens per medium eorum ibat*) were about our old Gold: the one is, because Ribly the Alchymist, when he made Gold in the *Tower*, the first time he found it, he spoke these words [*per medium eorum*] that is, *per medium ignis, & Sulphuris*. The other, because these words were thought to be a Charm, and that they did bind whatsoever they were written upon, so that a Man could not take it away. To this Reason I rather incline.

### Hall.

1. The Hall was the place where the great Lord us'd to eat, (wherefore else were the Halls made so big?) Where he saw all his Servants and Tenants about him. He eat not in private, Except in time of sickness; when once he became a thing Coopt up, all his greatness was spoil'd. Nay the King himself used to eat in the Hall, and his Lords fate with him, and then he understood Men.

### Hell.

1. There are two Texts for Christ's descending into Hell: The one *Psalms*. 16. The other *Acts* the 2d. where the Bible that was in use when the thirty nine Articles were made has it (*Hell*.) But the Bible that was in *Queen Elizabeth's* time, when the Articles were confirm'd, reads it (*Grave*.) and so it continu'd till the New Translation in *King James's* time, and then 'tis *Hell* again. But by this we may gather the Church of *England* declined as much as they could, the descent, otherwise they never would have alter'd the Bible.

2. (*He descended into Hell*) this may be the Interpretation of it. He may be dead and buried, then his Soul ascended into Heaven. Afterwards he descended again into *Hell*, that is, into the Grave, to fetch his Body, and to rise again. The ground of this Interpretation is taken from the Platonick Learning, who held a Metempsychosis, and when a Soul did descend from Heaven to take another Body, they call'd it *Karà βάσιν εἰς ἀδύην*, taking *ἀδύης*, for the lower World, the state of Mortality: Now the first Christians many of them were Platonick Philosophers, and no question spake such Language as then was understood amongst them. To understand by *Hell* the Grave is no Tautology, because the Creed first tells what Christ suffer'd, *he was Crucified, Dead, and Buried*; then it tells us what he did, *he descended into Hell, the third day he rose again, he ascended, &c.*

### Holy-Days.

1. They say the Church imposes Holy-days, there's no such thing, though the number of Holy-days is set down in some of our Common-Prayer Books.

Books. Yet that has relation to an Act of Parliament, which forbids the keeping of any Holy-Days in time of Popery, but those that are kept, are kept by the Custom of the Country, and I hope you will not say the Church imposes that.

### Humility.

1. Humility is a Vertue all preach, none practise, and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

2. There is *Humilitas quadam in Vicio*. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the Author of all Excellency and Perfection? Nay, if a Man hath too mean an Opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and Man.

3. Pride may be allow'd to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his Dignity. In Gluttons there must be Eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that is to be blam'd, but the Excess. So in Pride.

### Idolatry.

1. Idolatry is in a Man's own thought, not in the Opinion of another. Put Case I bow to the Altar, why am I guilty of Idolatry? because a stander by thinks so? I am sure I do not believe the Altar to be God, and the God I worship may be bow'd to in all places, and at all times.

### Jews.

1. God at the first gave Laws to all Mankind, but afterwards he gave peculiar Laws to the Jews, which they were only to observe. Just as we have the Common Law for all *England*, and yet you have some Corporations, that, besides that, have peculiar Laws and priviledges to themselves.

2. Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are Cursed, they thrive where e're they come, they are able to oblige the Prince of their Country by lending him money, none of them beg, they keep together, and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

### Invincible Ignorance.

1. 'Tis all one to me if I am told of Christ, or some Mystery of Christianity, if I am not capable of understanding, as if I am not told at all, my Ignorance is as invincible; and therefore 'tis vain to call their Ignorance only invincible, who never were told of Christ. The trick of it is to advance the Priest, whilst the Church of *Rome* says a Man must be told of Christ, by ~~Sops~~ thus and thus ordain'd.

### Images.

1. The Papiests taking away the second, is not haply so horrid a thing, nor so unreasonable amongst Christians as we make it. For the *Jews* could make no figure of God, but they must commit Idolatry, because he had taken no shape; but since the Assumption of our flesh, we know what shape

to picture God in. Nor do I know why we may not make his Image, provided we be sure what it is: as we say Saint *Luke* took the picture of the Virgin *Mary*, and Saint *Veronica* of our Saviour. Otherwise it would be no honour to the King, to make a Picture, and call it the King's Picture, when 'tis nothing like him.

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2. Though the Learned Papists pray not to Images, yet 'tis to be feared the ignorant do; as appears by that Story of St. *Nicholas* in *Spain*. A Countrey-man us'd to offer daily to St. *Nicholas's* Image, at length by mischance the Image was broken, and a new one made of his own Plumb-Tree; after that the man forbore, being complain'd of to his Ordinary, he answer'd, 'tis true, he us'd to offer to the Old Image, but to the new he could not find in his heart, because he knew 'twas a piece of his own Plumb-Tree. You see what Opinion this man had of the Image, and to this tended the bowing of their Images, the twinkling of their Eyes, the Virgins Milk, &c. Had they only meant representations, a Picture would have done as well as these tricks. It may be with us in *England* they do not worship images, because living amongst Protestants, they are either laugh'd out of it, or beaten out of it by shock of Argument.

3. 'Tis a discreet way concerning Pictures in Churches, to set up no new, nor to pull down no old.

### Imperial Constitutions.

1. They say Imperial Constitutions did only confirm the Canons of the Church, but that is not so, for they inflicted punishment, when the Canons never did. (*viz.*) If a man Converted a Christian to be a Jew, he was to forfeit his Estate, and lose his Life. In *Valentines Novels* 'tis said, *Constat Episcopus Forum Legibus non habere, & Judicant tantum de Religione.*

### Imprisonment.

1. Sir *Kenelme Digby* was several times taken and let go again, at last Imprison'd in *Winchester-House*. I can compare him to nothing but a great Fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the Bait, at last therefore we put him into some great Pond for Store.

### Incendiaries.

1. Fancy to your self a Man sets the City on Fire at *Cripplegate*, and that Fire continues by means of others, 'till it come to *White-Fryers*, and then he that began it would fain quench it, does not he deserve to be punish'd most that first set the City on Fire? So 'tis with the Incendiaries of the State. They that first set it on Fire, [by Monopolizing, Forrest Business, Imprisoning Parliament Men, *tertio Caroli*, &c] are now become regenerate, and would fain quench the Fire; Certainly they deserv'd most to be punish'd, for being the first Cause of our Distractions.

### Independency.

1. Independency is in use at *Amsterdam*, where forty Churches or Congregations

Congregations have nothing to do one with another. And 'tis no question agreeable to the Primitive times, before the Emperour became Christian. For either we must say every Church govern'd it self, or else we must fall upon that old foolish Rock, that St. Peter and his Successours govern'd all, but when the Civil State became Christian, they appointed who should govern them; before they govern'd by agreement and consent; if you will not do this, you shall come no more amongst us, but both the Independant man, and the Presbyterian man do equally exclude the Civil Power, though after a different manner.

2. The Independant may as well plead, they should not be subject to temporal Things, not come before a Constable, or a Justice of Peace, as they plead they should not be subject in Spiritual things, because St. Paul says, *Is it so, that there is not a wise man amongst you?*

3. The Pope challenges all Churches to be under him, the King and the two Arch-Bishops challenge all the Church of *England* to be under them. The Presbyterian man divides the Kingdom into as many Churches as there be Presbyteries, and your Independant would have every Congregation a Church by it self.

### Things Indifferent.

1. In time of a Parliament, when things are under debate, they are indifferent, but in a Church or State settled, there's nothing left indifferent.

### Publick Interest.

1. All might go well in the Common-Wealth, if every one in the Parliament would lay down his own Interest, and aim at the general good. If a man were sick, and the whole Colledge of Physicians should come to him, and administer severally, haply so long as they observ'd the Rules of Art he might recover, but if one of them had a great deal of Scamony by him, he must put off that, therefore he prescribes Scamony. Another had a great deal of Rubarb, and he must put off that, and therefore he prescribes Rubarb, &c. they would certainly kill the man. We destroy the Common-wealth, while we preserve our own private Interests, and neglect the Publick.

### Humane Invention.

1. You say there must be no Human Invention in the Church, nothing but the pure word. *Answer.* If I give any Exposition, but what is express'd in the Text, that is my invention: if you give another Exposition, that is your invention, and both are Human. For Example, suppose the word [Egg] were in the Text, I say, 'tis meant an Henn-Egg, you say a Goose-Egg, neither of these are express'd, therefore they are Humane Invention, and I am sure the newer the Invention the worse, old Inventions are best.

2. If we must admit nothing, but what we read in the Bible, what will become of the Parliament? for we do not read of that there.

### Judgments.

**Judgments.**

1. We cannot tell what is a Judgment of God, 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of Plague we know we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health; in time of War we know we want peace, and therefore we pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say a Judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An Example we have in King *James*, concerning the death of *Henry* the Fourth of *France*; one said he was kill'd for his Wenching, another said he was kill'd for turning his Religion. No, says King *James* (who could not abide fighting) he was kill'd for permitting Duels in his Kingdom.

**Judge.**

1. We see the Pageants in *Cheapside*, the Lions, and the Elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them; we see the Judges look big, look like Lions, but we do not see who moves them.

2. Little things do great works, when great things will not. If I should take a Pin from the ground, a little pair of Tongues will do it, when a great pair will not. Go to a Judge to do a business for you, by no means he will not hear of it; but go to some small Servant about him, and he will dispatch it according to your hearts desire.

3. There could be no mischief done in the Common-wealth without a Judge. Though there be false Dice brought in at the Groom-Porters, and cheating offer'd, yet unless he allow the Cheating, and judge the Dice to be good, there may be hopes of fair play.

**Juggling.**

1. 'Tis not Juggling that is to be blam'd, but much Juggling, for the World cannot be Govern'd without it. All your Rhetorick, and all your Elenchs in Logick come within the compass of Juggling.

**Jurisdiction.**

1. There's no such Thing as Spiritual Jurisdiction, all is Civil, the Churches is the same with the Lord Mayors; suppose a Christian came into a Pagan Country, how can you fancy he shall have any Power there? he finds faults with the Gods of the Country, well, they will put him to Death for it; when he is a Martyr, what follows? Does that argue he has any Spiritual Jurisdiction? If the Clergy say the Church ought to be govern'd thus, and thus, by the word of God, that is Doctrine all, that is not Discipline.

2. The Pope he challenges Jurisdiction over all, the Bishops they pretend to it as well as he, the Presbyterians they would have it to themselves, but over whom is all this? the poor Laymen.

**Jus Divinum.**

1. All things are held by *Jus Divinum*, either immediately or mediately.

2. Nothing has lost the Pope so much in his Supremacy, as not acknowledging

ledging what Princes gave him. 'Tis a scorn upon the Civil Power, and an unthankfulness in the Priest. But the Church runs to *Jus Divinum*, lest if they should acknowledge what they have they have by positive Law, it might be as well taken from them as given to them.

### King.

1. A King is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness sake. Just as in a Family one Man is appointed to buy the Meat; if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree, one would buy what the other lik'd not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that Charge being committed to one, he according to his Discretion pleases all; if they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

2. The word King directs our Eyes, suppose it had been Consul, or Dictator, to think all Kings alike is the same folly, as if a Consul of *Aleppo* or *Smirna*, should claim to himself the same power that a Consul at *Rome*. What, am not I a Consul? or a Duke of *England* should think himself like the Duke of *Florence*; nor can it be imagin'd, that the word *Basileus* did signify the same in Greek, as the Hebrew word כּלּל did with the *Jews*. Besides, let the Divines in their Pulpits say what they will, they in their practice deny that all is the Kings: They sue him, and so does all the Nation, whereof they are a part. What matter is it then, what they Preach or Teach in the Schools?

3. Kings are all individual, this or that King, there is no Species of Kings.

4. A King that claims Privileges in his own Country, because they have them in another, is just as a Cook, that claims Fees in one Lords House, because they are allow'd in another. If the Master of the House will yield them, well and good.

5. The Text [*render unto Caesar the things that are Caesars*] makes as much against Kings, as for them, for it says plainly that some things are not *Caesars*. But Divines make choice of it, first in flattery, and then because of the other part adjoin'd to it [*render unto God the things that are Gods*] where they bring in the Church.

6. A King outed of his Country, that takes as much upon him as he did at home, in his own Court, is as if a man on high, and I being upon the ground, us'd to lift up my voice to him, that he might hear me, at length should come down, and then expects I should speak as loud to him as I did before.

### King of England.

1. The King can do no wrong, that is no Process can be granted against him, what must be done then? Petition him, and the King writes upon the Petition *soit droit fait*, and sends it to the Chancery, and then the business is heard. His Confessor will not tell him he can do no wrong.

2. There's a great deal of difference between Head of the Church, and Supreme Governour, as our Canons call the King. Conceive it thus, there

is in the Kingdom of *England* a Colledge of Phisicians, the King is Supreme Governour of those, but not Head of them, nor President of the Colledge, nor the best Phisician.

