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THE WORKS OF
APHRA BEHN.
VOL. IV.



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THE WORKS OF APHRA BEHN

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MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOL. IV

SIR PATIENT FANCY
THE AMOROUS PRINCE—THE WIDOW RANTER
THE YOUNGER BROTHER



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SIR PATIENT FANCY.

ARGUMENT.

SIR Patient Fancy, a hypochondriacal old alderman, has taken a second wife Lucia, a young and beautiful woman who, although feigning great affection and the strictest conjugal fidelity, intrigues with a gallant Charles Wittmore, the only obstacle to their having long since married being mutual poverty. However, the jealousy and uxoriousness of the doting husband give the lovers few opportunities; on one occasion, indeed, as Lady Fancy is entertaining Wittmore in the garden they are surprised by Sir Patient, and she is obliged to pass her visitor off under the name of Fainlove as a suitor to her step-daughter, Isabella, in which rôle he is accepted by Sir Patient. But Isabella has betrothed herself to Lodwick, a son of the pedantic Lady Knowell: whilst Lucretia Knowell loves Leander, the alderman's nephew, in spite of the fact that she is promised by her mother to Sir Credulous Easy, a bumpkinly knight from Devonshire. Lodwick, who is a close friend of Leander, has been previously known to Sir Credulous, and resolving to trick and befool the coxcomb warmly welcomes him on his arrival in town. He persuades him, in fine, to give a ridiculous serenade, or, rather, a hideous hubbub, of noisy instruments under his mistress' window. A little before this Lady Knowell with a party of friends has visited Sir Patient, who is her next neighbour, and the loud laughter, talking, singing and foppery so enrage the precise old valetudinarian that he resolves to leave London immediately for his country house, a circumstance which would be fatal to his wife's amours. Wittmore and she, however, persuade him that he is very ill, and on being shown his face in a looking-glass that magnifies instead of in his ordinary mirror, he imagines that he is suddenly swollen and puffed with disease, and so is led lamenting to bed, leaving the coast clear for the nonce. Isabella, however, has made an assignation with Lodwick at the same time that her stepmother eagerly awaits her own gallant, and in the dark young Knowell is by mistake escorted to Lucia's chamber, whilst Wittmore encountering Isabella, and thinking her Lady Fancy, proceeds to act so amorously that the error is soon discovered and the girl flies from his ardour. In her hurry, however, she rushes blundering into Lucia's bedchamber, where she finds Knowell. It is just at this moment that Sir Credulous Easy's deafening fanfare re-echoes in the street, and Sir Patient, awakened and half-stunned by the pandemonium, is led grouty and bawling into his wife's room, where he discovers Knowell, whom Lucia has all this time taken for Wittmore; but her obvious confusion and dismay thereon are such that Sir Patient does not suspect the real happenings, which she glozes over with a tale concerning Isabella. Meantime the serenaders are dispersed and routed by a band of the alderman's servants and clerks. Sir Credulous courting Lucretia, who loathes him, meets Knowell bringing a tale of a jealous rival able to poison at a distance by means of some strangely subtle venom, upon which the Devonshire knight conceals himself in a basket, hoping to be conveyed away to

his old uncle in Essex, whereas he is merely transported next door. Sir Patient, who surprises his lady writing a love-letter, which she turns off by appending Isabella's name thereto, is so overwhelmed with her seeming affection and care for his family that he presents her with eight thousand pounds in gold and silver, and resolves to marry his daughter to Fainlove (Wittmore) without any further delay. But whilst he is gone down to prayers and Lucia is entertaining her lover, the old nurse informs him that his little daughter Fanny has long been privy to an intrigue between Knowell and Isabella, whereupon, in great perturbation, he rushes upstairs again to consult with his wife, who hurries Wittmore under the bed. Sir Patient, however, warmed with cordials which he quaffs to revive his drooping spirits, does not offer to quit the chamber, but lies down on the bed, and the gallant is only enabled to slip out unobserved after several accidents each of which nearly betrays his presence. Upon the marriage morning Isabella in a private interview rejects her pseudo-suitor with scorn and contumely, whereat Knowell, who has of intent been listening, reveals to her that it is his friend Wittmore and no real lover who is seemingly courting her, and with his help, whilst Sir Patient is occupied with a consultation of doctors (amongst whom Sir Credulous appears disguised as a learned member of the faculty), Isabella and Knowell are securely married. Lady Knowell, who has feigned a liking for Leander, generously gives him to Lucretia, Sir Patient's attention being still engrossed by the physicians who assemble in great force. Soon after, at Leander's instigation, in order to test his wife, Sir Patient feigns to be dead of a sudden apoplexy, and for a few moments, whilst others are present, Lucia laments him with many complaints and tears, but immediately changes when she is left alone with Wittmore. The lovers' plans, however, are overheard by the husband, who promptly confronts his wife with her duplicity. Amazed and confounded indeed, he forgives Leander and his daughter for marrying contrary to his former wishes; and when Lucia coolly announces her intention to play the hypocrite and puritan no more, but simply to enjoy herself with the moneys he has settled on her without let or proviso, he humorously declares he will for his part also drop the prig and canter, and turn town gallant and spark.

SOURCE.

IN spite of Mrs. Behn's placid assertion in her address 'To the Reader' that she has only taken 'but a very bare hint' from a foreign source, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, the critics who cried out that *Sir Patient Fancy* 'was made out of at least four French plays' are patently right. Sir Patient is, of course, Argan throughout and in detail; moreover, in the scene where the old alderman feigns death, there is very copious and obvious borrowing from Act iii of *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Some of the doctors' lingo also comes from the third and final interlude of Molière's comedy, whilst the idea of the medical consultation is pilfered from *L'Amour Médecin*, Act ii, 11. Sir Credulous Easy is Monsieur de Porceaugnac, but his first entrance is taken wholesale from Brome's *The Damoiselle*; or, *The New Ordinary* (8vo, 1653), Act ii, 1, where Amphilus and Trebasco discourse exactly as do Curry and his master. The pedantic Lady Knowell is a mixture of Philaminte and

Bélise from *Les Femmes Savantes*. The circumstance in Act iv, 11, when Lucia, to deceive her husband, appends Isabella's name to the love-letter she has herself just written, had already been used by Wycherley at the commencement of Act v of that masterpiece of comedy, *The Country Wife* (4to, 1675, produced in 1672), where Mrs. Pinchwife, by writing 'your slighted Alithea' as the subscription of a letter, completely befools her churlish spouse.

Molière's comedies, which were so largely conveyed in *Sir Patient Fancy*, have been a gold mine for many of our dramatists. From *Le Malade Imaginaire* Miller took his *Mother-in-Law*; or, *The Doctor the Disease*, produced at the Haymarket, 12 February, 1734, and Isaac Bickerstaffe, *Dr. Last in his Chair*, produced at the same theatre 25 August, 1769. In this farce Bickerstaffe further introduces the famous consultation scene from *L'Amour Médecin*, a play which had been made use of by Lacy, *The Dumb Lady*; or, *The Farrier made a Physician* (1672); by Owen Swiney, *The Quacks*; or, *Lowe's the Physician*, produced at Drury Lane, 18 March, 1705; by Miller, *Art and Nature*, produced at the same theatre 16 February, 1738; and in an anonymous one act piece, which is little more than a bare translation under the title *Love is the Doctor*, performed once only at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 4 April, 1734.

Monsieur de Pourceaugnac supplied Ravenscroft with material no less than three times. In *Mamamouchi*; or, *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, acted early in 1672, we have Sir Simon Softhead, who is Pourceaugnac in detail; in *The Careless Lovers*, produced at the Duke's House in 1673, and again in *The Canterbury Guests*; or, *A Bargain Broken*, played at the Theatre Royal in 1694, we have in extenso Act ii, Scenes viii, ix, x, of the French comedy. Crowne's *Sir Mannerley Shallow* (*The Country Wit*, 1675) comes from the same source. *Squire Trelooby*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 20 March, 1704, and revived as *The Cornish Squire* at Drury Lane, 3 January, 1734, is ascribed to Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Walsh; but this, as well as a farce produced at Dublin in 1720 by Charles Shadwell and entitled *The Plotting Lovers*; or, *The Dismal Squire*, cannot claim to be anything but translations. Miller's *Mother-in-Law*, again, includes much of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*; and Thomas Sheridan's *Captain O'Blunder*; or, *The Brave Irishman*, produced at Goodman's Fields, 31 January, 1746, is a poor adaptation. Mrs. Parsons abbreviated Molière to *The Intrigues of a Morning*, played at Covent Garden, 18 April, 1792, a jejune effort. *Les Femmes Savantes* was rather racily transformed by Thomas Wright into *The Female Virtuoso*, and produced at Drury Lane in 1693. It was revived as *No Fools like Wits* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 10 January, 1721, to anticipate Cibber's *The Refusal*; or, *The Ladies' Philosophy*, which had a run of six nights. Miller, in his *The Man of Taste*, once more had resource to Molière. His play was produced at Drury Lane, 6 March, 1735. It has no value.

Of all these borrowers Mrs. Behn is infinitely the best. *Sir Patient Fancy* is, indeed, an excellent comedy, and had she used more leisure might have been improved to become quite first rate. Perhaps she plagiarized so largely owing to the haste with which her play was written and staged, but yet everything she touched has been invested with an irresistible humour. A glaring example of her hurry remains in the fact that the 'precise clerk'

of Sir Patient has a double nomenclature. In Act iii he appears as Abel; in Act iv, iii, he is referred to as Bartholomew, and under this last name has an exit marked in Act v. This character is only on the stage twice and is given but some three or four lines to speak. Obviously, when writing her fourth act, Aphra forgot she had already christened him.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

Sir Patient Fancy was produced at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, in January, 1678, with an exceptionally strong cast which included both Betterton and his wife. It met with the great success it fully deserved. The critics, indeed, were not slow to detect Mrs. Behn's plagiarisms, but the only real opposition was negligible disapproval of a modest clique, who a few years later vainly tried to damn *The Lucky Chance*. After the death of the two famous comedians Antony Leigh and James Nokes in December, 1692, *Sir Patient Fancy*, owing to the inability of succeeding actors to sustain the two rôles, Sir Patient and Sir Credulous, which had been created by this gifted pair, completely dropped out of the repertory of the theatre. It was not singular in its fate, for Cibber expressly tells us that D'Urfey's excellent comedy *The Fond Husband*, and Crowne's satirical *City Politics*, 'lived only by the extraordinary performance of Nokes and Leigh.'

TO THE READER.

I Printed this Play with all the impatient haste one ought to do, who would be vindicated from the most unjust and silly aspersion, Woman could invent to cast on Woman ; and which only my being a Woman has procured me ; *That it was Baudy*, the least and most Excusable fault in the Men writers, to whose Plays they all crowd, as if they came to no other end than to hear what they condemn in this : *but from a Woman it was unnaturall* : but how so Cruell an unkindness came into their imaginations I can by no means guess ; unless by those whose Lovers by long absence, or those whom Age or Ugliness have rendered a little distant from those things they would fain imagin here—But if such as these durst profane their Chast ears with hearing it over again, or taking it into their serious Consideration in their Cabinets ; they would find nothing that the most innocent Virgins can have cause to blush at : but confess with me that no Play either Ancient or Modern has less of that Bug-bear Bawdry in it. Others to show their breeding (as *Bays* says) cryed it was made out of at least four *French* Plays, when I had but a very bare hint from one, the *Malad Imagenere*, which was given me translated by a Gentleman infinitely to advantage ; but how much of the *French* is in this, I leave to those who do indeed understand it and have seen it at the Court. The play had no other Misfortune but that of coming out for a *Womans* : had it been owned by a *Man*, though the most Dull Unthinking Rascally Scribler in Town, it had been a most admirable Play. Nor does it's loss of Fame with the Ladies do it much hurt, though they ought to have had good Nature and justice enough to have attributed all its faults to the Authours unhappiness, who is forced to write for Bread and not ashamed to owne it, and consequently ought to write to please (if she can) an Age which has given severall proofs it was by this way of writing to be obliged, though it is a way too cheap for men of wit to pursue who write for Glory, and a way which even I despise as much below me.

SIR PATIENT FANCY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

*WE write not now, as th' antient Poets writ,
 For your Applause of Nature, Sense and Wit;
 But, like good Tradesmen, what's in fashion vent,
 And cozen you, to give ye all content.
 True Comedy, writ even in Dryden's Style,
 Will hardly raise your Humours to a Smile.
 Long did his Sovereign Muse the Scepter sway,
 And long with Joy you did true Homage pay:
 But now, like happy States, luxurious grown,
 The Monarch Wit unjustly you dethrone,
 And a Tryannick Commonwealth prefer,
 Where each small Wit starts up and claims his share;
 And all those Laurels are in pieces torn,
 Which did e'er while one sacred Head adorn.
 Nay, even the Women now pretend to reign;
 Defend us from a Poet Joan again!
 That Congregation's in a hopeful way
 To Heaven, where the Lay-Sisters teach and pray.
 Oh the great Blessing of a little Wit!
 I've seen an elevated Poet sit,
 And hear the Audience laugh and clap, yet say,
 Gad after all, 'tis a damn'd silly Play:
 He unconcern'd, cries only—Is it so?
 No matter, these unwitty things will do,
 When your fine fustian useless Eloquence
 Serves but to chime asleep a drowsy Audience.*

*Who at the vast expence of Wit would treat,
That might so cheaply please the Appetite?
Such homely Fare you're like to find to night:
Our Author
Knows better how to juggle than to write:
Alas! a Poet's good for nothing now,
Unless he have the knack of conjuring too;
For 'tis beyond all natural Sense to guess
How their strange Miracles are brought to pass.
Your Presto Jack be gone, and come again,
With all the Hocus Art of Legerdemain;
Your dancing Tester, Nut-meg, and your Cups,
Out-does your Heroes and your amorous Fops.
And if this chance to please you, by that rule,
He that writes Wit is much the greater Fool.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir <i>Patient Fancy</i> , an old rich Alderman, and one that fancies himself always sick,	}	Mr. <i>Anthony Leigh</i> .
<i>Leander Fancy</i> , his Nephew, in love with <i>Lucretia</i> ,		Mr. <i>Crosby</i> .
<i>Wittmore</i> , Gallant to the Lady <i>Fancy</i> , a wild young Fellow of a small Fortune,	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Lodwick Knowell</i> , Son to the Lady <i>Knowell</i> , in love with <i>Isabella</i> ,		Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Sir <i>Credulous Easy</i> , a foolish <i>Devonsbire</i> Knight, design'd to marry <i>Lucretia</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Nokes</i> .
<i>Curry</i> , his Groom,		Mr. <i>Richards</i> .
<i>Roger</i> , Footman to the Lady <i>Fancy</i> .		
<i>Abel</i> (<i>Bartbolomew</i>), Clerk to Sir <i>Patient Fancy</i> .		
<i>Brunswick</i> , a friend to <i>Lodwick Knowell</i> .		
Monsieur <i>Turboon</i> , a French Doctor.		
A Fat Doctor.		
An Amsterdam Doctor.		
A Leyden Doctor.		
Page to the Lady <i>Knowell</i> .		
Guests, Six Servants to Sir <i>Patient</i> , Ballad-Singers and Serenaders.		

WOMEN.

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

SCENE *London*, in two Houses.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lady Knowell's House.**Enter Lucretia with Isabella.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lucr. Is't possible thou should'st have perceived it already?

Isab. Long since.

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

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

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

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

Lucr. And are the most noisy, keeping Fops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Isab. Oh, she finds it the only way to secure her from his Suspicion, which if she do not e'er long give him cause for, I am mistaken in her Humour.—

Enter L. Knowell and Leander.

But see your Mother and my Cousin *Leander*, who seems, poor man, under some great Consternation, for he looks as gravely as a Lay-Elder conducting his Spouse from a Sermon.

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

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

L. Kno. Ay, Mr. *Fancy*, in Consultation with the

Antients.—Oh the delight of Books! when I was of their age, I always imploy'd my looser Hours in reading—if serious, 'twas *Tacitus*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch's Morals*, or some such useful Author; if in an Humour gay, I was for Poetry, *Virgil*, *Homer* or *Tasso*. Oh that Love between *Renaldo* and *Armida*, Mr. *Fancy*! Ah the Caresses that fair *Corcereis* gave, and received from the young Warrior, ah how soft, delicate and tender! Upon my Honour I cannot read them in the Excellence of their Original Language, without I know not what Emotions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lean. Who, Madam, I a Scholar? the greatest Dunce

in Nature—Malicious Creatures, will you leave me to her mercy? [To them aside.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lean. Not a word on't, Madam.

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

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

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

—Find some means to redeem me, or I shall be mad.

[Exit Lean.

Enter Lodwick.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Cred. Come undo my Portmantle, and equip me, that I may look like some body before I see the Ladies—*Curry*, thou shalt e'en remove now, *Curry*, from Groom to Footman ; for I'll ne'er keep Horse more, no, nor Mare neither, since my poor *Gillian's* departed this Life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cur. Here, Sir, her Skin went for good Ale at *Branford*.

[*Gives him the Shoes.*]

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

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

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

Cur. What, your Dog-tutor, Sir?

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

Cur. Yes, Sir.

Enter Leander, and starts back seeing Sir Cred.

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

Cur. Yes, Sir.

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

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

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

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

Sir Cred. What then Mun, I never wear it, but when I go to be drunk, and give my Voice for a Knight o'th'

Shire, and here at *London* in Term time, and that but eight times in Eight Visits to Eight several Ladies to whom I was recommended.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lodwick.

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

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

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

[*Lod. goes in to Sir Cred.*

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

[*Embrace.*

Lod. 'Tis a joyful hearing, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lean. Lucr. and Isab.

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

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

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

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

Isab. And his Mistress *Psyche*, Sir?

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

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

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

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

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

[*He falls back making damnable signs.*

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

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

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

Lod. Ah, now I perceive it plain.

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

Leander whispers to Lodwick.

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Say you so, Sir? well I'll see what may be done.—Sister, behold him, and take pity on him; he has but

one more humble request to make you, 'tis to receive a Gold Watch which he designs you from himself.

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

Lodwick—

[*Pulls him.*]

Lod. Ay do, speak and spoil all, do.

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

[*Gives his Watch with pitiful Grimaces.*]

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

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

[*They are all looking on the Watch.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Oh, I love that sort of Eloquence extremely.

Lod. I told you this would take her.

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

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

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

Enter Page.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Cred.* How ! a Serenade !

Lod. Yes, but it must be perform'd after an Extravagant

manner, none of your dull amorous Night-walking Noises so familiar in this Town; *Lucretia* loves nothing but what's great and extravagant, and passes the reach of vulgar practice.

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

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

Sir Cred. Say you so? what think you then of the Bag-pipe, Tongs, and Gridiron, Cat-calls, and loud-sounding Cymbals?

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

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

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

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

Lod. That, that by all means, Sir.

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

Lod. You must provide your self of a Song.

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

Enter Leander.

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

Lean. And I'm ingag'd to wait on her thither, she

designs to carry the Fiddles too; he's mad enough already, but such a Visit will fit him for Bedlam.

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

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

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

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

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Garden to Sir Patient Fancy's House.*

Enter Lady Fancy, Wittmore, and Maundy.

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

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

Wit. *Maundy* advises well; my dearest, let's withdraw to yonder Covert Arbour, whose kind Shades will secure us a Happiness that Gods might envy.

[*Offers to lead her out.*

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

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

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

Wit. Does he never go out of Town?

L. Fan. Never without me.

Wit. Nor to Church?

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

Wit. Right, my fair Hypocrite.

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

Wit. What Miracles cannot your Eyes and Tongue perform!

L. Fan. Judge what a fine Life I lead the while, to be set up with an old formal doting sick Husband, and a Herd of snivelling grinning Hypocrites, that call themselves

the teaching Saints; who under pretence of securing me to the number of their Flock, do so sneer upon me, pat my Breasts, and cry fie, fie upon this fashion of tempting Nakedness. [Through the Nose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Roger running.

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

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

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

L. Fan. What an unlucky Accident was this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wit. May I depend upon that Happiness?

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

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

L. Fan. *Sir Patient* here!

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

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

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

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

Wit. Sir, I have—

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

Wit. You guess most right, Sir.

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

Wit. Now, Invention, help me or never.

Sir Pat. Your Name, I pray?

[*Putting off his Hat gravely at every Word.*

Wit. *Fainlove*, Sir.

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

Wit. *Yorkshire*, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Pat. My Lady *Fancy*, you are a discreet Lady;—

Well, I'll marry her out of hand, to prevent Mr. *Lodwick's* hopes: for though the young man may deserve well, that Mother of his I'll have nothing to do with, since she refused to marry my Nephew. [*Aside.*]

Enter Fanny.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. Fan. What's the matter, Dear, thou dost so fret thyself?

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

L. Fan. My Lady *Knowell*?

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

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

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

Enter Roger.

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

Sir Pat. Ah,—Well, I'll in and take it;—Ah—Sir, I crave your Patience for a moment, for I design you shall see my Daughter, I'll not make long work on't, Sir: alas, I would dispose of her before I die: Ah,—I'll bring her to you, Sir, Ah, Ah.— [*Goes out with Roger.*]

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

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

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

Wit. Unkind Creature!

L. Fan. I would not have you endanger her Heart neither: for thou hast Charms will do't.—Prithee do not

put on thy best Looks, nor speak thy softest Language; for if thou dost, thou canst not fail to undo her.

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

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

Enter Sir Patient and Isabella.

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

Maun. He has been just going this twenty Years.

[*Aside.*

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

Enter Fanny.

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

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

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

[*Exit with L. Fan.*

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

[*Aside.*

Wit. Now Foppery assist to make me very ridiculous, —Death, she's very pretty and inviting; what an insensible Dog shall I be counted to refuse the Enjoyment of so fair, so new a Creature, and who is like to be thrown into my Arms too whether I will or not?—but Conscience and

my Vows to the fair Mother : No, I will be honest.—Madam,—as Gad shall save me, I'm the Son of a Whore, if you are not the most Belle Person I ever saw, and if I be not damnably in love with you ; but a pox take all tedious Courtship, I have a free-born and generous Spirit ; and as I hate being confin'd to dull Cringing, Whining, Flattering, and the Devil and all of Foppery, so when I give an Heart, I'm an Infidel, Madam, if I do not love to do't frankly and quickly, that thereby I may oblige the beautiful Receiver of my Vows, Protestations, Passions, and Inclination.

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

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

[*To Maun.*

Fan. Gemini, Sister, does the Gentleman conjure ?

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

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

Wit. Well, if I do hold out, Egad, I shall be the bravest young Fellow in Christendom : But, Madam, I must kiss your Hand at present, I have some Visits to make, Devoirs to pay, necessities of Gallantry only, no Love Engagements, by *Jove*, Madam ; it is sufficient I have given my Parole to your Father, to do him the honour of my Alliance ; and an unnecessary Jealousy will but disoblige, Madam, your Slave.—Death, these Rogues see me, and I'm undone.—

[*Exit.*

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

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

Enter Lodwick pulling in Wittmore, Leander with them.

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

Wit. You must excuse me, Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Wittmore, they come in.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. The Rogue has but one method for all Addresses.

[*They laugh.*

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

[*To L. Fan.*

Enter Sir Patient.

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

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

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

Sir *Cred.* You are pleased to say so, noble Lady: but I must needs say, I am not the worst bred Gentleman for a Country Gentleman that ever you saw; for you must

know, incomparable Lady, that I was at the University three Years, and there I learnt my Logick and Rhetorick, whereby I became excellent at Repartee, sweet Lady. As for my Estate, my Father died since I came of Age, and left me a small younger Brother's Portion, dear Lady.

Lucr. A younger Brother's, Sir?

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

Lucr. Witty, I protest.

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

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

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

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

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

L. Fan. Never, Sir.

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

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

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

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

Sir Cred. No Offence, dear Sir, I protest: 'slife, I believe 'tis the Master of the House, he look'd with such

Authority ;—why, who cares, let him look as big as the four Winds, East, West, North and South, I care not this, —therefore I beg your Pardon, noble Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Cred.* 'Tis all one case to me, dear Sir,—but I should have the pleasure of railing again, *cum privilegio*; I love fighting with those pointless Weapons.—Zoz, Sir, you know if we Men of Quality fall out—(for you are a Knight I take it) why, there comes a Challenge upon it, and ten to one some body or other is run through the Gills; why, a Pox on't, I say, this is very damnable, give me Poet's Licence.—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Madam.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. *Fan.* Why; ah, 'tis very true, Sir, but we ought

not to offend a Brother that is weak, and consequently, a Sister.

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

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

SCENE II. *Changes to a Chamber.*

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

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

Rog. Yes, Sir, with four Horses.

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

Sir Pat. Affairs! what Affairs?

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

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

L. Fan. What shall I do?

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

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

[*Ex. Maundy.*

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

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

L. *Fan.* See, Mr. *Fainlove*, oh, look on my Dear, is he not strangely alter'd?

Wit. Most wonderfully.

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

Wit. Lord, how wildly he stares!

Sir *Pat.* Hah, stare wildly!

Rog. Are you not very sick, Sir?

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

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

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

L. *Fan.* Your Face is frightfully blown up, and your dear Eyes just starting from your Head; oh, I shall sound with the apprehension on't. [*Falls into Wittmore's Arms.*

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

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

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

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

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

Wit. Alas, I'm sorry for that, Sir.

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

[*Offers to go.*

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

[*Aside.*

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

Enter Maundy with the Clothes, she starts.

Maun. Good Heaven, what ails you, Sir?

Sir Pat. Oh—oh—'tis so.

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

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

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

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

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

[Falls back.

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

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

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

[Aside.

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

[They carry him out in a Chair.

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

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

L. Fan. There was no other way but this to have secur'd my Happiness with thee; there needs no more than that

you come anon to the Garden Back-gate, where you shall find admittance;—Sir *Patient* is like to lie alone to night.

Wit. Till then 'twill be a thousand Ages.

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

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene draws off to a room in Sir Patient Fancy's house, and discovers Lady Knowell, Isabella, Lucretia, Lodwick, Leander, Wittmore, Sir Credulous, other Men and Women, as going to dance.

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

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

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

SONG made by a Gentleman.

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

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

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

Isab. What business?

Lod. Of giving me admittance to night.

Isab. And may I trust your honesty?

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

Isab. Away, here's my Mother.

Enter Lady Fancy and Maundy.

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

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

L. Fan. Alas, Madam!—

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

L. Fan. Really, Madam, I believe—

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

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

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

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

Lod. Isabella, shall I find admittance anon ?

Isab. On fair Conditions.

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

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

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

[*Ex. all but L. Fan. and Maundy.*

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lady Knowell's Chamber.*

Enter Lady Knowell and Leander.

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

Enter Lucretia, and peeps.

Lean. I wish I did not, Madam,
Unless I'd Virtue to deserve the Bounty ;

I have a thousand Faults Dissimulation hides,
Inconstant, wild, debauch'd as Youth can make me.

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

L. Kno. Yet you wou'd have my Daughter take you with
all these Faults; they're Virtues there, but to the name
of Mother, they all turn retrograde: I can endure a Man
As wild and as inconstant as she can;
I have a Fortune too that can support that Humour,
That of *Lucretia* does depend on me,
And when I please is nothing;
I'm far from Age or Wrinkles, can be courted
By Men, as gay and youthful as a new Summer's Morn,
Beauteous as the first Blossoms of the Spring,
Before the common Sun has kiss'd their Sweets away,
If with salacious Appetites I lov'd.

Lean. Faith, Madam, I cou'd wish—

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

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

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

Lean. Stay, Madam—

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. For what? to hear your Penitence! Forgive me,
Madam, I will be a Villain, forget my Vows of Love,
made to *Lucretia*.

And sacrifice both her, and those to Interest.
Oh, how I hate this whining and dissembling!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lucr. Yet that last must be done.

Lean. How !

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

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

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

Lean. I cannot teach my Tongue so much Deceit.

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

Enter Antick.

Ant. Madam, your Mother's coming.

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

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

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

SCENE III. *A Garden.*

Enter Maundy by dark: Opens the Garden-Door.

Maun. Now am I return'd to my old Trade again, fetch and carry my Lady's Lovers; I was afraid when she had been married, these Night-works wou'd have ended; but to say truth, there's a Conscience to be used in all things, and there's no reason she should languish with an old Man when a Young Man may be had.—The Door opens, he's come.—

Enter Lodwick.

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

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

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

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

Enter Maundy leading Lodwick.

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

Lod. Where are you, my dearest Creature?

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. Fan. Heavens! what can you mean?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE V. *Changes again to a Garden.*

Enter Isabella and Fanny in their Night-gowns.

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

Fan. Why, Sister, this is not the first Venture you
have made of this kind, at this Hour, and in this Place;
these Arbours were they tell-tales, cou'd discover many
pretty stories of your Loves, and do you think they'll be
less faithful now? pray trust them once again. Oh, I do
so love to hear Mr. *Lodwick* protest, and vow, and swear,
and dissemble, and when you don't believe him, rail at
you,—avads, 'tis the prettiest Man—

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

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

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

Fan. When I am big enough I shall do my Endeavour,
for I have heard you say, Women were born to no other

end than to love: And 'tis fit I should learn to live and die in my calling.—Come, open the Gate, or you'll repent it, we shall have my Father marry you within a day or two to that ugly Man that speaks hard Words,—avads, I can't abide him.

Isab. What Noise is that?

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

Enter Wittmore.

Wit. Who's there?

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

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

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

Wit. Love thee! by thy dear self, all that my Soul adores,
I'm all impatient Flame! all over Love!
—You do not use to doubt, but since you do,
Come, and I'll satisfy thy obliging Fears,
And give thee Proofs how much my Soul is thine,
I'll breathe it all anew into thy Bosom.—
Oh, thou art fit for the transporting Play,
All loose and wanton, like the Queen of Love
When she descends to meet the Youth in Shades.

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

Wit. That question was severe, what means my Love?
What pretty Art is this to blow my Flame?
Are you not mine? did we not meet t'enjoy?
I came not with more vigorous eager Haste,

When our first Sacrifice to Love we paid,
Than to perform that Ceremony now.
Come do not let the Sacred Fire burn out,
Which only was prepar'd for Love's rich Altar,
And this is the divine, dark, silent Minute—

[*Goes to lead her off.*]

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

[*Flings from him.*]

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

[*Runs after her.*]

A confus'd Noise of the Serenade, the

SCENE VI *draws off to Lady Fancy's Anti-chamber.*

Enter Isabella groping as in the dark.

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

[*Goes out groping, and the noise of Serenade again.*]

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

Enter Isabella groping, Sir Patient without.

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

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

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

L. Fan. Heavens! 'twas my Husband's Voice, sure we're betray'd. It must be so, for what Devil but that of Jealousy cou'd raise him at this late hour?

Isab. Hah, where am I, and who is't that speaks—

[*To her self.*

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

[*Aside.*

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

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

Isab. A Man's Voice!

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

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

L. Fan. Hah, Noise!—what means he?

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

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

L. Fan. Oh, he's coming in—I'm ruin'd; what shall we do? here—get into the Bed—and cover your self with the Clothes—quickly—oh, my Confusion will betray me.

[*Lodwick gets into the Bed, Isabella hides behind the Curtain very near to him.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Coakesing him.*]

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

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

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

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

Isab. Oh cunning Devil!—

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

Isab. Heavens! what says she?—

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

Lod. A good hint to save both our Credits.

Sir Pat. How, Mr. *Fainlove* mean you?

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

L. Fan. Ay, my dear, Mr. *Fainlove*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Pat.* Hah, *Isabella* here too!

Isab. Yes, Sir, to justify her Innocence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir *Pat.* Why, I thought it had been Mr. *Fainlove*.

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

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

[*Going, Sir Patient stays him.*]

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

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

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

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

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

The Scene draws over Sir Patient and Lady: draws again and discovers

SCENE VIII. *The Garden, Wittmore, Fanny, and Isabella.*

Isab. How, Mr. *Fainlove*, it cannot be.

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

Enter Lodwick and Maundy as passing over, but stand.

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

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

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

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

Wit. Hah, what desperate Fool art thou? [*Draws.*

Lod. One that will see thee fairly damn'd, e'er yield
his Interest up in *Isabella*—oh thou false Woman !

[*They fight out, Isabella, Fanny, and Maundy run off.*

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

Sir Cred. This sure is extraordinary, or the Devil's in't,
and I'll ne'er trust Serenade more.

[*Come forward, and all play again.*

—Hold, hold, now for the Song, which because I wou'd
have most deliciously and melodiously sung, I'll sing my
self; look ye,—hum—hum.—

Sir Credulous should have sung.

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

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

—Well, this won't do, for I perceive no Window open,
nor Lady bright appear, to talk obligingly :—perhaps the
Song does not please her : you Ballad-singers, have you
no good Songs of another fashion ?

1 *Man*. Yes, Sir, Several, *Robin*—*Hark how the Waters fall, fall, fall!*

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

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

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

[*They all play again.*

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

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

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

Sir Cred. Who's there?

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

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

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

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

Enter Lodwick.

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

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

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Lady Knowell's House.*

Enter Lucretia, follow'd by Sir Credulous.

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

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

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

Sir Cred. Leave ye! I thank you for that, i'faith, before I have spoke out my Speech; therefore I say, Divine Lady—because my Rhetorick Master commanded the frequent

use of *Hypallages*, *Allegories*, and the richest Figures of that beauteous Art,—because my Rhetorick—

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

Enter Lady Knowell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Cred. Why, what's the matter?

Lod. Have you made your Will?

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

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

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

Lod. You remember the Serenade last night?

Sir Cred. Remember it? Zoz, I think I do, here be the marks on't sure.—

[*Pulls off his Peruke, and shews his Head broke.*

Lod. Ads me, your Head's broke.

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Wou'd 'twere no worse.

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

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

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

Lod. Affidavit! why, he'll not believe you, should you swear your Heart out: some body has possess'd him that

you are a damn'd Fool, and a most egregious Coward, a Fellow that to save your Life will swear any thing.

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Shaw—not sufficient to pay Surgeons Bills.

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

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

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

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

Enter Leander.

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

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

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

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

Lod. What is't prithee?

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

Sir Cred. How—Poison!

[*Shewing great Signs of Fear, and holding his Nose.*

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

Sir Cred. Oh,—I'm a dead Man!

Lod. Is't possible?

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

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

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

Enter Wittmore.

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

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

Lod. Prithee what's the matter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Ay, now we understand thee, this is something. Ah Friend, I had such an Adventure last Night.—You may talk of your Intrigues and substantial Pleasures, but if any of you can match mine,—Egad, I'll forswear Womankind.

Lean. An Adventure! prithee where?

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

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

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

[*Aside.*

Lod. You must know, Gentlemen, I have a sort of a matrimonial Kindness for a very pretty Woman, she whom I tell you I disturb'd in the Garden, and last night she made me an Assignation in her Chamber: when I came to the Garden-door by which I was to have admittance, I found a kind of Necessary call'd a Baudy

Waiting-Woman, whom I follow'd, and thought she wou'd have conducted me to the right Woman; but I was luckily and in the dark led into a Lady's Chamber, who took me for a Lover she expected: I found my happy mistake, and wou'd not undeceive her.

Wit. This could be none but *Lucia*. [Aside.

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

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

Wit. Oh, hold, my Heart—or I shall kill the Traitor. [Aside.

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

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

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

Sir *Cred.* Pshaw, is that all, Man?

Lod. I clasp'd her lovely Body in my Arms,
And laid my Bosom to her panting Breast.
Trembling she seem'd all Love and soft Desire,
And I all Burnings in a youthful Fire.

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

Wit. Damnation on them both.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Where dost thou keep the Ceremony ?

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

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

Lean. My Uncle ?

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

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

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

Lod. Marry'd to day ! by Heaven, it must not be, Sir.

[*Draws him aside.*]

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

Lod. Hold, Sir,—we yet are Friends.—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*]

Lean. Hold, what's the matter?

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

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

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

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

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

[*Talks to Lod. and Lean.*

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

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

Lod. Leander, what shall I do?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. What is't?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. I like it well.

Sir *Cred.* Nay, lose no time in applauding, I'll in, the Carrier goes this Morning; farewell, *Lodwick*.—

[*Goes into the Basket.*
I'll be here again on *Thursday*. [*Lod. writes a Direction.*

Enter Boy.

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

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

Enter Boy and two Porters.

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

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

Enter Lady Knowell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*The Porters take up and go out.*

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

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

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

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

Lod. So does *Leander* your Ladyship within.

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

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

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

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Sir Patient Fancy's House.*
A Table and Chairs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maun. What mean you, Madam ? [Aside.

Lady Fancy reads.

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

Your—

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

Sir Pat. Hum,—I profess ingenuously—I think it is

indeed a Love-letter. My Lady *Fancy*, what means all this? as I take it, here are Riddles and Mysteries in this Business.

L. Fan. Which thus, Sir, I'll unfold.—

[*Takes the Pen, and writes Isabella.*

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

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

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

L. Fan. Why,—Sir—What shall I say, I cannot lay it now on *Lodwick*—

[*Aside.* I believe she meant it to Mr. *Fainlove*, for whom else cou'd it be design'd? she being so soon to marry him.

Sir Pat. Hah,—Mr. *Fainlove*! so soon so fond and amorous!

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

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

[*Puts up the Letter.*

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

Sir Pat. Lovers! Tell me not of Lovers, my Lady *Fancy*; with Reverence to your good Ladyship, I value not whether there be Love between 'em or not. Pious



Wedlock is my Business,—nay, I will let him know his own too, that I will, with your Ladyship's permission.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. Fan. Again of dying! Uncharitable Man, why do

you delight in tormenting me?—On the left hand, say you as you go in?

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

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

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

Enter Wittmore.

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

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

[*Gropes for the Letter in his pocket.*]

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

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

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

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

Sir Pat. Have what, Sir?

Wit. From my violent Passion for your Daughter—

L. Fan. Oh, I'm all Confusion.—

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

Sir Pat. That you have, Sir, you wou'd say, made

a Sport and May-game of the Ingagement of your Word ; I take it, Mr. *Fainlove*, 'tis not like the Stock you come from.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Pat. He speaks well, ingenuously, he does.—Well, Sir, for your Father's sake, whose Memory I reverence,

I will for once forgive you. But let's have no more Night-works, no more Gambols, I beseech you, good Mr. *Fainlove*.

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

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

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

Wit. False! charge me not with unprofitable Sins; wou'd I refuse a Blessing, or blaspheme a Power that might undo me? wou'd I die in my full vigorous Health, or live in constant Pain? All this I cou'd, sooner than be untrue.

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

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


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*She endeavours to make Signs to Wittmore.*]

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Sir Pat.*]

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

Wit. That kind Look is a sufficient Invitation. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Wittmore.

Wit. Oh my dear *Lucia*!

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

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

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

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter Sir Patient and Roger.

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

Rog. Truly nay, Sir, for Mr. *Gogle* has taken too much of the Creature this Morning, and is not in case, Sir.

Sir Pat. How mean you, Sirrah, that Mr. *Gogle* is overtaken with Drink?

Rog. Nay, Sir, he hath over-eaten himself at Breakfast only.

Sir Pat. Alas, and that's soon done, for he hath a sickly Stomach as well as I, poor Man. Where is *Bartholomew* the Clerk? he must hold forth then to day.

Rog. Verily he is also disabled: for going forth last Night by your Commandment to smite the Wicked, he received a blow over the *Pericranium*.—

Sir Pat. Why, how now, Sirrah, Latin! the Language of the Beast! hah—and what then, Sir?

Rog. Which Blow, I doubt, Sir, hath spoil'd both his Praying and his Eating.

Sir Pat. Hah! What a Family's here? no Prayer to day!

Enter Nurse and Fanny.

Nurs. Nay verily it shall all out, I will be no more the dark Lanthorn to the deeds of Darkness.

Sir *Pat.* What's the matter here? [*Exit Roger.*]

Nurs. Sir, this young Sinner has long been privy to all the daily and nightly meetings between Mr. *Lodwick* and *Isabella*; and just now I took her tying a Letter to a String in the Garden, which he drew up to his Window: and I have born it till my Conscience will bear it no longer.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, so young a Baud!—Tell me, Minion—private meeting! tell me truth, I charge ye, when? where? how? and how often? Oh, she's debauch'd!—her Reputation ruin'd, and she'll need a double Portion. Come, tell me truth, for this little Finger here has told me all.

Fan. Oh Geminy, Sir, then that little Finger's the hougeseest great Lyer as ever was.

Sir *Pat.* Huzzy, huzzy—I will have thee whip'd most unmercifully: Nurse, fetch me the Rod.

Fan. Oh, pardon me, Sir, this one time, and I'll tell all.
[*Kneels.*]

—Sir—I have seen him in the Garden, but not very often.

Sir *Pat.* Often! Oh, my Family's dishonoured. Tell me truly what he us'd to do there, or I will have thee whipt without cessation. Oh, I'm in a cold Sweat; there's my fine Maid, was he with her long?

Fan. Long enough.

Sir *Pat.* Long enough!—oh, 'tis so, long enough,—for what, hah? my dainty Miss, tell me, and didst thou leave 'em?

Fan. They us'd to send me to gather Flowers to make Nosegays, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Ah, Demonstration; 'tis evident if they were left alone that they were naught, I know't.—And where were they the while? in the close Arbour?—Ay, ay—I will have it cut down, it is the Pent-house of Iniquity, the very Coverlid of Sin.

Fan. No, Sir, they sat on the Primrose Bank.

Sir *Pat.* What, did they sit all the while, or stand—or—lie—or—oh, how was't?

Fan. They only sat indeed, Sir Father.

Sir Pat. And thou didst not hear a Word they said all the while?

Fan. Yes, I did, Sir, and the Man talk'd a great deal of this, and of that, and of t'other, and all the while threw Jessamine in her Bosom.

Sir Pat. Well said, and did he nothing else?

Fan. No, indeed, Sir Father, nothing.

Sir Pat. But what did she say to the Man again?

Fan. She said, let me see.—Ay, she said, Lord, you'll forget your self, and stay till somebody catch us.

Sir Pat. Ah, very fine,—then what said he?

Fan. Then he said, Well if I must be gone, let me leave thee with this hearty Curse, A Pox take thee all over for making me love thee so confoundedly.

Sir Pat. Oh horrible!

Fan. —Oh, I cou'd live here for ever,—that was when he kist her—her Hand only. Are you not a damn'd Woman for making so fond a Puppy of me?

Sir Pat. Oh unheard-of Wickedness!

Fan. Wou'd the Devil had thee, and all thy Family, e'er I had seen thy cursed Face.

Sir Pat. Oh, I'll hear no more, I'll hear no more!—why, what a blasphemous Wretch is this?

Fan. Pray, Sir Father, do not tell my Sister of this, she'll be horribly angry with me.

Sir Pat. No, no, get you gone.—Oh, I am Heart-sick—I'll up and consult with my Lady what's fit to be done in this Affair. Oh, never was the like heard of.—

[*Goes out, Fanny and Nurse go the other way.*]

SCENE IV. *The Lady Fancy's Bed-Chamber; she's discover'd with Wittmore in disorder. A Table, Sword, and Hat.*

Maun. [*Entering.*] O Madam, Sir *Patient's* coming up.

L. Fan. Coming up, say you!

Maun. He's almost on the top of the Stairs, Madam.

Wit. What shall I do?

L. Fan. Oh, damn him, I know not; if he see thee here after my pretended Illness, he must needs discover why I feign'd.—I have no excuse ready,—this Chamber's unlucky, there's no avoiding him; here—step behind the Bed; perhaps he has only forgot his Psalm-Book and will not stay long.

[*Wittmore runs behind the Bed.*]

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, pardon this Interruption, my Lady *Fancy*,—Oh, I am half killed, my Daughter, my Honour—my Daughter, my Reputation.

L. Fan. Good Heavens, Sir, is she dead?

Sir Pat. I wou'd she were, her Portion and her Honour would then be sav'd. But oh, I'm sick at Heart, *Maundy*, fetch me the Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet,—she's wanton, unchaste.

Enter Maundy with the Bottle.

Oh, I cannot speak it; oh, the Bottle—[*Drinks.*] she has lost her Fame, her Shame, her Name.—Oh, [*Drinks.*] that is not the right Bottle, that with the red Cork [*Drinks.*]
[*Exit Maundy.*]

and is grown a very t'other-end-of-the-Town Creature, a very Apple of *Sodom*, fair without and filthy within, what shall we do with her? she's lost, undone; hah!

Enter Maundy.

let me see, [*Drinks.*] this is [*Drinks.*] not as I take it—[*Drinks.*]—no, 'tis not the right,—she's naught, she's leud, [*Drinks.*]—oh, how you vex me—[*Drinks.*] This is not the right Bottle yet,—[*Drinks.*] No, no, here.

[*Gives her the Bottle.*]

Maun. You said that with the red Cork, Sir. [*Goes out.*]

Sir Pat. I meant the blue;—I know not what I say.—In fine, my Lady, let's marry her out of hand, for she is fall'n, fall'n to Perdition; she understands more Wickedness than had she been bred in a profane Nunnery, a Court,

Enter Maundy.

or a Play-house, [*Drinks.*]—therefore let's marry her instantly, out of hand [*Drinks.*] Misfortune on Misfortune. [*Drinks.*]—But Patience is a wonderful Virtue, [*Drinks.*]—Ha—this is very comfortable,—very consoling—I profess if it were not for these Creatures, ravishing Comforts, sometimes, a Man were a very odd sort of an Animal [*Drinks.*] But ah—see how all things were ordain'd for the use and comfort of Man [*Drinks.*]

L. Fan. I like this well: Ah, Sir, 'tis very true, therefore receive it plentifully and thankfully.

Sir Pat. [*Drinks.*] Ingenuously—it hath made me marvellous lightsome; I profess it hath a very notable Faculty,—very knavish—and as it were, waggish,—but hah, what have we there on the Table? a Sword and Hat?

[*Sees Wittmore's Sword and Hat on the Table, which he had forgot.*]

L. Fan. Curse on my Dulness.—Oh, these, Sir, they are Mr. *Fainlove's*—he being so soon to be marry'd and being straitned for time, sent these to *Maundy* to be new trim'd with Ribbon, Sir—that's all. Take 'em away, you naughty Baggage, must I have Mens things seen in my Chamber?

Sir Pat. Nay, nay, be not angry, my little Rogue; I like the young Man's Frugality well. Go, go your ways, get you gone, and finefy your Knacks and Tranghams, and do your Business—go.

[*Smiling on Maundy, gently beating her with his Hand: she goes out, he bolts the Door after her, and sits down on the Bed's feet.*]

L. Fan. Heavens, what means he!

Sir Pat. Come hither to me, my little Ape's Face,—Come, come I say—what, must I come fetch you?—Catch her, catch her—catch her, catch her, catch her.

[*Running after her.*]

L. Fan. Oh, Sir, I am so ill I can hardly stir.

Sir *Pat.* I'll make ye well, come hither, ye Monky-face, did it, did it, did it? alas for it, a poor silly Fool's Face, dive it a blow, and I'll beat it.

L. *Fan.* You neglect your Devotion, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* No, no, no Prayer to day, my little Rascal,—no Prayer to day—poor *Gogle's* sick.—Come hither, why, you refractory Baggage you, come or I shall touze you, ingenuously I shall; tom, tom, or I'll whip it.

L. *Fan.* Have you forgot your Daughter, Sir, and your Disgrace?

Sir *Pat.* A fiddle on my Daughter, she's a Chick of the old Cock I profess; I was just such another Wag when young.—But she shall be marry'd to morrow, a good Cloke for her Knavery; therefore come your ways, ye Wag, we'll take a nap together: good faith, my little Harlot, I mean thee no harm.

L. *Fan.* No, o' my Conscience.

Sir *Pat.* Why then, why then, you little Mungrel?

L. *Fan.* His precise Worship is as it were disguis'd, the outward Man is over-taken—pray, Sir, lie down, and I'll come to you presently.

Sir *Pat.* Away, you Wag, will you? will you?—Catch her there, catch her.

L. *Fan.* I will indeed,—Death, there's no getting from him,—pray lie down—and I'll cover thee close enough I'll warrant thee.— [*Aside.* [*He lies down, she covers him.* Had ever Lovers such spiteful luck! hah—surely he sleeps, bless the mistaken Bottle.—Ay, he sleeps,—whilst, *Wittmore*— [*He coming out falls; pulls the Chair down, Sir Patient flings open the Curtain.*

Wit. Plague of my over-care, what shall I do?

Sir *Pat.* What's that, what Noise is that? let me see, we are not safe; lock up the Doors, what's the matter? What Thunder-Clap was that?

[*Wittmore runs under the Bed; she runs to Sir Patient, and holds him in his Bed.*

L. Fan. Pray, Sir, lie still, 'twas I was only going to sit down, and a sudden Giddiness took me in my Head, which made me fall, and with me the Chair; there is no danger near ye, Sir—I was just coming to sleep by you.

Sir Pat. Go, you're a flattering Huswife; go, catch her, catch her, catch her. [*Lies down, she covers him.*]

L. Fan. Oh, how I tremble at the dismal apprehension of being discover'd! Had I secur'd my self of the eight thousand Pound, I wou'd not value *Wittmore's* being seen. But now to be found out, wou'd call my Wit in question, for 'tis the Fortunate alone are wise.—

[*Wittmore peeps from under the Bed; she goes softly to the Door to open it.*]

Wit. Was ever Man so plagu'd?—hah—what's this?—confound my tell-tale Watch, the Larum goes, and there's no getting to't to silence it.—Damn'd Misfortune!

[*Sir Patient rises, and flings open the Curtains.*]

Sir Pat. Hah, what's that?

L. Fan. Heavens! what's the matter? we are destin'd to discovery. [*She runs to Sir Patient, and leaves the Door still fast.*]

Sir Pat. What's that I say, what's that? let me see, let me see, what ringing's that, Oh, let me see what 'tis.

[*Strives to get up, she holds him down.*]

L. Fan. Oh, now I see my Fate's inevitable! Alas, that ever I was born to see't. [*Weeps.*]

Wit. Death, she'll tell him I am here: Nay, he must know't, a Pox of all Invention and Mechanicks, and he were damn'd that first contriv'd a Watch.

Sir Pat. Hah, dost weep?—why dost weep? I say, what Noise is that? what ringing? hah.—

L. Fan. 'Tis that, 'tis that, my Dear, that makes me weep. Alas, I never hear this fatal Noise, but some dear Friend dies.

Sir Pat. Hah, dies! Oh, that must be I, ay, ay, Oh.

L. Fan. I've heard it, Sir, this two Days, but wou'd not tell you of it.

Sir *Pat.* Hah! heard it these two Days! Oh, what is't a Death-watch?—hah.—

L. *Fan.* Ay, Sir, a Death-watch, a certain Larum Death-watch, a thing that has warn'd our Family this hundred Years, oh,—I'm the most undone Woman!

Wit. A Blessing on her for a dear dissembling Jilt—Death and the Devil, will it never cease?

Sir *Pat.* A Death-watch! ah, 'tis so, I've often heard of these things—methinks it sounds as if 'twere under the Bed.—
[*Offers to look, she holds him.*]

L. *Fan.* You think so, Sir, but that 'tis about the Bed is my Grief; it therefore threatens you: Oh wretched Woman!

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, I'm too happy in a Wife to live long: Well, I will settle my House at *Hogsdowne*, with the Land about it, which is 500*l.* a Year upon thee, live or die,—do not grieve.—
[*Lays himself down.*]

L. *Fan.* Oh, I never had more Cause; come try to sleep, your Fate may be diverted—whilst I'll to Prayers for your dear Health.—[*Covers him, draws the Curtains.*]
I have almost run out all my stock of Hypocrisy, and that hated Art now fails me.—Oh all ye Powers that favour distrest Lovers, assist us now, and I'll provide against your future Malice.
[*She makes Signs to Wittmore, he peeps.*]

Wit. I'm impatient of Freedom, yet so much Happiness as I but now enjoy'd without this part of Suffering had made me too blest.—Death and Damnation! what curst luck have I?

[*Makes Signs to her to open the Door: whilst he creeps softly from under the Bed to the Table, by which going to raise himself, he pulls down all the Dressing-things: at the same instant Sir Patient leaps from the Bed, and she returns from the Door, and sits on Wittmore's Back as he lies on his Hands and Knees, and makes as if she swooned.*]

Sir *Pat.* What's the matter? what's the matter? has

Satan broke his everlasting Chain, and got loose abroad to plague poor Mortals? hah—what's the matter?

[*Runs to his Lady.*]

L. *Fan.* Oh, help, I die—I faint—run down, and call for help.

Sir *Pat.* My Lady dying? oh, she's gone, she faints,—what ho, who waits? [*Cries and bauls.*]

L. *Fan.* Oh, go down and bring me help, the Door is lock'd,—they cannot hear ye,—oh—I go—I die.—

[*He opens the Door, and calls help, help.*]

Wit. Damn him! there's no escaping without I kill the Dog. [*From under her, peeping.*]

L. *Fan.* Lie still, or we are undone.—

Sir Patient returns with Maundy.

Maun. Hah, discover'd!

Sir *Pat.* Help, help, my Lady dies.

Maun. Oh, I perceive how 'tis.—Alas, she's dead, quite gone; oh, rub her Temples, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, I'm undone then,—[*Weeps.*] Oh my Dear, my virtuous Lady!

L. *Fan.* Oh, where's my Husband, my dearest Husband—Oh, bring him near me.

Sir *Pat.* I'm here, my excellent Lady.—

[*She takes him about the Neck, and raises her self up, gives Wittmore a little kick behind.*]

Wit. Oh the dear lovely Hypocrite, was ever Man so near discovery?—

[*Goes out.*]

Sir *Pat.* Oh, how hard she presses my Head to her Bosom!

Maun. Ah, that grasping hard, Sir, is a very bad Sign.

Sir *Pat.* How does my good, my dearest Lady *Fancy*?

L. *Fan.* Something better now, give me more Air,—that dismal Larum Death-watch had almost kill'd me.

Sir *Pat.* Ah precious Creature, how she afflicts her self for me.—Come, let's walk into the Dining-room, 'tis

more airy, from thence into my Study, and make thy self Mistress of that Fortune I have design'd thee, thou best of Women.

[*Exeunt, leading her.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in Sir Patient Fancy's House.*

A Table, and six Chairs.

Enter Isabella reading a Letter, Betty tricking her.

Isab. How came you by this Letter?

Bet. Miss *Fanny* receiv'd it by a String from his Window, by which he took up that you writ to him this Morning.

Isab. What means this nicety? forbear I say.—

[*Puts Betty from her.*]

Bet. You cannot be too fine upon your Wedding-day.

Isab. Thou art mistaken, leave me,—whatever he says here to satisfy my Jealousy, I am confirm'd that he was false: yet this assurance to free me from this intended Marriage, makes me resolve to pardon him, however guilty.—

Enter Wittmore.

How now! what means this Insolence? How dare you, having so lately made your guilty approaches, venture again into my presence?

Wit. Why? Is there any danger, but what's so visible in those fair Eyes?

Isab. And there may lie enough, Sir, when they're angry. By what Authority do you make this saucy Visit?

Wit. That of a Husband, Madam; I come to congratulate the mighty Joy this Day will bring you.

Isab. Thou darst not marry me, there will be danger in't.

Wit. Why, sure you do not carry Death in your Embraces, I find no Terror in that lovely Shape, no Daggers in that pretty scornful Look; that Breath that utters so

much Anger now, last night was sweet as new-blown Roses are,—and spoke such Words, so tender and so kind.

Isab. And canst thou think they were address'd to thee?

Wit. No, nor cou'd the Shade of Night hide the Confusion which disorder'd you, at the discovery that I was not he, the blessed he you look'd for.

Isab. Leave me, thou hated Object of my Soul.

Wit. This will not serve your turn, for I must marry you.

Isab. Then thou art a Fool, and drawest thy Ruin on; why, I will hate thee,—hate thee most extremely.

Wit. That will not anger me.

Isab. Why, I will never let thee touch me, nor kiss my Hand, nor come into my sight.

Wit. Are there no other Women kind, fair, and to be purchas'd? he cannot starve for Beauty in this Age, that has a stock to buy.

Isab. Why, I will cuckold thee, look to't, I will most damnably.

Wit. So wou'd you, had you lov'd me, in a year or two; therefore like a kind civil Husband, I've made provision for you, a Friend, and one I dare trust my Honour with, —'tis Mr. *Knowell*, Madam.

Isab. *Lodwick*! What Devil brought that Name to his knowledge?—Canst thou know him, and yet dare hope to marry me?

Wit. We have agreed it, and on these conditions.

Isab. Thou basely injurest him, he cannot do a Deed he ought to blush for: *Lodwick* do this! Oh, do not credit it,—prithee be just and kind for thy own Honour's sake; be quickly so, the hasty minutes fly, and will anon make up the fatal Hour that will undo me.

Wit. 'Tis true, within an hour you must submit to *Hymen*, there's no avoiding it.

Isab. Nay, then be gone, my poor submissive Prayers, and all that dull Obedience Custom has made us Slaves to.— Do sacrifice me, lead me to the Altar, and see if

all the holy mystick Words can conjure from me the consenting Syllable: No, I will not add one word to make the Charm complete, but stand as silent in the enchanting Circle, as if the Priests were raising Devils there.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Enough, enough, my charming *Isabella*, I am confirm'd.

Isab. *Lodwick!* what good Angel conducted thee hither?

Lod. E'en honest *Charles Wittmore* here, thy Friend and mine, no Bug-bear Lover he.

Isab. *Wittmore!* that Friend I've often heard thee name? Now some kind mischief on him, he has so frightened me, I scarce can bring my Sense to so much order, to thank him that he loves me not.

Lod. Thou shalt defer that payment to more leisure; we're Men of business now. My Mother, knowing of a Consultation of Physicians which your Father has this day appointed to meet at his House, has bribed Monsieur *Turboone* his *French* Doctor in Pension, to admit of a Doctor or two of her recommending, who shall amuse him with discourse till we get ourselves married; and to make it the more ridiculous, I will release Sir *Credulous* from the Basket, I saw it in the Hall as I came through, we shall have need of the Fool. [Exit Wittmore.]

Enter Wittmore, pulling in the Basket.

Wit. 'Twill do well.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, how is't, Man? [*Opens the Basket.*

Sir Cred. What, am I not at the Carrier's yet?—Oh *Lodwick*, thy Hand, I'm almost poison'd— This Basket wants airing extremely, it smells like an old Lady's Wedding Gown of my acquaintance.— But what's the danger past, Man?

Lod. No, but there's a necessity of your being for some time disguis'd to act a Physician.

Sir *Cred.* How ! a Physician ! that I can easily do, for I understand Simples.

Lod. That's not material, so you can but banter well, be very grave, and put on a starch'd Countenance.

Sir *Cred.* Banter ! what's that, Man ?

Lod. Why, Sir, talking very much, and meaning just nothing ; be full of Words without any connection, sense or conclusion. Come in with me, and I'll instruct you farther.

Sir *Cred.* Pshaw, is that all ? say no more on't, I'll do't, let me alone for Bantering—But this same damn'd Rival—

Lod. He's now watching for you without and means to souse upon you ; but trust to me for your security ; come away, I have your Habit ready. [*Goes out.*]—This day shall make thee mine, dear *Isabella*.—

[*Exit Lodwick and Wittmore.*]

Enter Sir Patient, Leander, and Roger.

Sir *Pat.* Marry *Lucretia* ! is there no Woman in the City fit for you, but the Daughter of the most notorious fantastical Lady within the Walls ?

Lean. Yet that fantastical Lady you thought fit for a Wife for me, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Sir, Foppery with Money had been something ; but a poor Fop, hang't, 'tis abominable.

Lean. Pray hear me, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a Jackanapes, ingenuously you are, Sir : marry *Lucretia*, quoth he ?

Lean. If it were so, Sir, where's her fault ?

Sir *Pat.* Why, Mr. Coxcomb, all over. Did I with so much care endeavour to marry thee to the Mother, only to give thee opportunity with *Lucretia* ?

Enter Lady Knowell.

Lean. This Anger shews your great Concern for me.

Sir *Pat.* For my Name I am, but 'twere no matter if thou wert hang'd, and thou deservest it for thy leud

cavaliering Opinion.—They say thou art a Papist too, or at least a Church-of-*England* Man, and I profess there's not a Pin to chuse.—Marry *Lucretia*!

L. *Kno*. Were I querimonious, I shou'd resent the Affront this *Balatroon* has offer'd me.

Isab. Dear Madam, for my sake do not anger him now.
[*Aside to her.*

L. *Kno*. Upon my Honour, you are very free with my Daughter, Sir.

Sir *Pat*. How! she here! now for a Peal from her eternal Clapper; I had rather be confin'd to an Iron-mill.

L. *Kno*. Sure *Lucretia* merits a Husband of as much worth as your Nephew, Sir.

Sir *Pat*. A better, Madam, for he's the leudest Hector in the Town; he has all the Vices of Youth, Whoring, Swearing, Drinking, Damning, Fighting,—and a thousand more, numberless and nameless.

L. *Kno*. Time, Sir, may make him more abstemious.

Sir *Pat*. Oh, never, Madam! 'tis in's Nature, he was born with it, he's given over to Reprobation, 'tis bred i'th' bone,—he's lost.

Lean. This is the first good Office that ever he did me.

L. *Kno*. What think you, Sir, if in defiance of your Inurbanity, I take him with all these Faults my self?

Sir *Pat*. How, Madam!

L. *Kno*. Without more Ambages, Sir, I have consider'd your former Desires, and have consented to marry him, notwithstanding your Exprobrations.

Sir *Pat*. May I believe this, Madam? and has your Ladyship that Goodness?—and hast thou, my Boy, so much Wit? Why, this is something now.—Well, he was ever the best and sweetest-natur'd Youth.—Why, what a notable Wag's this? and is it true, my Boy, hah?

Lean. Yes, Sir, I had told you so before, had you permitted me to speak.

Sir *Pat*. Well, Madam, he is only fit for your excellent

Ladyship, he is the prettiest civillest Lad.—Well, go thy ways; I shall never see the like of thee; no—Ingenuously, the Boy's made for ever; two thousand Pounds a Year, besides Money, Plate and Jewels; made for ever.—Well, Madam, the satisfaction I take in this Alliance, has made me resolve to give him immediately my Writings of all my Land in *Berkshire*, five hundred Pounds a year, Madam: and I wou'd have you married this Morning with my Daughter, so one Dinner and one Rejoicing will serve both.

L. Kno. That, Sir, we have already agreed upon.

Sir Pat. Well, I'll fetch the Writings. Come, *Isabella*, I'll not trust you out of my sight to day.

[*Ex. Sir Pat. and Isab.*]

Lean. Well then, Madam, you are resolv'd upon this business of Matrimony.

L. Kno. Was it not concluded between us, Sir, this Morning? and at the near approach do you begin to fear?

Lean. Nothing, Madam, since I'm convinc'd of your Goodness.

L. Kno. You flatter, Sir, this is mere Adulation.

Lean. No, I am that wild Extravagant my Uncle render'd me, and cannot live confin'd.

L. Kno. To one Woman you mean? I shall not stand with you for a Mistress or two; I hate a dull morose unfashionable Blockhead to my Husband; nor shall I be the first example of a suffering Wife, Sir. Women were created poor obedient things.

Lean. And can you be content to spare me five or six nights in a week?

L. Kno. Oh, you're too reasonable.

Lean. And for the rest, if I get drunk, perhaps I'll give to you: yet in my drink I'm damn'd ill-natur'd too, and may neglect my Duty; perhaps shall be so wicked, to call you cunning, deceitful, jilting, base, and swear you have undone me, swear you have ravish'd from my faithful Heart all that cou'd make it bless'd or happy.

Enter Lucretia weeping.

L. Kno. How now, *Lucretia*!

Lucr. Oh Madam, give me leave to kneel before, and tell you, if you pursue the Cruelty I hear you're going to commit, I am the most lost, most wretched Maid that breathes; we two have plighted Faiths, and shou'd you marry him, 'twere so to sin as Heaven would never pardon.

L. Kno. Rise, Fool.

Lucr. Never till you have given me back *Leander*, or leave to live no more.—Pray kill me, Madam; and the same Flowers that deck your nuptial Bed, Shall serve to strow my Herse, when I shall lie A dead cold Witness of your Tyranny.

L. Kno. Rise; I still design'd him yours.—I saw with pleasure, Sir, your reclination from my Addresses.—I have proved both your Passions, and 'twere unkind not to crown 'em with the due Præmium of each others Merits. *[Gives her to Lean.*

Lean. Can Heaven and you agree to be so bountiful?

L. Kno. Be not amaz'd at this turn, *Rotat omne fatum*.—But no more,—keep still that mask of Love we first put on, till you have gain'd the Writings: for I have no Joy beyond cheating that filthy Uncle of thine.—*Lucretia*, wipe your Eyes, and prepare for *Hymen*, the Hour draws near. *Thalessio, Thalessio*, as the *Romans* cry'd.

Lucr. May you still be admir'd as you deserve!

Enter Sir Patient with Writings, and Isabella.

Sir Pat. How, Madam *Lucretia*, and in Tears?

L. Kno. A little disgusted, Sir, with her Father-in-law, Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh, is that all? hold up thy Head, Sweet-heart, thy turn's next.—Here, Madam, I surrender my Title, with these Writings, and with 'em my Joy, my Life, my Darling, my *Leander*.—Now let's away, where's Mr. *Fainlove*?

Isab. He's but stept into *Cheapside*, to fit the Ring, Sir, and will be here immediately.

Sir Pat. I have Business anon about eleven of the Clock, a Consultation of Physicians, to confer about this Carcase of mine.

Lean. Physicians, Sir, what to do?

Sir Pat. To do! why, to take their advice, Sir, and to follow it.

Lean. For what, I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Pat. Why, Sir, for my Health.

Lean. I believe you are not sick, Sir, unless they make you so.

Sir Pat. They make me so!—Do you hear him, Madam—Am not I sick, Sir? not I, *Sir Patient Fancy*, sick?

L. Kno. He'll destroy my Design.—How, Mr. *Fancy*, not *Sir Patient* sick? or must he be incinerated before you'll credit it?

Sir Pat. Ay, Madam, I want but dying to undeceive him, and yet I am not sick!

Lean. Sir, I love your Life, and wou'd not have you die with *Fancy* and *Conceit*.—

Sir Pat. *Fancy* and *Conceit*! do but observe him, Madam,—what do you mean, Sir, by *Fancy* and *Conceit*?

L. Kno. He'll ruin all;—why, Sir,—he means—

Sir Pat. Nay, let him alone, let him alone, (with your Ladyship's pardon)—Come, Sir,—*Fancy* and *Conceit*, I take it, was the Question in debate.—

Lean. I cannot prove this to you, Sir, by force of Argument, but by Demonstration I will, if you will banish all your cozening Quacks, and take my wholesome Advice.

Sir Pat. Do but hear him, Madam: not prove it!

L. Kno. Sir, he means nothing.—Not sick! alas, Sir, you're very sick.

Sir Pat. Ay, ay, your Ladyship is a Lady of profound Knowledge.—Why, have I not had the advice of all the Doctors in *England*, and have I not been in continual

Physick this twenty Years:—and yet I am not sick! Ask my dear Lady, Sir, how sick I am, she can inform you.

[*L. Kno. goes and talks to Isab.*

Lean. She does her endeavour, Sir, to keep up the Humour.

Sir Pat. How, Sir?

Lean. She wishes you dead, Sir.

Sir Pat. What said the Rascal? wishes me dead!

Lean. Sir, she hates you.

Sir Pat. How! hate me! what, my Lady hate me?

Lean. She abuses your Love, plays tricks with ye, and cheats ye, Sir.

Sir Pat. Was ever so profane a Wretch! What, you will not prove this neither?

Lean. Yes, by demonstration too.

Sir Pat. Why, thou saucy Varlet, Sirrah, Sirrah, thank my Lady here I do not cudgel thee.—Well, I will settle the rest of my Estate upon her to morrow, I will, Sir; and thank God you have what you have, Sir, make much on't.

Lean. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis not my single Opinion, but the whole City takes notice on't: that I tell it you, Sir, is the Effect of my Duty, not Interest. Pray give me leave to prove this to you, Sir.

Sir Pat. What, you are at your Demonstration again?—come—let's hear.

Lean. Why, Sir, give her frequent opportunities,—and then surprize her;—or, by pretending to settle all upon her,—give her your Power, and see if she do not turn you out of Doors;—or—by feigning you are sick to death— or indeed by dying.

Sir Pat. I thank you, Sir,—this indeed is Demonstration, I take it.

[*Pulls off his Hat.*

Lean. I mean but feigning, Sir; and be a witness your self of her Sorrow, or Contempt.

Sir Pat. [*Pauses.*] Hah—hum,—why, ingenuously, this may be a very pretty Project.—Well, Sir, suppose I follow

your advice?—nay, I profess I will do so, not to try her Faith, but to have the pleasure to hear her conjugal Lamentations, feel her Tears bedew my Face, and her sweet Mouth kissing my Cheeks a thousand times; verily a wonderful Comfort.—And then, Sir, what becomes of your Demonstration?—

Enter Wittmore with the Ring.

Oh—Mr. *Fainlove*, come, come, you're tardy, let's away to Church.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, here is Doctor *Turboon*, and those other Doctors your Worship expected.

Enter Lady Fancy and Bartholomew.

Sir Pat. The Doctors already!—well, bring 'em up; come, Madam, we have waited for your Ladyship,—bring up the Doctors, *Roger*. [*Exit Roger.*]

L. Fan. *Wittmore*, I have now brought that design to a happy Conclusion, for which I married this formal Ass; I'll tell thee more anon,—we are observ'd.

L. Kno. Oh, *Lodwick's* come!

Enter Lodwick, Monsieur Turboon, Fat Doctor, Amsterdam, Leyden, Sir Credulous.

Sir Pat. Doctor *Turboon*, your Servant, I expected you not this two hours.

Turb. Nor had ee com, Sir, bot for dese wordy Gentlemen, whos Affairs wode not permit dem to come at your hoar.

Sir Pat. Are they *English* pray?

Turb. Dis is, Sir,—[*Pointing to Lod.*] an admirable Physician, and a rare Astrologer.—Dis speaks good *English*, bot a *Collender* born. [*Points to Sir Cred.*]

Sir Cred. What a pox, does the Fellow call me a Cullender?

Lod. He means a *High-Dutch-man* of the Town of *Collen*, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Sir, I have heard of your Fame.—Doctor, pray entertain these Gentlemen till my return, I'll be with you presently.

Lod. Sir, I hope you go not forth to day.

[*Gazing on his Face.*

Sir *Pat.* Not far, Sir.

Lod. There is a certain Star has rul'd this two days, Sir, of a very malignant Influence to Persons of your Complexion and Constitution.—Let me see—within this two hours and six minutes, its Malice will be spent, till then it will be fatal.

Sir *Pat.* Hum, reign'd this two Days?—I profess and things have gone very cross with me this two Days,—a notable Man this.

L. Kno. Oh, a very profound Astrologer, Sir, upon my Honour, I know him.

Sir *Pat.* But this is an Affair of that Importance, Sir,—

Lod. If it be more than Health or Life, I beg your pardon, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Nay, no Offence, Sir, I beseech you, I'll stay, Sir.

L. Kno. How! Sir *Patient* not see us married?

Sir *Pat.* You shall excuse me, Madam.

L. Fan. This was lucky; Oh Madam, wou'd you have my Dear venture out, when a malignant Star reigns! not for the World.

Sir *Pat.* No, I'll not stir; had it been any Star but a malignant Star, I had waited on your Ladyship: but these malignant Stars are very pernicious Stars. Nephew, take my Lady *Knowell*, Mr. *Fainlove* my Daughter; and *Bartholomew* do you conduct my Lady, the Parson stays for you, and the Coaches are at the Door.

[*Exeunt L. Kno. Lean. Wit. and Isab. L. Fancy and Bartholomew.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady has sent for you.

[*Exit.*

Lod. Sir, I'll be with you presently ; Sir *Credulous*, be sure you lug him by the Ears with any sort of Stuff till my return. I'll send you a Friend to keep you in countenance.

Sir Pat. Please you to sit, Gentlemen? [*Exit Lod.*

Amst. Please you, Sir.

[*To Sir Cred. who bows and runs back.*

Sir Cred. Oh Lord, sweet Sir, I hope you do not take me—Nay, I beseech you, Noble Sir—Reverend Sir.

[*Turning from one to t'other.*

Leyd. By no means, Sir, a Stranger.

Sir Cred. I beseech you—*Scavantissimi Doctores*,—incomparable Sir,—and you—or you.

Fat D. In troth, Sir, these Compliments are needless, I am something corpulent, and love my ease. [*Sits.*

Sir Cred. Generous Sir, you say well ; therefore *Con-licentia*, as the *Grecians* have it. [*Sits.*

Amst. —Brother.—

Leyd. Nay, good Brother,—Sir *Patient*—

Sir Pat. Ingenuously, not before you, Mr. Doctor.

Leyd. Excuse me, Sir, an Alderman, and a Knight.—

Sir Pat. Both below the least of the learned Society.

Leyd. Since you will have it so.

[*All sit and cry hum,—and look gravely.*

Sir Cred. Hum—hum, most Worthy, and most Renowned—*Medicinæ Professores, qui hic assemblati estis, & vos altri Messiores* ; I am now going to make a Motion for the publick Good of us all, but will do nothing without your Doctorships Approbation.

Sir Pat. Judiciously concluded.

Sir Cred. The question then is, *Reverentissimi Doctores*, whether—for mark me, I come to the matter in hand, hating long Circumstances of Words ; there being no necessity, as our learned Brother *Rabelais* observes in that most notorious Treatise of his call'd *Garagantua* ; there is, says he, no necessity of going over the Hedge when the Path lies fair before ye : therefore, as I said before,

I now say again, coming to my Question; for as that admirable *Welch* Divine says, in that so famous Sermon of his, upon her Creat Cranfather *Hadam* and her Creat Cranmother *Heeve* concerning the Happell,—and her will, warrant her, her will keep her to her Text still,—so I stick close to my question, which is, *Illustrissimi Doctores*, whether it be not necessary to the Affair in hand—to take—a Bottle; and if your Doctorships are of my opinion—hold up your Thumbs. [*All hold up their Thumbs.*

—Look, Sir, you observe the Votes of the learned *Cabalists*.

Sir *Pat.* Which shall be put in Act forthwith—I like this Man well, he does nothing without mature Deliberation.

Enter Brunswick.

Brun. By your leaves, Gentlemen—Sir *Credulous*—

[*Whispers.*

Sir *Cred.* Oh—'tis *Lodwick's* Friend, the Rascal's dress'd like *Vanderbergen* in the *Strand*:—Sir *Patient*, pray know this glorious Doctor, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* A Doctor, Sir?

Sir *Cred.* A Doctor, Sir! yes, and as eloquent a Doctor, Sir, as ever set Bill to Post: why, 'tis—the incomparable—*Brunswick, High-Dutch* Doctor.

Sir *Pat.* You're welcome, Sir,—Pray sit; ah.—Well, Sir, you are come to visit a very crazy sickly Person, Sir.

Brun. Pray let me feel your Pulse, Sir;—what think you, Gentlemen, is he not very far gone?—

[*Feels his Pulse, they all feel.*

Sir *Cred.* Ah, far, far.—Pray, Sir, have you not a certain wambling Pain in your Stomach, Sir, as it were, Sir, a—a pain, Sir.

Sir *Pat.* Oh, very great, Sir, especially in a Morning fasting.

Sir *Cred.* I knew it by your stinking Breath, Sir—and are you not troubled with a Pain in your Head, Sir?

Sir *Pat.* In my Head, Sir?

Sir Cred. I mean a—kind of a—Pain,—a kind of a *Vertigo*, as the *Latins* call it; and a *Whirligigoustiphon*, as the *Greeks* have it, which signifies in *English*, Sir, a Dizzie-swimming kind—of a do ye see—a thing—that—a—you understand me.

Sir Pat. Oh, intolerable, intolerable!—why, this is a rare Man!

Fat D. Your Reason, Sir, for that? [To Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. My Reason, Sir? why, my Reason, Sir, is this, *Haly the Moore*, and *Rabbi Isaac*, and some thousands more of learned *Dutchmen*, observe your dull Wall Eye and your Whir—*Whirligigoustiphon*, to be inseparable.

Brun. A most learned Reason!

Fat D. Oh, Sir, inseparable.

Sir Cred. And have you not a kind of a—something—do ye mark me, when you make Water, a kind of a stopping—and—a—do ye conceive me, I have forgot the *English* Term, Sir, but in *Latin* 'tis a *Stronggullionibus*.

Sir Pat. Oh, Sir, most extremely, 'tis that which makes me desperate, Sir.

Sir Cred. Your ugly Face is an infallible Sign; your *Dysurie*, as the *Arabicks* call it, and your ill-favour'd Countenance, are constant Relatives.

All. Constant, constant.

Sir Cred. Pray how do you eat, Sir?

Sir Pat. Ah, Sir, there's my distraction. Alas, Sir, I have the weakest Stomach—I do not make above four Meals a-day, and then indeed I eat heartily—but alas, what's that to eating to live?—nothing, Sir, nothing.—

Sir Cred. Poor Heart, I pity him.

Sir Pat. And between Meals, good Wine, Sweet-meats, Caudles,—Cordials and Mirabilises, to keep up my fainting Spirits.

Sir Cred. A Pox of his Aldermanship: an the whole Bench were such notable Swingers, 'twould famish the City sooner than a Siege.

Amst. Brothers, what do you think of this Man?

Leyd. Think, Sir? I think his Case is desperate.

Sir Cred. Shaw, Sir, we shall soon rectify the quiblets and quillities of his Blood, if he observes our Directions and Diet, which is to eat but once in four or five days.

Sir Pat. How, Sir, eat but once in four or five days? such a Diet, Sir, would kill me; alas, Sir, kill me.

Sir Cred. Oh no, Sir, no; for look ye, Sir, the Case is thus, do you mind me—so that the Business lying so obvious, do ye see, there is a certain Method, do ye mark me—in a—Now, Sir, when a Man goes about to alter the course of Nature,—the case is very plain, you may as well arrest the Chariot of the Sun, or alter the Eclipses of the Moon; for, Sir, this being of another Nature, the Nature of it is to be unnatural, you conceive me, Sir?—therefore we must crave your absence, Sir, for a few Minutes, till we have debated this great Affair.

Sir Pat. With all my heart, Sir, since my Case is so desperate, a few hours were not too much. [*Ex. Sir Pat.*

Sir Cred. Now, Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Oh living heart! what do all these Men do in our House? sure they are a sort of new-fashion'd Conventiclors:—I'll hear 'em preach.

[*They drink round the while.*

Amst. Sir, my service to you, and to your good Lady, Sir.

Leyd. Again to you, Sir, not forgetting your Daughters: they are fine Women, Sir, let Scandal do its worst.

[*Drinks.*

Turb. To our better trading, Sir.

Brun. Faith, it goes but badly on, I had the weekly Bill, and 'twas a very thin Mortality; some of the better sort die indeed, that have good round Fees to give.

Turb. Verily, I have not kill'd above my five or six this Week.

Brun. How, Sir, kill'd?

Turb. Kill'd, Sir! ever whilst you live, especially those who have the grand *Verole*; for 'tis not for a Man's Credit to let the Patient want an Eye or a Nose, or some other thing. I have kill'd ye my five or six dozen a Week—but times are hard.

Brun. I grant ye, Sir, your Poor for Experiment and Improvement of Knowledge: and to say truth, there ought to be such Scavengers as we to sweep away the Rubbish of the Nation. [*Sir Cred. and Fat seeming in Discourse.*

Sir Cred. Nay, an you talk of a Beast, my service to you, Sir—[*Drinks.*] Ay, I lost the finest Beast of a Mare in all *Devonshire*.

Fat D. And I the finest Spaniel, Sir.

[*Here they all talk together till you come to—purpose,*
Sir.

Turb. Pray, what News is there stirring?

Brun. Faith, Sir, I am one of those Fools that never regard whether *Lewis* or *Philip* have the better or the worst.

Turb. Peace is a great Blessing, Sir, a very great Blessing.

Brun. You are i'th right, Sir, and so my service to you, Sir.

Leyd. Well, Sir, *Stetin* held out nobly, though the *Gazettes* are various.

Amst. There's a world of Men kill'd they say; why, what a shame 'tis so many thousands should die without the help of a Physician.

Leyd. Hang 'em, they were poor Rogues, and not worth our killing; my service to you, Sir, they'll serve to fill up Trenches.

Sir Cred. Spaniel, Sir! no Man breathing understands Dogs and Horses better than my self.

Fat D. Your pardon for that, Sir.

Sir Cred. For look ye, Sir, I'll tell you the Nature of Dogs and Horses.

Fat D. So can my Groom and Dog-keeper; but what's this to th' purpose, Sir? [*Here they leave off.*

Sir Cred. To th' purpose, Sir! good Mr. *Hedleburgh*, do you understand what's to th' purpose? you're a *Dutch Butter-ferkin*, a *Kilderkin*, a *Double Jug*.

Fat D. You're an ignorant Blockhead, Sir.

Sir Cred. You lye, Sir, and there I was with you again.

Amst. What, quarrelling, Men of your Gravity and Profession.

Sir Cred. That is to say, Fools and Knaves: pray, how long is't since you left *Toping* and *Napping*, for *Quacking*, good Brother *Cater-tray*?—but let that pass, for I'll have my Humour, and therefore will quarrel with no Man, and so I drink.— [Goes to fill again.

Brun. —But, what's all this to the Patient, Gentlemen?

Sir Cred. Ay,—the Wine's all out,—and Quarrels apart, Gentlemen, as you say, what do you think of our Patient? for something I conceive necessary to be said for our Fees.

Fat D. I think that unless he follows our Prescriptions he's a dead Man.

Sir Cred. Ay, Sir, a dead Man.

Fat D. Please you to write, Sir, you seem the youngest Doctor. [To Amst.

Amst. Your Pardon, Sir, I conceive there may be younger Doctors than I at the Board.

Sir Cred. A fine Punctilio this, when a Man lies a dying [*Aside.*] —Sir, you shall excuse me, I have been a Doctor this 7 Years.

[They shove the Pen and Paper from one to the other.

Amst. I commenc'd at *Paris* twenty years ago.

Leyd. And I at *Leyden*, almost as long since.

Fat D. And I at *Barcelona* thirty.

Sir Cred. And I at *Padua*, Sir.

Fat D. You at *Padua*?

Sir Cred. Yes, Sir, I at *Padua*; why, what a pox, do ye think I never was beyond Sea?

Brun. However, Sir, you are the youngest Doctor, and must write.

Sir *Cred.* I will not lose an inch of my Dignity.

Fat D. Nor I.

Amst. Nor I.

Leyd. Nor I. [Put the Paper from each other.

Brun. Death, what Rascals are these?

Sir *Cred.* Give me the Pen—here's ado about your *Paduas* and *Punctilioes*. [Sets himself to write.

Amst. Every morning a Dose of my Pills *Merda querusticon*, or the *Amicable Pill*.

Sir *Cred.* Fasting?

Leyd. Every Hour sixscore drops of *Adminicula Vitæ*.

Sir *Cred.* Fasting too? [Sir *Cred.* writes still.

Fat D. At Night twelve Cordial Pills, *Gallimofriticus*.

Turb. Let Blood once a Week, a Glister once a day.

Brun. Cry Mercy, Sir, you're a *French Man*.—After his first Sleep, threescore restorative Pills, call'd *Cheatus Redivivus*.

Sir *Cred.* And lastly, fifteen Spoonfuls of my *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*, as often as 'tis necessary; little or no Breakfast, less Dinner, and go supperless to Bed.

Fat D. Hum, your *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*?

Sir *Cred.* Yes, Sir, my *Tetrachymagogon*; for look ye, do you see, Sir, I cur'd the Arch-Duke of *Strumbulo* of a *Gondileero*, of which he dy'd, with this very *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*.

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir *Pat.* Well, Gentlemen, am I not an intruder?

Fat D. Sir, we have duly consider'd the state of your Body; and are now about the Order and Method you are to observe.

Brun. Ay, this Distemper will be the occasion of his Death.

Sir *Cred.* Hold, Brothers, I do not say the occasion of his Death; but the occasional Cause of his Death.

[Sir *Pat.* reads the *Bill*.

Sir *Pat.* Why, here's no time allow'd for eating, Gentlemen.

Amst. Sir, we'll justify this Prescription to the whole College.

Leyd. If he will not follow it, let him die.

All. Ay, let him die.

Enter Lodwick and Leander.

Lod. What, have you consulted without me, Gentlemen?

[*Lod. reads the Bill.*

Sir *Pat.* Yes, Sir, and find it absolutely necessary for my Health, Sir, I shou'd be starv'd: and yet you say I am not sick, Sir.

[*To Lean.*

Lod. Very well, very well.

Sir *Pat.* No Breakfast, no Dinner, no Supper?

Sir *Cred.* Little or none, but none's best.

Sir *Pat.* But, Gentlemen, consider, no small thing?

All. Nothing, nothing.

Sir *Cred.* Sir, you must write for your Fee. [*To Lod.*

Lod. Now I think on't, Sir, you may eat [*Writes.*
a roasted Pippin cold upon a Vine-leaf, at night.

Lean. Do you see, Sir, what damn'd canting Rascals these Doctors are?

Sir *Pat.* Ay, ay, if all Doctors were such, ingenuously, I shou'd soon be weary of Physick.

Lean. Give 'em their Fees, Sir, and send 'em to the Devil for a Company of Cheats.

Sir *Pat.* Truth is, there is no faith in 'em,—well, I thank you for your Care and Pains. [*Gives 'em Fees.*

Sir *Cred.* Sir, if you have any occasion for me, I live at the red-colour'd Lanthorn, with eleven Candles in't, in the *Strand*; where you may come in privately, and need not be ashamed, I having no Creature in my House but my self, and my whole Family.—

Ick quam Van Neder Landt te spreken

End helpen Van Pocken end ander gebreken.

That's a top of my Bill, sweet Sir. [*Exeunt Doctors.*

Fan. Lord, Sir Father, why do you give 'em Money?

Lean. For talking Nonsense this Hour or two upon his Distemper.

Fan. Oh lemini, Sir, they did not talk one word of you, but of Dogs and Horses, and of killing Folks, and of their Wives and Daughters; and when the Wine was all out, they said they wou'd say something for their Fees.

Sir Pat. Say you so!—Knaves, Rogues, Cheats, Murderers! I'll be reveng'd on 'em all,—I'll ne'er be sick again,—or if I be, I'll die honestly of my self without the assistance of such Rascals,—go, get you gone.—

[*To Fan. who goes out.*

Lean. A happy resolution! wou'd you wou'd be so kind to your self as to make a trial of your Lady too; and if she prove true, 'twill make some kind of amends for your so long being cozen'd this way.

Sir Pat. I'll about it, this very minute about it,—give me a Chair.—

[*He sits.*

Lean. So, settle your self well, disorder your Hair,—throw away your Cane, Hat and Gloves,—stare, and rowl your Eyes, squeeze your Face into Convulsions,—clutch your Hands, make your Stomach heave, so, very well,—now let me alone for the rest—Oh, help, help, my Lady, my Aunt, for Heavens sake, help,—come all and see him die.

[*Weeps.*

*Enter Wittmore, Lady Fancy, Isabella, Lucretia,
Lady Knowell, Roger, and Nurse.*

Wit. *Leander*, what's the matter?

Lean. See, Madam, see my Uncle in the Agonies of Death.

L. Fan. My dearest Husband dying, Oh! [*Weeps.*

Lean. How hard he struggles with departing Life!

Isab. Father, dear Father, must I in one day receive a Blessing with so great a Curse? Oh,—he's just going, Madam.—

[*Weeps.*

L. Fan. Let me o'ertake him in the Shades below, why do you hold me, can I live without him? do I dissemble well?—

[*Aside to Wit.*

Sir Pat. Not live without me!—do you hear that, Sirrah?

[*Aside to Lean.*

Lean. Pray mark the end on't, Sir,—feign,—feign.—

L. Kno. We left him well, how came he thus o'th' sudden?

Lean. I fear 'tis an Apoplexy, Madam.

L. Fan. Run, run for his Physician; but do not stir a foot.

[*Aside to Roger.*

Look up, and speak but one kind word to me.

Sir Pat. What crys are these that stop me on my way?

L. Fan. They're mine,—your Lady's—oh, surely he'll recover.

[*Aside.*

Your most obedient Wife's.

Sir Pat. My Wife's, my Heir, my sole Executrix.

L. Fan. Hah, is he in's Senses?

[*Aside to Wit.*

Oh my dear Love, my Life, my Joy, my All, [Crys. Oh, let me go; I will not live without him.

[*Seems to faint in Wittmore's Arms. All run about her.*

Sir Pat. Do ye hear that, Sirrah?

Lean. Have yet a little Patience, die away,—very well—Oh, he's gone,—quite gone.

[*L. Fan. swoons.*

L. Kno. Look to my Lady there,

[*Swoons again.*

—Sure she can but counterfeit.

[*Aside. [They all go*

Sir Pat. Hah, my Lady dying!

about her.

Lean. Sir, I beseech you wait the event. Death! the cunning Devil will dissemble too long and spoil all,—here—carry the dead Corps of my dearest Uncle to his Chamber. Nurse, to your Care I commit him now.

[*Exeunt with Sir Pat. in a Chair.*

[*All follow but Wittmore; who going the other way, meets Sir Credulous and Lodwick, as before.*

Wit. Lodwick! the strangest unexpected News, *Sir Patient's* dead!

Sir *Cred.* How, dead! we have play'd the Physicians to good purpose, i'faith, and kill'd the Man before we administer'd our Physick.

Wit. Egad, I fear so indeed.

Lod. Dead!

Wit. As a Herring, and 'twill be dangerous to keep these habits longer.

Sir *Cred.* Dangerous! Zoz, Man, we shall all be hang'd, why, our very Bill dispatch'd him, and our Hands are to't,—Oh, I'll confess all.— [Offers to go.

Lod. Death, Sir, I'll cut your Throat if you stir.

Sir *Cred.* Wou'd you have me hang'd for Company, Gentlemen? Oh, where shall I hide my self, or how come at my Clothes?

Lod. We have no time for that; go get you into your Basket again, and lie snug, till I have convey'd you safe away,—or I'll abandon you.— [Aside to him.

'Tis not necessary he shou'd be seen yet, he may spoil *Leander's* Plot. [Aside.

Sir *Cred.* Oh, thank ye, dear *Lodwick*,—let me escape this bout, and if ever the Fool turn Physician again, may he be choak'd with his own *Tetrachymagogen*.

Wit. Go, haste and undress you, whilst I'll to *Lucia*.

[Exeunt *Lod.* and *Sir Cred.*

As Wittmore is going out at one Door, enter Sir Patient and Leander at the other Door.

Lean. Hah, *Wittmore* there! he must not see my Uncle yet. [Puts *Sir Pat.* back. Exit *Wit.*

Sir *Pat.* Nay, Sir, never detain me, I'll to my Lady, is this your Demonstration?—Was ever so virtuous a Lady—Well, I'll to her, and console her poor Heart; ah, the Joy 'twill bring her to see my Resurrection!—I long to surprize her. [Going off cross the Stage.

Lean. Hold, Sir, I think she's coming,—blest sight, and with her *Wittmore*! [Puts *Sir Pat.* back to the Door.

Enter Lady Fancy and Wittmore.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, what's this?

L. *Fan.* Now, my dear *Wittmore*, claim thy Rites of Love without controul, without the contradiction of wretched Poverty or Jealousy: Now undisguised thou mayst approach my Bed, and reign o'er all my Pleasures and my Fortunes, of which this Minute I create thee Lord, And thus begin my Homage.— [Kisses him.]

Sir *Pat.* Sure 'tis some Fiend! this cannot be my Lady.

Lean. 'Tis something uncivil before your face, Sir, to do this.

Wit. Thou wondrous kind, and wondrous beautiful; that Power that made thee with so many Charms, gave me a Soul fit only to adore 'em; nor wert thou destin'd to another's Arms, but to be render'd still more fit for mine.

Sir *Pat.* Hah, is not that *Fainlove*, *Isabella's* Husband? Oh Villain! Villain! I will renounce my Sense and my Religion. [Aside.]

L. *Fan.* Another's Arms! Oh, call not those hated Thoughts to my remembrance, Lest it destroy that kindly Heat within me, Which thou canst only raise and still maintain.

Sir *Pat.* Oh Woman! Woman! damn'd dissembling Woman. [Aside.]

L. *Fan.* Come, let me lead thee to that Mass of Gold he gave me to be despis'd; And which I render thee, my lovely Conqueror, As the first Tribute of my glorious Servitude. Draw in the Basket which I told you of, and is amongst the Rubbish in the Hall. [Exit Wittmore.] That which the Slave so many Years was toiling for, I in one moment barter for a Kiss, as Earnest of our future Joys.

Sir *Pat.* Was ever so prodigal a Harlot? was this the Saint? was this the most tender Consort that ever Man had?

Lean. No, in good faith, Sir.

Enter Wittmore pulling in the Basket.

L. Fan. This is it, with a direction on't to thee, whither I design'd to send it.

Wit. Good morrow to the Day, and next the Gold ;
Open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint—
Hail the World's Soul,—

[Opens the Basket, Sir Cred. starts up.]

L. Fan. O Heavens ! what thing art thou ?

Sir Cred. O, Pardon, Pardon, sweet Lady, I confess I had a hand in't.

L. Fan. In what, thou Slave ?—

Sir Cred. Killing the good believing Alderman ;—but 'twas against my Will.

L. Fan. Then I'm not so much oblig'd to thee,—but where's the Money, the 8000*l.* the Plate and Jewels, Sirrah ?

Wit. Death, the Dog has eat it.

Sir Cred. Eat it ! Oh Lord, eat 8000*l.* Wou'd I might never come out of this Basket alive, if ever I made such a Meal in my Life.

Wit. Ye Dog, you have eat it ; and I'll make ye swallow all the Doses you writ in your Bill, but I'll have it upward or downward. *[Aside.]*

Sir Pat. Hah, one of the Rogues my Doctors.

Sir Cred. Oh, dear Sir, hang me out of the way rather.

Enter Maundy.

Maun. Madam, I have sent away the Basket to Mr. Wittmore's Lodgings.

L. Fan. You might have sav'd your self that Labour, I now having no more to do, but to bury the stinking Corps of my quandom Cuckold, dismiss his Daughters, and give thee quiet possession of all. *[To Wit.]*

Sir Pat. Fair Lady, you'll take me along with you ?

[Snaps, pulls off his Hat, and comes up to her.]

L. Fan. My Husband !—I'm betray'd—

Sir Pat. Husband ! I do defy thee, Satan, thou greater

Whore than she of *Babylon* ; thou Shame, thou Abomination to thy Sex.

L. Fan. Rail on, whilst I dispose my self to laugh at thee.

Sir Pat. Leander, call all the House in to be a Witness of our Divorce. [Exit *Lean.*

L. Fan. Do, and all the World, and let 'em know the Reason.

Sir Pat. Methinks I find an Inclination to swear,—to curse my self and thee, that I cou'd no better discern thee ; nay, I'm so chang'd from what I was, that I think I cou'd even approve of Monarchy and Church-Discipline, I'm so truly convinc'd I have been a Beast and an Ass all my Life.

Enter Lady Knowell, Isabella, Lucretia, Leander, Lodwick, Fanny, &c.

L. Kno. Hah, *Sir Patient* not dead ?

Sir Pat. Ladies and Gentlemen, take notice that I am a Cuckold, a crop-ear'd snivelling Cuckold.

Sir Cred. A Cuckold ! sweet Sir, shaw, that's a small matter in a Man of your Quality.

Sir Pat. And I beg your pardon, Madam, for being angry that you call'd me so. [To *L. Kno.*] And yours, dear *Isabella*, for desiring you to marry my good Friend there [Points to *Wit.*] whose name I perceive I was mistaken in :—and yours, *Leander*, that I wou'd not take your Advice long since : and yours, fair Lady, for believing you honest,—'twas done like a credulous Coxcomb :—and yours, Sir, for taking any of your Tribe for wise, learned or honest. [To *Sir Credulous.*

Wit. Faith, Sir, I deceiv'd ye only to serve my Friend ; and, Sir, your Daughter is married to Mr *Knowell* : your Wife had all my stock of Love before, Sir.

[*Lod. and Isab. kneel.*

Sir Pat. Why, God-a-mercy—some comfort that,—God bless ye.—I shall love Disobedience while I live for't.

Lod. I am glad on't, Sir, for then I hope you will forgive *Leander*, who has married my Sister, and not my Mother.

Sir Pat. How! has he served me so?—I'll make him my Heir for't, thou hast made a Man of me, my Boy, and, faith, we will be merry,—Fair Lady, you may depart in peace, fair Lady, restoring my Money, my Plate, my Jewels and my Writings, fair Lady.—

L. Fan. You gave me no Money, Sir, prove it if you can; and for your Land, 'twas not settled with this Proviso, if she be honest?

Sir Pat. 'Tis well thou dost confess I am a Cuckold, for I wou'd have it known, fair Lady.

L. Fan. 'Twast to that end I married you, good Alderman.

Sir Pat. I'faith, I think thou didst, Sweet-heart, i'faith, I think thou didst.

Wit. Right, Sir, we have long been Lovers, but want of Fortune made us contrive how to marry her to your good Worship. Many a wealthy Citizen, Sir, has contributed to the maintenance of a younger Brother's Mistress; and you are not the first Man in Office that has been a Cuckold, Sir.

Sir Pat. Some comfort that too, the Brethren of the Chain cannot laugh at me.

Sir Cred. A very pleasant old Fellow this: faith, I cou'd be very merry with him now, but that I am damnable sad.—Madam, I shall desire to lay the Saddle on the right Horse.

[*To L. Kno.*

L. Kno. What mean you, Sir?

Sir Cred. Only, Madam, if I were as some Men are, I should not be as I am.

L. Kno. It may be so, Sir.

Sir Cred. I say no more, but matters are not carried so swimmingly, but I can dive into the meaning on't.

[*Sir Patient talks this while to Lodwick.*

L. Kno. I hate this hypothetical way of arguing, answer me categorically.

Sir *Cred.* Hypothetical and Categorical ! what does she mean now ? [*Aside.*]—Madam, in plain *English*, I am made a *John-a-Nokes* of, *Jack-hold-my-staff*, a *Merry Andrew* Doctor, to give *Leander* time to marry your Daughter ; and 'twas therefore I was hoisted up in the Basket ;—but as the play says, 'tis well 'tis no worse : I'd rather lose my Mistress than my Life.

Sir *Pat.* But how came this Rascal *Turboon* to admit you ?

Lod. For the Lucre of our Fees, Sir, which was his recompence.

Sir *Pat.* I forgive it you, and will turn Spark, they live the merriest Lives—keep some City Mistress, go to Court, and hate all Conventicles.

*You see what a fine City-Wife can do
Of the true-breed ; instruct her Husband too :
I wish all civil Cuckolds in the Nation
Would take example by my Reformation.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Gwin.

*I here and there o'erheard a Coxcomb cry, [Looking
Ah, Rot it—'tis a Woman's Comedy, about.
One, who because she lately chanc'd to please us,
With her damn'd Stuff, will never cease to teeze us.
What has poor Woman done, that she must be
Debar'd from Sense, and sacred Poetry ?
Why in this Age has Heaven allow'd you more,
And Women less of Wit than heretofore ?
We once were fam'd in story, and could write
Equal to Men ; cou'd govern, nay, cou'd fight.
We still have passive Valour, and can show,
Wou'd Custom give us leave, the active too,
Since we no Provocations want from you.* }

*For who but we cou'd your dull Fopperies bear,
 Your saucy Love, and your brisk Nonsense bear;
 Indure your worse than womanish Affectation,
 Which renders you the Nuisance of the Nation;
 Scorn'd even by all the Misses of the Town,
 A Jest to Vizard Mask, the Pit-Buffer;
 A Glass by which the admiring Country Fool
 May learn to dress himself en Ridicule:
 Both striving who shall most ingenious grow
 In Leudness, Foppery, Nonsense, Noise and Show.
 And yet to these fine things we must submit
 Our Reason, Arms, our Laurels, and our Wit.
 Because we do not laugh at you, when leud,
 And scorn and cudgel ye when you are rude.
 That we have nobler Souls than you, we prove,
 By how much more we're sensible of Love;
 Quickest in finding all the subtlest ways
 To make your Joys, why not to make you Plays?
 We best can find your Foibles, know our own,
 And Jilts and Cuckolds now best please the Town;
 Your way of Writing's out of fashion grown. }
 Method, and Rule—you only understand;
 Pursue that way of Fooling, and be damn'd.
 Your learned Cant of Action, Time and Place,
 Must all give way to the unlabour'd Farce.
 To all the Men of Wit we will subscribe:
 But for your half Wits, you unthinking Tribe,
 We'll let you see, whate'er besides we do,
 How artfully we copy some of you:
 And if you're drawn to th' Life, pray tell me then,
 Why Women should not write as well as Men.*

THE AMOROUS PRINCE.

ARGUMENT.

FREDERICK, 'the Amorous Prince,' a mercurial young gallant, son to the Duke of Florence, under a solemn promise of marriage debauches Cloris, sister to his friend and confidant, Curtius. The girl has always led a secluded country life, and this relationship is unknown to the Prince, who upon hearing the praises of Laura, beloved by Curtius, straightway resolves to win this lady also. Laura's brother Lorenzo, a wanton madcap favourite of Frederick's, gladly effects the required introduction, and when Curtius interrupts and forbids, Salvator, father to Laura and Lorenzo, promptly turns the quondam lover out of the house. Lorenzo himself is idly pursuing Clarina, wife to a certain Antonio, an abortive intrigue carried on to his own impoverishment, but the enrichment of Isabella, Clarina's woman, a wench who fleeces him unmercifully. Antonio being of a quaint and jealous humour would have his friend Alberto make fervent love to Clarina, in order that by her refusals and chill denials her spotless conjugal fidelity may be proved. However, Ismena, Clarina's sister, appears in a change of clothes as the wife, and manifold complications ensue, but eventually all is cleared and Ismena accepts Alberto, whom she has long loved; not before Isabella, having by a trick compelled Lorenzo to declare himself her husband, enforces the bargain. Cloris, meanwhile, disguised as a boy under the name of Philibert, attaches herself to Frederick, first succouring him when he is wounded in a duel by Curtius. Curtius to avenge his wrongs disguises himself, and as a pandar entices Frederick into a snare by promises of supplying the amorous Prince with lovely cyprians. Bravos, however, are in waiting, but these prove to be in the service of Antonio, who appears with Alberto and their friends, completely frustrating the plot, whilst Clarina, Ismena, and other ladies have acted the courtezans to deceive Curtius, and at the same time read the Prince a salutary lesson. He profits so much by this experience that he takes Cloris, whose sex is discovered, to be his bride, whilst Laura bestows her hand on the repentant and forgiven Curtius.

SOURCE.

MRS. BEHN has taken her episode of Antonio's persuading Alberto to woo Clarina from Robert Davenport's fine play, *The City Night-Cap* (4to 1661, but licensed 24 October, 1624) where Lorenzo induces Philippo to test Abstemia in the same way. Astrea, however, has considerably altered the conduct of the intrigue. Bullen (*The Works of Robert Davenport*, 1890) conclusively and exhaustively demonstrates that Davenport made use of Greene's popular *Philomela*; *the Lady Fitzwater's Nighbtingale* (1592, 1615, and 1631), wherein Count Philippo employs Giovanni Lutesio to 'make experience of his wife's [Philomela's] honesty', rather than was under

any obligation to Cervantes' *Curioso Impertinente*, *Don Quixote*, Book IV, ch. vi-viii. Read, Dunlop, and Hazlitt all had express'd the same opinion. The Spanish tale turns upon the fact of Anselmo, the Curious Impertinent, enforcing his friend Lothario to tempt his wife Camilla. Such a theme, however, is common, and with variations is to be found in Italian novelle. Recent authorities are inclined to suggest that the plot of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Coxcomb* (1610), much of which runs on similar lines, is not founded on Cervantes. Southerne, in his comedy, *The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion* (1684) and 'starch Johnny Crowne' in *The Married Beau* (1694), both comedies of no little wit and merit, are patently indebted to *The Curious Impertinent*. Cervantes had also been used three quarters of a century before by Nat Field in his *Amends for Ladies* (4to, 1618), where Sir John Loveall tries his wife in an exactly similar manner to Lorenzo, Count Philippo and Anselmo.

The amours of the Florentine court are Mrs. Behn's own invention; but the device by which Curtius ensnares Frederick is not unlike Vendice and Hippolito's trapping of the lecherous old Duke in *The Revenger's Tragedy* (4to, 1607), albeit the saturnine Tourneur gives the whole scene a far more terrible and tragic catastrophe.

In January, 1537, Lorenzino de Medici having enticed Duke Alessandro of Florence to his house under pretext of an assignation with a certain Caterina Ginori, after a terrible struggle assassinated him with the aid of a notorious bravo. Several plays have been founded upon this history. Notable amongst them are Shirley's admirable tragedy, *The Traitor* (licensed May, 1631, 4to 1635) and in later days de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* (1834).

The Mask in Act v of *The Amorous Prince* is in its purport most palpably akin to the Elizabethans.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The Amorous Prince was produced by the Duke's Company in the spring of 1671 at their Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, whence they migrated in November of the same year to the magnificent new house in Dorset Garden. No performers' names are given to the comedy, which met with a very good reception. It seems to have kept the boards awhile, but there is no record of any particular revival.

THE AMOROUS PRINCE.

PROLOGUE.

*WELL! you expect a Prologue to the Play,
 And you expect it too Petition-way;
 With Chapeau bas beseeching you t' excuse
 A damn'd Intrigue of an unpractis'd Muse;
 Tell you it's Fortune waits upon your Smiles,
 And when you frown, Lord, how you kill the whites!
 Or else to rally up the Sins of th' Age,
 And bring each Fop in Town upon the Stage;
 And in one Prologue run more Vices o'er,
 Than either Court or City knew before:
 Ah! that's a Wonder which will please you too,
 But my Commission's not to please you now.
 First then for you grave Dons, who love no Play
 But what is regular, Great Johnson's way;
 Who hate the Monsieur with the Farce and Droll,
 But are for things well said with Spirit and Soul;
 'Tis you I mean, whose Judgments will admit
 No Interludes of fooling with your Wit;
 You're here defeated, and anon will cry,
 'Sdeath! wou'd 'twere Treason to write Comedy.
 So! there's a Party lost; now for the rest,
 Who swear they'd rather hear a smutty Jest
 Spoken by Nokes or Angel, than a Scene
 Of the admir'd and well penn'd Cataline;
 Who love the comick Hat, the Jig and Dance,
 Things that are fitted to their Ignorance:
 You too are quite undone, for here's no Farce
 Damn me! you'll cry, this Play will be mine A—*

*Not serious, nor yet comick, what is't then?
Th' imperfect issue of a lukewarm Brain:
'Twas born before its time, and such a Whelp;
As all the after-lickings could not help.
Bait it then as ye please, we'll not defend it,
But he that dis-approves it, let him mend it.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Frederick, Son to the Duke.

Curtius, his Friend.

Lorenzo, a rich extravagant Lord, a kind of Favourite to *Frederick*.

Salvator, Father to *Lorenzo* and *Laura*.

Antonio, a Nobleman of *Florence*.

Alberto, his dear Friend, a Nobleman also.

Pietro, Man to *Curtius*.

Galliard, Servant to the Prince.

Guilliam, Man to *Cloris*, a Country-fellow.

Valet to *Antonio*.

WOMEN.

Clarina, Wife to *Antonio*.

Ismena, Sister to *Antonio*, in love with *Alberto*.

Laura, Sister to *Lorenzo*, in love with *Curtius*.

Cloris, Sister to *Curtius*, disguis'd like a Country Maid, in love with *Frederick*.

Isabella, Woman to *Clarina*.

Lucia, Maid to *Cloris*.

Pages and Musick.

SCENE, *The Court of Florence.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Chamber of Cloris.*

Enter Cloris drest in her Night Attire, with Frederick dressing himself.

Clo. And will you leave me now to Fears,
Which Love it self can hardly satisfy?
But those, and that together sure will kill me,
If you stay long away.

Fred. My Dear, 'tis almost day, and we must part;
Should those rude Eyes 'mongst whom thou dwell'st
perceive us,

'Twould prove unhappy both to thee and me.

Clo. And will you, Sir, be constant to your Vows?

Fred. Ah *Cloris!* do not question what I've sworn;
If thou would'st have it once again repeated,
I'll do't. By all that's good, I'll marry thee;
By that most Holy Altar, before which we kneel'd,
When first I saw the brightest Saint that e'er ador'd it;
I'll marry none but thee, my dearest *Cloris*.

Clo. Sir, you have said enough to gain a credit
With any Maid, though she had been deceiv'd
By some such Flatteries as these before.

I never knew the pains of Fear till now; [Sighs.
And you must needs forgive the Faults you make,
For had I still remain'd in Innocence,
I should have still believ'd you.

Fred. Why, dost thou not, my Love?

Clo. Some doubts I have, but when I look on you,
Though I must blush to do so, they all vanish;
But I provide against your absence, Sir.

Fred. Make no provision, *Cloris*, but of Hope,
Prepare thy self against a Wedding day,
When thou shalt be a little Deity on Earth.

Clo. I know not what it is to dwell in Courts,
But sure it must be fine, since you are there;
Yet I could wish you were an humble Shepherd,
And knew no other Palace than this Cottage;
Where I would weave you Crowns, of Pinks and Daisies,
And you should be a Monarch every *May*.

Fred. And, *Cloris*, I could be content to sit
With thee, upon some shady River's Bank,
To hear thee sing, and tell a Tale of Love.
For these, alas! I could do any thing;
A Sheep-hook I could prize above a Sword;
An Army I would quit to lead a Flock,
And more esteem that Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Bays:
All this I could, but, Dear, I have a Father,
Whom for thy sake, to make thee great and glorious,
I would not lose my Int'rest with.
But, *Cloris*, see, the unkind day approaches,
And we must kiss and part.

Clo. Unkind it is indeed, may it prove so
To all that wish its presence,
And pass as soon away,
That welcome Night may re-assume its place,
And bring you quickly back.

Fred. With great impatience I'll expect that Hour,
That shall conduct me in its Shades to thee;
Farewel.

Clo. Farewel, Sir, if you must be gone. [Sighs.

Fred. One Kiss, and then indeed I will be gone.

[Kisses her.

A new blown Rose kist by the Morning Dew,
Has not more natural Sweetness.

Ah *Cloris*! can you doubt that Heart,

To whom such Blessings you impart?
Unjustly you suspect that Prize,
Won by such Touches and such Eyes.
My Fairest, turn that Face away,
Unless I could for ever stay;
Turn but a little while I go.

Clo. Sir, I must see the last of you.

Fred. I dare not disobey; adieu till Evening. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Clo. How now, *Lucia*; is my Father up?

Luc. No, not a Mouse stirs yet; I have kept a true
Watch all this Night, for I was cruelly afraid
Lest we should have been surpriz'd—
Is the Prince gone? but why do I ask,
That may read it in your sad Looks?

Clo. Yes, he is gone, and with him too has taken—

[*Sighs.*

Luc. What has he taken? I'll swear you frighten me.

Clo. My heart, *Lucia*.

Luc. Your Heart, I am glad 'tis no worse.

Clo. Why, what dost think he should have taken?

Luc. A thing more hard to have been
Recovered again.

Clo. What thing, prithee?

Luc. Your Maiden-head.

Clo. What's that?

Luc. A thing young Gallants long extremely for,
And when they have it too, they say
They care not a Daisy for the Giver.

Clo. How comest thou so wise, *Lucia*?

Luc. Oh, the fine Gentleman that comes a-nights
With the Prince, told me so much, and bid me
Be sure never to part with it for fine Words;
For Men would lye as often as they swore;
And so bid me tell you too.

Clo. Oh *Lucia*!

Luc. Why do you sigh?

Clo. To think if Princes were like common Men,
How I should be undone,
Since I have given him all I had to give;
And who that looks on him can blame my Faith?

Luc. Indeed he surpasses *Damon* far;
But I'd forgot my self, you are the Prince's Wife;
He said you should be kneel'd to, and ador'd,
And never look'd on but on Holy-days:
That many Maids should wait upon your call,
And strow fine Flowers for you to tread upon.
Musick and Love should daily fill your Ears,
And all your other Senses should be ravish'd
With wonders of each kind great as your Beauty.

Clo. *Lucia*, methinks you have learnt to speak fine things.

Luc. I have a thousand more I've heard him say;
Oh, I could listen a whole Night to hear him talk:
But hark, I hear a Noise, the House is up,
And must not find us here.

Clo. Lock up this Box of Jewels for me.

Luc. Oh rare! what, did these come to night?

Clo. Yes, yes, away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Grove.

Enter Curtius and Pietro.

Cur. I wonder the Prince stays so long;
I do not like these Night-works;
Were I not confident of *Cloris's* Virtue,
—Which shall no more be tempted.

I hear some coming, and hope 'tis he—

Pietro, are the Horses ready? [Exit *Pietro*.

Enter Frederick.

Cur. Sir, you are welcome from *Cloris's* Arms.

Fred. With much ado, I am got loose from those fair

Fetters, but not from those of her Beauty ;
By these she still inflames me,
In spite of all my humours of Inconstancy ;
So soft and young, so fair and innocent,
So full of Air, and yet of Languishment ;
So much of Nature in her Heart and Eyes,
So timorous and so kind without disguise :
Such untaught Sweets in every part do move,
As 'gainst my Reason does compel my Love ;
Such artless smiles, look so unorder'd too,
Gains more than all the charms of Courts can do ;
From Head to Foot, a spotless Statue seems,
As Art, not Nature, had compos'd her Limbs ;
So white, and so unblemish'd, oh *Curtius* !
I'm ravisht beyond Sense when I but think on't ;
How much more must my Surprise be,
When I behold these Wonders.

Cur. And have you seen her, Sir, in all this Beauty ?
Oh Hell ! [*Aside.*

Fred. *Curtius*, I will not hide my Soul from thee ;
I have seen all the marvels of that Maid.

Cur. My Soul, learn now the Art of being disguis'd ;
[*Aside.*

—'Tis much, my Lord, that one
Bred in such simple Innocence,
Should learn so soon so much of Confidence :
Pray, Sir, what Arts and Cunning do you use ?

Fred. Faith, time and importunity refuse no body.

Cur. Is that the way ? had you no other Aids ?
Made you no promise to her, Sir, of Marriage ?

Fred. Oh, yes, in abundance, that's your only bait,
And though they cannot hope we will perform it,
Yet it secures their Honour and my Pleasure.

Cur. Then, Sir, you have enjoy'd her ?

Fred. Oh, yes, and gather'd Sweets
Would make an Anchoret neglect his Vow,

And think he had mistook his way to future bliss,
Which only can be found in such Embraces;
'Twas hard to gain, but, *Curtius*, when once Victor,
Oh, how the joys of Conquest did enslave me!

Cur. But, Sir, methinks 'tis much that she should yield,
With only a bare promise that you'd marry her.

Fred. Yes, there was something more—but—

Cur. But, what, Sir, you are not married.

Fred. Faith, yes, I've made a Vow,
And that you know would go as far with any other Man.

Cur. But she it seems forgot you were the Prince?

Fred. No, she urg'd that too,
And left no Arguments unus'd
Might make me sensible of what I did;
But I was fixt, and overcame them all,
Repeating still my Vows and Passions for her,
Till in the presence of her Maid and Heaven
We solemnly contracted.

Cur. But, Sir, by your permission, was it well?

Fred. What wouldst thou have him do
That's all on fire, and dies for an Enjoyment?

Cur. But having gain'd it, do you love her still?

Fred. Yes, yes, extremely,
And would be constant to the Vows I've made,
Were I a Man, as thou art of thy self;
But with the aid of Counsels I must chuse,
And what my Soul adores I must refuse.

Cur. This Passion, Sir, Possession will destroy,
And you'll love less, the more you do enjoy.

Fred. That's all my hope of cure; I'll ply that game,
And slacken by degrees th' unworthy flame.

Cur. Methinks, my Lord, it had more generous been
To've check'd that flame when first it did begin,
E'er you the slighted Victory had won,
And a poor harmless Virgin quite undone:
And what is worse, you've made her love you too.

Fred. Faith, that's the greater mischief of the two ;
I know to such nice virtuous Souls as thine,
My juster Inclination is a Crime :
But I love Pleasures which thou canst not prize,
Beyond dull gazing on thy Mistress Eyes,
The lovely Object which enslaves my Heart,
Must yet more certain Cures than Smiles impart :
—And you on *Laura* have the same design.

Cur. Yes, Sir, when justify'd by Laws Divine.

Fred. Divine ! a pleasant Warrant for your Sin,
Which being not made, we ne'er had guilty been.
But now we speak of *Laura*,
Prithee, when is't that I shall see that Beauty ?

Cur. Never, I hope [*Aside.*] I know not, Sir,
Her Father still is cruel, and denies me,
What she and I have long made suit in vain for :
But, Sir, your Interest might prevail with him,
When he shall know I'm one whom you esteem ;
He will allow my flame, and my address,
He whom you favour cannot doubt Success.

Fred. This day I will begin to serve thee in it.

Cur. Sir, 'twill be difficult to get access to her,
Her Father is an humorous old Man,
And has his fits of Pride and Kindness too.

Fred. Well, after Dinner I will try my Power,
And will not quit his Lodgings till I've won him.

Cur. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Fred. Come let us haste, the Day comes on apace.

[*Ex.* *Fred.*]

Cur. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

Oh *Gloris*, thou'rt undone, false amorous Girl ;
Was it for this I bred thee in obscurity,
Without permitting thee to know what Courts meant,
Lest their too powerful Temptation
Might have betray'd thy Soul ?
Not suffering thee to know thy Name or Parents,

Thinking an humble Life might have secur'd thy Virtue:
And yet I should not hate thee for this Sin,
Since thou art bred in so much Innocence,
Thou couldst not dream of Falsity in Men:
Oh, that it were permitted me to kill this Prince,
This false perfidious Prince;
And yet he knows not that he has abus'd me.
When did I know a Man of so much Virtue,
That would refuse so sweet and soft a Maid?
—No, he is just and good, only too much misled
By Youth and Flattery;
And one to whom my Soul is ty'd by Friendship;
—Yet what's a Friend, a name above a Sister?
Is not her Honour mine?
And shall not I revenge the loss of it?
It is but common Justice.
But first I'll try all gentle means I may,
And let him know that *Glory* is my Sister;
And if he then persevere in his Crime,
I'll lay my Interest and my Duty by,
And punish him, or with my Honour die. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Apartment of Antonio.*

Enter Lorenzo pulling in of Isabella.

Lor. Nay, nay, *Isabella*, there's no avoiding me now,
You and I must come to a parley.

Pray what's the reason
You took no notice of me,
When I came with so civil an address too?

Isab. Can you ever think to thrive in an Amour,
When you take notice of your Mistress,
Or any that belongs to her, in publick,
And when she's a married Woman too?

Lor. Good *Isabella*, the loser may have leave to speak,
I am sure it has been a plaguy dear Amour to me.

Isab. Let me hear you name that again,
And you shall miss of my Assistance.

Lor. Nay, do but hear me a little;
I vow 'tis the strangest thing in the World,
A Man must part from so much Money as I have done,
And be confin'd to Signs and Grimaces only,
To declare his Mind in:

If a Man has a Tongue, let him exercise it, I say,
As long as he pays for speaking.

Isab. Again with your paying for't? I see you are not
To be reclaim'd; farewell—

Lor. Stay, good *Isabella*, stay,
And thou shalt hear not one word of that more,
Though I am soundly urg'd to't.

Isab. Yes, yes, pray count them, do;
I know you long to be at it,
And I am sure you will find you are in Arrears to us.

Lor. Say you so, I am not of that opinion: but well,
—Let me see—here 'tis, here 'tis—

My Bill of Charge for courting *Clarina*.

[*Draws out his Table Book, and reads.*

Isab. And here's mine for the returns that have been
Made you; begin, begin. [Pulls out her Book.

Lor. *Item*, two hundred Crowns to *Isabella* for under-
taking.

Isab. *Item*, I have promis'd *Lorenzo* to serve him
In his Amour with all Fidelity.

Lor. Well, I own that Debt paid, if you keep
Your word—out with it then— [He crosses that out.

Item, two thousand Crowns in a Bracelet for *Clarina*;
What say you to that now, *Isabella*?

Isab. *Item*, the day after they were presented,
She saluted you with a smile at the Chappel.

Lor. And dost thou think it was not dearly bought?

Isab. No Man in *Florence* should have had it
A Souce cheaper.

Lor. Say you so, *Isabella*? out with it then. [*Crosses it out.*
Item, one hundred more to thee for presenting them.

Isab. Which I did with six lyes in your Commendation,
Worth ten Pistoles a piece for the exactness of a Lye;
Write there indebted to me—

Lor. Nay then thou dost deserve it:
Rest due to *Isabella*. [*Writes.*

Item, Innumerable Serenades, Night-walks, Affronts
And Fears; and lastly, to the Poets for Songs, and the like.

Isab. All which was recompensed in the excessive
Laughing on you that Day you praunc'd under our
Window on Horse-back, when you made such a
Deal of Capriol and Curvet.

Lor. Yes, where I ventur'd my Neck to shew my
Activity, and therefore may be well accompted
Amongst my Losses.

Isab. Then she receiv'd your Presents,
Suffer'd your Serenades, without sending her Foot-men
To break your Pate with the Fiddles.

Lor. Indeed that was one of the best Signs;
For I have been a great Sufferer in that kind
Upon the like occasions: but dost thou think
In Conscience that this should satisfy?

Isab. Yes, any reasonable Man in the World, for the
First Month at least; and yet you are still up
With your Expences, as if a Lady of her Quality
Were to be gain'd without them.

—Let me hear of your Expences more, and I'll—

Lor. Oh sweet *Isabella*! upon my Knees
I beg thou wilt take no fatal Resolution;
For I protest, as I am a Man of Honour,
And adore thy Sex, thou shalt only see,
Not hear of my Expences more;
And for a small testimony of it, here take this;
There's twenty Pistoles upon Reputation.

[*Gives her Money.*

Isab. Fy, fy, 'tis not brave, nor generous to name
The Sum, you should have slid it into my Coat,
Without saying what you had done.

Lor. What signifies that, mun, as long as 'tis current,
And you have it sure?

Isab. Well, leave the management of your Affairs to
me—

What shall we do? here's *Alberto*.

Enter Alberto.

Lor. Well, who can help it? I cannot walk invisible.

Alb. *Lorenzo*, what, making Love to *Isabella*?

Lor. She'll serve, my Lord, for want of a better.

Isab. That's but a coarse Complement.

Lor. 'Twill serve to disguise a Truth however.

[*Aside to her.* *Ex. Isab.*

Faith, I'll tell you, Sir, 'twas such another Damsel
As this, that sav'd me five hundred Pound once upon a
time;

And I have lov'd the whole Tribe of Waiting-women
The better ever since.

Alb. You have reason; how was it?

Lor. Why, look you, Sir,
I had made Love a long time to a Lady;
But she shall be nameless,
Since she was of a quality not to be gain'd under
The aforesaid Sum: well, I brought it,
Came poud'er'd and perfum'd, and high in expectation.

Alb. Well, Sir.

Lor. And she had a very pretty Wench, who was to
Conduct me, and in the dark too;
And, on my Conscience, I e'en fell aboard of her,
And was as well accommodated for my five,
As five Hundred Pounds, and so return'd.

Alb. A great defeat to the Lady the while, a my word.

Lor. Ay, she smelt the Plot, and made a Vow to follow

The *Italian* mode for the future ;
And be serv'd in Affairs of that kind by none
But an old Woman.

Alb. 'Twas wittily resolv'd.

Lor. Are you for the Presence this Morning?

Alb. No, I have business here with *Antonio*.

Lor. Your Servant, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Alb. I do not like this Fellow's being here,
The most notorious Pimp and Rascal in *Italy* ;
'Tis a vile shame that such as he should live,
Who have the form and sense of Man about them,
And in their Action Beast ;
And that he thrives by too.

Enter Isabella.

—*Isabella*, is *Antonio* stirring?

Isab. He is, please your Lordship to walk in.

Alb. You may tell him I wait here :

For I would avoid all opportunity of seeing *Clarina*.

[*Aside.*

Isab. My Lord, you need not stand upon Ceremonies.

[*Exit Alberto.*

*Enter Clarina and Ismena, dress'd like one another in every
thing, laughing and beholding one another.*

—Dress'd already ! now on my conscience

I know not which is which :

Pray God *Antonio* be not mistaken at night,

For I'll be sworn I am by day-light.

Ism. Dost think I may pass thus for *Clarina*?

Isab. Madam, you are the same to a hair ;

Wou'd I might never stir

If I can do any thing but wonder.

Clar. But hark, *Isabella*, if thou shou'dst have
Heard amiss, and that thy information should not be good,
Thou hast defeated us of a design,
Wherein we promise our selves no little pleasure.

Ism. Yes, I vow, all the Jest is lost if it be so.

Isab. I doubt 'twill be a true Jest on your side. [*Aside.*
—I warrant you, Madam, my Intelligence is good;
And to assure you of what I have said,
I dare undertake you shall hear the same over again :
For just now *Alberto* is come to visit my Lord,
Who I am sure will entertain him with no other stories,
But those of his Jealousy,
And to persuade him to court you.

Clar. 'Tis strange, since he set him that Task so long
ago,
He would not begin before.

Ism. Nay, pray God he begin now ;
Sister, he has hitherto took me for thee,
And sometimes his Eyes give me hope of a secret
Fire within, but 'twill not out ;
And I am so impatient till he declares himself,
That if he do not do it soon,
I shall e'en tell him who I am ;
For perhaps the Wife takes off the appetite,
Which would sharpen upon knowledge of the Virgin.

Clar. What then, you'll have all the sport to your self ?
—But, *Ismena*, remember my little Revenge on *Antonio*
Must accompany your Love to *Alberto*. [*Aside.*

Isab. But why this resemblance ?
For, Madam, since he never saw you,
And takes *Ismena* to be you ;
Might you not still pass so, without this likeness ?

Clar. Didst thou not say *Antonio* left the Court
And City, on purpose to give *Alberto* the more freedom
To Court me ?—Whilst he was away, I needed but retire,
And *Ismena* appear, and 'twould suffice ;
But now he is return'd,
He may chance to see them together, *en passant*, or so,
And this dress will abuse him as well as *Alberto* ;
For without that, this Plot of ours signifies little.

Ism. Ay, truly, for my part, I have no other design
Than doing my Sister a service.

Isab. The Plot is very likely to thrive I see,
Since you are so good at dissembling.

Ism. Fie, *Isabella*, what an ill opinion you have of me?
—But, Sister, 'tis much *Alberto* being so intimate
With *Antonio*, should never see you all this whole
Six Months of your being married.

Clar. Had you been bred any where
But in a Monastery, you would have known
'Tis not the custom here for Men to expose their
Wives to the view of any.

Isab. I hear them coming, let's away,
And pray listen to the Truths I have already told you.
[*They retire.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter Antonio and Alberto. Clarina and Ismena listen.

Alb. Once more, *Antonio*, welcome back to Court.

Ant. Oh my dear Friend, I long'd for thy Embraces;
—How goes the Game I left with thee to play?
What says my Wife, my beautiful *Clarina*?

Alb. *Clarina*!—

Ant. Yes, *Clarina*, have you not seen her yet?
I left the Court on purpose, for 'twas not handsome
For me to introduce you,
Lest she had look'd upon't as some design.

Alb. Seen her—yes—

Ant. And I conjur'd her too, to give you freedoms
Even equal to *Antonio*;
As far as I durst press with modesty,
And with pretence of Friendship;
And have you not attempted her?

Alb. Yes—but 'tis in vain.

Ant. Oh villanous Dissembler!

[*Aside.*]

Alb. She's cruel, strangely cruel,
And I'm resolv'd to give the Courtship o'er.

Ant. Sure, Friend, thou hast not us'd thy wonted power.

Alb. Yes, all that I know I'm master of, I us'd.

Ant. But didst thou urge it home? did she not see
Thy Words and Actions did not well agree?
Canst thou dissemble well? didst cry and melt,
As if the pain you but express'd, you felt?
Didst kneel, and swear, and urge thy Quality,
Heightning it too with some Disgrace on me?
And didst thou too assail her feeble side?
For the best bait to Woman is her Pride;
Which some mis-call her Guard:
Didst thou present her with the set of Jewels?
For Women naturally are more inclin'd
To Avarice, than Men: pray tell me, Friend.
—Vile Woman! did she take them—

Alb. I never ask'd her that.

Clar. Poor *Antonio*, how I pity him.

[*Aside.*

Ant. No!

Alb. No, I've done enough to satisfy thy Jealousy.
Here, take your set of Jewels back again; [*Gives a Box.*
Upon my Life *Clarina* is all Chastity.

Ant. I were the happiest Man on Earth, were this but
true;

But what are single Courtships?—give her these,
Which will assist thy Tongue to win her Heart;
And that once got, the other soon will follow;
There's far more Women won by Gold than Industry:
Try that, my dear *Alberto*,
And save thy Eyes the trouble of dissembling.

Alb. Content thee here, and do not tempt thy Fate,
I have regard unto thy Honour, Friend;
And should she yield, as Women are no Gods,
Where were thy future Joys?
What is't could make thee happy, or restore

That true Contentment which thou hadst before?
Alas! thou tempt'st me too, for I am frail,
And Love above my Friendship may prevail.

Ant. This will not do;
No, as thou art my Friend, and lov'st my Honour,
Pursue *Clarina* further;
Rally afresh, and charge her with this Present,
Disturb her every night with Serenades;
Make Love-Songs to her, and then sing them too;
Thou hast a Voice enough alone to conquer.

Alb. Fool, *Antonio!* [Aside.

Ant. Come, wilt thou undertake it once again?

Alb. I would not.

Ant. I am resolv'd to get this tryal made,
And if thou dost refuse thy Amity,
I'll try a Friend more willing, though less faithful;
With thee my Wife and Honour too are safe,
For should she yield, and I by that were lost,
'Twere yet some ease,
That none but thou wert witness to't.

Alb. Well, if it must be done, I'd rather do't,
Than you should be expos'd to th' scorn of others.

Ant. Spoke like my noble Friend;
Come dine with her to day, for I must leave you,
And give you all the opportunity
A real Lover wishes with a Mistress.

Ism. So we have heard enough. [*Ex. Clar. and Ism.*

Ant. Oh, were *Clarina* chaste, as on my Soul
I cannot doubt, more than that I believe
All Womankind may be seduc'd from Virtue;
I were the Man of all the World most bless'd
In such a Wife, and such a Friend as thou.

Alb. But what if I prevail, *Antonio?*

Ant. Then I'll renounce my faith in Womankind,
And place my satisfaction in thy Amity.
—But see, she comes, I'll leave you to your task.

Enter Ismena and Isabella.

Ism. Antonio not yet gone—

This must secure me. [Pulls down her Veil.

Ant. Clarina, why thus clouded?

Isab. I see he has most happily mistaken.

Ism. I was going, Sir, to visit *Laura*—

Ant. You must not go, I've business to the Duke,

And you must entertain my Friend till my return;

It is a freedom not usual here amongst Ladies,

But I will have it so;

Whom I esteem, I'll have you do so too.

Ism. Sir, I am all obedience.

[Exit Antonio, she pulls off her Veil; Alberto salutes her with seeming lowness.

Alb. Oh, how my Soul's divided

Between my Adoration and my Amity! [Aside.

Friendship, thou sacred band, hold fast thy Interest;

For yonder Beauty has a subtle power,

And can undo that knot, which other Arts

Could ne'er invent a way for.

Enter Antonio, and listens at the Door.

Ant. I'll see a little how he behaves himself. [Aside.

Alb. But she's Antonio's Wife; my Friend Antonio.

[Aside.

A Youth that made an Interest in my Soul,

When I had Language scarce to express my sense of it.

Ant. Death! he speaks not to her. [Aside.

Alb. So grew we up to Man, and still more fixt;

And shall a gaudy Beauty,

A thing which t'other day I never saw,

Deprive my Heart of that kind Heat,

And place a new and unknown Fire within? [Aside.

Clarina, 'tis unjust.

Ism. Sir, did you speak to me?

Alb. I have betray'd my self—

[Aside.

Madam, I was saying how unjust it was
Antonio should leave me alone with a Lady,
Being certainly the worst to entertain them in the World.

Ant. His Face assures me he speaks of no Love to her
now.

Ism. Alas, he speaks not to me.

Sure *Isabella* was mistaken, who told me that he lov'd me.

—*Alberto*, if thou art oblig'd to me, [*Aside.*

For what I have not yet observ'd in thee,

Oh, do not say my Heart was easily won,

But blame your Eyes, whose forces none can shun.

Ant. Not a word, what can he mean by this?

Ism. Sir, will you please to sit a while?

Isab. Madam, the inner Chamber is much better,

For there he may repose upon the Cushions

Till my Lord's return; I see he is not well—

—And you are both sick of one Disease. [*Aside.*

Alb. I thank you, here's more Air,

—And that I need, for I am all on fire, [*Aside.*

And every Look adds fuel to my flame.

—I must avoid those Eyes, whose Light misguides me:

—Madam, I have some business calls me hence,

And cannot wait my Friend's return.

Ism. *Antonio*, Sir, will think 'tis my neglect
That drove you hence; pray stay a little longer.

Alb. You shall command me, if you can dispense
With so dull Company.

Ism. I can with any thing *Antonio* loves.

Alb. Madam, it is a Virtue that becomes you;

For though your Husband should not merit this,

Your Goodness is not less to be admir'd;

But he's a Man so truly worth your Kindness,

That 'twere a Sin to doubt

Your Passion for him were not justly paid.

Ism. Sir, I believe you, and I hope he thinks
That my opinion of him equals yours;

'Tis plain he loves me not;

[*Aside.*

Perhaps his Virtue, thinking me *Clarina*,

May hide the real Passion of his Soul.

Oh Love, what dangerous Paths thou mak'st us tread!

Ant. Cold, cold as Devotion, oh inhuman Friendship!
[*Aside.*

Alb. What shall I do next? I must either be rude,
And say nothing, or speak of Love to her;
And then, my Friend, thou'rt lost should I prevail,
And I'm undone should she not hear my Tale,
Which for the World I would not have her hear;
And yet I fear my Eyes too much declare.

Ism. Since he's in so ill an Humour, let's leave him,
I'm satisfy'd now that thou'rt mistaken.

[*Ex. Ismena and Isabella unseen.*

Alb. But they shall gaze no more on hers,
Nor stray beyond the limits of a just Salute.

—I will my Honour to my Love prefer,
And my *Antonio* shall out-rival her.

[*Looks about, and misses them.*

—Ah, am I left alone! how frail is Man!

That which last Moment I resolv'd upon,

I find my Heart already disapprove,

And grieve her loss; can this be ought but Love?

My Soul's dissatisfy'd now she is gone,

And yet but now I wish'd to be alone.

—Inform me, Love, who shares the better part,
Friendship, or thee, in my divided Heart. [*Offers to go.*

Enter Antonio, and stays him.

Ant. Whither in such haste?

Thou look'st e'en as sad as a Lover repuls'd,

I fear that Fate's not thine.

Alb. Now for a lye to satisfy him.

[*Aside.*

Prithee discharge me of this toil of dissembling,
Of which I grow as weary as she's of hearing it.

Ant. Indeed !

Alb. Sure thou hast a design to make her hate me.

Ant. Do you think so in earnest, why, was she angry ?

Alb. Oh ! hadst thou seen her pretty blushing Scorn,
Which she would fain have hid,
Thou wouldst have pitied what I made her suffer.

Ant. Is't possible !

And didst present her with the Box of Jewels ?

Alb. Yes.

Ant. And kneel, and cry and swear, and—

Alb. All, all.

Ant. I hardly gave thee time for so much Courtship,
—But you are sure she was displeased with it ?

Alb. Extremely.

Ant. Enough, *Alberto* ; adieu to thee and Friendship.

Alb. What mean you ?

Ant. Ask your own Guilt, it will inform thee best.

Alb. Thou canst not think *Clarina* has abus'd thee.

Ant. I do not think she has, nor have you try'd her ;
In that you have not only disoblig'd me,
But now you would impose upon my Weakness
—Did I not see how unconcern'd you were,
And hardly paying her a due respect ;
And when she even invited thee to speak,
Most rudely thou wert silent ?

Alb. Be calm, *Antonio*, I confess my error,
And hate that Virtue taught me to deceive thee ;
—Here, take my Hand,—
I'll serve you in good earnest.

Ant. And now I do believe thee,
Go—thou shalt lose no time, I must away,
My Soul's in torment, till I am confirm'd
Of my *Clarina's* Virtue ;
I do believe thou hast a generous Shame,
For what thou'st said and done to me thy Friend.
For could I doubt thy Love, oh, how ridiculous

This act of mine would seem !

But 'tis to thee, as to my Soul I come,
Disputing every petty Crime and Doubt.

Alb. Antonio, if there need an Oath between us—

Ant. No, I credit thee; go in,
And prithee dress thy Eyes in all their Charms;
For this uncertainty disturbs me more,
Than if I knew *Clarina* were a—Whore.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Apartment of Frederick.*

Enter Frederick with a Letter, and Galliard.

Fred. Not allow me to speak to her, say ye, 'tis strange;
Didst say it was the Prince that sent thee?

Gal. My Lord, I did, but he says, he cares not for
A thousand Princes.

Fred. I am resolv'd I will see this Woman;
—Harkye, go back again and say— [*Whispers.*]

Enter Lorenzo drunk.

Lor. Hah, the Prince—he must not see me
In this pickle; for I would not lose my Reputation
Of Wenching for this of Drinking;
And I am sure I cannot be excellent at both,
They are inconsistent.

Gal. I shall, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Your Highness's humble Servant.

Fred. Ha, ha, what, *Lorenzo* in debauch?

Lor. Now my Tongue will betray me:—
Faith, my Lord, I have took six, but am come briskly off;
By this hand, my Lord, I am Cock over five
Stout Rogues too, I can tell you, at this sport.

Fred. I did not think thou hadst had that Virtue.

Lor. I'll tell you, Sir, 'tis necessary those of my
Office and Quality should have more Virtues

Than one to recommend them ;
But to tell you truth, for now I am most apt for that,
I was drunk in mere Malice to day.

Fred. Malice, against whom, prithee?

Lor. Why, why, Sir, the humorous old Fellow,
My Father,
He will not hear reason from me when I am sober.
My Lord, you know *Curtius* is an honest Fellow,
And one of us too ;
My Sister *Laura* is a good pretty Wench,
He loves her, and she likes him ;
And because this testy old Blade has done himself,
Do you think I can bring him to consider ?
No, not for my Life, he won't consider, Sir ;
And now am I got drunk to see how that will edify him.

Fred. How ! is *Laura*, the Mistress of *Curtius*, your
Sister ?

Lor. Yes, marry is she, Sir, at least by the Mother's
side ;

And to tell you truth,
We are too good-natur'd to believe
Salvator our Father.

Fred. Thy Sister, and Daughter to *Salvator* ?

Lor. So said my Mother, but she was handsome ;
And on my conscience liv'd e'en in such another
Debauch'd World as 'tis now, let them say
What they will of their primitive Virtue.

Fred. May not I see this Sister of thine, *Lorenzo* ?

Lor. Yes, by *Venus*, shall you, Sir,
An she were my Mother.

Fred. But art sure thy Father will permit us ?

Lor. My Father permit us !

He may do what he will when I am sober,
But being thus fortify'd with potent Wine,
He must yield obedience to my Will.
Why, my Lord, I'll tell you,

I'll make him ask me blessing when I am in this Almighty Power.

Fred. And is thy Sister so very fine?

Lor. The Girl is well, and if she were not my Sister, I would give you a more certain Proof of my Opinion of her;

She has excellent good Hair, fine Teeth,
And good Hands, and the best natur'd Fool—

Come, come, Sir, I'll bring you to her,

And then I'll leave you;

For I have a small Affair of Love to dispatch.

Fred. This is a freedom that sutes not with the Humour of an *Italian*.

Lor. No, faith, my Lord; I believe my Mother play'd Foul play with some *Englishman*;

I am so willing to do you a good office to my Sister.

And if by her Humour you become of that opinion too,

I shall hope to render myself more acceptable

To you by that Franchise.

Enter Galliard, whispers.

Fred. Thou knowest my grateful Temper,
—No matter; here, carry this Letter to *Cloris*,
And make some excuse for my not coming this Evening.

[*Gives him a Letter, and goes out with Lorenzo.*]

Gal. So, poor Lass, 'tis a hundred to one if she be not Lay'd by now, and *Laura* must succeed her:

Well, even *Frederick*, I see, is but a Man,

But his Youth and Quality will excuse him;

And 'twill be call'd Gallantry in him,

When in one of us, 'tis Ill-nature and Inconstancy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Antonio's House.

Enter Ismena and Isabella.

Isab. Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain to deny it;
Do you think I have liv'd to these years,

And cannot interpret cross Arms, imperfect Replies,
Your sudden Weepings, your often Sighing,
Your melancholy Walks, and making Verses too?
And yet I must not say that this is Love.

Ism. Art thou so notable a Judge of it?

Isab. I should be, or I am a very dull Scholar,
For I have lost the foolish Boy as many Darts,
As any Woman of my age in *Florence*.

Ism. Thou hast paid dear for thy knowledge then.

Isab. No, the hurt ones did, the other still made good,
with very little
Pain on either side.

Ism. I must confess, I think it is not so hard to get
Wounds, as 'tis to get them cur'd again.

Isab. I am not of your opinion, nor ever saw that
Man who had not Faults to Cure,
As well as Charms to kill.

Ism. Since thou'rt so good a Judge of Men,
Prithee tell me how thou lik'st *Alberto*.

Isab. I knew 'twould come to this— [*Aside.*
Why, well, Madam.

Ism. No more than so?

Isab. Yes, wondrous well, since I am sure he loves you,
And that indeed raises a Man's Value.

Ism. Thou art deceiv'd, I do not think he loves me.

Isab. Madam, you cannot but see a thousand Marks on't.

Ism. Thou hast more Skill than I;
But prithee why does he not tell me so himself?

Isab. Oh Madam, whilst he takes you for *Clarina*,
'Twould shew his disrespect to tell his Love?
But when he knows *Ismena* is the Object,
He'll tire you with the wish'd for story.

Ism. Ah, thou art a pleasing Flatterer.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, *Alberto* is without.

Ism. Tell him I'm indispos'd, and cannot see him now.

Isab. Nay, good Madam, see him now by all means,
For I am sure my Lord *Antonio* is absent on purpose.
—Bid him come in, Boy. [Exit Page.

Enter Alberto.

Ism. *Antonio*, Sir, is not return'd.

Alb. Madam, this Visit was not meant to him,
But by a Cause more pressing I am brought,
Such as my Passion, not My Friendship taught;
A Passion which my Sighs have only shewn,
And now beg leave my bashful Tongue may own.
The knowledge, Madam, will not much surprise,
Which you have gain'd already from mine Eyes;
My timorous Heart that way my Tongue would spare,
And tells you of the Flames you've kindled there:
'Tis long I've suffered under this Constraint,
Have always suffer'd, but ne'er made Complaint;
And now against my will I must reveal
What Love and my Respect would fain conceal.

Ism. What mean you, Sir? what have you seen in me,
That should encourage this temerity?

Alb. A world of Beauties, and a world of Charms,
And every Smile and Frown begets new harms;
In vain I strove my Passion to subdue,
Which still increas'd the more I look'd on you;
Nor will my Heart permit me to retire,
But makes my Eyes the convoys to my Fire,
And not one Glance you send is cast away.

Ism. Enough, my Lord, have you nought else to say?
The Plot's betray'd, and can no further go; [Smiles.
The Stratagem's discover'd to the Foe;
I find *Antonio* has more Love than Wit,
And I'll endeavour too to merit it.

Alb. What you have said, I do confess is true,
Antonio beg'd I would make love to you;

But, Madam, whilst my heart was unconfin'd,
A thousand ways the Treachery I declin'd—
But now, *Clarina*, by my Life I swear,
It is my own concern that brings me here :
Had he been just to you, I had suppress'd
The Flames your Eyes have kindled in my Breast ;
But his Suspicion rais'd my Passion more,
And his Injustice taught me to adore :
But 'tis a Passion which you may allow,
Since its effects shall never injure you.

Ism. You have oblig'd me, Sir, by your Confession,
And I shall own it too at such a rate,
As both becomes my Duty to *Antonio*,
And my Respect to you ; but I must beg
You'll never name your Passion to me more,
That guilty Language, Sir, I must not hear :
—And yet your silence kills me. [*Aside.*

Isab. Very well dissembled.

[*Aside.*

Alb. I can obey you, Madam, though I cannot live,
Whilst you command me silence ;
For 'tis a Flame that dares not look abroad
To seek for pity from another's Eyes.

Ism. How he moves me ! if this were real now,
Or that he knew to whom he made this Courtship— [*Aside.*

Alb. Oh, do not turn away as if displeas'd.

Ism. No more, you've discompos'd my thoughts ;
Be gone, and never let me see thy Face again.

Alb. Madam, I go, and will no more offend you,
—But I will look my last—farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Isab. Pray, Madam, call him back, he may be desperate.
—My Lord, return—

Ism. *Alberto*, tell me what you'd have me do.

Alb. Ah, Madam, do not put me to my choice,
For Lovers are unreasonable ;
If I might name it, I would have you love me.

Ism. Love you, and what would be the end of that ?

Alb. I cannot tell, but wish you were inclin'd
To make a tryal, Madam;
I have no thought or wish beyond that Blessing,
And that once gain'd, sure I should ask no more.

Ism. Were I inclin'd to this, have you consider'd
The fatal Consequences which attend
The breach of Vows and Friendship?

Alb. Madam, *Antonio* first was false to you,
And not to punish that were such a Virtue
As he would never thank you for;
By all that's good, till he prov'd so to you,
He had my Soul in keeping;
But this act makes me resolve
To recompense his Folly.

Ism. You've found the easiest Passage to my Heart,
You've took it on the weakest side;
—But I must beg you will pretend no further.

Alb. Divine *Clarina*, let me pay my thanks
In this submissive Posture, and never rise, [Kneels.
Till I can gain so much upon your Credit,
As to believe my Passion tends no farther
Than to adore you thus—and thus possess you.

[Kisses her hand, and bows.

Ism. Have not I dissembled finely, *Isabella*? [Aside.

Isab. Yes, if you could make me believe 'tis so. [Aside.

Ism. Rise, Sir, and leave me, that I may blush alone
For what I've parted with so easily;
Pray do not visit me again too soon,
—But use your own discretion, and be secret.

Alb. Madam, the blessed Secret here is lodg'd,
Which Time shall ne'er reveal to human Knowledge.