3. After the dissolution of Abbies, they did not much advance the King's Supremacy, for they only car'd to Exclude the Pope, hence have we had several Translations of the Bible put upon us. But now we must look to it, otherwise the King may put upon us what Religion he pleases.

4. 'Twas the old way when the King of *England* had his House, there were Canons to sing Service in his Chappel; so at *Westminster* in *St. Stephen's* Chappel (where the House of Commons sits) from which Canons the Street call'd *Canon-row* has its name, because they liv'd there, and he had also the Abbot and his Monks, and all these the King's House.

5. The Three Estates are the Lords Temporal, the Bishops are the Clergy, and the Commons, as some would have it [take heed of that] for then if two agree the third is involv'd, but he is King of the Three Estates.

6. The King hath a Seal in every Court, and tho' the great Seal be call'd *Sigillum Angliae*, the Great Seal of *England*, yet 'tis not because 'tis the Kingdoms Seal, and not the Kings, but to distinguish it from *Sigillum Hiberniae*, *Sigillum Scotiae*.

7. The Court of *England* is much alter'd. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up with Ceremony, at length to *French-more*, and the Cushion-Dance, and then all the Company Dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchin-Maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen *Elizabeth's* time Gravity and State were kept up. in King *James's* time things were pretty well. But in King *Charles's* time, there has been nothing but *French-more* and the Cushion Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly, polly, hoite come toite.

### The King.

1. 'Tis hard to make an accommodation between the King and the Parliament. If you and I fell out about Money, you said I ow'd you twenty Pounds, I said I ow'd you but ten Pounds, it may be a third Party allowing me twenty Marks, might make us Friends. But if I said I ow'd you twenty Pounds in Silver, and you said I ow'd you twenty pound of Diamonds, which is a sum innumerable, 'tis impossible we should ever agree, this is the case.

2. The King using the House of Commons, as he did in Mr. *Pym* and his Company, that is charging them with Treason, because they charg'd my Lord of *Canterbury* and Sir *George Ratchiff*, it was just with as much Logick as the Boy, that would have lain with his Grandmother, us'd to his Father, you lay with my Mother, why should not I lye with yours?

3. There is not the same reason for the King's accusing Men of Treason, and carrying them away, as there is for the Houses themselves, because they accuse one of themselves. For every one that is accused, is either a Peer or a Commoner, and he that is accused hath his Consent going along with

with him; but if the King accuses, there is nothing of this in it.

4. The King is equally abus'd now as before, then they flatter'd him and made him do ill things, now they would force him against his Conscience. If a Physician should tell me, every thing I had a mind to was good for me, tho' in truth 'twas Poison, he abus'd me; and he abuses me as much, that would force me to take something whether I will or no.

5. The King so long as he is our King, may do with his Officers what he pleases, as the Master of the House may turn away all his Servants, and take whom he please.

6. The King's Oath is not security enough for our Property, for he swears to Govern according to Law; now the Judges they interpret the Law, and what Judges can be made to do we know.

7. The King and the Parliament now falling out, are just as when there is foul play offer'd amongst Gamesters, one snatches the others stake, they feize what they can of one anothers. 'Tis not to be askt whether it belongs not to the King to do this or that: before when there was fair Play, it did. But now they will do what is most convenient for their own safety. If two fall to scuffling, one tears the others Band, the other tears his, when they were Friends they were quiet, and did no such thing, they let one anothers Bands alone.

8. The King calling his Friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at *Oxford*, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the Cellar, and takes the Spiggot, in the mean time all the Beer runs about the House; when his Friends are absent the King will be lost.

#### Knights-Service.

1. Knights-Service in earnest means nothing, for the Lords are bound to wait upon the King when he goes to War with a Foreign Enemy, with it may be one Man and one Horse, and he that doth not, is to be rated so much as shall seem good to the next Parliament. And what will that be? So 'tis for a private Man, that holds of a Gentleman.

#### Land.

1. When men did let their Land underfoot, the Tenants would fight for their Landlords, so that way they had their Retribution, but now they will do nothing for them, may be the first, if but a Constable bid them, that shall lay the Landlord by the heels, and therefore 'tis vanity and folly not to take the full value.

2. *Allodium* is a Law-word contrary to *Feudum*, and it signifies Land that holds of no body, we have no such Land in *England*. 'Tis a true Proposition, all the Land in *England* is held, either immediately, or mediately of the King.

#### Language.

1. To a living Tongue new words may be added, but not to a dead Tongue, as Latine, Greek, Hebrew, &c.

2. *Latimer* is the Corruption of *Latiner*, it signifies he that interprets Latine, and though he interpreted *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian*, he was call'd the King's *Latiner*, that is, the King's Interpreter.

3. If you look upon the Language spoken in the Saxon time, and the Language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just, as if a man had a Cloak that he wore plain in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, and since, here has put in a piece of Red, and there a piece of Blew, and here a piece of Green, and there a piece of Orange-tawny. We borrow words from the *French, Italian, Latine*, as every Pedantick Man pleases.

4. We have more words than Notions, half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometime we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a Piece a Gun. The word Gun was in use in *England* for an Engine to cast a thing from a man, long before there was any Gun-powder found out.

5. Words must be fitted to a man's mouth; 'twas well said of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desir'd to take measure of his Lordships mouth.

#### Law.

1. A Man may plead not guilty, and yet tell no Lye, for by the Law no Man is bound to accuse himself, so that when I say Not guilty, the meaning is, as if I should say by way of Paraphrase, I am Not so guilty as to tell you; if you will bring me to a Tryal, and have me punish'd for this you lay to my Charge, prove it against me.

2. Ignorance of the Law excuses no man, not that all Men know the Law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him.

3. The King of *Spain* was out-law'd in *Westminster-Hall*, I being of Council against him. A Merchant had recover'd Costs against him in a Suit, which because he could not get, we advis'd to have him Out-law'd for not appearing, and so he was. As soon as *Gondimer* heard that, he presently sent the money, by reason, if his Master had been Out-law'd he could not have the benefit of the Law, which would have been very prejudicial, there being then many suits depending betwixt the King of *Spain* and our English Merchants.

4. Every Law is a Contract between the King and the People, and therefore to be kept. An hundred men may owe me an hundred pounds, as well as any one man, and shall they not pay me because they are stronger than I? *Object.* Oh but they lose all if they keep that Law. *Answer.* Let them look to the making of their Bargain. If I sell my Lands, and when I have done, one comes and tells me I have nothing else to keep me. I and my Wife and Children must starve, If I part with my Land. Must I not therefore let them have my Land that have bought it and paid for it?

5. The Parliament may declare Law, as well as any other inferiour Court may, (*viz.*) the Kings Bench. In that or this particular Case the Kings Bench will declare unto you what the Law is, but that binds no body whom the Case concerns: So the highest Court, the Parliament may doe, but not declare Law, that is, make Law that was never heard of before.

#### Law of Nature.

1. I cannot fancy to my self what the Law of Nature means, but the Law of God. How should I know I ought not to steal, I ought not to commit Adultery, unless some body had told me so? Surely 'tis because I have been told so? 'Tis not because I think I ought not to do them, nor because you think

I ought not; if so, our minds might change, whence then comes the restraint? from a higher Power, nothing else can bind. I cannot bind my self, for I may untye my self again; nor an equal cannot bind me, for we may untie one another. It must be a superiour Power, even God Almighty. If two of us make a Bargain, why should either of us stand to it? What need you care what you say, or what need I care what I say? Certainly because there is something about me that tells me *Fides est servanda*, and if we after alter our minds, and make a new Bargain, there's *Fides servanda* there too.

### Learning.

1. No man is the wiser for his Learning, it may Administer matter to work in; or Objects to work upon, but Wit and Wisdom are born with a Man.

2. Most mens Learning is nothing but History duly taken up. If I quote *Thomas Aquinas* for some Tenet and believe it, because the Schoolmen say so, that is but History. Few Men make themselves Masters of the things they write or speak.

3. The Jesuits and the Lawyers of *France*, and the Low-Country men have engrossed all Learning. The rest of the world make nothing but Homilies.

4. 'Tis observable, that in *Athens* where the Arts flourish, they were govern'd by a Democrasie, Learning made them think themselves as wise as any body, and they would govern as well as others; and they spake as it were by way of Contempt, that in the *East* and in the *North* they had Kings, and why? Because the most part of them follow'd their business, and if some one man had made himself wiser than the rest, he govern'd them, and they willingly submitted themselves to him. *Aristotle* makes the Observation. And as in *Athens* the Philosophers made the People knowing, and therefore they thought themselves wise enough to govern, so does preaching with us, and that makes us affect a Democrasie: For upon these two grounds we all would be Governours, either because we think our selves as wise as the best, or because we think our selves the Elect, and have the Spirit, and the rest a Company of Reprobates that belong to the Devil.

### Lecturers.

1. Lecturers do in a Parish Church what the Fryers did heretofore, get away not only the Affections, but the Bounty, that should be bestow'd upon the Minister.

2. Lecturers get a great deal of money, because they preach the People tame [as a man watches a Hawk] and then they do what they list with them.

3. The Lectures in Black Fryers, perform'd by Officers of the Army, Trades-men, and Ministers, is as if a great Lord should make a Feast, and he would have his Cook dress one Dish, and his Coachman another, his Porter a third, &c.

### Libels.

1. Tho' some make slight of *Libels*; yet you may see by them how the wind sits: As take a straw and throw it up into the Air, you shall see by that which way the Wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a Stone. More solid things do not shew the Complexion of the times so well, as Ballads and Libels.

1. There is no Church without a Liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no School without a Grammar. One Scholar may be taught otherwise upon the Stock of his Acumen, but not a whole School. One or two that are piously dispos'd, may serve themselves their own way, but hardly a whole Nation.

2. To know what was generally believ'd in all Ages, the way is to consult the Liturgies, not any private man's writing. As if you would know how the Church of *England* serves God. Go to the Common prayer-Book, consult not this nor that man. Besides Liturgies never Complement, nor use high Expressions. The Fathers oft-times speak Oratoriously.

#### Lords in the Parliament.

1. The Lords giving Protections is a scorn upon them. A Protection means nothing actively, but passively, he that is a Servant to a Parliament man is thereby Protected. What a scorn is it to a person of Honour to put his hand to two Lyes at once, that such a man is my Servant, and employed by me, when haply he never saw the man in his life, nor before never heard of him.

2 The Lords protesting is foolish. To protest is properly to save to a man's self some right. But to protest as the Lords protest, when they their selves are involv'd, 'tis no more than if I should go into *Smith-field*, and sell my Horse, and take the money, and yet when I have your Money, and you my Horse, I should protest this Horse is mine, because I love the Horse, or I do not know why I do protest, because my Opinion is contrary to the rest. Ridiculous, when they say the Bishops did antiently protest, it was only dissenting, and that in the case of the Pope.

#### Lords before the Parliament.

1. Great Lords by reason of their Flatterers, are the first that know their own Vertues, and the last that know their own Vices ; Some of them are ashamed upwards, because their Ancestors were too great. Others are ashamed downwards, because they were too little.

2. The *Priour* of *St. John* of *Jerusalem* is said to be *Primus Baro Angliae*, the first Baron of *England*, because being last of the Spiritual Barons, he chose to be first of the Temporal. He was a kind of an Oiter, a Knight half-Spiritual, and half-Temporal.

3. *Quest.* Whether is every Baron a Baron of some place ?

*Ans.* 'Tis according to his Patent, of late years they have been made Baron of some place, but antiently not, call'd only by their Sir-name, or the Sir-name of some Family, into which they have been married.

4 The making of new Lords lessens all the rest. 'Tis in the business of Lords, as 'twas with *St. Nicholas's* Image : the Countryman, you know, could not find in his heart to adore the new Image, made of his own Plumb-Tree, though he had formerly Worship'd the old one. The Lords that are antient we honour, because we know not whence they come, but the new ones we slight, because we know their beginning.

5. For the *Irish* Lords to take upon them here in *England*, is as if the Cook in the Fair should come to my Lady *Kents* Kitchen, and take upon him to roast the meat there, because he is a Cook in another place. Mar-

## Marriage.

1. Of all Actions of a mans life, his Marriage does least concern other people, yet of all Actions of our Life 'tis most medled with by other people.
2. Marriage is nothing but a Civil Contract, 'tis true 'tis an Ordinance of God: so is every other Contract, God commands me to keep it when I have made it.
3. Marriage is a desperate thing, the Frogs in *Æsop* were extream wise, they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the Well, because they could not get out again.
4. We single out particulars, and apply Gods Providence to them, thus when two are marry'd and have undone one another, they cry it was God's Providence we should come together, when Gods Providence does equally concurr to every thing.