[Ex. Alb.

Ism. I'm glad he's gone before *Antonio*'s return.

Enter Laura weeping.

—What, *Laura*, all in Tears! the reason, pray.

Lau. Madam, the Prince, conducted by my Brother,
About an Hour since made me a Visit;
The Man of all the World I would have shun'd,
Knowing his amorous and inconstant Temper.
—At his approach he blusht and started back,
And I with great amazement did the like.
With fear I lost all power of going from him.
As he had done of making his Address;
He gaz'd and wonder'd, and I gaz'd on him,
And from his silence I became amaz'd.
—My Brother stood confounded at our Postures,
And only by the motion of his Head
(Which now he turn'd to me, then on the Prince)
We knew that he had Life.

Ism. Well, how recover'd ye?

Lau. The Prince then kneel'd, but could approach no
nearer;
And then as if he'd taken me for some Deity,
He made a long disorder'd amorous Speech,
Which brought me back to Sense again:
But *Lorenzo* told him that I was a Mortal,
And brought him nearer to me,
Where he began to make such Vows of Love—

Ism. What then?

Lau. Then I am ruin'd—
To all I said he found a contradiction,
And my denials did but more inflame him;
I told him of the Vows I'd made to *Curtius*,
But he reply'd that *Curtius* was a Subject.
But sure at last I'd won upon his Goodness,
Had not my Father enter'd,
To whom the Prince address himself;
And with his moving tale so won upon him,
Or rather by his Quality,
That he has gain'd his leave to visit me,
And quite forbids me e'er to speak to *Curtius*.

Ism. Alas the day, is this all?

Lau. All! can there be more to make me miserable?

Ism. I see no reason thou hast to complain:

Come, wipe your Eyes, and take a good Heart;

For I'll tell thee a Story of my own,

That will let thee see I have much more cause to weep;

And yet I have a thousand little Stratagems

In my Head, which give me as many hopes:

This unlucky restraint upon our Sex,

Makes us all cunning; and that shall assist thee now

With my help, I warrant thee;

Come in with me, and know the rest.

[*Exeunt.*

Isab. So, so, disguise it how you will,

I know you are a real Lover;

And that secret shall advance my Love-design.

Yes, Madam, now I will be serv'd by you,

Or you shall fail to find a Friend of me.

[*Ex. Isab.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Lorenzo drunk, with a Page, and Musick, as in the dark.

Lor. Here's the Door, begin and play your best,
But let them be soft low Notes, do you hear? [*They play.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Musick at my Lodgings! it is *Alberto*;

Oh, how I love him for't—if *Clarina* stand his

Courtship, I am made;

I languish between Hope and Fear.

Lor. Stay, Friend, I hear somebody. [*Musick ceases.*

Pag. 'Tis nobody, Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, and my Plot's ripe; [*Aside.*

[*Lorenzo being retir'd the while a little further.*

'Twill not sure be hard to get him, under pretence

Of seeing *Clarina*, into my Chamber,
 And then I'll order him at my pleasure;
Ismena is on my side, for I know all her Secrets,
 And she must wink at mine therefore. [*She retires.*]

Lor. Thou art in the right, Boy,
 I think indeed 'twas nothing. [*Plays again.*]

Enter Alberto.

Alb. She yields, bad Woman!
 Why so easily won?
 By me too, who am thy Husband's Friend:
 Oh dangerous Boldness! unconsidering Woman!
 I lov'd thee, whilst I thought thou couldst not yield;
 But now that Easiness has undone thy Interest in my Heart,
 I'll back, and tell thee that it was to try thee.

Lor. No, no, 'twas my Fears, away with the Song,
 I'll take it on your word that 'tis fit for my purpose.

Fid. I'll warrant you, my Lord.

SONG.

*IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove
 Of a Heart that can ne'er give attendance to Love;
 So hard to be done,
 That nothing so young
 Could e'er have resisted a Passion so long.
 Yet nothing I left unattempted or said,
 That might soften the Heart of this pitiless Maid;
 But still she was shy,
 And would blushing deny,
 Whilst her willinger Eyes gave her Language the lye.
 Since, *Phillis*, my Passion you vow to despise,
 Withdraw the false Hopes from your flattering Eyes:
 For whilst they inspire
 A resistless vain Fire,
 We shall grow to abhor, what we now do admire.*

[*Ex. Musick.*]

Alb. What's this, and at *Clarina's* Lodgings too?
Sure 'tis *Antonio*, impatient of delay,
Gives her a Serenade for me.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis the Fool himself—
My Lord, where are you?

Alb. How! a Woman's Voice! 'tis dark, I'll advance.

Lor. Thou Simpleton, I told thee there was somebody.

Pag. Lord, Sir, 'tis only *Isabella* that calls you.

Lor. Away, Sirrah, I find by my fears 'tis no Woman.
[*Goes out with the Page.*]

Isab. Why don't you come? here's nobody.

Alb. Here I am.

Isab. Where?

Alb. Here. [Gives her his Hand.]

Isab. My Lord, you may venture, *Clarina* will be
Alone within this Hour, where you shall entertain
Her at your freedom: but you must stay awhile in my
Chamber till my Lord's a bed;
For none but I must know of the favour she designs you.

Alb. Oh Gods! what Language do I hear—
False and Perfidious Woman, I might have thought,
Since thou wert gain'd so easily by me,
Thou wouldst with equal haste yield to another.

Isab. It is not *Lorenzo*, what shall I do? [She steals in.]

Enter Lorenzo and Page.

Lor. A Pox of all damn'd cowardly fear!
Now did I think I had drunk Nature up to Resolution:
I have heard of those that could have dar'd in their Drink;
But I find, drunk or sober, 'tis all one in me.

Alb. The Traitor's here,
Whom I will kill whoe'er he be.

Lor. Boy, go see for *Isabella*.

Pag. I see a Man should not be a Coward and a Lover
At once—*Isabella, Isabella*, she's gone, Sir. [Calls.]

Alb. Yes, Villain, she's gone, and in her room
Is one that will chastise thy Boldness.

Lor. That's a proud word though, whoe'er thou be;
But how I shall avoid it, is past my Understanding.

Alb. Where art thou, Slave?

[*Alberto gropes for him, he avoids him.*]

Pag. Take heart, Sir, here's company which I will
Get to assist you—

Enter Antonio.

Sir, as you are a Gentleman, assist a stranger set upon by
Thieves.

[*They fight, Antonio with Alberto, Alberto falls,
is wounded. Lor. and Page run away the while.*]

Alb. Whoe'er thou be'st that takes the Traitor's part,
Commend me to the wrong'd *Antonio*.

Ant. *Alberto!* dear *Alberto*, is it thee?

Alb. *Antonio!*

Ant. I am asham'd to say I am *Antonio*;
Oh Gods, why would you suffer this mistake?

Alb. I am not wounded much,
My greatest pain is my concern for thee;
Friend, thou art wrong'd, falsely and basely wrong'd;
Clarina, whom you lov'd and fear'd,
Has now betray'd thy Honour with her own.

Ant. Without that sad addition to my Grief,
I should not long have born the weight of Life,
Having destroy'd thine by a dire mistake.

Alb. Thou art deceiv'd.

Ant. Alas, why was it not permitted me
To lose my Friend, or Wife? had one surviv'd,
I might have dy'd in silence for the other;
Oh my *Alberto!* oh *Clarina* too!—

[*Weeps.*]

Alb. Come, do not grieve for me, I shall be well,
I yet find strength enough to get away;
And then I'll let thee know my Fate and thine. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Antonio's House.*

Enter Clarina, Ismena, and Isabella weeping.

Isab. For Heaven sake, Madam, pardon me.

Clar. Be dumb for ever, false and treacherous Woman,
Was there no way but this to mask your Cheat?
A Lye which has undone us all.

Isab. Alas, 'twas in the dark, how could I know him?
Pray forgive it me, and try my future Service.

Clar. I never will forgive thee, naughty Girl;
Alberto now incens'd will tell *Antonio* all.

Isab. What need you care, Madam?
You are secure enough.

Clar. Thou salv'st an Error with a greater still;
Dost thou not know *Antonio's* Jealousy,
Which yet is moderate, rais'd to a higher pitch,
May ruin me, *Ismena*, and thy self?

Ism. Sister, there cannot be much harm in this;
'Tis an ill chance, 'tis true, for by it we have lost
The pleasure of an innocent Revenge
Upon *Antonio*; but if understood,
We have but miss'd that end.

Clar. Oh *Ismena*!
This Jealousy is an unapprehensive madness,
A non-sense which does still abandon Reason.

Isab. Madam, early in the Morning
I'll to *Alberto's* Lodgings, and tell him the mistake.

Clar. 'Twill be too late.

Ism. Sister, what think you if I go myself?

Clar. You should not be so daring;
Besides, I blush to think what strange opinion
He'll entertain of me the while.

Ism. Do not let that afflict you.
Fetch my Veil, and if *Antonio* chance to ask for me,
Tell him I'm gone to *Laura*.
Believe me, I will set all strait again.

[*Ex. Isab.*

Enter Isabella with the Veil.

Clar. Thou hast more Courage, Girl, than I.

Ism. What need is there of much of that,

To encounter a gay young Lover,

Where I am sure there cannot be much danger?

Clar. Well, take your chance, I wish you luck, Sir,
For I am e'en as much bent upon Revenge,
As thou art upon Marriage.

Ism. Come, my Veil, this and the Night
Will enough secure me. [*Puts on the Veil and goes out.*
[*Ex. Clar. and Isab.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber in Alberto's House.*

Discovers Alberto and Antonio.

Alb. Nay, thou shalt see't before thou dost revenge it;
In such a case, thy self should be the Witness,
She knows not what has past to night between us,
Nor should she, if thou couldst contain thy Rage;
And that, *Antonio*, you shall promise me:
To morrow place thy self behind the Arras,
And from thy Eyes thy own Misfortunes know.
—What will not disoblighed Passion do? [*Aside.*

Ant. I'll hide my Anger in a seeming calm,
And what I have to do consult the while,
And mask my Vengeance underneath a Smile. [*Ex. Ant.*

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, there is without a Lady
Desires to speak with you.

Alb. Who is't?

Pag. I know not, Sir, she's veiled. [*Exit Page.*

Enter Ismena weeping.

Alb. Conduct her in.

Ism. Oh *Alberto*, *Isabella* has undone us all!

Alb. She weeps, and looks as innocent!

—What mean you, false dissembling *Clarina*?

What, have you borrow'd from Deceit new Charms,
And think'st to fool me to a new belief?

Ism. How, Sir, can you too be unkind?
Nay then 'tis time to die; alas, there wanted but your credit
To this mistake, to make me truly miserable.

Alb. What Credit? What Mistake? oh, undeceive me,
For I have done thee Injuries past Forgiveness,
If thou be'st truly innocent.

Ism. If *Isabella*, under pretence of courting me
For *Lorenzo*, whom she designs to
Make a Husband,
Has given him freedoms will undo my Honour,
If not prevented soon.

Alb. May I credit this, and that it was not by thy
Command she did it?

Ism. Be witness, Heaven, my Innocence in this,
Which if you will believe, I'm safe again.

Alb. I do believe thee, but thou art not safe,
Here, take this Poyniard, and revenge thy Wrongs,
Wrongs which I dare not beg a Pardon for.

[*He gives her a Dagger.*]

Ism. Why, Sir, what have you done? have you
Deceiv'd me, and do you not indeed love me?

Alb. Oh *Clarina*! do not ask that Question,
Too much of that has made me ruin thee;
It made me jealous, drunk with Jealousy,
And then I did unravel all my Secrets.

Ism. What Secrets, Sir? you have then seen *Antonio*.

Alb. Yes.

Ism. Hah—Now, Wit, if e'er thou did'st possess
A Woman, assist her at her need. [Aside.
—Well, Sir, rise and tell me all.

Alb. I will not rise till you have pardoned me,
Or punished my Misfortune.

Ism. Be what it will, I do forgive it thee.

Alb. *Antonio*, Madam, knows my Happiness,

For in my Rage I told him that you lov'd me;

—What shall I do?

Ism. I cannot blame you though it were unkind.

Alb. This I could help, but I have promis'd him,
That he shall be a witness of this Truth;
What say you, Madam, do I not merit Death?

Oh speak, and let me know my doom whate'er it be.

Ism. Make good your Word.

Alb. What mean you?

Ism. What you have promised him, perform as you
intended.

Alb. What then?

Ism. Then come as you design'd to visit me.

Alb. But let me know what 'tis you mean to do,
That I may act accordingly.

Ism. No. Answer me to every Question ask'd,
And I perhaps may set all strait again;
It is now late, and I must not be missing:
But if you love me, be no more jealous of me,
—Farewel.

Alb. Must I be ignorant then of your Design?

Ism. Yes, *Alberto*;

And you shall see what Love will make a Woman do.

[*He leads her out.*]

Alb. Now am I caught again, inconstant Nature.

—Would she had less of Beauty or of Wit,
Or that *Antonio* did but less deserve her;
Or that she were not married,
Or I'd less Virtue, for 'tis that which awes me.
That tender sense of nothing,

And makes the other Reasons seem as Bugbears.

—I love *Clarina* more than he can do.

And yet this Virtue doth oppose that Love,
Tells me there lurks a Treason there
Against *Antonio's* and *Clarina's* Virtue.

—'Tis but too true indeed, and I'm not safe,

Whilst I conceal the Criminal within :
I must reveal it, for whilst I hide the Traitor,
I seem to love the Treason too ;
I will resign it then, since 'tis less blame
To perish by my Pain, than live with Shame. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Salvator's House.*

Enter Frederick and Laura.

Fred. *Laura*, consider well my Quality,
And be not angry with your Father's Confidence,
Who left us here alone.

Lau. He will repent that Freedom when he knows
What use you've made on't, Sir.

Fred. *Fy, fy, Laura*, a Lady bred at Court, and
Yet want complaisance enough to entertain
A Gallant in private ! this coy Humour
Is not *à-la-mode*.—Be not so peevish with a Heart that
dies for you.

Lau. Pray tell me, Sir, what is't in me that can
Encourage this ?

Fred. That which is in all lovely Women, *Laura* ;
A thousand Blushes play about your Cheeks,
Which shows the briskness of the Blood that warms them.
—If I but tell you how I do adore you,
You strait decline your Eyes ;
Which does declare you understand my meaning,
And every Smile or Frown betrays your thoughts,
And yet you cry, you do not give me cause.

Enter Maid.

Maid. *Curtius*, Madam, waits without.

Fred. I do not like his haste,
—Tell him he cannot be admitted now.

Lau. Sir, he is one that merits better treatment from you;

How can you injure thus the Man you love?

Fred. Oh Madam, ask your Eyes, those powerful
Attracts.

And do not call their Forces so in question,
As to believe they kindle feeble Fires,
Such as a Friendship can surmount. No, *Laura*,
They've done far greater Miracles.

Lau. Sir, 'tis in vain you tell me of their Power,
Unless they could have made a nobler Conquest
Than Hearts that yield to every petty Victor.
—Look on me well,

Can nothing here inform you of my Soul,
And how it scorns to treat on these Conditions?

[*Looks on him, he gazes with a half Smile.*

Fred. Faith, no, *Laura*.

I see nothing there but wondrous Beauty,
And a deal of needless Pride and Scorn,
And such as may be humbled.

Lau. Sir, you mistake, that never can abate.
But yet I know your Power may do me injuries;
But I believe you're guilty of no Sin,
Save your Inconstancy, which is sufficient;
And, Sir, I beg I may not be the first [*Kneels and weeps.*
May find new Crimes about you.

Fred. Rise, *Laura*, thou hast but too many Beauties,
Which pray be careful that you keep conceal'd.

[*Offers to go.*

Lau. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Fred. —But why should this interposing Virtue check
me?

—Stay, *Laura*, tell me; must you marry *Curtius*?

Lau. Yes, Sir, I must.

Fred. *Laura*, you must not.

Lau. How, Sir!

Fred. I say you shall not marry him,
Unless you offer up a Victim,
That may appease the Anger you have rais'd in me.

Lau. I'll offer up a thousand Prayers and Tears.

Fred. That will not do.

Since thou'st deny'd my just Pretensions to thee,
No less than what I told you of shall satisfy me.

Lau. Oh, where is all your Honour and your Virtue?

Fred. Just where it was, there's no such real thing.

I know that thou wert made to be possest,
And he that does refuse it, loves thee least.

—There's danger in my Love, and your Delay,
And you are most secure whilst you obey.

[*He pulls her gently.*]

Lau. Then this shall be my safety, hold off,

[*She draws a Dagger.*]

Or I'll forget you are my Prince.

[*He laughs.*]

Fred. Pretty *Virago*, how you raise my Love?

—I have a Dagger too; what will you do?

[*Shows her a Dagger.*]

Enter Curtuis.

Cur. How! the Prince! arm'd against *Laura* too!

[*Draws.*]

Fred. Traitor, dost draw upon thy Prince?

Cur. Your Pardon, Sir, I meant it on a Ravisher,

A foul misguided Villain,

[*Bows.*]

One that scarce merits the brave name of Man;

One that betrays his Friend, forsakes his Wife,

And would commit a Rape upon my Mistress.

Fred. Her Presence is thy Safety, be gone and leave me.

Cur. By no means, Sir; the Villain may return,
To which fair *Laura*, should not be expos'd.

Fred. Slave, dar'st thou disobey? [Offers to fight.]

Cur. Hold, Sir, and do not make me guilty of a Sin,
Greater than that of yours.

Enter Salvator.

Salv. Gods pity me ; here's fine doings !—Why, how Came this roistring Youngster into my House ? Sir, Who sent for you, hah ?

Cur. Love.

Salv. Love, with a Witness to whom ? my Daughter ? —No, Sir, she's otherwise dispos'd of I can assure You. Be gone and leave my House, and that quickly Too ; and thank me that I do not secure Thee for a Traitor.

Cur. Will you not hear me speak ?

Salv. Not a word, Sir, go, be gone ; unless your Highness will have him apprehended. [*To Fred.*

Fred. No, Sir, it shall not need—*Curtius*, look To hear from me.—

[*Comes up to him, and tells him so in a menacing Tone, and go out severally.*

Salv. Go, Mrs. *Minks*, get you in. [*Ex. Salv. and Lau.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Frederick passing in Anger over the Stage, meets Lorenzo.

Lor. O Sir, I'm glad I've found you ; for I have the rarest News for you.

Fred. What News ?

Lor. Oh the Devil, he's angry ;—Why, Sir, the prettiest young—

Fred. There's for your Intelligence.

[*Strikes him, and goes out.*

Lor. So, very well ; how mortal is the favour of Princes ! these be turns of State now ; what the Devil ails he trow ; sure he could not be Offended with the News I have brought him ; If he be, he's strangely out of tune :

And sure he has too much Wit to grow virtuous at these Years. No, no, he has had some repulse from a Lady ; and that's a wonder ; for he has a Tongue and a Purse that seldom fails : if Youth and Vigour would Stretch as far, he were the wonder of the Age.

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Lorenzo, didst thou see the Prince ?

Lor. Marry, did I, and feel him too.

Cur. Why, did he strike you ?

Lor. I'm no true Subject if he did not ; and that Only for doing that Service which once was most acceptable

To him.—Prithee what's the matter with him, hah ?

Cur. I know not, leave me.

Lor. Leave thee, what, art thou out of humour too ?
Let me but know who 'tis has disoblig'd thee, and I'll—

Cur. What wilt thou ?

Lor. Never see his Face more, if a Man.

Cur. And what if a Woman ?

Lor. Then she's an idle peevish Slut, I'll warrant her.

Cur. Conclude it so, and leave me.

Lor. Nay, now thou hast said the only thing that could Keep me with thee, thou mayst be desperate ; I'll Tell you, *Curtius*, these female Mischiefs make Men Take dangerous Resolutions sometimes.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. *Curtius*, I've something to deliver to your Ear.
[*Whispers.*]

Cur. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcome.

Lor. Well, I will be hang'd if there be not some Mischief in agitation ; it cannot be wenching ; They look all too dull and sober for that ; And besides, then I should have been a party concern'd.

Cur. The place and time.

Alb. An hour hence i'th' Grove by the River-side.

Cur. Alone, thou say'st?

Alb. Alone, the Prince will have it so.

Cur. I will not fail a moment. [Ex. Alb.]

—So this has eas'd my heart of half its Load.

Lor. I'll sneak away, for this is some fighting Business, and I may perhaps be invited a Second, A Compliment I care not for. [Offers to go.]

Cur. *Lorenzo*, a word with you.

Lor. 'Tis so, what shall I do now? [Aside.]

Cur. Stay.

Lor. I am a little in haste, my Lord.

Cur. I shall soon dispatch you.

Lor. I believe so, for I am half dead already With Fear. [Aside.]—Sir, I have promis'd to make a visit To a Lady, and—

Cur. What I've to say will not detain you long.

Lor. What a Dog was I, I went not When he first desir'd me to go! Oh Impertinency, thou art justly rewarded!

Cur. *Lorenzo*, may I believe you love me?

Lor. Now what shall I say, Ay or no? [Aside.]
The Devil take me if I know.

Cur. Will you do me a favour?

Lor. There 'tis again. [Aside.]

Cur. I know I may trust thee with a secret.

Lor. Truly, *Curtius*, I cannot tell.

In some cases I am not very retentive.

Cur. I am going about a business, that perhaps May take up all the time I have to live, And I may never see thy Sister more; Will you oblige me in a Message to her?

Lor. You know you may command me; —I'm glad 'tis no worse. [Aside.]

Cur. Come, go with me into my Cabinet, And there I'll write to *Laura*; And prithee if thou hear'st that I am dead,

Tell her I fell a Sacrifice to her,
And that's enough, she understands the rest.

Lor. But harkye, *Curtius*, by your favour, this is but a
Scurvy Tale to carry to your Mistress;
I hope you are not in earnest.

Cur. Yes.

Lor. Yes! why, what a foolish idle humour's this in you?
I vow 'twill go near to break the poor Girl's Heart;—
Come, be advis'd, Man.

Cur. Perhaps I may consider on't for that reason.

Lor. There are few that go about such businesses,
But have one thing or other to consider in favour of Life;
I find that even in the most magnanimous:—
Prithee who is't with?

Cur. That's counsel: and pray let this too which I have
Told you be a Secret, for 'twill concern your Life.

Lor. Good *Curtius*, take it back again then;
For a hundred to one but my over-care of keeping it
Will betray it.

Cur. Thou lovest thy self better.

Lor. Well, that's a comfort yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Cloris *dress'd like a Country-Boy, follow'd by*
Guilliam a Clown; Cloris comes reading a Letter.

Clo. [Reads.] Cloris, beware of Men; for though I
my self be one,

*Yet I have the Frailties of my Sex, and can dissemble too;
Trust none of us, for if thou dost, thou art undone;*

*We make Vows to all alike we see,
And even the best of Men, the Prince,*

Is not to be credited in an affair of Love.

—Oh *Curtius*, thy advice was very kind;

Had it arriv'd before I'd been undone!

—Can *Frederick* too be false!

A Prince, and be unjust to her that loves him too?

—Surely it is impossible—

Perhaps thou lov'st me too, and this may be

[*Pointing to the Letter.*

Some Plot of thine to try my Constancy :

—Howe'er it be, since he could fail last night

Of seeing me, I have at least a cause to justify

This shameful change ; and sure in this Disguise,

I shall not soon be known, dost think I shall?

[*Looks on herself.*

Guil. Why, forsooth, what do you intend to pass for,
A Maid or a Boy?

Clb. Why, what I seem to be, will it not do?

Guil. Yes, yes, it may do, but I know not what ;
I would Love would transmography me to a Maid now,
—We should be the prettiest Couple :

Don't you remember when you dress'd me up the last

Carnival, was I not the woundiest handsome Lass

A body could see in a Summer's day?

There was *Claud* the Shepherd as freakish after me,
I'll warrant you, and simper'd and tript it like any thing.

Clb. Ay, but they say 'tis dangerous for young
Maids to live at Court.

Guil. Nay, then I should be loth to give temptation.
—Pray, forsooth, what's that you read so often there?

Clb. An advice to young Maids that are in love.

Guil. Ay, ay, that same Love is a very vengeance thing,
Wou'd I were in love too ; I see it makes a body valiant ;
One neither feels Hunger nor Cold that is possest with it.

Clb. Thou art i'th' right, it can do Miracles.

Guil. So it seems, for without a Miracle you and I could
never

Have rambled about these Woods all night without either
Bottle or Wallet :

I could e'en cry for hunger now.

Clb. What a dull Soul this Fellow hath?

Sure it can never feel the generous Pains
Of Love, as mine does now; oh, how I glory
To find my Heart above the common rate!

Were not my Prince inconstant,

I would not envy what the Blessed do above:

But he is false, good Heaven!— [*Weeps. Guil. howls.*]

—What dost thou feel, that thou shouldst weep with me?

Guil. Nothing but Hunger, sharp Hunger, forsooth.

Clo. Leave calling me forsooth, it will betray us.

Guil. What shall I call you then?

Clo. Call me, *Philibert*, or any thing;

And be familiar with me: put on thy Hat, lest any come
and see us.

Guil. 'Tis a hard name, but I'll learn it by heart.

—Well, *Philibert*—What shall we do when we come
to Court? [*Puts on his Hat.*]

Besides eating and drinking, which I shall do in abundance.

Clo. We must get each of us a Service:

—But thou art such a Clown.

Guil. Nay, say not so, honest *Philibert*: for look ye,
I am much the properer Fellow of the two. [*Walks.*]

Clo. Well, try thy fortune; but be sure you never
discover

Me, whatever Questions may chance to be asked thee.

Guil. I warrant thee, honest Lad, I am true and trusty;
But I must be very familiar with you, you say.

Clo. Yes, before Company.

Guil. Pray let me begin and practise a little now,
An't please you, for fear I should not be saucy enough,
When we arrive at Court.

Clo. I'll warrant you you'll soon learn there.

Guil. Oh Lord, *Philibert*! *Philibert*! I see a Man a
coming

Most deadly fine, let's run away.

Clo. Thus thou hast serv'd me all this night,
There's not a Bush we come at, but thou start'st thus.

Guil. 'Tis true you are a Lover, and may stay the danger on't;

But I'll make sure for one.

Clo. It is the Prince, oh Gods! what makes he here?
With Looks disorder'd too; this Place is fit for Death
and sad

Despair; the melancholy Spring a sleepy murmur makes,
A proper Consort for departing Souls,
When mix'd with dying Groans, and the thick Boughs
Compose a dismal Roof;

Dark as the gloomy Shades of Death or Graves.

—He comes this way, I'll hide my self awhile.

[*Goes behind a Bush.*]

Enter Frederick.

Fred. But yet not this, nor my despatch to *Laura*,
Shall make me out of love with Life,

Whilst I have youthful Fires about my Heart:

—Yet I must fight with *Curtius*,

And so chastise the Pride of that fond Maid,
Whose saucy Virtue durst controul my Flame.

—And yet I love her not as I do *Cloris*;

But fain I would have overcome that Chastity,
Of which the foolish Beauty boasts so.

Clo. *Curtius*, I thank thee, now I do believe thee.

Guilliam, if thou seest any fighting anon,

[*The Prince walks.*]

Be sure you run out and call some body.

Guil. You need not bid me run away, when I once
See them go to that.

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Sir, I am come as you commanded me.

Fred. When you consider what you've lately done,
You will not wonder why I sent for you;
And when I mean to fight, I do not use to parly:
Come draw.

Cur. Shew me my Enemy, and then if I am slow—

Fred. I am he, needst thou one more powerful?

Cur. You, Sir! what have I done to make you so?

Fred. If yet thou want'st a further proof of it,

Know I'll dispute my Claim to *Laura*.

Cur. That must not be with me, Sir;

God forbid that I should raise my Arm against my Prince.

—If *Laura* have so little Faith and Virtue,

To render up that Right belongs to me,

With all my heart I yield her

To any but to you:

And, Sir, for your own sake you must not have her.

Fred. Your Reason?

Cur. Sir, you're already married.

Fred. Thou lyest, and seek'st excuses for thy Cowardice.

Cur. I wish you would recal that hasty Injury;

Yet this I'll bear from you, who know 'tis false.

Fred. Will nothing move thee?

Cur. You would believe so, Sir, if I should tell you,
That besides all this, I have a juster Cause.

Fred. Juster than that of *Laura*? call it up, then,
And let it save thee from a further shame.

Cur. Yes, so I will, 'tis that of *Gloris*,
Who needs my aids much more;
Do you remember such a Virgin, Sir?
For so she was till she knew *Frederick*,
The sweetest Innocent that ever Nature made.

Fred. Not thy own Honour, nor thy Love to *Laura*,
Would make thee draw, and now at *Gloris*' Name
Thou art incens'd, thy Eyes all red with Rage:

—Oh, thou hast rous'd my Soul!

Nor would I justify my Wrongs to her,

Unless it were to satisfy my Jealousy,

Which thou hast rais'd in me by this concern.

—Draw, or I'll kill thee.

Cur. Stay, Sir, and hear me out.

Fred. I will not stay, now I reflect on all
Thy former kindness to her—

Cur. I will not fight, but I'll defend my self.

[*They fight.*

Fred. We are betray'd.

Cur. Yes, Sir, and you are wounded.

[*Guil. runs bawling out, they are both wounded.*

Clo. Oh Heaven defend the Prince!

[*She peeps.*

Fred. I hear some coming, go, be gone,
And save thy self by flight.

[*Frederick stands leaning on his Sword.*

Cur. Sir, give me leave to stay, my flight will look
like Guilt.

Fred. By no means, *Curtius*, thou wilt be taken here,
And thou shalt never charge me with that Crime of
betraying

Thee: when we meet next, we'll end it.

Cur. I must obey you then.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cloris.

Clo. Sir, has the Villain hurt you? [*She supports him.*

—Pray Heaven my Sorrows do not betray me now;

For since he's false, I fain would die conceal'd. [*Aside.*

—Shew me your Wound, and I will tie it up.

Alas, you bleed extremely.—

Fred. Kind Youth, thy Succours are in vain, though
welcome;

For though I bleed, I am not wounded much.

Clo. No? why did you let him pass unpunish'd then,
Who would have hurt you more?

Enter Guillian with Galliard.

Gal. Where was't?

Guil. Look ye, Sir, there, don't you see them?

Gal. How does your Highness? This Fellow told me
Of a quarrel here, which made me haste.

Fred. Be silent, and carry me to my own apartment.

Gal. Alas, Sir, is it you that fought?

Fred. No more Questions.—

Kind Boy, pray leave me not till I have found
A way to recompense thy pretty care of me.

Glo. I will wait on you, Sir. [*Exeunt all but Guil.*]

Enter Lorenzo and his Page. Peeps first.

Lor. What's the matter here? the Prince is wounded too.
Oh, what a Dog was I to know of some such thing,
And not secure them all?

[*Lor. stands gazing at Guil. Guil. stands tabering
his Hat, and scruing his Face.*]

—What's here? Ha, ha, ha, this is the pleasantest
Fellow that e'er I saw in my Life.

Prithee, Friend, what's thy Name?

Guil. My Name, an't shall like ye.

My Name, it is *Guilliam*.

Lor. From whence comest thou?

Guil. From a Village a great huge way off.

Lor. And what's thy business here, hah?

Guil. Truly, Sir, not to tell a Lye;

I come to get a Service here at Court.

Lor. A Service at Court! ha, ha, that's a pleasant
Humour, i'faith. Why, Fellow, what canst thou do?

Guil. Do, Sir! I can do any thing.

Lor. Why, what canst thou do? canst thou dress well?

—Set a Peruke to advantage, tie a Crevat,
And Cuffs? put on a Belt with dexterity, hah?
These be the Parts that must recommend you.

Guil. I know not what you mean,
But I am sure I can do them all.

Lor. Thou art confident it seems, and I can tell
You, Sirrah, that's a great step to Preferment;
—But well, go on then, canst ride the great Horse?

Guil. The biggest in all our Town
I have rid a thousand times.

Lor. That's well ; canst fence ?

Guil. Fence, Sir, what's that ?

Lor. A Term we use for the Art and Skill of handling a Weapon.

Guil. I can thrash, Sir.

Lor. What's that, Man ?

Guil. Why, Sir, it is—it is—thrashing.

Lor. An Artist, I vow ; canst play on any Musick ?

Guil. Oh, most rogically, Sir, I have a Bagpipe that Every Breath sets the whole Village a dancing.

Lor. Better still ; and thou canst dance, I'll warrant ?

Guil. Dance, he, he, he, I vow you've light on My Master-piece, y'fegs.

Lor. And I'll try thee: Boy, go fetch [*To the Page.* some of the

Musick hither which I keep in pay. [*Ex. Page.*

—But hark you, Friend, though I love Dancing very well,

And that may recommend thee in a great degree ;
Yet 'tis wholly necessary that you should be valiant too :
We Great ones ought to be serv'd by Men of Valour,
For we are very liable to be affronted by many here
To our Faces, which we would gladly have beaten behind
Our Backs.—But Pox on't, thou hast not the Huff
And Grimace of a Man of Prowess.

Guil. As for fighting, though I do not care for it,
Yet I can do't if any body angers me, or so.

Lor. But I must have you learn to do't when
Any body angers me too.

Guil. Sir, they told me I should have no need on't
Here ; but I shall learn.

Lor. Why, you Fool, that's not a thing to be learn'd,
—That's a brave Inclination born with Man,
A brave undaunted something, a thing that,
That comes from, from, I know not what,
For I was born without it.

Enter Page and Musick.

Oh, are you come? let's see, Sirrah, your Activity,
For I must tell you that's another step to Preferment.

[*He dances a Jig en Paisant.*

'Tis well perform'd; well, hadst thou but Wit,
Valour, *Bone Mine*, good Garb, a Puke,
Conduct and Secrecy in Love-Affairs, and half
A dozen more good Qualities, thou wert
Fit for something; but I will try thee.

Boy, let him have better Clothes; as for his Documents,
I'll give him those my self.

Guil. Hah, I don't like that word, it sounds terribly.

[*Aside. Ex. Page and Guil. with Musick.*

Lor. This Fellow may be of use to me; being
Doubtless very honest, because he is so very simple:
For to say truth, we Men of Parts are sometimes
Over-wise, witness my last night's retreat
From but a supposed Danger, and returning to fall
Into a real one. Well, I'll now to *Isabella*,
And know her final Resolution; if *Clarina* will
Be kind, so; if not, there be those that will.
—And though I cannot any Conquest boast
For all the Time and Money I have lost,
At least of *Isabel* I'll be reveng'd,
And have the flattering Baggage soundly swing'd;
And rather than she shall escape my Anger,
My self shall be the Hero that shall bang her. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Antonio's House.*

Enter Ismena and Isabella.

Isab. Madam, turn your back to that side,
For there *Antonio* is hid; he must not see your
Face: now raise your Voice, that he may hear what 'tis
you say.

Ism. I'll warrant you, *Isabella* :
Was ever wretched Woman's Fate like mine,
Forc'd to obey the rigid Laws of Parents,
And marry with a Man I did not love?

Ant. Oh, there's my cause of Fear. [Ant. peeps.

Ism. Though since I had him, thou know'st I have
endeavour'd

To make his Will my Law,
Till by degrees and Custom, which makes things natural,
I found this Heart, which ne'er had been engag'd
To any other, grow more soft to him ;
And still the more he lov'd, the more I was oblig'd,
And made returns still kinder ; till I became
Not only to allow, but to repay his Tenderness.

Isab. She counterfeits rarely. [Aside.

Madam, indeed I have observ'd this truth.

Ism. See who 'tis knocks. [One knocks.

Ant. What will this come to? [Aside.

Isab. Madam, 'tis *Alberto*.

Enter Alberto. Bows.

Ism. My Lord, you've often told me that you lov'd me,
Which I with Womens usual Pride believ'd ;
And now, encourag'd by my hopeful Promises,
You look for some Returns : Sir, is it so?

Alb. What means she?

Pray Heaven I answer right. [Aside.

—Madam, if I have err'd in that belief,
To know I do so, is sufficient punishment.

—Lovers, Madam, though they have no returns,
Like sinking Men, still catch at all they meet with ;
And whilst they live, though in the midst of Storms,
Because they wish, they also hope for Calms.

Ism. And did you, Sir, consider who I was?

Alb. Yes, Madam, Wife unto my Friend *Antonio*,
The only Man that has an Interest here :

—But, Madam, that must still submit to Love.

Ism. Canst thou at once be true to him and me?

Alb. Madam, I know not that;

But since I must lose one,

My Friendship I can better lay aside.

Ism. Hast thou forgot how dear thou art to him?

Alb. No, I do believe I am, and that his Life
Were but a worthless trifle, if I needed it.

Yet, Madam, you are dearer to him still

Than his *Alberto*; and 'tis so with me:

—Him I esteem, but you I do adore;

And he whose Soul's insensible of Love,

Can never grateful to his Friendship prove.

Ism. By your example, Sir, I'll still retain

My Love for him; and what I had for you,

Which was but Friendship, I'll abandon too.

Ant. Happy *Antonio*.—

[*Aside.*

Ism. Pray what have you *Antonio* cannot own?

Has he not equal Beauty, if not exceeding thine?

Has he not equal Vigour, Wit, and Valour?

And all that even raises Men to Gods,

Wert not for poor Mortality?

—Vain Man, couldst thou believe

That I would quit my Duty to this Husband,

And sacrifice his Right to thee?

—Couldst thou believe me yesterday?

When from thy Importunity and Impudence,

To send thee from me,

I promised thee to love thee.

—Nay, rather, treacherous Man,

Couldst thou believe I did not hate thee then,

Who basely would betray thy Friend and me?

Alb. Sure this is earnest.

[*Aside.*

Ant. Oh brave *Clarina*!

[*Aside.*

Ism. Speak, Traitor to my Fame and Honour;

Was there no Woman, but *Antonio's* Wife,

With whom thou couldst commit so foul a Crime?

And none but he to bring to publick Shame?
A Man who trusted thee, and lov'd thee too?
—Speak—and if yet thou hast a sense of Virtue,
Call to the Saints for pardon, or thou dy'st.

[*She draws a Poniard, and runs at him ; he steps back to avoid it.*

Alb. Hold, *Clarina*!—I am amaz'd.

Ism. But stay.

Thou say'st my Beauty forc'd thee to this Wickedness,
And that's the cause you have abus'd *Antonio*.

—Nor is it all the Power I have with him,
Can make him credit what I tell him of thee ;
And should I live, I still must be pursu'd by thee,
And unbeliev'd by him :

—*Alberto*, thou shalt ne'er be guilty more,
Whilst this—and this may meet.

[*Offering to wound her self, is stay'd by Alb. and Isab.*
they set Ism. in a Chair ; Alb. kneels weeping.

Alb. Hold, my divine *Clarina*.—

Ant. Shall I discover my self, or steal away? [*Aside.*

And all asham'd of Life after this Action,
Go where the Sun or Day may never find me?
Oh! what Virtue I've abus'd—

Curse on my little Faith ;

And all the Curses Madness can invent,

Light on my groundless Jealousy. [*Ex. Antonio.*

Alb. *Clarina*, why so cruel to my Heart?

'Tis true, I love you, but with as chaste an Ardour,
As Souls departing pay the Deities,
When with incessant Sighs they haste away,
And leave Humanity behind. Oh! so did I
Abandon all the lesser Joys of Life,
For that of being permitted but t'adore ye.

Alas, if 'twere displeasing to you,

Why did your self encourage it?

I might have languish'd, as I did before,

And hid those Crimes which make you hate me now.

—Oh, I am lost? *Antonio*, thou'st undone me;

[*He rises in Rage.*

—Hear me, Ungrate; I swear by all that's good,
I'll wash away my Mischief with thy Blood.

Isab. *Antonio* hears you not, Sir, for he's departed.

Ism. Is *Antonio* gone?

[*She looks pertly up, who before lay half dead.*

Alb. How's this, has she but feign'd?

Ism. Know it was but feign'd; I hope this proof
Of what I've promis'd you, does not displease you.

Alb. Am I thus fortunate, thus strangely happy?

Ism. Time will confirm it to you—go, do not
Now thank me for't, but seek *Antonio* out;
Perhaps he may have too great a Sense of the
Mischiefs his Jealousies had like to have caus'd:
But conjure him to take no notice of what's past to me;
This easy slight of mine secures our Fears,
And serves to make *Antonio* confident,
Who now will unbelieve his Eyes and Ears;
And since before, when I was innocent,
He could suspect my Love and Duty too,
I'll try what my dissembling it will do.
—Go haste.—

Alb. Madam, I go, surpriz'd with Love and Wonder.

[*Ex. Alb.*

Ism. You'll be more surpriz'd, when you know [*Aside.*
That you are cheated too as well as *Antonio*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter Curtius disguis'd in a black Peruke and Beard, with
Pietro disguised also.*

Cur. Well, what hast thou learn'd?

Piet. News enough, Sir, but none good;
That the Prince's Wounds are small,

So that he intends to take the Air this Evening;
That he sollicit *Laura* hard;
And, Sir, that you are proclaim'd Traitor.

Cur. So, what says the Messenger you sent to *Cloris*?

Piet. Sir, he brings sad tidings back.

Cur. What tidings? is she dead?

That would revive my Soul,
And fortify my easy Nature with some wicked Notions,
As deep as those this flattering Prince made use of,
When he betray'd my Sister, pretty *Cloris*:
—Come, speak it boldly, for nothing else
Will make me do her Justice.

Piet. No, Sir, she is not dead,
But fled, and none knows whither;
Only *Guilliam* attends her.

Cur. Worse and worse; but what of *Laura*?

Piet. She, Sir, is kept a Prisoner by her Father,
And speaks with none but those that come from *Frederick*.

Cur. *Laura* confin'd too! 'tis time to hasten then,
With my, till now, almost disarmed Revenge:
—Thus I may pass unknown the Streets of *Florence*,
And find an opportunity to reach this Prince's Heart,
—Oh, Vengeance! luxurious Vengeance!
Thy Pleasures turn a Rival to my Love,
And make the mightier Conquest o'er my Heart.
—*Cloris*, I will revenge thy Tears and Sufferings;
And to secure the Doom of him that wrong'd thee,
I'll call on injur'd *Laura* too.

—Here take these Pictures—and where thou see'st

[*Gives him Boxes.*

A knot of Gallants, open one or two, as if by stealth,
To gaze upon the Beauties, and then straight close them—
But stay, here comes the only Man
I could have wish'd for; he'll proclaim my Business
Better than a Picture or a Trumpet. [*They stand by.*

[*Curtius takes back the Pictures.*

Enter Lorenzo and Guiliam dressed in fineish Clothes, but the same high-crown'd Hat.

Lor. Did, ha, ha, ha, did, ha, ha; did ever any Mortal Man behold such a Figure as thou art now? Well, I see 'tis a damnable thing not to Be born a Gentleman; the Devil himself Can never make thee truly jantee now.
—Come, come, come forward; these Clothes become Thee, as a Saddle does a Sow; why com'st thou not?
—Why—ha, ha, I hope thou hast not Hansel'd thy new Breeches,
Thou look'st so filthily on't. [*He advances, looking sourly.*

Guil. No, Sir, I hope I have more manners than so; But if I should, 'tis not my fault;
For the necessary Houses are hard To be met withal here at Court.

Lor. Very well, Sirrah; you begin already to be Witty with the Court: but I can tell you, it has as Many necessary Places in't, as any Court in Christendom
—But what a Hat thou hast?

Guil. Why, Sir, though I say't, this is accounted of In our Village; but I had another but now, Which I blew off in a high Wind; and I never mist it, Till I had an occasion to pluck it off to a young Squire, they call a Lacquey; and, Fegs, I had none at all: and because I would not lose My Leg for want of a Hat, I fetch'd this;
And I can tell you, Sir, it has a fashionable Brim.

Lor. A Fool's head of your own, has it not? The Boys will hoot at us as we pass—hah,
Who be these, who be these—[*Goes towards Cur. and Piet.*

Cur. Here—this to *Don Alonso*—this to the *English Count*; and this you may shew to the *Young German Prince*—and this—
I will reserve for higher Prices. [*Gives Piet. Pictures.*

Piet. Will you shew none to the Courtiers, Sir?

Cur. Away, you Fool, I deal in no such Trash.

Lor. How, Sir, how was that? pray how came we to Gain your dis-favour?

Cur. I cry you mercy, Sir, pray what are you;

Lor. A Courtier, Sir, I can assure you,
And one of the best Rank too;

I have the Prince's ear, Sir.

—What have you there, hah?—Pictures? let me see—
What, are they to be bought?

Cur. Sir, they are Copies of most fair Originals,
Not to be bought but hired.

Lor. Say you so, Friend? the Price, the Price.

Cur. Five thousand Crowns a Month, Sir.

Lor. The Price is somewhat saucy.

Cur. Sir, they be curious Pieces, were never blown
upon,

Have never been in Courts, nor hardly Cities.

Lor. Upon my word, that's considerable;
Friend, pray where do they live?

Cur. In the *Piazza*, near the Palace.

Lor. Well, put up your Ware, shew not a face of them
Till I return! for I will bring you
The best Chapman in all *Florence*,
Except the Duke himself.

Cur. You must be speedy then,
For I to morrow shall be going towards *Rome*.

Lor. A subtle Rascal this: thou think'st, I warrant,
To make a better Market amongst the Cardinals.
—But take my word, ne'er a Cardinal of them all
Comes near this Man, I mean, to bring you in
Matters of Beauty—so, this will infallibly make
My Peace again: [*Aside.*] Look ye, Friend
—Be ready, for 'tis the Prince, the noble generous *Frederick*,
That I design your Merchant. [*Goes out.*]

Cur. Your Servant, Sir,—that is *Guilliam*;

I cannot be mistaken in him, go call him back.

[*Pietro fetches him back, who puts on a surly Face.*

—Friend, what art thou?

Guil. What am I? why, what am I? dost thou not see
What I am? a Courtier, Friend.

Cur. But what's thy Name?

Guil. My Name, I have not yet considered.

Cur. What was thy Name?

Guil. What was my Name?

Cur. Yes, Friend, thou hadst one.

Guil. Yes, Friend, thou hadst one.

Cur. Dog, do'st eccho me? do'st thou repeat?
I say again, what is thy Name? [*Shakes him.*

Guil. Oh horrible!—why, Sir, it was *Guilliam*
When I was a silly Swain.

Cur. *Gulliam*—the same;

Didst thou not know a Maid whose name was *Cloris*?

Guil. Yes, there was such a Maid,
But now she's none!

Cur. Was such a Maid, but now she's none!
—The Slave upbraids my Griefs. [*Aside.*

Guil. Yes, Sir, so I said.

Cur. So you said!

Guil. Why, yes, Sir, what, do you repeat?

Cur. What mean you, Sirrah? have you a mind to
Have your Throat cut? tell me where she is.

Guil. I dare as well be hang'd.
Now must I devise a lye, or never look *Cloris*
In the Face more. [*Aside.*

Cur. Here's Gold for thee; I will be secret too.

Guil. Oh, Sir, the poor Maid you speak of is dead.

Cur. Dead! where dy'd she? and how?

Guil. Now am I put to my wits; this 'tis to begin
In Sin, as our Curate said: I must go on: [*Aside.*

—Why, Sir, she came into the Wood—and hard by a
River-side—she sigh'd, and she wept full sore;

And cry'd two or three times out upon *Curtius*,
—And—then— [Howls.

Cur. Poor *Cloris*, thy Fate was too severe.

Guil. And then as I was saying, Sir,
She leapt into the River, and swam up the Stream.

[*Cur. weeps.*

Piet. And why up the Stream, Friend?

Guil. Because she was a Woman—and that's all.

[*Ex. Guil.*

Cur. Farewel, and thank thee.

—Poor *Cloris* dead, and banish'd too from *Laura*!

Was ever wretched Lover's Fate like mine!

—And he who injures me, has power to do so;

—But why, where lies this Power about this Man?

Is it his Charms of Beauty, or of Wit?

Or that great Name he has acquir'd in War?

Is it the Majesty, that holy something,

That guards the Person of this Demi-god?

This awes not me, there must be something more.

For ever, when I call upon my Wrongs,

Something within me pleads so kindly for him,

As would persuade me that he could not err.

—Ah, what is this? where lies this Power divine,

That can so easily make a Slave of mine? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Frederick's Chamber.

Enter Frederick, and Cloris finely dress'd.

Fred. 'Tis much methinks, a Boy of so dejected,
Humble Birth, should have so much of Sense
And Soul about him.

Clo. I know not that; but if I have a thought
Above that humble Birth or Education,
It was inspir'd by Love.

Fred. Still you raise my Wonder greater;
—Thou a Lover?

Clo. Yes, my Lord, though I am young,
I've felt the power of Beauty ;
And should you look upon the Object, Sir,
Your Wonders soon would cease ;
Each Look does even animate Insensibles,
And strikes a reverend Awe upon the Soul :
Nothing is found so lovely.

Fred. Thou speak'st prettily, I think Love
Indeed has inspir'd thee.

Clo. These were the Flatteries, Sir, she us'd to me ;
Of her it was I learn'd to speak, and sigh,
And look, as oft you say, I do on you.

Fred. Why then, it seems she made returns ?

Clo. Ah ! Sir, 'twas I that first was blest,
I first the happy Object was belov'd ;
For, 'twas a Person, Sir, so much above me,—
It had been Sin to've rais'd my Eyes to her ;
Or by a glance, or sigh, betray my Pain.
But Oh ! when with a thousand soft Expressions,
She did encourage me to speak of Love !
—My God ! how soon extravagant I grew,
And told so oft the story of my Passion,
That she grew weary of the repeated Tale,
And punish'd my presumption with a strange neglect.

[Weeps.

Fred. How, my good *Philibert* ?

Clo. Would suffer me to see her Face no more.

Fred. That was pity ; without a Fault ?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I was guilty of no Crime,
But that of having told her how I lov'd her ;
For all I had I sacrific'd to her ;
—Poor worthless Treasures to any but a Lover ;
And such you know accept the meanest things,
Which Love and a true Devotion do present.
When she was present, I found a thousand ways
To let her know how much I was her Slave ;

And absent, still invented new ones,
And quite neglected all my little Business;
Counting the tedious Moments of the Day
By Sighs and Tears; thought it an Age to night,
Whose Darkness might secure our happy meeting:
But we shall meet no more on these kind Terms. [*Sighs.*]

Fred. Come, do not weep, sweet Youth, thou art too
young,
To have thy blooming Cheeks blasted with sorrow;
Thou wilt out-grow this childish Inclination,
And shalt see Beauties here, whose every glance
Kindle new Fires, and quite expel the old.

Clo. Oh, never, Sir.

Fred. When I was first in love, I thought so too,
But now with equal ardour
I doat upon each new and beauteous Object.

Clo. And quite forget the old?

Fred. Not so; but when I see them o'er again,
I find I love them as I did before.

Clo. Oh God forbid, I should be so inconstant!
No, Sir, though she be false, she has my Heart,
And I can die, but not redeem the Victim.

Fred. Away, you little Fool, you make me sad
By this resolve: but I'll instruct you better.

Clo. I would not make you sad for all the World.
Sir, I will sing, or dance, do any thing
That may divert you.

Fred. I thank thee, *Philibert*, and will accept
Thy Bounty; perhaps it may allay thy Griefs awhile too.

Clo. I'll call the Musick, Sir. [*She goes out.*]

Fred. This Boy has strange agreements in him.

Enter Cloris with Musick.

She bids them play, and dances a Jig.

This was wondrous kind, my pretty *Philibert*.

[*Exeunt Musick.*]

Enter Page.

Page. Lorenzo, my Lord, begs admittance.

Fred. He may come in.

[*Exit Page.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

—Well, *Lorenzo*, what's the News with thee?

—How goes the price of Beauty, hah?

Lor. My Lord, that question is *a propos* to
What I have to say; this Paper will answer your
Question, Sir— [Gives him a Paper, he reads.]

—Hah, I vow to gad a lovely Youth; [*Lor. gazes on Phil.*]
But what makes he here with *Frederick*?

This Stripling may chance to mar my market of Women
now—

'Tis a fine Lad, how plump and white he is; [*Aside.*]
Would I could meet him somewhere i'th' dark,
I'd have a fling at him, and try whether I
Were right *Florentine*.

Fred. Well, Sir, where be these Beauties?

Lor. I'll conduct you to them.

Fred. What's the Fellow that brings them?

Lor. A *Grecian*, I think, or something.

Fred. Beauties from *Greece*, Man!

Lor. Why, let them be from the Devil,
So they be new and fine, what need we care?
—But you must go to night.

Fred. I am not in a very good condition
To make Visits of that kind.

Lor. However, see them, and if you like them,
You may oblige the Fellow to a longer stay,
For I know they are handsome.

Fred. That's the only thing thou art judge of;
—Well, go you and prepare them;
And *Philibert*, thou shalt along with me;
I'll have thy Judgment too.

Clo. Good Heaven, how false he is!

[*Aside.*]

Lor. What time will your Highness come?

Fred. Two Hours hence. [*Ex.* Fred.]

Lor. So then I shall have time to have a bout
With this jilting Huswife *Isabella*,
For my Fingers itch to be at her. [*Aside.*
[*Ex.* Lorenzo.]

Clo. Not know me yet? cannot this Face inform him?
My Sighs, nor Eyes, my Accent, nor my Tale?
Had he one thought of me, he must have found me out.
—Yes, yes, 'tis certain I am miserable;
He's going now to see some fresher Beauties,
And I, he says, must be a witness of it;
This gives me Wounds, painful as those of Love:
Some Women now would find a thousand Plots
From so much Grief as I have, but I'm dull;
Yet I'll to *Laura*, and advise with her,
Where I will tell her such a heavy Tale,
As shall oblige her to a kind concern:
—This may do; I'll tell her of this Thought,
This is the first of Art I ever thought on;
And if this proves a fruitless Remedy,
The next, I need not study, how to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter Lorenzo, *meets* Guiliam, *who passes by him, and
takes no notice of him.*

Lor. How now, Manners a few?

Guil. I cry you heartily, Sir, I did not see you.

Lor. Well, Sirrah, the News.

Guil. Sir, the Gentlewoman whom you sent me to says
That she'll meet you here.

Lor. That's well, thou mayst come to be a States-man
In time, thou art a fellow of so quick dispatch:
But hark ye, Sirrah, there are a few Lessons I must learn
you,

Concerning Offices of this nature ;

But another time for that : but—

[*Whispers.*

Enter Isabella, and Antonio's Valet.

Isab. Here he is ; and prithee, when thou seest him in My Chamber, go and tell my Lord,
Under pretence of the care you have of the Honour of his House.

Val. I warrant you, let me alone for a Tale,
And a Lye at the end on't ; which shall not over-much Incense him, nor yet make him neglect coming. [*Ex. Val.*

Lor. Oh, are you there, Mistress ? what have you now To say for your last Night's Roguery ?
Are not you a Baggage ? confess.

Isab. You have a mind to lose your opportunity again,
As you did last Night, have ye not ?
Pray God your own Shadow scare you not,
As it did then ; and you will possibly believe
No body meant you harm then, nor now.

Lor. Art thou in earnest ?

Isab. Are you in earnest ?

Lor. Yes, that I am, and that *Clarina* shall find,
If I once come to her.

Isab. Come, leave your frippery Jests, and come in.

Lor. *Guilliam*, be sure you attend me here,
And whoever you see, say nothing ; the best on't is,
Thou art not much known. [*Isab. and Lor. go in.*

Guil. Well, I see there is nothing but fouting
In this Town ; wou'd our *Lucia* were here too for me,
For all the Maids I meet with are so giglish
And scornful, that a Man, as I am,
Gets nothing but flouts and flings from them.
Oh, for the little kind Lass that lives
Under the Hill, of whom the Song was made ;
Which because I have nothing else to do,
I will sing over now ; hum, hum.

The Song for *Guilliam*.

[To some Tune like him.]

*IN a Cottage by the Mountain
Lives a very pretty Maid,
Who lay sleeping by a Fountain,
Underneath a Myrtle shade;
Her Petticoat of wanton Sarcenet,
The amorous Wind about did move,
And quite unveil'd,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love.*

'Tis something cold, I'll go take a Niperkin of Wine,
[Goes out.]

Enter Isab. and Lor. above, as frighted into the Balcony.

Lor. This was some trick of thine, I will be hang'd else.

Isab. Oh, I'll be sworn you wrong me;

Alas, I'm undone by't. [Ant. at the Door knocks.]

Ant. Open the Door, thou naughty Woman.

Lor. Oh, oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?

Ant. Open the Door, I say.

Lor. Oh, 'tis a damnable leap out at this Balcony.

Isab. And yet you are a dead Man, if you see him.

Ant. Impudence, will you open the Door?

Isab. I will, Sir, immediately.

Lor. Devise some way to let me down,
Or I will throw thee out; no Ladder of Ropes, no Device?
—If a Man would not forswear Whoring for the future
That is in my condition, I am no true Gentleman.

Ant. Open, or I will break the Door.

Isab. Hold the Door, and swear lustily that you
Are my Husband, and I will in the mean time
Provide for your safety,
Though I can think of none but the Sheets from the Bed.
[He holds the Door.]

Lor. Any thing to save my Life;

—Sir, you may believe me upon my Honour,
I am lawful Husband to *Isabella*,
And have no designs upon your House or Honour.

[*Isab. this while fastens the Sheets, which are to be
suppos'd from the Bed, to the Balcony.*

Ant. Thou art some Villain.

Lor. No, Sir, I am an honest Man, and married lawfully.

Ant. Who art thou?

Lor. Hast thou done?

Isab. Yes, but you must venture hard.

Isab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, Sir.

Lor. A Pox on her, now am I asham'd to all eternity.

Isab. Sir, let me beg you'll take his Word and Oath
to night,

And to morrow I will satisfy you.

[*Lor. gets down by the Sheets.*

Ant. Look you make this good,
Or you shall both dearly pay for't.

Lor. I am alive, yes, yes, all's whole and sound,
Which is a mercy, I can tell you;

This is whoring now: may I turn *Franciscan*,
If I could not find in my heart to do penance
In Camphire Posset, this Month, for this.

—Well, I must to this Merchant of Love,
And I would gladly be there before the Prince:
For since I have mist here,

I shall be amorous enough,

And then I'll provide for *Frederick*;

For 'tis but just, although he be my Master,

That I in these Ragousts should be his Taster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Antonio's House.*

Enter Ismena with a Veil.

Ism. *Alberto* is not come yet, sure he loves me;
But 'tis not Tears, and Knees, that can confirm me;

No, I must be convinc'd by better Argument.
—Deceit, if ever thou a Guide wert made
To amorous Hearts, assist a Love-sick Maid.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Your pleasure, Madam?
—Oh that she would be brief,
And send me quickly from her,
For her Eyes will overthrow my purpose.

[*Aside.*

Ism. *Alberto*, do you love me?

Alb. No.

Ism. No! have you deceiv'd me then?

Alb. Neither, *Clarina*; when I told you so,
By Heaven, 'twas perfect Truth.

Ism. And what have I done since should
Merit your Dis-esteem?

Alb. Nothing but what has rais'd it.

Ism. To raise your Esteem, then it seems, is
To lessen your Love; or, as most Gallants are,
You're but pleas'd with what you have not;
And love a Mistress with great Passion, till you find
Your self belov'd again, and then you hate her.

Alb. You wrong my Soul extremely,
'Tis not of that ungrateful nature;
To love me is to me a greater Charm
Than that of Wit or Beauty.

Ism. I'm glad on't, Sir; then I have pleasant News for
you,
I know a Lady, and a Virgin too,
That loves you with such Passion,
As has oblig'd me to become her Advocate.

Alb. I am very much oblig'd to her,
If there be any such.

Ism. Upon my Life, there is; I am in earnest,
The Lady is my Sister too.

Alb. How, *Clarina*, this from you?

Ism. Nay, I have promis'd her, that you shall love her too,

Since both her Birth and Beauty merits you.

Alb. Away, false Woman : I love your Sister !
No, I will hate ye both.

Ism. Why so Angry ?

Alas, it is against my Will I do it.

Alb. Did you betray my Faith, when 'twas so easy
To give a credit to your tale of Love ?

—Oh Woman, faithless Woman !

Ism. *Alberto*, with a world of shame I own
That I then lov'd you, and must do so still :
But since that Love must be accounted criminal,
And that a world of danger does attend it ;
I am resolv'd, though I can never quit it,
To change it into kind Esteem for you ;
And would ally you, Sir, as near to me,
As our unkind Stars will permit me.

Alb. I thank you, Madam : Oh, what a shame it is,
To be out-done in Virtue, as in Love !

Ism. Another favour I must beg of you,
That you will tell *Antonio* what is past.

Alb. How mean you, Madam ?

Ism. Why, that I love you, Sir,
And how I have deceiv'd him into confidence.

Alb. This is strange ; you cannot mean it sure.

Ism. When I intend to be extremely good,
I would not have a secret Sin within,
Though old, and yet repented too : no, Sir,
Confession always goes with Penitence.

Alb. Do you repent you that you lov'd me then ?

Ism. Not so ; but that I did abuse *Antonio*.

Alb. And can you think that this will cure his Jealousy ?

Ism. Doubtless it will, when he knows how needless
'tis ;

For when they're most secure, they're most betray'd :

Besides, I did but act the part he made ;
And Ills he forces, sure he'll not upbraid.
Go seek out *Antonio*.

Alb. You have o'ercome me, Madam, every way,
And this your last Command I can obey ;
Your Sister too I'll see, and will esteem,
But you've my Heart, which I can ne'er redeem.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Laura's Chamber.*

Enter Laura and Cloris like a Boy, as before.

Lau. Forward, dear *Cloris*,

Clo. And, Madam, 'twas upon a Holyday,
It chanc'd Prince *Frederick* came into our Village,
On some reports were made him of my Beauty,
Attended only by the noble *Curtius* :
They found me in the Church at my Devotion,
Whom *Frederick* soon distinguished from the rest ;
He kneel'd down by me, and instead of Prayer,
He fell to praise—but 'twas my Beauty only ;
—That I could tell you, of my strange surprize !
My Zeal was all disordered, and my Eyes
Fed on the false, not real Sacrifice.

—I wanted Art my Sentiments to hide,
Which from my Eyes and Blushes soon he spy'd.

Lau. And did you know him then ?

Clo. Not till he left me :

—But, to be short, Madam, we parted there ;
But e'er he went he whisper'd in my ear,
And sigh'd, Ah, *Cloris* ! e'er you do depart,
Tell me, where 'tis you will dispose my Heart ?
—Pray give me leave to visit it again,
Your Eyes that gave can only ease my Pain.
I, only blushing, gave him my consent ;

He paid his Thanks in Sighs, and from me went.
That night, alas, I took but little rest ;
The new and strange Disorder in my Breast
Can, Madam, only by your self be guest. }

Lau. I'll not deny that I'm a Lover too,
And can imagine what was felt by you.

Clo. No sooner did the welcome Day appear,
But *Lucia* brought me word the Prince was there ;
His very Name disorder'd me much more,
Than did his Sight or Touch the day before ;
So soon my rising Love grew up to power,
So soon he did become my Conqueror.

—How pale and trembling, when he did appear,
I grew, he too had marks of Love and Fear.

—But I'll omit the many visits paid,
Th' unvalued Presents, and the Oaths he made,
My kind Disputes on all his Letters writ,
How all my Doubts were answer'd by his Wit ;
How oft he vow'd to marry me, whilst I
Durst not believe the pleasing Perjury :
—And only tell you, that one night he came,
Led by designs of an impatient Flame ;
When all the House was silently asleep,
Except my self, who Love's sad Watch did keep ;
Arm'd with his Ponyard, and his Breast all bare,
His Face all pale with restless Love and Fear ;
So many wild and frantick things he said,
And so much Grief and Passion too betray'd,
So often vow'd he'd finish there his Life,
If I refus'd him to become his Wife ;

That I half-dying, said it should be so ;
Which though I fear'd, Oh, how I wish'd it too !
Both prostrate on the Ground i'th' face of Heaven,
His Vows to me, and mine to him were given :

—And then, oh, then, what did I not resign !
With the assurance that the Prince was mine. [*Weeps.*

Lau. Poor *Cloris*, how I pity thee!
Since Fate has treated me with equal rigor;
—*Curtius* is banish'd, *Frederick* still pursues me,
And by a cruel Father I'm confin'd,
And cannot go to serve my self or thee. [One knocks.

Lor. [Without.] Sister *Laura*, Sister.

Lau. It is my Brother, would he would be kind,
And set us free; he shall not see thee,
And I'll persuade him.

[As she puts *Cloris* into her Closet, enter *Lorenzo* with a Letter.

Lor. Hah, locking her Closet! now, were I a right
Italian, should I grow jealous, and enrag'd at
I know not what: hah, Sister!
What are you doing here?
Open your Cabinet, and let me see't.

Lau. Sir, 'tis in disorder, and not worth your seeing now.

Lor. 'Tis so, I care not for that, I'll see't.

Lau. Pray do not, Brother.

Lor. Your denial makes me the more inquisitive.

Lau. 'Tis but my saying, he came from the Prince,
And he dares not take it ill. [Aside.

—Here, Sir, [Gives him the Key.

Lor. And here's for you too; a Letter from *Curtius*,
And therefore I would not open it: I took it up
At the Post-house. [She reads, and seems pleas'd.

Now if this should prove some surly Gallant of hers,
And give me a slash o'er the Face for peeping
I were but rightly serv'd;

And why the Devil should I expect my Sister should
Have more Virtue than my self?

She's the same flesh and blood: or why, because
She's the weaker Vessel,

Should all the unreasonable burden of the Honour
Of our House, as they call it,

Be laid on her Shoulders, whilst we may commit

A thousand Villanies? but 'tis so—

Here, open the Door;

I'll put her before me, however.

[*She opens the Door, and brings out Cloris.*

Lau. Sir, 'tis *Philibert* from the Prince.

Lor. Why, how now, Youngster, I see you intend
To thrive by your many Trades;
So soon, so soon, i'faith? but, Sirrah,
This is my Sister, and your Prince's Mistress;
Take notice of that.

Clo. I know not what you mean.

Lor. Sir, you cannot deceive me so;
And you were right serv'd, you would be made fit
For nothing but the great *Turk's Seraglio*.

Clo. You mistake my business, Sir.

Lor. Your Blushes give you the lye, Sirrah;
But for the Prince's sake, and another reason I have,
I will pardon you for once.

Lau. He has not done a fault, and needs it not.

Lor. Was he not alone with thee?

And is not that enough? Well, I see I am no *Italian*
In Punctillio's of honourable Revenge.

There is but one experiment left to prove my self so;
And if that fail, I'll e'en renounce my Country.

—Boy, harkye,—there is a certain kindness
You may do me, and get your pardon for being found here.

Clo. You shall command me any thing.

Lor. Prithee how long hast thou been set up for thy self,
Hah?

Clo. As how, Sir?

Lor. Poh, thou understand'st me.

Clo. Indeed I do not, Sir; what is't you mean?

Lor. A smooth-fac'd Boy, and ask such a Question?
Fy, fy, this Ignorance was ill counterfeited
To me that understand the World.

Clo. Explain your self, Sir.

Lor. Lookye, ten or twenty Pistoles will do you No hurt, will it?

Clo. Not any, Sir.

Lor. Why, so, 'tis well any thing will make thee Apprehend.

Clo. I shall be glad to serve you, Sir, without that fee.

Lor. That's kindly said—

I see a Man must not be too easy of belief: had I been so, This Boy would have been at, what d'ye mean, Sir?

And, Lord, I understand you not.

Well, *Philibert*, here's earnest to bind the Bargain;

I am now in haste; when I see thee next,

I'll tell thee more. [Lorenzo whispers to Laura.

Clo. This 'tis to be a Favourite now;

I warrant you I must do him some good office to the Prince, Which I'll be sure to do.

Lor. Nay, it must be done, for she has us'd me basely; Oh, 'tis a Baggage.

Lau. Let me alone to revenge you on *Isabella*, Get me but from this Imprisonment.

Lor. I will: whilst I hold the old Man in a dispute, Do you two get away; but be sure thou pay'st her home.

Lau. I warrant you, Sir, this was happy; Now shall I see *Curtius*.

Lor. *Philibert*, I advise you to have a care of Wenching: 'twill spoil a good Face,

And mar your better market of the two. [Ex. Lor.

Lau. Come, let us haste, and by the way, I'll tell thee Of a means that may make us all happy. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Grove.

Enter Alberto melancholy.

Alb. *Antonio* said he would be here, I'm impatient till he come—

Enter Antonio.

Ant. *Alberto*, I have such a Project for thee!

Alb. Hah—

Ant. What ails thee, art thou well?

Alb. No.

Ant. Where art thou sick?

Alb. At Heart, *Antonio*, poison'd by thy Jealousy;
—Oh, thou hast ruin'd me, undone my Quiet,
And from a Man of reasonable Virtue,
Hast brought me to a wild distracted Lover.

Ant. Explain your self.

Alb. Thou'st taught me, Friend, to love *Clarina*;
Not, as I promis'd thee, to feign, but so,
That I, unless I do possess that Object,
I think must die; at best be miserable.

Ant. How, Sir, have I done this?

Alb. Yes, *Antonio*, thou hast done this.

Ant. My dear *Alberto*, said you that you lov'd her?

Alb. Yes, *Antonio*, against my will I do;
As much against my will, as when I told her so;
Urg'd by thy needless Stratagem.

Ant. Name it no more, it was an idle Fault,
Which I do so repent me,
That if you find I should relapse again,
Kill me, and let me perish with my Weakness:
And were that true you tell me of your Passion,
Sure I should wish to die, to make you happy.

Alb. That's kindly said, and I submit to you,
And am content to be out-done in Amity.

Ant. Yes, I'll resign my Claims, and leave the World;
Alberto, 'tis unkind to think I would be happy
By ways must ruin you:

But sure you tell me this, but only to afflict me.

Alb. 'Tis truth, *Antonio*, I do love *Clarina*;
And, what is yet far worse for thy repose,
Believe my self so bless'd to be belov'd.

Ant. How, to be belov'd by her!
—Oh dire effects of Jealousy!

Alb. All that you saw to day was only feign'd,
To let you see, that even your Eyes and Ears
Might be impos'd upon.

Ant. Can it be possible!

Alb. And now she thinks she is enough reveng'd;
And lets you know, in her feign'd Scorn to me,
That all your Sleights and Cunnings are but vain:
She has deceiv'd them all, and by that Art,
Gives you a Confidence, and me a Heart.

Ant. I must confess, it is but just in her
To punish thus the Errors of my Fear;
I do forgive her, from my Soul I do.

—But, Sir, what satisfaction's this to you?

Alb. *Clarina* happy, I'll from Court retire,
And by that Absence quench my Hopeless Fire:
War I will make my Mistress, who may be,
Perhaps, more kind than she has been to me;
Where though I cannot conquer, 'twill allow
That I may die; that's more than this will do.

Ant. —Why did you, Sir, betray my Weakness to her?
Though 'twas but what I did deserve from you.

Alb. By all that's good, she knew the Plot before,
From *Isabella*, who it seems o'erheard us,
When you once press'd me to't:
And had we wanted Virtue, thoud'st been lost.

Ant. I own the Crime;
And first I beg thy Pardon,
And after that will get it from *Clarina*;
Which done, I'll wait upon thee to the Camp,
And suffer one year's Penance for this Sin,
Unless I could divert this Resolution,
By a Proposal *Clarina* bid me make you.

Alb. What was it, Sir?

Ant. I have a Sister, Friend, a handsome Virgin,
Rich, witty, and I think she's virtuous too;
Return'd last Week from St. *Teresia's* Monastery.

Alb. Sure any thing that is to thee ally'd,
Must find a more than bare Respect from me;
But certain 'tis I ne'er shall love again,
And have resolv'd never to marry any,
Where Interest, and not Love, must join our hands.

Ant. You cannot tell what Power there lies in Beauty;
Come, you shall see her, and if after that,
You find you cannot love her,
We'll both to *Candia*, where we both will prove
Rivals in Honour, as we're now in Love.
—But I'd forgot to tell thee what I came for;
I must this Evening beg your Company,
Nay, and perhaps your Sword: come along with me,
And by the way I'll tell you the Adventure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Lodgings of Curtius.*

Enter Curtius and Pietro, disguis'd as before.

Cur. I wonder we hear no news yet of the Prince,
I hope he'll come; *Pietro*, be the Bravoës ready,
And the Curtezans?

Piet. My Lord, they'll be here immediately, all well
dress'd too.

Cur. They be those Bravoës that belong to me?

Piet. Yes, Sir, the same;
But *Antonio* is their Patron.

Cur. They be stout and secret; 'tis well,
Is the Music and all things ready?
For I'll not be seen till my Part is to be play'd.
What Arms have they?

Piet. Pistols, Sir, would you have other?

Cur. No, I have not yet consider'd how to kill him,
Nor scarce resolv'd to do so any way.
What makes this strange Irresolution in me?
—Sure 'tis the force of sacred Amity,
Which but too strictly was observ'd by me.

—My Prince, and Friend, my Wife, and Sister too;
Shall not those last, the powerful first out-do?

My Honour, and my Love, are there ingag'd,
And here, by ties of Duty, I'm oblig'd:

I satisfy but these, if he must bleed;
But ruin the whole Dukedom in the Deed,
The hopeful Heir of all their noble Spoils,
And Joy and Recompence of all their Toils.

—Why, so was *Cloris*, *Laura* too, to me,
Which both were ravish'd from me, Prince, by thee.

[*Knocks within.*

Piet. Sir, they be the Bravoës and Curtezans.

[*Pietro goes out.*

Cur. 'Tis well, I need not talk with them,
They understand their work.

Piet. They do, my Lord, and shall be ready at your stamp;
They are all *Neapolitans*, you know, Sir.

Cur. Are they the better for that?

Piet. Much, Sir, a *Venetian* will turn to your Enemy,
If he will give him but a Souse more than you have done;
And your *Millanoise* are fit for nothing but to
Rob the Post or Carrier; a *Genovese* too
Will sooner kill by Usury than Sword or Pistol;
A *Roman* fit for nothing but a Spy.

Cur. Well, Sir, you are pleasant with my Countrymen.

Piet. I'll be so with my own too, Sir; and tell you,
That a *Maltan*, who pretends to so much Honour
And Gravity, are fit only to rob their Neighbours
With pretence of Piety.

—And a *Cicilian* so taken up with Plots,
How to kill his Vice-Roy, that it keeps them
From being Rogues to a less degree.
But I have done, Sir, and beg your pardon.

Cur. Didst leave the Letter, I commanded thee,
For *Laura*?

Piet. I did, my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, here's the Prince just coming.

Cor. Pray, Sir, conduct him in,
I'm ready for him. [*Ex. Cur. and Piet.*]

Enter the Prince, conducted by two Women in Masquerade, with Lights, he endeavouring to take off their Masks.

[*Ex. two Women.*]

[*He walks about while this Song is singing.*]

*What is the recompence of War,
But soft and wanton Peace?
What the best Balsam to our Scars,
But that which Venus gave to Mars,
When he was circled in a kind Embrace?*

*Behold a Prince, who never yet
Was vanquish'd in the Field;
Awhile his Glories must forget,
And lay his Laurels at the feet
Of some fair Female Power, to whom he'll yield.*

Fred. What's this the Preparation?

Lor. Yes, so it should seem; but had you met
With so many defeats as I have done to night,
You would willingly excuse this Ceremony.

Musick for the Dance.

Enter Antonio with Ismena, Alberto with Clarina, Laura and Cloris with two Men more, and all dress'd in Masquerade, with Vizards; they dance. The Prince sets down: the Dance being done, they retire to one side; and Alberto comes and presents him Clarina, and bows and retires; who puts off her Mask, and puts it on again, and retires.

Fred. She's wondrous fair;
Sure in his whole Cabal he cannot show a fairer—

Lor. She resembles *Clarina*; I wish your Highness
Would see further, and then perhaps this would
Fall to my lot, for I love her for likeness sake.

[*Antonio presents Ismena, and retires as the other.*

Fred. This I confess out-does the others;
An Innocency dwells upon her Face,
That's strangely taking, is it not, *Lorenzo*?

Lor. To say truth, she is very fine indeed.

[*They present Laura.*

Fred. Hah! I am amaz'd; see, *Lorenzo*,
Dost thou not know that Face?

Lor. O' my Conscience and Soul, 'tis my own Sister
Laura;

Why, how now, Mistress,
Do things go thus with you, i'faith?

[*She shakes her Hand, as not understanding him.*

Ant. Sir, she understands you not.

Lor. Is it not *Laura* then?

Ant. No, Sir, it is a Stranger.

Fred. Let her be what she will, I'll have her.

[*Fred. seems to talk, when she answers in Grimaces.*

Lor. There have been Examples in the World
Of the good Offices done by a Brother to a Sister;
But they are very rare here,
And therefore will surely be the more acceptable.
Well, Sir, have you fix'd, that I may chuse?

Fred. I have, and had he thousands more,

[*Lor. goes to Clar.*

I would refuse them all for this fair Creature.

Enter Pietro.

Piet. Sir, all things are ready as you desire,
But my Master must first speak with you alone,

Fred. About the Price, I'll warrant you;
Let him come in: [All go out but *Fred.* to him *Cur.*
—Are you the Master of the Ceremony?

Cur. I am.

Fred. Be speedy then, and by my Impatience
To be with that agreeable Stranger,
Guess at my Approbation of the Ladies, and which I chuse.

Cur. Your mighty Heat, Sir, will be soon allay'd.

Fred. Shall it?

Cur. Yes, Sir, it shall, for you must die.

Fred. Sure thou art mad to tell me so, whoe'er thou
be'st,

Whilst I have this about me. [*Draws.*

Cur. That, Sir, you draw in vain; stand off—

[*Offers a Pistol.*

Fred. What new conceited Preparation's this?

Cur. Sir, when you know this Face, it will inform you.

[*Pulls off his false Beard.*

Fred. *Curtius!* I am betray'd, oh Villain!

[*Offers to fight.*

Cur. Ho, within there—

[*He calls, and all the masked Men come out, and offer
their Pistols at Frederick.*

Fred. Hold, I am the Prince of *Florence*.

Cur. These, Sir, are Rogues, and have no sense of ought,
But Mischief in their Souls;

Gold is their Prince and God,—go, be gone—

[*They withdraw.*

—See, Sir, I can command them.

Fred. *Curtius*, why dost thou deal thus treacherously
with me?

Did I not offer thee to fight thee fairly?

Cur. 'Tis like the Injuries, Sir, that you have done me;
Pardon me if my Grievs make me too rude,
And in coarse terms lay all your Sins before you.
—First, Sir, you have debauch'd my lovely Sister,
The only one I had;

The Hope and Care of all our noble Family:

Thou, Prince, didst ravish all her Virtue from her,

And left her nothing but a desperate sense of Shame,
Which only serv'd to do her self that Justice,
Which I had executed, had she not prevented me.

Fred. In this, upon my Soul, you do me wrong.

Cur. Next, (Oh, how unlike a brave and generous Man!)
Without a Cause, you cast me from your Bosom;
Withdrew the Honour of your promis'd Friendship,
And made me partner in my Sister's Fate;
Only with this difference, that she
You left to act a Murder on her self;
And mine you would have been so kind to've done
With your own hand, but my respect prevented it.
—Next, Sir, you ravish'd *Laura* from me,
And under a pretence of sacred Friendship,
You prov'd your self the worst of Enemies;
And that's a Crime you dare not say was Ignorance,
As you perhaps will plead your Sin to *Cloris* was.

Fred. *Cloris*, why, what hast thou to do with *Cloris*?

Cur. She was my Sister, *Frederick*.

Fred. Thy Sister!

Cur. Yes, think of it well,
A Lady of as pure and noble Blood,
As that of the great Duke thy Father,
Till you, bad Man, infected it.
—Say, should I murder you for this base Action,
Would you not call it a true Sacrifice?
And would not Heaven and Earth forgive it too?

Fred. No, had I known that she had been thy Sister,
I had receiv'd her as a Gift from Heaven;
And so I would do still.

Cur. She must be sent indeed from Heaven,
If you receive her now.

Fred. Is *Cloris* dead? Oh, how I was to blame! [*Weeps*.
—Here thou mayst finish now the Life thou threaten'st.

Cur. Now, Sir, you know my Justice and my Power;
Yet since my Prince can shed a Tear for *Cloris*,

I can forgive him; here, Sir,—send me to *Cloris*,
[*Kneels, and offers his Sword.*

That Mercy possibly will redeem the rest
Of all the Wrongs you've done me;
And you shall find nothing but Sorrow here,
And a poor broken Heart that did adore you.

Fred. Rise, *Curtius*, and divide my Dukedom with me;
Do any thing that may preserve thy Life,
And gain my Pardon; alas, thy Honour's safe,
Since yet none knows that *Cloris* was thy Sister,
Or if they do, I must proclaim this truth;
She dy'd thy Prince's Wife.

Cur. These Tidings would be welcome to my Sister,
And I the fitting'st Man to bear that News.

[*Offers to stab himself; is held by Frederick, Laura,
and Cloris, who come in with Isabella, dress'd like
Philibert, and the rest.*

Lau. Stay, *Curtius*, and take me with thee in the way.

Cur. *Laura*, my dearest *Laura*! how came you hither?

Lau. Commanded by your Letter; have you forgot it?

Fred. *Curtius*, look here, is this not *Cloris*' Face?

Cur. The same; Oh my sweet Sister, is it thee?

[*Curtius goes to embrace her, she goes back.*

Fred. Do not be shy, my Soul, it is thy Brother.

Cur. Yes, a Brother who despis'd his Life,
When he believ'd yours lost or sham'd:
But now the Prince will take a care of it.

Glo. May I believe my Soul so truly bless'd?

Fred. Yes, *Cloris*, and thus low I beg thy pardon

[*Kneels.*

For all the Fears that I have made thee suffer.

*Enter all the rest, first Antonio and Alberto, without
their Vizors.*

Glo. Rise, Sir, it is my Duty and my Glory.

Alb. Sir, we have Pardons too to beg of you.

Fred. *Antonio* and *Alberto*, what, turn'd Braves?

Cur. I am amaz'd.

Ant. You'll cease your Wonder, Sir, when you shall know,

—Those Braves which formerly belong'd to you,
Are now maintain'd by me; which *Pietro* hir'd
For this night's service; and from them we learnt
What was to be done, (though not on whom)
But that we guess'd, and thought it but our duty
To put this Cheat on *Curtius*;
Which had we seen had been resolv'd to kill you,
Had been by us prevented:
The Ladies too would needs be Curtezans
To serve your Highness.

Fred. I'm much oblig'd to them, as you.

—*Cloris*, a while I'll leave thee with thy Brother,
Till I have reconcil'd thee to my Father:
To marry me, is what he long has wish'd for,
And will, I know, receive this News with Joy.

[*Exit Prince.*

Lor. Here's fine doings; what am I like to come to if he
Turn honest now? This is the worst piece of Inconstancy
He ever was guilty of; to change ones Humour, or so,
Sometimes, is nothing: but to change Nature,
To turn good on a sudden, and never give a Man
Civil warning, is a Defeat not be endur'd;
I'll see the end on't though.

[*Goes out.*

Alb. Here, *Antonio*—imagine how I love thee,
Who make thee such a Present.

[*Gives him Clarina, who is dress'd just as Ismena was, and Ismena in a Masquing Habit.*

Ant. *Clarina*, can you pardon my Offence,
And bless me with that Love,
You have but justly taken from me?

Clar. You wrong me, Sir, I ne'er withdrew my Heart,
Though you, but too unkindly, did your Confidence.

Ant. Do not upbraid me; that I was so to blame,
Is shame enough: pray pardon, and forget it.

Clar. I do.

Ant. *Alberto*, to shew my Gratitude in what I may,
I beg you would receive *Ismena* from me.

Alb. Who's this?

Ant. *Ismena*, whom I promis'd thee.

Alb. It is *Clarina*; do you mock my Pain?

[Shows *Ismena*.

Ant. By Heaven, not I; this is *Clarina*, Sir.

Alb. That thy Wife *Clarina*!

A Beauty which till now I never saw.

Ant. Sure thou art mad, didst thou not give her me
but now,

And hast not entertain'd her all this night?

Alb. Her Habit and her Vizard did deceive me;
I took her for this lady,—Oh bless'd Mistake!

Ism. I see you're in the dark, but I'll unfold the Riddle,
—Sir, in the Passage from the Monastery,

Attended only by my Confessor,
A Gentleman, a Passenger, in the same Boat,
Address'd himself to me;

And made a many little Courtships to me:
I being veil'd, he knew not who receiv'd them,
Nor what Confusion they begot in me.

At the first sight, I grew to great esteems of him,
But when I heard him speak—

I'm not asham'd to say he was my Conqueror.

Alb. Oh, Madam, was it you?

Who by your Conversation in that Voyage,
Gave me Disquiets,

Which nothing but your Eyes could reconcile again?

Ism. 'Twas I whom you deceiv'd with some such
Language.

—After my coming home I grew more melancholy,
And by my silence did increase my Pain;

And soon *Clarina* found I was a Lover,
Which I confess'd at last, and nam'd the Object.
She told me of your Friendship with *Antonio*,
And gave me hopes that I again should see you :
—But *Isabella* over-heard the Plot,
Which, Sir, *Antonio* did contrive with you,
To make a feigned Courtship to *Clarina*,
And told us all the story.

Alb. Oh, how I'm ravish'd with my Happiness !

Ism. *Clarina*, Sir, at first was much inrag'd,
And vow'd she would revenge her on *Antonio* ;
But I besought her to be pleas'd again,
And said I would contrive a Counter-Plot,
Should satisfy her Honour and Revenge.
Thus, Sir, I got a Garment like to hers ;
And to be courted, though but in jest, by you,
I run all hazards of my Brother's Anger,
And your opinion of my Lightness too.

Clar. 'Twas a Temptation, Sir, I would not venture on,
Lest from the reasons of a just Revenge,
And so much Beauty as *Alberto* own'd,
My Virtue should not well secure your Interest.

Ant. But why, *Ismena*, was that killing Plot,
When I was hid behind the Arras? for now I confess all.

Ism. To make *Alberto* confident of my Love,
And try his Friendship to the utmost point.
—*Alberto* too I found had some reserves,
Which I believ'd his Amity to you.

Alb. Yes, Madam, whilst I took you for his Wife,
I thought it crime enough but to adore you ;
But now I may with honour own my Passion :
I will, *Ismena*, confidently assure you,
That I will die, unless you pity me.

Ism. She that durst tell you, Sir, how much she lov'd,
When you believ'd it was a Sin to do so,
Will now make good that Promise with *Antonio's* leave.

Ant. With perfect Joy, *Ismena*, I resign thee.

[*Ant. gives him Ism.*

Alb. By double Ties you now unite our Souls;

Though I can hardly credit what I see,

The Happiness so newly is arriv'd. [To *Ant.*

*Enter Prince, Lorenzo, and Guiliam, who comes up
scraping to Cloris.*

Fred. My Father is the kindest Man on Earth,

And *Cloris* shall be welcome to his Bosom;

Who'll make him happy in my Reformation.

—Here, *Curtius*, take *Laura*, who, I find,

Had rather be my Sister than my Mistress:

The Duke commands it so.

Cur. Till you have pardon'd me my late Offences,
I must deny myself so great a Happiness. [*Cur. kneels.*

Fred. Rise, you have it.

Enter Salvator.

Sal. Is here not a Runegado belongs to me?

Lau. No, Sir, my Faith's entire,

And *Curtius* has the keeping of it.

Sal. Who made him Master of it, hau?

Lau. Heaven, my Inclinations and the Prince.

Sal. Three powerful Opposers;

Take her, since it must be so,

And mayst thou be happy with her.

Fred. Alberto, would this Court afforded
A Lady worthy thee.

Alb. Sir, I'm already sped, I humbly thank you.

Lor. Sped, quoth ye? Heaven defend
Me from such Fortune.

Fred. Lorenzo, I had forgot thee; thou shalt e'en marry
too.

Lor. You may command me any thing but marrying.

Isab. What think you then of a smooth-fac'd Boy?

Lor. A Pox on him, sure he will not tell now, will he?

Isab. My Lord, I beg your leave to challenge *Lorenzo*.

Fred. What, to a Duel, *Philibert*?

Lor. Phil. Phil. hold, do not ruin the Reputation
Of a Man that has acquir'd Fame amongst the female Sex;
I protest I did but jest.

Isab. But, Sir, I'm in earnest with you.

Fred. This is not *Philibert*.

Isab. No, Sir, but *Isabella*—that was *Philibert*.

[*Pointing to Cloris.*

Clo. Yes, Sir, I was the happy Boy to be belov'd,
When *Cloris* was forgotten.

Fred. Oh, how you raise my Love and Shame!
But why did *Isabella* change her Habit?

Clo. Only to take my place, lest you should miss me,
Who being with *Laura*, at the Lodgings of *Clarina*,
And comparing the Words of her Letter
With what the Bravoes had confess'd to *Antonio*,
We found the Plot which was laid for you,
And join'd all to prevent it.

Fred. 'Twas sure the work of Heaven.

Isab. And now, Sir, I come to claim a Husband here.

Fred. Name him, and take him.

Isab. Lorenzo, Sir.

Lor. Of all Cheats, commend me to a Waiting-
Gentlewoman;
I her Husband?

Ant. I am a Witness to that Truth.

Fred. 'Tis plain against you; come, you must be
honest.

Lor. Will you compel me to't against my will?
Oh Tyranny, consider, I am a Man of Quality and
Fortune.

Isab. As for my Qualities, you know I have sufficient,
And Fortune, thanks to your Bounty, considerable too.

Fred. No matter, he has enough for both.

Lor. Nay, Sir, an you be against me,

'Tis time to reform in my own defence;
But 'tis a thing I never consider'd, or thought on.

Fred. Marry first, and consider afterwards.

Lor. That's the usual way, I confess;
Come, *Isabella*, since the Prince commands it,
I do not love thee, but yet I'll not forswear it;
Since a greater Miracle than that is wrought,
And that's my marrying thee;
Well, 'tis well thou art none of the most beautiful,
I should swear the Prince had some designs on thee else.

Glo. Yes, *Guilliam*, since thou hast been so faithful,
I dare assure thee *Lucia* shall be thine.

[*Clo. speaks aside to Guil. Guil. bows.*]

Fred. Come, my fair *Cloris*, and invest thy self
In all the Glories which I lately promis'd:
—And, Ladies, you'll attend her to the Court,
And share the Welcomes which the Duke provides her;
Where all the Sallies of my flattering Youth
Shall be no more remember'd, but as past.
Since 'tis a Race that must by Man be run,
I'm happy in my Youth it was begun;
It serves my future Manhood to improve,
Which shall be sacrific'd to War and Love.

Curtain Falls.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Cloris.

LADIES, the Prince was kind at last,
But all the Danger is not past;
I cannot happy be till you approve
My hasty condescension to his Love.
'Twas want of Art, not Virtue, was my Crime;
And that's, I vow, the Author's Fault, not mine.
She might have made the Women pitiless,
But that had harder been to me than this:

*She might have made our Lovers constant too,
A Work which Heaven it self can scarcely do;
But simple Nature never taught the way
To hide those Passions which she must obey.
E'en humble Cottages and Cells,
Where Innocence and Virtue dwells,
Than Courts no more secure can be
From Love and dangerous Flattery.
Love in rural Triumph reigns,
As much a God amongst the Swains,
As if the Sacrifices paid
Were wounded Hearts by Monarchs made:
And this might well excuse th' Offence,
If it be so to love a Prince.
But, Ladies, 'tis your Hands alone,
And not his Power, can raise me to a Throne;
Without that Aid I cannot reign,
But will return back to my Flocks again.*

Guilliam advances.

Guil. *How, go from Court! nay, zay not zo.
Hear me but speak before you go:
Whoy zay the Leadies should refuse ye,
The Bleads I'm sure would better use ye—
So long as ye are kind and young,
I know they'll clap ye right or wrong.*

THE WIDOW RANTER.

ARGUMENT.

BACON, General of the English in Virginia, has fought with great success against the Indians and repeatedly beaten back their tribes, although the Supreme Council, by whom the Colony is governed, have refused him a commission, and, in spite of his victories, persist in treating him as a rebel and a traitor. This Council indeed is composed of a number of cowards and rogues, who through sheer malice and carping jealousy attribute Bacon's prowess to his known passion for Semernia, the Indian Queen, and who feign to think that he fights merely with the hope of slaying her husband, the King Cavernio. These rascals are none the less mightily afraid of the general's valour and spirit, so they determine to entice him from his camp under various specious pretexts, and then, once he is completely in their power, to have him executed or assassinated. With this object in view they send a friendly letter asking him to attend the Council, to accept a regular commission, and to raise new forces. On his way to the town Bacon is attacked by an ambush of soldiers, whom he beats off with the help of one of his lieutenants, Fearless, backed by Lieutenant Daring and a troop of his own men, who capture Whimsey and Whiff, two very prominent justices, instigators of the plot. He accordingly appears before the Council with a couple of prisoners. The populace, who are all for their hero, realizing the treachery, raise a riot, and throw the Councillors into a state of the utmost confusion and alarm. They spur themselves to action, however, and under the leadership of Colonel Wellman, Deputy Governor, proceed to take the field against Bacon, who is declared an open and lawless rebel. When he appears the soldiers, none the less, join themselves to their hero, and as at the same moment news is brought that the Indians have risen and are attacking the town, Bacon is induced to lead the troops against the foe; and in a pitched battle Cavernio is slain. That night whilst his army is revelling after their victory the Council and their party with infamous treachery suddenly attack the camp. There are further skirmishes with a remnant of the Indian fugitives, and in one of these frays Bacon accidentally wounds Semernia, who is flying disguised in man's attire. He recognizes her voice, and she sinks into his arms to die. As he is weeping over her body Fearless rushes in with drawn sword shouting that the day is all but lost. Bacon, his mistress dead, deeming that his men are overcome by the attack from the town and that he will himself be captured, takes poison which he carries concealed in the pommel of his sword, whilst Daring and his soldiers are heard shouting 'Victory! Victory!' The hero, however, expires at the moment his men have conquered, but the Council speedily come to terms, naming with a commission Daring as General, whilst Colonel Wellman announces his intention of weeding this body of rogues and cowards against the arrival of the new Governor who is expected from England.

Daring, upon his commission, is wedded to the Widow Ranter, first mistress and then wife of old Colonel Ranter, recently deceased, a wealthy, buxom virago who has followed her soldier during the fighting in man's attire and even allowed herself to be taken prisoner by a young gallant, Hazard, just landed from England, and who has occupied his time in an amour with a certain Mrs. Surelove. Hazard, upon his arrival, meets an old acquaintance, Friendly, who loves and is eventually united to Crisante, daughter to Colonel Downright; whilst Parson Duncce, the Governor's chaplain, is made to marry Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a hostelry, a good dame with whom he has been a little too familiar on a promise of matrimony.

SOURCE.

THE admirable comic scenes and characters of *The Widow Ranter* are original invention, but Mrs. Behn has founded the serious and historical portion of her play upon a contemporary pamphlet, *Strange News from Virginia being a full and true account of the Life and Death of Nathaniel Bacon esq.* London: printed for Wm. Harris, 1677. With regard to the catastrophe and Bacon's love for the Indian Queen, Mrs. Behn has quite legitimately departed from the narrative, but otherwise she keeps fairly closely to her sources. There is also a *History of Bacon and Ingram's Rebellion in Virginia in 1675-76*, written at the time but first published in 1867.

The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives a very ample yet concise account of Bacon, with valuable references to original documents. He was the son of Sir Thomas Bacon of Friston Hall, Suffolk. Born in 1642, about 1673 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Duke, Bart., and shortly afterwards in a spirit of roving adventure emigrated to Virginia. Here he was elected a member of the Council, and his estates being especially exposed to Indian raids the volunteer colonists chose him General. The Governor, however, delayed to send the necessary commission, and Bacon having in this interval attacked a band of Indian marauders was promptly declared a rebel. The Governor was thereupon forced to yield by a general revolt, and in a second expedition Bacon defeated the Indians with terrific slaughter. A little later when reinforcements had arrived the Governor again declared him an outlaw, but after a brief struggle was himself obliged to take refuge at sea, whilst Jamestown fell into the hands of the victorious General, who not being able to garrison the houses, burned it to the ground. In the midst of his success, whilst he was busied with new plans for the welfare and protection of the colonists, Bacon died suddenly, 1676. He left one daughter, Mary, who married Hugh Chamberlain, M.D., physician to Queen Anne. Mrs. Behn has drawn his character with remarkable accuracy. Even his enemies were obliged to allow he possessed extraordinary ability, and he won all by the grace and charm of his manner. Oldys, in a MS. note on Langbaine (Mrs. Behn), attributes to the colonist *A Historical Discourse of the Government of England* (1647), but the date of publication sufficiently shows that the antiquary is palpably in error.

Langbaine in his note on *The Widow Ranter* abruptly and sweepingly remarks 'Plot from the known story of Cassius,' which the *Biographia*

Dramatica yet more erroneously expands as follows: 'The tragedy part of it, particularly the catastrophe of Bacon, is borrowed from the well-known story of Cassius, who, on the supposition of his friend Brutus being defeated, caused himself to be put to death by the hand of his freedman Dandarus.' C. Cassius Longinus was defeated at Philippi (B.C. 42), by Antony, and ignorant that the left wing commanded by Brutus had conquered Octavius, he straightway commanded his freedman Pindarus to put an end to his life. It is strange that both authorities should have made this mistake, the more so as Bacon expressly alludes to the fate of Hannibal, from whose history, and not that of Cassius, Mrs Behn doubtless borrowed the idea of her hero's suicide. Cassius is indeed alluded to but casually, and not by Bacon's self. Hannibal had fled to the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, who, unable to resist the demands of the Romans, eventually sent troops to arrest his guest. The great Carthaginian, however, having provided himself with poison in case of such an event, swallowed the venomous drug to prevent himself falling into the hands of his enemies. Dullman, Timorous Cornet, Whimsey, Whiff, and the other Justices of the Peace who appear in this play are aptly described in *Oroonoko*, where Mrs. Behn speaks of the Governor's Council 'who (not to disgrace them, or burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious villains as Newgate ever transported; and, possibly, originally were such who understood neither the laws of God or man, and had no sort of principles to make them worthy of the name of men; but at the very council-table would contradict and fight with one another, and swear so bloodily, that it was terrible to hear and see them. (Some of them were afterwards hanged, when the Dutch took possession of the place, others sent off in chains.)'

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

WHEN *The Widow Ranter*; or, *The History of Bacon in Virginia* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1690—the year after Mrs. Behn's death—owing to the slipshod and slovenly way in which it was put on, or rather, 'murdered', to use the phrase of the dedication, it did not meet with the success so capital a piece fully deserved. Such ample and needless omissions were made that the intrigue soon became hopelessly fogged, many incidents seeming absolutely disjointed and superfluous. For not only were heavier scenes, including the apparition of Cavernio, cut, but the essential comic relief was woefully maltreated. The Court House opening of Act iii was expunged in its entirety, whilst other episodes were so mangled and the speeches so pruned that they proved practically unintelligible. Again, the play was badly cast. Indifferent performers such as Barnes, Baker, Cudworth, were entrusted with rôles they were incapable of acting, whilst Daring, the dashing, gallant, and handsome young officer, who is loved by the Widow, was allotted to Sanford, of all men most supremely unfitted for the part. Indeed, it would seem that the casting was done on purpose perversely and malignly to damn the play. Samuel Sanford, who had joined Davenant's company within a year of their opening, had been forced by nature, being low of stature and crooked of person, rather than by choice, into a line denoted by such characters as Iago, Creon in

Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*, Malignii, Osmund the wizard in *King Arthur*. 'An excellent actor in disagreeable characters' Cibber terms him, and old Aston sums him up thus: 'Mr. *Sanford*, although not usually deem'd an Actor of the first Rank, yet the Characters allotted him were such, that none besides, then, or since, ever topp'd; for his Figure, which was diminutive and mean, (being Round-shoulder'd, Meagre-fac'd, Spindle-shank'd, Splay-footed, with a sour Countenance and long lean Arms) render'd him a proper Person to discharge *Jago*, *Foresight* and *Ma'lignij*, in the *Villain*.—This Person acted strongly with his Face,—and (as King *Charles* said) was the best *Villain* in the World.' The performance of an actor with such a marked personality and unpleasantly peculiar talents as are thus enumerated, in the rôle of Daring must been grotesque and distasteful to a degree. In such an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances there could have been no other event than the failure of the play, which was so complete as effectually to bar any chance of subsequent revival. Indeed, there seems to have been only one feature of any merit: Betty Currer, the original Aquilina in *Venice Preserv'd*, acted the name part with the greatest spirit and abandon.

To the much Honoured
MADAM WELLDON.

Madam

Knowing Mrs. *Bebn* in her Life-time design'd to Dedicate some of her Works to you, you have a Naturall Title, and claim to this and I could not without being unjust to her Memory, but fix your Name to it, who have not only a Wit above that of most of your Sex; but a goodness and Affability Extreemly Charming, and Engaging beyond Measure, and perhaps there are few to be found like you, that are so Eminent for Hospitality, and a Ready and Generous Assistance to the distress'd and Indigent, which are Qualities that carry much more of Divinity with them, than a Puritanicall outward Zeal for Virtue and Religion.

Our Author, Madam, who was so true a Judge of Wit, was (no doubt of it) satisfyed in the Patroness she had pitcht upon: If ever she had occasion for a Wit and Sense like yours 'tis now, to Defend this (one of the last of her Works) from the Malice of her Enemies, and the ill Nature of the Critticks, who have had Ingratitude enough not to Consider the Obligations they had to her when Living; but to do those Gentlemen Justice, 'tis not (altogether) to be Imputed to their Criticism, that the Play had not that Success which it deserv'd, and was expected by her Friends; The main fault ought to lye on those who had the management of it. Had our Authour been alive she would have Committed it to the Flames rather than have suffer'd it to have been Acted with such Omissions as was made, and on which the Foundation of the Play Depended: For Example, they thought fit to leave out a Whole Scene of the *Virginian Court of Judicature*, which was a lively resemblance of that Country-Justice; and on which depended a great part of the Plot, and wherein were many unusuall and very Naturall Jests which would at least have made some sort of People laugh: In another Part of the Play is Omitted the appearance of the Ghost of the *Indian King*, kill'd by *Bacon*, and tho' the like may have been Represented in other Plays, yet I never heard or found but that the sight was very agreeable to an Audience, and very Awfull: besides the Apparition of the Ghost was necessary, for it was that which struck a Terror in the Queen, and frighten'd her from heark'ning to the Love of *Bacon*, believing it a horrid thing to receive the Caresses and Embraces of her Husbands Murderer: And Lastly, many of the Parts being false Cast, and given to

those whose Tallants and Genius's suited not our Author's Intention : These, Madam, are some of the Reasons that this Play was unsuccessfull, and the best Play that ever was writ must prove so : if it have the Fate to be Murder'd like this.

However, Madam, I can't but believe you will find an hours diversion in the reading, and will meet with not only Wit, but true Comedy, (tho' low) by reason many of the Characters are such only as our *Newgate* afforded, being Criminals Transported.

This play, Madam, being left in my hands by the Author to Introduce to the Publick, I thought my self oblig'd to say thus much in its defence, and that it was also a Duty upon me to choose a Patroness proper for it, and the Author having pitcht upon your Name to do Honour to some of her Works, I thought your Protection, could be so usefull to none, as to this, whose owning it may Silence the Malice of its Enemies ; Your Wit and Judgment being to be Submitted to in all Cases ; Besides your Natural Tenderness and Compassion for the Unfortunate, gives you in a manner another Title to it : The Preference which is due to you upon so many Accounts is therefore the Reason of this present Address, for at the Worst, if this Play should be so Unfortunate as not to be thought worthy of your Acceptance ; Yet it is certain, that its worth any Man's while to have the Honour of subscribing himself,

Madam,
Your Most Obedient Humble,
Servant,
G. J.

THE WIDOW RANTER:
Or, the History of Bacon in *Virginia*.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. Dryden.

HEAVEN save ye, Gallants ; and this hopeful Age,
Y' are welcome to the downfal of the Stage :
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation ;
And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O'er-stocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That Fops and Knaves grow Drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our Wares on Theaters are shown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cruse ne'er fails ; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There's still God's plenty for himself and Friends.
Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord, what a Poll would there be rais'd from Fools !
Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French Commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence ;
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry that Oaf was me,
But now you strive about your Pedigree :
Bauble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muss of more than half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at least,
A sign the Family is well increas'd.
Of Foreign Cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast with English Breed,

*Well! Flourish, Countrymen; drink, swear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandring in the Wilderness about,
At end of Forty Years not wear her out.
But when you see these Pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a Limb or single share:
For where the Punk is common, he's a Sot,
Who needs will father what the Parish got.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Indian King</i> called <i>Cavernio</i> ,	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Bacon</i> , General of the <i>English</i> ,	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
Colonel <i>Wellman</i> , Deputy Governor,	<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
Col. <i>Downright</i> , a loyal honest Colonel,	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Hazard</i> , { Two Friends known to one another {	<i>Mr. Alexander,</i>
<i>Friendly</i> , { many Years in <i>England</i> , {	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
<i>Daring</i> , { Lieutenant Generals to <i>Bacon</i> , {	<i>Mr. Sandford,</i>
<i>Fearless</i> , {	<i>Mr. Cudworth.</i>
<i>Dullman</i> , a Captain,	<i>Mr. Bright.</i>
<i>Timorous Cornet</i> , {	<i>Mr. Underbill,</i>
<i>Whimsey</i> , { Justices of the Peace, and very {	<i>Mr. Trefuse,</i>
<i>Wbiff</i> , { great Cowards, {	<i>Mr. Bowen,</i>
<i>Boozer</i> , {	<i>Mr. Barns.</i>
<i>Brag</i> , a Captain.	
<i>Grubb</i> , { One complain'd of by Capt. <i>Wbiff</i> , for	
{ calling his Wife Whore.	
A Petitioner against <i>Brag</i> ,	<i>Mr. Blunt.</i>
Parson <i>Dunce</i> , formerly a Farrier, fled from {	<i>Mr. Baker.</i>
<i>England</i> , and Chaplain to the Governour, {	
<i>Jeffery</i> , Coachman to <i>Widow Ranter</i> .	
<i>Cavaro</i> , an <i>Indian</i> , Confidant to the <i>Indian King</i> .	
<i>Jack</i> , a Sea-Boy.	
Clerk; Boy; An Officer; Messenger; Seaman; 2nd Seaman;	
A Highlander.	

WOMEN.

<i>Indian Queen</i> , call'd <i>Semernia</i> , belov'd by <i>Bacon</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Madam Surelove</i> , belov'd by <i>Hazard</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Mrs. Chrisante</i> , Daughter to Colonel <i>Downright</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Jordon.</i>
<i>Widow Ranter</i> , in love with <i>Daring</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Currer.</i>
<i>Mrs. Flirt</i> , a Tapstress,	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Mrs. Whimsey.</i>	
<i>Mrs. Wbiff.</i>	
<i>Jenny</i> , Maid to <i>Widow Ranter</i> .	
<i>Nell</i> , Maid at the Inn.	
<i>Anaria</i> , Confidante to the <i>Indian Queen</i> .	
Maid to <i>Madam Surelove</i> .	

Priests, Indians, Bailiffs, Soldiers, Rabble, Negroes, with
other Attendants.

SCENE, *Virginia*: in *Bacon's* Camp, *James-Town*
and the surrounding Country.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room with several Tables.*

Enter Hazard in a travelling Habit, and Jack, a Sea-Boy, carrying his Portmantle.

Haz. What Town's this, Boy?

Boy. *James-Town*, Master.

Haz. Take care my Trunk be brought ashore to night, and there's for your Pains.

Boy. God bless you, Master.

Haz. What do you call this House?

Boy. Mrs. *Flirt's*, Master, the best House for Commendation in all *Virginia*.

Haz. That's well, has she any handsome Ladies, Sirrah?

Boy. Oh! she's woundy handsome her self, Master, and the kindest Gentlewoman—look, here she comes, Master.—

Enter Flirt and Nell.

God bless you, Mistress, I have brought you a young Gentleman here.

Flirt. That's well, honest *Jack*.—Sir, you are most heartily welcome.

Haz. Madam, your Servant. [*Salutes her.*]

Flirt. Please you walk into a Chamber, Sir?

Haz. By and by, Madam; but I'll repose here awhile for the coolness of the Air.

Flirt. This is a Publick Room, Sir, but 'tis at your service.

Haz. Madam, you oblige me.

Flirt. A fine spoken Person. A Gentleman, I'll warrant him: come, *Jack*, I'll give thee a Cogue of Brandy for old acquaintance. [*Exeunt Landlady and Boy.*]

[*Hazard pulls out Pen, Ink and Paper, and goes to write.*]

Enter Friendly.

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Friend. Here, *Nell*, a Tankard of cool D
Nell. You shall have it, Sir.

Friend. Hah! who's that Stranger? he s
Gentleman.

Haz. If I should give credit to mine Eyes, that should
be *Friendly*.

Friend. Sir, you seem a Stranger; may I take the liberty
to present my Service to you? [*Exit Nell.*

Haz. If I am not mistaken, Sir, you are the only Man
in the World whom I would soonest pledge; you'll credit
me, if three Year's absence has not made you forget *Hazard*.

Friend. *Hazard*, my Friend! come to my Arms and
Heart.

Haz. This unexpected Happiness o'erjoys me. Who
could have imagin'd to have found thee in *Virginia*?
I thought thou hadst been in *Spain* with thy Brother.

Friend. I was so till ten Months since, when my Uncle
Colonel *Friendly* dying here, left me a considerable Planta-
tion; and, faith, I find Diversions not altogether to be
despis'd; the God of Love reigns here with as much power
as in Courts or popular Cities. But prithee what Chance
(fortunate to me) drove thee to this part of the new World.

Haz. Why, faith, ill Company, and that common Vice
of the Town, Gaming, soon run out my younger Brother's
Fortune: for imagining, likesome of the luckier Gamesters,
to improve my Stock at the Groom Porter's, I ventur'd
on, and lost all. My elder Brother, an errant Jew, had
neither Friendship nor Honour enough to support me;
but at last being mollified by Persuasions, and the hopes
of being for ever rid of me, sent me hither with a small
Cargo to seek my Fortune—

Friend. And begin the World withal.

Haz. I thought this a better Venture than to turn sharp-
ing Bully, Cully in Prentices and Country Squires, with
my Pocket full of false Dice, your high and low Flats and

Bars; or turn Broker to young Heirs; take up Goods to pay tenfold at the Death of their Fathers, and take Fees on both sides; or set up all night at the Groom-Porter's, begging his Honour to go a Guinea the better of the lay.

No, Friendly, I had rather starve abroad, than live pity'd and despis'd at home.

Friend. Thou art in the right, and art come just in the nick of time to make thy Fortune.—Wilt thou follow my Advice?

Haz. Thou art too honest to command any thing that I shall refuse.

Friend. You must know then, there is about a Mile from *James-Town* a young Gentlewoman—no matter for her Birth, her Breeding's the best this World affords, she is married to one of the richest Merchants here; he is old and sick, and now gone into *England* for the recovery of his Health, where he'll e'en give up the Ghost: he has writ her word he finds no Amendment, and resolves to stay another Year. The letter I accidentally took up, and have about me; 'tis easily counterfeited, and will be of great use to us.

Haz. Now do I fancy I conceive thee.

Friend. Well, hear me first, you shall get another Letter writ like this Character, which shall say, you are his Kinsman, that is come to traffick in this Country, and 'tis his will you should be received into his House as such.

Haz. Well, and what will come of this?

Friend. Why, thou art young and handsome, she young and desiring; 'twere easy to make her love thee; and if the old Gentleman chance to die, you guess the rest, you are no Fool.

Haz. Ay, but if he shou'd return—

Friend. If—Why, if she love you, that other will be but a slender Bar to thy Happiness; for if thou canst not marry her, thou mayst lie with her: and, Gad, a younger Brother may pick out a pretty Livelihood here that way,

as well as in *England*. Or if this fail, thou wilt find a perpetual Visiter, the Widow *Ranter*, a Woman bought from the ship by old Colonel *Ranter*; she served him half a Year, and then he marry'd her, and dying in a Year more, left her worth fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, besides Plate and Jewels: She's a great Gallant, but assuming the humour of the Country Gentry, her Extravagancy is very pleasant, she retains something of her primitive Quality still, but is good-natur'd and generous.

Haz. I like all this well.

Friend. But I have a further End in this matter; you must know there is in the same House a young Heiress, one Colonel *Downright's* Daughter, whom I love, I think not in vain: her Father indeed has an implacable Hatred to me, for which reason I can but seldom visit her, and in this Affair I have need of a Friend in that House.

Haz. Me you're sure of.

Friend. And thus you'll have an opportunity to manage both our Amours: Here you will find occasion to shew your Courage, as well as express your Love; for at this time the *Indians*, by our ill Management of Trade, whom we have armed against our selves, very frequently make War upon us with our own Weapons; though often coming by the worst, they are forced to make Peace with us again, but so, as upon every turn they fall to massacring us wherever we lie exposed to them.

Haz. I heard the News of this in *England*, which hastens the new Governour's arrival here, who brings you fresh Supplies.

Friend. Would he were landed, we hear he is a noble Gentleman.

Haz. He has all the Qualities of a Gallant Man: besides, he is nobly born.

Friend. This Country wants nothing but to be peopled with a well-born Race, to make it one of the best Colonies in the World; but for want of a Governour we are ruled

by a Council, some of whom have been perhaps transported Criminals, who having acquired great Estates, are now become your Honour and Right Worshipful, and possess all Places of Authority; there are amongst them some honest Gentlemen, who now begin to take upon 'em, and manage Affairs as they ought to be.

Haz. *Bacon* I think was one of the Council.

Friend. Now you have named a Man indeed above the common Rank, by Nature generous, brave, resolv'd and daring; who studying the Lives of the *Romans* and great Men, that have raised themselves to the most elevated Fortunes, fancies it easy for ambitious Men to aim at any pitch of Glory. I've heard him often say, Why cannot I conquer the Universe as well as *Alexander*? or like another *Romulus*, form a new *Rome*, and make my self ador'd?

Haz. Why might he not? Great Souls are born in common Men sometimes, as well as Princes.

Friend. This Thirst of Glory cherish'd by sullen Melancholy, I believe, was the first motive that made him in love with the young *Indian* Queen, fancying no Hero ought to be without his Princess. And this was the reason why he so earnestly press'd for a Commission, to be made General against the *Indians*, which long was promis'd him; but they fearing his Ambition, still put him off, till the Grievances grew so high, that the whole Country flock'd to him, and beg'd he would redress them.—He took the opportunity, and led them forth to fight, and vanquishing brought the Enemy to fair Terms; but now instead of receiving him as a Conqueror, we treat him as a Traitor.

Haz. Then it seems all the Crime this brave Fellow has committed, is serving his Country without Authority.

Friend. 'Tis so, and however I admire the Man, I am resolv'd to be of the contrary Party, that I may make an Interest in our new Governor. Thus stand Affairs, so that after you have seen Madam *Surelove*, I'll present you to the Council for a Commission.

Haz. But my Kinsman's Character—

Friend. He was a *Leicestershire* younger B over with a small Fortune, which his Industry to a thousand Pounds a year; and he is now C *Surelove*, and one of the Council.

Haz. Enough.

Friend. About it then, Madam *Flirt* to direct you.

Haz. You are full of your Madams here.

Friend. Oh! 'tis the greatest Affront imaginable to call a Woman Mistress, though but a retail Brandy-monger. Adieu.—One thing more, to morrow is our Country-Court, pray do not fail to be there, for the rarity of the Entertainment: but I shall see you anon at *Surelove's*, where I'll salute thee as my first meeting, and as an old Acquaintance in *England*—here's Company, farewell.

[*Exit Friend.*

Enter Dullman, Timorous and Boozer.

Hazard sits at a Table and writes.

Dull. Here, *Nell*—Well, Lieutenant *Boozer*, what are you for?

Enter Nell.

Booz. I am for cooling *Nants*, Major.

Dull. Here, *Nell*, a Quart of *Nants*, and some Pipes and Smoke.

Tim. And do ye hear, *Nell*, bid your Mistress come in to joke a little with us; for, adzoors, I was damnable drunk last Night, and I am better at the Petticoat than the Bottle to day. [*Exit Nell.*

Dull. Drunk last Night, and sick to Day! how comes that about, Mr. Justice? you use to bear your Brandy well enough.

Tim. Ay, your shier Brandy I'll grant you; but I was drunk at Col. *Downright's* with your high Burgundy Claret.

Dull. A Pox of that paulter Liquor, your *English French* Wine, I wonder how the Gentlemen do to drink it.

1 *Tim.* Ay, so do I, 'tis for want of a little *Virginia* Breeding: how much more like a Gentleman 'tis, to drink as we do, brave edifying Punch and Brandy.—But they say, the young Noblemen now, and Sparks in *England*, begin to reform, and take it for their Mornings draught, get drunk by Noon, and despise the lousy Juice of the Grape.

Enter Mrs. Flirt, and Nell, with drink, pipes, etc.

Dull. Come, Landlady, come, you are so taken up with Parson *Dunce*, that your old Friends can't drink a Dram with you.—What, no smutty Catch now, no Gibe or Joke to make the Punch go down merrily, and advance Trading? Nay, they say, Gad forgive ye, you never miss going to Church when Mr. *Dunce* preaches.—but here's to you.
[*Drinks.*

Flirt. Lords, your Honours are pleas'd to be merry—but my service to your Honour.
[*Drinks.*

Haz. Honours! who the Devil have we here? some of the wise Council at least, I'd sooner take 'em for Hoggerds.
[*Aside.*

Flirt. Say what you please of the Doctor, but I'll swear he's a fine Gentleman, he makes the prettiest Sonnets, nay, and sings 'em himself to the rarest Tunes.

Tim. Nay, the Man will serve for both Soul and Body; for they say he was a Farrier in *England*, but breaking, turn'd Life-guard-man, and his Horse dying, he counterfeited a Deputation from the Bishop, and came over here a substantial Orthodox. But come, where stands the Cup? Here, my service to you, Major.

Flirt. Your Honours are pleased,—but methinks Doctor *Dunce* is a very edifying Person, and a Gentleman, and I pretend to know a Gentleman; for I my self am a Gentlewoman: my Father was a Baronet, but undone in the late Rebellion, and I am fain to keep an Ordinary now, Heaven help me.

Tim. Good lack, why, see how Virtue may be bely'd. We heard your Father was a Taylor, but trusting for old *Oliver's* Funeral broke, and so came hither to hide his Head.—But my service to you; what, you are never the worse?

Flirt. Your Honour knows this is a scandalous place, for they say your Honour was but a broken Excise-Man, who spent the King's Money to buy your Wife fine Petticoats; and at last not worth a Groat, you came over a poor Servant, though now a Justice of the Peace, and of the Honourable Council.

Tim. Adz zoors, if I knew who 'twas said so, I'd sue him for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Dull. Hang 'em, Scoundrels, hang 'em, they live upon Scandal, and we are Scandal-proof.—They say too, that I was a Tinker, and running the Country, robb'd a Gentleman's House there, was put into *Newgate*, got a Reprieve after Condemnation, and was transported hither;—and that you, *Boozer*, was a common Pick-pocket, and being often flogg'd at the Carts-tale, afterwards turn'd Evidence, and when the Times grew honest was fain to flie.

Booz. Ay, ay, Major, if Scandal would have broke our Hearts, we had not arriv'd to the Honour of being Privy-Counsellors.—But come, Mrs. *Flirt*, what, never a Song to entertain us?

Flirt. Yes, and a Singer too newly come ashore.

Tim. Adz zoors, let's have it then.

Enter a Girl who sings, they hear the Bob.

Haz. Here, Maid, a Tankard of your Drink.

Flirt. Quickly, *Nell*, wait upon the Gentleman.

Dull. Please you, Sir, to taste of our Liquor.—My service to you. I see you are a Stranger, and alone; please you to come to our Table? [*He rises and comes.*]

Flirt. Come, Sir, pray sit down here; these are very honourable Persons, I assure you: This is Major *Dullman*,

Major of his Excellency's own Regiment, when he arrives; this Mr. *Timorous*, Justice a Peace in *Corum*; this Captain *Booz*, all of the honourable Council.

Haz. With your leave, Gentlemen. [Sits.

Tim. My service to you, Sir. [Drinks.

What, have you brought over any Cargo, Sir? I'll be your Customer.

Booz. Ay, and cheat him too, I'll warrant him. [Aside.

Haz. I was not bred to Merchandizing, Sir, nor do intend to follow the drudgery of Trading.

Dull. Men of Fortune seldom travel hither, Sir, to see Fashions.

Tim. Why, Brother, it may be the Gentleman has a mind to be a Planter; will you hire your self to make a Crop of Tobacco this Year?

Haz. I was not born to work, Sir.

Tim. Not work, Sir! Zoors, your Betters have workt, Sir. I have workt my self, Sir, both set and stript Tobacco, for all I am of the honourable Council. Not work, quoth a!—I suppose, Sir, you wear your Fortune upon your Back, Sir?

Haz. Is it your Custom here, Sir, to affront Strangers? I shall expect Satisfaction. [Rises.

Tim. Why, does any body here owe you any thing?

Dull. No, unless he means to be paid for drinking with us,—ha, ha, ha.

Haz. No, Sir, I have money to pay for what I drink: here's my Club, my Guinea, [Flings down a Guinea. I scorn to be oblig'd to such Scoundrels.

Booz. Hum—call Men of Honour Scoundrels.

[Rise in buff.

Tim. Let him alone, let him alone, Brother; how should he learn Manners? he never was in *Virginia* before.

Dull. He's some Covent-Garden Bully.

Tim. Or some broken Citizen turned Factor.

Haz. Sir, you lye, and you are a Rascal
[*Flings the Brass*

Tim. Adz zoors, he has spil'd all the B
[*Tim. runs behind the Door, Dull. an*
Hazard.

Haz. I understand no Cudgel-play, but wear a Sword
to right myself. [*Draws, they run off.*

Flirt. Good Heavens! what, quarelling in my House?

Haz. Do the Persons of Quality in this Country treat
Strangers thus?

Flirt. Alas, Sir, 'tis a familiar way they have, Sir.

Haz. I'm glad I know it.—Pray, Madam, can you
inform one how I may be furnish'd with a Horse and
a Guide to Madam *Surelove's*?

Flirt. A most accomplish'd Lady, and my very good
Friend, you shall be immediately— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Council-Table.*

Enter Wellman, Downright, Dunce, Whimsey, Whiff,
and others.

Well. Come, Mr. *Dunce*, though you are no Counsellor,
yet your Counsel may be good in time of Necessity, as now.

Dun. If I may give worthy Advice, I do not look upon
our Danger to be so great from the *Indians*, as from young
Bacon, whom the People have nick-nam'd *Fright-all*.

Whim. Ay, ay, that same *Bacon*, I would he were
well hang'd: I am afraid that under pretence of killing
all the *Indians* he means to murder us, lie with our Wives,
and hang up our little Children, and make himself Lord
and King.

Whiff. Brother *Whimsey*, not so hot; with leave of the
honourable Board, my Wife is of opinion, that *Bacon*
came seasonably to our Aid, and what he has done was
for our Defence, the *Indians* came down upon us, and
ravish'd us all, Men, Women, and Children.

Well. If these Grievances were not redrest, we had our Reasons for it; it was not that we were insensible, Captain *Whiff*, of what we suffer'd from the Insolence of the *Indians*; but all knew what we must expect from *Bacon*, if that by lawful Authority he had arrived to so great a Command as General; nor would we be hufft out of our Commissions.

Down. 'Tis most certain that *Bacon* did not demand a Commission out of a design of serving us, but to satisfy his Ambition and his Love; it being no secret that he passionately admires the *Indian* Queen, and under the pretext of a War, intends to kill the King her Husband, establish himself in her Heart, and on all occasions make himself a more formidable Enemy than the *Indians* are.

Whim. Nay, nay, I ever foresaw he would prove a Villain.

Whiff. Nay, and he be thereabout, my *Nancy* shall have no more to do with him.

Well. But, Gentlemen, the People daily flock to him, so that his Army is too considerable for us to oppose by any thing but Policy.

Down. We are sensible, Gentlemen, that our Fortunes, our Honours, and our Lives are at stake; and therefore you are call'd together to consult what's to be done in this Grand Affair, till our Governour and Forces arrive from *England*: the Truce he made with the *Indians* will be out to morrow.

Whiff. Ay, and then he intends to have another bout with the *Indians*. Let's have patience, I say, till he has thrumb'd their Jackets, and then to work with your Politicks as soon as you please.

Down. Colonel *Wellman* has answer'd that point, good Captain *Whiff*; 'tis the Event of this Battel we ought to dread; and if won or lost, will be equally fatal for us, either from the *Indians* or from *Bacon*.

Dun. With the Permission of the honourable Board, I think I have hit upon an Expedient that may prevent this Battel: your Honours shall write a Letter to *Bacon*,

where you shall acknowledge his Services, invite him kindly home, and offer him a Commission for General—

Whiff. Just my *Nancy's* Counsel—Dr. *Dunce* has spoken like a Cherubin, he shall have my Voice for General; what say you, Brother *Whimsey*?

Down. I say he is a Noble Fellow, and fit for a General.

Dun. But conceive me right, Gentlemen; as soon as he shall have render'd himself, seize him, and strike off his Head at the Fort.

Whiff. Hum! his Head—Brother.

Whim. Ay, ay, Dr. *Dunce* speaks like a Cherubin.

Well. Mr. *Dunce*, your Counsel in extremity, I confess, is not amiss; but I should be loth to deal dishonourably with any Man.

Down. His Crimes deserve Death, his Life is forfeited by Law, but shall never be taken by my consent by Treachery: If by any Stratagem we could take him alive, and either send him for *England* to receive there his Punishment, or keep him Prisoner here till the Governour arrive, I should agree to it; but I question his coming in upon our Invitation.

Dun. Leave that to me.

Whim. Come, I'll warrant him, the Rogue's as stout as *Hector*, he fears neither Heaven nor Hell.

Down. He's too brave and bold to refuse our Summons, and I am for sending him for *England*, and leaving him to the King's Mercy.

Dun. In that you'll find more difficulty, Sir; to take him off here will be more quick and sudden: for the People worship him.

Well. I'll never yield to so ungenerous an Expedient. The seizing him I am content in the Extremity wherein we are to follow. What say you, Colonel *Downright*? shall we send him a Letter now, while this two days Truce lasts, between him and the *Indians*?

Down. I approve it.

All. And I, and I, and I.

Dun. If your Honours please to make me the Messenger, I'll use some Arguments of my own to prevail with him.

Well. You say well, Mr. *Dunce*, and we'll dispatch you presently.

[*Ex. Well. Down. and all but Whim. Whiff. and Dunce.*

Whiff. Ah, Doctor, if you could but have persuaded Colonel *Wellman* and Colonel *Downright* to have hanged him—

Whim. Why, Brother *Whiff*, you were for making him a General but now.

Whiff. The Counsels of wise States-men, Brother *Whimsey*, must change as Causes do, d'ye see.

Dun. Your Honours are in the right; and whatever those two leading Counsellors say, they would be glad if *Bacon* were dispatch'd: but the punctilio of Honour is such a thing.

Whim. Honour, a Pox on't; what is that Honour that keeps such a bustle in the World, yet never did good as I heard of?

Dun. Why, 'tis a foolish word only, taken up by great Men, but rarely practis'd.—But if you wou'd be great Men indeed—

Whiff. If we wou'd, Doctor, name, name the way.

Dun. Why, you command each of you a Company—when *Bacon* comes from the Camp, as I am sure he will, (and full of this silly thing call'd Honour, will come unguarded too) lay some of your Men in Ambush along those Ditches by the *Sevana*, about a Mile from the Town; and as he comes by, seize him, and hang him up upon the next Tree.

Whiff. Hum—hang him! a rare Plot.

Whim. Hang him!—we'll do't, we'll do't, Sir, and I doubt not but to be made General for the Action—I'll take it all upon my self.

[*Aside.*

Dun. If you resolve upon this, you must about instantly—Thus I shall at once serve my Country, and revenge my self on the Rascal for affronting my Dignity once at the Council-Table, by calling me Farrier. [*Ex. Dr.* ✓

Whiff. Do you know, Brother, what we are to do?

Whim. To do! yes, to hang a General, Brother, that's all.

Whiff. All! but is it lawful to hang any General?

Whim. Lawful, yes, that 'tis lawful to hang any General that fights against Law.

Whiff. But in what he has done, he has serv'd the King and our Country, and preserv'd our Lives and Fortunes.

Whim. That's all one, Brother; if there be but a Quirk in the Law offended in this Case, though he fought like *Alexander*, and preserv'd the whole World from Perdition, yet if he did it against Law, 'tis lawful to hang him; why, what, Brother, is it fit that every impudent Fellow that pretends to a little Honour, Loyalty, and Courage, should serve his King and Country against the Law? no, no, Brother, these things are not to be suffer'd in a civil Government by Law establish'd,—wherefore let's about it. [*Exeunt.* ✓

SCENE III. Surelove's House.

Enter Ranter and Jeffery her Coachman.

Ran. Here, *Jeffery*, ye drunken Dog, set your Coach and Horses up, I'll not go till the cool of the Evening, I love to ride in *Fresco*.

Enter a Boy.

Coach. Yes, after hard drinking—[*Aside.*] It shall be done, Madam. [*Exit.*

Ran. How now, Boy, is Madam *Surelove* at home?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Ran. Go tell her I am here, Sirrah.

Boy. Who are you pray forsooth?

Ran. Why, you Son of a Baboon, don't you know me?

Boy. No, Madam, I came over but in the last Ship.

Ran. What, from *Newgate* or *Bridewell*? from shoving the Tumbler, Sirrah, lifting or filing the Cly?

Boy. I don't understand this Country Language, forsooth, yet.

Ran. You Rogue, 'tis what we transport from *England* first—go, ye Dog, go tell your Lady the Widow *Ranter* is come to dine with her—[*Exit Boy.*] I hope I shall not find that Rogue *Daring* here sniveling after Mrs. *Chrisante*: If I do, by the Lord, I'll lay him thick. Pox on him, why shou'd I love the Dog, unless it be a Judgment upon me.

Enter Surelove and Chrisante.

—My dear Jewel, how do'st do? — as for you, Gentlewoman, you are my Rival, and I am in Rancour against you till you have renounc'd my *Daring*.

Chris. All the Interest I have in him, Madam, I resign to you.

Ran. Ay, but your House lying so near the Camp, gives me mortal Fears—but prithee how thrives thy Amour with honest *Friendly*?

Chris. As well as an Amour can that is absolutely forbid by a Father on one side, and pursued by a good Resolution on the other.

Ran. Hay Gad, I'll warrant for *Friendly's* Resolution, what though his Fortune be not answerable to yours, we are bound to help one another.—Here, Boy, some Pipes and a Bowl of Punch; you know my Humour, Madam, I must smoak and drink in a Morning, or I am maukish all day.

Sure. But will you drink Punch in a Morning?

Ran. Punch! 'tis my Morning's Draught, my Table-drink, my Treat, my Regalio, my every thing; ah, my dear *Surelove*, if thou wou'd but refresh and cheer thy

Heart with Punch in a Morning, thou wou'dst not look thus cloudy all the day.

Enter Pipes and a great Bowl, she falls to smoaking.

Sure. I have reason, Madam, to be melancholy, I have receiv'd a Letter from my Husband, who gives me an account that he is worse in *England* than when he was here, so that I fear I shall see him no more, the Doctors can do no good on him.

Ran. A very good hearing. I wonder what the Devil thou hast done with him so long? an old fusty weather-beaten Skeleton, as dried as Stock-fish, and much of the Hue.—Come, come, here's to the next, may he be young, Heaven, I beseech thee. [*Drinks.*]

Sure. You have reason to praise an old Man, who dy'd and left you worth fifty thousand Pound.

Ran. Ay, Gad—and what's better, Sweetheart, dy'd in good time too, and left me young enough to spend this fifty thousand Pound in better Company—rest his Soul for that too.

Chris. I doubt 'twill be all laid out in *Bacon's* mad Lieutenant General *Daring*.

Ran. Faith, I think I could lend it the Rogue on good Security.

Chris. What's that, to be bound Body for Body?

Ran. Rather that he should love no body's Body besides my own; but my fortune is too good to trust the Rogue, my Money makes me an Infidel.

Chris. You think they all love you for that.

Ran. For that, ay, what else? if it were not for that, I might sit still and sigh, and cry out, a Miracle! a Miracle! at sight of a Man within my Doors.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sure. With me? sure thou'rt mistaken; is it not *Friendly*?

Maid. No, Madam, 'tis a Stranger.

Ran. 'Tis not *Daring*, that Rogue, is it?

Maid. No, Madam.

Ran. Is he handsome? does he look like a Gentleman?

Maid. He's handsome, and seems a Gentleman.

Ran. Bring him in then, I hate a Conversation without a Fellow,—hah,—a good handsome Lad indeed.

Enter Hazard with a Letter.

Sure. With me, Sir, would you speak?

Haz. If you are Madam *Surelove*.

Sure. So I am call'd.

Haz. Madam, I am newly arriv'd from *England*, and from your Husband my Kinsman bring you this.—

[Gives a Letter.]

Ran. Please you to sit, Sir.

Haz. She's extremely handsome. *[Aside—sits down.]*

Ran. Come, Sir, will you smoke a Pipe?

Haz. I never do, Madam.

Ran. Oh, fie upon't, you must learn then, we all smoke here, 'tis a part of good Breeding.—Well, well, what Cargo, what Goods have ye? any Points, Lace, rich Stuffs, Jewels; if you have, I'll be your Chafferer, I live hard by, any body will direct you to the Widow *Ranter's*.

Haz. I have already heard of you, Madam.

Ran. What, you are like all the young Fellows, the first thing they do when they come to a strange Place, is to enquire what Fortunes there are.

Haz. Madam, I had no such Ambition.

Ran. Gad, then you're a Fool, Sir; but come, my service to you; we rich Widows are the best Commodity this Country affords, I'll tell you that.

[This while Sure. reads the Letter.]

Sure. Sir, my Husband has recommended you here in a most particular manner, by which I do not only find the esteem he has for you, but the desire he has of gaining you

mine, which on a double score I render you, first for his sake, next for those Merits that appear in your self.

Haz. Madam, the endeavours of my Life shall be to express my Gratitude for this great Bounty.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Mr. *Friendly's* here.

Sure. Bring him in.

Haz. *Friendly!* —I had a dear Friend of that name, who I hear is in these Parts.—Pray Heaven it may be he.

Ran. How now, *Charles.*

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Madam, your Servant—Hah! should not I know you for my dear friend *Hazard.* [*Embracing him.*

Haz. Or you're to blame, my *Friendly.*

Friend. Prithee what calm brought thee ashore?

Haz. Fortune *de la guerre*, but prithee ask me no Questions in so good Company, where a Minute lost from this Conversation is a Misfortune not to be retriev'd.

Friend. Dost like her, Rogue— [*Softly aside.*

Haz. Like her! have I sight, or sense?—Why, I adore her.

Friend. Mrs. *Chrisante*, I heard your Father would not be here to day, which made me snatch this opportunity of seeing you.

Ran. Come, come, a Pox of this whining Love, it spoils good Company.

Friend. You know, my dear Friend, these Opportunities come but seldom, and therefore I must make use of them.

Ran. Come, come, I'll give you a better Opportunity at my House to morrow, we are to eat a Buffalo there, and I'll secure the old Gentleman from coming.

Friend. Then I shall see *Chrisante* once more before I go.

Chris. Go—Heavens—whither, my *Friendly?*

Friend. I have received a Commission to go against the *Indians*, *Bacon* being sent for home.

Ran. But will he come when sent for?

Friend. If he refuse we are to endeavour to force him.

Chris. I do not think he will be forc'd, not even by *Friendly.*

Friend. And, faith, it goes against my Conscience to lift my Sword against him, for he is truly brave, and what he has done, a Service to the Country, had it but been by Authority.

Chris. What pity 'tis there should be such false Maxims in the World, that noble Actions, however great, must be criminal for want of a Law to authorise 'em.

Friend. Indeed 'tis pity that when Laws are faulty they should not be mended or abolish'd.

Ran. Hark ye, *Charles*, by Heaven, if you kill my *Daring* I'll pistol you.

Friend. No, Widow, I'll spare him for your sake.

[*They join with Surelove.*

Haz. Oh, she's all divine, and all the Breath she utters serves but to blow my Flame.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Dinner's on the Table—

Sure. Please you, Sir, to walk in—come, Mr. *Friendly.*

[*She takes Hazard.*

Ran. Prithee, good Wench, bring in the Punch-Bowl.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Pavilion.*

Discovers the Indian King and Queen sitting in State, with Guards of Indians, Men and Women attending: To them Bacon richly dress'd, attended by Daring, Fearless and other Officers; he bows to the King and Queen, who rise to receive him.

King. I am sorry, Sir, we meet upon these Terms, we who so often have embrac'd as Friends.

Bac. How charming is the Queen ! [*Aside.*] War, Sir, is not my Business nor my Pleasure : Nor was I bred in Arms, my Country's Good has forc'd me to assume a Soldier's Life ; and 'tis with much regret that I employ the first Effects of it against my Friends : yet whilst I may —whilst this Cessation lasts, I beg we may exchange those Friendships, Sir, we have so often paid in happier Peace.

King. For your part, Sir, you've been so noble, that I repent the fatal Difference that makes us meet in Arms. Yet though I'm young, I'm sensible of Injuries ; and oft have heard my Grandsire say, That we were Monarchs once of all this spacious World, till you, an unknown People, landing here, distress'd and ruin'd by destructive Storms, abusing all our charitable Hospitality, usurp'd our Right, and made your Friends your Slaves.

Bac. I will not justify the Ingratitude of my Forefathers, but finding here my Inheritance, I am resolv'd still to maintain it so, and by my Sword which first cut out my Portion, defend each Inch of Land, with my last drop of Blood.

Queen. Even his Threats have Charms that please the Heart. [*Aside.*]

King. Come, Sir, let this ungrateful Theme alone, which is better disputed in the Field.

Queen. Is it impossible there might be wrought an understanding betwixt my Lord and you? 'Twas to that end I first desired this Truce, my self proposing to be Mediator, to which my Lord *Cavernio* shall agree, could you but condescend—I know you are noble : And I have heard you say our tender Sex could never plead in vain.

Bac. Alas ! I dare not trust your pleading, Madam : a few soft Words from such a charming Mouth would make me lay the Conqueror at your Feet, as a Sacrifice for all the Ills he has done you.

Queen. How strangely am I pleas'd to hear him talk.

[*Aside.*]

King. *Semernia*, see, the Dancers do appear;
Sir, will you take your Seat? [To Bacon.

[*He leads the Queen to a Seat, they sit and talk.*

Bac. Curse on his Sports that interrupted me, my very Soul was hovering at my Lip, ready to have discover'd all its Secrets. But oh! I dread to tell her of my pain, and when I wou'd an awful trembling seizes me, and she can only from my dying Eyes read all the Sentiments of my captive Heart. [Sits down, the rest wait.

Enter Indians that dance Anticks: after the Dance the King seems in discourse with Bacon, the Queen rises and comes forth.

Queen. The more I gaze upon this *English* Stranger, the more Confusion struggles in my Soul: Oft I have heard of Love, and oft this Gallant Man (when Peace had made him pay his idle Visits) has told a thousand Tales of dying Maids; and ever when he spoke, my panting Heart, with a prophetick Fear in Sighs reply'd, I shall fall a Victim to his Eyes.

Enter an Indian.

Indian. Sir, here's a Messenger from the *English* Council desires admittance to the General. [To the King.

Bac. With your Permission he may advance.

[To the King.

Re-enter Indian with Dunce. A Letter.

Dun. All Health and Happiness attend your Honour, this from the honourable Council. [Gives him a Letter.

King. I'll leave you till you have dispatch'd the Messenger, and then expect your presence in the Royal Tent.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Indians.*

Bac. Lieutenant, read the Letter. [To Daring.

Daring reads.

SIR, the necessity of what you have acted makes it pardonable, and we could wish we had done the Country and our

selves so much Justice as to have given you that Commission you desired.—We now find it reasonable to raise more Forces, to oppose these Insolences, which possibly yours may be too weak to accomplish, to which end the Council is ordered to meet this Evening, and desiring you will come and take your place there, and be pleas'd to accept from us a Commission to command in Chief in this War.—Therefore send those Soldiers under your Command to their respective Houses, and haste, Sir, to your affectionate Friends—

Fear. Sir, I fear the Hearts and Pen did not agree when this was writ.

Dar. A plague upon their shallow Politicks! Do they think to play the old Game twice with us?

Bac. Away, you wrong the Council, who of themselves are honourable Gentlemen; but the base coward Fear of some of them, puts the rest on tricks that suit not with their Nature.

Dun. Sir, 'tis for noble ends you are sent for, and for your safety I'll engage my Life.

Dar. By Heaven, and so you shall;—and pay it too with all the rest of your wise-headed Council.

Bac. Your Zeal is too officious now; I see no Treachery, and can fear no Danger.

Dun. Treachery! now Heavens forbid, are we not Christians, Sir, all Friends and Countrymen? believe me, Sir, 'tis Honour calls you to increase your Fame, and he who would dissuade you is your Enemy.

Dar. Go cant, Sir, to the Rabble—for us, we know you.

Bac. You wrong me when you but suspect for me; let him that acts dishonourably fear. My innocence and my good Sword's my Guard.

Dar. If you resolve to go, we will attend you.

Bac. What, go like an invader! No, *Daring*, the Invitation's friendly, and as a Friend attended only by my menial Servants, I'll wait upon the Council, that they

may see that when I could command it, I came an humble Suppliant for their Favour.—You may return, and tell 'em I'll attend.

Dun. I kiss your Honour's Hands— [Goes out.

Dar. 'Sdeath, will you trust the faithless Council, Sir, who have so long held you in hand with Promises, that Curse of States-men, that unlucky Vice that renders even Nobility despis'd?

Bac. Perhaps the Council thought me too aspiring, and would not add Wings to my ambitious Flight.

Dar. A pox of their considering Caps, and now they find that you can soar alone, they send for you to knip your spreading Wings.

Now, by my Soul, you shall not go alone.

Bac. Forbear, lest I suspect you for a Mutineer; I am resolv'd to go.

Fear. What, and send your Army home; a pretty fetch.

Dar. By Heaven, we'll not disband, not till we see how fairly you are dealt with: If you have a Commission to be General, here we are ready to receive new Orders: If not, we'll ring them such a thundring Peal shall beat the Town about their treacherous Ears.

Bac. I do command you not to stir a Man, till you're inform'd how I am treated by 'em.—leave me, all.

[Exeunt Officers.

[While Bacon reads the Letter again, to him the Indian Queen with Women waiting.

Queen. Now while my Lord's asleep in his Pavilion, I'll try my Power with the General for an Accommodation of a Peace: The very dreams of War fright my soft Slumbers that us'd to be employ'd in kinder Business.

Bac. Ha!—the Queen—what Happiness is this presents it self which all my Industry could never gain?

Queen. Sir— [Approaching him.

Bac. Prest with the great extremes of Joy and Fear, I trembling stand, unable to approach her.

Queen. I hope you will not think it Fear in me, though timorous as a Dove by nature fram'd : Nor that my Lord, whose Youth's unskill'd in War, can either doubt his Courage, or his Forces, that makes me seek a Reconciliation on any honourable Terms of Peace.

Bac. Ah Madam ! if you knew how absolutely you command my Fate, I fear but little Honour would be left me, since whatsoe'er you ask me I should grant.

Queen. Indeed I would not ask your Honour, Sir, that renders you too brave in my esteem. Nor can I think that you would part with that. No, not to save your Life.

Bac. I would do more to serve your least commands than part with trivial Life.

Queen. Bless me, Sir, how came I by such a Power ?

Bac. The Gods and Nature gave it you in your Creation, form'd with all the Charms that ever grac'd your Sex.

Queen. Is't possible ? am I so beautiful ?

Bac. As Heaven, or Angels there.

Queen. Supposing this, how can my Beauty make you so obliging ?

Bac. Beauty has still a Power over great Souls, and from the moment I beheld your Eyes, my stubborn Heart melted to compliance, and from a nature rough and turbulent, grew soft and gentle as the God of Love.

Queen. The God of Love ! what is the God of Love ?

Bac. 'Tis a resistless Fire, that's kindled thus—at every

[*Takes her by the Hand and gazes on her.*

gaze we take from such fine Eyes, from such bashful Looks, and such soft Touches—it makes us sigh,—and pant as I do now, and stops the breath when e'er we speak of Pain.

Queen. Alas for me if this should be Love ! [*Aside.*

Bac. It makes us tremble when we touch the fair one ; and all the Blood runs shivering through the Veins, the Heart's surrounded with a feeble Languishment, the Eyes are dying, and the Cheeks are pale, the Tongue is faltring, and the Body fainting.

Queen. Then I'm undone, and all I feel is Love. [*Aside.* If Love be catching, Sir, by Looks and Touches, let us at distance parley—or rather let me fly, for within view is too near— [*Aside.*

Bac. Ah! she retires—displeas'd I fear with my presumptuous Love,—Oh, pardon, fairest Creature. [*Kneels.*

Queen. I'll talk no more, our Words exchange our Souls, and every Look fades all my blooming Honour, like Sun-beams on unguarded Roses—Take all our Kingdoms—make our People Slaves, and let me fall beneath your conquering Sword: but never let me hear you talk again, or gaze upon your Eyes.— [*Goes out.*

Bac. She loves! by Heaven, she loves! and has not Art enough to hide her Flame, though she have cruel Honour to suppress it. However, I'll pursue her to the Banquet. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Widow Ranter's Hall.*

Enter Surelove fan'd by two Negroes, followed by Hazard.

Sure. This Madam *Ranter* is so prodigious a Treater—oh! I hate a Room that smells of a great Dinner, and what's worse, a desert of Punch and Tobacco—what! are you taking leave so soon, Cousin?

Haz. Yes, Madam, but 'tis not fit I should let you know with what regret I go,—but Business will be obey'd.

Sure. Some Letters to dispatch to *English Ladies* you have left behind—come, Cousin, confess.

Haz. I own I much admire the *English Beauties* but never yet have put their Fetters on.

Sure. Never in love! oh, then you have pleasure to come.

Haz. Rather a Pain when there's no Hope attends it.

Sure. Oh, such Diseases quickly cure themselves.

Haz. I do not wish to find it so; for even in Pain I find a Pleasure too.

Sure. You are infected then, and come abroad for Cure.

Haz. Rather to receive my Wounds, Madam.

Sure. Already, Sir,—whoe'er she be, she made good haste to conquer, we have few here boast that Dexterity.

Haz. What think you of *Chrisante*, Madam?