## Marriage of Cousin-Germans.

1. Some men forbear to Marry Cousin-Germans out of this kind of scruple of Conscience, because it was unlawful before the Reformation, and is still in the Church of *Rome*. And so by reason their Grandfather, or their great Grandfather did not do it, upon that old Score they think they ought not to do it; as some men forbear flesh upon *Friday*, not reflecting upon the Statute, which with us makes it unlawful, but out of an old Score, because the Church of *Rome* forbids it, and their Fore-fathers always forbore flesh upon that day. Others forbear it out of a Natural Consideration, because it is observ'd (for Example) in Beasts, if two couple of a near kind, the breed proves not so good; The same observation they make in Plants and Trees, which degenerate being grafted upon the same Stock. And 'tis also further observ'd, those Matches between Cousin Germans seldom prove fortunate. But for the lawfulness there is no colour but Cousin-Germans in *England* may marry, both by the Law of God and man: for with us we have reduc'd all the degrees of Marriage to those in the *Levitical Law*, and 'tis plain there's nothing against it. As for that that is said Cousin-Germans once remov'd may not Marry, and therefore being a further degree may not, 'tis presumed a nearer should not, no man can tell what it means.

## Measure of Things.

1. We measure from our selves, and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them; bring a Pear to the Table that is rotten, we cry it down, 'tis naught; but bring a Medlar that is rotten, and 'tis a fine thing, and yet I'll warrant you the Pear thinks as well of it self as the Medlar does.
2. We measure the Excellency of other men, by some Excellency we conceive to be in our selves. *Nash* a Poet, poor enough (as Poets us'd to be) seeing an Alderman with his Gold Chain, upon his great Horse, by way of scorn said to one of his Companions, do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks, why that fellow cannot make a blank Verse.
3. Nay we measure the goodness of God from our selves, we measure his Goodness, his Justice, his Wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in our selves; and in so doing, we judge proportionably to the Country fellow in the Play, who said if he were a King, he would live like a Lord, and have Pease and Bacon every day, and a Whip that cry'd Slash.

## Difference of Men.

1. The difference of men is very great, you would scarce think them to be of the same Species, and yet it consists more in the Affection than in the Intellect. For as in the strength of Body, two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercises, and puts out his strength, the other will not stir nor strain himself. So 'tis in the strength of the Brain, the one endeavours, and strains, and labours, and studies, the other sits still, and 'is idle, and takes no pains, and therefore he appears so much the inferiour.

## Minister Divine.

1. The imposition of hands upon the Minister when all is done, will be nothing but a designation of a Person to this or that Office or Employment in the Church. 'Tis a ridiculous Phrase that of the Canonists [*Conferre Ordines*]'Tis *Coaptare aliquem in Ordinem*, to make a man one of us, one of our Number, one of our Order. So *Cicero* would understand what I said, it being a Phrase borrow'd from the *Latines*, and to be understood proportionably to what was amongst them.

2. Those words you now use in making a Minister [*receive the Holy Ghost*] were us'd amongst the *Jews* in making of a Lawyer, from thence we have them, which is a villanous key to something, as if you would have some other kind of Præfature, than a Mayoralty, and yet keep the same Ceremony that was us'd in making the Mayor.

3. A Priest has no such thing as an indelible Character, what difference do you find betwixt him and another man after Ordination? only he is made a Priest, (as I said) by Designation: as a Lawyer is call'd to the Bar, then made a Serjeant; all men that would get power over others, make themselves as unlike them as they can, upon the same ground the Priests made themselves unlike the Laity.

4. A Minister when he is made is *Materia prima*, apt for any form the State will put upon him, but of himself he can do nothing. Like a Doctor of Law in the University, he hath a great deal of Law in him, but cannot use it till he be made somebodys Chancellour; or like a Physician, before he be receiv'd into a house, he can give no body Physick; indeed after the Master of the house hath given him charge of his Servants, then he may. Or like a Suffragan, that could do nothing but give Orders, and yet he was no Bishop.

5. A Minister should preach according to the Articles of Religion Established in the Church where he is. To be a Civil Lawyer let a man read *Justinian*, and the Body of the Law, to confirm his Brain to that way, but when he comes to practice, he must make use of it so far as it concerns the Law received in his own Country. To be a Physician let a Man read *Gallen* and *Hypocrates*; but when he practises, he must apply his Medicins according to the Temper of those Mens Bodies with whom he lives, and have respect to the heat and cold of Climes, otherwise that which in *Pergamus* (where *Gallen* liv'd) was Physick, in our cold Climate may be Poison. So to be a Divine, let him read the whole Body of Divinity, the Fathers and the Schoolmen, but when he comes to practice, he must use it and apply it according to those Grounds and Articles of Religion that are establish'd in the Church, and this with sense.

6. There

6. There be four things a Minister should be at, the Conscionary part, Ecclesiastical story, School Divinity, and the Casuists.

1. In the Conscionary part he must read all the Chief Fathers, both Latine and Greek wholly. *St. Austin, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostome*, both the *Gregories*, &c. *Tertullian, Clemens, Alexandrinus*, and *Epiphanius*, which last have more Learning in them than all the rest, and writ freely.

2. For Ecclesiastical story let him read *Baronius*, with the *Magdeburgenses*, and be his own Judge, the one being extreamly for the Papists, the other extreamly against them.

3. For School Divinity let him get *Javellus's* Edition of *Scotus* or *Mayco*, where there be Quotations that direct you to every Schoolman, where such and such questions are handled. Without School-Divinity a Divine knows nothing Logically, nor will be able to satisfie a rational man out of the Pulpit.

4. The Study of the Casuists must follow the Study of the School-men, because the division of their Cases is according to their Divinity, otherwise he that begins with them will know little. As he that begins with the study of the Reports and Cases in the Common Law, will thereby know little of the Law. Casuists may be of admirable use, if discreetly dealt with, tho' among them you shall have many leaves together very impertinent. A Case well decided would stick by a man, they would remember it whether they will or no, whereas a quaint position dieth in the Birth. The main thing is to know where to search, for talk what they will of vast memories, no man will presume upon his own memory for any thing he means to write or speak in publick.

7. [*Go and teach all Nations.*] This was said to all Christians that then were, before the distinction of Clergy and Laity; there have been since Men design'd to Preach only by the State, as some Men are design'd to study the Law, others to study Physick. When the Lord's Supper was instituted, there were none present but the Disciples, shall none then but Ministers receive?

8. There is all the Reason you should believe your Minister, unless you have studded Divinity as well as he, or more than he.

9. 'Tis a foolish thing to say Ministers must not meddle with Secular Matters, because his own profession will take up the whole Man; may he not eat, or drink, or walk, or learn to sing? the meaning of that is, he must seriously attend his Calling.

10. Ministers with the Papists [that is their Priests] have much respect, with the Puritans they have much, and that upon the same ground, they pretend both of 'em to come immediately from Christ; but with the Protestants they have very little, the reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation they were glad to get such to take Livings as they could procure by any Invitations, things of pitiful condition. The Nobility and Gentry would not suffer their Sons or Kindred to meddle with the Church, and therefore at this day, when they see a Parson, they think him to be such a thing still, and there they will keep him, and use him accordingly; if he be a Gentleman, that is singled out, and he is us'd the more respectfully.

11. The Protestant Minister is least regarded, appears by the old story of the Keeper of the Clink. He had Priests of several sorts sent unto him, as they came in, he ask'd them who they were; who are you to the first? I

am a Priest of the Church of *Rome*; you are welcome quoth the Keeper, there are those will take care of you. And who are you? A silens'd Minister. You are welcome too, I shall fare the better for you? And who are you? A Minister of the Church of *England*. O God help me (quoth the Keeper) I shall get nothing by you, I am sure you may lye and starve, and rot, before any body will look after you.

12. Methinks 'tis an ignorant thing for a Churchman, to call himself the Minister of Christ, because *St. Paul*, or the Apostles call'd themselves so. If one of them had a Voice from Heav'n, as *St. Paul* had, I will grant he is a Minister of Christ, I will call him so too. Must they take upon them as the Apostles did? Can they do as the Apostles could? The Apostles had a Mark to be known by, spake Tongues, Cur'd Diseases, trod upon Serpents, &c. Can they do this? If a Gentleman tells me, he will send his Man to me, and I did not know his Man, but he gave me this Mark to know him by, he should bring in his hand a rich Jewel; if a fellow came to me with a pebble-Stone, had I any reason to believe he was the Gentleman's man?

#### Money.

1. Money makes a man laugh. A blind Fidler playing to a Company, and playing but scurvily, the Company laugh'd at him; His Boy that led him, perceiving it, cry'd, Father let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you. Hold thy peace, Boy, said the Fidler, we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.

2. *Euclide* was beaten in *Boccaline*, for teaching his Scholars a Mathematical Figure in his School, whereby he shew'd, that all the Lives both of Princes and private Men tended to one Centre, *Con Gentilizza*, handsomly to get money out of other mens pockets, and it into their own.

3. The Pope us'd heretofore to send the Princes of Christendom to fight against the *Turk*, but Prince and Pope finely Juggl'd together, the Moneys were rais'd, and some men went out to the Holy War, but commonly after they had got the money, the *Turk* was pretty quiet, and the Prince and the Pope shar'd it between them.

4. In all times the Princes in *England* have done something illegal, to get money. But then came a Parliament and all was well, the People and the Prince kist and were Friends, and so things were quiet for a while; afterwards there was another trick found out to get money, and after they had got it, another Parliament was call'd to set all right, &c. But now they have so out-run the Constable —————

#### Moral Honesty.

1. They that cry down Moral-honesty, cry down that which is a great part of Religion, my Duty towards God, and my Duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a Sermon, if he Couzen and Cheats as soon as he comes home. On the other side Morality must not be without Religion, for if so, it may change, as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not Religion to govern his Morality, is not a Dram better than my Mastiff-Dogg; so long as you stroak him and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good Moral-Mastiff, but if you hurt him, he will fly in your Face, and tear out your Throat.

## Mortgage.

1. In Case I receive a thousand Pounds, and Mortgage as much Land as is worth two thousand to you, if I do not pay the Money at such a day, I fail, whether you may take my Land and keep it in point of Conscience? *Answ.* If you had my Lands as security only for your Money, then you are not to keep it, but if we bargain'd so, that if I did not repay your 1000*l.* my Land should go for it, be it what it will, no doubt you may with a safe Conscience keep it; for in these things all the Obligation is *Servare Fidem.*

## Number.

1. All those misterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground, because number in it self is nothing, has not to do with Nature, but is meerly of Humane Imposition, a meer sound. For Example, when I cry one a Clock, two a Clock, three a Clock, that is but Man's division of time, the time it self goes on, and it had been all one in Nature if those Hours had been call'd nine, ten, and eleven. So when they say the Seventh Son is Fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh, why is not he likewise Fortunate?

## Oaths.

1. Swearing was another thing with the *Jews* than with us, because they might not pronounce the Name of the Lord Jehovah.

2. There is no Oath scarcely, but we swear to things we are ignorant of: For Example, the Oath of Supremacy; how many know how the King is King? what are his Right and Prerogative? So how many know what are the Priviledges of the Parliament, and the Liberty of the Subject, when they take the protestation? But the meaning is, they will defend them when they know them. As if I should swear I would take part with all that wear Red Ribbons in their Hats, it may be I do not know which colour is Red, but when I do know, and see a Red Ribbon in a Man's Hat, then will I take his part.

3. I cannot conceive how an Oath is imposed, where there is a Parity (*viz.*) in the House of Commons, they are all *pares inter se*, only one brings Paper, and shews it the rest, they look upon it, and in their own Sence take it: Now they are but *pares* to me, who am none of the House, for I do not acknowledge my self their Subject, if I did, then no question, I was bound by an Oath of their imposing. 'Tis to me but reading a Paper in their own Sence.

4. There is a great difference between an Assertory Oath and a Promissary Oath. An Assertory Oath is made to a Man before God, and I must swear so, as man may know what I mean: But a Promissary Oath is made to God only, and I am sure he knows my meaning: So in the new Oath it runs [whereas I believe in my Conscience, &c. I will assist thus and thus] that [whereas] gives me an Outloose, for if I do not believe so, for ought I know, I swear not at all.

5. In a Promissary Oath, the mind I am in is a good Interpretation, for if there be enough hapned to change my mind, I do not know why I should not. If I promise to go to *Oxford* to morrow, and mean it when I say it, and afterwards it appears to me, that 'twill be my undoing, will you say I have broke my Promise if I stay at home? certainly I must not go.

6. The *Jews* had this way with them concerning a Promissary Oath or Vow, if one of them had vow'd a vow, which afterwards appear'd to him to be very prejudicial by reason of something he either did not foresee, or did not

think of, when he made his Vow; if he made it known to three of his Country-men, they had power to absolve him, though he could not absolve himself, and that they pickt out of some words in the Text: Perjury hath only to do with an Assertory Oath, and no man was punished for Perjury by man's Law till Queen *Elizabeth's* time, 'twas left to God, as a sin against him, the Reason was, because 'twas so hard a thing to prove a man perjar'd: I might misunderstand him, and he swears as he thought.