Sure. I must confess your Love and your Despair are there plac'd right, of which I am not fond of being made a Confident, since I am assur'd she can love none but *Friendly*. [Coldly.

Haz. Let her love on as long as Life shall last, let *Friendly* take her, and the Universe, so I had my next wish— [Sighs.

Madam, it is yourself that I adore—I should not be so vain to tell you this, but that I know you have found the Secret out already from my Sighs.

Sure. Forbear, Sir, and know me for your Kinsman's Wife, and no more.

Haz. Be scornful as you please, rail at my Passion, and refuse to hear it; yet I'll love on, and hope in spite of you; my Flame shall be so constant and submissive, it shall compel your Heart to some return.

Sure. You're very confident of your Power, I perceive; but if you chance to find yourself mistaken, say your Opinion and your Affectation were misapply'd, and not that I was cruel. [Ex. Surelove.

Haz. Whate'er denials dwell upon your Tongue, your Eyes assure me that your Heart is tender. [Goes out.

Enter the Bagpiper, playing before a great Bowl of Punch, carry'd between two Negroes, a Highlander dancing after it; the Widow Ranter led by Timorous; Chrisante by Dullman; Mrs. Flirt and Friendly, all dancing after it; they place it on the Table.

Dull. This is like the noble Widow all over, i'faith.

Tim. Ay, ay, the Widow's Health in a full Ladle, Major. [Drinks.

—But a Pox on't, what made that young Fellow here, that affronted us yesterday, Major?

[*While they drink about.*

Dull. Some damned Sharper that would lay his Knife aboard your Widow, Cornet.

Tim. Zoors, if I thought so, I'd arrest him for Salt and Battery, lay him in Prison for a swinging Fine, and take no Bail.

Dull. Nay, had it not been before my Mistress here, Mrs. *Chrisante*, I had swunged him for his Yesterday's Affront;—ah, my sweet Mistress *Chrisante*—if you did but know what a power you have over me—

Chris. Oh, you're a great Courtier, Major.

Dull. Would I were any thing for your sake, Madam.

Ran. Thou art anything, but what thou shouldst be; prithee, Major, leave off being an old Buffoon, that is, a Lover turn'd ridiculous by Age, consider thy self a mere rousing Tun of *Nantz*,—a walking Chimney, ever smoking with nasty Mundungus, and then thou hast a Countenance like an old worm-eaten Cheese.

Dull. Well, Widow, you will joke, ha, ha, ha—

Tim. Gad' Zoors, she's pure company, ha, ha—

Dull. No matter for my Countenance,—Col. *Downright* likes my Estate, and is resolved to have it a match.

Friend. Dear Widow, take off your damned Major, for if he speak another word to *Chrisante*, I shall be put past all my patience, and fall foul upon him.

Ran. S'life, not for the world—Major, I bar Love-making within my Territories, 'tis inconsistent with the Punch-Bowl, if you'll drink, do, if not, be gone.

Tim. Nay, Gad's Zooks, if you enter me at the Punch-Bowl you enter me in Politicks—well, 'tis the best Drink in Christendom for a Statesman.

[*They drink about, the Bagpipe playing.*

Ran. Come, now you shall see what my High-land Valet can do.

[*A Scots Dance.*

Dull. So—I see, let the World go which way it will, Widow, you are resolv'd for mirth,—but come—to the conversation of the Times.

Ran. The Times! why, what a Devil ails the Times? I see nothing in the Times but a Company of Coxcombs that fear without a Cause.

Tim. But if these Fears were laid, and *Bacon* were hanged, I look upon *Virginia* to be the happiest part of the World, gads zoors,—why, there's *England*—'tis nothing to't,—I was in *England* about six Years ago, and was shewed the Court of Aldermen, some were nodding, some saying nothing, and others very little to purpose; but how could it be otherwise, for they had neither Bowl of Punch, Bottles of Wine or Tobacco before 'em, to put Life and Soul into 'em as we have here: then for the young Gentlemen—their farthest Travels is to *France* or *Italy*, they never come hither.

Dull. The more's the pity, by my troth. [*Drinks.*]

Tim. Where they learn to swear Mor-blew, Mor-dec—

Friend. And tell you how much bigger the *Louvre* is than *Whitehall*; buy a suit a-la-mode, get a swinging Clap of some *French* Marquise, spend all their Money, and return just as they went.

Dull. For the old Fellows, their business is Usury, Extortion, and undermining young Heirs.

Tim. Then for young Merchants, their Exchange is the Tavern, their Ware-house the Play-house, and their Bills of Exchange Billet-Doux, where to sup with their Wenches at the other end of the Town,—now judge you what a condition poor *England* is in: for my part I look upon it as a lost Nation, gads zoors.

Dull. I have considered it, and have found a way to save all yet.

Tim. As how, I pray?

Dull. As thus: we have Men here of great Experience and Ability—now I would have as many sent into *England*,

as would supply all Places and Offices, both Civil and Military, d'ye see; their young Gentry should all travel hither for breeding, and to learn the mysteries of State.

Friend. As for the old covetous Fellows, I would have the Tradesmen get in their Debts, break and turn Troopers.

Tim. And they'd be soon weary of Extortion, gad zoors.

Dull. Then for the young Merchants, there should be a Law made, none should go beyond *Ludgate*.

Friend. You have found out the only way to preserve that great Kingdom.

[*Drinking all this while sometimes.*]

Tim. Well, gad zoors, 'tis a fine thing to be a good Statesman.

Friend. Ay, Cornet, which you had never been had you staid in Old *England*.

Dull. Why, Sir, we were somebody in *England*.

Friend. So I heard, Major.

Dull. You heard, Sir! what have you heard? he's a Kidnapper that says he heard any thing of me—and so my service to you.—I'll sue you, Sir, for spoiling my Marriage here by your Scandals with Mrs. *Chrisante*: but that shan't do, Sir, I'll marry her for all that, and he's a Rascal that denies it.

Friend. S'death, you lye, Sir—I do.

Tim. Gad zoors, Sir, lye to a Privy-Counsellor, a Major of Horse! Brother, this is an Affront to our Dignities: draw and I'll side with you.

[*They both draw on Friendly, the Ladies run off.*]

Friend. If I disdain to draw, 'tis not that I fear your base and cowardly Force, but for the respect I bear you as Magistrates, and so I leave you. [Goes out.]

Tim. An arrant Coward, gad zoors.

Dull. A mere Paultroon, and I scorn to drink in his Company. [Exeunt, putting up their Swords.]

SCENE III. *A Sevana, or large Heath.*

Enter Whimsey, Whiff, and Boozer, with some Soldiers arm'd.

Whim. Stand—stand—and hear the word of Command—do ye see yon Cops, and that Ditch that runs along Major *Dullman's* Plantation?

Booz. We do.

Whim. Place your Men there, and lie flat on your Bellies, and when *Bacon* comes, (if alone) seize him, d'ye see.

Whiff. Observe the Command now (if alone) for we are not for blood-shed.

Booz. I'll warrant you for our parts.

[*Exeunt all but Whim. and Whiff.*]

Whim. Now we have ambusht our Men, let's light our Pipes, and sit down and take an encouraging dram of the Bottle. [*Pulls a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket—they sit.*]

Whiff. Thou art a Knave, and hast emptied half the Bottle in thy Leathern Pockets; but come, here's young *Frightall's* Health.

Whim. What, wilt drink a Man's Health thou'rt going to hang?

Whiff. 'Tis all one for that, we'll drink his Health first, and hang him afterwards, and thou shalt pledge me, d'ye see, and though 'twere under the Gallows.

Whim. Thou'rt a Traitor for saying so, and I defy thee.

Whiff. Nay, since we are come out like loving Brothers to hang the General, let's not fall out among our selves; and so here's to you, [*Drinks.*] though I have no great Maw to this Business.

Whim. Prithee, Brother *Whiff*, do not be so villainous a Coward, for I hate a Coward.

Whiff. Nay, 'tis not that—but, my *Whiff*, my *Nancy* dreamt to night she saw me hanged.

Whim. 'Twas a cowardly Dream, think no more on't;

but as Dreams are expounded by contraries, thou shalt hang the General.

Whiff. Ay—but he was my Friend, and I owe him at this time a hundred Pounds of Tobacco.

Whim. Nay, then I am sure thou'dst hang him if he were thy Brother.

Whiff. But hark—I think I hear the Neighing of Horses, where shall we hide our selves? for if we stay here, we shall be mawled damnably.

[*Exeunt both behind a Bush, peeping.*]

Enter Bacon, Fearless, and 3 or 4 Footmen.

Bac. Let the Groom lead the Horses o'er the *Sevana*; we'll walk it on Foot, 'tis not a quarter of a Mile to the Town; and here the Air is cool.

Fear. The Breezes about this time of the Day begin to take wing, and fan refreshment to the Trees and Flowers.

Bac. And at these Hours how fragrant are the Groves!

Fear. The Country's well, were but the people so.

Bac. But come, lets on— [*They pass to the Entrance.*]

Whim. There, Boys—

[*The Soldiers come forth and fall on Bacon.*]

Bac. Hah! Ambush—

[*Draws, Fearless and Footmen draw, the Soldiers after a while fighting, take Bacon and Fearless, they having laid 3 or 4 dead.*]

Whiff. So, so, he's taken; now we may venture out.

Whim. But are you sure he's taken?

Whiff. Sure! can't you believe your Eyes, come forth; I hate a Coward—Oh, Sir, have we caught your Mightiness.

Bac. Are you the Authors of this valiant Act? None but such villainous Cowards durst have attempted it.

Whim. Stop his railing Tongue.

Whiff. No, no, let him rail, let him rail now his Hands are ty'd; ha, ha. Why, good General *Frightall*, what, was no body able d'ye think to tame the roaring Lyon?

Bac. You'll be hanged for this.

Whim. Come, come, away with him to the next Tree.

Bac. What mean you, Villains?

Whiff. Only to hang your Honour a little, that's all.
We'll teach you, Sir, to serve your Country against Law.

As they go off, enter Daring with Soldiers.

Dar. Hah—my General betray'd!—this I suspected.

[*His Men come in, they fall on, release Bacon and Fearless, and his Man, and get Swords. Whimsey's Party put Whim. and Whiff before 'em striking 'em as they endeavour to run on this side or that, and forcing 'em to bear up, they are taken after some fighting.*]

Fear. Did not the General tell you Rogues, you'd be all hang'd?

Whiff. Oh, Nancy, Nancy, how prophetick are thy Dreams!

Bac. Come, lets on—

Dar. S'death, what mean you, Sir?

Bac. As I designed—to present my self to the Council.

Dar. By Heavens, we'll follow then to save you from their Treachery, 'twas this that has befallen you that I feared, which made me at a distance follow you.

Bac. Follow me still, but still at such a distance as your Aids may be assisting on all occasions.—*Fearless*, go back and bring your Regiment down; and *Daring*, let your Sergeant with his Party guard these Villains to the Council.

[*Ex. Bac. Dar. and Fearless.*]

Whiff. A Pox on your Worship's Plot.

Whim. A Pox of your forwardness to come out of the Hedge.

[*Ex. Officers, with Whim. and Whiff.*]

SCENE IV. *The Council-Table.*

Enter Col. Wellman, Col. Downright, Dullman, Timorous, and about seven or eight more seat themselves.

Well. You heard Mr. *Dunce's* opinion, Gentlemen, concerning *Bacon's* coming upon our Invitation. He believes he will come, but I rather think, though he be himself undaunted, yet the persuasions of his two Lieutenant-Generals, *Daring* and *Fearless*, may prevent him—Colonel, have you order'd our Men to be in Arms?

Enter a Soldier.

Down. I have, and they'l attend further order on the *Sevana*.

Sold. May it please your Honours, *Bacon* is on his way, he comes unattended by any but his Footmen, and Col. *Fearless*.

Down. Who is this Fellow?

Well. A Spy I sent to watch *Bacon's* Motions.

Sold. But there is a Company of Soldiers in Ambush on this side of the *Sevana* to seize him as he passes by.

Well. That's by no order of the Council.

Omnes. No, no, no order.

Well. Nay, 'twere a good design if true.

Tim. Gad zoors, wou'd I had thought on't for my Troop.

Down. I am for no unfair dealing in any extremity.

Enter Brag in haste.

Brag. An't please your Honours, the saddest News—an Ambush being laid for *Bacon*, they rush'd out upon him on the *Sevana*, and after some fighting took him and *Fearless*—

Tim. Is this your sad News—zoors, wou'd I had had a hand in't.

Brag. When on a sudden, *Daring* and his Party fell

in upon us, turn'd the tide—kill'd our Men, and took Captain *Whimsey*, and Captain *Whiff* Pris'ners; the rest run away, but *Bacon* fought like fury.

Tim. A bloody Fellow!

Down. *Whimsey* and *Whiff*? they deserve Death for acting without order.

Tim. I'm of the Colonel's Opinion, they deserve to hang for't.

Dull. Why, Brother, I thought you had wish'd that the Plot had been yours but now.

Tim. Ay, but the Case is alter'd since that, good Brother.

Well. Now he's exasperated past all hopes of a Reconciliation.

Dull. You must make use of the Statesman's Refuge, wise Dissimulation.

Brag. For all this, Sir, he will not believe but that you mean honourably, and no Persuasions could hinder him from coming, so he has dismiss'd all his Soldiers, and is entring the Town on foot.

Well. What pity 'tis a brave Man should be guilty of an ill Action.

Brag. But the noise of his danger has so won the Hearts of the Mobile, that they increase his Train as he goes, and follow him in the Town like a Victor.

Well. Go wait his coming. [Exit *Brag*.
He grows too popular and must be humbled.

Tim. I was ever of your mind, Colonel.

Well. Ay, right or wrong—but what's your Counsel now?

Tim. E'en as it used to be, I leave it to wiser Heads.

Enter Brag.

Brag. *Bacon*, Sir, is entring.

Tim. Gad zoors, wou'd I were safe in bed.

FGl. Colonel, keep in your Heat, and treat calmly with him.

Well. I rather wish you would all follow me, I'd meet him at the head of all his noisy Rabble, and seize him from the Rout.

Down. What, Men of Authority dispute with Rake-hells! 'tis below us, Sir.

Tim. To stake our Lives and Fortunes against their nothing.

Enter Bacon, after him the Rabble with Staves and Clubs, bringing in Whim. and Whiff bound.

Well. What means this Insolence?—What, Mr. *Bacon*, do you come in Arms?

Bac. I'd need, Sir, come in Arms, when Men that should be honourable can have so poor Designs to take my Life.

Well. Thrust out his following Rabble.

1st Rab. We'll not stir till we have the General safe back again.

Bac. Let not your Loves be too officious—but retire—

1st Rab. At your Command we vanish.—

[*The Rabble retire.*

Bac. I hope you'll pardon me, if in my own defence I seized on these two Murderers.

Down. You did well, Sir, 'twas by no order they acted—stand forth and hear your Sentence—in time of War we need no formal Tryals to hang Knaves that act without order.

Whiff. Oh, Mercy, Mercy, Colonel—'twas Parson *Dunce's* Plot.

Down. Issue out a Warrant to seize *Dunce* immediately—you shall be carry'd to the Fort to pray.

Whim. Oh, good your Honour, I never pray'd in all my Life.

Down. From thence drawn upon a Sledge to the place of Execution—where you shall hang till you are dead—and then be cut down and—

Whim. Oh, hold—hold—we shall never be able to endure half this. [Kneeling.

Well. I think the Offence needs not so great Punishment; their Crime, Sir, is but equal to your own, acting without Commission.

Bac. 'Tis very well explained, Sir,—had I been murder'd by Commission then, the Deed had been approved, and now perhaps I am beholding to the Rabble for my Life.

Well. A fine Pretence to hide a popular Fault, but for this once we pardon them and you.

Bac. Pardon! for what? by Heaven, I scorn your Pardon, I've not offended Honour nor Religion.

Well. You have offended both in taking Arms.

Bac. Should I stand by and see my Country ruin'd, my King dishonour'd, and his Subjects murder'd, hear the sad Crys of Widows and of Orphans? you heard it loud, but gave no pitying care to't, and till the War and Massacre was brought to my own door, my Flocks and Herds surprized, I bore it all with Patience. Is it unlawful to defend my self against a Thief that breaks into my Doors?

Well. And call you this defending of your self?

Bac. I call it doing of my self that right, which upon just demand the Council did refuse me; if my Ambition, as you're pleased to call it, made me demand too much, I left my self to you.

Well. Perhaps we thought it did.

Bac. Sir, you affront my Birth—I am a Gentleman, and yet my Thoughts were humble—I would have fought under the meanest of your Parasites.

Tim. There's a Bob for us, Brother. [To Dull.

Bac. But still you put me off with Promises—and when compell'd to stir in my Defence I call'd none to my aid, and those that came, 'twas their own Wrongs that urg'd them.

Down. 'Tis fear'd, Sir, under this Pretence, you aim at Government.

Bac. I scorn to answer to so base an Accusation; the height of my Ambition is to be an honest Subject.

Well. An honest Rebel, Sir—

Bac. You know you wrong me, and 'tis basely urg'd—but this is trifling—here are my Commissions.

[*Throws down Papers, Down. reads.*

Down. To be General of the Forces against the *Indians*, and blank Commissions for his Friends.

Well. Tear them in pieces—are we to be imposed upon? Do ye come in hostile manner to compel us?

Down. Be not too rough, Sir, let us argue with him.

Well. I am resolv'd I will not.

Tim. Then we are all dead Men, Gudzoors! he will not give us time to say our Prayers.

Well. We every day expect fresh force from *England*, till then, we of our selves shall be sufficient to make defence against a sturdy Traitor.

Bac. Traitor! S'death, Traitor—I defy ye, but that my Honour's yet above my Anger, I'd make you answer me that Traitor dearly. [*Rises.*

Well. Hah—am I threatned—Guards, secure the Rebel.

[*Guards seize him.*

Bac. Is this your honourable Invitation? Go—triumph in your short-liv'd Victory, the next turn shall be mine.

[*Exeunt Guards with Bac.*

A Noise of Fighting—Enter Bacon, Wellman's Guards beat back by the Rabble, Bacon snatches a Sword from one, and keeps back the Rabble, Tim. gets under the Table.

Down. What means this Insolence?

Rab. We'll have our General, and knock that Fellow's Brains out, and hang up Colonel *Wellman*.

All. Ay, ay, hang up *Wellman*.

[*The Rabble seize Well. and Dull. and the rest.*

Dull. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I was always for the General.

Rab. Let's barbicu this fat Rogue

Bac. Be gone, and know your distance to the Council.
[*The Rabble let 'em go.*]

Well. I'd rather perish by the meanest Hand, than owe my safety poorly thus to *Bacon*. [In *Rage.*]

Bac. If you persist still in that mind I'll leave you, and conquering make you happy 'gainst your will.

[*Ex. Bacon and Rabble, hollowing a Bacon, a Bacon.*]

Well. Oh villanous Cowards! who will trust his Honour with Sycophants so base? Let us to Arms—by Heaven, I will not give my Body rest, till I've chastised the boldness of this Rebel.

[*Exeunt Well. Down. and the rest, all but Dull.*]

Tim. *peeps from under the Table.*

Tim. What, is the roistering Hector gone, Brother?

Dull. Ay, ay, and the Devil go with him.

[*Looking sadly, Tim. comes out.*]

Tim. Was there ever such a Bull of *Bashan*! Why, what if he should come down upon us and kill us all for Traitors.

Dull. I rather think the Council will hang us all for Cowards—ah—oh—a Drum—a Drum—oh. [*He goes out.*]

Tim. This is the Misery of being great.

We're sacrific'd to every turn of State. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Country Court, a great Table, with Papers, a Clerk writing.*

Enter a great many People of all sorts, then Friendly, after him Dullman.

Friend. How now, Major; what, they say *Bacon* scar'd you all out of the Council yesterday; What say the People?

Dull. Say? they curse us all, and drink young *Frightall's* Health, and swear they'll fight through Fire and Brimstone for him.

Friend. And to morrow will hollow him to the Gallows, if it were his chance to come there.

Dull. 'Tis very likely : Why, I am forced to be guarded to the Court now, the Rabble swore they would *De-Wit* me, but I shall hamper some of 'em. Wou'd the Governour were here to bear the brunt on't, for they call us the evil Counsellors.

Enter Hazard, goes to Friendly.

Here's the young Rogue that drew upon us too, we have Rods in Piss for him, i'faith.

Enter Timorous with Bailiffs, whispers to Dullman, after which to the Bailiffs.

Tim. Gadzoors, that's he, do your Office.

Bail. We arrest you, Sir, in the King's Name, at the suit of the honourable Justice *Timorous*.

Haz. Justice *Timorous* ! who the Devil's he ?

Tim. I am the man, Sir, d'ye see, for want of a better ; you shall repent, Guds zoors, your putting of tricks upon Persons of my Rank and Quality.

[After he has spoke, he runs back as afraid of him.]

Haz. Your Rank and Quality !

Tim. Ay, Sir, my Rank and Quality ; first I am one of the honourable Council, next, a Justice of Peace in *Quorum*, Cornet of a Troop of Horse, d'ye see, and Church-warden.

Friend. From whence proceeds this, Mr. Justice ? you said nothing of this at Madam *Ranter's* yesterday ; you saw him there, then you were good Friends.

Tim. Ay, however I have carried my Body swimmingly before my Mistress, d'ye see, I had Rancour in my Heart, Gads zoors.

Friend. Why, this Gentleman's a Stranger, and but lately come ashore.

Haz. At my first landing I was in company with this

Fellow and two or three of his cruel Brethren, where I was affronted by them, some Words pass'd, and I drew—

Tim. Ay, ay, Sir, you shall pay for't,—why—what, Sir, cannot a civil Magistrate affront a Man, but he must be drawn upon presently?

Friend. Well, Sir, the Gentleman shall answer your Suit, and I hope you'll take my Bail for him.

Tim. 'Tis enough—I know you to be a civil Person.

Timorous and Dullman take their Places on a long Bench placed behind the Table, to them Whimsey and Whiff, they seat themselves, then Boozer and two or three more; who seat themselves: Then enter two, bearing a Bowl of Punch and a great Ladle or two in it; the rest of the Stage being fill'd with People.

Whiff. Brothers, it hath often been mov'd at the Bench, that a new Punch-Bowl shou'd be provided, and one of a larger Circumference; when the Bench sits late about weighty Affairs, oftentimes the Bowl is emptied before we end.

Whim. A good Motion; Clerk, set it down.

Clerk. Mr. Justice *Boozer*, the Council has order'd you a Writ of Ease, and dismiss your Worship from the Bench.

Booz. Me from the Bench, for what?

Whim. The Complaint is, Brother *Boozer*, for drinking too much Punch in the time of hearing Tryals.

Whiff. And that you can neither write nor read, nor say the Lord's Prayer.

Tim. That your Warrants are like a Brewer's Tally, a Notch on a Stick; if a special Warrant, then a couple. Gods zoors, when his Excellency comes he will have n^o such Justices.

Booz. Why, Brother, though I can't read my self, I have had *Dalton's Country-Justice* read over to me two or three times, and understand the Law. This is your Malice, Brother *Whiff*, because my Wife does not come to your

Warehouse to buy her Commodities,—but no matter, to show I have no Malice in my Heart, I drink your Health.—I care not this, I can turn Lawyer, and plead at the Board. *[Drinks, all pledge him, and hum.]*

Dull. Mr. Clerk, come to the Tryals on the Dockett.

[Clerk reads.]

Cler. The first is between his Worship Justice *Whiff* and one *Grubb*.

Dull. Ay, that *Grubb's* a common Disturber, Brother, your Cause is a good Cause if well manag'd, here's to't.

[Drinks.]

Whiff. I thank you, Brother *Dullman*—read my Petition.

[Drinks.]

Cler. The Petition of Captain *Thomas Whiff*, sheweth, That whereas *Gilbert Grubb* calls his Worship's Wife *Ann Whiff* Whore, and said he would prove it; your Petitioner desires the Worshipful Bench to take it into Consideration, and your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.—Here's two Witnesses have made Affidavit *viva voce*, an't like your Worships.

Dull. Call *Grubb*.

Cler. *Gilbert Grubb*, come into the Court.

Grub. Here.

Whim. Well, what can you say for your self, Mr. *Grubb*.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worship, my Wife invited some Neighbours Wives to drink a Cagg of Syder; now your Worship's Wife, Madam *Whiff*, being there fuddled, would have thrust me out of doors, and bid me go to my old Whore Madam *Whimsey*, meaning your Worship's Wife.

[To Whimsey.]

Whim. Hah! My Wife called Whore, she's a Jade, an I'll arrest her Husband here—in an Action of Debts.

Tim. Gad zoors, she's no better than she should be I'll warrant her.

Whiff. Look ye, Brother *Whimsey*, be patient; you know the humour of my *Nancy*, when she's drunk; b

when she's sober, she's a civil Person, and shall ask your pardon.

Whim. Let this be done, and I am satisfied. And so here's to you. [Drinks.

Dull. Go on to the Trial.

Grub. I being very angry, said indeed, I would prove her a greater Whore than Madam *Whimsey*.

Cler. An't like your Worships, he confesses the Words in open Court.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worships, she has had two Bastards, I'll prove it.

Whiff. Sirrah, Sirrah, that was when she was a Maid, not since I marry'd her; my marrying her made her honest.

Dull. Let there be an order of Court to sue him for *Scandalum magnatum*.

Tim. Mr. Clerk, let my Cause come next.

Cler. The Defendant's ready, Sir.

[Hazard comes to the Board.

Tim. Brothers of the Bench, take notice, that this Hector here coming into Mrs. *Flirt's* Ordinary, where I was with my Brother *Dullman* and Lieutenant *Boozer*; we gave him good Counsel to fall to work: Now my Gentleman here was affronted at this, forsooth, and makes no more to do but calls us Scoundrels, and drew his Sword on us; and had I not defended my self by running away, he had murdered me, and assassinated my two Brothers.

Whiff. What Witness have you, Brother?

Tim. Here's Mrs. *Flirt* and her Maid *Nell*,—besides, we may be Witness for one another, I hope, our Words may be taken.

Cler. Mrs. *Flirt* and *Nell* are sworn. [They stand forth.

Whim. By the Oaths that you have taken, speak nothing but the truth.

Flirt. An't please your Worships, your Honours came to my House, where you found this young Gentleman:

and your Honours invited him to drink with your Honours; Where after some opprobrious Words given him, Justice *Dullman*, and Justice *Boozer* struck him over the Head; and after that indeed the Gentleman drew.

Tim. Mark that, Brother, he drew.

Haz. If I did, it was *se defendendo*.

Tim. Do you hear that, Brothers, he did it in defiance.

Haz. Sir, you ought not to sit Judge and Accuser too.

Whiff. The Gentleman's i'th' right, Brother, you cannot do't according to Law.

Tim. Gads zoors, what new tricks, new querks?

Haz. Gentlemen, take notice, he swears in Court.

Tim. Gads zoors, what's that to you, Sir?

Haz. This is the second time of his swearing.

Whim. What, do you think we are deaf, Sir? Come, come, proceed.

Tim. I desire he may be bound to his Good Behaviour, fin'd, and deliver up his Sword, what say you, Brother?

[*Jogs Dull. who nods.*]

Whim. He's asleep, drink to him and waken him,—you have miss'd the Cause by sleeping, Brother.

[*Drinks.*]

Dull. Justice may nod, but never sleeps, Brother—you were at—Deliver his Sword—a good Motion, let it be done.

[*Drinks.*]

Haz. No, Gentlemen, I wear a Sword to right my self.

Tim. That's fine, i'faith, Gads zoors, I've worn a Sword this dozen Year, and never cou'd right my self.

Whiff. Ay, 'twou'd be a fine World if Men should wear Swords to right themselves; he that's bound to the Peace shall wear no Sword.

Whim. I say, he that's bound to the Peace ought to wear no Peruke, they may change 'em for black or white, and then who can know them.

Haz. I hope, Gentlemen, I may be allowed to speak for my self.

Whiff. Ay, what can you say for your self, did you not draw your Sword, Sirrah?

Haz. I did.

Tim. 'Tis sufficient, he confesses the Fact, and we'll hear no more.

Haz. You will not hear the Provocation given.

Dull. 'Tis enough, Sir, you drew—

Whim. Ay, ay, 'tis enough, he drew—let him be fin'd.

Friend. The Gentleman should be heard, he's Kinsman too to Colonel *John Surelove*.

Tim. Hum—Colonel *Surelove's* Kinsman.

Whiff. Is he so? nay, then all the reason in the World he should be heard, Brothers.

Whim. Come, come, Cornet, you shall be Friends with the Gentleman; this was some drunken bout, I'll warrant you.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, so it was, Gads zoors.

Whiff. Come, drink to the Gentleman, and put it up.

Tim. Sir, my service to you, I am heartily sorry for what's pass'd, but it was in my drink. [Drinks.

Whim. You hear his Acknowledgments, Sir, and when he's sober he never quarrels. Come, Sir, sit down, my Service to you.

Haz. I beg your excuse, Gentlemen—I have earnest business.

Dull. Let us adjourn the Court, and prepare to meet the Regiments on the *Sevana*.

[All go but Friend. and Hazard.

Haz. Is this the best Court of Judicature your Country affords?

Friend. To give it its due, it is not. But how does thy Amour thrive?

Haz. As well as I can wish in so short a time.

Friend. I see she regards thee with kind Eyes, Sighs and Blushes.

Haz. Yes, and tells me I am so like a Brother she had

—to excuse her kind concern,—then blushes so prettily, that, Gad, I cou'd not forbear making a discovery of my Heart.

Friend. Have a care of that, come upon her by slow degrees, for I know she is virtuous;—but come, let's to the *Sevana*, where I'll present you to the two Colonels, *Wellman* and *Downright*, the Men that manage all till the arrival of the Governour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Sevana or Heath.*

Enter Wellman, Downright, Boozer, and Officers.

Well. Have you dispatch'd the Scouts, to watch the Motions of the Enemies? I know that *Bacon* is violent and haughty, and will resent our vain Attempts upon him; therefore we must be speedy in prevention.

Down. What Forces have you raised since our last order?

Booz. Here's a List of 'em, they came but slowly in, till we promised every one a Bottle of Brandy.

Enter Officer and Dunce.

Off. We have brought Mr. *Dunce* here, as your Honour commanded us; after strict search we found him this Morning in bed with Madam *Flirt*.

Down. No matter, he'll exclaim no less against the Vices of the Flesh the next Sunday.

Dun. I hope, Sir, you will not credit the Malice of my Enemies.

Well. No more, you are free, and what you counsell'd about the Ambush, was both prudent and seasonable, and perhaps I now wish it had taken effect.

Enter Friendly and Hazard.

Friend. I have brought an *English Gentleman* to kiss your Hands, Sir, and offer you his Service, he is young and brave, and Kinsman to Colonel *Surelove*.

Well. Sir, you are welcome; and to let you see you

are so, we will give you your Kinsman's Command, Captain of a Troop of Horse-Guards, and which I'm sure will be continued to you when the Governour arrives.

Haz. I shall endeavour to deserve the Honour, Sir.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. and Whiff, all in Buff, Scarf, and Feather.

Down. So, Gentlemen, I see you're in a readiness.

Tim. Readiness! What means he, I hope we are not to be drawn out to go against the Enemy, Major.

Dull. If we are, they shall look a new Major for me.

Well. We were debating, Gentlemen, what course were best to pursue against this powerful Rebel.

Friend. Why, Sir, we have Forces enough, let's charge him instantly, Delays are dangerous.

Tim. Why, what a damn'd fiery Fellow is this?

Down. But if we drive him to extremities, we fear his siding with the *Indians*.

Dull. Colonel *Downright* has hit it; why should we endanger our Men against a desperate Termagant; If he love Wounds and Scars so well, let him exercise on our Enemies—but if he will needs fall upon us, 'tis then time enough for us to venture our Lives and Fortunes.

Tim. How, we go to *Bacon*! under favour, I think 'tis his duty to come to us, an you go to that, Gads zoors.

Friend. If he do, 'twill cost you dear, I doubt, Cornet. —I find by our List, Sir, we are four thousand Men.

Tim. Gads zoors, not enough for a Breakfast for that insatiate *Bacon*, and his two Lieutenant Generals, *Fearless* and *Daring*.

[*Whiff sits on the Ground with a Bottle of Brandy.*

Whim. A Morsel, a Morsel.

Well. I am for an attack, what say you, Gentlemen, to an attack?—What, silent all? What say you, Major?

Dull. I say, Sir, I hope my Courage was never in dispute. But, Sir, I am going to marry Colonel *Downright's*

Daughter here—and should I be slain in this Battle 'twould break her Heart;—besides, Sir, I should lose her Fortune.

[*Speaks big.*

Well. I'm sure here's a Captain will never flinch.

[*To Whim.*

Whim. Who, I, an't like your Honour?

Well. Ay, you.

Whim. Who, I? ha, ha, ha: Why, did your Honour think that I would fight?

Well. Fight! yes; why else do you take Commissions?

Whim. Commissions! Oh Lord, O Lord, take Commissions to fight! ha, ha, ha; that's a jest, if all that take Commissions should fight—

Well. Why do you bear Arms then?

Whim. Why, for the Pay; to be called Captain, noble Captain, to show, to cock and look big, and bluff as I do: to be bow'd to thus as we pass, to domineer and beat our Soldiers: Fight, quoth a, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. But what makes you look so simply, Cornet?

Tim. Why, a thing that I have quite forgot, all my Accounts for *England* are to be made up, and I'm undone if they be neglected—else I wou'd not flinch for the stoutest he that wears a Sword—

[*Looking big.*

Down. What say you, Captain *Whiff*?

[*Whiff almost drunk.*

Whiff. I am trying, Colonel, what Mettle I'm made on; I think I am valiant, I suppose I have Courage, but I confess 'tis a little of the D— breed, but a little inspiration from the Bottle, and the leave of my *Nancy*, may do wonders.

Enter a Seaman in haste.

Sea. An't please your Honours, *Frightall's* Officers have seiz'd all the Ships in the River, and rid now round the Shore, and had by this time secur'd the sandy Beach, and landed Men to fire the Town, but that they are high

in drink aboard the Ship call'd the Good-Subject; the Master of her sent me to let your Honours know, that a few Men sent to his assistance will surprize them and retake the Ships.

Well. Now, Gentlemen, here is a brave occasion for Emulation—why writ not the Master?

Dull. Ay, had he writ, I had soon been amongst them, i'faith; but this is some Plot to betray us.

Sea. Keep me here, and kill me if it be not true.

Down. He says well—there's a Brigantine and a Shallop ready, I'll embark immediately.

Friend. No, Sir, your Presence is here more necessary, let me have the Honour of this Expedition.

Haz. I'll go your Volunteer, *Charles.*

Well. Who else offers to go?

Whim. A mere Trick to kidnap us, by *Bacon*,—if the Captain had writ.

Tim. Ay, ay, if he had writ—

Well. I see you're all base Cowards, and here cashier ye from all Commands and Offices.

Whim. Look ye, Colonel, you may do what you please, but you lose one of the best dress'd Officers in your whole Camp, Sir.

Tim. And in me, such a Head-piece.

Whiff. I'll say nothing, but let the State want me.

Dull. For my part I am weary of weighty Affairs.

[*In this while Well. Down. Friend. and Haz. talk.*

Well. Command what Men you please, but Expedition makes you half a Conqueror. [*Ex. Friend. and Haz.*

Enter another Seaman with a Letter, gives it to Downright, he and Wellman read it.

Down. Look ye now, Gentlemen, the Master has writ.

Dull. Has he—he might have writ sooner, while I was in Command,—if he had—

Whim. Ay, Major—if he had—but let them miss us.

Well. Colonel, haste with your Men, and reinforce the Beach, while I follow with the Horse;—Mr. *Dunce*, pray let that Proclamation be read concerning *Bacon*, to the Soldiers. [Ex. Down. and *Well*.

Dun. It shall be done, Sir. Gentlemen, how simply you look now.

The Scene opens and discovers a Body of Soldiers.

Tim. Why, Mr. Parson, I have a scruple of Conscience upon me, I am considering whether it be lawful to kill, though it be in War; I have a great aversion to't, and hope it proceeds from Religion.

Whiff. I remember the Fit took you just so when the *Dutch* besieged us, for you cou'd not then be persuaded to strike a stroke.

Tim. Ay, that was because they were Protestants as we are; but, Gads zoors, had they been *Dutch* Papists I had maul'd them: but Conscience—

Whim. I have been a Justice of Peace this six Years, and never had a Conscience in my Life.

Tim. Nor I neither, but in this damn'd thing of fighting.

Dun. Gentlemen, I am commanded to read the Declaration of the honourable Council to you. [To the Soldiers.

All. Hum, hum, hum—

Booz. Silence—silence—

[*Dunce reads.*

Dun. By an order of Council, dated *May* the 10th, 1670. To all Gentlemen Soldiers, Merchants, Planters, and whom else it may concern. Whereas *Bacon*, contrary to Law and Equity, has, to satisfy his own Ambition, taken up Arms with a pretence to fight the *Indians*, but indeed to molest and enslave the whole Colony, and to take away their Liberties and Properties; this is to declare, that whoever shall bring this Traitor dead or alive to the Council, shall have three hundred pounds Reward. And so God save the King.

All. A Council, a Council! Hah—

[*Hollow.*

Enter a Soldier hastily.

Sold. Stand to your Arms, Gentlemen, stand to your Arms, *Bacon* is marching this way.

Dun. Hah—what Numbers has he?

Sold. About a hundred Horse, in his march he has surpriz'd Colonel *Downright*, and taken him Prisoner.

All. Let's fall on *Bacon*—let's fall on *Bacon*, hay.

[*Hollow.*

Booz. We'll hear him speak first—and see what he can say for himself.

All. Ay, ay, we'll hear *Bacon* speak.

[*Dunce pleads with them.*

Tim. Well, Major, I have found a Stratagem shall make us Four the greatest Men in the Colony, we'll surrender our selves to *Bacon*, and say we disbanded on purpose.

Dull. Good—

Whiff. Why, I had no other design in the World in refusing to fight.

Whim. Nor I, d'ye think I wou'd have excus'd it with the fear of disordering my Cravat-String else.

Dun. Why, Gentlemen, he designs to fire *James Town*, murder you all, and then lie with your Wives; and will you slip this opportunity of seizing him?

Booz. Here's a termagant Rogue, Neighbours—we'll hang the Dog.

All. Ay, ay, hang *Bacon*, hang *Bacon*.

Enter Bacon and Fearless, some Soldiers leading in Downright bound; Bacon stands and stares a while on the Regiments, who are silent all.

Bac. Well, Gentlemen, in order to your fine Declaration, you see I come to render my self.

Dun. How came he to know of our Declaration?

Whiff. Rogues, Rogues among our selves, that inform.

Bac. What, are ye silent all,—not a Man to lift his Hand in Obedience to the Council, to murder this Traytor

that has exposed his Life so often for you? Hah, what, not for three hundred Pound?—You see I've left my Troops behind, and come all wearied with the Toils of War, worn out by Summers heats, and Winters cold, march'd tedious Days and Nights through Bogs and Fens as dangerous as your Clamours, and as faithless,—what though 'twas to preserve you all in Safety, no matter, you shou'd obey the grateful Council, and kill this honest Man that has defended you.

All. Hum, hum, hum.

Whiff. The General speaks like a Gorgon.

Tim. Like a Cherubin, Man.

Bac. All silent yet—where's that mighty Courage, that cried so loud but now, A Council, a Council? where is your Resolution? cannot three hundred Pound excite your Valour to seize that Traitor *Bacon* who has bled for you?

All. A *Bacon*, a *Bacon*, a *Bacon*. [Hollow.]

Down. Oh villainous Cowards!—Oh the faithless Multitude!

Bac. What say you, Parson?—you have a forward Zeal.

Dun. I wish my Coat, Sir, did not hinder me from acting as becomes my Zeal and Duty.

Whim. A plaguy rugged Dog,—that Parson—

Bac. Fearless, seize me that canting Knave from out the Herd, and next those honourable Officers.

[*Points to Dull, Whim, Whiff, and Tim.* Fearless seizes them, and gives them to the Soldiers, and takes the Proclamation from Duncce, and shews Bacon; they read it.

Dull. Seize us, Sir, you shall not need, we laid down our Commissions on purpose to come over to your Honour.

Whiff. We ever lov'd and honour'd your Honour.

Tim. So intirely, Sir—that I wish I were safe in *James Town* for your sake, and your Honour were hang'd. [*Aside.*

Bac. This fine Piece is of your penning, Parson,—though it be countenanc'd by the Council's Names.—Oh

Ingratitude! Burn, burn the treacherous Town, fire it immediately.—

Whim. We'll obey you, Sir.

Whiff. Ay, ay, we'll make a Bonfire on't, and drink your Honour's health round about it. [*They offer to go.*]

Bac. Yet hold, my Revenge shall be more merciful, I ordered that all the Women of Rank shall be seiz'd and brought to my Camp. I'll make their Husbands pay their Ransoms dearly; they'd rather have their Hearts bleed than their Purses.

Fear. Dear General, let me have the seizing of Colonel *Downright's* Daughter; I would fain be plundering for a Trifle call'd a Maiden-head.

Bac. On pain of Death treat them with all respect; assure them of the safety of their Honour. Now, all that will follow me, shall find a welcome, and those that will not, may depart in Peace.

All. Hay, a General, a General, a General.

[*Some Soldiers go off: Some go to the side of Bacon.*]

Enter Daring and Soldiers, with Chrisante, Surelove, Mrs.

Whim. and Mrs. Whiff, and several other Women.

Bac. Successful *Daring*, welcome, what Prizes have ye?

Dar. The fairest in the World, Sir; I'm not for common Plunder.

Down. Hah, my Daughter and my Kinswoman!—

Bac. 'Tis not with Women, Sir, nor honest men like you, that I intend to combat; not their own Parents shall be more indulgent, nor better Safe-guard to their Honours, Sir: But 'tis to save the expence of Blood I seize on their most valued Prizes.

Down. But, Sir, I know your wild Lieutenant General has long lov'd my *Chrisante*, and perhaps, will take this time to force her to consent.

Dar. I own I have a Passion for *Chrisante*, yet by my General's Life, or her fair self, what now I act is on the score of War, I scorn to force the Maid I do adore.

Bac. Believe me, Ladies, you shall have honourable Treatment here.

Chris. We do not doubt it, Sir, either from you or *Daring*; if he love me, that will secure my Honour; or if he do not, he's too brave to injure me.

Dar. I thank you for your just opinion of me, Madam.

Chris. But, Sir, 'tis for my Father I must plead; to see his reverend Hands in servile Chains; and then perhaps, if stubborn to your Will, his Head must fall a Victim to your Anger.

Down. No, my good pious Girl, I cannot fear ignoble usage from the General; and if thy Beauty can preserve thy Fame, I shall not mourn in my Captivity.

Bac. I'll ne'er deceive your kind opinion of me—Ladies, I hope you're all of that Opinion too.

Sure. If seizing us, Sir, can advance your Honour, or be of any use considerable to you, I shall be proud of such a Slavery.

Mrs. Whim. I hope, Sir, we shan't be ravish'd in your Camp.

Dar. Fie, Mrs. *Whimsey*, do Soldiers use to ravish?

Mrs. Whiff. Ravish! marry, I fear 'em not, I'd have 'em know, I scorn to be ravish'd by any Man.

Fear. Ay, o' my Conscience, Mrs. *Whiff*, you are too good-natur'd.

Dar. Madam, I hope you'll give me leave to name Love to you, and try by all submissive ways to win your Heart.

Chris. Do your worst, Sir: I give you leave, if you assail me only with your Tongue.

Dar. That's generous and brave, and I'll requite it.

Enter Soldier in haste.

Sold. The Truce being ended, Sir, the *Indians* grow so insolent as to attack us even in our Camp, and have killed several of our Men.

Bac. 'Tis time to check their Boldness ; *Daring*, haste, draw up our Men in order to give 'em Battel, I rather had expected their submission.

*The Country now may see what they're to fear,
Since we that are in Arms are not secure.*

[Exeunt, leading the Ladies.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Temple, with an Indian God placed upon it, Priests and Priestesses attending : Enter Indian King on one side attended by Indian Men ; the Queen enters on the other with Women. All bow to the Idol, and divide on each side of the Stage. Then the Musick playing louder, the Priests and Priestesses dance about the Idol with ridiculous Postures, and crying (as for Incantations) thrice repeated, Agah Yerkin, Agah Boah, Sulen Tawarapah, Sulen Tawarapah.*

After this soft Musick plays again : then they sing something fine : after which the Priests lead the King to the Altar, and the Priestesses the Queen ; they take off little Crowns from their Heads, and offer them at the Altar.

King. Invoke the God of our Quiocto to declare what the Event shall be of this our last War against the *English General.*

[Soft Musick ceases.]

[The Musick changes to confused Tunes, to which the Priests and Priestesses dance, antickly singing between, the same Incantation as before ; and then dance again, and so invoke again alternately : Which Dance ended, a Voice behind the Altar cries, while soft Musick plays,

The English General shall be

A Captive to his Enemy ;

And you from all your Toils be freed,

When by your Hand the Foe shall bleed :

And e'er the Sun's swift course be run,

This mighty Conquest shall be won.

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King. I thank the Gods for taking care of us; prepare new Sacrifice against the Evening, when I return a Conqueror, I will my self perform the Office of a Priest.

Queen. Oh, Sir, I fear you'll fall a Victim first.

King. What means *Semernia*? why are thy Looks so pale?

Queen. Alas, the Oracles have double meanings, their Sense is doubtful, and their Words Enigmas: I fear, Sir, I cou'd make a truer Interpretation.

King. How, *Semernia*! by all thy Love I charge thee, as you respect my Life, to let me know your Thoughts.

Queen. Last Night I dream'd a Lyon fell with hunger, spite of your Guards, slew you, and bore you hence.

King. This is thy Sex's fear, and no Interpretation of the Oracle.

Queen. I cou'd convince you farther.

King. Hast thou a Secret thou canst keep from me? thy Soul a Thought that I must be a Stranger to? This is not like the Justice of *Semernia*: Come unriddle me the Oracle.

Queen. The *English* General shall be a Captive to his Enemy; he is so, Sir, already, to my Beauty, he says he languishes for Love of me.

King. Hah! the General my Rival—but go on—

Queen. And you from all your War be freed: Oh, let me not explain that fatal Line, for fear it mean, you shall be freed by Death.

King. What, when by my Hand the Foe shall bleed?—away—it cannot be—

Queen. No doubt, my Lord, you'll bravely sell your Life, and deal some Wounds where you'll receive so many.

King. 'Tis Love, *Semernia*, makes thee dream while waking:

I'll trust the Gods, and am resolv'd for Battel.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. Haste, haste, great Sir, to Arms; *Bacon* with all his forces is prepar'd, and both the Armies ready to engage.

King. Haste to my General, bid him charge 'em instantly; I'll bring up the Supplies of stout *Teroomians*, those so well skill'd in the envenom'd Arrow. [*Ex. Indian.*—*Semernia*—Words but poorly do express the Griefs of parting Lovers—'tis with dying Eyes, and a Heart trembling—thus— [*Puts her Hand on his Heart.* they take a heavy leave;—one parting Kiss, and one Love pressing sigh, and then farewell:—but not a long farewell; I shall return victorious to thy Arms—commend me to the Gods, and still remember me. [*Exit.*

Queen. Alas! What pity 'tis I saw the General, before my Fate had given me to the King—But now—like those that change their Gods, my faithless Mind betwixt my two Opinions wavers; while to the Gods my Monarch I commend; my wandring Thoughts in pity of the General makes that Zeal cold, declin'd—ineffectual.—If for the General I implore the Deities, methinks my Prayers should not ascend the Skies, since Honour tells me 'tis an impious Zeal.

*Which way soever my Devotions move,
I am too wretched to be heard above.*

[*Goes in. All exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Shows a Field of Tents, seen at some distance through the Trees of a Wood, Drums, Trumpets and the noise of Battel, with hollowing. The Indians are seen with Battel-Axes to retreat fighting from the English, and all go off; when they re-enter immediately beating back the English, the Indian King at the head of his Men, with Bows and Arrows;*

Daring being at the head of the English: They fight off; the Noise continues less loud as more at distance.

Enter Bacon with his Sword drawn, meets Fearless with his Sword drawn.

Fear. Haste, haste, Sir, to the Entrance of the Wood, *Daring's* engaged past hope of a Retreat, venturing too far, pursuing of the Foe; the King in Ambush, with his

poison'd Archers, fell on, and now we are dangerously distrest.

Bac. *Daring* is brave, but he's withal too rash, come on and follow me to his Assistance— [Go out.

[*A hollowing within, the Fight renews; enter the Indians beaten back by Bacon, Daring and Fearless; they fight off; the noise of Fighting continues a while, this still behind the Wood.*

Enter Indians flying over the Stage, pursu'd by the King.

King. Turn, turn, ye fugitive Slaves, and face the Enemy; Oh Villains, Cowards, deaf to all Command: by Heaven, I had my Rival in my view, and aim'd at nothing but my conquering him—now like a Coward I must fly with Cowards, or like a desperate Madman fall, thus singly, midst the numbers. [*Follows the Indians.*

Enter Bacon intraged with his Sword drawn, Fearless and Daring following him.

Bac. —Where is the King, oh ye perfidious Slaves? how, have you hid him from my just Revenge?—search all the Brakes, the Furzes and the Trees, and let him not escape on pain of Death.

Dar. We cannot do wonders, Sir.

Bac. But you can run away.—

Dar. Yes, when we see occasion—yet—shou'd any but my General tell me so—by Heaven, he should find I were no starter.

Bac. Forgive me, I'm mad—the King's escaped, hid like a trembling Slave in some close Ditch, where he will sooner starve than fight it out.

Re-enter Indians running over the Stage, pursued by the King, who shoots them as they fly; some few follow him.

King. All's lost—the Day is lost—and I'm betray'd; —Oh Slaves, that even Wounds can't animate. [*In Rage.*

Bac. The King!

King. The General here ! by all the Powers, betray'd by my own Men !

Bac. Abandon'd as thou art, I scorn to take thee basely ; you shall have Soldiers chance, Sir, for your Life, since Chance so luckily has brought us hither ; without more Aids we will dispute the Day : This Spot of Earth bears both our Armies Fates ; I'll give you back the Victory I have won, and thus begin a-new on equal Terms.

King. That's nobly said !—the Powers have heard my Wish. You, Sir, first taught me how to use a Sword, which heretofore has served me with Success : But now—'tis for *Semernia* that it draws, a Prize more valued than my Kingdom, Sir—

Bac. Hah, *Semernia* !

King. Your Blushes do betray your Passion for her.

Dar. 'Sdeath, have we fought for this, to expose the Victor to the conquer'd Foe ?

Fear. What, fight a single Man—our Prize already.

King. Not so, young Man, while I command a Dart.

Bac. Fight him ! by Heaven, no reason shall dissuade me, and he that interrupts me is a Coward ; whatever be my Fate, I do command ye to let the King pass freely to his Tents.

Dar. The Devil's in the General.

Fear. 'Sdeath, his Romantick Humour will undo us.

[*They fight and pause.*]

King. You fight as if you meant to outdo me this way, as you have done in Generosity.

Bac. You're not behind-hand with me, Sir, in courtesy : Come, here's to set us even—

[*Fight again.*]

King. You bleed apace.

Bac. You've only breath'd a Vein, and given me new Health and Vigour by it.

[*They fight again, Wounds on both sides, the King staggers ;*

Bacon takes him in his Arms ; the King drops his Sword.

How do you, Sir ?

King. Like one—that's hovering between Heaven and Earth; I'm—mounting—somewhere—upwards—but giddy with my flight,—I know not where.

Bac. Command my Surgeons,—instantly—make haste; Honour returns, and Love all bleeding's fled.

[*Ex.* Fearless.

King. Oh, *Semernia*, how much more Truth had thy Divinity than the Predictions of the flattering Oracles! Commend me to her—I know you'll—visit—your fair Captive, Sir, and tell her—oh—but Death prevents the rest.

[*Dies.*

Enter Fearless.

Bac. He's gone—and now, like *Cæsar*, I could weep over the Hero I my self destroyed.

Fear. I'm glad for your repose I see him there—'twas a mad hot-brain'd Youth, and so he died.

Bac. Come bear him on your Shoulders to my Tent. from whence with all the solemn State we can, we will convey him to his own Pavilion.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Some of our Troops pursuing of the Enemy even to their Temples, which they made their Sanctuary, finding the Queen at her Devotion there with all her *Indian Ladies*, I'd much ado to stop their violent Rage from setting fire to the holy Pile.

Bac. Hang 'em immediately that durst attempt it, while I my self will fly to rescue her.

[*Goes out, they bear off the King's Body; Ex. all.*

Enter Whimsey, *pulling in Whiff, with a Halter about his Neck.*

Whim. Nay, I'm resolved to keep thee here till his Honour the General comes.—What, to call him Traitor, and run away after he had so generously given us our freedom, and listed us Cadees for the next Command that fell in his Army—I'm resolved to hang thee—

Whiff. Wilt thou betray and peach thy Friend? thy Friend taht kept thee Company all the while thou wert a Prisoner—drinking at my own charge—

Whim. No matter for that, I scorn Ingratitude, and therefore will hang thee—but as for thy drinking with me—I scorn to be behind-hand with thee in Civility, and therefore here's to thee.

[*Takes a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket, Drinks.*

Whiff. I can't drink.

Whim. A certain sign thou wo't be hang'd.

Whiff. You us'd to be o' my side when a Justice, let the Cause be how it wou'd. [*Weeps.*

Whim. Ay—when I was a Justice I never minded Honesty, but now I'll be true to my General, and hang thee to be a great Man.—

Whiff. If I might but have a fair Trial for my Life—

Whim. A fair Trial!—come, I'll be thy Judge—and if thou canst clear thy self by Law, I'll acquit thee: Sirrah, Sirrah, what canst thou say for thy self for calling his Honour Rebel? [*Sits on a Drum-head.*

Whiff. 'Twas when I was drunk, an't like your Honour.

Whim. That's no Plea; for if you kill a Man when you are sober, you must be hanged when you are drunk. Hast thou any thing else to say for thy self why Sentence may not pass upon thee?

Whiff. I desire the Benefit of the Clergy.

Whim. The Clergy! I never knew any body that ever did benefit by 'em; why, thou canst not read a word.

Whiff. Transportation then—

Whim. It shall be to *England* then—but hold—who's this? [*Dullman creeping from a Bush.*

Dull. So the Danger's over, I may venture out—Pox on't, I wou'd not be in this fear again, to be Lord Chief Justice of our Court. Why, how now, Cornet?—what, in dreadful Equipage? Your Battle-Ax bloody, with Bow and Arrows.

Enter Timorous with Battle-Ax, Bow and Arrows, and Feathers on his Head.

Tim. I'm in the posture of the times, Major—I cou'd not be idle where so much Action was; I'm going to present my self to the General, with these Trophies of my Victory here—

Dull. Victory—what Victory—did not I see thee creeping out of yonder Bush, where thou wert hid all the Fight—stumble on a dead *Indian*, and take away his Arms?

Tim. Why, didst thou see me?

Dull. See thee, ay—and what a fright thou wert in, till thou wert sure he was dead.

Tim. Well, well, that's all one—Gads zoors, if every Man that passes for valiant in a Battel, were to give an account how he gained his Reputation, the World wou'd be but thinly stock'd with Heroes; I'll say he was a great War-Captain, and that I kill'd him hand to hand, and who can disprove me?

Dull. Disprove thee—why, that pale Face of thine, that has so much of the Coward in't.

Tim. Shaw, that's with loss of Blood—Hah, I am overheard I doubt—who's yonder—[*Sees Whim. and Whiff.*] how, Brother *Whiff* in a Hempen Cravat-string?

Whim. He call'd the General Traitor, and was running away, and I'm resolv'd to peach.

Dull. Hum—and one Witness will stand good in Law, in case of Treason—

Tim. Gads zoors, in case of Treason, he'll be hang'd if it be proved against him, were there ne'er a Witness at all; but he must be tried by a Council of War, Man—Come, come, let's disarm him—

[*They take away his Arms, and pull a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket.*]

Whiff. What, I hope you will not take away my Brandy, Gentlemen, my last comfort.

Tim. Gads zoors, it's come in good time—we'll drink it off, here, Major— [*Drinks, Whiff takes him aside.*]

Whiff. Hark ye, Cornet—you are my good Friend, get this matter made up before it come to the General.

Tim. But this is Treason, Neighbour.

Whiff. If I hang—I'll declare upon the Ladder how you kill'd your War-Captain.

Tim. Come, Brother *Whimsey*—we have been all Friends and loving Magistrates together, let's drink about, and think no more of this Business.

Dull. Ay, ay, if every sober Man in the Nation should be called to account of the Treason he speaks in's Drink, the Lord have mercy upon us all.—Put it up—and let us, like loving Brothers, take an honest Resolution to run away together ; for this same *Frightall* minds nothing but Fighting.

Whim. I'm content, provided we go all to the Council, and tell them (to make our Peace) we went in obedience to the Proclamation, to kill *Bacon*, but the Traitor was so strongly guarded we could not effect it : but mum—who's here?—

To them, enter Ranter and Jenny, as Man and Footman.

Ran. Hah, our four reverend Justices—I hope the Blockheads will not know me—Gentlemen, can you direct me to Lieutenant General *Daring's* Tents?

Whiff. Hum, who the Devil's this?—that's he you see coming this way. 'Sdeath, yonder's *Daring*—let's slip away before he advances. [*Exeunt all but Ran. and Jen.*]

Jen. I am scar'd with those dead Bodies we have pass'd over ; for God's sake, Madam, let me know your design in coming.

Ran. Why, now I tell thee—my damn'd mad Fellow *Daring*, who has my Heart and Soul, loves *Chrisante*, has stolen her, and carried her away to his Tents ; she hates him, while I am dying for him.

Jem. Dying, Madam! I never saw you melancholy.

Ran. Pox on't, no; why should I sigh and whine, and make my self an Ass, and him conceited? no, instead of snivelling I am resolved—

Jen. What, Madam?

Ran. Gad, to beat the Rascal, and bring off *Chrisante*.

Jen. Beat him, Madam! what, a Woman beat a Lieutenant-General?

Ran. Hang 'em, they get a name in War from Command, not Courage; but how know I but I may fight? Gad, I have known a Fellow kick'd from one end of the Town to t'other, believing himself a Coward; at last forced to fight, found he could; got a Reputation, and bullied all he met with; and got a Name, and a great Commission.

Jen. But if he should kill you, Madam.

Ran. I'll take care to make it as comical a Duel as the best of 'em; as much in love as I am, I do not intend to die its Martyr.

Enter Daring and Fearless.

Fear. Have you seen *Chrisante* since the Fight?

Dar. Yes, but she is still the same, as nice and coy as Fortune when she's courted by the wretched; yet she denies me so obligingly, she keeps my Love still in its humble Calm.

Ran. Can you direct me, Sir, to one *Daring's* Tent?

[*Sullenly.*

Dar. One *Daring*!—he has another Epithet to his Name.

Ran. What's that, Rascal, or Coward?

Dar. Hah, which of thy Stars, young Man, has sent thee hither, to find that certain Fate they have decreed?

Ran. I know not what my Stars have decreed, but I shall be glad if they have ordain'd me to fight with *Daring*:—by thy concern thou shou'dst be he?

Dar. I am, prithee who art thou?

Ran. Thy Rival, though newly arrived from *England*, and came to marry fair *Chrisante*, whom thou hast ravish'd, for whom I hear another Lady dies.

Dar. Dies for me?

Ran. Therefore resign her fairly—or fight me fairly—

Dar. Come on, Sir—but hold—before I kill thee, prithee inform me who this dying Lady is?

Ran. Sir, I owe ye no Courtesy, and therefore will do you none by telling you—come, Sir, for *Chrisante*—draw.

[*They offer to fight, Fearless steps in.*

Fear. Hold—what mad Frolick's this?—Sir, you fight for one you never saw [*to Ranter.*] and you for one that loves you not.

[*To Dar.*

Dar. Perhaps she'll love him as little.

Ran. Gad, put it to the Trial, if you dare—if thou be'st generous, bring me to her, and whom she does neglect shall give the other place.

Dar. That's fair, put up thy Sword—I'll bring thee to her instantly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Tent.*

Enter Chrisante and Surelove.

Chris. I'm not so much afflicted for my Confinement, as I am that I cannot hear of *Friendly*.

Sure. Art not persecuted with *Daring*?

Chris. Not at all; though he tells me daily of his Passion, I rally him, and give him neither Hope nor Despair,—he's here.

Enter Daring, Fear. Rant. and Jenny.

Dar. Madam, the Complaisance I show in bringing you my Rival, will let you see how glad I am to oblige you every way.

Ran. I hope the Danger I have exposed my self to for

the Honour of kissing your Hand, Madam, will render me something acceptable—here are my Credentials—

[*Gives her a Letter.*]

Chrisante reads.

Dear Creature, I have taken this Habit to free you from an impertinent Lover, and to secure the damn'd Rogue Daring to my self: receive me as sent by Colonel Surelove from England to marry you—favour me—no more—

Yours, Ranter.

—Hah, *Ranter?* [*Aside.*] —Sir, you have too good a Character from my Cousin Colonel *Surelove*, not to receive my Welcome. [*Gives Surelove the Letter.*]

Ran. Stand by, General—

[*Pushes away Daring, looks big, and takes Chrisante by the Hand, and kisses it.*]

Dar. 'Sdeath, Sir, there's room enough—at first sight so kind! Oh Youth, Youth and Impudence, what Temptations are you to Villanous Woman?

Chris. I confess, Sir, we Women do not love these rough fighting Fellows, they're always scaring us with one Broil or other.

Dar. Much good may it do you with your tame Coxcomb.

Ran. Well, Sir, then you yield the Prize?

Dar. Ay, Gad, were she an Angel, that can prefer such a callow Fop as thou before a Man—take her and domineer. [*They all laugh.*]

—'Sdeath, am I grown ridiculous?

Fear. Why hast thou not found the Jest? by Heaven, 'tis *Ranter*, 'tis she that loves you; carry on the humour. [*Aside.* Faith, Sir, if I were you, I wou'd devote my self to Madam *Ranter*.

Chris. Ay, she's the fittest Wife for you, she'll fit your Humour.

Dar. Ranter—Gad, I'd sooner marry a she-Bear,

unless for a Penance for some horrid Sin ; we should be eternally challenging one another to the Field, and ten to one she beats me there ; or if I should escape there, she wou'd kill me with drinking.

Ran. Here's a Rogue—does your Country abound with such Ladies ?

Dar. The Lord forbid, half a dozen wou'd ruin the Land, debauch all the Men, and scandalize all the Women.

Fear. No matter, she's rich.

Dar. Ay, that will make her insolent.

Fear. Nay, she's generous too.

Dar. Yes, when she's drunk, and then she'll lavish all.

Ran. A pox on him, how he vexes me.

Dar. Then such a Tongue—she'll rail and smoke till she choke again ; then six Gallons of Punch hardly recovers her, and never but then is she good-natur'd.

Ran. I must lay him on—

Dar. There's not a Blockhead in the Country that has not—

Ran. What—

Dar. Been drunk with her.

Ran. I thought you had meant something else, Sir.

[*In buff.*]

Dar. Nay—as for that—I suppose there is no great difficulty.

Ran. 'Sdeath, Sir, you lye—and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws and fences with him, and he runs back round the Stage.*]

Dar. Hold—hold, Virago—dear Widow, hold, and give me thy hand.

Ran. Widow !

Dar. 'Sdeath, I knew thee by instinct, Widow, though I seemed not to do so, in Revenge for the Trick you put on me in telling me a Lady dy'd for me.

Ran. Why, such an one there is, perhaps she may dwindle forty or fifty years—or so—but will never be her own Woman again, that's certain.

Sure. This we are all ready to testify, we know her.

Chris. Upon my Life, 'tis true.

Dar. Widow, I have a shreud Suspicion, that you your self may be this dying Lady.

Ran. Why so, Coxcomb?

Dar. Because you took such Pains to put your self into my hands.

Ran. Gad, if your Heart were but half so true as your Guess, we should conclude a Peace before *Bacon* and the Council will—besides, this thing whines for *Friendly*, and there's no hopes. [To Chrisante.

Dar. Give me thy Hand, Widow, I am thine—and so entirely, I will never—be drunk out of thy Company:—*Dunce* is in my Tent,—prithee let's in and bind the Bargain.

Ran. Nay, faith, let's see the Wars at an end first.

Dar. Nay, prithee take me in the humour, while thy Breeches are on—for I never lik'd thee half so well in Petticoats.

Ran. Lead on, General, you give me good encouragement to wear them. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Sevana in sight of the Camp; the Moon rises.*

Enter Friendly, Hazard and Boozer, and a Party of Men.

Friend. We are now in sight of the Tents.

Booz. Is not this a rash Attempt, Gentlemen, with so small Force to set upon *Bacon's* whole Army?

Haz. Oh, they are drunk with Victory and Wine; there will be nought but revelling to night.

Friend. Would we could learn in what Quarter the

Ladies are lodg'd, for we have no other business but to release them—But hark—who comes here?

Booz. Some Scouts, I fear, from the Enemy.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. and Whiff, creeping as in the dark.

Friend. Let's shelter ourselves behind yonder Trees—lest we be surpriz'd.

Tim. Wou'd I were well at home—Gad zoors, if e'er you catch me a Cadeeing again, I'll be content to be set in the fore-front of the Battle for Hawks-Meat.

Whim. Thou'rt afraid of every Bush.

Tim. Ay, and good reason too: Gad zoors, there may be Rogues hid—prithee, Major, do thou advance.

Dull. No, no, go on—no matter of Ceremony in these cases of running away. [*They advance.*]

Friend. They approach directly to us, we cannot escape them—their numbers are not great—let us advance.

[*They come up to them.*]

Tim. Oh! I am annihilated.

Whiff. Some of *Frightall's* Scouts, we are lost Men.

[*They push each other foremost.*]

Friend. Who goes there?

Whim. Oh, they'll give us no Quarter; 'twas long of you, Cornet, that we ran away from our Colours.

Tim. Me—'twas the Major's Ambition here—to make himself a great Man with the Council again.

Dull. Pox o' this Ambition, it has been the ruin of many a gallant Fellow.

Whiff. If I get home again, the height of mine shall be to top Tobacco; would I'd some Brandy.

Tim. Gads zoors, would we had, 'tis the best Armour against Fear—hum—I hear no body now—prithee advance a little.

Whim. What, before a Horse-Officer?

Friend. Stand, on your Lives—

Tim. Oh, 'tis impossible—I'm dead already.

Friend. What are ye?—speak—or I'll shoot.

Whim. Friends to thee,—who the Devil are we Friends to?

Tim. E'en who please you, Gad zoors.

Friend. Hah—Gad zoors—who's there, *Timorous*?

Tim. Hum—I know no such Scoundrel—[*Gets behind.*

Dull. Hah—that's *Friendly's* Voice.

Friend. Right—thine's that of *Dullman*—who's with you?

Dull. Only *Timorous*, *Whimsey* and *Whiff*, all valiantly running away from the Arch-Rebel that took us Prisoners.

Haz. Can you inform us where the Ladies are lodg'd?

Dull. In the hither Quarter, in *Daring's* Tent; you'll know them by Lanthorns on every corner—there was never better time to surprize them—for this day *Daring's* married, and there's nothing but Dancing and Drinking.

Haz. Married! to whom?

Dull. That I ne'er enquir'd.

Friend. 'Tis to *Chrisante*, Friend—and the Reward of my Attempt is lost. Oh, I am mad, I'll fight away my Life, and my Despair shall yet do greater Wonders, than even my Love could animate me to. Let's part our Men, and beset his Tents on both sides.

[*Friendly goes out with a Party.*

Haz. Come, Gentlemen, let's on—

Whiff. On, Sir,—we on, Sir?—

Haz. Ay, you on, Sir—to redeem the Ladies.

Whiff. Oh, Sir, I am going home for Money to redeem my *Nancy*.

Whim. So am I, Sir.

Tim. I thank my Stars I am a Batchelor.—Why, what a Plague is a Wife?

Haz. Will you march forward?

Dull. We have atchiev'd Honour enough already, in having made our Campaign here— [*Looking big.*

Haz. 'Sdeath, but you shall go—put them in the front, and prick them on—if they offer to turn back, run them thro.

Tim. Oh, horrid—

[*The Soldiers prick them on with their Swords.*

Whiff. Oh, Nancy, thy Dream will yet come to pass.

Haz. Will you advance, Sir? [*Pricks Whiff.*

Whiff. Why, so we do, Sir; the Devil's in these fighting Fellows. [*Exeunt.*

An Alarm at a distance.

Within. To Arms, to Arms, the Enemy's upon us.

[*A Noise of Fighting, after which enters Friendly with his Party, retreating and fighting from Daring and some Soldiers, Ranter fighting like a Fury by his side, he putting her back in vain; they fight out. Re-enter Daring and Friendly all bloody. Several Soldiers enter with Flambeaux.*

Dar. Now, Sir—what Injury have I ever done you, that you should use this Treachery against me?

Friend. To take advantage any way in War, was never counted Treachery—and had I murder'd thee, I had not paid thee half the Debt I owe thee.

Dar. You bleed too much to hold too long a Parley—come to my Tent, I'll take a charitable care of thee.

Friend. I scorn thy Courtesy, who against all the Laws of Honour and of Justice, hast ravish'd innocent Ladies.

Dar. Sir, your upbraiding of my Honour shall never make me forfeit it, or esteem you less—Is there a Lady here you have a Passion for?

Friend. Yes, on a nobler score than thou darest own.

Dar. To let you see how you're mistaken, Sir, whoe'er that Lady be whom you affect, I will resign, and give you both your Freedoms.

Friend. Why, for this Courtesy, which shews thee brave, in the next fight I'll save thy Life to quit the Obligation.

Dar. I thank you, Sir;—come to my Tent,—and when we've dress'd your Wounds, and yielded up the Ladies, I'll give you my Pass-port for your Safe-Conduct back, and tell your Friends i'th' Town, we'll visit them i'th' Morning.

Friend. They'll meet you on your way, Sir—

Dar. Come, my young Soldier, now thou'st won my Soul. [Exeunt.

[An Alarm beats: Enter at another Passage Boozier with all the Ladies; they pass over the Stage, while Hazard and Downright beat back a Party of Soldiers. Dull. Tim. Whim. and Whiff, prick'd on by their Party to fight, lay about them like Madmen. Bacon, Fearless and Daring come in, rescue their Men, and fight out the other Party, some falling dead. Bacon, Fearless and Daring return tired, with their Swords drawn. Enter Soldier running.

Sold. Return, Sir, where your Sword will be more useful—a Party of *Indians*, taking advantage of the Night, have set fire on your Tents, and borne away the Queen.

Bac. Hah, the Queen! By Heaven, this Victory shall cost them dear; come, let us fly to rescue her. [All go out.

SCENE II. Changes to Wellman's Tent.

Enter Wellman, Brag, Grubb, and Officers.

Well. I cannot sleep, my Impatience is so great to engage this haughty Enemy, before they have reposed their weary Limbs—Is not yon ruddy Light the Morning's dawn?

Brag. 'Tis, and please your Honour.

Well. Is there no News of *Friendly* yet, and *Hazard*?

Brag. Not yet—'tis thought they left the Camp to night, with some design against the Enemy.

Well. What Men have they?

Brag. Only *Boozier's* Party, Sir.

Well. I know they are brave, and mean to surprize me with some handsome Action.

Enter Friendly.

Friend. I ask a thousand Pardons, Sir, for quitting the Camp without your leave.

Well. Your conduct and your Courage cannot err ; I see thou'st been in action by thy Blood.

Friend. Sir, I'm ashamed to own these slender Wounds, since without more my luck was to be taken, while *Hazard* did alone effect the Business, the rescuing of the Ladies.

Well. How got ye Liberty ?

Friend. By *Daring's* Generosity, who sends ye word he'll visit you this Morning.

Well. We are prepared to meet him.

Enter Down. *Hazard, Ladies, Whim.* *Whiff, Dullman, Tim.* *looking big.* *Well.* *embraces Down.*

Well. My worthy Friend, how am I joyed to see you ?

Down. We owe our Liberties to these brave Youths, who can do Wonders when they fight for Ladies.

Tim. With our assistance, Ladies.

Whim. For my part I'll not take it as I have done ; Gad, I find, when I am damnable angry, I can beat both Friend and Foe.

Whiff. When I fight for my *Nancy* here—adsfish, I'm a Dragon.

Mrs. Whiff. Lord, you need not have been so hasty.

Friend. Do not upbraid me with your Eyes, *Chrisante* ; but let these Wounds assure you I endeavour'd to serve you, though *Hazard* had the Honour on't.

Well. But, Ladies, we'll not expose you in the Camp, —a Party of our Men shall see you safely conducted to *Madam Surelove's* ; 'tis but a little Mile from our Camp.

Friend. Let me have that honour, Sir.

Chris. No, I conjure you let your Wounds be dress'd ; obey me if you love me, and *Hazard* shall conduct us home.

Well. He had the Toil, 'tis fit he have the Recompence.

Whiff. He the Toil, Sir ! what, did we stand for Cyphers ?

Whim. The very appearance I made in the front of the Battel, aw'd the Enemy.

Tim. Ay, ay, let the Enemy say how I maul'd 'em—but Gads zoors, I scorn to brag.

Well. Since you've regain'd your Honour so gloriously, I restore you to your Commands you lost by your seeming Cowardice.