7. When men ask me whether they may take an Oath in their own Sense, 'tis to me, as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own Legs, I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

8. If the Ministers that are in sequestred Livings will not take the Engagement, threaten to turn them out and put in the old ones, and then I'll warrant you they will quietly take it. A Gentleman having been rambling two or three days, at length came home, and being in Bed with his Wife, would fain have been at something, that she was unwilling to, and instead of complying, fell to chiding him for his being abroad so long: Well says he, if you will not, call up *Sue* (his Wife's Chambermaid) upon that she yielded presently.

9. Now Oaths are so frequent, they should be taken like Pills, swallow'd whole: If you chew them you will find them bitter: If you think what you swear 'twill hardly go down.

#### Oracles.

1. Oracles ceas'd presently after Christ, as soon as no body believ'd them. Just as we have no Fortune-Tellers, nor Wise-Men, when no body cares for them. Sometime you have a Season for them, when People believe them, and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the Devil.

#### Opinion.

1. Opinion and Affection extreamly differ; I may affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the Handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples best of any Fruit, but it does not follow, I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give Reason why all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of my self.

2. 'Twas a good Fancy of an old Platonick. The Gods which are above men, had something whereof Man did partake, [an Intellect Knowledge] and the Gods kept on their course quietly. The Beasts, which are below man, had something whereof Man did partake, [Sense and Growth] and the Beasts liv'd quietly in their way. But Man had something in him, whercof neither Gods nor Beasts did partake, which gave him all the Trouble, and made all the Confusion in the world, and that is Opinion.

3. 'Tis a foolish thing for me to be brought off from an Opinion in a thing neither of us know, but are led only by some Cobweb-stuff, as in such a case as this, *Utrum Angeli in vicem colloquantur?* if I forsake my side in such a case, I shew my self wonderful light, or infinitely complying, or flattering the other party. But if I be in a business of Nature, & hold an Opinion one way, and some man's Experience has found out the contrary, I may with a safe Reputation give up my side.

4. 'Tis a vain thing to talk of an Heretick, for a man for his heart can think no other wise than he does think. In the Primitive times there were many Opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held: One of these Opinions being embrac'd by some Prince, and received into his Kingdom, the rest were Condemn'd

demn'd as Heresies, and his Religion which was but one of the several Opinions, first is said to be Orthodox, and so have continu'd ever since the Apostles.

Parity.

1. This is the juggling trick of the Parity, they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have no body under them.

Parliament.

1. All are involved in a Parliament. There was a time when all Men had their voice in choosing Knights. About *Henry* the Sixth's time they found the inconvenience, so one Parliament made a Law, that only he that had forty Shillings *per annum* should give his voice, they under should be excluded. They made the Law who had the voice of all, as well under forty Shillings as above; and thus it continues at this day. All consent civilly in a Parliament, Women are involv'd in the Men, Childred in those of perfect age, those that are under forty Shillings a year, in those that have forty Shillings a year, those of forty Shillings in the Knights.

2. All things are brought to the Parliament, little to the Courts of Justice; just as in a room where there is a Banquet presented, if there be Persons of Quality there, the People must expect, and stay till the great ones have done.

3. The Parliament flying upon several Men, and then letting them alone, does as a Hawk that flies a Covey of Partridges, and when she has flown them a great way, grows weary, and takes a Tree; then the Faulconer lures her down, and takes her to his fist: on they go again, *bei rett*, up springs another Covey, away goes the Hawk, and as she did before, takes another Tree. &c.

4. Dissenters in Parliament may at length come to a good end, tho' first there be a great deal of do, and a great deal of noise, which mad wild folks make; just as in brewing of Wress-Beer, there's a great deal of business in grinding the Mault, and that spoils any Mans cloaths that comes near it; then it must be mash'd, then comes a Fellow in and drinks of the Wort, and he's drunk, then they keep a huge quarter when they carry it into the Cellar, and a twelve month after 'tis delicate fine Beer.

5. It must necessarily be that our Distempers are worse than they were in the beginning of the Parliament. If a Phisician comes to a sick Man, he lets him blood, it may be scarifies him, cups him, puts him into a great disorder, before he makes him well; and if he be sent for to cure an Ague, and he finds his Patient hath many diseases, a Dropsie, and a Palsie, he applies remedies to 'em all, which makes the cure the longer and the dearer: this is the case.

6. The Parliament-men are as great Princes as any in the World, when whatsoever they please is Priviledge of Parliament; no man must know the number of their Priviledges, and whatsoever they dislike is breach of Priviledge. The Duke of *Venice* is no more than Speaker of the House of Commons; but the Senate at *Venice*, are not so much as our Parliament-men, nor have they that power over the People, who yet exercise the greatest Tyranny that is any where. In plain truth, breach of Priviledge is only the actual taking away of a Member of the House, the rest are Offences against the House. For Example, to take out Process against a Parliament-man, or the like.

7. The Parliament-party, if the Law be for them, they call for the Law; if it be against them, they will go to a Parliamentary way; if no Law be for

them, then for Law again: Like him that first call'd for Sack to heat him, then small Drink to cool his Sack, then Sack again to heat his small Drink, &c.

8. The Parliament-party do not play fair play, in sitting up till two of the Clock in the Morning, to vote something they have a mind to. 'Tis like a crafty Gamester that makes the Company drunk, then cheats them of their Money. Young men and infirm men go away; besides, a man is not there to persuade other men to be of his Mind, but to speak his own Heart, and if it be lik'd, so, if not, there's an end.

**Parson.**

1. Though we write [Parson] differently, yet 'tis but Person; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a Church, and 'tis in Latin *persona*, and *Personatus* is a Personage. Indeed with the Canon Lawyers, *Personatus* is any Dignity or Preferment in the Church.

2. There never was a merry World since the *Faries* left Dancing, and the Parson left Conjuring. The Opinion of the latter kept Thieves in awe, and did as much good in a Country as a Justice of Peace.

**Patience.**

1. Patience is the chiefest fruit of Study, a man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all Fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withall.

**Peace.**

1. King *James* was pictur'd going easily down a pair of Stairs, and upon every step there was written, Peace, Peace, Peace; the wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

2. When a Country-wench cannot get her Butter to come, she says, The Witch is in her Churn. We have been churning for Peace a great while, and 'twill not come, sure the Witch is in it.

3. Though we had Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e're things be settled: Tho' the Wind lye, yet after a Storm the Sea will work a great while.

**Penance.**

1. Penance is only the Punishment inflicted, not Penitence, which is the right word; a man comes not to do Penance, because he repents him of his Sin, but because he is compell'd to it; he curses him, and could kill him that sends him thither. The old Canons wisely enjoyn'd three years Penance, sometimes more, because in that time a man got a habit of Vertue, and so committed that sin no more, for which he did Penance.

**People.**

1. There is not any thing in the World more abus'd than this Sentence, *Salus populi suprema Lex esto*, for we apply it, as if we ought to forsake the known Law, when it may be most for the advantage of the people, when it means no such thing. For first, 'tis not *Salus populi suprema Lex est*, but *esto*, it being one of the Laws of the twelve Tables, and after divers Laws made, some for Punishment, some for Reward, then follows this, *Salus populi suprema Lex esto*: that is, in all the Laws you make, have a special eye to the good of the people, and then what does this concern the way they now go?

2. *Objection.* He that makes one, is greater than he that is made; the People make the King, *ergo*, &c.

*Ans.* This does not hold, for if I have 1000 *l.* per Annum, and give it you and

and leave my self ne're a penny, I made you, but when you have my Land, you are greater than I. The Parish makes the Constable, and when the Constable is made, he governs the Parish. The Answer to all these Doubts is, Have you agreed so? if you have, then it must remain till you have alter'd it.

### Pleasure.

1. Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of some thing I am in great trouble for 'till I have it.

2. 'Tis a wrong way to proportion other mens pleasures to our selves; 'tis like a Child's using a little Bird [ O poor Bird thou shalt sleep with me ] so lays it in his Bosome, and stifles it with his hot breath, the Bird had rather be in the cold Air: And yet too 'tis the most pleasing flattery, to like what other men like.

3. 'Tis most undoubtedly true, that all men are equally given to their pleasure, only thus, one mans pleasure lyes one way, and anothers another. Pleasures are all alike, simply considered in themselves, he that hunts, or he that governs the Common-wealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that, whereby we our selves receive some benefit. As if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good, he that takes pleasure to hear Sermons, enjoys himself as much as he that hears Plays, and could he that loves Plays endeavour to love Sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other Pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that, which is the great pleasure of some men, Tobacco, at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

4. Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish your self in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, &c. and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to the Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

5. Pleasures of Meat, Drink, Cloaths, &c. are forbidden those that know not how to use them, just as Nurfses cry pah! when they see a Knife in a Childs hand, they will never say any thing to a man.

### Philosophy.

1. When Men comfort themselves with Philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three Sentences, but because they have digested those Sentences, and made them their own: So upon the matter, Philosophy is nothing but Discretion.

### Poetry.

1. *Ovid* was not only a fine Poet, but [as a man may speak] a great Canon Lawyer, as appears in his *Fasts*, where we have more of the Festivals of the Old *Romans* than any where else: 'tis pity the rest are lost.

2. There is no reason Plays should be in Verse, either in Blank or Rhime, only the Poet has to say for himself, that he makes something like that, which some body made before him. The old Poets had no other reason but this, their Verse was sung to Musick, otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fetter'd up themselves.

3. I never Converted but two, the one was Mr. *Crashaw* from writing against Plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place [of putting on Womens Apparel] which has nothing to do in the business [as neither

has

has it, that the Fathers speak against Plays in their time, with reason enough, for they had real Idolatries mix'd with their Plays, having three Altars perpetually upon the Stage.] The other was a Doctor of Divinity, from preaching against Painting, which simply in it self is no more hurtful, than putting on my Cloaths, or doing any thing to make my self like other folks, that I may not be odious nor offensive to the Company. Indeed if I do it with an ill intention, it alters the Case, so, if I put on my Gloves with an intention to do a mischief, I am a Villain.

4. 'Tis a fine thing for Children to learn to make Verse, but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laught at. 'Tis Ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in Verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his Leg, learn to go handsomly, but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance, when he should go.

5. 'Tis ridiculous for a Lord to Print Verses, 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them publick, is foolish. If a man in a private Chamber twirls his Bandstrings, or plays with a Rush to please himself, 'tis well enough, but if he should go into *Fleetsstreet*, and sit upon a Stall, and twirl a Bandstring, or play with a Rush, then all the Boys in the Street would laugh at him.

6. Verse proves nothing but the quantity of Syllables, they are not meant for Logick:

*Dope.*

1. A Popes Bull and a Popes Brief differ very much, as with us the great Seal and the Privy Seal. The Bull being the highest Authority the King can give, the Brief is of less. The Bull has a Leaden Seal upon silk, hanging upon the Instrument. The Brief has *sub Annulo Piscatoris* upon the side.

2. He was a wise Pope, that when one that used to be merry with him, before he was advanc't to the Popedom, refrain'd afterwards to come at him, (presuming he was busie in governing the Christian World) the Pope sends for him, bids him come again, and (says he) we will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkest what a little Foolery governs the whole World.

3. The Pope in sending Rellicks to Princes, does as Wenches do by their *Wassels* at *New-years-tide*, they present you with a Cup, and you must drink of a slabby stuff; but the meaning is, you must give them Moneys, ten times more than it is worth.

4. The Pope is Infallible, where he hath power to command, that is where he must be obey'd, so is every Supream Power and Prince. They that stretch his Infallibility further, do they know not what.

5. When a Protestant and a Papist Dispute, they talk like two Madmen, because they do not agree upon their Principles, the one way is to destroy the Popes Power, for if he hath Power to command me, 'tis not my alledging Reasons to the contrary can keep me from obeying: For Example, if a Constable command me to wear a Green Suit to morrow, and has power to make me, 'tis not my alledging a hundred Reasons of the Folly of it can excuse me from doing it.

6. There was a time when the Pope had Power here in *England*, and there was excellent use made of it, for 'twas only to serve turns, (as might be manifested out of the Records of the Kingdom, which Divines know little of.) If the King did not like what the Pope would have, he would forbid the Popes Legate to land upon his ground. So that the Power was truly then in the King, though suffer'd in the Pope. But now the Temporal and the Spiritual Power (Spiritual to call'd because ordain'd to a Spiritual end) spring both from one Fountain, they are like to twist that.

7. The Protestants in *France* bear Office in the State, because though their Religion be different, yet they acknowledge no other King but the King of *France*. The Papists in *England* they must have a King of their own, a Pope, that must do something in our Kingdom, therefore

there

there is no reason they should enjoy the same Priviledges.

8. *Amsterdam* admits of all Religions but *Papists*, and 'tis upon the same Account. The *Papists* where eire they live, have another King at *Rome*; all other Religions are subject to the present State, and have no Prince else-where.

9. The *Papists* call our Religion a *Parliamentary Religion*, but there was once, I am sure, a *Parliamentary Pope*, *Pope Urban* was made *Pope* in *England* by Act of Parliament, against *Pope Clement*; the Act is not in the Book of Statutes, either because he that compiled the Book, would not have the Name of the *Pope* there, or else he would not let it app. ar that they medled with any such thing, but 'tis upon the Rolls.

10. When our Clergy preach against the *Pope*, and the Church of *Rome*, they preach against themselves, and crying down their *Pride*, their *Power*, and their *Riches*, have made themselves poor and contemptible enough, they dedicate first to please their Prince, not considering what would follow. Just as if a man were to go a Journey, and seeing at his first setting out the way clean and fair, ventures forth in his Slippers, not considering the *Dirt* and the *Sloughs* are a little further off; or how suddenly the *Weather* may change.

### Popery.

1. The demanding a *Noble*, for a dead body passing through a *Town*, came from hence in time of *Popery*, they carry'd the dead body into the Church, where the Priest said *Dirgies*, and twenty *Dirgies* at fourpence a piece comes to a *Noble*, but now 'tis forbidden by an Order from my Lord Marshal, the *Heralds* carry his *Warrant* about them.

2. We charge the *Prelatical Clergy* with *Popery* to make them odious, though we know they are guilty of no such thing: Just as heretofore they call'd *Images* *Mammets*, and the *Adoration* of *Images* *Mammetry*: that is, *Mahomet* and *Mahometry*, odious names, when all the World knows the *Turks* are forbidden *Images* by their Religion.

### Power. State.

1. There is no stretching of *Power*, 'tis a good rule, eat within your *Stomack*, act within your *Commissiion*.

2. They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a *Barge*, they that do *drudgery-work*, *plash*, and *puff*, and *sweat*, but he that governs, sits quietly at the *Stern*, and *scatce* is seen to stir.

3. *Syllables* govern the World.

4. [ *All Power is of God* ] means no more than *Fides est servanda*. When *St. Paul* said this, the people had made *Nero* *Emperour*. They agree, he to command, they to obey. Then *Gods* comes in, and casts a hook upon them, keep your *Faith*, then comes in, all power is of *God*. Never King dropt out of the *Clouds*. *God* did not make a new *Emperour*, as the *King* makes a *Justice of peace*.

5. *Christ* himself was a great observer of the *Civil power*, and did many things only justifiable, because the *State* requir'd it, which were things meerly *Temporary* for the time that *State* stood. But *Divines* make use of them to gain power to themselves, (as for Example) that of *Die Ecclesie*, tell the Church; there was then a *Sanhedrim*, a Court to tell it to, and therefore they would have it so now.

6. *Divines* ought to do no more than what the *State* permits. Before the *State* became *Christian*, they made their own *Laws*, and those that did not observe them, they *Excommunicated*, [ *naughty men* ] they suffer'd them to come no more amongst them. But if they would come amongst them, how could they hinder them? By what *Law*? by what *Power*? they were still subject to the *State*, which was *Heathen*. Nothing better expresses the condition of *Christians* in those times, than one of the *Meetings* you have in *London*, of men of the same *Country*, of *Suffax-men*, or *Bedfordshire-men*, they appoint their meeting, and they agree, and make *Laws* amongst themselves [ *He that is not there shall pay double*, &c. ] and if any one misbehave himself, they shut him out of their *Company*; but can they recover a *Forfeiture* made concerning their meeting by any *Law*? Have they any power to compel one to pay? but afterwards when the *State* became *Christian*, all the power was in them, and they gave the Church as much, or as little as they pleas'd, and took away when they pleas'd, and added what they pleas'd.

7. The Church is not only Subject to the *Civil Power* with us that are *Protestants*, but also in *Spain*, if the Church does *Excommunicate* a man for what it should not, the *Civil Power* will take him out of their hands. So in *France*, the *Bishop* of *Angiers* alter'd something in the

Breviary, they complain'd to the Parliament at *Paris*, that made him alter it again, with a [*comme abuse.*]

8. The Parliament of *England* has no Arbitrary Power in point of Judicature, but in point of making Law only.

9. If the Prince be *servus natura*, of a servile base Spirit, and the Subjects *liberi*, Free and Ingenuous, oft-times they depose their Prince, and govern themselves. On the contrary, if the People be *Servi Natura*, and some one amongst them of a Free and Ingenuous Spirit, he makes himself King of the rest, and this is the Cause of all Changes in State. Common-wealths into Monarchies, and Monarchies into Common-wealths.

10. In a troubled State we must do as in foul Weather upon the *Thames*, not think to cut directly through, so the Boat may be quickly full of water, but rise and fall as the Waves do, give as much as conveniently we can.

**Prayer.**

1. If I were a Minister, I should think my self most in my Office, Reading of Prayers, and Dispensing the Sacraments; and 'tis ill done to put one to officiate in the Church, whose Person is contemptible out of it. Should a great Lady, that was invited to be a Gossip, in her place send her Kitchin-Maid, 'twould be ill taken, yet she is a Woman as well as she, let her send her Woman at least.

2. [*You shall pray*] is the right way, because according as the Church is settled, no man may make a Prayer in Publick of his own head.

3. 'Tis not the Original Common-Prayer-Book, why, shew me an Original Bible, or an Original *Magna Charta*.

4. Admit the Preacher prays by the Spirit, yet that very Prayer is Common-Prayer to the People; they are ty'd as much to his words, as in saying [*Almighty and most merciful Father*] is it then unlawful in the Minister; but not unlawful in the People?

5. There were some Mathematicians, that could with one fetch of their Pen make an exact Circle, and with the next touch point out the Center, is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the Compasses? Set Forms are a pair of Compasses.

6. [*God hath given gifts unto men*] General Texts prove nothing; let him shew me *John, William*, or *Thomas* in the Text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble Tongue, we say, He hath the gift of Prayer. His gift is to pray long, that I see; but does he pray better?

7. We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say any thing

8. The People must not think a thought towards God, but as their Pastours will put it into their Mouths: they will make right Sheep of us.

9. The *English* Priests would do that in English which the *Romish* do in Latin, keep the people in Ignorance; but some of the people out-do them at their own Game.

10. Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this, or that, he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons (other wise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he shall discredit you) would you endure it? you know it better than he, let him ask a Suit of Cloaths.

11. If a Servant that has been fed with good Beef, goes into that part of *England*, where Salmon is plenty, at first he is pleas'd with his Salmon, and despises his Beef, but after he has been there a while, he grows weary of his Salmon, and wishes for his good Beef again. We have a while been much taken with this praying by the Spirit, but in time we may grow weary of it, and wish for our *Common-Prayer*.

12. 'Tis hop'd we may be cur'd of our Extempory Prayers the same way the Grocer's-Boy is cur'd of his eating Plumbs, when we have had our Belly full of them:

**Preaching.**

1. Nothing is more mistaken than that Speech [*Preach the Gospel*] for 'tis not to make long Harangues, as they do now a-days, but to tell the news of Christs coming into the World, and when that is done, or where 'tis known already, the Preacher's work is done.

2. Preaching in the first sence of the word ceas'd as soon as ever the Gospels were written.

3. When the Preacher says, this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost in such a place, in sence he can mean no more than this, that is, I by studying of the place, by comparing one place with another, by weighing what goes before, and what comes after, think this is the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and for shortness of Expression I say, the Holy Ghost says thus, - or this is the meaning of the Spirit of God. So the Judge speaks of the King's Proclamation, this is the intention of the King, not that the King had declared his intention any other way to the Judge, but the Judge examining the Contents of the Proclamation, gathers by the Purport of the words, the King's Intention, and then for shortness of expression says, this is the King's Intention.

4. Nothing

4. Nothing is Text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for Purpose and Place the rest is Application, which a discreet Man may do well; but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost.

5. Preaching by the Spirit (as they call it) is most esteem'd by the Common People because they cannot abide Art or Learning, which they have not been bred up in. Just as in the business of Fencing; if one Country Fellow amongst the rest, has been at the School, the rest will undervalue his Skill, or tell him he wants Valour: *You come with your School-Tricks: There's Dick Butcher has ten times more Mettle in him*: So they say to the Preachers, *You come with your School Learning: There's such a one has the Spirit*.

6. The tone in Preaching does much in working upon the Peoples Affections. If a Man should make love in an ordinary Tone, his Mistress would not regard him; and therefore he must whine. If a Man should cry Fire, or Murder in an ordinary Voice, no body would come out to help him.

7. Preachers will bring any thing into the Text. The Young Masters of Art preached against Non-Residency in the University, whereupon the Heads made an Order, That no Man should meddle with any thing but what was in the Text. The next Day one preach'd upon these Words, *Abraham begat Isaac*; when he had gone a good way, at last he observ'd, that *Abraham* was Resident, for if he had been Non-Resident, he could never have begat *Isaac*; and so fell foul upon the Non-Residents.

8. I could never tell what often Preaching meant, after a Church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a Husbandman should once tell his Servants what they are to do, when to Sow, when to Reap, and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a Day what they know already: You must Sow your Wheat in *October*, you must Reap your Wheat in *August*, &c.

9. The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day, is, because they have two Meals a Day; the Soul must be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noses, because I have two Eyes, or two Mouths, because I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another?

10. The Things between God and Man are but a few, and those, forsooth, we must be told often of; but things between Man and Man are many; those I hear not of above twice a Year, at the Assizes, or once a Quarter at the Sessions; but few come then; nor does the Minister exhort the People to go at these times to learn their Duty towards their Neighbour. Often Preaching is sure to keep the Minister in Countenance, that he may have something to do.

11. In Preaching they say more to raise men to love Vertue than men can possibly perform, to make them do their best; as if you would teach a man to throw the Bar; to make him put out his Strength, you bid him throw further than it is possible for him, or any man else: Throw over yonder House.

12. In Preaching they do by men as Writers of Romances do by their Chief Knights, bring them into many Dangers, but still fetch them off: So they put men in fear of Hell, but at last they bring them to Heaven.

13. Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do. But if a Physician had the same Disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?

14. Preaching the same Sermon to all sorts of People, is, as if a School-Master should read the same Lesson to his several Formes: If he reads *Amo, amas, amavi*, the highest Forms Laugh at him; the younger Boys admire him: So 'tis in preaching to

*mix'd Auditory.* *Obj.* But it cannot be otherwise; the Parish cannot be divided into several Formes: What must the Preacher then do in Discretion? *Ans.* Why then let him use some expressions by which this or that condition of people may know such Doctrine does more especially concern them, it being so delivered that the wisest may be content to hear. For if he delivers it all together, and leaves it to them to single out what belongs to themselves (which is the usual way) 'tis as if a man would bestow Gifts upon Children of several ages: Two years old, four years old, ten years old, &c. and there he brings Tops, Pins, Points, Ribbands, and casts them all in a heap together upon a Table before them; though the Boy of ten years old knows how to chuse his Top, yet the Child of two years old, that should have a Ribband, takes a Pin, and the Pin as he be aware pricks his Fingers, and then all's out of order, &c. Preaching for the most part is the glory of the preacher, to shew himself a fine man. Catechising would be much better.

15. Use the best Arguments to perswade, though but few understand, for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the Parish, than the Preacher himself, and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner confirm'd by men of their own side. For betwixt the Laity and the Clergy, there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the Clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the Preacher with iuspicion. They are afraid of some ends, which are easily assented to, when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a Sermon as 'tis with a Play; many come to see it, which do not understand it; and yet hearing it cry'd up by one, whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear and will die in it, that 'tis a very good Play, which they would not have done if the Priest himself had told them so. As in a great School, 'tis the Master that teaches all; the Monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the Boys are afraid to see the Master: so in a Parish 'tis not the Minister does all; the greater Neighbour teaches the lesser, the Master of the house teaches his Servant, &c.

16. First in your Sermons use your Logick, and then your Rhetorick. Rhetorick without Logick is like a Tree with Leaves and Blossoms, but no Root; yet I confess more are taken with Rhetorick than Logick, because they are catched with a free Expression, when they understand not Reason. Logick must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all: Your Rhetorick figures may be learn'd: That Rhetorick is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt Commander at *Cadiz*, who shew'd himself a good Oratour, being to say something to his Souldiers (which he was not us'd to do) he made them a Speech to this purpose; *What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good Beef and Brewes, to let those Rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but Oranges and Limons?* And so put more Courage into his Men than he could have done with a more learned Oration. Rhetorick is very good, or stark naught: There's no *medium* in Rhetorick. If I am not fully perswaded I laugh at the Oratour.

17. 'Tis good to preach the same thing again, for that's the way to have it learn'd. You see a Bird by often whistling to learn a tune, and a Month after record it to her self.

18. 'Tis a hard case a Minister should be turned out of his Living for something they inform he should say in his Pulpit. We can no more know what a Minister said in his Sermon by two or three words pickt out of it, than we can tell what Tune a Musician play'd last upon the Lute, by two or three single Notes.