Dull. Valour is not always in humour, Sir.

Well. Come, Gentlemen, since they've resolv'd to engage us, let's set our Men in order to receive 'em.

[*Exeunt all but the four Justices.*]

Tim. Our Commissions again—you must be bragging, and see what comes on't ; I was modest ye see, and said nothing of my Prowess.

Whiff. What a Devil does the Colonel think we are made of Iron, continually to be beat on the Anvil ?

Whim. Look, Gentlemen, here's two Evils—if we go we are dead Men ; if we stay we are hang'd—and that will disorder my Cravat-string :—therefore the least Evil is to go—and set a good Face on the Matter, as I do—

[*Goes out singing. All exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A thick Wood.*

Enter Queen dress'd like an Indian Man, with a Bow in her Hand, and Quiver at her Back ; Anaria her Confident disguis'd so too ; and about a dozen Indians led by Cavarro.

Queen. I tremble yet, dost think we're safe, *Cavarro* ?

Cav. Madam, these Woods are intricate and vast, and 'twill be difficult to find us out—or if they do, this Habit will secure you from the fear of being taken.

Queen. Dost think if *Bacon* find us, he will not know me? Alas, my Fears and Blushes will betray me.

Ana. 'Tis certain, Madam, if we stay we perish; for all the Wood's surrounded by the Conqueror.

Queen. Alas, 'tis better we should perish here, than stay to expect the Violence of his Passion, to which my Heart's too sensibly inclin'd.

Ana. Why do you not obey its Dictates then? why do you fly the Conqueror?

Queen. Not fly—not fly the Murderer of my Lord?

Ana. What World, what Resolution can preserve you? and what he cannot gain by soft submission, Force will at last o'ercome.

Queen. I wish there were in Nature one excuse, either by Force or Reason to compel me:—For Oh, *Anaria*—I adore this General;—take from my Soul a Truth—till now conceal'd—at twelve Years old—at the *Pauwomungian* Court, I saw this Conqueror. I saw him young and gay as new-born Spring, glorious and charming as the Mid-day's Sun; I watch'd his Looks, and listned when he spoke, and thought him more than mortal.

Ana. He has a graceful Form.

Queen. At last a fatal Match concluded was between my Lord and me; I gave my Hand, but oh, how far my Heart was from consenting, the angry Gods are Witness.

Ana. 'Twas pity.

Queen. Twelve tedious Moons I pass'd in silent Languishment; Honour endeavouring to destroy my Love, but all in vain; for still my Pain return'd whenever I beheld my Conqueror; but now when I consider him as Murderer of my Lord—[*Fiercely.*] I sigh and wish—some other fatal Hand had given him his Death.—But now there's a necessity, I must be brave and overcome my Heart; What if I do? ah, whither shall I fly? I have no *Amazonian* Fire about me, all my Artillery is Sighs

and Tears, the Earth my Bed, and Heaven my Canopy.

[*Weeps.*] [*After Noise of Fighting.*

Hah, we are surpriz'd; Oh, whither shall I fly? And yet methinks a certain trembling Joy, spite of my Soul, spite of my boasted Honour, runs shivering round my Heart.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. Madam, your Out-guards are surpriz'd by *Bacon*, who hews down all before him, and demands the Queen with such a Voice, and Eyes so fierce and angry, he kills us with his Looks.

Cav. Draw up your poison'd Arrows to the head, and aim them at his Heart, sure some will hit.

Queen. Cruel *Cavaro*,—wou'd 'twere fit for me to contradict thy Justice. [*Aside.*

Bac. [*Within.*] The Queen, ye Slaves, give me the Queen, and live!

He enters furiously, beating back some Indians; Cavaro's Party going to shoot, the Queen runs in.

Queen. Hold, hold, I do command ye.

[*Bacon flies on 'em as they shoot and miss him, fights like a Fury, and wounds the Queen in the Disorder; beats them all out.*

—hold thy commanding Hand, and do not kill me, who wou'd not hurt thee to regain my Kingdom—

[*He snatches her in his Arms, she reels.*

Bac. Hah—a Woman's Voice,—what art thou? Oh my Fears!

Queen. Thy Hand has been too cruel to a Heart—whose Crime was only tender Thoughts for thee.

Bac. The Queen! What is't my sacrilegious Hand has done!

Queen. The noblest Office of a gallant Friend, thou'st sav'd my Honour, and hast given me Death.

Bac. Is't possible! ye unregarding Gods, is't possible?

Queen. Now I may love you without Infamy, and please my dying Heart by gazing on you.

Bac. Oh, I am lost—for ever lost—I find my Brain turn with the wild confusion.

Queen. I faint—oh, lay me gently on the Earth.

[*Lays her down.*]

Bac. Who waits—

[*Turns in Rage to his Men.*]

Make of the Trophies of the War a Pile, and set it all on fire, that I may leap into consuming Flames—while all my Tents are burning round about me. [*Wildly.*]

Oh thou dear Prize, for which alone I toil'd!

[*Weeps, and lies down by her.*]

Enter Fearless with his Sword drawn.

Fear. Hah, on the Earth—how do you, Sir?

Bac. What wou'dst thou?

Fear. *Wellman* with all the Forces he can gather, attacks us even in our very Camp; assist us, Sir, or all is lost.

Bac. Why, prithee let him make the World his Prize, I have no business with the Trifle now; it contains nothing that's worth my care, since my fair Queen—is dead—and by my hand.

Queen. So charming and obliging is thy Moan, that I cou'd wish for Life to recompense it; but oh, Death falls—all cold upon my Heart, like Mildews on the Blossoms.

Fear. By Heaven, Sir, this Love will ruin all—rise, rise, and save us yet.

Bac. Leave me, what e'er becomes of me—lose not thy share of Glory—prithee leave me.

Queen. Alas, I fear thy Fate is drawing on, and I shall shortly meet thee in the Clouds; till then—farewel—even Death is pleasing to me, while thus—I find it in thy Arms—

[*Dies.*]

Bac. There ends my Race of Glory and of Life.

[*An Alarm at distance—continues a while.*]

Bac. Hah—Why should I idly whine away my Life, since there are nobler ways to meet with Death? Up, up, and face him then—Hark—there's the Soldier's Knell—and all the Joys of Life—with thee I bid farewell—

[*Goes out. The Indians bear off the Body of the Queen.*

The Alarm continues: Enter Downright, Wellman, and others, Swords drawn.

Well. They fight like Men possest—I did not think to have found them so prepar'd.

Down. They've good Intelligence—but where's the Rebel?

Well. Sure he's not in the Fight; Oh, that it were my happy chance to meet him, that while our Men look on, we might dispatch the business of the War—Come, let's fall in again, now we have taken breath.

[*They go out.*

Enter Daring and Fearless hastily, with their Swords drawn; meet Whim. Whiff, with their Swords drawn, running away.

Dar. How now, whither away? [*In anger.*

Whim. Hah, *Daring* here—we are pursuing of the Enemy, Sir; stop us not in the pursuit of Glory.

[*Offers to go.*

Dar. Stay!—I have not seen you in my Ranks to day.

Whiff. Lord, does your Honour take us for Starters?

Fear. Yes, Sirrah, and believe you are now rubbing off—confess, or I'll run you through.

Whiff. Oh, mercy, Sir, mercy, we'll confess.

Whim. What will you confess? we were only going behind yon Hedge to untruss a point; that's all.

Whiff. Ay, your Honours will smell out the truth, if you keep us here long.

Dar. Here, carry them Prisoners to my Tent.

[*Ex. Soldiers with Whim. and Whiff.*

*Enter Ranter without a Hat, and Sword drawn,
Daring angrily goes the other way.*

Ran. A pox of all ill luck, how came I to lose *Daring* in the fight? Ha—who's here? *Dullman* and *Timorous* dead—the Rogues are Counterfeits.—I'll see what Moveables they have about them, all's lawful Prize in War.

[Takes their Money, Watches and Rings; goes out.

Tim. What, rob the dead?—why, what will this villanous World come to?

[Clashing of Swords, just as they were going to rise.

Enter Hazard bringing in Ranter.

Haz. Thou cou'dst expect no other Fate, young Man; thy Hands are yet too tender for a Sword.

Ran. Thou look'st like a good-natur'd Fellow, use me civilly, and *Daring* shall ransom me.

Haz. Doubt not a generous Treatment. *[They go out.*

Dull. So the Coast is clear, I desire to move my Quarters to some place of more safety—

[They rise and go off.

Enter Wellman and Soldiers hastily.

Well. 'Twas this way *Bacon* fled.

Five hundred Pound for him who finds the Rebel. *[Go out.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to another part of the Wood.*

*Enter Bacon and Fearless with their Swords drawn,
all bloody.*

Bac. 'Tis just, ye Gods! that when ye took the Prize for which I fought, Fortune and you should all abandon me.

Fear. Oh, fly, Sir, to some place of safe retreat, for there's no mercy to be hop'd if taken. What will you do? I know we are pursu'd, by Heaven, I will not die a shameful Death.

Bac. Oh, they'll have pity on thy Youth and Bravery, but I'm above their Pardon. *[A noise is heard.*

Within. This way—this way—hay halloo.

Fear. Alas, Sir, we're undone—I'll see which way they take. [Exit.

Bac. So near! Nay, then to my last shift.

[Undoes the Pomel of his Sword.

Come, my good Poison, like that of *Hannibal*; long I have born a noble Remedy for all the Ills of Life.

[Takes Poison.

I have too long surviv'd my Queen and Glory, those two bright Stars that influenc'd my Life are set to all Eternity.

[Lies down.

Enter Fearless, runs to Bacon, and looks on his Sword.

Fear. —Hah—what have ye done?

Bac. Secur'd my self from being a publick Spectacle upon the common Theatre of Death.

Enter Daring and Soldiers.

Dar. Victory, Victory! they fly, they fly, where's the victorious General?

Fear. Here,—taking his last Adieu.

Dar. Dying! Then wither all the Laurels on my Brows, for I shall never triumph more in War; where are the Wounds?

Fear. From his own Hand, by what he carried here, believing we had lost the Victory.

Bac. And is the Enemy put to flight, my Hero?

[Grasps his Neck.

Dar. All routed Horse and Foot; I plac'd an Ambush, and while they were pursuing you, my Men fell on behind, and won the day.

Bac. Thou almost makest me wish to live again, if I cou'd live now fair *Semernia's* dead.—But oh—the baneful Drug is just and kind, and hastens me away—Now while you are Victors, make a Peace—with the *English* Council, and never let Ambition,—Love,—or Interest, make you

forget, as I have done, your Duty and Allegiance—
Farewel—a long Farewel— [*Dies embracing their Necks.*

Dar. So fell the *Roman Cassius*, by mistake—

Enter Soldiers with Dunce, Tim. and Dullman.

Sold. An't please your Honour, we took these Men running away.

Dar. Let 'em loose—the Wars are at an end, see where the General lies—that great-soul'd Man, no private Body e'er contain'd a nobler; and he that cou'd have conquered all *America*, finds only here his scanty length of Earth. Go, bear the Body to his own Pavilion—

[*Soldiers go out with the Body.*

though we are Conquerors we submit to treat, and yield upon Condition: You, Mr. *Dunce*, shall bear our Articles to the Council.

Dun. With Joy I will obey you.

Tim. Good General, let us be put in the Agreement.

Dar. You shall be obliged—

[*Ex. Dar. Dun. Dull. and Tim. as Fear. goes out a Soldier meets him.*

Sold. What does your Honour intend to do with *Whimsey* and *Whiff*, who are condemn'd by a Council of War?

Enter Daring, Dullman, Tim. Fearless, and Officers.

Dar. You come too late, Gentlemen, to be put into the Articles; nor am I satisfy'd you're worthy of it.

Dull. Why, did not you, Sir, see us lie dead in the Field?

Dar. Yes, but I see no Wound about you.

Tim. We were stun'd with being knock'd down; Gads zoors, a Man may be kill'd with the but-end of a Musquet, as soon as with the point of a Sword.

Enter Dunce.

Dun. The Council, Sir, wishes you Health and Happiness, and sends you these sign'd by their Hands—

[*Gives Papers.*

Dar. reads.

That you shall have a general Pardon for your self and Friends; that you shall have all new Commissions, and Daring to command as General; that you shall have free leave to inter your dead General in James Town. And to ratify this, we will meet you at Madam Surelove's House, which stands between the Armies, attended only by our Officers. The Council's noble, and I'll wait upon them. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *A Grove near Madam Surelove's.*

Enter Surelove weeping, Well. Chrisante, Mrs. Flirt, Ranter as before, Down. Haz. Friend. Booz. Brag.

Well. How long, Madam, have you heard the News of Col. *Surelove's* Death?

Sure. By a Vessel last Night arriv'd.

Well. You shou'd not grieve when Men so old pay their debt to Nature; you are too fair not to have been reserved for some young Lover's Arms.

Haz. I dare not speak,—but give me leave to hope.

Sure. The way to oblige me to't, is never more to speak to me of Love till I shall think it fit—

[*Wellman speaks to Down.*

Well. Come, you shan't grant it—'tis a hopeful Youth.

Down. You are too much my Friend to be denied—
Chrisante, do you love *Friendly*? nay, do not blush—till you have done a fault, your loving him is none—Here, take her, young Man, and with her all my Fortune—when I am dead, Sirrah—not a Groat before—unless to buy ye Baby-Clouts.

Friend. He merits not this Treasure, Sir, can wish for more.

Enter Daring, Fearless, Dunc, Officers, and the rest, they meet Well. and Down. who embrace 'em. Dull. and Tim. stand.

Dar. Can you forgive us, Sir, our Disobediēce?

Well. Your offering Peace while yet you might command it, has made such kind impressions on us, that now you may command your Propositions; your Pardons are all seal'd and new Commissions.

Dar. I'm not ambitious of that Honour, Sir, but in obedience will accept your Goodness; but, Sir, I hear I have a young Friend taken Prisoner by Captain *Hazard*, whom I intreat you will render me.

Haz. Sir—here I resign him to you. [*Gives him Ran.*

Ran. Faith, General, you left me but scurvily in Battle.

Dar. That was to see how well you cou'd shift for your self; now I find you can bear the brunt of a Campaign, you are a fit Wife for a Soldier.

All. A Woman—*Ranter*—

Haz. Faith, Madam, I should have given you kinder Quarter, if I had known my happiness.

Flirt. I have an humble Petition to you, Sir.

Sure. In which we all join.

Flirt. An't please you, Sir, Mr. *Dunce* has long made Love to me, and on promise of Marriage has—[*Simpers.*

Down. What has he, Mistress? What has he, Mrs. *Flirt*?

Flirt. Only been a little familiar with my Person, Sir—

Well. Do you hear, Parson—you must marry Mrs. *Flirt*.

Dun. How, Sir, a Man of my Coat, Sir, marry a Brandy-monger?

Well. Of your Calling you mean, a Farrier and no Parson—

[*Aside to him.*
She'll leave her Trade, and spark it above all the Ladies at Church: No more—take her, and make her honest.

Enter Whim. and Whiff stript.

Chris. Bless me, what have we here?

Whim. Why, an't like your Honours, we were taken by the Enemy—hah, *Daring* here, and *Fearless*?

Fear. How now, Gentlemen, were not you two condemn'd to be shot for running from your Colours.

Down. From your Colours!

Fear. Yes, Sir, they were both listed in my Regiment.

Down. Then we must hang them for deserting us.

Whim. So, out of the Frying Pan—you know where, Brother—

Whiff. Ay, he that's born to be hang'd—you know the rest; a Pox of these Proverbs.

Well. I know ye well—you're all rank Cowards; but once more we forgive ye; your Places in the Council shall be supplied by these Gentlemen of Sense and Honour. The Governor when he comes, shall find the Country in better hands than he expects to find it.

Whim. A very fair Discharge.

Whiff. I'm glad 'tis no worse, I'll home to my *Nancy*.

Dull. Have we expos'd our Lives and Fortunes for this?

Tim. Gad zoors, I never thriv'd since I was a Statesman, left Planting, and fell to promising and lying; I'll to my old Trade again, bask under the shade of my own Tobacco, and drink my Punch in Peace.

Well. *Come, my brave Youths, let all our Forces meet,
To make this Country happy, rich and great;
Let scanted Europe see that we enjoy
Safer Repose, and larger Worlds, than they.*

EPILOGUE.

*GALLANTS, you have so long been absent hence,
 That you have almost cool'd your Diligence :
 For while we study or revive a Play,
 You like good Husbands in the Country stay,
 There frugally wear out your Summer-Suit,
 And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot,
 Or in Mountero Caps at Fel-fares shoot :
 Nay, some are so obdurate in their Sin,
 That they swear never to come up again ;
 But all their charge of Clothes and Treat retrench.
 To Gloves and Stockings for some Country-Wench.
 Even they who in the Summer had Mishaps,
 Send up to Town for Physick, for their Claps.
 The Ladies too, are as resolv'd as they,
 And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,
 And with the gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
 Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
 To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale ;
 And in Discourse with secrecy report
 Stale News that past a Twelve-month since at Court.
 Those of them who are most refin'd and gay,
 Now learn the Songs of the last Summer's Play :
 While the young Daughter does in private mourn
 Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
 These Country-Grievances too great appear ;
 But, cruel Ladies, we have greater here ;
 You come not sharp, as you were wont, to Plays ;
 But only on the first and second Days :
 This made our Poet in his Visits look
 What new strange Courses for your Time you took ;*

*And to his great regret he found too soon,
Basset and Ombre spent the Afternoon :
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have luck :—
Yet sitting up so late as I am told,
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold ;
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.*

THE YOUNGER BROTHER;
OR, THE AMOROUS JILT.

ARGUMENT.

MIRTILLA, the Amorous Jilt, who had once been attached to George Marteen, the Younger Brother, married for a convenience the clownish Sir Morgan Blunder. Prince Frederick, who had seen and fallen in love with her during a religious ceremony in a Ghent convent, follows her to England. They meet accidentally and she promises him a private interview. George Marteen had recommended a page to Mirtilla, and the lad is his sister Olivia in disguise. Mirtilla, although she falls in love with her 'smooth-chin'd boy', receives Prince Frederick, but the house wherein she lodges catches fire that night, and it is George Marteen who, in spite of the fact that he knows his friend the Prince is with her, procures a ladder and rescues the lady at some danger to himself. The Prince is able to escape by the same way, and he then carries Mirtilla to his own lodgings, where feigning to be ill with fatigue and terror she begs her lover to leave her to repose. This is done with the idea of entertaining her page, and on Frederick's approach she conceals Olivia, who thus creeps off unseen, beneath the train of her gown, whilst she herself retires with the amorous Prince. None the less, Mirtilla still pursues Olivia, and eventually Frederick discovers she is a wanton jilt, as he surprises her leading the page to her bed. He is, however, reconciled when Mirtilla discovering to her amazement that the lad is a woman reveals this fact to the Prince to confound him, but afterwards avowing her frailty, throws herself on Frederick's generosity. Olivia has been promised by her old father, Sir Rowland Marteen, to Welborn, whom she has never seen. On meeting Welborn she falls in love with him, without knowing who he is, and he, also, whilst ignorant of her name, is soon enamoured of her in turn. Prince Frederick lodges in the same house as Welborn and it is hither that after the fire she attends Mirtilla. Welborn, supposing her to be Mirtilla's page, out of kindness offers her half his bed, which for fear of arousing suspicion she is bound to accept. She slips away, however, before daybreak, leaving a letter for her companion, by which he learns that the page is none other than the lady whom he had seen in the Mall. Welborn and Olivia are eventually married. George Marteen's elder brother, Sir Merlin, a boon companion of Sir Morgan Blunder, is a rakehell dog, who leads a wild town life to the great anger of old Sir Rowland. George, who whilst secretly leading a gay life under the name of Lejere, appears before his father as a demure and sober young prentice, is designed for Lady Youthly, an ancient, toothless crone, palsied and blind with extreme old age, whose grand-daughter, Teresia, is to be married to Sir Rowland himself. George, however, falls in love with Teresia, who is also pursued by Sir Merlin, and finally weds her in despite of his father, brother and the beldame. But Sir Rowland shortly relents and even forgives his eldest son, who has married Diana, the cast off mistress of a gambler, whilst Lady Youthly is left to the tender consolations of her chaplain.

SOURCE.

The Younger Brother ; or, *The Amorous Jilt* was written (in great part at least) by Mrs. Behn a good many years before her death, after which it was brought on the stage under the auspices of Gildon, in 1696 ; and in the Epistle Dedicatory he expressly says ‘all the Alterations which I made were in the first Act, in removing that old bustle about *Whigg* and *Tory* (which was the subject of most of the Second Scene) and placing the Character of a *Rake-bell* in its room.’ Mrs. Behn probably wrote the first Act sometime about the years 1681–3, when there was a continual ‘rout with Whigging and with Torying’, and afterwards completed the remainder at her leisure. In his notice of this comedy Langbaine’s editor (Gildon), who finds Mirtilla ‘genteel’, says that Astrea took a portion of the plot ‘from a true story of the brother of Col. Henry Martin, and a Lady that must be nameless. See the Novel call’d *Hattige*.’ *Hattige* ; or, *the Amours of the King of Tamaran*. *A Novel*, by Gabriel de Brémont, was translated in 1680. (12mo. For Simon the African : Amsterdam. [R. Bentley? London.]) A biting satire on Charles II and Lady Castlemaine, the tale is told with considerable spirit and attained great vogue. Another edition was issued in 1683, and under the title *The Beautiful Turk* it is to be found in *A Select Collection of Novels* (1720 and 1729), Vol. III. This novel had first appeared anonymously at Cologne in 1676—*Hattigé ou la Belle Turque, qui contient ses amours avec le roi Tamaran*—and Nodier in his *Mélanges d’une petite Bibliothèque* describes a ‘clef’. Hattigé is, of course, Lady Castlemaine ; Tamaran, Charles II ; and the handsome Rajeb with whom the lady deceives the monarch, Jack Churchill. It is a wanton little book, and at the time must have been irresistibly piquant. Beyond the likeness between the characters of Mirtilla and Hattigé the novel has, however, little in common with Mrs. Behn’s play. Gildon’s comment is, of course, founded upon the passage in *Oroonoko* which says : ‘We met on the river with Colonel Martin, a man of great gallantry, wit and goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a character of my new comedy by his own name in memory of so brave a man.’

In D’Urfey’s *The Royalist*, an excellent comedy produced at Dorset Garden, 1682 (4to, 1682), the author introduces a certain damsel Philippa, who, disguised as a page, follows the loyal Sir Charles Kinglove with whom she is enamoured. At the end of the second Act her boy’s clothes involve her in the same predicament as befalls Olivia in Act iv of *The Younger Brother*. Although Genest prefers Mrs. Behn’s treatment of the situation, it must, I think, be allowed that D’Urfey has managed the jest with far greater verve and spirit. Honest Tom D’Urfey is in fact one of the least read and most maligned of all our dramatists. He had the merriest comic gifts, and perhaps when the critics and literary historians deign to read his plays he will attain a higher position in our theatrical libraries.

Some critics have suggested that D’Urfey, in his *The Intrigues at Versailles*, produced at Lincoln’s Inn Fields, 1697, may have taken a hint

from Mrs. Behn's Mirtilla, and Wycherley's Olivia (*The Plain Dealer*) for his 'Madame de Vandosme a right jilt in all humours', a rôle created by Mrs. Barry. There is indeed some resemblance between all these three characters, base heartless coquettes; and D'Urfey, in making his jilt prefer Sir Blunder Bosse, 'a dull sordid brute and mongrel, whose humour is to call everybody by clownish names', to all her other gallants, seems not to have forgotten Mirtilla's marriage with Sir Morgan Blunder. The very names call attention to the plagiarism. *The Intrigues at Versailles* is none the less a clever and witty comedy, but a little overcrowded with incident and business.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

As sufficiently explained by Gildon, under whose auspices this posthumous play was produced at Drury Lane in 1696, *The Younger Brother*; or, *The Amorous Jilt* met with brutal treatment from the audience. There appears to have been a faction, particularly in evidence at its first performance and on the third day, who were steadfastly resolved to damn the comedy, and in spite of fine acting and every advantage it was hissed from the boards. Gildon attributes the failure to 'the tedious Scenes in Blank Verse betwixt Mirtilla and Prince Frederick' which he thinks demanded 'another more easy Dress,' but, in truth, it can only be attributed to the most verjuiced spite and personal malice. The plot, though somewhat complicated with perhaps a press of crowding incidents, is none the less highly interesting, and the characters are most of them excellently, all well, drawn and sustained. The fact that certain episodes had to be cut in representation in order to bring the comedy within a reasonable time limit, though it may have tended to obscure the connection of the intrigue, could not have insured in spite of its many real merits so absolute a doom for the much maltreated play, a sentence which seems to have wantonly precluded any revival.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO
Collonel Codrington.

THE unjust Sentence this Play met with before very partial Judges in the Acting, will, I'm pretty sure, be revers'd by the more unprejudiced Readers, and it's evident, Merit will exert itself so far, as to justify my Presumption in Dedicating it, notwithstanding its small success, to you, Sir, for whom I must always profess the highest Esteem and Value, sprung from that Nobleness of your Nature that takes a God-like Delight in redressing the Misfortunes of 'em, more than fly to you for their unhappiness; a generous Soul indeed, never gives a greater Proof of her Excellence, than in her Protection of the Unfortunate; for tho suffering Merit challenges a Regard from all, yet it meets with it from none but such as you, Sir, who are so Eminent for that Vertue, which more than all the rest, commands the Esteem and Veneration of the Thinking World, your Generosity I mean, Sir, which gives the most Perfect Touches of that likeness, man can have to his Almighty Original; for those are but scurvey awkward Copies of Him that want it. 'Tis, I may say, the very Essence of God, Who with our *Beings*, dispenses the grateful Knowledge of Himself in the Benefits He bestows.

The narrow Virtues of the Old Philosophers, [which] were rather Vices, if winnow'd well, form'd to gratify their Proud, Lazy, Superiority, at the Expence of all the Publick Duties incumbent on mankind, whom they pretend to Purge from his Passions, to make him happy, by that means to amuse our Curiosity with Chymera's, whilst we lost our real Good, will still naturally flow from those Springs of Pleasure, Honour, Glory, and Noble Actions, the Passions given us by Heaven for our common Good. But their own Practice generally shew'd the Vanity of their Emperic Boasts, when they Buried all the Nobler Pleasures of the Mind in Avarice, and Pedantick Pride, as *Lucian* has pleasantly made out in *Hermotimus*.

Those Notional Excellencies that divert us from, or weaken a Publick Spirit, are always False and Hypocritical, that under a gaudy out-side conceals a rotten Carcass, full of Infectious Distempers that destroy the noblest end of our Being, *The doing good to one another*. Vanity has always been the Refuge of little Souls, that place their Value in a False Greatness, Hypocrisy, and great Titles. What a seeming Holiness does for the

Avaritious, Designing Saint ; Titles do for the proud Avarice of the meer Man of Quality, cheaply Purchasing a Respect from the many ; but 'tis the Generous man only that fixes himself in the Hearts of the most valuable part of mankind, when proper Merit only is esteem'd, and the Man, not his Equipage, and Accidental Appurtenances respected.

The Application of this, I shall leave to all that know you, Sir, who are all sensible what Virtues you make your Darlings, and choice of Virtue shews the Nobleness of our Temper, as much as Choice of Friends, the degrees of our Understandings ; and if that be true that most Men choose those Virtues which are nearest a-kin to their Darling Vices, I'm sure 'twill be a strong proof, that ev'n your Failings (for ev'ry Man has his share of them too) are more Beneficial to the world than the Vertues of a numerous part of Mankind. In Collonel *Codrington* indeed, we find the true Spirit and Bravery of old *Rome*, that despises all dangers, that in the Race of Glory thou art the Noble Chace. Nor can the manly Roughness of your Martial Temper (Fierce to none but your Countries Foes) destroy that ingaging sweetness your agreeable Conversation abounds with, which heightened with so large a share of Wit, Learning, and Judgment, improves as well as delights ; so that to have known you any way, must give us some advantage or other. This it was that encourag'd me to dedicate this Play, Sir, to you, of which I may venture to say more, and with more assurance, than if it had been my own.

Mrs. BEHN was a Woman so Accomplish'd, and of so Establish'd a Fame among the Men of Sense, that I cou'd not suppose a very severe treatment from the Town, which has been very indulgent to the Performances of others ; especially when, besides the Reputation of the *Autor*, the Play itself had an Intrinsic Merit ; for we find it full of Humour, Wit, and Variety ; the Conversation Gay and Genteel, the Love Soft and Pathetic, the incidents Natural, and Easy, and the Conduct of the Plot very Justifiable. So that I may reasonably impute its miscarriage to some Faction that was made against it, which indeed was very Evident on the First day, and more on the endeavours employed, to render the Profits of the Third, as small as could be.

It suffer'd not, I'm sure, in the Action, nor in Mr. *Verbruggen's* reading of some of his Part, since he lost nothing of the Force of Elocution, nor Gracefulness of Action ; nor indeed can I, with Justice to my self, impute it to any part that I ventur'd to add to the Original ; for all the Alterations which I made were in the first Act, in removing that old bustle about *Whigg* and *Tory*, (which was the Subject of most of the Second Scene) and placing the Character of a *Rake-bell* in its room, which was so little, that it could not Influence a more Capricious Audience, to the

Damning of the whole. There might indeed be some objections about the Plot, but not very Rational, I think; I'm sure, at least, 'tis the first Play, for some Years, could be quarrell'd at for having too much Plot. In the Edition however I have put in a great deal, which the length of the Play oblig'd me to cut out for the Action.

Here, Sir, if the Play had been my own, I should have complain'd that the Town had its favourite Fools, as well as favourite Wits, and that Comedy or Farce from any other hand wou'd no more go down with them, than their favourites will with true Judges that read, not see 'em. I should have had indignation enough, perhaps, to've rail'd at the Criticks of all Degrees, and Denominations of Box and Pit, nay, Galleries too, and told 'em that they were so conceited of their own Wit, that they cou'd take no pleasure in hearing that of another, or that Wit in a Play seeming to affront the Parts of the Audience, they suffer'd their Resentment to destroy their Satisfaction. This, and a great many other Satyrical Reflections, which are natural for a Disappointed Poet to make, I shou'd then have vented; but being satisfy'd, that the Reputation of Mrs. BEHN is not affected by the malicious Endeavours of some of my Enemies, I now present it under your Patronage, Sir, to the more competent Judges; Proud of the Opportunity of Offering you an occasion of so agreeable a Province, as the Protection of the unfortunate, and letting the World know how much I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

CH. GILDON.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER ; or, The Amorous Jilt.

PROLOGUE,

By an unknown Hand.

Spoke by Mr. Powell.

*AS Rivals of each other jealous prove,
And both strive which shall gain the Lady's Love,
So we for your Affections daily vie :
Not an Intriguer in the Gallery
(Who squeezes hand of Phillis mask'd, that stood
Ogling for Sale, in Velvet Scarf and Hood)
Can with more Passion his dear Nymph pursue,
Than we to make Diversion fit for you.
Grant we may please, and we've our utmost Aim,
'Tis to your Favour only we lay claim.
In what can we oblige? Cou'd we present you
With Mistress young, and safe, it wou'd content you ;
Then Husbands, weary'd out with Spouse alone,
And hen-peck'd Keepers that drudge on with one,
I fancy hither wou'd in Crouds resort,
As thick as Men for Offices to Court :
Who'd stay behind? the Beau above Threescore,
Wou'd hobble on, and gape for one bit more ;
Men of all Stations, from the Nobles, down
To grave Sir Roger in his Cap and Gown,
Wou'd hither come. But we some time must take,
E'er we a Project of such moment make ;
Since that's laid by, for your Diversion then,
We do invite the Brothers of the Pen ;*

*The Courtier, Lawyer, Soldier, Player too,
Wit n'er had more Encouragement than now ;
Though free, or Aliens to our Stage, we take 'em,
Not kick 'em out, but native Subjects make 'em.
The Ladies too are always welcome here,
Let 'em in Writing or in Box appear.
To that fair Sex we are oblig'd to day,
Oh! then be kind to a poor Orphan-Play,
Whose Parent while she liv'd oblig'd you all ;
You prais'd her living, and you mourn'd her Fall.
Who cou'd, like her, our softer Passions move,
The Life of Humour, and the Soul of Love?
Wit's eldest Sister ; thro-out every Line,
You might perceive some Female Graces shine.
For poor Astrea's Infant we implore,
Let it then live, though she is now no more.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Prince *Frederick*,
 Sir *Roseland Marteen*,
George Marteen,
 Mr. *Welborn*,
 Sir *Merlin Marteen*,
 Sir *Morgan Blunder*,
 Mr. *Twang*,
Britton,
Philip.

Mr. *Verbruggen*.
 Mr. *Johnson*.
 Mr. *Powell*.
 Mr. *Hornden*.
 Mr. *Pinketbman*.
 Mr. *Bullock*.
 Mr. *Smeaton*.
 Mr. *Kent*.

WOMEN.

Mirtilla,
Olivia,
Teresia,
 Lady *Blunder*,
 Mrs. *Manage*,
 Lady *Youtbley*,
Diana.

Mrs. *Knight*.
 Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
 Mrs. *Temple*.
 Mrs. *Powell*.
 Mrs. *Willis*.
 Mrs. *Harris*.

Constable and Watch, Pages, Footmen, Masqueraders,
 Servants, Rakehells, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter George Marteen, in a rich Riding Habit, with his Valet Britton.

Geo. Were you with Mrs. *Manage*, *Britton*?

Britt. Yes, Sir ; and she cries as much for her wanting room for you in her House, as she would have done some forty Years ago for a Disappointment of her Lover. But she assures me, the Lodging she has taken for you, is the best in all *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Geo. And did you charge her to send *Mirtilla's* Page to me?

Britt. I did, Sir ; and he'll be with you instantly.

Geo. 'Tis well—Then shall I hear some News of my *Mirtilla*. *[Aside.*

Britton, haste thee, and get my Equipage in order ; a handsome Coach, rich Liveries, and more Footmen : for 'tis Appearance only passes in the World—And d'ye hear, take care none know me by any other Name than that of *Lejere*.

Britt. I shall, Sir. *[Exit.*

Geo. I came not from *Paris* into *England*, as my old Father thinks, to reform into a dull wretched Life in *Wales*. No, I'll rather trust my kind Mistress Fortune, that has still kept me like her Darling, than purchase a younger Brother's narrow Stipend, at the expence of my Pleasure and Happiness.

Enter Olivia in a Page's Habit. She runs and embraces George.

Oliv. My ever charming Brother !

Geo. My best, my dear *Olivia* !

Oliv. The same lovely Man still ! Thy Gallantry and Beauty's all thy own ; *Paris* could add no Graces to thy Air ; nor yet pervert it into Affectation.

Geo. Spare me, and tell me how *Mirtilla* fares.

Oliv. I think, Brother, I writ you word to *Paris*, of a Marriage concluded betwixt me and *Welborn* ?

Geo. That Letter I receiv'd : but from the dear *Mirtilla*, not one soft word ; not one tender Line has blest my Eyes, has eas'd my panting Heart this tedious three Months space ; and thou with whom I left the weighty Charge of her dear Heart, to watch her lovely Eyes, to give me notice when my Rivals press'd, and when she waver'd in her Faith to me, even thou wert silent to me, cruel Sister.

Oliv. Thou wilt be like a Lover presently, and tire the Hearer with a Book of Words, of heavy Sighs, dying Languishments, and all that huddle of Nonsense ; and not tell me how you like my Marriage.

Geo. *Welborn's* my Friend, and worthy of thy Heart.

Oliv. I never saw him yet ; and to be sold unseen, and unsigh'd for, in the Flower of my Youth and Beauty, gives me a strange aversion to the Match.

Geo. Oh ! you'll like him when you see him—But my *Mirtilla*.—

Oliv. Like him—no, no, I never shall—what, come a Stranger to my Husband's Bed ? 'Tis Prostitution in the leudest manner, without the Satisfaction ; the Pleasure of Variety, and the Bait of Profit, may make a lame excuse for Whores, who change their Cullies, and quit their nauseous Fools—No, no, my Brother, when Parents grow arbitrary, 'tis time we look into our Rights and Privileges ; therefore, my dear *George*, if e'er thou hope for Happiness in Love, assist my Disobedience.

Geo. In any worthy Choice be sure of me ; but canst thou wish Happiness in Love, and not inform me something of *Mirtilla* ?

Oliv. I'll tell you better News—our hopeful elder Brother, Sir *Merlin*, is like to be disinherited; for he is, Heaven be thanked—

Geo. Marry'd to some Town-Jilt, the common fate of Coxcombs.

Oliv. Not so, my dear *George*, but sets up for a celebrated Rake-hell, as well as Gamester; he cou'd not have found out a more dextrous way to have made thee Heir to four Thousand Pounds a Year.

Geo. What's that without *Mirtilla*?

Oliv. Prithee no more of her—Love spoils a fine Gentleman: Gaming, Whoring and Fighting may qualify a Man for Conversation; but Love perverts all one's Thoughts, and makes us fit Company for none but one's self; for even a Mistress can scarce dispense with a fighting, whining Lover's Company long, though all he says flatters her Pride.

Geo. Why dost thou trifle with me, when thou knowest the Violence of my Love?

Oliv. I wish I could any way divert your Thoughts from her, I would not have your Joy depend on such a fickle Creature.

Geo. *Mirtilla* false! What, my *Mirtilla* false!

Oliv. Even your *Mirtilla's* false, and married to another.

Geo. Married! *Mirtilla* married! 'Tis impossible.

Oliv. Nay, married to that bawling, drinking Fool, Sir *Morgan Blunder*.

Geo. Married, and married to Sir *Morgan Blunder*! a Sot, an ill-bred senseless Fool; almost too great a Fool to make a Country Justice?

Oliv. No doubt, she had her Aims in't, he's a very convenient Husband, I'll assure you, and that suits her Temper: he has Estate and Folly enough, and she has Youth and Wantonness enough to match 'em.

Geo. Her Choice gives me some Comfort, and some Hopes; for I'll pursue her, but for Revenge, not Love.

Oliv. Forget her rather, for she's not worth Revenge, and that way 'twill be none; prostitute in Soul as Body, she doats even on me in Breeches.

Geo. On thee, her Page? doat on thee, a Youth! she knew thee not as Woman.

Oliv. No, that Secret I have kept to do you Service.— At first she said she lov'd me for your sake, because you recommended me; and when I sung, or plaid upon my Flute, wou'd kiss my Cheek, and sigh, and often (when alone) wou'd send for me, and smile, and talk, and set my Hair in Curls, to make me saucy and familiar with her. One Day she said, *Endimion*, thy Name-sake was thus caress'd by *Cynthia*: A Goddess did not scorn the humble Swain, whom by her Love she equal'd to her Deity. She found that I had Sense to understand her, and paid her Advances back with equal Ardour.

Geo. Oh, Curse! where learnt she all this Wickedness?

[*Aside.*

Oliv. But she being oblig'd to go for *Flanders*, to see her Sister take the holy Habit, I feign'd a Sickness to be left behind, hoping that Absence might abate her Flame; yet she return'd more amorous, and fearing the Thefts of Love might wound her Honour, she thought a Husband would secure that Shame; and luckily my Aunt arriv'd from *Wales*, and brought Sir *Morgan* with her, who lodging where we did, at Mrs. *Manage's*, my Aunt (that doats on Quality in either Sex) made up this hasty Match, unknown to me, though for my sake.

Geo. What will not faithless Woman do, when she is raging?

Oliv. And now having so well prepar'd the way, she grows impatient for an Opportunity; and thou art arriv'd, most happily to succour me.

Geo. No, for some days keep this habit on, it may be useful to us; but I must see this faithless perjur'd Woman, which I must contrive with Mrs. *Manage*.

Oliv. Yet pray resolve to see my Father first; for now's the critical time to make thy Fortune: he came to Town last night, and lodges here at Mrs. *Manage's*, with my Aunt *Blunder*.

Geo. What, in the House with thee, and not know thee?

Oliv. No more than a Priest Compassion; he thinks me at *Hackney*, making Wax Babies, where he intends to visit me within these three days,—But I forgot to tell you, our Brother, Sir *Merlin*, lodges in this House with you; and shou'd he know you—

Geo. 'Tis impossible—I've not see him, or my Father, these five Years. Absence, my Growth, and this unexpected Equipage, will not be penetrated by his Capacity.

Oliv. True, he'll never look for his Brother *George*, in the Gallantry and Person of Monsieur *Lejere*—My good Father expects you home, like the prodigal Son, all torn and tatter'd, and as penitent too.

Geo. To plod on here, in a laborious Cheating, all my Youth and Vigour, in hopes of drunken Pleasures when I'm old; or else go with him into *Wales*, and there lead a thoughtless Life, hunt, and drink, and make love to none but Chamber-maids. No, my *Olivia*, I'll use the sprightly Runnings of my Life, and not hope distant Pleasures from its Dregs.

Oliv. For that, use your Discretion; now equip your self to your present Business; the more simply you are clad and look, the better. I'll home and expect you. [*Exit*.

Geo. Do so, my good Sister; a little formal Hypocrisy may do, 'twill relish after Liberty; for a Pleasure is never so well tasted, as when it's season'd with some Opposition.

Enter Britton.

Britt. Sir, I've News to tell you, will surprize you; Prince *Frederick* is arriv'd.

Geo. Is't possible? I left him going for *Flanders*.

Britt. Passing by our Door, and seeing your Livery, he enquir'd for you; and finding you here, alighted just now. But see, Sir, he's here.

Enter Prince Frederick; they meet and embrace.

Geo. My Life's Preserver, welcome to my Arms as Health to sick Men.

Prince. And thou to mine as the kind Mistress to the longing Lover; my Soul's Delight, and Darling of the Fair.

Geo. Ah Prince! you touch my bleeding Wound.

Prince. Ha, *Lejere!* leave to unhappy Lovers those Sighs, those folded Arms, and down-cast Eyes.

Geo. Then they are fit for me; my Mistress, Sir, that Treasure of my Life, for whom you've heard me sigh, is perjur'd, false, and married to another. Yet what is worse, I find my Prince, my Friend, here in my native Country, and am not able to pay him what his Greatness merits.

Prince. You pain me when you compliment my Friendship. [*Embracing.*

Geo. Perhaps you will not think me worth this Honour, when you shall hear my Story.

Prince. Thou canst say nothing I can value less.

Geo. Perhaps too my way of Living has deceiv'd you, being still receiv'd by Princes, as Companions in all their Riots, Loves, and Divertisements; where ev'n you did me the Honour to esteem, and call me Friend.

Prince. Whate'er thou art, I'm sure thy Mind's illustrious.

Geo. My Family, I must confess, is honourable; but, Sir, my Father was the younger House, of which my unhappy self was destin'd to be last: I'm a *Cadet*, that Out-cast of my Family, and born to that curse of our old *English* Custom. Whereas in other Countries, younger Brothers are train'd up to the Exercise of Arms, where

Honour and Renown attend the Brave; we basely bind our youngest out to Slavery, to lazy Trades, idly confin'd to Shops or Merchants Books, debasing of the Spirit to the mean Cunning, how to cheat and chaffer.

Prince. A Custom insupportable!—

Geo. To this, to this low wretchedness of Life, your Servant, Sir—was destin'd by his Parents, and am yet this bound indentur'd Slave.

Prince. Thou hast no cause to quarrel with thy Stars, since Virtue is most valu'd when oppress—Are all your Merchants Apprentices thus gay?

Geo. Not all—but, Sir, I could not bow my Mind to this so necessary Drudgery; and yet however, I assum'd my native Temper, when out o'th' Trading City; in it, I forc'd my Nature to a dull slovenly Gravity, which well enough deceiv'd the busy Block-heads; my Clothes and Equipage I lodg'd at this End of the Town, where I still pass'd for something better than I was, whene'er I pleas'd to change the Trader for the Gentleman.

Prince. And liv'd thus undiscover'd—

Geo. With Ease, still lov'd and courted by the Great, ever play'd high with those durst venture most; and durst make Love where'er my Fancy lik'd: but sometimes running out my Master's Cash, (which was supply'd still by my Father) they sent me, to reform my expensive Life, a Factor, into *France*—still I essay'd to be a plodding Thriver, but found my Parts not form'd for dirty Business.

Prince. There's not a Thought, an Action of thy Soul, that does not tend to something far more glorious.

Geo. If yet you think me worthy of your Favour, command that Life you have so oft preserv'd.

Prince. No more;—Thou hast increas'd my Value for thee.—Oh! take my Heart, and see how't has been us'd by a fair Charmer, since I saw thee last—That sullen day we parted, you for *England*, you may remember I design'd for *Flanders*.

Geo. I do, with Melancholy, Sir, remember it.

Prince. Arriv'd at *Ghent*, I went to see an *English* Nun initiated, where I beheld the pretty Innocent, deliver'd up a Victim to foolish Chastity ; but among the Relations, then attending the Sacrifice, was a fair Sister of the young Votress, but so surpassing all I'd seen before, that I neglecting the dull holy Business, paid my Devotion to that kneeling Saint.

Geo. That was the nearest way to Heaven, my Lord.

Prince. Her Face, that had a thousand Charms of Youth, was heighten'd with an Air of Languishment ; a lovely Sorrow dwelt upon her Eyes, that taught my new-born-Passion Awe and Reverence.

Geo. This Description of her fires me.— [*Aside.*

Prince. Her dimpl'd Mouth, her Neck, her Hand, her Hair, a Majesty and Grace in every Motion, compleated my Undoing ; I rav'd, I burnt, I languish'd with Desire, the holy Place cou'd scarce contain my Madness : with Pain, with Torture, I restrain'd my Passion when she retir'd, led sadly from the Altar. I, mixing with the Croud, enquir'd her Name and Country ; her Servant told me, that she was of Quality, and liv'd in *England*, nay, in this very Town : this gave me Anguish not to be conceiv'd, till I resolv'd to follow her, which is the cause you find me here so soon. Thy Aid, thy Aid, *Lejere*, or I am lost.

Geo. I wish to live no longer than to serve your Highness : if she be, Sir, a Maid of Quality, I shall soon find her out, and then you'll easily conquer. You've all the Youth, and Beauty, that can charm ; and what gains most upon a Woman's Heart, you've a powerful Title, Sir, a sort of Philter, that ne'er fails to win. But you've not told me yet the Lady's Name.

Prince. I had forgot that ;—'Tis in these Tablets written : [*Gives him the Tablets.*

I'm now in haste, going to receive some Bills : I lodge

at *Welborn's*, who came over with me, being sent for to be marry'd.

Geo. I know the House, 'tis in *Southampton-Square*: I'll wait upon your Highness— [Exit Prince.

Let me see—Daughter to a deceas'd Lord; a Maid, and no Dowry, but Beauty; living in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

[Opening the Tablets, reads.

—Ha!—her Name *Mirtilla! Mirtilla!* [Pauses.

Prince, thou hast paid thyself for all the Favours done me. *Mirtilla!* [Pauses.

Why, yes, *Mirtilla!* He takes but what she has given away already.—

Oh! damn her, she has broke her Faith, her Vows, and is no longer mine—And thou'rt my Friend.

[Pauses again.

Mirtilla's but my Mistress, and has taken all the Repose of my poor Life away—Yes, let him take her, I'll resign her to him; and therefore shut my Eyes against her Charms: fix her Inconstancy about my Heart, and scorn whatever she can give me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Morgan Blunder in a Night-Gown and Cap; to him Manage with a Caudle.

Man. Your Lady Mother has sent you a Caudle, Sir.

Sir Morg. Good Mrs. *Manage*, remember my kind Love to my Lady Mother, and tell her, I thank her for her Posset, but never eat in a Morning after hard drinking over night.

Man. Ah, Sir, but now you're marry'd to a fine Lady, you ought to make much of your self.

Sir Morg. Good Madam, as little of your Matrimony as of your Caudle; my Stomach is plaguy squeamish, and a hair of the old Dog's worth both of 'em. Oh! sick! sick!

*Enter Sir Merlin, singing a Song in praise of a Rake-
bell's Life.*

A SONG.

The *Town-Rake*; written by Mr. *Motteux*.

I.

WHAT Life can compare with the jolly *Town-Rake's*,
When in Youth his full Swing of all Pleasure he takes?
At Noon, he gets up, for a Whet, and to dine,
And wings the dull Hours with Mirth, Musick and Wine;
Then jogs to the Play-house, and chats with the Masks,
And thence to the Rose, where he takes his three Flasks.
There, great as a Cæsar, he revels, when drunk,
And scours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk;
Then finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?

II.

He, like the Great Turk, has his Favourite She;
But the Town's his Seraglio, and still he lives free.
Sometimes she's a Lady; but as he must range,
Black-Betty, or Oyster-Doll, serves for a Change.
As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feast;
He thinks him that's soberest the most like a Beast.
At Houses of Pleasure breaks Windows and Doors;
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores.
Rare work for the Surgeon, and Midwife he makes.
What Life can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?

III.

Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaign,
And no Coffee-house haunts, but to settle his Brain.
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink.
He dwells in a Tavern, and lies ev'ry where,
And improving his hours, lives an Age in a Year:

*For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste;
And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast:
Then a Leap in the dark to the Devil he takes.
What Death can compare with the Jolly Town-Rake's?*

Sir *Mer.* Why, how now, Sir *Morgan*, I see you'll make a Husband of the right Town-Mode: What, married but four Days, and at your separate Apartment already?

Sir *Morg.* A Plague of your what d'ye call ums.

Sir *Mer.* Rakehells you would say, Cousin, an honourable Appellation for Men of Bravery.

Sir *Morg.* Ay, ay, your Rakehells—I was never so muddled with Treason, Tierce Claret, Oaths and Dice, all the Days of my Life—Was I in case to do Family duty? S'life, you drank down all my Love, all my Prudence too; Gad forgive me for it.

Sir *Mer.* Why, how the Devil cam'st thou to bear thy Liquor so ill? Ods my Life, you drunk like a *Frenchman* new come to the University.

Sir *Morg.* Pox, I can bear their drinking as well as any Man; but your *London* way of Bousing and Politics does not agree with my Constitution. Look ye, Cousin, set quietly to't, and I'll stand my ground; but to have screaming Whores, noisy Bullies, rattling Dice, swearing and cursing Gamesters, Couz. turns the Head of a Country-Drinker, more than the Wine.

Sir *Mer.* Oh! Use, Cousin, will make an able Man.

Sir *Morg.* Use, Cousin! Use me no Uses; for if ever you catch me at your damn'd Clubs again, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid: Why, you talk downright Treason.

Sir *Mer.* Treason, ay—

Sir *Morg.* Ah Cousin, why, we talk'd enough to—hang us all.

Sir *Mer.* My honest Country-Couz. when wilt thou understand the *Guelphs*, and the *Gibelins*, and learn to

talk Treason o' this side the Law? bilk a Whore without remorse; break Windows, and not pay for 'em; drink your Bottle without asking Questions; kill your Man without letting him draw; play away your Money without fear of your Spouse, and stop her Mouth by undermining her Nose?

Sir *Morg.* Come, come, look you, Cousin, one word of Advice now I'm sober; what the Devil should provoke thee and me to put ourselves on our twelve Godfathers for a Frolick? We who have Estates. I shou'd be loth to leave the World with a scurvy Song, composed by the Poet *Sternhold*.

Enter at the Door Sir Rowland, bearkning.

Or why, d'ye see, shou'd I expose my Noddle to the Billmen in Flannel, and lie in the *Roundhouse*, when I may go to bed in a whole skin with my Lady Wife?

Sir *Mer.* Gad, Sir *Morgan*, thou hast sometimes pretty smart satirical Touches with thee; use but *Will's* Coffee-house a little, and with thy Estate, and that Talent, thou mayst set up for a Wit.

Sir *Morg.* Mercy upon me, Sir *Merlin*, thou art stark mad: What, I a Wit! I had rather be one of your Rake-hells: for, look ye, a Man may swear and stare, or so; break Windows, and Drawers Heads, or so; unrig a needy Whore, and yet keep one's Estate: but should I turn Wit, 'twere impossible; for a Wit with an Estate is like a Prisoner among the Cannibals.

Sir *Mer.* How so, good Sir *Morgan*?

Sir *Morg.* Why, the needy Rogues only feed him with Praise, to fatten him for their Palates, and then devour him.

Sir *Mer.* I applaud your choice, Cousin; for what Man of Bravery wou'd not prefer a Rake to a Wit? The one enjoys the Pleasures the other can only rail at; and that not out of Conscience, but Impotence: for alas! a Wit has no quarrel to Vice in Perfection, but what the

Fox had to the Grapes; he can't play away his hundred Pound at sight; his Third Day won't afford it; and therefore he rails at Gamesters; Whores shun him, as much as Noblemen, and for the same cause, Money; those care not to sell their Carcases for a Sonnet, nor these to scatter their Guineas, to be told an old Tale of a Tub, they were so well acquainted with before.

Sir *Morg*. What's that, Sir *Merlin*?

Sir *Mer*. Why, their Praise;—for the Poet's Flattery seldom reaches the Patron's Vanity; and what's too strong season'd for the rest of the World, is too weak for their Palates.

Sir *Morg*. Why, look ye, Cousin, you're a shreud Fellow: Whence learn'd you this Satire? for I'm sure 'tis none of thy own; for I shou'd as soon suspect thee guilty of good Nature, as Wit.

Sir *Mer*. I scorn it; and therefore I confess I stole the Observation from a Poet; but the Devil pick his Bones for diverting me from the noble Theme of Rakehells.

Sir *Morg*. Noble Theme, Sir *Merlin*! look ye, d'ye see: Don't mistake me, I think 'tis a very scurvy one; and I wou'd not have your Father know that you set up for such a Reprobate; for Sir *Rowland* would certainly disinherit thee.

Sir *Mer*. O, keep your musty Morals to your self, good Country Couz; they'll do you service to your *Welch* Criminals, for stealing an Hen, or breaking up a Wenches Inclosure, or so, Sir *Morgan*; but for me, I despise 'em: I have not been admitted into the Family of the *Rakebellorums* for this, Sir: Let my Father drink old *Adam*, read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Country Justice's Calling*, or for a Regale, drink the dull Manufacture of Malt and Water; I defy him; he can't cut off the Entail of what is settled on me: and for the rest, I'll trust Dame *Fortune*; and pray to the Three Fatal Sisters to cut his rotten Thred in two, before he thinks of any such Wickedness.

Enter Sir Rowland in a great Rage.

Sir Row. Will you so, Sir? Why, how now, Sirrah! get you out of my House, Rogue; get out of my Doors, Rascal.
[Beats him.]

Enter Lady Blunder.

L. Blun. Upon my Honour now, Brother, what's the matter? Whence this ungenerous Disturbance?

Sir Row. What's the matter! the disturbance! Why, Sister, this Rogue here — this unintelligible graceless Rascal here, will needs set up for a Rakehell, when there's scarce such a thing in the Nation, above an Ale-draper's Son; and chuses to be aukardly out of fashion, merely for the sake of Tricking and Poverty; and keeps company with the senseless, profane, lazy, idle, noisy, groveling Rascals, purely for the sake of spending his Estate like a notorious Blockhead: But I'll take care he shall not have what I can dispose of—You'll be a Rake-hell, will you?

L. Blun. How, Cousin! Sure you'll not be such a filthy beastly thing, will you?

Sir Mer. Lord, Aunt, I only go to the Club sometimes, to improve my self in the Art of Living, and the Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman.

Sir Row. A fine Gentleman, Sot, a fine Coxcomb!

[Beats him.]

Sir Morg. Hold, hold, good Uncle; my Cousin has been only drawn in, a little or so, d'ye see, being Heir to a good Estate; and that's what his Club wants, to pay off old Tavern Scores, and buy Utensils for Whores in Fashion.

Sir Row. My Estate sold to pay Tavern-Scores, and keep nasty Whores!

L. Blun. Whores! ay, filthy Creatures; do they deal in Whores? Pray, Cousin, what's a Rake-hell?

Sir Row. A Rake-hell is a Man that defies Law and good Manners, nay, and good Sense too; hates both

Morality and Religion, and that not for any Reason (for he never thinks) but merely because he don't understand 'em: He's the Whore's Protection and Punishment, the Baud's Tool, the Sharper's Bubble, the Vintner's Property, the Drawer's Terror, the Glasier's Benefactor; in short, a roaring, thoughtless, heedless, ridiculous, universal Coxcomb.

Sir *Mer.* O Lord, Aunt, no more like him than an Attorney's like an honest Man. Why, a Rake-hell is—

Sir *Row.* What, Sirrah! what, you Rebel? [*Strikes him.*]

L. *Blun.* Nay, good Brother, permit my Nephew to tell us his Notion.

Sir *Mer.* Why, Aunt, I say a Rake-hell is your only Man of Bravery; he slights all the Force of Fortune, and sticks at no Hazard—plays away his hundred Pounds at sight, pays a Lady's Bill at sight, drinks his Bottle without equivocation, and fights his Man without any Provocation.

Sir *Row.* Nay then, Mr. Rogue, I'll be sworn thou art none: Come, Sir, will you fight, Sir? will you fight, Sir? Ha!

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Sir *Mer.* Fight, Sir! fight, Sir!

Sir *Row.* Yes, fight, Sir: Come, spare your Prayers to the three Fatal Sisters, and cut my Thred thy self, thou graceless reprobate Rascal—Come, come on, you Man of Bravery.

[*Runs at Sir Merlin, who retires before him: Sir Morgan holds Sir Rowland.*]

Sir *Mer.* Oh, good Sir, hold: I recant, Sir, I recant.

Sir *Row.* [*Putting up.*] Well, I'm satisfy'd thou'lt make no good Rake-hell in this Point, whatever you will in the others. And since Nature has made thee a Coward, Inclination a Coxcomb, I'll take care to make thee a Beggar; and so thou shalt be a Rake-hell but in Will, I'll disinherit thee, I will, Villain.

L. *Blun.* What, disinherit your eldest Son, Brother?

Sir *Mer.* Ay, Aunt, his very Heir apparent? Aunt, to show you how the old Gentleman has misrepresented us, give me leave to present you a Dance I provided to entertain your Son with, in which is represented all the Beauties of our Lives.

L. Blun. Oh! by all means, Cousin, by all means.

Sir *Mer.* What ho! *Roger*, bring in the Dancers.

Here the Dance, representing Rake-bells, Constable, Watch, &c.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Sir, who do's your Worship think is arriv'd?

Sir *Row.* My Son *George*, I hope, come in the Nick.

Phil. Even so, Sir, from *Paris*— [Exit.

Sir *Row.* The Prodigal return'd! then kill the fatted Calf.

Enter George drest like a Prentice.

—My own dear Boy, thou art welcome to my Arms, as e'er thy Mother was; for whose dear sake I pardon all thy Follies. [George *Kneels.*

Sir *Mer.* Ay, Sir, I had a Mother too, or I'm bely'd— [Weeping.

Pox take him that he should come just in the nick, as the old Fellow says— [Aside.

Sir *Row.* Yes, you had a Mother, whom in my Youth I was compel'd to marry; and, Gad, I think, I got thee with as ill a Will; but *George* and my *Olivia* in heat of Love, when my desire was new. But harkye, Boy *George*, you have cost me a damn'd deal of Money, Sirrah; but you shall marry, and redeem all, *George*.

Geo. What you please, Sir; to study Virtue, Duty and Allegiance, shall be my future Business.

Sir *Row.* Well said, *George*, here's a Boy now.

Sir *Mer.* Virtue and Allegiance! Lord, Lord, how came so sneaking a fellow to spend five thousand Pounds of his Master's Cash?

Sir Row. She's rich, *George*, but something homely.

Geo. She'll not be proud then, Sir.

Sir Row. Not much of her Beauty—she's of a good staid Age too, about some fourscore.

Geo. Better still, Sir, I shall not fear Cuckoldom.

Sir Row. For that I cannot answer; but she has two thousand a year. I mean to settle my Family, and then—marry my self, *George*.

L. Blun. What, to this old Lady's Grand-daughter? Methinks she's more fit for your Son, Sir *Rowland*, and the old Lady for you.

Sir Row. No, no, the young Rogues can help themselves with Mistresses; but 'tis well if an old Man can keep his Wife to himself—I've invited 'em to Dinner to day, and see, they are come.

Enter Lady Youthly, led by her Chaplain [Mr. Twang], and leaning on a Staff, and Teresia.

L. Youth. Where's Sir *Rowland Marteen*? Oh, your Servant, Sir, I am come. [*Runs against George.*]

Twang. Your Ladyship is mistaken, this is not Sir *Rowland*, but a handsome proper young Man.

L. Youth. A young Man! I cry your mercy heartily—Young Man, I alighted in the Sun, and am almost blind.

Geo. With wondrous old Age. [*Aside.*]

L. Youth. Good lack, Sir *Rowland*, that I should mistake a young Man so!

Sir Row. Ay, Madam, and such a young Man too.

L. Youth. Ay, ay, I see him now.

[*Puts on her Spectacles.*]

Geo. S'death, what a Sepulcher is here to bury a Husband in? How came she to escape the Flood? for sure she was not born since. [*Aside.*]

Sir Row. This is the lusty Lad, my Son *George*, I told your Ladyship of.

L. Youth. Cot so, cot so, is it so, Sir? I ask your Pardon,

Sir. Mr. *Twang*, take a survey of him, and give me your Opinion of his Person and his Parts.

Twang. Truly, Madam, the young Man is of a comely Personage and Lineaments.

L. *Youth*. Of what, Sir?—Lord, I have such a Cold.

[*Coughs*.

Geo. Which she got when the *Picts* went naked.

L. *Blun*. Madam, you have a Power over Sir *Rowland*; pray intreat him to take his Son, Sir *Merlin*, into Grace again.

[*To Teresia*.

Ter. That, Sir, you must grant me; pray let me know the Quarrel.

[*Sir Rowland seems to tell*.

Geo. By Heaven, she's fair as the first ruddy Streaks of opening Day.

[*Looking on Teresia*.

Young as the budding Rose, soft as a *Cupid*, but never felt his Dart, she is so full of Life and Gaiety. Pray, Madam, who is that Lady?

[*To Lady Blun*.

L. *Blun*. The Grandchild of your Mistress, and your Mother that must be.

Geo. Then I shall cuckold my Father, that's certain.

[*Aside*.

Sir *Row*. For your sake, Madam, once again I re-establish him in my family; but the first Fault cashiers him—Come, let's in—Here, my Lady *Youthfully*, take *George* by the hand; but have a care of the young Rogue, if he comes once to touch so brisk a Widow, he sets her Heart on fire.

Geo. Which will burn like a snuff of a Candle; no body will be able to endure it.

[*Aside*.

—So Fortune, I see, provides for me:

On this hand Wealth, on that young Pleasures lie;

He ne'er wants these, who has that kind Supply.

[*Exeunt*.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Sir Rowland's Lodging.*

Enter Sir Rowland, Teresia, and Lady Youthly, &c.

L. Youth. Well, *Sir Rowland*, if I should be inclin'd to cast away my self on your Son *George*, what wou'd you settle?

Sir Row. Settle ! not a Souse, Madam ; he carries the best younger Brother's Fortune in *Christendom* about him.

L. Youth. Why, the young Man's deserving, I confess. But he's your Son, *Sir Rowland*, and something ought to be settled upon the Heirs of our Bodies, lawfully begotten.

Sir Row. All *Hercules* his Labours were a Jig to his that shall beget 'em. [*Aside.*

If you like him upon these terms, to make him Master of your Fortune—

L. Youth. For that, let him trust to me, and his own deservings.

Sir Row. No trusting in these fickle Times, Madam—Why, I'll let the young sturdy Rogue out to hire ; he'll make a pretty Livelihood at Journey-Work ; and shall a Master-Workman, a Husband, deserve nothing?

L. Youth. Ay, these Husbands that know their own Strength, as they say, set so high a value on their conjugal Virtues. And if he be disloyal, again o't'other side he gives a Wife so ill an Example—for we are all liable to Temptations.

Sir Row. Well said ; if thou beest so, it must be the old Tempter himself. [*Aside.*

Look ye, Madam, I'll propose a fair Swap ; if you'll consent that I shall marry *Teresia*, I'll consent that you shall marry *George*.

L. Youth. How, my Grand-daughter ? Why, I design'd her for your eldest Son, *Sir Merlin* ; and she has a good Fortune of five hundred a year that I cannot hinder her of ; and is too young for you.

Sir *Row.* So is *George* for your Ladyship; and as for his Fortune, 'tis more than likely I shall make him my eldest Son.

L. Youth. Say you so, Sir, well, I'll consider, and take Advice of my Friends.

Sir *Row.* Consider! alas, Madam, my House will be besieged by all the Widows in Town; I shall get more by shewing him, than the *Rhinoceros*. Gad, I'll sell the young Rogue by Inch of Candle, before he's debauch'd and spoil'd in this leud Town.

L. Youth. Well, suppose—

Sir *Row.* Nothing under *Teresia*—Gad, I think some old Dog-Star reigns to Day, that so many old Hearts are burning in their Sockets—I'm in love with this young Tittymouse here, most damnably—Well, what say you, Widow? Speak now, or you know the Proverb.

L. Youth. Well, Sir *Rowland*, you are too hard for me.
[*Ex. all but Teresia.*]

Enter Olivia, runs to her and embraces her.

Ter. 'Tis as you said, *Olivia*, I am destin'd to your Father.

Oliv. What, the Sentence is past then?

Ter. Ay, but the Devil is in us, if we stay till Execution Day: Why, this is worse than being mew'd up at *Hackney-School*—my Fortune's my own, without my Grandmother, and with that Stock I'll set up for my self, and see what Traffick this wide World affords a young beginner.

Oliv. That's well resolv'd; I am of the same mind, rather than marry Mr. *Welborn*, whom I never saw.—But prithee let's see what we have in Stock, besides ready Money—What Toys and Knick-nacks to invite.

Ter. Faith, my Inventory is but small—Let me see—First, one pretty well made Machine, call'd a Body, of a very good Motion, fit for several uses—one pretty conceited

Head-Piece, that will fit any body's Coxcomb,—when 'tis grave and dull, 'twill fit an Alderman; when politick and busy, a Statesman; turn it to Intrigue, 'twill fit a City Wife; and to Invention, it will set up an Evidence.

Oliv. Very well!

Ter. *Item*, One Tongue, that will prattle Love, if you put the Heart in time (for they are Commodities I resolve shall go together) I have Youth enough to please a Lover, and Wit enough to please my self.

Oliv. Most excellent Trifles all! As for my out-side, I leave to the Discretion of the Chafferer; but I have a rare Device, call'd an Invention, that can do many Feats; a Courage that wou'd stock a Coward; and a pretty Implement, call'd a Heart, that will strike fire with any convenient force: I have eight thousand Pounds to let out on any able Security, but not a Groat unless I like the Man.

Ter. Thus furnish'd, we shall ruin all the *Jews*, and undo the *India* Houses—But where shall we show? where meet with the Love-Merchants?

Oliv. What think you of the Gallery at the Play in Masks?

Ter. Shu, a State-Trick, first taken up by Women of Quality, and now run into Ridicule, by all the little common Devils of the Town; and is only a Trap for a Termer, a small new rais'd Officer, or a City Cully, where they baul out their eighteen Pence in Baudy, and filthy Nonsense, to the disturbance of the whole House, and the King's Peace: the Men of Quality have forsaken it.

Oliv. What think you of the *Mall*?

Ter. As too publick to end an Intrigue; our Affairs require a Conquest as sudden as that of *Cæsar*, who came, saw and overcame.

Oliv. 'Tis true, besides there's so many Cruisers, we shall never board a Prize. What think you of the Church?

Ter. An hypocritical Shift; of all Masks I hate that

of Religion; and it shou'd be the last place I'd wish to meet a Lover in, unless to marry him.

Oliv. And, Faith, that's the last thing a Lover shou'd do, but we are compell'd to haste, 'tis our last Refuge; if we cou'd but see and like our Men, the business were soon dispatcht.—Let me see—Faith, e'en put on Breeches too, and thus disguis'd seek our Fortune—I am within these three days to be fetch'd from *Hackney School*, where my Father believes me still to be, and thou in that time to be marry'd to the old Gentleman; Faith, resolve—and let's in and dress thee—away, here's my Lady—

[*They run out.*]

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Mirtilla and Mrs. Manage.

Mir. Ah, let me have that Song again.

A Song by Mr. Gildon.

I.

NO, Delia, no: *What Man can range*
From such Seraphic Pleasure?
 'Tis want of Charms that make us change,
To grasp the Fury, Treasure.
What Man of Sense wou'd quit a certain Bliss,
For Hopes and empty Possibilities?

II.

Vain Fools! that sure Possessions spend,
In hopes of Chymic Treasure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both want of Gold and Pleasure.
Rich in my Delia, I can wish no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymist, must be poor.

Man. Not see him, Madam—I protest he's handsomer, and handsomer, *Paris* has given him such an Air:—Lord,

he's all over Monsieur—Not see him, Madam—Why? I hope you do not, like the foolish sort of Wives, design a strict Obedience to your Husband.

Mir. Away, a Husband!—when Absence, that sure Remedy of Love, had heal'd the bleeding Wound *Lejere* had made, by Heaven, I thought I ne'er shou'd love again—but since *Endymion* has inspir'd my Soul, and for that Youth I burn, I pine, I languish.

Enter George richly drest, stands at a distance gazing on Mirtilla.

Man. See, Madam, there's an Object may put out that Flame, and may revive the old one.

Mir. Shame and Confusion.—*Lejere.*

[*Turns and walks away.*

Geo. Yonder she is, that Mien and Shape I know, though the false Face be turn'd with shame away.

[*Offers to advance, and stops.*

—'Sdeath,—I tremble! yet came well fortify'd with Pride and Anger. I see thou'st in thy Eyes a little Modesty.

[*Goes to her nearer.*

That wou'd conceal the Treasons of thy Heart.

Mir. Perhaps it is their Scorn that you mistake.

Geo. It may be so; she that sets up for Jilting, shou'd go on; 'Twere mean to find remorse, so young, and soon: Oh, this gay Town has gloriously improv'd you amongst the rest; that taught you Perjury.

Mir. Alas! when was it sworn?

Geo. In the blest Age of Love,
When every Power look'd down, and heard thy Vows.

Mir. I was a Lover then; shou'd Heaven concern it self with Lovers Perjuries, 'twould find no leisure to preserve the Universe.

Geo. And was the Woman so strong in thee, thou couldst not wait a little? Were you so raving mad for Fool and Husband, you must take up with the next ready

Coxcomb. Death, and the Devil, a dull clumsy Boor! —What was it charm'd you? The beastly quantity of Man about him?

Mir. Faith, a much better thing, five thousand Pounds a Year, his Coach and Six, it shews well in the *Park*.

Geo. Did I want Coach, or Equipage, and Shew?

Mir. But still there wanted Fool, and Fortune to't; He does not play at the Groom-Porter's for it; nor do the Drudgery of some worn-out Lady.

Geo. If I did this, thou hadst the spoils of all my Nation's Conquests, while all the whole World was wondering whence it came; for Heav'n had left thee nothing but thy Beauty, that dear Reward of my industrious Love.

Mir. I do confess—

Geo. Till time had made me certain of a Fortune, which now was hasting on.—

And is that store of Love and wondrous Joys I had been hoarding up so many tender Hours, all lavish'd on a Brute, who never lusted 'bove my Lady's Woman? for Love he understands no more than Sense.

Mir. Prithee reproach me on— [Sighs.]

Geo. 'Sdeath, I cou'd rave! Is this soft tender Bosom to be prest by such a Load of Fool? Damnation on thee —Where got'st thou this coarse Appetite? Take back the Powers, those Charms she's sworn adorn'd me, since a dull, fat-fac'd, noisy, taudry Blockhead, can serve her turn as well. [Offers to go.]

Mir. You shall not go away with that Opinion of me.—

Geo. Oh, that false Tongue can now no more deceive —Art thou not marry'd? Tell me that, false Charmer.

Mir. Yes.— [Holding him.]

Geo. Curse on that word: wou'd thou hadst never learnt it—it gave thy Heart, and my Repose away.

Mir. Dost think I marry'd with that dull design? Canst thou believe I gave my Heart away, because I gave my Hand?—Fond Ceremony that—A necessary trick, devis'd

by wary Age, to traffick 'twixt a Portion and a Jointure; him whom I lov'd, is marry'd to my Soul.

Geo. Art thou then mine? And wilt thou make Atone-ment, by such a charming way?—Come to my clasping Arms.

Enter Lady Blunder at the Door. Sees 'em, and offers to go out again.

L. Blun. Oh, Heavens! How rude am I?—Cry Mercy, Madam, I protest I thought you'd been alone.

Geo. 'Sdeath! my Aunt *Blunder*! [*Aside.*

Mir. Only this Gentleman, Madam—

L. Blun. Sir, I beg your Pardon—and am really sorry—

Geo. That you find me with your Daughter, Madam.

L. Blun. I hope you take me to be better bred, Sir: Nor had I interrupted you, but for an Accident that has happen'd to Sir *Morgan*, coming out of the City in a beastly Hackney-Coach, he was turn'd over in *Cheap-side*, and striking the filthy Coach-man, the nasty Mob came out, and had almost kill'd him, but for a young Gentleman, a Stranger, that came to his Rescue, and whom he has brought to kiss your Ladyship's Hands—But I'll instruct him in his Duty, he shall wait till your Ladyship is more at leisure—alas! he's already on the Stairs. [*Exit.*

Mir. Let him wait there—*Lejere*, 'tis necessary you depart, sure of my Heart, you cannot fear the rest; the Night is hasting on; trust me but some few Hours, and then, *Lejere*, I'll pay you back with Interest.