## Predestination.

1. **T**hey that talk nothing but Predestination, and will not proceed in the way of Heaven till they be satisfied in that point; do, as a man that would not come to *London*, unless at his first step he might set his foot upon the top of *Paul's*.
2. For a young Divine to begin in his Pulpit with Predestination, is as if a man were coming into *London* and at his first step would think to set his foot, &c.
3. Predestination is a point inaccessible, out of our reach; we can make no notion of it, 'tis so full of intricacy, so full of contradiction; 'tis in good earnest, as we state it, half a dozen Bulls one upon another.
4. Doctor *Prideaux* in his Lectures, several days us'd Arguments to prove Predestination; at last tells his Auditory they are damn'd that do not believe it; doing hereir just like School-boys, when one of them has got an Apple, or something the rest have a mind to, they use all the Arguments they can to get some of it from them: *I gave you some t'other day: You shall have some with me another time:* when they cannot prevail, they tell him he's a Jackanapes, a Rogue and a Rascal.

## Preferment.

1. **W**hen you would have a Child go to such a place, and you find him unwilling you tell him he shall ride a Cock-horse, and then he will go presently: So do those that govern the State, deal by men, to work them to their ends; they tell them they shall be advanc'd to such or such a place, and they will do anything they would have them.
2. A great place strangely qualifies. *John Read* (was in the right) *Groom of the Chamber to my Lord of Kent.* Attorney *Noy* being dead, some were saying, How will the King do for a fit man? why, Any man (says *John Read*) may execute the Place. *I warrant* (says my Lord) thou thinkst thou understand'st enough to perform it. Yes, quoth *John*, Let the King make me Attorney, and I would fain see that man, that durst tell me, there's any thing I understand not.
3. When the Pageants are a coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the Window; stay a little and they will come just to you, you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new Statesman or Officer is chosen; there's great expectation and listning who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.
4. Missing Preferment makes the Presbyters fall foul upon the Bishops: Men that are in hopes and in the way of rising, keep in the Channel, but they that have none, seek new ways: 'Tis so amongst the Lawyers; he that hath the Judges Ear, will be very ob-servant of the way of the Court; but he that hath no regard will be flying out.
5. My Lord *Digby* having spoken something in the House of Commons, for which they would have question'd him, was presently called to the Upper House. He did by the Parliament as an Ape when he hath done some waggery; his Master spies him, and he looks for his Whip, but before he can come at him, whip says he to the top of the house.
6. Some of the Parliament were discontented, that they wanted places at Court, which others had got; but when they had them once, then they were quiet. Just as at a Christning some that get no Sugar Plums, when the rest have, mutter and grumble; presently

presently the Wench comes again with her Basket of Sugar-Plums, and then they catch and scramble and when they have got them, you hear no more of them.

### Præmunire.

1. **T**Here can be no *Præmunire*. A *Præmunire* (so call'd from the word *Præmunire facias*) was when a man laid an Action in an Ecclesiastical Court, for which he could have no remedy in any of the King's Courts; that is in the Courts of Common Law, by reason the Ecclesiastical Courts before *Henry* the Eight were subordinate to the Pope, and so it was *Contra coronam & dignitatem Regis*; but now the Ecclesiastical Courts are equally subordinate to the King. Therefore it cannot be *contra coronam & dignitatem Regis*, and so no *Præmunire*.

### Prerogative.

1. **P**rerogative is something that can be told what it is, not something that has no name. Just as you see the Archbishop has his Prerogative Court, but we know what is done in that Court. So the King's Prerogative is not his will, or what Divines make it, a Power to do what he lists.

2. The King's Prerogative, that is, the King's Law. For example, if you ask whether a Patron may present to a Living after six months by Law? I answer no. If you ask whether the King may? I answer he may by his Prerogative, that is by the Law that concerns him in that case.

### Presbytery.

1. **T**hey that would bring in a new Government, would very fain persuade us, they meet it in Antiquity; thus they interpret Presbyters, when they meet the word in the Fathers: Other professions likewise pretend to Antiquity. The Alchymist will find his Art in *Virgil's Aureus ramus*, and he that delights in Opticks will find them in *Tacitus*. When *Cæsar* came into *England* they would persuade us, they had perspective-Glasses, by which he could discover what they were doing upon the Land, because it is said, *Positis Speculis*: the meaning is, His Watch, or his Sentinel discover'd this, and this unto him.

2. Presbyters have the greatest power of any Clergy in the World, and gull the Laity most: for example; Admit there be twelve Laymen to six Presbyters, the six shall govern the rest as they please. First because they are constant, and the others come in like Church-Wardens in their turns, which is an huge advantage. Men will give way to them who have been in place before them. Next the Laymen have other professions to follow; the Presbyters make it their sole business; and besides too they learn and study the Art of persuading; some of *Geneva* have confess'd as much.

3. The Presbyter with his Elders about him is like a young Tree fenc'd about with two or three or four Stakes; the Stakes defend it, and hold it up; but the Tree only prospers and flourishes; it may be some Willow stake may bear a Leaf or two, but it comes to nothing. Lay-Elders are Stakes, the Presbyter the Tree that flourishes.

4. When the Queries were sent to the Assembly concerning the *Jus Divinum* of Presbytery; their asking time to Answer them, was a Satyr upon themselves. For if it were to be seen in the Text, they might quickly turn to the place, and shew us it. Their delaying to Answer makes us think there's no such thing there. They do just as you have seen a fellow do at a Tavern Reckoning, when he should come to pay his Reckoning

Reckoning he puts his hands into his Pockets, and keeps a grabbling and a fumbling, and shaking, at last tells you he has left his Money at home; when all the company knew at first, he had no Money there, for every man can quickly find his own Money.

### Priests of Rome.

1. **T**HE reason of the Statute against Priests, was this; In the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth* there was a Statute made, that he that drew men from their Civil obedience was a Traitor. It happen'd this was done in Privacies and Confessions, when there could be no proof; therefore they made another Act, that for a Priest to be in *England*, was Treason, because they presum'd that was his business to fetch men off from their Obedience.

2. When Queen *Elizabeth* dy'd, and King *James* came in, an Irish Priest does thus express it; *Elizabetha in orbem detrusa, successit Jacobus, alter Hereticus*. You will ask why they did use such Language in their Church. *Ans*w. Why does the Nurse tell the Child of Raw-head and Bloody-bones, to keep it in awe?

3. The Queen-Mother and Count *Rosset*, are to the Priests and Jesuits like the honey-pot to the Flies.

4. The Priests of *Rome* aim but at two things, To get power from the King, and Money from the Subject.

5. When the Priests come into a Family, they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the Brick-wall, but thrusts it into the Thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.

6. For a Priest to turn a man when he lies a dying, is just like one that hath a long time solicited a woman, and cannot obtain his end; at length makes her drunk, and so lies with her.

### Prophecies.

1. **D**reams and Prophecies do thus much good; They make a man go on with boldness and courage, upon a Danger or a Mistress; if he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

### Proverbs.

1. **T**HE Proverbs of several Nations were much studied by Bishop *Andrews*, and the reason he gave, was, Because by them he knew the minds of several Nations, which is a brave thing; as we count him a wise man, that knows the minds and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a Nation, being transmitted from Father to Son.

### Question.

1. **W**HEN a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish, and show wherein a thing holds, and wherein it does not hold. Ay, or no, never answer'd any Question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguish'd, and the not confounding, where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the World.

### Reason.

1. **I**N giving Reasons, Men commonly do with us as the Woman does with her Child; when she goes to Market about her business, she tells it she goes to buy it a fine thing,

thing, to buy it a Cake or some Plums. They give us such Reasons as they think we will be catch'd withal, but never let us know the Truth.

2. When the School-men talk of *Recta Ratio* in Morals, either they understand Reason, as it is govern'd by a Command from above; or else they say no more than a Woman, when she says a thing is so, because it is so; that is her Reason perswades her 'tis so. The other Acception has Sence in it. As take a Law of the Land, I must not depopulate, my Reason tells me so. Why? Because if I do, I incurr the detriment.

3. The Reason of a Thing is not to be enquired after, till you are sure the Thing it self be so. We commonly are at [*What's the Reason of it?*] before we are sure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a Shooe, which was *Moses's* or *Noah's*, and wondring at the strange Shape and Fashion of it: *But Mr. Cotten*, says she, *are you sure it is a Shooe.*

### Retaliation.

1. **A**N Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth; That does not mean, that if I put out another Man's Eye, therefore I must lose one of my own, (for what is he the better for that?) though this be commonly received; but it means, I shall give him what Satisfaction an Eye shall be judged to be worth.

### Reverence.

1. 'TIS sometimes unreasonable to look after Respect and Reverence, either from a Man's own Servant, or other Inferiours. A great Lord and a Gentleman talking together, there came a Boy by, leading a Calf with both his Hands; says the Lord to the Gentleman, You shall see me make the Boy let go his Calf; with that he came towards him, thinking the Boy would have put off his Hat, but the Boy took no Notice of him. The Lord seeing that, *Sirrah*, says he, *Do you not know me that you use no Reverence?* Yes, says the Boy, *if your Lordship will hold my Calf, I will put off my Hat.*

### Non-Residency.

1. THE People thought they had a great Victory over the Clergy, when in *Henry* the Eighth's time they got their Bill passed, That a Clergy-man should have but Two Livings; before a Man might have Twenty or Thirty; 'twas but getting a Dispensation from the Pope's Limiter, or Gatherer of the *Peter-Pence*, which was as easily got, as now you may have a *Licence* to eat Flesh.

2. As soon as a Minister is made, he hath Power to Preach all over the World, but the Civil-Power restrains him; he cannot preach in this Parish, or in that; there is one already appointed. Now if the State allows him Two Livings, then he hath Two Places where he may Exercise his Function, and so has the more Power to do his Office, which he might do every where if he were not restrained.

### Religion.

1. **K**ing *James* said to the Fly, Have I Three Kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my Eye? Is there not enough to meddle with upon the Stage, or in Love, or at the Table, but Religion?

2. Religion amongst Men appears to me like the Learning they got at School. Some Men forget all they learned, others spend upon the Stock, and some improve

prove it. So some Men forget all the Religion that was taught them when they were Young, others spend upon that Stock, and some improve it.

3. Religion is like the Fashion, one Man wears his Doublet flash'd, another lac'd, another plain; but every Man has a Doublet: So every Man has his Religion. We differ about Trimming.

4. Men say they are of the same Religion for Quietness sake; but if the matter were well Examined you would scarce find Three any where of the same Religion in all Points.

5. Every Religion is a getting Religion; for though I myself get nothing, I am Subordinate to those that do. So you may find a Lawyer in the *Temple* that gets little for the present, but he is fitting himself to be in time one of those great Ones that do get.

6. Alteration of Religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay; 'tis like a *Milstone* that lies upon the top of a pair of Stairs; 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first Stair, it never stays till it comes to the bottom.

7. *Question.* Whether is the Church or the Scripture Judge of Religion? *Answer.* In truth neither, but the State. I am troubled with a Boil; I call a Company of Chirurgeons about me; one prescribes one thing, another another; I single out something I like, and ask you that stand by, and are no Chirurgeon, what you think of it: You like it too; you and I are Judges of the Plaster, and we bid them prepare it, and there's an end. Thus 'tis in Religion; the Protestants say they will be judged by the Scripture; the Papists say so too; but that cannot speak. A Judge is no Judge, except he can both speak and command Execution; but the truth is they never intend to agree. No doubt the Pope where he is Supream, is to be Judge; if he say we in *England* ought to be subject to him, then he must draw his Sword and make it good.

8. By the Law was the Manual received into the Church before the Reformation; not by the Civil Law, that had nothing to do in it; nor by the Canon Law, for that Manual that was here, was not in *France*, nor in *Spain*; but by Custom, which is the Common Law of *England*; and Custom is but the Elder Brother to a Parliament; and so it will fall out to be nothing that the Papists say, Ours is a Parliamentary Religion, by reason the Service-Book was Established by Act of Parliament, and never any Service-Book was so before. That will be nothing that the Pope sent the Manual: 'Twas ours, because the State received it. The State still makes the Religion and receives into it, what will best agree with it. Why are the *Venetians* Roman Catholics? Because the State likes the Religion: All the World knows they care not Three Pence for the Pope. The Council of *Trent* is not at this day admitted in *France*.

9. *Papist.* Where was your Religion before *Luther*, an Hundred Years ago? *Protestant.* Where was *America* an Hundred or Sixscore Years ago? Our Religion was where the rest of the Christian Church was. *Papist.* Our Religion continued ever since the Apostles, and therefore 'tis better. *Protestant.* So did ours. That there was an interruption of it, will fall out to be nothing, no more than if another Earl should tell me of the Earl of *Kent*, saying, He is a better Earl than he, because there was one or two of the Family of *Kent* did not take the Title upon them; yet all that while they were really Earls; and afterwards a Great Prince declar'd them to be Earls of *Kent*, as he that made the other Family an Earl.

10. Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Business would be decided: The *Puritan* would be judged by the Word

of God : If he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so ; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another ; and there is, I say, no Measure to end the Controversie. 'Tis just as if Two Men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye ; One says 'tis his Cast, the other says 'tis my Cast ; and having no Measure, the Difference is Eternal. *Ben Johnson* Satyrically express'd the vain Disputes of Divines by *Inigo Lanthorne*, disputing with his Puppet in a *Bartholomew Fair*. It is so ; It is not so : It is so ; It is not so, crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.

11. In Matters of Religion to be rul'd by one that writes against his Adversary, and throws all the Dirt he can in his Face, is, as if in point of good Manners a Man should be govern'd by one whom he sees at Cuffs with another, and thereupon thinks himself bound to give the next Man he meets a Box on the Ear.

12. 'Tis to no purpose to labour to Reconcile Religions, when the Interest of Princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be Reconciled so far, that they should not cut one another's Throats.

13. There's all the Reason in the World *Divines* should not be suffer'd to go a Hair beyond their Bounds, for fear of breeding Confusion, since there now be so many Religions on Foot. The matter was not so narrowly to be look'd after when there was but one Religion in Christendom ; the rest would cry him down for an Heretick, and there was no Body to side with him.

14. We look after Religion as the Butcher did after his Knife, when he had it in his Mouth.

15. Religion is made a Juggler's Paper ; now 'tis a Horse, now 'tis a Lanthorn, now 'tis a Boar, now 'tis a Man. To serve Ends Religion is turn'd into all Shapes.

16. Pretending Religion and the Law of God, is to set all things loose : When a Man has no mind to do something he ought to do by his Contract with Man, then he gets a Text, and interprets it as he pleases, and so thinks to get loose.

17. Some Mens pretending Religion, is like the Roaring Boys way of Challenges, [*Their Reputation is dear, It does not stand with the Honour of a Gentleman,*] when, God knows, they have neither Honour nor Reputation about them.

18. They talk much of settling Religion : Religion is well enough settled already, if we would let it alone : Methinks we might look after, &c.

19. If men would say they took Arms for any thing but Religion, they might be beaten out of it by Reason ; out of that they never can, for they will not believe you whatever you say.

20. The very *Arcanum* of pretending Religion in all Wars is, That something may be found out in which all men may have interest. In this the Groom has as much interest as the Lord. Were it for Land, one has One Thousand Acres, and the other but One ; he would not venture so far, as he that has a Thousand. But Religion is equal to both. Had all men Land alike, by a *Lex Agraria*, then all men would say they fought for Land.

### Sabbath.

1. **W**HYY should I think all the Fourth Commandment belongs to me, when all the Fifth does not ? What Land will the Lord give me for honouring my Father ? It was spoken to the Jews with reference to the Land of *Canaan* ; but the meaning

ning is, If I honour my Parents, God will also bless me. We read the Commandments in the Church-Service, as we do *David's* Psalms, not that all there concerns us, but a great deal of them does.

### Sacrament.

1. **C**Hrist suffered *Judas* to take the Communion. Those Ministers that keep their Parishioners from it, because they will not do as they will have them, revenge rather than reform.

2. No man can tell whether I am fit to receive the Sacrament ; for though I were fit the day before, when he examined me ; at least appear'd so to him ; yet how can he tell, what sin I have committed that night, or the next morning, or what impious Atheistical thoughts I may have about me, when I am approaching to the very Table ?

### Salvation.

1. **W**E can best understand the meaning of *σωτηρια*, Salvation, from the Jews, to whom the Saviour was promised. They held that themselves should have the chief place of happiness in the other world ; but the Gentiles that were good men, should likewise have their portion of Bliss there too. Now by Christ the Partition-Wall is broken down, and the Gentiles that believe in him, are admitted to the same place of Bliss with the Jews : and why then should not that portion of Happiness still remain to them, who do not believe in Christ, so they be morally good ? This is a charitable opinion.

### State.

1. **I**N a troubled State save as much for your own as you can. A Dog had been at Market to buy a Shoulder of Mutton ; coming home he met two Dogs by the way, that quarrell'd with him ; he laid down his Shoulder of Mutton, and fell to fighting with one of them ; in the mean time the other Dog fell to eating his Mutton ; he seeing that, left the Dog he was fighting with, and fell upon him that was eating ; then the other Dog fell to eat ; when he perceiv'd there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought withal, his Mutton was in danger, he thought he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting, and fell to eating himself.

### Superstition.

1. **T**hey that are against Superstition often-times run into it of the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then am I Superstitious in not wearing black.

2. They pretend not to abide the Cross, because 'tis superstitious ; for my part I will believe them, when I see them throw their money out of their Pockets, and not till then.

3. If there be any Superstition truly and properly so called, 'tis their observing the Sabbath after the Jewish manner.

### Subsidies.

1. **H**eretofore the Parliament was wary what Subsidies they gave to the King, because they had no account, but now they care not how much they give of the Subjects money, because they give it with one hand and receive it with the other ; and so upon the matter give it themselves. In the mean time what a case the Subjects of *England* are in ; if the men they have sent to the Parliament misbehave themselves, they cannot help it, because the Parliament is eternal.

2. A Subsidy was counted the fifth part of a man's Estate, and so fifty Subsidies is five and forty times more than a man is worth.

## Simony.

1. **T**HE name of Simony was begot in the Canon-Law ; the first Statute against it was in Queen *Elizabeth's* time. Since the Reformation Simony has been frequent : One reason why it was not practis'd in time of Popery, was the Pope's provision ; no man was sure to bestow his own Benefice.

## Ship-money.

1. **M**R. *Noy* brought in Ship-money first for Maritime Towns, but that was like putting in a little Augur, that afterwards you may put in a greater ; he that pulls down the first Brick, does the main work, afterwards 'tis easie to pull down the Wall.

2. They that at first would not pay Ship-money, till 'twas decided, did like brave men, (though perhaps they did no good by the Trial) but they that stand out since, and suffer themselves to be distrain'd, never questioning those that do it, do pitifully, for so they only pay twice as much as they should.

## Synod Assembly.

1. **W**E have had no National Synod since the Kingdom hath been settled, as now it is, only Provincial ; and there will be this inconveniency, to call so many Divines together ; 'twill be to put power in their hands, who are too apt to usurp it, as if the Laity were bound by their determination. No, let the Laity consult with Divines on all sides, hear what they say, and make themselves Masters of their reasons ; as they do by any other profession, when they have a difference before them. For example Goldsmiths, they enquire of them, if such a Jewel be of such a value, and such a Stone of such a value, hear them, and then being rational men judge themselves.

2. Why should you have a Synod, when you have a Convocation already, which is a Synod ? Would you have a superfetation of another Synod ? The Clergy of *England* when they cast off the Pope, submitted themselves to the Civil Power, and so have continued ; but these challenge to be *Jure Divino*, and so to be above the Civil Power ; these challenge power to call before their Presbyteries all persons for all sins directly against the Law of God, as proved to be sins by necessary consequence. If you would buy Gloves, send for a Glover or two, not Glovers-hall ; consult with some Divines, not send for a Body.

3. There must be some Laymen in the Synod, to overlook the Clergy, least they spoil the Civil work ; just as when the good Woman puts a Cat into the Milk-house to kill a Mouse, she sends her Maid to look after the Cat, least the Cat should eat up the Cream.

4. In the Ordinance for the Assembly, the Lords and Commons go under the names of learned, godly, and judicious Divines ; there is no difference put betwixt them, and the Ministers in the context.

5. 'Tis not unusual in the Assembly to revoke their Votes, by reason they make so much hast, but 'tis that will make them scorn'd. You never heard of a Council revok'd an Act of its own making, they have been wary in that, to keep up their Infalibility ; if they did any thing they took away the whole Council, and yet we would be thought infallible as any body : 'tis not enough to say, the House of Commons revoke their Votes, for theirs are but Civil truths which they by agreement create, and uncreate, as they please : But the Truths the Synod deals in are Divine, and when they have voted a thing, if it be then true, 'twas true before, not true because they voted it, nor does it cease to be true, because they voted otherwise.

6. Subscribing in a Synod, or to the Articles of a Synod, is no such terrible thing as they make it; because, if I am of a Synod, 'tis agreed, either tacitely or expreily. That which the Major part determines, the rest are involv'd in; and therefore I subscribe, though my own private Opinion be otherwise; and upon the same Ground, I may without scruple subscribe to what those have determin'd, whom I sent, though my private Opinion be otherwise, having respect to that which is the Ground of all Assemblies, the major part carries it.

### Thanksgiving.

1. **A**T first we gave Thanks for every Victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained, but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a Child; give him a Plum, he makes his Leg; give him a second Plum, he makes another Leg: At last when his Belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his Nurse, or some body else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his Duty, *Where's your Leg.*

### Tythes.

1. **T**Ythes are more paid in kind in *England*, than in all *Italy* and *France*. In *France* they have had Impropropriations a long time; we had none in *England* till *Henry* the Eighth.

2. To make an Impropropriation, there was to be the Consent of the Incumbent, the Patron, and the King; then 'twas confirmed by the Pope: Without all this the Pope could make no Impropropriation.

3. Or what if the Pope gave the Tythes to any Man, must they therefore be taken away? If the Pope gives me a Jewel, will you therefore take it away from me?

4. *Abraham* paid Tythes to *Melchizedeck*, what then? 'Twas very well done of him: It does not follow therefore that I must pay Tythes, no more than I am bound to imitate any other Action of *Abraham's*.

5. 'Tis ridiculous to say the Tythes are God's part, and therefore the Clergy must have them: Why, so they are if the Layman has them. 'Tis as if one of my *Lady Kent's* Maids should be sweeping this Room, and another of them should come and take away the Broom, and tell for a Reason, why she should part with it; 'Tis my *Lady's* Broom: As if it were not my *Lady's* Broom, which of them soever had it.

6. They Consulted in *Oxford* where they might find the best Argument for their Tythes, setting aside the *Jus Divinum*; they were advis'd to my History of Tythes; a Book so much cry'd down by them formerly; (in which, I dare boldly say, there are more Arguments for them than are extant together any where:) Upon this, one writ me word, That my History of Tythes was now become like *Pelew's* *Hasta*, to Wound and to Heal. I told him in my Answer, I thought I could fit him with a better Instance. 'Twas possible it might undergo the same Fate, that *Aristotle*, *Avicenn* and *Averroes* did in *France*, some Five hundred Years ago; which were Excommunicated by *Stephen* Bishop of *Paris*, [by that very name, *Excommunicated*,] because that kind of Learning puzzled and troubled their Divinity. But finding themselves at a loss, some Forty Years after (which is much about the time since I writ my History) they were call'd in again, and so have continued ever since.

### Trade.

1. **T**HERE is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a Tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary Tradesman. For the purpose, I have a Man, I bid him lay out Twenty Shillings in such Commodities, but I tell him for every Shilling he lays out I will have a Penny. I Trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs.

2. That which a Man is bred up in, he thinks no Cheating; as your Tradesman thinks not so of his Profession, but calls it a Mystery. Whereas if you would teach a Mercer to make his Silks heavier, than what he has been used to, he would peradventure think that to be Cheating.

3. Every Tradesman professes to cheat me, that asks for his Commodity twice as much as it is worth.

### Tradition.

1. **S**AY what you will against *Tradition*; we know the Signification of Words by nothing but Tradition. You will say the Scripture was written by the Holy Spirit, but do you understand that Language 'twas writ in? No. Then for Example, take these words, [ *In principio erat verbum.* ] How do you know those words signifie, [ *In the beginning was the word,* ] but by Tradition, because some Body has told you so?

### Transubstantiation.

1. **T**HE Fathers using to speak Rhetorically brought up Transubstantiation: As if because it is commonly said, *Amicus est alter idem*, One should go about to prove a Man and his Friend are all one. That Opinion is only Rhetorick turn'd into Logick.

2. There is no greater Argument (though not us'd) against Transubstantiation, than the Apostles at their first Council, forbidding Blood and Suffocation. Would they forbid Blood, and yet enjoin the eating of Blood too?

3. The best way for a pious Man, is to address himself to the Sacrament with that Reverence and Devotion, as if Christ were really there present.

### Traitor.

1. **T**HIS not seasonable to call a Man Traitor that has an Army at his Heels. One with an Army is a Gallant man. My Lady *Cotten* was in the right, when she laugh'd at the Dutchess of *Richmond* for taking such State upon her, when she could Command no Forces. [ *She a Dutchess, there's in Flanders a Dutchess indeed;* ] meaning the Arch-Dutchess.

### Trinity.

1. **T**HE Second Person is made of a piece of Bread by the Papist, the Third Person is made of his own Frenzy, Malice, Ignorance and Folly, by the Roundhead [to all these the Spirit is intituled] One the Baker makes, the other the Cobler; and betwixt those Two, I think the First Person is sufficiently abused.