Geo. All Blessings light on thee.

But will your Lady Mother make no Discovery of my being here?

Mir. She'd sooner pimp for me, and believe it a part of good Breeding:—away, I hear 'em coming.

[*She puts him out at a back-Door.*

Enter Lady Blunder peeping.

L. Blun. He's gone—Sir *Morgan*, you may approach.

Enter Sir Morgan, pulling in the Prince, Sir Merlin, and a Page to the Prince.

Sir Morg. Nay, as Gat shall save me, Sir, you shall see my Lady, or so, d'ye see, and receive the Thanks of the House.

Prince. As Gat shall save me, Sir, I am sorry for it—another time, Sir: I have earnest business. Now, I am sure nothing worth seeing can belong to this litter of Fools.

L. Blun. My Daughter is a Person of Quality, I assure you, Sir.

Prince. I doubt it not, Madam—If she be of the same Piece—Send me a fair Deliverance.

[*Sir Morgan leads him to Mirtilla, he starts.*
—Ha! What bright Vision's that?

Mir. Heav'n! 'Tis the lovely Prince I saw in *Flanders*.
[*Aside.*

Sir Mer. Look how he stares—why, what the Devil ails he?

Sir Morg. To her, Sir, or so, d'ye see, what a Pox, are you afraid of her?

L. Blun. He's in Admiration of her Beauty, Child.

Prince. By Heav'n, the very Woman I adore! [*Aside.*

Sir Morg. How d'ye see, Sir, how do ye, ha, ha, ha?

Prince. I cannot be mistaken; for Heav'n made nothing but young Angels like her!

Sir Morg. Look ye, Page, is your Master in his right Wits?

Sir Mer. Sure he's in love, and Love's a devilish thing.

Sir Morg. Sa, ho, ho, ho, where are you, Sir, where are you?

Prince. In Heav'n! [*Puts him away.*

Oh! do not rouse me from this charming Slumber, lest I shou'd wake, and find it but a Dream.

Sir Mer. A plaguy dull Fellow this, that can sleep in so good Company as we are.

Sir *Morg.* Dream—A Fiddle-stick; to her, Man, to her, and kiss her soundly, or so, d'ye see.

Sir *Mer.* Ay, ay; kiss her, Sir, kiss her—ha, ha, ha, he's very simple.

Prince. Kiss her,—there's universal Ruin in her Lips.

Mir. I never knew 'em guilty of such Mischiefs.

Sir *Morg.* No, I'll be sworn, I have kist 'em twenty times, and they never did me harm.

Prince. Thou kiss those Lips? impossible, and false; they ne'er were prest but by soft *Southern* Winds.

Sir *Morg.* *Southern* Winds—ha, ha, lookye, d'ye see, Boy, thy Master's mad, or so, d'ye see—why, what a Pox, d'ye think I never kiss my Wife, or so, d'ye see.

Prince. Thy Wife!—

Mir. He will betray his Passion to these Fools: Alas, he's mad—and will undo my Hopes. [Aside.

Prince. Thou mayst as well claim Kindred to the Gods; she's mine, a Kingdom shall not buy her from me.

Sir *Morg.* Hay day, my Wife yours! look ye, as d'ye see, what, is it *Midsummer-moon* with you, Sir, or so, d'ye see?

Mir. In pity give him way, he's madder than a Storm.

Prince. Thou know'st thou art, and thy dear Eyes confess it—a numerous Train attended our Nuptials, witness the Priest, witness the sacred Altar where we kneel'd—when the blest silent Ceremony was perform'd.

Mir. Alas! he's mad, past all recovery mad.

Sir *Mer.* Mad, say, poor Soul—Friend, how long has your Master been thus intoxicated?

Page. He's mad indeed to make this Discovery. [Aside. Alas, Sir, he's thus as often as he sees a beautiful Lady, since he lost a Mistress, who dy'd in *Flanders* to whom he was contracted.

Sir *Mer.* Good lack—ay, ay, he's distracted, it seems.

Page. See how he kneels to her! stand off, and do but mind him.

Mir. Rise, Sir,—you'll ruin me—dissemble if you love—or you can ne'er be happy.

[*In a low Voice, and raising him.*

Prince. My Transport is too high for a Disguise—give me some hope, promise me some Relief, or at your Feet I'll pierce a wounded Heart.

Mir. Rise, and hope for all you wish : Alas, he faints—

[*She takes him up, he falls upon her Bosom.*

Page. Hold him fast, Madam, between your Arms, and he'll recover presently. Stand all away.—

Prince. Oh ! tell me, wilt thou bless my Youth and Love ? Oh ! swear, lest thou shouldst break—for Women wou'd be Gods, but for Inconstancy.

Page. See, he begins to come to himself again—keep off—

Mir. You have a thousand Charms that may secure you—The Ceremony of my Nuptials is every Evening celebrated, the noise of which draws all the Town together ; be here in Masquerade, and I'll contrive it so, that you shall speak with me this Night alone.

Prince. So, now let my Soul take Air—

L. Blun. What pity 'tis so fine a Gentleman shou'd be thus.

Mir. You must be bringing home your Fops to me, and see what comes of it.

[*As she passes out.*

Sir Morg. Fops ! I thought him no more a Fop, than I do my own natural Cousin here. [*Ex. Mir. in Scorn.*

Prince. Where am I ? [*The Page has whisper'd him.*

Sir Mer. Why, here, Sir, here, at *Sir Morgan Blunder's* Lodging in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Prince. That's well, he has told me—Where have I been this long half hour, and more ?

Sir Mer. Nay, the Lord knows.

Prince. I fancy'd I saw a lovely Woman.

Sir Mer. Fancy'd—why, so you did, Man, my Lady *Mirtilla Blunder*.

Prince. Methought I slept upon her snowy Bosom, and dreamt I was in Heaven, where I claim'd her.

Sir Mer. Good lack aday—why, so you did, Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Prince. And rav'd on Love; and talk'd abundance of Nonsense.

Sir Morg. Ha, ha, ha, by my Troth, and so you did, Sir.

Prince. I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis an infirmity I have that ever takes me at the approach of a fine Woman, which made me so unwilling to see your Lady.

Sir Morg. Lookye, I ask your Pardon heartily, or so, d'ye see—and am sorry you are not in a Condition to visit her often.

Prince. I shall be better when I am us'd to her; 'tis the first time only affects me.

Sir Morg. Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to use your self to her, or so, d'ye see—she's a civil Person, and a Person of Quality before I marry'd her, d'ye see.

L. Blun. My Son tells you Truth, Sir.

Prince. Madam, I doubt it not, pray beg her Pardon, and do you give me yours.

[*Bows and kisses her Hand and goes out.*]

L. Blun. A most accomplish'd Person— [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another Chamber.*

Enter Olivia and Teresia, in Mens Clothes.

Oliv. Well, the Ball does not begin these three Hours, and we'll divert our selves at my Aunt's Basset-Table, which you see is preparing; her natural Propensity to oblige both Sexes makes her keep a Bank on purpose to bring 'em together. There we shall see the old and the young, the ugly and the handsome, Fools that have Money, and Wits that have none; and if the Table affords nothing to please the Appetite, we'll abroad for Forage.

*Enter Sir Merlin pulling in George, follow'd by
Sir Morgan, Page and Footmen to George.*

Sir *Mer.* Nay, Sir, I am resolv'd you shall honour my Aunt's Basset-Table—

Geo. My Aunt's Basset-Table? There may be Money stirring among these Fools, and Fortune may befriend me. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Mer.* Sir *Morgan*, pray know this worthy Gentleman, I have the honour to lodge in the House with him.

[*They salute one another.*]
Sir, this is Sir *Morgan Blunder*, a Person of Quality in *Wales*, I assure you.

Geo. I question it not, Sir, and am proud of the Honour of kissing your Hands.

Ter. Yonder's a handsom Gentleman.

Oliv. My Brother *George*, as I live, 'tis as I cou'd wish. [*Aside.*]

Enter Welborn.

Wel. Lejere!

Geo. Welborn! Welcome from *Paris*, I heard of your arrival from Prince *Frederick*.

Wel. Yes, I am come to my Destruction, Friend.

Geo. Ay, thou'rt to be marry'd, I hear, to a *Welch* Fortune.

Wel. Though Matrimony be a sufficient Curse, yet that's not the worst—I am fall'n most damnably in love, since I arriv'd, with a young Creature I saw in the *Mall* t'other Night; of Quality she was, I dare swear, by all that was about her; but such a Shape! a Face! a Wit! a Mind, as in a moment quite subdu'd my Heart: she had another Lady with her, whom (dogging her Coach) I found to be a Neighbour of mine, and Grand-Daughter to the Lady *Youthly*; but who my Conqueror was I never since could learn.

Oliv. 'Slife, *Teresia*, yonder's the handsom Fellow that entertain'd us with so much Wit, on *Thursday* last in the *Mall*.

Ter. What, when you chang'd your Breeches for Petticoats at my Lodgings.

Oliv. That Night, and ever since, I have felt a sort of a *Tendre* for him.

Ter. As I do for his Friend—Pray Heav'n he be not marry'd! I fear he has laid an *Imbargo* on my Heart, before it puts out of the Port.

Geo. Are you not for the *Basset*?

Wel. No, I've business at the Ball to night; besides, my Lady *Blunder* has a Quarrel to me for last Night's Debauch; I'll wait on you in the Morning.

[*Exit Welborn.*

Geo. Well, you to your Business, and I to mine.

[*Speaks as the rest go out.*

Let the dull trading Fool by Business live,
Statesmen by Plots; the Courtier cringe to thrive;
The Fop of Noise and Wealth be cullied on,
And purchase no one Joy by being undone,
Whilst I by nobler careless ways advance,
Since Love and Fortune are acquir'd by Chance.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the Second Act.

A Song, sung by Sir *Rowland* in the second Act.

TO *TERESIA*.

Though the Young prize Cupid's Fire,
'Tis more valu'd by the Old;
The Sun's Warmth we now admire,
More than when the Season's cold.

Dialogues in the Masque, at the beginning of the third Act.

He. Time and Place you see conspire,
With tender Wishes, fierce Desire;
See the willing Victim stands
To be offer'd by your Hands:
Ah! Let me on Love's Altars lying,
Clasp my Goddess whilst I'm dying.

She. Oh Lord! what hard words, and strange things
d'ye say;
Your Eyes too seem closing, and just dying away:
Ah! pray what d'ye want? Explain but your mind,
Which did I but know, perhaps I'd be kind.

He. My pretty soft Maid, full of innocent Charms,
I languish to sigh out my Soul in thy Arms;
Oh! then, if I'm lov'd, deny not the Bliss,
But tell me I'm happy, with a ravishing Kiss.

She. Oh! Fy, Sir, I vow I cannot endure you;
Be civil, or else I'll cry out I assure you;
I will not be kiss'd so, nor tumbled, not I,
I'll tell all your tricks, that I will, if I die.

He. Nay, never dissemble, nor smother that Fire;
Your Blushes, and Eyes betray your Desire.
The Practis'd, not Innocent, dally with Bliss,
Then prithee be kind, and taste what it is.

She. Let me die now, you're grown a strange sort
of a Man,
To force a young Maid, let her do what she can;
I fear now I blush to think what we're doing,
And is this the end of all you Men's wooing?

He. At this Pleasure all aim, both Godly and Sinners,
And none of 'em blush for't but poor young Beginners.
In Pleasure both Sexes, all Ages agree,
And those that take most, most happy will be.

Chorus. In Pleasure both Sexes, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A rich Chamber.*

Enter Olivia as a Man, Teresia in Masquerade ; the Scene opens, and discovers Lady Youthly, Lady Blunder, Mirtilla, Manage, Prince Frederick in a rich Habit, Welborn in one like his, with a Cloke over him, stands aside, and several others of both Sexes.

Oliv. Oh, my dear *Teresia*, I'm lost in Love ! I've seen a Man,—or rather 'tis an Angel ! so gay, so soft, so charming, and so witty ; so dress'd ! so shap'd ! and danc'd with such an Air !

Ter. Hey day ! Prithee where's this Wonder to be seen ?

Oliv. Why dost thou ask ? Hast thou not seen a Man of Dress, and Movement of uncommon Fashion ?

Ter. A great many, very odd, and fantastick, I'm sure my dear Man is none of 'em. [Sighs.]

Oliv. Thy Heart when fir'd burns easily, and soft, but I am all impatient, Darts, and Flames, and all the effects of Love are panting in my Heart, yet never saw his Face : but see, he comes, and I must find a way to let him know the mischiefs he has done.

Mir. *Endimion*, where's Sir *Morgan* ?

Oliv. At his usual Diversion, Madam, drinking.

Mir. Do you wait near me to Night, I may perhaps have kinder Business for you e'er the Morning.

Oliv. You heap too many Blessings on me, Madam.

Prince. Oh, turn thy lovely Eyes upon thy Slave, that waits and watches for a tender Look.

Mir. Oh, Sir, why do you press a yielding Heart too much, undone by what you've said already ?

Oliv. Those soft Addresses must be those of Love.

[Aside.]

Mir. My Honour was in danger when I promis'd—and yet I blush to tell you I was pleas'd, and blest the dear necessity that forc'd me.

Oliv. Ha! 'tis the Man I love—and courts *Mirtilla*, and she receives him with inviting Looks. 'Sdeath, she's a common Lover! already I'm arriv'd to Jealousy!

Enter George in Masquerade, with a Paper on his Back and Breast, goes to Mirtilla, sees one courting her.

Geo. What gilded thing is that?—I must disturb 'em—'Tis I, *Mirtilla*, languishing for the appointed Happiness, while you, perhaps, are taken up with different Thoughts—

Mir. Lejere! How very feeble do old Lovers charm! Only the new and gay have pow'r to warm—How shall I put him off? For now my ambitious Love declares for *Frederick*; 'tis great to enslave a Prince. [*Aside.*

—*Lejere*—wait till I give the word—perhaps it may be late—go mix your self i'th' Crowd, you may be else suspected— [*Goes from him.*

Ter. I have a shreud guess that this should be my Man by his Shape, and Mein. [*Looking round about George.* Let me see—What's this written on his Back?—To be lett ready furnish'd— [*Reading it.*

A very good hearing: So ho, ho, ho, who's within here? [*Claps him on the Back.*

Geo. Who's there?

[*Exit Olivia.*

Ter. Love and Fortune.

Geo. Two very good Friends of mine, prithee who art thou that bring'st 'em?

Ter. A wandring Nymph, that has had a swinging Character of your Person and Parts—if thou be'st the Man, prithee, dear Stranger, let me see thy Face; and if I'm not mistaken, 'tis ten to one, but we may go near to strike up some odd Bargain or other.

Geo. And I am as likely a Fellow for some odd Bargain or other, as ever you met with—Look ye, am I the Man?

Ter. Let me see—a very handsome Face, inclining to round; fine wanton Eyes, with a plaguy Roguish Lear; plump, round, red Lips; not tall, nor low, and extremely

well fashion'd.

[*Reads all this in her Tablets.*

—Ay, ay, you are the Man—

Geo. I am glad on't, and prithee, dear Creature, let me see if thou art not the Woman—

Ter. Heav'n! what Woman, Sir?

Geo. Why, any Woman that's pretty, witty, young, and good-natur'd.

Ter. I had rather shew anything almost than my Face.

Geo. Faith, and that's kind; but every thing in its due time: I love to arrive at Happiness by degrees, there's as much Pleasure in the Journey of Love, as in the Arrival to't, and the first Stage is a handsom Face.

Ter. Where you bait a while, take a short Survey, and away.

Geo. To Wit, and good Humour; where a Man finds Pleasure enough to engage him a long while.

Ter. Then to all the small Villages, call'd little Freedoms, Kissing, Playing, Fooling, Sighing, Dying—and so on to the last Stage, where Whip and Spur laid by, all tir'd and dull, you lazily lie down and sleep.

Geo. No, I'm a more vigorous Lover: And since in the Country of True Love there remains a *Terra Incognita*, I shall always be making new Discoveries.

Ter. True Love! is there such a thing in the whole Map of Nature?

Geo. Yes, I once discover'd it in my Voyage round the World.

Ter. Sure 'tis some enchanted Place, and vanishes as soon as 'tis approach'd.

Enter Sir Rowland.

Geo. Faith, let's set out for it, and try; if we lose our Labour, we shall, like Searchers for the Philosophers Stone, find something that will recompense our pains.—

[*Lady Youthly sees her, and sends her Woman to take her from him.*

Ha, gone—I must not part so with you—I'll have you in my Eye.

[*The Spanish Dance: Whilst they dance, the Prince talks to Mirtilla.*

Mir. This Night gives you an Assignment—I tremble at the thought—Ah, why will you pursue me thus to Ruin? Why with resistless Charms invade my Heart, that cannot stand their Force—alone—without my Woman?—the Enterprize with you would be too dangerous.

Prince. Dangerous to be ador'd! and at your Feet behold your Slave making eternal Vows?

Mir. If I were sure that you would pass no further—

Prince. Let the fond God of Love be my Security—will you not trust a Deity?

Mir. Whom should she trust, that dares not trust her self?

Geo. That is some Lover, whom I must observe. [*Aside.*

Mir. Alas, the Foe's within that will betray me, Ambition, and our Sex's Vanity—Sir, you must prevail—

Prince. And in return, for ever take my Soul.

Mir. Anon I'll feign an Illness, and retire to my Apartment, whither this faithful Friend shall bring you, Sir.

[*Pointing to Manage.*

Geo. Hum!—that looks like some Love Bargain, and *Manage* call'd to Witness. By Heav'n, gay Sir, I'll watch you.

Ter. But hark ye, my Fellow-Adventurer, are you not marry'd?

Geo. Marry'd—that's a Bug-word—prithee if thou hast any such Design, keep on thy Mask, lest I be tempted to Wickedness.

Ter. Nay, truth is, 'tis a thousand pities to spoil a handsom man, to make a dull Husband of: I have known an old batter'd Bully of Seventy, unmarried, more agreeable for a Gallant, than any scurvy, out-of-humour'd Husband at Eight and Twenty.

Geo. Gad, a thousand times.

Ter. Know, I have Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Geo. Good.

Ter. And the Devil and all of Expectations from an old Woman.

Geo. Very good.

Ter. And this Youth, and little Beauty to lay out in love. *[Pulls off her Mask.*

Geo. *Teresia!* the lovely Maid design'd for my Mother! now, what a Dog am I? that gives me the greater Gust to her, and wou'd fain cuckold my Father.

[Talks to her aside. Mirtilla seems to faint.

Man. My Lady faints—help, help.

Mir. Only the Heat oppresses me—but let it not disturb the Company, I'll take the Air a little, and return.

[Goes out with Manage.

Geo. Is this design'd or real?—perhaps she is retir'd for me—Mrs. *Manage*.—

[Manage re-enters, he pulls her by the Sleeve.

Man. Hah! Monsieur *Lejere!* what shall I feign to put him off withal. *[Aside.*

Geo. Why dost thou start? How does my dear *Mirtilla?*

Man. Reposing, Sir, awhile, but anon I'll wait on her for your admittance.

[Prince Frederick puts on Welborn's Cloke, goes out, and Welborn enters into the Company dress'd like the Prince.

Geo. Ha, she spoke in passing by that gay thing—What means it, but I'll trace the Mystery.

Sir Row. The young People are lazy, and here's nothing but gaping and peeping in one another's Vizards; come, Madam, let you and I shame 'em into Action.

[Sir Rowland and Lady Youthly dance. After the Dance, Olivia enters with a Letter, and gives it to Welborn.

Wel. Ha! what's this, Sir, a Challenge?

Oliv. A soft one, Sir.

Wel. A Billet—whoever the Lady be, [Reads.
She merits something for but believing I am worth her
Mirth.

Oliv. I know not, Sir, how great a Jest you may make
of it; but I assure you the Lady is in earnest, and if you
be at leisure to hear Reason from her—

Wel. Fair and softly, my dear Love-Messenger, I am
for no hasty Bargains; not but I shou'd be glad to hear
Reason from any of the Sex—But I have been so damn-
ably jilted—Is she of Quality?

Oliv. Yes.

Wel. Then I'll not hear any thing from her: they are
troublesome, and insolent; and if she have a Husband,
to hide her Intrigues she has recourse to all the little
Arts and Cunnings of her Sex; and she that jilts her
Husband, will her Lover.

Oliv. She is not troubled with a Husband, Sir.

Wel. What, she's parted from the Fool! then she's
expensive, and for want of Alimony, jilts all the believing
Block-heads that she meets with.

Oliv. But this is a Maid, Sir.

Wel. Worse still! At every turn she's raving on her
Honour; then if she have a Kinsman, or a Brother, I
must be challeng'd.

Oliv. Sir, you mistake, my Lady is for Matrimony.

Wel. How!

Oliv. You have not forsworn it, I hope.

Wel. Not so—but—

Oliv. If a Lady, young and handsom, and Ten Thou-
sand Pounds—

Wel. Nay, I am not positive—

Enter Sir Morgan, and Sir Merlin, drunk, singing.

*Wise Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a health to the Man,
That since Life is but short, lives as long as he can.*

Sir *Morg.* Where is my Lady *Mirtilla*, Rogues?

Sir *Mer.* And my Mistress, Rascals? For we are resolv'd to shew our selves in Triumph to our Wives and Mistresses.

L. Youth. Your Mistress, Sir *Merlin*? mistake not your Mark.

Sir *Mer.* Ha! Art thou there, old Cathedral? Why, thou look'st as magnificiently as old Queen *Bess* in the *Westminster*-Cupboard.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye as de see, when *Adam* wore a Beard, she was in her Prime, or so, de see. [Sings.

L. Youth. Sir, you are a saucy *Jack*, and your Father shall correct you.

Sir *Mer.* My Father! my Father's an old Toast, de see; and I hope to see him hang'd.

Sir *Row.* Here's a Heathen-Christian! see his Father hang'd!

Sir *Mer.* Ay, hang'd, and all the old Fathers in *Christendom*. Why, what a Pox shou'd Fathers trouble the World for? when I come to reign in Parliament, I will enact it Felony, for any Father to have so little Grace to live, that has a Son at Years of Discretion.

Sir *Row.* A damn'd Rogue, I'll disinherit him immediately.

L. Blun. Is it so great a Crime, Brother, for a Gentleman to be drunk?

Sir *Mer.* You lye like a Son of a Whore—I have been drinking Confusion to all the Fathers and Husbands in *England*.

Sir *Morg.* How, Sir, Confusion to Husbands! Look ye, de see, Sir, swallow me that Word, or I'll make you deposit all the conjugal Wine you have drunk.

Sir *Mer.* I deposit all your Wine! Sirrah, you're a Blunderbuss.

Sir *Morg.* Sirrah, you are a diminutive Bully.

Sir *Mer.* Sirrah, you're the Whore of *Babylon*, and I defy you.

Sir *Morg.* Lookye, de see, I scorn to draw upon a drunken Man, or so, I being sober ; but I boldly challenge you into the Cellar, where thou shalt drink till thou renounce thy Character, or talk Treason enough to hang thee, and that's fair and civil.

Sir *Mer.* Agreed; and when I'm drunk enough to ravish, I'll cuckold my old Dad, and fight him for his Mistress.

Sir *Row.* I have no Patience ; I'll kill the Dog, because I'll have the Law on my side—Come on, Sir.

[*Draws, the Ladies run out. Sir Merlin draws.*

George runs in and parts 'em.

Geo. Villain ! Rascal ! What, draw upon thy Father !

Sir *Row.* Pray, Sir, who are you ? that I may thank you for my Life.

Geo. One, Sir, whose Duty 'twas.

[*Pulls off his Vizard.*

Sir *Row.* What, my dear *George* !—I'll go and cut off the Intail of my Estate presently, and thou shalt have it all, Boy, thou shalt—

[*Exeunt all but George.*

Geo. Fortune is still my Friend : Had but *Mirtilla* been so ! I wonder that she sends not to me : my Love's impatient, and I cannot wait—while the dull Sot is boozing with his Brother-Fools in the Cellar, I'll softly to the Chamber of my Love—Perhaps she waits me there—

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber, and Alcove, discovers
Mirtilla and Prince Frederick.*

Prince. Oh ! I am ravish'd with excess of Joy.

Mir. Enough, my charming Prince ! Oh, you have said enough.

Prince. Never, my *Mirtilla* !

The Sun that views the World, nor the bright Moon, that favours Lovers Stealths, shall ever see that Hour. Vast, as thy Beauties, are my young Desires ; and every new Possession kindles new Flames, soft as thy Eyes, soft

as thy tender Touches; and e'er the Pantings of my Heart are laid, new Transports, from new Wishes, dance about it, and still remain in Love's harmonious Order.

[*Kisses and embraces her.*

Enter George, softly.

Geo. This House I know, and this should be her Bed-Chamber, because the best; and yet methought I heard another Voice—but I may be mistaken.

Prince. I faint with Pleasure of each tender Clasp; I sigh, and languish, gazing on thy Eyes! and die upon thy Lips, with every Kiss.

Geo. Surely I know that Voice! Torments, and Hell! —but 'tis impossible. [*Aside.*

Prince. Oh! satisfy my Doubt, my trembling Doubt! Am I belov'd? Have I about me ought engaging to thee, Charmer of my Soul?

Geo. It is the Prince. [*Aside.*

Mir. Ah, Prince! Can you such needless Questions ask, after the Sacrifice which I have made?

Geo. Hell take thee for that Falshood. [*Draws.*

Mir. Think not the mighty Present of your Jewels, enough to purchase Provinces, has bought one single Sigh, or Wish: No, my dear Prince, you owe 'em all to Love, and your own Charms.

Geo. Oh, damn'd, dissembling Jilt! [*Aside.*

Prince. No more, no more, my Soul's oppress with Joy: let me unload it in thy tender Arms, and sigh it out into thy ravishing Bosom.

Geo. Death, and Damnation!—
I shall forget his Quality and Virtue, forget he was my Friend, or sav'd this Life; and like a River, swell'd with angry Tides, o'erflow those Banks that made the Stream so gay.

Mir. Who's there?—I heard a Voice—*Manage?*

Geo. Yes. [*Softly.*

Prince. Approach, thou Confident of all my Joys ; approach, and be rewarded—

[*Prince takes his Jewel from his Hat.*

Geo. Yes, for my excellent Bauding—By Heav'n, I dare not touch his princely Person.

Prince. Where art thou? take this Jewel and retire.

[*Gropes for his Hand, gives it him.*

Geo. E'en my Misfortunes have a sort of Luck ; but I'll withdraw, for fear this Devil about me shou'd raise my too rash Hand against his Life. [Exit.

Prince. Come, my eternal Pleasure—each Moment of the happy Lover's Hour, is worth an Age of dull, and common Life. [*Exeunt into the Alcove, the Scene shuts.*

SCENE III. *A Garden by Night still.*

Enter George with his Sword in his Hand, as before.

Geo. Why do I vainly call for Vengeance down, and have it in my Hand?—By Heav'n, I'll back—Whither? To kill a Woman, a young perjur'd Woman!—Oh, ye false Fair Ones! shou'd we do you Justice, a universal Ruin wou'd ensue ; not one wou'd live to stock the World anew. Who is't among ye All, ye Fair Deceivers, ye charming Mischiefs to the noble Race, can swear she's Innocent, without Damnation? No, no, go on—be false—be fickle still : You act but Nature—But, my faithless Friend—where I repose the secrets of my Soul—except this one—Alas! he knew not this :—Why do I blame him then?

Enter Olivia, dress'd as before.

Oliv. Fire! Fire! Fire!

Geo. *Olivia's* Voice!—Ha! what art thou? Thy Voice shou'd be *Olivia's*, but thy Shape—and yet a Woman is all o'er Disguise.

Enter Lady Blunder in her Night-Gown.

L. Blun. Fire! Fire! Fire! My Son, my dear Sir *Morgan.*

Enter Sir Rowland, and Servants.

Sir Row. A Pox on your Son, and mine to boot ; they have set all the Sack-Butts a Flaming in the Cellar, thence the Mischief began. *Timothy, Roger, Jeffrey, my Money-Trunks, ye Rogues ! my money-Trunks !*

L. Blun. My Son, good *Roger ! my own Sir Moggy !*

Sir Row. The ten thousand Pounds, ye Rascal, in the Iron Trunk, that was to be paid Mr. *Welborn* for *Olivia's* Portion. *[Exit.*

L. Blun. Oh my Son ! my Son !—run to the Parson, *Sam*, and let him send the Church-Buckets. Oh, some help ! some help !

Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, Heavens ! my Lady *Mirtilla's* Chamber's all on Flame.

Enter Britton.

Geo. Ha,—the Prince ! I had forgot his Danger.

Man. Ah ! look up, and see how it burns.

Geo. Britton, a Million for a Ladder !

Man. Blessing on you, Sir, if you dare venture through the House ; there lies one in the Fore-Garden.

Britt. The Passage is on fire, Sir, you cannot go.

Geo. Revenge is vanish'd, and Love takes its place : Soft Love, and mightier Friendship seizes all. I'll save him, though I perish in the Attempt.

[Runs out, Britton after him.

Enter at another Door, Sir Rowland.

L. Blun. A thousand Pound for him that saves Sir *Morgan !*

Sir Row. And, do ye hear, let my Rogue lie ; I'd rather he should be burnt, than hang'd on *Tyburn* Road, for murdering his Father.—But where's Boy *George ?*

Enter Men with Trunks.

Rog. Safe, Sir, I hope ; he was not in the House.

Sir Row. So, so, away with these Trunks to my Lady Youthly's in Southampton-Square, and tell her we must trouble her to night. Come, Sister, let's away.

[*Ex. Lady Blunder, and Sir Rowland.*

Prince Frederick and Mirtilla, appear at the Window, the Flame behind 'em.

Prince. Help, help, and save Mirtilla! Ask any Price, my Life, my Fortune! All!

Mir. Oh, Heav'ns, the Flame pursues us as we fly.

Prince. No help! Oh Gods, I shall prevent the Flame, and perish by my Fears to see you die!

Mir. Alas! Sir, you with ease may save your Life! This Window you may leap, but I want Courage.

Prince. No, my Mirtilla, if it be thy Fate, I'll grasp thee, ev'n in Flames, and die with thee.

Mir. We die! we die! the Flame takes hold of us.

Enter George with a Ladder, and puts it to the Window.

Prince. Ha! some pitying God takes care of us. Haste, haste, my Charmer; Heav'n has sent us Aid.

[*Puts her on the Ladder, she descends into George's Arms; after her, the Prince. George puts her into Manage's Arms, she faints; he runs up to receive the Prince.*

Prince. Lejere! dear Man of Luck—Some happy Star reign'd at thy glorious Birth; every thing is prosperous thou espousest.—How fares my Love, the Treasure of my Soul?

Man. Only fainting with the Fright, but she recovers.

Prince. My Chair there, quickly, that waits for me.—

Enter Chair; he puts her, and Manage into it.

Enter Olivia.

Carry 'em to Mr. Welborn's, to my Lodgings there, and then return to me; for I am wondrous faint, and cannot walk.

Oliv. Ha! by my Life, my Man!

Prince. But if I might impose so much, *Lejere*, upon thy Friendship, I beg thou wouldst see her safely carry'd to my Lodgings at *Welborn's*.

Geo. You shall command me, Sir.

[*Exeunt Chair, George and Britton.*]

Oliv. You seem not well, Sir, pray repose upon my Arm a while.

Prince. I thank you, Sir, indeed I am not well.

Oliv. Methinks I find a Pleasure but in touching him—Wou'd I cou'd see his Face by all this fatal Light.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. So, so, the Fire abates, the Engines play'd rarely, and we have Ten Guineas here, Neighbours, to watch about the House ; for where there's Fire, there's Rogues—Hum, who have we here ?—How now, Mr.—Hum, what have you got under your Arm there, ha ? Take away this Box of Jewels. [*Sir Morgan, and Sir Merlin, creeping out of the Cellar Window.*]

Ha, who have we here creeping out of the Cellar-Window ? more Rogues !

Sir Mer. Sirrah ! you're a Baud, Sirrah ! and for a Tester will wink at the Vices of the Nation, Sirrah ! Call men of the best Quality Rogues ! that have stood for Knights of the Shire, and made the Mobile drunk, Sirrah !

Const. We cry you Mercy, Sir, we did not know your Worships.

Sir Morg. Lookye, de see, here's a Crown for you ; carry us to the next Tavern, and we'll make thee, and all thy Mirmidons, as drunk as a Boat in a Storm.

Oliv. Sir, I find you have Interest with these arbitrary Tyrants of the Parish ; pray will you bail me, and this Gentleman ?

Sir Mer. What, *Endimion* ! my Lady *Mirtilla's* Page ? He lent me Money to Night at the Basset-Table ; I'll be bound Hand and Foot for him, Mr. Constable, and, gad, we'll all to the Tavern, and drink up the Sun, Boys.

Oliv. Yonder Gentleman too has receiv'd some hurt by the Fire, and must go home, Sir ; but you must restore him the Box, Mr. Constable.

Sir *Morg.* Ay, ay, lookye, de see, return the Gentleman all ; they're Gentlemen, and our intimate Friends, d'ye see. [Exeunt Prince, and Olivia.

Enter a Servant.

Const. Stand : Who goes there ?

Sir *Morg. Philip*—Lookye, d'ye see, he shall along with us to the Tavern.

Serv. Sir *Morgan*, I came to seek you : your Lady Mother sent me back on purpose ; she has spoil'd her Beauty with crying for you.

Sir *Morg.* And wash'd off all her Paint ?—Or so, de see ! Gad sa' me, *Philip*, this is ill Luck. Come, let us go drink down Sorrow.

Serv. Being sent of such an Errand, as your Safety, Sir, I dare not stay and drink now, before I've satisfy'd your Mother.

Sir *Mer.* Not drink ! I charge you in the King's Name, Mr. Constable, bring him along.

[*The Constable and Watch seize him.*

Sings.

*Wise Coxcombs be damn'd, here's a Health to the Man,
That since Life is but short, lives as long as he can.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Prince's Lodgings.*

Enter Page with Lights, sets 'em on the Table. [Ex.

Enter Mirtilla, led by Mrs. Manage.

Mir. Ha ! where am I, *Manage* ?

Man. Heav'n be thanked, Madam, at the Prince's Lodgings.

Mir. What happy Star conducted us, and sav'd us from the Fury of the Flames ?

Man. Those whose Influence are always gracious to your Ladyship.

Mir. But where's the Prince ? where's my illustrious Lover ?

Man. Waiting the Return of the Chair, Madam.

Mir. But my *Endimion* ?—Is *Endimion* safe ?

Man. Madam, he is : I saw him in the Garden.

Mir. Then perish all the rest—Go send to search him out, and let him instantly be brought to me—Hah—*Lejere.*

Enter George.

Geo. Baud, stand aside—and do your Office yonder—

[*Puts away Manage.*

Why are you frightened, Madam, because I'm not the Lover you expected ?

Mir. What Lover ! be witness, Heaven—

Geo. That thou art false, false as the insatiate Seas, that smiling tempt the vain Adventurer, whom flattering, far from any saving there, swell their false Waves to a destructive Storm.

Mir. Why all this mighty Rage ?—Because I disappointed you to night ?

Geo. No, by Heaven, I dully cou'd have waited for the Hour ; have hop'd, and wish'd, and languish'd out an Age. But, oh *Mirtilla* ! Oh thou perjur'd Fair !—But vanish all the Softness of my Soul, I will be satirical.

A Plague, a Torment, to your fickle Sex,

Those smiling, sighing, weeping Hypocrites.

Mir. And can you think my Flight is criminal ? because I sav'd this worthless Life—for you—

Geo. What Innocence adorns her Tongue, and Eyes ! while Hell and Furies give her Heart its motion. You know not where you are ?

Mir. Perhaps I do not.

Geo. Swear, for thou'rt damn'd already, and by what black Degrees I will unfold : When first I saw this gay, this glorious Mischief, though nobly born, 'twas hid in mean Obscurity ; the shining Viper lay half dead with Poverty, I took it up, and laid it next my Heart, fed it, and call'd its faded Beauties back.

Mir. Confess'd ; And what of this ?

Geo. Confirm'd you mine, by all the Obligations Profuseness cou'd invent, or Love inspire.

Mir. And yet at your Return you found me marry'd to another.

Geo. Death and Hell ! that was not yet the worst : You flatter'd me with some Pretence of Penitence ; but on the Night, the dear destructive Night, you rais'd my Hopes to all distracting Love cou'd wish—that very Night—Oh, let me rave and die, and never think that Disappointment o'er !

Mir. What, you saw me courted at the Ball, perhaps.

Geo. Perhaps I saw it in your Chamber too. Breathless and panting, with new-acted Joys, the happy Lover lay—Oh *Mirtilla* !

Mir. Nay, if he knows it, I'll deny't no more. [*Aside.*

Geo. There is no Honesty in all thy Kind.

Mir. Or if there be, those that deal in't are weary of their Trade. But where's the mighty Crime ?

Geo. No, I expect thou shouldst out-face my Eyes, out-swear my Hearing, and out-lye my Senses.—The Prince ! the Prince ! thou faithless dear destruction.

Mir. The Prince ! good Heaven ! Is all this Heat for him ?

Geo. Thou own'st the Conquest then ?

Mir. With as much Vanity as thou wouldst do, if thou hadst won his Sword : Hast thou took care wisely to teach me all the Arts of Life, and dost thou now upbraid my Industry ? Look round the World, and thou shalt see, *Lejere*, Ambition still supplies the place of Love. The worn-out Lady, that can serve your Interest, you swear

has Beauties that out-charms Fifteen; and for the Vanity of Quality, you feign and languish, lye, protest, and flatter—All Things in Nature cheat, or else are cheated.

Geo. Well said; take off thy Veil, and shew the Jilt.

Mir. You never knew a Woman thrive so well by real Love, as by Dissimulation: This has a thousand Arts and Tricks to conquer; appears in any Shape, in any Humour; can laugh or weep, be coy or play, by turns, as suits the Lover best, while simple Love has only one Road of Sighs and Softness; these to *Lejere* are due: But all my Charms, and Arts of gay dissembling, are for the credulous Prince.—Ha—he's here!—and with him the dear Youth that has enslav'd me, who triumphs o'er the rest. [*Aside.*

Enter Prince Frederick, Olivia following, sees Mirtilla, and withdraws.

Oliv. Ha! *Mirtilla*, and my Brother here? Oh, how I long to see that Stranger's Face. [*Aside.*

Prince. *Mirtilla*, thou Charmer of Life's dull and tedious Hours, how fares thy Heart? Dwells any Pantings there, but those that Love, and his dear Joys create?

Mir. Or if there do, you shou'd excuse it now.

Geo. How many Devils reign in beauteous Woman!

Prince. My dear *Lejere*, congratulate my Joys; take all my Friendship thou—but thou my Soul. Come, come, my Friend, let us retire together; I'll give thee leave to gaze upon my Heaven, and feed on all the Sweets that Friendship may: But all the rest of the vast Store is mine.

Man. Madam, *Endimion* is already here. [*Aside to her.*

Mir. Thou hast reviv'd me—Let him wait my Call.

[*Exit Prince with Mirtilla, George goes out, and peeps at the Door. Olivia comes forward.*

Oliv. Spite, Spite, and dire Revenge seize my fond Soul!—Oh, that I were a Man, a loose leud Man; how easily wou'd I rob him of her Heart, and leave him but the shadow of Enjoyment!

Re-enter George.

Geo. Now, my dear Sister, if thou ever lov'dst me, revenge thy Brother on this perjur'd Woman, and snatch her from this gallant Rival's Arms. She loves thee—Dissemble thou to love again; meet her Advances with an equal Ardour, and when thou hast wound her up to dalliance, I'll bring the Prince a witness of her Shame.

Oliv. But what if he shou'd kill me—

Geo. I'll take care of that.

Oliv. Then e'er the morning dawns, you shall behold it: She languishes to see me, and I wait on purpose for her Commands.

Geo. As I cou'd wish: Be sure to act the Lover well.
[*Exit.*

Oliv. As well as I can act it.

Enter Welborn, habited as last.

That all Mankind are damn'd, I'm positive; at least all Lovers are.

Wel. What have we here? the Spark that rally'd me about a Woman at the Ball to night? Who is it, Sir, you curse so heartily.

Oliv. Ha, how beautiful he is—how many Charms dwell in that lovely Face—
[*Aside.*

'Tis you I curse.

Wel. Gad, I thank you for that, you were kinder to night, when you told me of a fine Woman that was in love with me.

Oliv. Why, what have you to do with Woman-kind?

Wel. A pretty civil Question; has the Lady that sent you a mind to be inform'd.

Oliv. Or if she had, you're not at leisure now, you are taken up, Sir, with another Beauty. Did not you swear, never to speak to Woman-kind, till I had brought her, I told you, sigh'd for you?

Wel. Right, and I have kept my word religiously.

Oliv. The Devil you have, witness the Joy *Mirtilla* gave your Soul: Even now you were all Transport, all Extasy of Love; by Heaven, you had forgot you brought me in, and past triumphant in *Mirtilla's* Arms, Love in your Heart, and Pleasure in your Eyes.

Wel. Ay, sure he mistakes me for the amorous Prince, and thus, perhaps, has mistook me all the Night: I must not undeceive him. [Aside.

Whate'er you saw, I have a Heart unwounded, a Heart that never soundly loved, a little scratch it got the other day by a young Beauty in the *Mall*, her Name I know not, but I wish'd to know it, and dogg'd her Coach, I sigh'd a little after her, but since ne'er saw the lovely Vision.

Oliv. Sure this was I.

[Aside.

What Livery had she, Sir?

Wel. That I took notice of, 'twas Green and Gold—Since that, I trifle now and then with Love, to chase away this Image, and that's all.

Oliv. Ha, now I view him well, 'tis the same handsome Fellow that entertain'd us in the *Mall* last Thursday.

Wel. Come, Sir, 'tis late, please you to take a Bed with me to Night, where we'll beget a better Understanding.

Oliv. A better than you imagine—'Sdeath, to bed with him, I tremble at the thought—Sir, I do not love a Bedfellow.

Wel. Sir, I have lent my Lodgings to a Stranger of Quality, or I wou'd offer you a single Bed—but for once you may dispense with a Bedfellow.

Oliv. I will not put you to that trouble, Sir.

Wel. Do you design to make me your Friend, and use me with Ceremony? Who waits there?

Enter Footman.

Oliv. 'Slife, what shall I do? I cou'd even consent, to prevent his going to *Mirtilla*—besides, I have no home to go to—

Wel. Come, no more Scruples—here—a Night-Gown and a Cap for the Gentleman.

Oliv. What shall I do?—I have a little urgent Business, Sir.

Wel. If there be absolute necessity, I'll see you to your Lodgings.

Oliv. Oh, by no means, Sir. 'Sdeath, whither can I go?

Wel. Why do you pause? Deal freely with me, Sir, I hope you do not take me for a Lover of my own Sex—Come, come to bed.

Oliv. Go you, Sir, I'll sit and read by you till Day.

Wel. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye think my bed's infectious?

Oliv. I shall betray my Sex in my denial, and that at last I can but do if Necessity compel me to't. [*Aside.*
Go on, Sir, you have shamed me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and George.

Prince. And thus thou hast my whole Adventure out, short was the Conquest, but the Joys are lasting.

Geo. I am glad on't, Sir.

Prince. Why dost wear a Cloud upon thy brows, when Love's gay Sunshine dances in my Eyes? If thou'rt her Lover too, I pity thee; her solemn Vows breath'd in the height of Love, disarm me of thy hopes, if Friendship wou'd permit thee.

Geo. I do not think it, Sir—

Prince. Not think it, not think that she has sworn!

Geo. Yes, doubtless, Sir—she's prodigal of Vows, and I dare swear, by all she's sworn by, she'll break 'em all: She has less Faith than all the fickle Sex, uncertain and more wanton than the Winds, that spare no Births of Nature in their wild course, from the tall Cedar to the Flowers beneath, but ruffle, ravish, and ruin all.

Prince. I speak of my *Mirtilla*.

Geo. Why, so do I—of yours, of mine, or any Man's *Mirtilla*.

Prince. Away, she that with force of Love can sigh and weep—

Geo. This very she, has all the while dissembled ! Such Love she deals to every gaudy Coxcomb, how will she practice then upon a Hero ?

Prince. Away, it cannot be.

Geo. By all your Friendship to me, Sir, 'tis truth.

Prince. Racks and Tortures !—let her have made of me a mere Example, by whom the cozen'd World might have grown wise : No matter, then I had been pleas'd, though cullied—Why hast thou ruined my Repose with Truths that carry more Damnation than a Lye ? But Oh—thou art my Friend, and I forgive thee.

Geo. Sir, I have done, and humbly ask your Pardon.

[*Offers to go.*]

Prince. Stay, stay, *Lejere*,—if she be false, thou'rt all the World has left me ; and I believe—but canst thou prove this to me ?

Geo. Perhaps I may before the Morning's dawn.

Prince. Ha, prove it here—here, in this very House !

Geo. Ay, here, Sir.

Prince. What, in my Lodgings will she receive her Spark—by Heaven, were he the darling Son of a Monarch, an Empire's Hope, and Joy of all the Fair, he shou'd not live to rifle me of Peace.—Come, shew me this destin'd Victim to my Rage.

Geo. No, my Revenge is only comical—If you wou'd see how Woman can dissemble, come on, and follow me.

Prince. What, disturb her Rest ! Didst thou not see her fainting with the Fatigues this Night had given her, and begg'd me I would leave her to Repose ?

Geo. Yes, and wonder'd at her Art ; and when you begg'd to watch by her Bed-side, with what dear Promises she put you off ; while every word fell feebly from her Tongue, as if't had been her last, so very sick she was—

till you were gone—Hark—a Door opens—I will obscure the Lights.
[*Puts away the Lights.*]

Enter Olivia. They retire a little.

Oliv. Was ever Maid so near to being undone? Oh Heavens! in bed with the dear Man I love, ready to be betray'd by every Sigh.
[*George peeps.*]

Geo. 'Tis *Olivia*.

Enter Manage groping.

Man. I left him here—what, by dark? *Endimion*, young, handsome Sir, where are you? [Calls *Olivia*.]

Geo. Do you hear that, Sir?

Man. Oh, are you here?— [Runs against *Olivia*.]

Oliv. 'Slife, 'tis *Manage*—how shall I escape?—

[*Aside,*

Man. Come, Sir, my Lady *Mirtilla* has dismiss'd her troublesome Lovers, for your more agreeable Company.

Geo. D'ye hear that, Sir?

Man. Come softly on, Sir, and follow me.

Oliv. I'm all Obedience—

She cannot ravish me, and that's a Comfort.

[*Aside, going out.*]

Prince. Oh, *Lejere*—can this be possible? Can there be such a Woman?

Geo. Follow him, Sir, and see—

Prince. See what!—be witness of her Infamy? Hell! Hell, and all the Fires of Lust possess her! when she's so old and leud, all Mankind shun her.—I'll be a Coward in my own dire Revenge, and use no manly Mercy.—But oh, I faint, I faint with Rage and Love, which like two meeting Tides, swell into Storms.—Bear me a minute to my Couch within.

Geo. What have I done! now I repent my Rashness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Draws off, discovers Mirtilla at her Toylet, dress'd.*

Enter Manage, leading Olivia in as Endymion, who falls at Mirtilla's Feet, whilst she's there, sings a Song; she takes him up.

Mir. Rise,—When Lovers are alone they pardon Ceremony.—I sent for you to end the Night with me; say—how shall we employ it?

Oliv. I'll sigh, and gaze upon your lovely Face.

Mir. Nothing but sigh, and gaze; we shall grow dull.

Oliv. I'll tell you Tales of Love, and sing you Songs.

Mir. Thy Voice, 'tis true, can charm a thousand ways; but Lovers time their Joys, these for the Day, those for the lovely Night. And when they would be silently in love, have Musick of soft Sighs and gentler Whispers.

Oliv. Oh, Love inspires all this—What shall I do?

[*Aside.*

Mir. Nay, think not because I sent for you alone, while Night and Silence favour Lovers Stealths, to take advantage of my yielding Heart.

Oliv. I wou'd to Heaven she were in earnest now.

A Noise. Enter Manage.

Man. Oh, hide your Favourite, Madam—do you hear.

Mir. A jealous Lover only, comes in such a Storm—Dear, to my Heart, whose Safety is my Life. Submit to be conceal'd—but where— Oh Heavens, he comes—'Tis for you I fear—

[*They search for a place.*

Man. He comes—

Mir. Here, let my Train secure you—Till now I never found the right Use of long Trains and Farthingals.

[*She kneels, Man. puts her Train over Olivia.*

Enter Prince and George, at the Door.

Geo. 'Sdeath, you have made these Pauses and Alarms to give her time to jilt you.

Prince. Pray Heaven she do—I'd not be undeceiv'd for all the Sun surveys. [Enters.

Mir. My Lord the Prince! now you are kind indeed. [Goes and embraces him.

—hah! what means this Unconcern?

Prince. I thought I'd left you sick, extremely sick.

Mir. And are you griev'd to find my Health return?

Prince. No, wondrous glad of it. You're mighty gay, *Mirtilla*, much in Glory.

Mir. Can he, who lays his Fortune at my Feet, think me too glorious for his Arms and Eyes?

Geo. Fifty to one the Gipsy jilts him yet. [Aside.

Prince. Pray Heaven she lyes but handsomly— [Aside.
—for mine, *Mirtilla*! Ha—ha—

Mir. Am I not yours? You cannot doubt my Vows.

Geo. She'll do't, and make me love her anew for her rare dexterity at dissembling.

Prince. I left you wearied, going to your Bed, but find you at your Toylet gayly dress'd, as if some Conquest you design'd e'er morning.

Mir. Manage, Sir, from the Fire, secur'd these Trifles, and I was trying several Dresses on; that this slight Beauty that you say has charm'd you, might, when you saw it next, complete the Conquest.

Geo. And that thou wilt, if Flattery can do't.

Prince. Now, were she guilty, as I'm sure she's not, this Softness would undo me, and appease me.

Mir. You seem as if you doubted what I say.

[This while, Olivia gets off unseen.

By all the Powers—

Prince. Hold, I scorn to need an Oath to fix my Faith; Oh! thou art all divine, and canst not err. [Embraces her.
Curs'd be the Tongue that dares profane thy Virtue, and curs'd the listning Fool that dares believe it.

Geo. What a poor, wretched, baffled thing is Man, by feeblér Woman aw'd and made a Coxcomb!

Mir. Durst any one traduce my Virtue, Sir, and is it possible that you could hear it?—Then perish all the Beauties you have flatter'd. [*Tears her Head-things.*

Prince. Come to my Arms, thou Charmer of my Soul! and if one spark of Jealousy remain, one of those precious Tears shall quench the Crime—Oh, come, and let me lead thee to thy Bed, and breathe new Vows into thy panting Bosom.

[*Leads her off, she looks back on George and smiles.*

Geo. Now all the Plagues of injur'd Lovers wreck thee; 'Sdeath, where has she hid *Olivia*? or how am I deceiv'd?—'Tis Day, and with it new Invention rise to damn this Woman to the sin of Shame; break all the Chains that hold the princely Youth, and sink her with her fancy'd Power and Vanity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Lady Youthly's.*

Enter Sir Rowland half dress'd, Lady Blunder in an Undress, Lady Youthly in her morning-dress, Teresia and Mr. Twang.

Sir Row. Morrow, my Lady *Youthly*, and thank you for my Night's Lodging—You are as early up as if it had been your Wedding-day.

L. Youth. Truly, Sir *Rowland*, that I intend.

Sir Row. But where's the Bride-groom, Madam?

Enter Roger.

How now, *Roger*, what, no news yet of *George*?

Rog. Alas! none, Sir, none, till the Rubbish be removed.

Sir Row. Rubbish—What—what, is *George* become the Rubbish of the World then? [*Weeps.*

Twang. Why, Man is but Dust, as a Man may say, Sir.

L. Blun. But are you sure, *Roger*, my Jewel, my Sir *Moggy* escap'd?

Rog. The Watch drew him out of the Cellar-window, Madam.

L. *Youth*. How, Mr. *Twang*, the young Gentleman burnt—Oh—
[*Falls in a Chair.*]

Ter. Alas ! my Grandmother faints with your ill News.
—Good Sir *Rowland*, comfort her, and dry your Eyes.

Sir *Row*. Burnt, Madam ! No, no, only the House fell on him, or so—

[*Feigns Chearfulness, and speaks to Lady Youthly.*]

L. *Youth*. How ! the House fell on him—Oh !

Sir *Row*. Ah, Madam, that's all ; why, the young Rogue has a Back like an Elephant—'twill bear a Castle, Madam.

L. *Youth*. Alas, good Man : What a Mercy 'tis, Mr. *Twang*, to have a Back like an Elephant !

L. *Blun*. Of what wonderful Use it is upon occasion—

Sir *Row*. Ay—but—but I shall never see him more,
Back nor Breast. [Weeps.]

Twang. Good Sir, discomfort not my Lady—Consider Man's a Flower—

Sir *Row*. Ay, but *George* was such a Flower ! He was, Mr. *Twang*, he was the very Pink of Prentices. Ah ! what a rare rampant Lord Mayor he wou'd have made ! And what a swinging Sheriff— [Cries.]

Ter. What, cry, so near your Wedding-day, Sir *Rowland* ?

Sir *Row*. Well, if he be gone—Peace be with him : and, 'Ifaks, Sweet-heart, we'll marry, and beget new Sons and Daughters—but—but I shall ne'er beget another *George*. [Cries.]

Ter. This is but a Scurvy Tune for your hymenical Song, Sir.

Sir *Row*. Alas ! Mrs. *Teresia*, my Instrument is untun'd, and good for nothing now but to be hung upon the Willows.

Cry within. Murder, Murder, Murder !

Enter Footman. Sir *Merlin* with his Sword drawn, and Sir *Morgan*.

Sir *Row*. What's here, my Rogue ?

Twang. What's the matter, Gentlemen, that ye enter the House in this hostile manner?

Sir Morg. What, Mr. *Twang*, de see!

Sir Mer. Ay, ay—stand by Divinity—and know, that we, the Pillars of the Nation, are come, de see—to ravish.

L. Blun. Oh, my dear *Sir Morgan*. [*Embraces him*.

Sir Morg. I do not intend to ravish, like a *Jew*, in my own Tribe—

L. Youth. What say they, Mr. *Twang*, ravish? Oh, save my Honour—lead me to my Bed-Chamber, where, if they dare venture to come, they come upon their Peril.

[*Twang leads her out. Sir Morgan goes to Ter*.

Sir Mer. Old Fellow, do'st hear? *Sir Pandarus of Troy*, deliver me my *Cressida*, de see, peacefully, or I am resolved to bear her off *Vi & Armis*.

L. Blun. Sweet Nephew, retire, we are just upon making your Peace.

Sir Mer. Ha—Old Queen *Gwiniver*, without her Ruff on? [*Sir Merlin takes hold of her to bear her off; she cries out* :

Sir Rowland draws upon him. As they are going to fight, George enters.

Geo. Is there a Man in Nature's Race so vile, dares lift a guilty Hand against his Father?

Sir Mer. Father me no Fathers; I fight for *Teresia*, my lawfully begotten Spouse.

Geo. That I once called you Brother, saves your Life; therefore resign your Sword here at his reverend Feet.

Sir Mer. Sirrah, you lye, Sirrah—

Geo. There, drag away this Brute.

[*Disarms him. To the Footman*.

Sir Mer. Rogues, Dogs, bring Mrs. *Teresia* along with you.

Ter. Sure this is my fine Fellow—and yet the very same that's to be married to my Grandmother; nor can that City Habit hide the Gentleman.

[*George speaks this while with his Father, who embraces him*.

Sir *Morg.* Burnt, say you, Mrs. *Teresia*, de see—my Lady *Mirtilla* burnt! Nay, then, 'tis time to go to sleep, get sober, and marry again. [*Goes out.*]

Sir *Row.* Enough, my Boy, enough; thou deserv'st my whole Estate, and thou shalt have it, Boy—This day thou shalt marry the Widow, and I her Grand-child. I'll to my Lawyers, and settle all upon thee instantly. [*Goes out.*]

Geo. How, marry to day—Old Gentleman, you must be cozen'd; and, Faith, that goes against my Conscience—Ha, the Fair, the Young *Teresia* there—When a man's bent upon Wickedness, the Devil never wants an Opportunity to present him with, that she shou'd be in my way now—Fair Creature, are you resolv'd to be my Mother-in-law?

Ter. As sure as you to be my Grandfather, Sir—And see—the News of your being come, has rais'd my Grandmother.

Enter Lettice, my Lady's maid, and Lady Youthly.

Geo. A Pox upon her, her Ghost had been less frightful.

Ter. I cou'd have spar'd her now too; but see she advances as swift as Time.

Geo. And as old: What shall I do? I dye to speak with you—

L. Youth. Where—where's this Young Welcome Gentleman—Oh, are you here, Sir—

[*She sees him not, but runs upon him.*]

Lettice, take *Teresia*, and get you to your Chamber, she has her Trinkets to get ready against the Wedding anon, for we'll make but one work of both.

Ter. Ay, 'twill save Charges, Madam—

L. Youth. Ay, ay, get you gone, Lovers sometimes wou'd be private.

Geo. Hark ye—leave me not to her mercy, by Love, if you do, I'll follow you to your Chamber.

Ter. Leave you! No, hang me if I do, till I have told you a piece of my mind, for I find there's no dallying.

L. Youth. Well, Sir, I have finish'd the Great Work.

Geo. I wish you had—*Teresia*, once you made me hope you did not hate me.

L. Youth. What says he, *Teresia*?

Ter. He says, he hopes you do not hate him, Madam.

L. Youth. No, by my Troth, Sir; I feel something for you, I have not felt before.

Geo. Not these Threescore Years, I dare swear—You have too much Wit, *Teresia*, to have been only pleas'd with the Embroider'd Coat, and Gawdy Plume, when still the man's the same.

L. Youth. What says he, Embroider'd Coat and Plume?

Ter. He hopes your Ladyship likes him ne'er the worse, for being without those Fopperies.

L. Youth. Marry do I not, I love not this over-finery in a Husband; those Fellows that dress, think so well of themselves, they never mind their Wives.

Geo. Are you so dull, *Teresia*, not to see, this Habit was put on, only to get an Opportunity to tell you my Passion?

L. Youth. Tell me of his Passion! was it so, alas, good Young Man—Well, well, I'll defer your Joys no longer, this Night shall make you happy, Mr. *Twang* shall join us, Sir.

Geo. A blessed hearing—You see, Charming Maid, how very short a space there is between this and the hast'ning hour; stand not on Virgin Niceties, but answer me, our time admits of no Consideration.

Ter. I have not been this Four and Twenty hours a Lover, to need Considering; as soon as you had my Heart, you had my Consent, and that was the first moment I saw you at the *Basset-Table*.

Geo. Ha! at the *Basset-Table*!

Ter. Yes, I was the frank Youth that lent you Money—but no more—your Time and Place.

L. Youth. What are you prating to him there?

Ter. He doubts your Love, Madam, and I'm confirming it.

L. Youth. Alas, good Gentleman!—anon I'll convince him—for in the Ev'ning, Sir, the Priest shall make us one.

Geo. Ah, Madam, I cou'd wish 'twere not so long defer'd, for sure I love you like a sighing Swain, and as a Proof of it, I have here prepar'd an Emblem of my Love in a Dance of Country Lovers, when Passion is sincere.

L. Youth. Good-lack-a-day, indeed you're so obliging: But pray let us have the Dance. [*Dance.*]

L. Youth. Very pretty indeed. Come, good Gentleman, don't droop, don't droop; come, hold up your Head—you may be allow'd one kiss beforehand.

Geo. [*Kisses her.*] Oh, what a pestilential Blast was there! [*Aside.*]

L. Youth. Come, come, *Teresia*, come with me.

Geo. [*to Teresia.*] I'll send a Chair to your Back-gate anon, that shall wait you on the Field-side, and bring you whither I shall appoint. Get ready instantly.

Ter. And if I fail, may I be eternally damn'd to the Embraces of old Age. [*Exeunt all but George.*]

Geo. *Mirtilla*, thus thy Scorn I will out-brave,
And let my Father the kind Cheat forgive;

If I with dexterous charitable care

Ease him of Burdens he wants strength to bear. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Welborn's Chamber.

Enter Welborn dressing himself; to him a Footman with a Letter.

Wel. Prithee what became of the Spark that lay with me last Night?

Foot. I know not, Sir, he 'rose before day—What Letter's this, Sir? It lay upon your Toylet.

[*Gives Welborn a Letter.*]

Wel. To the dear Man whose Name I would be glad to know—

Hum—a Woman's Hand—

The Lady you saw last Thursday in the Mall, you had in Bed with you last Night. Adieu.

Oh! dull Divinity of Love! that by no Instinct, no sympathizing Pains or Pleasure, could instruct my Sense, how near I was to Happiness!

Enter George, fine.

—*Lejere*, behold me here the most unlucky Fellow breathing. Thou know'st I told thee how I was in love with a young Woman in the *Mall*: And this very Night I had this very Woman in my Arms.

Geo. Is this your ill Luck, Sir?

Wel. 'Sdeath, all the while I took her for a Man: But finding me asleep, she softly rose; and, by a Light yet burning in my Chamber, she writ this Billet, and left it on my Table.

[Gives it George, he reads it.]

Geo. By all that's good, *Olivia*!—And were you very honest, Sir?

Wel. To my eternal Shame, as chaste as Ice.

Geo. What will you say now, *Charles*, if I bring this Woman to you again?

Wel. Canst thou? Oh, let me kiss thy Lips away.

Geo. For all her Frolick, *Charles*, she's very honest, a Fortune, and of Quality—and were't not for *Olivia*, thou shouldst marry her.

Wel. *Olivia* I ne'er saw, and now 'twill be too late.

Geo. Nay then, Sir, I must fight in her Defence.

Wel. You fight in her defence! Why, dost thou love her?—By all that's good, I will resign her to thee.

Geo. You shall not, Sir; and know she is my Sister.

Wel. *Olivia* thy Sister!—

Geo. Ask no more Questions, but defend your self, if you refuse to marry her; for her Honour's mine.

Wel. Were she an Angel, I must love this Woman.

Geo. Then thou shalt have her—Haste, and get a Licence—no more—trust my Friendship—Go.

[*Exit Welborn.*

Enter Olivia.

Olivia, where did you lie last Night?—Nay do not blush, for you may yet be virtuous.

Oliv. Virtuous! Not the young Roses in the bud secur'd, nor breaking Morn ungaz'd at by the Sun, nor falling Snow has more of Purity.

Geo. I do believe you; but your dangerous Frolicks will make the World talk shamefully.

Oliv. Let him talk on, I will not humour Fools.

Geo. No more—here's *Manage*—Contrive an Assignment with *Mirtilla*; but do not hide again where none may find you. This done, I'll tell you more, and make you happy. How now, *Manage*, is the Prince stirring?

Man. He's in his Dressing-Room, Sir.—This from my Lady, Sir.

[*Slides the Letter into Olivia's Hand as she passes out.*

Geo. What have you there, *Olivia*? [*Takes the Billet.*

Oliv. An Assignment from your perjur'd Mistress, Sir.

Geo. 'Tis well—you must obey the Summons; and wind her up to all the height of Love; then let her loose to Shame. I'll bring her Lover in the height of Dalliance, who, when he sees her Perfidy, will hate her.

Oliv. And then the lovely Man stands fair for me.

[*Aside.*

Geo. Go write an Answer back—and wait her hour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *The Dressing-Room. Discovers the Prince at his Toylet, dressing. Musick and a Song.*

Enter George, waits till the Song is ended. The Prince sees him, comes to him with Joy, and falls about his Neck.

SONG, by Mr. Gildon.

I.

*Ah Charmion! shroud those killing Eyes,
That dart th' extremes of Pleasure,
Else Celidon, though favour'd, dies
As well as him that you despise,
Though with this diff'rent measure:
While lingring Pains drag on his Fate,
Dispatch is all th' Advantage of my State;
For ah! you kill with Love, as well as Hate.*

II.

*Abate thy Luxury of Charms,
And only Part discover;
Your Tongue, as well as Eyes, has Arms
To give a Thousand fatal Harms
To the poor listening Lover:
Thy Beams, like Glorys veil'd shou'd be,
And like the Front of Heav'n, unseen, pass by;
For to behold 'em, in full force, we die.*

*Prince. Mirtilla, O! I faint, I die with thy Beauty's
Luxury! by Heaven, I'm all Rapture, Love, and Joy:
Such a dear Night, Lejere!—Poets may fancy pressing
Goddesses, on downy Beds of Clouds—But oh, Lejere!—
Those Gods were never half so blest as I!*

Geo. What pity 'twere to wake you from this Dream.

*Prince. It is not in the power of Time nor Age: For
even then Mirtilla will have Charms! Oh, how she
speaks! how well she'll grace a Story!*

Geo. How gay her Wit! how movingly she writes!

Prince. I do believe she does. [*A little seriously.*]

Geo. Would it displease you, should you see a Billet from her?

Prince. That's as it were directed. [*Gravely.*]

Geo. You would not credit what you saw last Night.

Prince. Nor wou'd have lost that Night for all the Treasure the vast Ocean hides.

Geo. I wou'd not have a Man, so good and great, be made a Woman's Property—There, Sir.

[*Gives him the Billet.*]

Prince. I'll not believe it her's; there are a thousand ways to ruin Innocence; if she be false—she's damn'd. Confirm me, and of course I shall despise her. You cure me, when you shew her worth my Scorn.

Geo. Will you be rul'd then, and believe it Friendship in me?

Prince. I will.

Geo. Give her, by Absence, but an Opportunity; feign some Excuse to leave the Town to day.

Prince. See where she comes—

Enter Mirtilla.

Adorn'd with all the beauteous Wonders of her Sex. The Gods of Love are playing in her Eyes, and give us Wounds from ev'ry graceful Motion. Ah, my *Mirtilla*! how shall I support the Absence of a many coming Hours, that languish, being from thee but a Moment?

Mir. I hope, my Lord, Fate is not so unkind, to let me live without you many Hours.

Prince. Can all this be dissembl'd? [*Aside to George.*]

Geo. How much more have I heard? yet all was false.

Prince. I must this Day—this tedious live-long Day, be absent from thy Sight—but shall be back i'th' Evening: I'll leave *Lejere* to wait on your Commands.

Mir. *Lejere* shall ever, Sir, be dear to me—But I'll

retire, and sigh till your Return—that World affords no Pleasure where you are not.

Prince. Do you hear that, Sir? [*Aside to George.*
Till Night, thou dearest Blessing of my Life—Adieu.

[*Mirtilla going out, pulls Lejere by the Sleeve.*

Mir. Thou little, mischievous informing Thing, how vainly hast thou lavish'd out Invention! [*Smiling. Exit.*

Prince. By Heaven, methinks 'twere Sin but to suspect her.

Geo. Think so; I'll trouble your Repose no more: I've done my Duty, and I wou'd not see you made a—

Prince. Property—Ha—A loath'd convenient Tool—A Woman's Implement—'Sdeath! she that off—Loose to the nasty Love of every Fool, that will be flatter'd, cozen'd, jilted, cuckolded—No more—I will, unseen, convey my self into the Closet in my Dressing-Room; 'tis near her Bed—and if I find her wanton—

Geo. If you find her—the Youth is waiting now that shall convince you.

Prince. Where?—Oh, set the happy Slave but in my View, and—

Geo. No, faith, Sir, be convinc'd before you strike, for fear she jilt you out of Sense and Reason—

Prince. Come to my Closet, from thence we may observe all that passes in her Chamber; from whence I'll break upon the perjur'd Fair, like Thunder from a Cloud, and more destructive. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber. Draws and discovers Mirtilla and Manage.*

Mir. Is the Prince gone?

Man. Yes, Madam.

Mir. Then bring *Endimion* to me.

Man. Madam, I wish you'd think no more of him; for I foresee, that this Amour must ruin you. Remember you have left a Husband for the Prince.

Mir. A Husband! my Drudge, to toil for me, and save me the Expence of careful Thoughts: My Cloke, my Led-Horse, for Necessity to fill my Train—no more—but *Endimion* waits. [Exit Manage.

—There is a native Generosity in me, that checks my Inconstancy to this great Man; yet I have so much Woman in my Soul, cannot pain my self to do him Justice—A new desire of humouring my wish, sways all my Interest, and controuls all my Honour. Why should I lose a Pleasure for a Promise? since Time, that gives our Youth so short a Date, may well excuse our needful Perjury.

Enter Manage, and Olivia, she runs and embraces him.

—Let the young bashful Maid, unskill'd in Love, deny the pressing Swain.

Let wither'd Age, who fondly dreams of Virtue, lose the dear Opportunities of Life.

The coming Hours present themselves to us; and are too nice, not to be snatch'd when offer'd.

Oliv. So hasty! this disarms me of Excuse. [Aside.

Mir. Why are thy Eyes bent down? Why dost thou pause?

Oliv. So hot!—I must prepare to shew my Sex's Evidence, if nothing else will do. [Unbuttons her Coat.

Mir. What, not a Word!

Advance, thou bashful Youth—Love in thy Eyes, and Coward in thy Heart! The one all Fire, the other too much Ice.

Prince and George looking out.

Prince. Yet stay me, my *Lejere*, from my hasty Vengeance.

Oliv. Ah, Madam, how are you mistaken! 'Tis not Coldness in me—but—

Mir. What, Bashfulness!

Oh, Love will lend thee Courage;
This Trembling is the soft Effects of it.

Oliv. Oh, how vilely she's mistaken!

Mir. Come to my Bed, and press the Roses down; and lend more sweetness to 'em than they bring.

[*She leading him to her Bed, the Prince enters, with Lejere, holding his Sword in Hand; he takes hold of Olivia.*

Prince. Love—thus I fling thy gaudy Fetters off, and am no more a Slave to faithless Beauty.

[*The Prince holding Olivia by the Bosom of her Coat, her Breast appears to Mirtilla.*

Mir. Ha! what do I see?—Two Female rising Breasts. By Heav'n, a Woman.—Oh fortunate Mis-chance! [*This while George is arguing with the Prince not to hurt Olivia.*

Prince. No, I will not hurt thee, cease thy trembling.

Mir. Oh, Sir, 'twere Sin to hurt the lovely Youth.

Prince. No, Madam, since I have taken back my Heart, I can present you with another Lover. [*Gives Olivia to her.*

Mir. Ha! another Lover!—What means my Prince?

Prince. Eternally to leave you to your Frailty.

Mir. Can you so easily cancel all your Vows? Then kill me at your Feet, I do implore it.

[*Kneels and weeps.*

Prince. Away, I do forgive thee, wretched Woman.—But yet be gone—lest Love and Rage return, and I should kill you yet with your young Darling.

Mir. Whom mean you, Sir, this lovely Maid?

Oliv. Maid!—What means she? Sure she cannot know me.

Prince. Talk on, false Woman! till thou hast persuaded my Eyes and Ears out of their native Faculties, I scorn to credit other Evidences.

Mir. Try 'em once more, and then repent, and die.

[*Opens Olivia's Bosom, shews her Breasts.*

Prince. Ha—By Heav'n, a Woman!

Mir. You that wou'd smile at my suppos'd undoing, present yourself no more before my Eyes.

'Twas to perplex you that I feign'd this Passion.

I saw you had your Spies to watch for Mischief,

[*To George.*

And poison all my Happiness with the Prince.—

And since I am thought so criminal, I'll take an everlasting leave of you. [*To the Prince.*

When I am dead, may she you honour next repay your Tenderness as I have done—But may she never meet my wretched Fate. [*She snatches Olivia's Sword out.*

Prince. Hold, thou most valu'd Treasure of the World, or turn the pointed Weapon to my Heart.

Mir. No, I'm false, unworthy of your Love.

Geo. Yes, by Heaven. But thou hast jilted him so handsomly, thou'st vanquish'd all my Rage.

Mir. Yes, I am false; false to this Gallant Man,—

[*To George.*

false to my Husband, to my Sex's Fame; for you more charming, I alas am perjur'd.

Prince. *Lejere*, have I then injur'd thee?

Geo. This is the fatal Beauty, Sir, for whom so often you have seen me languish.

Prince. Ah! wouldst thou see me on a Precipice, and not prevent my Danger?

Geo. To mightier Friendship I cou'd all surrender, and silently have born her Perjuries; but those to you, awaken'd all my Rage: but she has out-trick'd me, and I beg her Pardon—And to secure her yours, have lov'd anew, and beg Protection in your Lodgings, Sir, for a young Maid whom I design to marry.

Prince. Command my Life, my Fortune, and my Sword, for the unwilling Injury I have done thee—And is this the charming, perjur'd Fair, *Mirtilla*?

Geo. It is, Sir.

Prince. Since it is possible that you cou'd cease to love this Gallant Man, whom I have heard with so much tender Passion tell your Loves, what sacred Vows had

past, and what Endearments, how can I hope from thee a lasting Faith?—Yet on the Oaths that thou hast sworn to me—by all thy Hopes of Pardon for thy Perjuries, to ease my panting Heart—once speak the Truth—Didst thou not take this Woman for a Man?

Mir. I did—and were she so, I wou'd with Pride own all the Vows I've broke.

Prince. Why, this is fair—and though I buy this Knowledge at the vast Price of all my Repose; yet I must own, 'tis a better Bargain than chaff'ring of a Heart for feign'd Embraces—Thou hast undone me—yet must have my Friendship; and 'twill be still some Ease in this Extreme, to see thee yet repent, and love *Lejere*.