### Truth.

1. **T**HE *Aristotelians* say, All Truth is contained in *Aristotle* in one place or another. *Galilao* makes *Simplicius* say so, but shows the absurdity of that Speech, by answering, All Truth is contained in a lesser Compass; viz. In the Alphabet. *Aristotle* is not blam'd for mistaking sometimes; but *Aristotelians* for maintaining those mistakes. They should acknowledge the good they have from him, and leave him when he is in the wrong. There never breath'd that Person to whom Mankind was more beholden.

2. The way to find out the Truth is by others mistakings: For if I was to go to such a place, and one had gone before me on the Right-hand, and he was out; another had gone on the Left-hand, and he was out; this would direct me to keep the middle way, that peradventure would bring me to the place I desir'd to go.

3. In troubled Water you can scarce see your Face; or see it very little, till the Water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little Truth; when times are quiet and settled, then Truth appears.

**Trial.**

## Trial.

1. **T**Rials are by one of these three ways ; by Confession, or by Demurrer, that is, Confessing the Fact, but denying it to be that, wherewith a Man is charged. For Example, Denying it to be Treason, if a Man be charged with Treason ; or by a Jury.

2. *Ordalium* was a Trial ; and was either by going over Nine red hot Plough-Shares, ( as in the Case of Queen *Emma*, accus'd for lying with the Bishop of *Winchester*, over which she being led Blindfold ; and having pass'd all her Irons, ask'd when she should come to her Trial ; ) or 'twas by taking a red hot Coulter in a Man's hand, and carrying it so many Steps, and then casting it from him. As soon as this was done, the Hands or the Feet were to be bound up, and certain Charms to be said, and a day or two after to be open'd ; if the parts were whole, the Party was judg'd to be Innocent ; and so on the contrary.

3. The Rack is us'd no where as in *England*: In other Countries 'tis used in *Judicature*, when there is a *Semiplena probatio*, a half Proof against a Man ; then to see if they can make it full, they Rack him if he will not Confess. But here in *England* they take a Man and Rack him, I do not know why, nor when ; not in time of *Judicature*, but when some Body bids.

4. Some Men before they come to their Trial, are cozen'd to Confess upon Examination: Upon this Trick, they are made to believe some Body has confessed before them ; and then they think it a piece of Honour to be clear and ingenious, and that destroys them.

## University.

1. **T**HE best Argument why *Oxford* should have precedence of *Cambridge* is the Act of Parliament, by which *Oxford* is made a Body ; made what it is ; and *Cambridge* is made what it is ; and in the Act it takes place. Besides *Oxford* has the best Monuments to show.

2. 'Twas well said of One, hearing of a History Lecture to be founded in the University ; Would to God, says he, they would direct a Lecture of Discretion there, this would do more good there an hundred times.

3. He that comes from the University to govern the State, before he is acquainted with the Men and Manners of the Place, does just as if he should come into the presence Chamber all Dirty, with his Boots on, his riding Coat, and his Head all daub'd : They may serve him well enough in the way, but when he comes to Court, he must conform to the Place.

## Vows.

1. **S**uppose a man find by his own inclination he has no mind to marry, may he not then Vow Chastity ? *Ans.* If he does, what a fine thing hath he done ? 'tis as if a man did not love Cheese, and then he would vow to God Almighty never to eat Cheese. He that Vows can mean no more in sense, than this ; To do his utmost endeavour to keep his Vow.

## Usury.

1. **T**HE *Jews* were forbidden to take Use one of another, but they were not forbidden to take it of other Nations. That being so, I see no reason, why I may not as well take Use for my Money as Rent for my House. 'Tis a vain thing to say, Money begets not Money ; for that no doubt it does.

2. Would it not look odly to a Stranger, that should come into this Land, and hear in our Pulpits Usury preach'd against ; and yet the Law allow it ? Many men use it ; perhaps some Churchmen themselves. No Bishop nor Ecclesiastical Judge, that pretends power to punish other faults, dares punish, or at least does punish any man for doing it.

## Pious Uses.

1. **T**H E ground of the Ordinary's taking part of a Man's Estate (who dy'd without a Will) to Pious Uses, was this; To give it some body to pray, that his soul might be deliver'd out of Purgatory, now the pious Uses come into his own Pocket. 'Twas well exprest by *John O Pows* in the Play, who acted the Priest; one that was to be hang'd, being brought to the Ladder, would fain have given something to the Poor; he feels for his Purse, (which *John O Pows* had pickt out of his Pocket before) missing it, crys out, He had lost his Purse; now he intended to have given something to the Poor: *John O Pows* bid him be pacified, for the Poor had it already.

## War.

1. **D**O not under-value an Enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our Country-men came home from fighting with the *Saracens*, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible Faces (as you still see the Sign of the *Saracen's*-head is) when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own Credits.

2. Martial-Law in general, means nothing but the Martial-Law of this, or that place; with us to be us'd in *Fervore Belli*, in the Face of the Enemy, not in time of Peace; there they can take away neither Limb nor Life. The Commanders need not complain for want of it, because our Ancestors have done Gallant things without it.

3. *Question.* Whether may Subjects take up Arms against their Prince? *Answer.* Conceive it thus; Here lies a Shilling betwixt you and me; Ten Pence of the Shilling is yours, Two Pence is mine: By agreement, I am as much King of my Two Pence, as you of your Ten Pence: If you therefore go about to take away my Two Pence, I will defend it; for there you and I are equal, both Princes.

4. Or thus, Two supream Powers meet; one says to the other, Give me your Land; if you will not, I will take it from you: The other, because he thinks himself too weak to resist him, tells him, Of Nine Parts I will give you Three, so I may quietly enjoy the rest, and I will become your Tributary. Afterwards the Prince comes to exact Six Parts, and leaves but Three; the Contract then is broken, and they are in Parity again.

5. To know what Obedience is due to the Prince, you must look into the Contract betwixt him and his People; as if you wou'd know what Rent is due from the Tenant to the Landlord, you must look into the Lease. When the Contract is broken, and there is no third Person to judge, then the Decision is by Arms. And this is the Case between the Prince and the Subject.

6. *Question.* What Law is there to take up Arms against the Prince, in Case he break his Covenant? *Ans.* Though there be no written Law for it, yet there is Custom; which is the best Law of the Kingdom; for in *England* they have always done it. There is nothing exprest between the King of *England* and the King of *France*; that if either Invades the other's Territory, the other shall take up Arms against him, and yet they do it upon such an Occasion.

7. 'Tis all one to be plunder'd by a Troop of Horse, or to have a Man's Goods taken from him by an Order from the Council-Table. To him that dies, 'tis all one whether it be by a Penny Halter, or a Silk Garter; yet I confess the Silk Garter pleases more; and like *Trouts* we love to be tickled to Death.

8. The Souldiers say they Fight for Honour; when the truth is they have their Honour in their Pocket. And they mean the same thing that pretend to Fight for Religion. Just as a Parson goes to Law with his Parishioners; he says, For the Good of his Successors, that the Church may not lose its Right; when the meaning is to get the Tythes into his own Pocket.

9. We Govern this War as an unskilful Man does a Casting-Net; if he has not the right trick to cast the Net off his Shoulder, the Leads will pull him into the River. I am afraid we shall pull our selves into Destruction.

10. We look after the particulars of a Battle, because we live in the very time of War. Where as of Battles past we hear nothing but the number slain. Just as for the Death of a Man; When he is sick, we talk how he slept this Night, and that Night; what he eat, and what he drunk; But when he is dead, we only say, He died of a Fever, or name his Disease; and there's an end.

11. *Boccaline* has this passage of Souldiers, They came to *Apollo* to have their profession made the Eighth Liberal Science, which he granted. As soon as it was nois'd up and down, it came to the Butchers, and they desir'd their Profession might be made the Ninth: For say they, the Souldiers have this Honour for the killing of Men; now we kill as well as they; but we kill Beasts for the preserving of Men, and why should not we have Honour likewise done to us? *Apollo* could not Answer their Reasons, so he revers'd his Sentence, and made the Souldiers Trade a Mystery, as the Butchers is.

### Witches.

1. **T**HE Law against Witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the Malice of those people, that use such means, to take away mens Lives. If one should profess that by turning his Hat thrice, and crying Buz; he could take away a man's life (though in truth he could do no such thing) yet this were a just Law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his Hat thrice, and cry Buz; with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death.

### Wife.

1. **H**E that hath a handsome Wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the Husband is cloy'd with her. We are never content with what we have.

2. You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog, himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

3. 'Tis reason a man that will have a Wife should bear the charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses he breaks.

### Wisdom.

1. **A** wise Man should never resolve upon any thing, at least never let the World know his Resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that, he is asham'd. How many things did the King resolve in his Declaration concerning *Scotland*, never to do, and yet did 'em all? A man must do according to accidents and Emergencies.

2. Never tell your Resolution before hand; but when the Cast is thrown, Play it as well as you can to win the Game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study, how to Play Size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

3. Wise Men say nothing in dangerous times. The Lion you know call'd the Sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, Ay; he bit off her head for a fool. He call'd the Wolf and askt him: He said no; he tore him in peices for a Flatterer. At last he call'd the Fox and ask'd him: truly ne had got a Cold and could not smell. King *James* was pictur'd, &c.

### Wit.

1. **W**IT and Wisdom differ; Wit is upon the sudden turn, Wisdom is in bringing about ends.

2. Nature must be the ground-work of Wit and Art; otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jack-puddings work.

3. Wit must grow like Fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like Plums stuck upon Black thornes; there they are for a while but they come to nothing.

4. He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get Money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be Satyrically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich; and Civility from being witty.

5. Women ought not to know their own Wit, because they will still be shewing it, and so spoil it; like a Child that will continually be shewing its fine new Coat, till at length it all bedawbs it with its Pah-hands.

6. Fine Wits destroy themselves with their own Plots, in meddling with great affairs of State. They commonly do as the Ape that saw the Gunner put Bullets in the Cannon, and was pleas'd with it, and he would be doing so too; at last he puts himself into the Piece, and so both Ape, and Bullet were shot away together.

### Women.

1. **L**ET the Women have power of their heads, because of the Angels. The reason of th words because of the Angels, is this; The Greek Church held an Opinion that the Angels fell in Love with Women. This fancy Saint Paul discreetly catches, and uses it as an Argument to persuade them to modesty.

2. The Grant of a place, is not good by the Canon-Law before a man be dead; upon this ground some mischief might be plotted against him in present possession, by poisoning, or some other way. Upon the same reason a Contract made with a Woman during her husbands life, was not valid.

3. Men are not troubled to hear a Man dispraised, because they know, though he be naught, there's worth in others. But Women are mightily troubled to hear any of them spoken against, as if the Sex it self were guilty of some unworthiness.

4. Women and Princes must both trust some body; and they are happy, or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favour of a Lady, her Honour is safe, and so is a Princes.

5. An Opinion grounded upon that, *Genesis 6. The Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men that they were fair.*

### Year.

1. **T**Was the manner of the Jews (if the Year did not fall out right, but that it was dirty for the people to come up to *Jerusalem*, at the Feast of the Passover; or that their Corn was not ripe for their first Fruits) to intercalate a Month, and so to have, as it were, two *Februarys*; thrusting up the Year still higher, *March* into *April's* place, *April* into *May's* place, &c. Whereupon it is impossible for us to know when our Saviour was born, or when he dy'd.

2. The Year is either the year of the Moon, or the Year of the Sun; there's not above Eleven days difference. Our moveable Feasts are according to the Year of the Moon; else they should be fixt.

3. Though they reckon Ten days sooner beyond Sea; yet it does not follow their Spring is sooner than ours; we keep the same time in natural things, and their Ten days sooner, and our Ten days later in those things mean the self same time; just as Twelve *Sons* in French, are Ten Pence in English.

4. The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceiv'd till they are grown a pretty deal onger, because the Sun, though it be in a Circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a right Line. For take a Segment of a great Circle especially, and you shall doubt whether it be straight or no. But when that Sun is got past that Line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened. Thus it is in the Winter and Summer Solstice; which is indeed the true reason of them.

5. The Eclipse of the Sun is, when it is new Moon; the Eclipse of the Moon when 'tis full. They say *Dionysius* was converted by the Eclipse that happened at our Saviour's Death, because it was neither of these, and so could not be natural.

### Zelots.

1. **O**NE would wonder Christ should Whip the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, and no Body offer to resist him (considering what Opinion they had of him.) But the reason was, they had a Law, that whosoever did profane *Sanctitatem Dei, aut Templi*; the Holiness of God, or the Temple, before Ten persons, 'twas lawful for any of them to kill him, or to do any thing this side killing him; as Whipping him, or the like. And hence it was, that when one struck our Saviour before the Judge where it was not lawful to strike (as it is not with us at this day) he only replies; If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the Evil; but if well why smitest thou me? He says nothing against their smiting him, in case he had been guilty of speaking Evil, that is Blasphemy; and they could have prov'd it against him. They that put this Law in Execution were called Zelots; but afterwards they committed many Villainies.