Mir. No, Sir, this Beauty must be first declining, to make me take up with a former Lover.

Geo. No, Sir, I have dispos'd my Heart another way; and the first knowledge of her Falshood cur'd me: Her Marriage I forgave—that thing of Form—but never could her Fondness to this Youth.

Prince. Who's this Lady, Sir, whose Pardon I must beg?

Geo. My Sister, Sir, who I disguis'd on purpose to be a Guard to this suspected Fair One.

Enter Welborn.

Wel. Ha, she's there!

Now every Feature points me out my Conqueress.—Nay, start not—I have found Thee, thou malicious Charmer, to bring me so near to Bliss, and not afford me one kind hint.

Oliv. And are not you a very dull Fellow, that lov'd and long'd, and had the Maid so near you, and yet needed a Hint?

Wel. Nay, if you conceal'd your precious Talent, how shou'd it profit any body?

Oliv. Conceal'd it!—No, Faith, I made a very fair Tender; but you refus'd it, as not being current Coin.

Wel. But if you most feloniously, and unlawfully deface

our Sovereign's Image, so as it may be as soon taken for the Grand Signior's, I may suspect the Metal too.

Oliv. What say you if I tender it before these lawful Witnesses?

Wel. I'll take it for good Payment—I *Charles Welborn*—

Oliv. Ha, *Welborn*! [*Aside.*

Wel. Take thee—whom?—Gad, if the Parson of the Parish knew your Name no better than I—'twill be but a blind Bargain.

Geo. *Olivia Marteen*—

Wel. My destin'd Wife!

Geo. The very same: Have you the Parson ready?

Wel. He waits in my Chamber.

Oliv. Madam, I beg you'll lend me something more becoming my Sex.

Mir. *Manage* will furnish you from my Wardrobe.

[*Exit Olivia with Manage.*

Enter Teresia.

Geo. And see my good Genius appears too.

Ter. See, Sir, I am resolv'd to be welcome to your Arms; look, here are the Writings of the Estate my Grandfather left me, and here's three thousand Pound my Grandmother has settled on me, upon her Marriage with you. [*Gives him the Writings.*

Geo. And here's my Father's Estate settled on me—Come, let's put them together—and go in, and let the Parson do as much for us. [*Puts 'em in her Case.*

Ter. But have you very well considered this Matter?

Geo. *Teresia*, we'll do like most Couples, marry first, and consider afterwards— [*Leads her in.*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here's Sir *Merlin*, with a Lady mask'd, wou'd speak with you.

Wel. Carry 'em into the Dining-Room, I'll wait on 'em anon. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE IV. *My Lady Youthly's; Discovers her, and Lettice dressing her.*

L. Youth. Hold the Glass higher, *Lettice*; is not this Tour too brown?—Methinks it does not give a youthful Aire to my Face.

Lett. That's not in Nature.

L. Youth. Like Nature! Ay, but Nature's self wants Art, nor does this Fontange suit with my Complexion—put on a little more red, *Lettice*, on my Cheeks, and Lips.
[*She does so.*]

Lett. Ay, for they are but a little too much upon the Coventry-Blue—This Tour must come more forward, Madam, to hide the Wrinkles at the corners of your Eyes—
[*Pulls it.*]

L. Youth. Ay, *Lettice*, but there are others, that neither Tours, nor Paint, nor Patches will hide, I fear—yet altogether, *Lettice*—

[*Puts on her Spectacles, and looks in the Glass.*]
Enter Sir Rowland.

Sir Row. What, no Bride yet, nor Bridegroom?

L. Youth. Ay, what can be the meaning of this?

Sir Row. But *Teresia*, Madam, where can she be gadding?

L. Youth. Why, *Lettice* tells me, she went to buy some Trifles to adorn her this Night—Her Governante is with her, and my Steward.

Enter Mr. Twang.

Twang. Alas, what pity 'tis; the Supper is quite spoil'd, and no Bridegroom come!

A Noise of hallowing without, and Musick.

Enter Lady Blunder.

L. Blun. Bless us! Here's a whole Regiment of Liveries, Coaches, and Flambeaux at the Door! the Fops of the Town have heard of a Wedding, and are come in Masquerade.

Enter Musick playing; after them, Prince Frederick, leading Mirtilla, George leading Teresia; Sir Merlin, Diana; Mrs. Manage, Britton; Pages, and Footmen, all in Masquerade. Sir Morgan comes in, all in Mourning; Welborn, and Olivia.

Sir *Mer.* Hearing of a high Wedding, Sir, we made bold (as the saying is) to give you Joy. Sir, are not you the Bridegroom?

Ter. Where's your Bride, Sir? Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Mer.* Ay, ay, where's your Bride?

Sir *Row.* What's that to you, Sir Coxcomb?

Sir *Mer.* Hum—how the devil came he to know me now?—Is this reverend Gentlewoman your Lady, Sir?

Sir *Row.* Ounds, they come to mock us!—Hark ye, hark ye, Tawdrums, if you are Men, shew your Faces; if Apes, play over your Monkey-Tricks and be gone, d'ye hear.—We are not at leisure for Fooling.

Geo. Be but at leisure, Sir, to pardon [George kneels. this one Disobedience of my Life, and all the rest I'll dedicate to please and humour you. Sir, I am marry'd.

[Pulls off his Mask.

Sir *Row.* What the Devil's that to me, Sir?

Geo. Do not you know me, Sir?

Sir *Row.* No, Sir, nor don't care to know any such flaunting Coxcombs.

Geo. Look on me, Sir. [Looks on him, knows him, goes

Sir *Row.* Hum, hum, hum— away, and returns.

Ter. It is your Son, Sir, your darling Son, who has sav'd your Life from Insolence.

Sir *Row.* Hum—*Teresia!*

L. Youth. How, *Teresia!* what, robb'd me of my intended Husband? Oh, undone! undone! [Falls into a Chair.

Sir *Row.* And hast thou, after all, served me such a Rogue's Trick, thou ungracious Varlet? What, cuckold thine own Father!

Geo. Oh, do not frown, I cannot bear your Anger!
Here will I hang for ever till you Pardon me.

[*Clasps his Knees.*

Sir Row. Look—look—now cannot I be angry with
the good-natur'd young Rogue. [*Weeps.*

Well, *George*—But hark ye, *Sirrah*, this is a damn'd Trick
of yours.

Geo. Sir, I found my Youth was fitter for her than your
Age, and you'll be as fond of a Grand-Child of my be-
getting as you would of a Son of another Man's perhaps.

Sir Row. Thou'rt in the Right on't.

Sir Mer. Ha! Is *Monsieur Lejere* then my Brother
George?

Geo. Sir, Here's another Couple wants your Pardon;
my Brother *Merlin*, and my Lady *Diana*.

L. Blun. *Diana*! What, *Sir Harry Modish's* Mistress?

Dia. Yes, he pawn'd me at the *Basset-Table*; and, in
Revenge, I resolv'd to marry the next Man of Fortune
I met with.

Sir Row. The Fool had more Wit than I thought he
had; for which I'll give him a Thousand Pound a Year.

Geo. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Mir. Pray, Melancholy Sir, who are you in Mourning
for?

Sir Morg. Alas, Madam, for a Person of Quality that
was my Wife; but rest her Soul, she's burnt. [*Weeps.*
And I shall never see any thing again like her.

Mir. No! What think you of this Face, Sir?

Sir Morg. As Gad shall sa' me, as like as if the same.

L. Blun. In troth, and so she is.

Prince. 'Tis true, she was once your Wife; but I have
preserv'd her from the Flames, and I have most Right to
her.

Sir Morg. That's a hard Case, Sir, that a Man must
lose his Wife, because another has more Right to her than
himself; Is that Law, Sir?

Prince. Lover's Law, Sir.

L. Blun. Ay, ay, Son, 'tis the Fashion to marry one Week, and separate the next. I'll set you a President for it my self.

[*In this time Welborn kneels with Olivia; Sir Rowland takes 'em up, and kisses 'em.*

Sir Morg. Nay, if it be the Fashion, I'll e'en into the Country, and be merry with my Tenants, and Hawk, and Hunt, and Horse-match.

Prince. But now, Sir, I'll resign my Right to you, and content myself with the Honour to have preserv'd her from the Fire.

[*Prince delivers Mirtilla to Sir Morgan, who receives her.*

Sir Morg. As gad shall sa' me, Sir, you're a civil Person; and now I find you can endure a Woman, Sir, I'll give you leave to visit her.

Sir Row. Well, since we're all agreed, and that the Fiddles are here, adsnigs, we'll have a Dance, Sweet-heart, though thou hast out-witted me.

[*Takes Teresia, George takes Lady Youthly, &c.*
After the Dance, Lady Youthly weeps.

Geo. What, weeping yet? Here, Mr. *Twang*, take the Lady to your Care; in these Cases, there's nothing like the Consolation of your young Chaplain.

The Widow, with young Jointure, and old Face,
Affected Mein, and Amorous Grimace,
Uses to fall to th' younger Brother's share;
But I by Fortune, and Industrious Care,
Have got one that's Rich, Witty, Young, and Fair. }

F I N I S .

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Horden.

WE'VE grown Impatient to be out of pain,
 And fain wou'd know our fortune, loss, or gain :
 The Merchants phrase mayn't be Improper now,
 If ye our City Character allow.
 But some Spruse Criticks, I hear, swears 'tis strange,
 To take a powder'd Beau off from the Exchange ;
 A place more fam'd for Band, and dress precise,
 For greasy Cuckholds, Stockjobbers, and lies,
 Than for a Spark o'th' town, but now a days
 The Cit sets up in box, puffs, perfumes, plays,
 And tho' he passes for a Man of Trade,
 Is the chief squeaker at the Masquerade,
 Let him his Sister, or his wife beware,
 'Tis not for nothing Courtiers go so far ;
 Thus for a while he holds, till Cash is found
 To be a Dr. many a woful Pound,
 Then off he moves, and in another year,
 Turns true Alsatian, or Solicitor.
 For we (except o'th' stage) shall seldom find
 To a poor broken Beau, a Lady kind,
 Whilst pow'rful Guinea last, he's wondrous pretty,
 And much the finest Gentlemen o'th' City,
 But when job's empty, he's an odious Creature.
 Fough, how he stinks ! h'as not one taking feature,
 Then such an Awkard mein, and vulgar sence,
 I vow, I wonder at his Impudence !
 'Tis well Lejere appear'd, George owes the prize
 To the Gay Monsieur, Footmen and Disguise,

*Charms which few English Women can withstand,
What can't a Man of Quality command?*

As to the faults, or Merits of the Play

We leave ye to be judges of, yet say,

Ye ought in justice to be kind to day.

For to our Cost alas, we soon shall find,

Perhaps not half the money ye design'd,

Consider, Sirs, it goes to be refin'd.

And since in all Exchanges 'tis a notion,

For what ye take to be in due proportion,

So may we justly hope no wrong is done ye

If ye have par of Wit for par of Money.

NOTES.

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

SIR PATIENT FANCY.

- p. 7, l. 1 *To the Reader*. Only in 4to 1678.
- p. 10 *Dramatis Personæ*. I have added 'Abel (*Bartholmew*), Clerk to Sir Patient Fancy; Brunswick, a friend to Lodwick Knowell; Antie, Waiting-woman to Lucretia; Nurse; Guests.' In former editions the physicians are grouped together as 'Five Doctors', and 'The Lady Knowell is mistakenly termed 'Mother to Lodwick and Isabella', which I have corrected to 'and Lucretia'. I have noted the confusion of 'Abel' and 'Bartholmew' in the the introduction, pp. 5-6.
- p. 11, l. 2 I have added 'in Lady Knowell's House.'
- p. 13 l. 14 *Foibles*. 4to 1678 'feables'.
- p. 14, l. 17 *apamibominous . . . podas*. 4to 1678 'apamibominus . . . Podis'.
- p. 15, l. 3 *Mudd*. 1724 'mad'.
- p. 16, l. 12 *now, Curry, from*. 1724 omits 'Curry'.
- p. 16, l. 25 *Branford*. 1724 here and *infra* 'Brentford'.
- p. 16, l. 30 *Cuffet's*. 1724 'Cusset's'.
- p. 22, l. 22 *not*. Erroneously omitted by 4to 1678.
- p. 23, l. 2 *a Dog*. 4to 1678 'the Dog.'
- p. 23, l. 16 *with Page*. I have added the Page's exit.
- p. 25, l. 20 *Ex. severally*. 4to 1678 adds 'The End of the First Act.'
- p. 25, l. 22 *to Sir Patient Fancy's House*. I have added these words.
- p. 33, l. 27 *Exit with L. Fan*. I have added the necessary 'with L. Fan.' 4to 1678 reads 'Goes out.'
- p. 35, l. 2 *Roger attending*. I have added this entrance of Roger here.
- p. 36, l. 21 *Enter Sir Patient*. 4to 1678 gives this entrance after 'mercy', l. 22.
- p. 40, l. 25 *Exit Roger*. I have added this exit here, and at p. 43, l. 2.
- p. 44, l. 6 *Exeunt severally*. 4to 1678 adds 'The End of the Second Act.'
- p. 44, l. 9 *to a room in Sir Patient Fancy's house*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 45, l. 11 *and Maundy*. I have supplied Maundy's entrance here.
- p. 47, l. 1 *a thousand Faults*. 1724 mistakenly reads 'a thousand hidden Faults'.
- p. 48, l. 34 *in spite to*. 1724 'in spite of' which makes nonsense of the passage.
- p. 49, l. 8 *Scene III*. I have numbered this and all the succeeding scenes of Act III.
- p. 53, l. 32 *Witbin*. Not in any previous edition.
- p. 54, l. 10 *Witbin*. All previous editions print this stage direction as part of Sir Patient's speech.
- p. 54, l. 19 *Discovery*. All previous editions here have 'Enter Sir Patient', which is a very patent error. I have supplied 'Within' as stage direction.
- p. 59, l. 6 *Isabella, Fanny*. I have supplied 'Fanny' to this stage direction.
- p. 59, l. 19 *D'on*. 4to 1678 misprints 'D'on on Flannel'.

- p. 60, l. 13 *Enter Roger*. I have supplied the names 'Roger' and 'Abel' to this stage direction.
- p. 61, l. 13 *Exeunt*. 4to 1678 adds 'The End of the Third Act.'
- p. 71, l. 27 *are*. 4to 1678, not so well, 'were'.
- p. 72, l. 19 *A Chamber in Sir Patient Fancy's House*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 77, l. 2 *come*. 4to 1678 'came'.
- p. 77, l. 33 *but for my sending him, Madam, credit me*. 1724 omits this sentence.
- p. 79, l. 13 *sad*. 1724 'said'.
- p. 79, l. 31 *Exit*. I have supplied this stage direction.
- p. 81, l. 1 *Exit Roger*. I have supplied this.
- p. 81, l. 11 *little*. 1724 misprints 'letter'.
- p. 82, l. 30 *Fanny and Nurse go*. All previous editions have 'Fanny goes'.
- p. 82, l. 31 *Scene IV*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 82, l. 33 *Entering*. I have supplied this necessary stage direction.
- p. 87, l. 15 *Hogsdowne*. 1724 'Hogsdon'.
- p. 89, l. 3 *leading her*. Omitted in 1724. 4to 1678 here has 'The End of the Fourth Act.'
- p. 89, l. 5 *Scene I. A Room*. All previous editions have 'Scene I. A Table and Six Chairs.'
- p. 89, l. 28 *come*. 4to 1678 'came'.
- p. 95, l. 20 *fatum*. 4to 1678 'facum'.
- p. 96, l. 2 *and will*. 1724, very erroneously, 'and I will'.
- p. 98, l. 13 *and Bartholomew*. I have added this entrance, unmarked in former editions, as later in the scene (p. 99, l. 30) he is addressed.
- p. 98, l. 16. *Exit Roger*. I have supplied this.
- p. 99, l. 35 *Exit*. I have added this stage direction.
- p. 100, l. 4 *Exit Lod*. This is unmarked in previous editions.
- p. 100, l. 25 *Medicinæ Professores*. 1724 'Medicina Presessores, qui hic assemblati esti, & vos altra Mesioris'.
- p. 101, l. 12 *Deliberation*. 4to 1678 here has '[Goes out.' which must obviously be a mistake.
- p. 102, l. 2 *Whirligigoustipbon*. 1724 'Whirligigousticon'.
- p. 107, l. 36 *Exeunt Doctors*. All previous editions faultily have 'Exeunt.' after 'whole Family.—' I have added 'Doctors.'
- p. 108, l. 27 *and Nurse*. I have added these words as she is addressed later in the scene (p. 109, l. 31.)
- p. 110, l. 24 *and Sir Cred*. I have added these words.
- p. 111, l. 34 *Consort*. 1724 'Comfort'.

THE AMOROUS PRINCE.

- p. 123 *Dramatis Personæ*. I have added to the list '*Salvator*, Father to *Lorenzo* and *Laura*.' 'Ismena' is spelled 'Ismenia' throughout by 1724.
- p. 124, l. 10 *Should those*. 4to 1671 reads 'Dwell'st perceive us' as a separate line. Throughout the play, except in lines as this specially noted, I carefully follow the metrical division of 4to 1671. 1724 prints many speeches and whole scenes as prose which the quarto gives as verse. It is noticeable that the edition of 1711 follows the quarto.
- p. 125, l. 17 *Bays*. 1724 'Bay'.

- p. 127, l. 31 *Exit Pietro*. 1724 'Exit.' which would tend to a confusion here.
- p. 131, l. 1 *Thinking*. 4to 1671 ends this line at 'Life' and makes 'Might . . . Virtue' a second line.
- p. 133, l. 15 *accompted*. 1724 'accounted'.
- p. 134, l. 34 *a my*. 1724 'on my'.
- p. 137, l. 15 *They retire*. 4to 1671 'Exeunt.'
- p. 137, l. 16 *Scene IV. The Same*. All previous editions 'Scene IV.'
- p. 140, l. 28 *fixt*. 1724 'fit'.
- p. 141, l. 2 *me alone*. 1724 'me all alone'.
- p. 141, l. 28 *Ism. I can*. 1724 wrongly gives this speech to Isabella.
- p. 144, l. 4 *if there need an Oath between us*— 1724 'is there need of Oaths between us?'
- p. 144, l. 15 *Gal. My Lord*. All previous editions give Galliard's lines with speech-prefix 'Ser.'
- p. 145, l. 30 *An*. 4to 1671 'And'.
- p. 146, l. 30 *Exit*. I have supplied this stage direction.
- p. 146, l. 31 *Antonio's House*. I have added the locale.
- p. 147, l. 10 *hurt ones*. 4to 1671 'hurts one'. 1724 'hurt one'.
- p. 147, l. 16 *Cure*. 1724 'spare'.
- p. 152, l. 18 *The Street*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 152, l. 32 *being retir'd*. 1724 'retires'.
- p. 154, l. 34 *Pag*. All previous editions here give speech-prefix 'Boy'. The alteration from 'Page' to 'Boy' is quite unnecessary.
- p. 155, l. 13 *Lor. and Page run*. All previous editions 'Lor. runs away', but obviously the Page accompanies his master.
- p. 156, l. 1 *Antonio's House*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 157, l. 10 *Puts on the Veil*. 1724 merely reads 'Exeunt.'
- p. 157, l. 12 *A Chamber*. I have supplied the locale.
- p. 157, l. 29 *Exit Page*. I have added this stage direction.
- p. 158, l. 17 *you will believe*. 1724 omits 'will'.
- p. 160, l. 7 *A Room*. I have supplied the locale.
- p. 161, l. 23 *you're*. 1671 'your'.
- p. 163, l. 19 *A Street*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 171, l. 30 *Galliard*. 4to 1671 has 'with a Galliard', and to Galliard's lines gives speech-prefix 'Serv.'
- p. 172, l. 6 *and his Page*. I have marked the Page's entrance here. It is not noted by previous editions.
- p. 173, l. 16 *Ex. Page*. 4to 1671 'Ex. Boy.'
- p. 174, l. 6 *Bone Mine*. 4to 1671 'Bon Meen'.
- p. 174, l. 13 *with Musick*. I have added these words.
- p. 176, l. 30 *did not bate*. 1724 omits 'not'.
- p. 177, l. 22 *never*. 4to 1671 'ever'.
- p. 177, l. 32 *Joy*. 4to 1671 'Joy'.
- p. 178, l. 10 *Ism. Know it was*. Both 4to 1671, and 1724 read 'No, it was', which does not give sense. There can be little doubt 'Know' is the correct reading.
- p. 178, l. 18 *slight*. 1724 'flight'.
- p. 178, l. 29 *A Street*. I have added this locale, which no previous edition marks.

- p. 183, l. 25 *Frederick's Chamber*. I have added this locale.
- p. 184, l. 22 *oft*. 1724 'soft'.
- p. 185, l. 35 *Exeunt Musick*. I have inserted this stage direction.
- p. 186, l. 3 *Exit Page*. I have supplied this.
- p. 187, l. 23 *A Street*. I have added this locale.
- p. 188, l. 3 *Antonio's Valet*. 4to 1671 simply 'Vallet.' 1724 'Valet' The servant is obviously Antonio's man.
- p. 188, l. 27 *foutering*. 1724 'soutering'.
- p. 189, l. 2 *To some Tune like him*. Only in 4to 1671.
- p. 189, l. 9 *And quite unweil'd*. Only 4to 1671 gives this line.
- p. 190, l. 31 *Antonio's House*. I have supplied the locale.
- p. 193, l. 10 *Laura's Chamber*. I have added the locale.
- p. 197, l. 30 *A Grove*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 199, l. 36 *Teresia's*. 4to 1671 'Teretia's'.
- p. 200, l. 3 *certain 'tis*. 4to 1671 'it is certain'.
- p. 200, l. 28 *What Arms*. 4to 1671 gives this line to Pietro.
- p. 201, l. 21 *Millanoise*. 1724 'Milanese'.
- p. 201, l. 22 *Genovese*. 1724 'Genoese'.
- p. 201, l. 27 *a Maltan who pretends*. 1724 'the Maltese, who pretend'.
- p. 201, l. 30 *a Cicilian*. 1724 'the Sicilians'.
- p. 201, l. 31 *his*. 1724 'their'. The alterations made by 1724 and the confusion of plurals and singular in this passage, which I have left untouched, are noticeable.
- p. 202, l. 27 *sets*. 1724 'sits'.
- p. 203, l. 5 *others*. 1724 'other'.
- p. 203, l. 12 *O'*. 4to 1671 'A'.
- p. 204, l. 20 *their*. 4to 1671 'the'.
- p. 206, l. 33 *Visors*. 1724 'Vizards'.
- p. 207, l. 5 *Braves*. 1724 'Bravoes'.
- p. 209, l. 19 *'Twas a Temptation*. 1724 quite erroneously gives this speech to Cloris.
- p. 212, l. 13 *Clo. speaks aside to Guil*. 1724 'Aside to Guil.'
- p. 212, l. 24 *Curtain Falls*. Only in 4to 1671.
- p. 213, l. 5 *E'en bumble*. 4to 1671 omits 'E'en'.
- p. 213, l. 22 *Leadies*. 1724 'Ladies'.

THE WIDOW RANTER.

- p. 221, l. 1 *To the much Honoured*. This Dedicatory Epistle is only found in the 4to 1690.
- p. 223, l. 13 *Cruse*. Misprinted 'Cause' in 4to 1690 and in 1724. *The True Widow* (4to 1679), and the edition of 1720 (Shadwell's collected works) give 'Cruse.' All editions of Dryden until Christie misread 'Cause'.
- p. 223, l. 16 *Poll*. 4to 1690 *Pole*. 1724 *Pool*. *The True Widow* (4to 1679) and edition of 1720 both give 'Poll'.
- p. 225 *Dramatis Personæ*. I have added to the list 'Cavaro, an Indian, Confidant to the Indian King. Jack, a Sea-Boy. An Officer; Messenger; Seaman; 2nd Seaman; A Highlander. Jenny, Maid to *Widow Ranter*. Nell, Maid at the Inn. Anaria, Confidante to the Indian Queen. Maid to Madam Surelove. Bailiffs, Rabble, Negroes. I have supplied the

name *Jeffery* to the Coachman from i, iii (p. 239), and also designated Mrs. *Flirt* 'a Tapstress'. *Daring*, which name is indifferently spelt in the 4to 1690 *Dareing* or *Daring*, I have given consistently throughout. For *Chrisante* 1724 sometimes has *Crisante*. To the Scene I have added 'James-Town, and the surrounding Country.'

- p. 226, l. 3 *Jack*. I have inserted this name from *infra* l. 20.
- p. 226, l. 17 *Enter Flirt and Nell*. I have supplied this necessary entrance.
- p. 227, l. 9 *Exit Nell*. I have inserted this exit. Nell's entrance is marked later and she is certainly not on the stage during the ensuing scene.
- p. 227, l. 27 *I*. Omitted in 4to 1690.
- p. 227, l. 30 *being*. 'was' 4to 1690.
- p. 227, l. 35 *Cully in*. 'Cully' as a verb. 1724 'Cully to'. 'Cully' as a substantive.
- p. 228, l. 10 *any thing*. 4to 1690 'any thing any thing'.
- p. 229, l. 1 *fail, thou*. 4to 1690 'fail, there thou'. This insertion of 'there' interrupts the sense.
- p. 229, l. 26 *wherever*. 1724 'whenever'.
- p. 230, l. 1 *whom*. 4to 1690 'which'.
- p. 230, l. 34 *stand*. 4to 1690 'stands'.
- p. 231, l. 24 *Smoke*. 1724 'Tobacco'.
- p. 231, l. 28 *Exit Nell*. I have supplied this stage direction.
- p. 231, l. 34 *paulter*. 1724 'poultry'. *Vide* critical note on this passage.
- p. 232, l. 8 *and Nell with drink, pipes, etc.* I have supplied these words.
- p. 232, l. 19 *take*. 4to 1690 'took'.
- p. 232, l. 34 *an*. 4to 1690 'on'.
- p. 233, l. 28 *the Bob*. 1724 'a Bob'.
- p. 234, l. 28 *Guinea*. 4to 1690 'Guinia'.
- p. 235, l. 17 *The Council-Table*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 235, l. 22 *give*. My own emendation: previous editions 'be'.
- p. 236, l. 12 *make*. 4to 1690 'have'.
- p. 237, l. 6 *Down*. *I say*. 4to 1690 wrongly gives this speech to Dunce.
- p. 238, l. 25 *If we wou'd*. 1724 'If he wou'd'.
- p. 239, l. 25 *Jeffery*. I have supplied the name here from the following line.
- p. 239, l. 31 *Exit*. Not noted in former editions.
- p. 240, l. 2 *of a Baboon*. 4to 1690 'of Baboone'.
- p. 240, l. 5 *Tumbler*. 4to 1690 misprints 'Fumbler'.
- p. 241, ll. 15, 18 *Pound*. 1724 'Pounds'.
- p. 242, l. 32 *Sure reads*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'she reads', which is ambiguous.
- p. 243, l. 16 *de la guerre*. 4to 1690 'de la gare'.
- p. 244, l. 17 *Tbey join with Surelove*. Only in 4to 1690.
- p. 245, l. 21 *have Cbarms*. 1724 'have those Charms'.
- p. 245, l. 28 *Mediator*. 1724 'Meditator'.
- p. 245, l. 32 *would make me lay the Conqueror*. 1724 'would lay me a Conqueror'.
- p. 248, l. 12 *knip*. 1724 mis-spells this rare word 'nip'.
- p. 252, l. 36 *A Scots Dance*. 1724 'A Scotch Dance'.
- p. 253, l. 28 *Billet-Doux*. 4to 1690 'Billet-Deax'.
- p. 254, l. 12 *Drinking all this while sometimes*. Only in 4to 1690.
- p. 255, l. 16 *Pulls a Bottle*. 4to 1690 'Pulls out a Bottle'.

- p. 255, l. 28 *Drinks*. Only in 4to 1690.
- p. 256, l. 31 *durst*. 4to 1690 'darst'.
- p. 258, l. 26 *Enter Brag*. Both 4to 1690 and 1724 have 'Enter a Messenger', and give l. 27 speech-prefix 'Mes.' Both, however, give the next speech he speaks (l. 33) to Brag and have later 'Exit Brag.'
- p. 259, l. 5 *Whimsey*. Both 4to 1690 and 1724 here and elsewhere cut the name down to 'Whim.'
- p. 259, l. 9 *wish'd that the Plot*. 4to 1690 'wish'd the Plot'.
- p. 261, l. 17 *care*. 1724 'ear'.
- p. 262, l. 25 *Wellman's Guards*. 4to 1690 'Wellman, his Guards'. But Wellman has not left the stage. The comma printed by 1690 is probably a mistake and we should read 'Wellman his Guards'.
- p. 263, l. 24 *Exit*. 4to 1690 gives no direction. 1724 has 'Exeunt.' But Timorous is left alone on the stage.
- p. 264, l. 1 *hollow*. 4to 1690 'hallow'.
- p. 266, l. 15 *That*. Omitted in 4to 1690.
- p. 270, l. 8 *Exeunt*. 4to 1690 gives no stage direction here.
- p. 272, l. 28 'tis a little of the D— breed. [*sic*] 4to 1690. 1724 'tis little of the D— breed'.
- p. 274, l. 1 *baste with*. 1724 'haste you with'.
- p. 275, l. 28 *stands and stares a while*. 1724 'stands a while and stares'.
- p. 277, l. 28 *shall be*. 4to 1690 'shall not be'.
- p. 279, l. 12 *Priests*. 4to 1690 'Priest'.
- p. 289, l. 10 *draw*. 4to 1690 'draws', but not as a stage direction.
- p. 289, l. 21 *Scene III*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 290, l. 14 *Daring, looks*. 4to 1690 'Daring, and looks'.
- p. 290, l. 31 *devote*. 1724 'divorce', a bad error.
- p. 290, l. 33 *the fittest*. 1724 'a fit'.
- p. 295, l. 9 *Exeunt*. 4to 1690 'Ex.' 1724 'Exit'.
- p. 296, l. 8 *Exeunt*. I have supplied this necessary stage direction.
- p. 296, l. 11 *beat*. 4to 1690 'beating'.
- p. 296, l. 13 *fight, lay*. 4to 1690 'fight, so that they lay'.
- p. 296, l. 22 *All go out*. Previous editions 'Goes out.'
- p. 296, l. 23 *Scene II*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 298, l. 26 *All Exeunt*. I have added this direction.
- p. 298, l. 27 *Scene III*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 299, l. 12 *submission*. 1724 'Admission'.
- p. 299, l. 17 *Pauwomungian*. 4to 1690 'Pauwmungian'.
- p. 300, l. 2 *After Noise*. 1724 omits 'After'.
- p. 303, l. 16 *They go out*. Previous editions 'Goes out.'
- p. 303, l. 23 *Scene IV. Changes to another part of the Wood*. All previous editions 'Scene changes to a Wood.'
- p. 304, l. 21 *are*. 4to 1690 'is'.
- p. 305, l. 12 *go out*. 4to 1690 'goes out'.
- p. 305, l. 21 *Whimsey*. In former editions abbreviated to 'Whim.'
- p. 306, l. 9 *Exeunt*. Former editions 'Exit Duncie.'
- p. 306, l. 10 *Scene V*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 306, l. 18 *Lover's*. 4to 1690 'Love's'.
- p. 306, l. 20 *more*. 1724 omits.

- p. 306, l. 32 *and the rest.* Previous editions 'and officers', but plainly all the characters of the preceding scene assemble.
- p. 307, l. 21 *What has be, Mistress?* 4to 1690 omits.
- p. 309, l. 1 *Epilogue.* It will be noted that with some trifling alterations this is the Prologue to *Abdelazar*.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

- p. 316, l. 1 *The Epistle Dedicatory.* This only appears in 4to 1696. It is there followed by *An Account of the Life of the Incomparable Mrs. BEHN*, an entirely worthless composition of some three pages, afterwards vastly expanded into *Memoirs* 'by one of the Fair Sex'.
- p. 316, l. 21 *The narrow Virtues . . . [which] were.* 4to 1696 omits 'which' but it is necessary that this or some similar word be inserted to make the paragraph sufficiently grammatical.
- p. 319, l. 9 *an Intriguer.* 4to 1696 'the intrigues'.
- p. 319, l. 17 *Mistress young.* 4to 1696 erroneously gives 'young' as a proper name 'Mistress Young'.
- p. 321 *Dramatis Personæ.* I have added 'Philip; Diana; Pages, Footmen, Masqueraders, Servants, Rakehells, &c.' 4to 1696 spells Britton 'Brittone'; Mr. Pinketham 'Mr. Pinkerman.' Powell is indifferently spelt 'Powell' or 'Powel'.
- p. 327, l. 2 *be.* 4to 1696 omits.
- p. 327, l. 7 *Prince.* Here and in ll. 11 and 19 all former editions give speech-prefix 'Fred', but afterwards uniformly 'Prince' throughout the play.
- p. 329, l. 31 *a.* 4to 1696 omits.
- p. 329, l. 34 *Tablets:* 4to 1696 gives 'Tablets write:' which is obviously a misprint for 'Tablets written:' or, perhaps, 'Tablets writ'.
- p. 330, l. 23 *Candle.* Here, and in the following line, 4to 1696 misprints 'Candle'.
- p. 332, l. 22 *set.* 1724 'sit'.
- p. 337, l. 7 *Sir Mer.* 4to 1696 misprints 'Sir Mark'.
- p. 337, l. 19 *George Kneels.* I have inserted 'George'.
- p. 337, l. 20 *Ay, Sir.* 4to 1696 marks this line 'Aside.' An obvious error.
- p. 331, l. 10 *Sir Rowland.* 4to 1696 'Sir Merlin'.
- p. 338, l. 16 *Chaplain [Mr. Twang], and leaning.* 4to 1696 'her Chaplain, and leaning'. I have inserted Twang's name and given in l. 19 speech-prefix 'Twang' which all former editions mark 'Chap.', altering, however, to 'Twang' later in this scene at 'Truly, Madam'.
- p. 339, l. 20 *cuckold.* 4to 1696 'Cuckhold'.
- p. 339, l. 34 *The End of the First Act.* Only in 4to 1696.
- p. 340, l. 2 *Sir Rowland's Lodging.* I have supplied this locale.
- p. 340, l. 29 *Lookye.* 4to 1696 has '(Alone.) Lookye'—an obvious error. '(Alone.)' is probably a misprint for '(Aloud.)' which is of itself quite unnecessary.
- p. 341, l. 13 *Hearts.* 4to 1696 'Heats'.
- p. 342, l. 3 *'twill.* 4to 1696 'will'.
- p. 342, l. 19 *India.* 4to 1696 'Indian'.
- p. 343, l. 13 *A Chamber.* I have supplied this locale.
- p. 346, l. 17 *Hackney-Coach.* 4to 1696 'Hackney'.

- p. 346, l. 31 *pimp*. 4to 1696 misprints 'Pump'.
- p. 348, l. 8 *they*. 4to 1696 omits.
- p. 349, l. 29 *Sir Morgan Blunder's*. 4to 1696 'Sir M. Blun.'
- p. 350, l. 24 *Another Chamber*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 351, l. 10 *another*. 4to 1696 adds to this stage direction 'Sir Mer. together.'
- p. 352, l. 7 *a Tendre*. 1724 omits 'a'.
- p. 353, l. 11 *too*. 4to 1696 'to'.
- p. 354, l. 2 *A rich Chamber*. I have supplied this locale.
- p. 358, l. 4 *Expectations*. 1724 'Expectation'.
- p. 358, l. 34 *Olivia enters*. 4to 1696 reads 'Enter Olivia with a letter. Olivia gives Welborn the letter.'
- p. 359, l. 33 *Enter Sir Morgan*. Before the couplet 4to 1696 repeats 'Sir Morg. and Sir Merl. singing.'
- p. 360, l. 10 *de*. 1724 here and elsewhere 'd'ye'.
- p. 362, l. 18 *you*. 4to 1696 'thou'.
- p. 363, l. 17 *Whitber?* 4to 1696 'Whether?'
- p. 367, l. 26 *Exeunt*. I have added this stage direction.
- p. 370, l. 30 *Exit Prince with Mirtilla*. Former editions 'and Mirtilla'.
- p. 371, l. 14 *Exit*. 4to 1696 'Exit George.'
- p. 373, l. 15 *Exeunt*. 4to 1696 'Exit both.'
- p. 373, l. 23 *of thy hopes*. 4to 1696 omits 'of'.
- p. 373, l. 32 *ruffle, ravish, and ruin*. 4to 1696 'Ruffles, Ravishes, and Ruines'.
- p. 374, l. 8 *Racks*. 4to 1696 'Wrecks'.
- p. 374, l. 35 *feebly*. 1724 'freely'. A patent error.
- p. 375, l. 4 *near to being*. 1724 'near being'.
- p. 375, l. 33 *Exeunt*. Not in 4to 1696.
- p. 376, l. 1 *Scene II*. I have numbered this scene, and the following (p. 378, l. 16.) *Scene III*.
- p. 379, l. 33 *Sir Merlin with his Sword*. 4to 1696 'Sir Merlin his Sword'.
- p. 380, l. 19 *she cries out*. 1724 omits 'out'.
- p. 381, l. 17 *My Lady's maid*. I have inserted these words.
- p. 383, l. 27 *Welborn's Chamber*. I have marked this locale.
- p. 385, l. 13 *him*. 1724 'them'.
- p. 386, l. 18 *has*. 4to 1696 'had'.
- p. 386, l. 24 *Mirtilla*. All previous editions here have 'Lydia', which makes no sense. It is probable that the original name of Mirtilla was Lydia, and Mrs. Behn, or Gildon, neglected to alter it in this passage.
- p. 388, l. 28 *Scene III*. All previous editions have 'Scene discovers Mirtilla and Manage.'
- p. 388, l. 35 *you have left*. 1724 'you left'.
- p. 393, l. 17 *Exit Olivia with Manage*. I have added Manage's name here.
- p. 394, l. 1 *Scene IV*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 398, l. 26 *Fough, bow he stinks!* 4to 1696 'Fough, he how he stinks?'

NOTES: CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

SIR PATIENT FANCY.

- p. 7 *to show their breeding (as Bays says)*. cf. *The Rehearsal*, ii, 11:—
 1 King. You must begin, *Mon foy*.
 2 King. Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnez moy*.
Bays. Mark that: I makes 'em both speak *French* to shew their breeding.
- p. 14 *Armida*. cf. Tasso's *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xiv, &c. *Armida* is called *Corcereis* owing to the beauty and wonder of her enchanted garden. *Corcyra* was the abode of King *Alcinous*, of whose court, parks and orchards a famous description is to be found in the seventh *Odyssey*. *Martial* (xiii, 37), speaks of '*Corcyraei horti*', a proverbial phrase.
- p. 20 *Mum budget*. 'Mum budget', meaning 'hush', was originally the name of a children's game which required silence. cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, iv: 'I . . . cried *mum* and she cried *budget*.' cf. also the term 'Whist'.
- p. 22 *Beginning at Eight*. The idea of this little speech is, of course, from *Bonnicorse's La Montre*, Mrs. Behn's translation of which will be found with an introduction in Vol. VI, p. 1.
- p. 22 *the Bergere*. cf. *The Feign'd Courtizans* (Vol. II, p. 346): 'The hour of the Berjere'; and the note on that passage (p. 441).
- p. 32 *Ay and No Man*. cf. Prologue to *The False Count* (Vol. III, p. 100): 'By Yea and Nay'; and note on that passage (p. 480).
- p. 44 *Within a Mile of an Oak*. A proverbial saw. cf. D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* (1696), III, Act v, 1, where Teresa cries: 'The Ass was lost yesterday, and Master *Carasco* tells us your Worship can tell within a mile of an Oak where he is.'
- p. 44 *Rustick Antick*. A quaint country dance.
- p. 62 *Hypallages*. A figure of speech by which attributes are transferred from their proper subjects to others.
- p. 62 *Belli fugaces*. Ovid, *Amorum*, I, 9, has '*Militat omnis amans et habet sua castra Cupido*', and the idea is common. I have made no attempt to correct the tags of Latinity in this play. Mrs. Behn openly confessed she knew no Latin, and she was ill supplied here. I do not conceive that the words are intentionally faulty and grotesque. Lady Knowell is a pedant, but not ignorant.
- p. 65 *Madame Brenvilliers*. Marie-Marguerite d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, was executed at Paris 16 July, 1676.
- p. 66 *Bilbo-Blades!* Or oftener 'bilbo-lords', = swash-bucklers. cf. *The Pilgrim* (folio, 1647), v, vi, where Juletta calls the old angry Alphonso 'My Bilbo Master'.
- p. 70 *wbip slap-dash*. These nonsensical bywords, which were very popular, are continually in the mouth of Sir Samuel Harty, a silly coxcomb in

Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* (1676). Nokes, who was acting Sir Credulous, had created Sir Samuel Hartly.

- p. 71 *The Bell in Friday-street*. The Bell was an inn of note in Friday Street, Cheapside. cf. *Cal. State Papers* (1603-10, p. 455): 'Sir Thomas Estcourt . . . to Thomas Wilson. Is about to leave London and proffers his services. If he has occasion to write to him he may have weekly messengers . . . at the Bell, Friday Street.'
- p. 79 *th' Exercise*. The puritanical term for private worship. cf. 1663 *Flagellum*; or, *O. Cromwell* (1672), 21. 'The Family was called together to prayers; at which Exercise . . . they continued long.' cf. *The Round-heads* (Vol. I), Act ii, 1: 'his Prayers; from which long-winded Exercise I have of late withdrawn my self.'
- p. 83 *Mirabilis*. Aqua mirabilis, a well-known invigorating cordial. cf. Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode* (1672), iii, 1: 'The country gentlewoman . . . who . . . opens her dear bottle of Mirabilis beside, for a gill glass of it at parting.'
- p. 84 *Tranghams*. Nick-nacks, toys, trinkets. cf. Arbuthnot, *History of John Ball* (1712-3), Pt. II, c. vi: 'What's the meaning of all these trangrams and gimcracks?'
- p. 92 *to souse*. cf. Florio (ed. 1611): 'to leape or seaze greedily upon, to souze downe as a hauke.'
- p. 93 *this Balatroom*. A rogue. The word is very rare. cf. Cockeram (1623): 'Ballatron, a rascally base knave.'
- p. 95 *Rotat omne fatum*. This would be an exceptionally rare use of *rotare* = *rotari*, intransitive. But Mrs. Behn, as Dryden tells us in his preface to the translation of Ovid's *Heroides* (1680) 'by many hands', insisted upon the fact that she knew no Latin.
- p. 100 *Medicinæ Professores*. This is from the *Troisième Intermède* of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, which commences:—
Savantissimi doctores,
Medicinæ professores,
Qui hic assemblati estis;
Et vos, altri messiores,
Sententiarum facultatis.
- p. 101 *Vanderbergen*. A well-known empiric of the day.
- p. 102 *Haly the Moore, and Rabbi Isaac*. Ali Bey (Bobrowski), a Polish scholar, died at Constantinople 1675. He wrote, amongst other treatises, *De Circumcisione*; *De Aegrotorum Visitatione*. These were published at Oxford in 1691. Isaac Levita or Jean Isaac Levi was a celebrated rabbi of the sixteenth century. A professor at Cologne, he practised medicine and astrology.
- p. 104 *Stetin*. Stettin, the capital of Pomerania, was one of the chief towns of the Hanseatic league. Occupied by Sweden 1637-1713, it was the centre of continual military operations.
- p. 105 *A Dutch Butter-ferkin, a Kilderkin*. These terms are common abuse as applied to a corpulent person. A firkin (Mid. Dut., vierdekijn) = a small cask for holding liquids or butter; originally half-a-kilderkin. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (1700) has 'Firkin of foul Stuff; a . . . Coarse, Corpulent Woman'. cf. Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe* (1682):—

A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.

Shadwell was extremely gross in habit and of an unwieldy size.

- p. 105 *Topping and Napping*. 'To top' and 'to nap' are slang terms signifying to cheat, especially with dice. cf. R. Head, *Canting Academy* (1673), 'What chance of the dye is soonest thrown in topping, shoring, palming, napping.' Both words occur very frequently, and are amply explained in the Slang Dictionaries.
- p. 105 *Cater-Tray*. Quatre-trois; a cast at dice.
- p. 112 *Good morrow*. Wittmore quotes the opening lines of *Volpone*, Act i, 1:
Good morning to the day; and next my gold!
Open the shrine that I may see my saint.
Hail the world's soul and mine!
- p. 115 *John-a-Nokes*. The fictitious name for the one party in a legal action. The term came to have the same meaning as 'Jack-hold-my-staff' = any fool or nincompoop.
- p. 116 *Vizard Mask*. The commonest Restoration synonym for a 'bona roba', especially as plying the theatre.

THE AMOROUS PRINCE.

- p. 121 *Great Johnson's way*. cf. what Mrs. Behn says in her 'Epistle to the Reader' prefacing *The Dutch Lover* (Vol. I, p. 224), of the Jonsonian enthusiast: 'a man the most severe of Johnson's Sect.'
- p. 121 *Nokes and Angel*. The two celebrated low comedians. Angel died in the spring of 1673. He was a great farceur, but gagged unmercifully, to the no small annoyance of the poets.
- p. 121 *Cataline*. Jonson's tragedy was revived with great splendour at the King's House, Friday, 18 December, 1668, and remained a stock play until the retirement of Hart (who excelled in *Catiline*) at the Union in 1682. Michael Mohun was famous in *Cethegus*, and Mrs. Corey in *Sempronius*. Pepys found the play itself rather dull as a whole 'though most fine in clothes, and a fine Scene of the Senate, and of a fight, as ever I saw in my life.' A year before its actual production his crony, Harry Harris, a member of the rival theatre had 'talked of *Catiline* which is to be suddenly acted at the King's House; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enough; and Burt acts *Cicero*, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlet robes.' (11 December, 1667.) In the first quarto (1672), of Buckingham's *The Rebearsal*, Bayes refers to *Catiline* saying that his design in a certain scene is 'Roman cloaths, guiled Truncheons, forc'd concept, smooth Verse, and a Rant.' The words 'Roman cloaths' are omitted in all subsequent editions.
- p. 121 *the comick Hat*. In 1670 there was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada*, Part 1. The witty prologue was 'spoken by Mrs. Ellen Gwyn' (who acted *Almahide*) 'in a Broad-Brimm'd Hat, and Waist Belt'. It commences thus:—
This jest was first of t'other house's making,
And five times tried, has never fail'd of taking;

For 'twere a shame a poet should be kill'd
 Under the shelter of so broad a shield.
 This is the hat, whose very sight did win ye
 To laugh and clap as tho' the devil were in ye.
 As then, for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be
 So dull, to laugh, once more, for love of me.

Two slightly different explanations are given of the jest. Theatrical tradition has it that Dryden supplied Nell Gwynne, who was plump and petite, with this hat of the circumference of a cart wheel, in ridicule of a hat worn by Nokes of the Duke's company whilst playing *Ancient Pistol*. It is again said that in May, 1670, whilst the Court was at Dover to receive the Duchess of Orleans, the Duke's Company played there Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers*, and Caryl's *Sir Salomon; or, The Cautious Coxcomb*, in which latter comedy Nokes acted Sir Arthur Addle, a bawling fop. The dress of the French gallants attending the Duchess was characterised by an excessively short laced scarlet or blue coat, a very broad waist-belt and a wide-leaved hat. Nokes appeared on the stage in a still shorter coat, a huger waist-belt, and a hat of preposterous dimensions. The Duke of Monmouth buckled his own sword to the actor's side; and, according to old Downes, our comedian looked more like a dressed-up ape or a quiz on the French than Sir Arthur Addle. The English Court was straightway convulsed with laughter at this mimicry, which seems, to say the least, in highly questionable taste. When Nell Gwynne appeared and burlesqued the biter, Charles II, who was present at the first performance of *The Conquest of Granada*, well nigh died of merriment, and her verve in delivering Dryden's witty lines wholly completed her conquest of the King. Nell Gwynne did not appear on the boards after 1670.

p. 121 *The Jig and Dance*. cf. note (on p. 43), Vol. III, p. 477: *A Jigg (The Town Fop)*. The Jig is in this prologue clearly distinct from a dance. Act iv, sc. III (p. 185): 'Cloris dances a Jig'—(i.e. the simple dance).

p. 133 *Capriol*. Capriole (French) signifies a leap made by a horse without advancing.

p. 140 *Clarina, why thus clouded?* Similar expressions in Davenant's *The Siege of Rhodes* (4to 1663), Part 1, the Second Entry:—

Mustapha. I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

And in Sir William Barclay's *The Lost Lady* (folio, 1639), Act ii:—

Enter Phillida veiled who talks to Ergasto aside and then goes out.

Cleon. From what part of the town comes this fair day

In a cloud that makes you look so cheerfully?

are burlesqued in *The Rehearsal*, iii, v:—

Vols. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

p. 164 . . . *is welcome*. Buckingham parodies this in *The Rehearsal*, iv, iii:—

Cordelio. My lieges, news from *Volscius* the prince.

Usber. His news is welcome, whatso'er it be.

Smith. How, sir, do you mean that? Whether it be good or bad?

- p. 172 *tabering*. Beating on; tapping; drumming. This rare word occurs in *Nabum*, ii, vii: 'Her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves tabering upon their breasts.'
- p. 180 *Hansel'd*. To handsel is to inaugurate with some ceremony of an auspicious kind. e.g. to begin the New Year by presenting a new comer with a gift.
- p. 183 *She leapt into the River*. *The Rehearsal*, Act v, burlesques this:—'*The Argument of the Fifth Act* . . . *Cloris* in despair, drowns herself: and *Prince Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walks by the River side.'
- p. 188 *fouter*. Fouter (Fr. *fouter*; Lat. *futuere*), *verbum obscaenum*. cf. the noun in phrase 'to care not a fouter' (*footra*, *footre*, *foutre*), 2 *Henry IV*, v, iii. To 'fouter' is also used (a vulgarism and a provincialism) in a much mitigated sense = to meddle about aimlessly, to waste time and tongue doing nothing, as of a busybody.
- p. 189 *Nipperkin*. This would seem to be a slang expression, as Grose gives it meaning 'a small measure'. It was also used for the actual stone jug. cf. D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719): 'Quart-pot, Pint-pot, nipperkin.' *N. E. D.*, quoting this passage, explains as 'a small quantity of wine, ale, or spirits.'
- p. 190 *Campfire Posset*. Camphor had a high reputation as an antaphrodisiac. cf. Dryden, *The Spanish Friar* (1681), Act i, where Gomez says of his wife: 'I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning, for her breakfast, to abate incontinency'; also Congreve, *The Way of the World* (1700), iv, xii: 'You are all camphire and frankincense, all chastity and odour.'

THE WIDOW RANTER.

- p. 221 *Madam Welldon*. This Dedicatory Epistle only appears in 4to 1690. The lady doubtless belonged to a branch of the famous Weldons, of Swanscombe, Kent, and is probably to be identified with Madam Lucy Weldon, *née* Necton, the wife of Colonel George Weldon.
- p. 222 *G. J.* Almost certainly George Jenkins, of whom we have two copies of complimentary verse prefixed to *La Montre, or The Lover's Watch*. *vide* Vol. VI, pp. 9–11.
- p. 223 *Prologue*. This prologue was first spoken to Shadwell's comedy, *The True Widow*, produced at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, 21 March, 1678, and it is printed with all copies of that play. It was, no doubt, used on the present occasion by permission of Dryden. It will be noticed that the Epilogue to *The Widow Ranter* is the Prologue to *Abdelazar*.
- p. 223 *Muss*. A scramble. cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 13:—
 . . . of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
 Like boys unto a muss, Kings would start forth,
 And cry 'Your will?'
- p. 226 *a Cogue of Brandy*. 'Cogue' is a Kentish word. *Kent Glossary* (1887), has 'cogue; a dram of brandy'; and Wright, *Eng. Dial. Dic.*, who gives 'cogue' as exclusively Kentish, assigns precisely the same meaning. D'Urfey, however, *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), vi, p. 351, has 'a cogue of good ale'.

- p. 227 *Groom Porter's*. The Groom Porter was an officer of the Royal Household. This post was abolished in the reign of George III. From the sixteenth century he regulated all matters connected with card playing, gambling, and dicing within the precincts of the court. He even furnished cards and dice, and settled disputes concerning the game.
- p. 227 *high and low Flats and Bars*. i.e. Doctored dice. cf. *Chamber's Cycl. Supp.* (1753), 'Barr Dice, a species of false dice so formed that they will not easily lie on certain sides.' This cant term is found as early as 1545. cf. Ascham's *Toxophilus*. Flats are also cards.—(Grose, and J. H. Vaux, *Flash Dic.*)
- p. 231 *shier*. Schire=clear; pure. A Gaelic word. cf. Herd, *Scotch Songs* (2nd ed. 1776), II, *Gloss*.—'We call clear liquor shire'.
- p. 231 *paulter*. Mean; worthless. This rare form is perhaps found only here. The *N. E. D.* does not give it. But we have 'paltering' and 'palterly'.
- p. 232 *Hoggerds*. A rare word, being obsolete for Hogherd. cf. De Parc's *Francion*, iv, 3 (tr. 1655): 'Our Regent (who had in him no more humanity than a Hoggard).'
- p. 233 *trusting for old Oliver's Funeral broke*. The obsequies of Oliver Cromwell, originally fixed for 9 November, 1658, owing to the extraordinary magnificence of the preparations were not performed until 23 November. For many days his waxen effigy, dressed in robes of state, was exhibited at Somerset House. The expenses totalled £60,000, and it was a public scandal that a great part of this wanton and wasteful extravagance remained unpaid, to the undoing of the undertakers. On 25 August, 1659, in the *Kalendar of State Affairs (Domestic)*, the following occurs: 'Report by the Committee appointed by Parliament to examine what is due for mourning for the late General Cromwell, that on perusal of the bills signed by Cromwell's servants, and of the account of Abr. Barrington, his auditor, it appears that £19,303 os. 11d. is still due and unpaid for mourning. Also that Nath. Waterhouse, servant to Rich. Cromwell, should be authorized to see the persons in a list [missing] annexed for that mourning. Col. Rich to make this report. Schedule of debts due to 11 mercers and drapers for the funeral of the late General Cromwell. Total £19,303 os. 11d.'
- p. 233 *they bear the Bob*. i.e. They join in the chorus or refrain.
- p. 240 *shoveing the Tumbler*. 'Thieves' cant for being whipped at the cart's tail.—(Grose). Tumbler, perhaps = tumbril.
- p. 240 *lifting*. Filching. This slang term is very old and common.
- p. 240 *filing the Cly*. 'Thieves' cant for picking a pocket.—(Grose). 'Cly,' a pocket.
- p. 240 *Regalio*. An obsolete and, indeed, erroneous form of 'regalo', an elegant repast; choice food or drink. The word is very common, and the spelling, 'Regalio', is frequent in the second half of the seventeenth century.
- p. 246 *Anticks*. Quaint fantastic measures. A favourite word with Mrs. Behn.
- p. 248 *to knip*. To clip. (Dutch 'knippen', to cut, snip.) *N. E. D.*, neglecting this passage, only gives the meaning as to bite or crop (grass) of cattle. It appends two quotations having this sense—the one from Dunbar's *Poems* (1500–20), the second from Douglas, *Aeneis* (1513).

- p. 252 *Mundungus*. Shag, or rank tobacco. cf. Sir R. Howard, *The Committee* (folio, 1665), ii: 'A Pipe of the worst Mundungus.' Shadwell, *The Humourists* (1671), iii, speaks with contempt of 'bottle ale . . . and a pipe of Mundungus.' Johnson in his *Dictionary* (1755) has: 'Mundungus. Stinking tobacco. A cant word.'
- p. 261 *a Bob*. cf. Prologue, *The False Count* (Vol. III, p. 100), 'dry bobs,' and note on that passage, pp. 479-80.
- p. 263 *barbicu*. Better 'barbecu'. An Americanism meaning to broil over live coals. Beverley, *Virginia*, iii, xii (1705), thus explains it: 'Broyl-ing . . . at some distance above the live coals [the Indians] & we from them call Barbecuing.' cf. Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. ii, 25, 26:—
Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endued
 Cries, 'Send me, Gods, a whole hog barbecued!'
- p. 264 *De-Wit*. 'To De-Wit' = to lynch. The word often occurs; it is derived from the deaths of John and Cornelius De Wit, opponents of William III (when stadtholder). They were murdered by a mob in 1672. cf. 'to godfrey' = to strangle, from the alleged murder of Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey¹ in 1678. Crowne, *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685), ii, 11, has: 'Don't throttle me, don't *Godfrey* me.' The *N. E. D.* fails to include 'to godfrey'.
- p. 265 *Dalton's Country-Justice*. A well-known work by the celebrated lawyer Michael Dalton (1554-1620). It was long held in great repute and regarded as supremely authoritative. On a page of advertisements (Some Books printed this Year 1677. For *John Amery*, at the *Peacock*, against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-street*) in the *Rover I* (4to 1677), occurs '*The Country Justice*, Containing the practice of the Justices of the Peace, in and out of their Sessions, with an Abridgment of all Statutes relating thereunto to this present Year 1677. By *Michael Dalton Esq*; Fol. price bound 12s.' cf. *The Plain Dealer* (4to 1676), iii, 1: *Widow Blackacre*. Let's see Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate.
Bookseller's Boy. We have no law books.
- p. 266 *a Cagg*. Now corrupted to 'Keg', a small cask. cf. *Cotgrave* (1611), 'Encacquer' to put in to a little barrell or cag. *N. E. D.* quotes this present passage.
- p. 279 *Agah Yerkin*. The various dictionaries and vocabularies of the Indian languages I have had resource to give none of these words. There is, however, so great a confusion of Indian jargons and dialects that they cannot be pronounced fictitious. Yet Mrs. Behn would hardly, even if she had learned the language, have retained any exact knowledge of such barbaric tongues, and one may almost certainly say that these cries and incantations are her own composition. Amongst other authorities I have consulted *The Voyage of Robert Dudley . . . to the West Indies*, 1594-5, edited by G. F. Warner for the Hakluyt Society (1889). Dr. Brinton's *Arawack Language of Guiana*, an exhaustive monograph, (Philadelphia, 1871.) M. M. Crevaux, Sagot, L. Adam, *Grammaires et*

¹ It is now pretty certainly established that this melancholist committed suicide.

- Vocabulaires roucouyenne, arrouague, piapoco, et d'autres Langues de la Région des Guyanes* (Paris, 1882). *Relation des Missions . . . dans les Isles et dans la terre ferme de l'Amerique Meridionale . . . avec une introduction à la langue des Gabilis Sauvages* (Paris, 1655), by Father Pierre Pelleprat, S.J.
- p. 279 *Quiocto*. Mrs. Behn probably meant to spell this word 'Quiyoughcto', the sound being identical. There is in Virginia a river which in the seventeenth century was called the 'Quiyough'. The inhabitants of the banks of this river had mysterious or supernatural properties ascribed to them. In *the Voyages & Discoveries of Capt. John Smith* (1606), we have: 'They thinke that their Werowanees and Priests, which they also esteeme Quiyoughcosughes, when they are dead, doe goe beyond the mountaines towards the setting of the sun.' No doubt Mrs. Behn knew this passage. I owe the above interesting note to the kindness of my friend Mr. Gosse.
- p. 284 *Cadees*. The original form of 'cadets' from the French pronunciation. *N. E. D.* cites this passage as the earliest occurrence of the word.
- p. 293 *Cadeeing*. The verb 'to cadee' is only found here and may be a nonce phrase. *N. E. D.* does not include it.
- p. 293 *to top Tobacco*. i.e. to cultivate our tobacco plantations.
- p. 295 *Flambeaux*. Mrs. Behn (or, haply, George Jenkins, the first editor of *The Widow Ranter*), here uses the ordinary form 'flambeaux' as a plural. In *The Emperor of the Moon* (Vol. III, p. 418), she writes 'a Flambeaux'. In addition to the example from Herbert which I give in my note (Vol. III, p. 475), I find a plural 'Flambeaux's' used by Mrs. Manley. cf. *Secret Memoirs & Manners of Several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes from the New Atalantis* (1709, the Second Edition), Vol. I, p. 88: 'She but thinks of an expensive Funeral, white Flambeaux's, Chariots, Horses, Streamers, and a Train of Mourners.'
- p. 302 *Starters*. i.e. cowards. cf. *The Double Marriage* (Fletcher and Massinger, folio 1647), ii, 1:—
Master. We'll spare her our main-top-sail;
 She shall not look us long, we are no starters.
 Down with the fore-sail too! we'll spoom before her.
 cf. also *The Lucky Chance*, i, 1: 'I am no Starter.' (Vol. III, p. 193), and note on that passage, p. 485.
- p. 302 *rubbing off*. Very common slang still in use for 'making off', 'clearing out'. cf. Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* (1676), Act v, sc. III, the Masquerade, where Sir Samuel Hartly says: 'Who held my sword while I danc'd? . . . A curse on him! he's rubb'd off with it!'
- p. 303 *Dullman and Timorous*. No entrance has been marked for these two characters, and I have not ventured to insert one owing to the fact that this fifth Act has been so cut (e.g. the omission of the Indian King's ghost, as noted by Jenkins in the Dedication) and mutilated that it would be perilous to make any insertion or alteration here as the copy now stands. We may suppose these two coward justices to have rushed on in one of the many mêlées.
- p. 304 *Hannibal*. Hannibal, when betrayed by Prusias, King of Bithynia, at whose court he had taken refuge, poisoned himself rather than fall into the hands of the Romans.

- p. 309 *Epilogue*. This Epilogue is, it will be noted, almost precisely the same as the Prologue to *Abdelazer*. In line 32 we have 'Basset' in place of the obsolescent game, 'Beasts' (damn'd Beasts). Basset, which resembled Faro, was first played at Venice. cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, 1645 (Ascension Week at Venice): 'We went to the Chetto de San Felice, to see the noblemen and their ladies at basset, a game at cards which is much used.' It became immensely popular in England. Evelyn, in his famous description of 'the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness' on the Sunday se'nnight before the death of Charles II, specially noted that 'about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them.'

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

- p. 316 *Collonel Codrington*. Christopher Codrington (1668-1710) was born at Barbadoes, and thence sent to England to be educated. In 1685 he passed as a gentleman commoner to Christ Church, Oxford. Five years later he was elected as a probationer fellow to All Souls. Here he speedily became known for the catholicity and thoroughness of his studies, and 'soon acquir'd the deserv'd character of an accomplished, well-bred gentleman, and an universal scholar'. He was already an enthusiastic bibliophile. In 1694 he followed William III to Flanders, and having fought with great gallantry at Hay and Namur in 1695, received various military distinctions. In the same year he attended the King to Oxford, and pronounced the university oration on this royal visit. There are dedications to him by Creech, Dennis, and others, but it has been pertinently remarked that 'his fame is rather to be inferred' hence 'than from actually existent performances on his part', albeit we have copies of complimentary verses (e.g. prefixed to Garth's *Dispensary*) from his pen. In 1697 he succeeded his father as commander-in-chief of the Leeward Isles. He does not seem to have been popular, and resigned in 1703, retiring to a life of seclusion and study on his Barbadoes estate. He died 7 April, 1710, and his body was brought back to England to be buried in All Souls' chapel. To this college he left £10,000, and £6,000 worth of books, a legacy which built, furnished and endowed the magnificent Codrington library there.
- p. 317 *Mr. Verbruggen's reading some of his part*. One may remember the incident recorded by Pepys (2 February, 1669), how, after Kynaston had been assaulted by Sedley's bravos, and was too ill to appear, the young actor's rôle was 'done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it. . . . But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down.'
- p. 319 *grave Sir Roger*. 'Sir Roger' was a common nickname for any clergyman from the well-known comic character 'Sir Roger, Curate to the

Lady', in Beaumont and Fletcher's popular *The Scornful Lady*. This excellent play, a rare favourite with Restoration audiences, kept the boards until the death of Mrs. Oldfield in 1730. After the great actress' demise it would seem that none of her successors ventured to attempt the title-rôle, hence the piece soon fell out of the repertory. In 1783, however, an alteration, made by Cooke the barrister for Mrs. Abington, was produced with great success at Covent Garden. In this meagre adaptation the Curate disappears. Shanks originally acted this part, but Lacy was the acknowledged 'Sir Roger' in Restoration days.

p. 326 *making Wax Babies*. Playing at dolls.

p. 330 *Southampton Square*. The original name of Bloomsbury Square, so called from the Earl of Southampton's town residence, afterwards Bedford House. Southampton Square was at this period, and for long afterwards, the headquarters of fashion in the metropolis: *vide* further, Vol. III, *The Town Fop*, p. 22, 'Southampton House,' and note on that passage (p. 476).

p. 331 *Mr. Motteux*. Peter Anthony Motteux was a French Huguenot who came to England upon the restoration of the Edict of Nantes (1685). He soon mixed with the gayest society, and became well known as a prolific writer of songs, prologues, epilogues, masques, and the lighter dramatic fare. Much of this work is not lacking in wit and volatile smartness, but it is all far too ephemeral to have any permanent value as literature. He edited *The Gentleman's Journal*, but is perhaps best remembered for his translation of *Don Quixote*, and his concluding Urquhart's version of Rabelais.

p. 331 *the Rose*. This celebrated house stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and adjoined Drury Lane. There are innumerable references to it. The greater portion of the 'Rose' was demolished in 1776, when a new front was being built to the theatre.

p. 331 *scours*. i.e. violently assaults. 'To scour' was to rampage the streets, breaking windows, fighting with passers-by, beating the watch, &c. Shadwell has an excellent comedy, *The Scourers* (1691), which, giving a vivid picture of the times, show these drunken and blackguardly gentry in a very unamiable light. Several plays treat of their exploits. Vanbrugh's *The Provoked Wife* (1696), Act iii, ii, and iv, ii and iv, is perhaps the locus classical for mohocking.

p. 333 *the Poet Sternhold*. Thomas Sternhold (ob. 1549), was the author with John Hopkins (ob. 1570), of a metrical version of the Psalms, which became a bye-word for doggerel. Sir Morgan is, of course, alluding to some pious rhymes groaned on the way to the triple tree. cf. Shadwell, *The Miser* (1672), i, 1, 'She would be more welcome to thee than a reprieve would, if thou wert just now trolling out Hopkins and Sternhold upon a ladder.'

p. 333 *Billmen in Flannel*. Bills were the common weapon of the watch. cf. *The Coxcomb* (folio 1647), Act i, where Ricardo says to the constable of the watch, 'Give me the bill, for I'll be the sergeant.' Doctor Johnson tells us that the Lichfield watchmen carried bills as late as 1778.

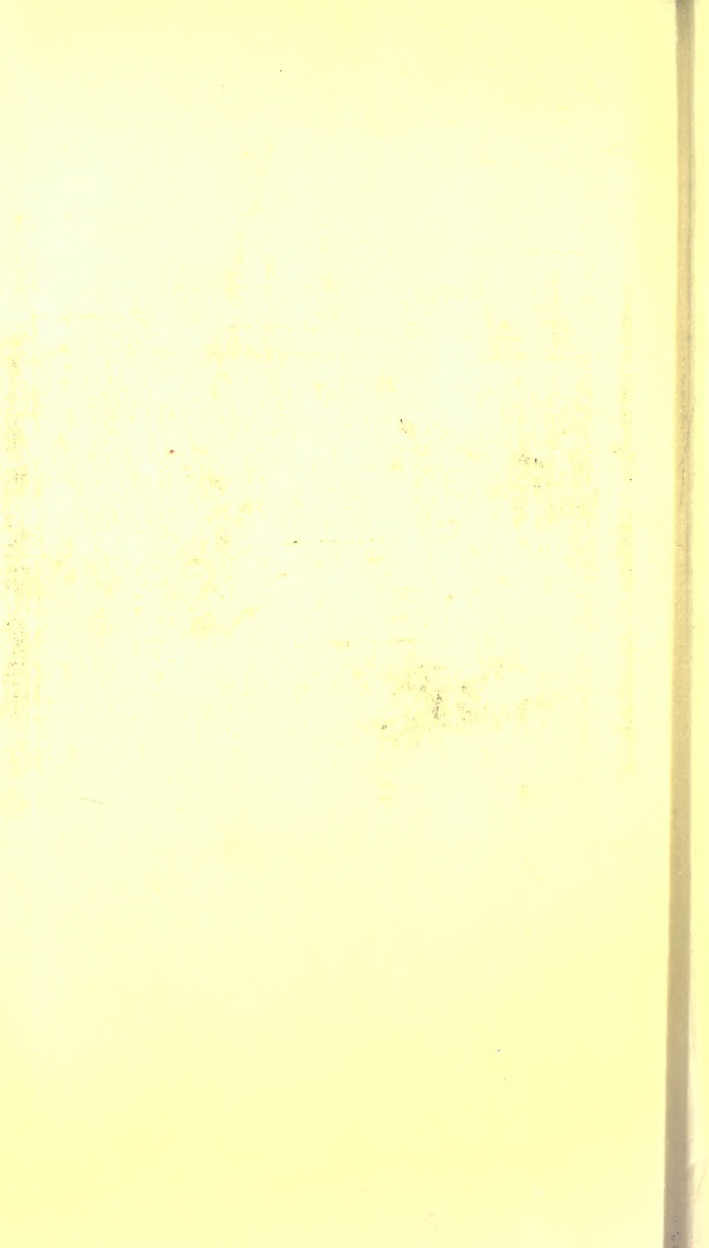
p. 333 *Wills' Coffee-house*. *vide* Vol. III, Preface, *The Lucky Chance*, p. 187, and note on that passage (p. 484).

- p. 334 *bis Third Day*. *vide* Vol. III, Preface, *The Lucky Chance*, p. 187, and note on that passage (p. 484).
- p. 334 *old Adam*. *vide* Vol. I, *The Rover*, Part II, p. 133, and note on that passage (p. 446).
- p. 334 *The Country Justice's Calling*. *vide supra*, *The Widow Ranter*, p. 265. *Dalton's Country Justice*, and note on that passage.
- p. 341 *by Inch of Candle*. An auction where bids are taken so long as an inch of candle burns, the last bid before the flame expires obtaining the lot.
- p. 342 *a Termer*. Originally a frequenter of the law courts, and as many came up from the country to London during term time on legal business, it occasionally (as here) signified an unsophisticated stranger. In Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All* (1667), i, Mrs. Millicent, newly arrived from Canterbury, replies to Lady Dupe's greeting, 'I came up, Madam, as we country-gentlewomen use at an Easter term, to the destruction of tarts and cheese cakes, to see a new play, buy a new gown, take a turn in the Park, and so down again to sleep with my forefathers.' In Mountford's farce, *Dr. Faustus* (4to 1697, but produced at the Theatre Royal November–December, 1685, or very early in 1686), we have Scaramouch asking what practice the Doctor has, and Harlequin replies: 'Why his Business is to patch up rotten Whores against the Term for Country Lawyers and Attorneys Clerks; and against *Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun* Holidays, for City Apprentices.' cf. Southerne's *Oroonoko* (1696), i, 1, when Charlot Welldon says to her sister Lucia, 'Nay, the young Inns-of-Court beaus, of but one Term's standing in the fashion, who knew nobody but as they were shown 'em by the orange-women, had nicknames for us.' More often a Termer meant 'A person, whether male or female, who resorted to London in term time only, for the sake of tricks to be practised, or intrigues to be carried on at that period.'—(Nares.)
- p. 347 *Sa*. i.e. Save us! Sir Morgan has a frequent exclamation 'God sa me!' God save me! The abbreviation is early and frequent.
- p. 356 *the Country of True Love*. Mrs. Behn, an omnivorous reader of romances, was thinking of the celebrated *Carte de Tendre* (Loveland), to be found in Mlle. de Scudéri's *Clélie* (1654, Vol. I, p. 399), and reproduced in the English folio edition of 1678. This fantastic map, which is said to have been suggested by Chapelain, aroused unbounded ridicule. In scene iv of Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (1659), Cathos cries, 'Je m'en vais gager qu'ils n'ont jamais vu la carte de Tendre, et que Billets-Doux, Petits-Soins, Billets-Galante, et Jolis-Vers sont des terres inconnues pour eux.' This imaginary land is divided by the River of Inclination: on the one side are the towns of Respect, Generosity, A Great Heart, and the like; on the other Constant Friendship, Assiduity, Submission, &c. Across the Dangerous Sea another continent is marked, 'Countreys undiscovered.' *Terra Incognita*.

The extravagant penchant for romances of the Scudéri *Partbenissa* school was amply satirized by Steele in his clever comedy *The Tender Husband* (1705), and as late as 1752 by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox in *The Female Quixote*, an amusing novel.

- p. 360 *old Queen Bess in the Westminster-Cupboard*. The waxen effigies which yet remain at Westminster are preserved in the wainscot presses over the Islip Chapel. Queen Elizabeth, in her tattered velvet robes, is still one of the most famous. They were formerly far more numerous. A waxen figure of the deceased, dressed in the habit worn whilst living, was, in the case of any royal or notable personage, very frequently carried as part of the torchlight funeral procession and, after the obsequies, left over the grave to serve as a kind of temporary monument.
- p. 366 *drink up the Sun*. i.e. carouse till dawn.
- p. 379 *a Back like an Elephant—'twill bear a Castle*. Dr. Aldis Wright, in his notes on *Twelfth Night*, draws attention to the fact that the celebrated 'Elephant and Castle,' at Newington, in the south suburbs of London, can be traced back to the middle of the seventeenth century.
- p. 380 *Old Queen Gwiniwer*. For 'Queen Gwiniwer' applied as a term of abuse to an old woman cf. Dekker's *Satiromastix*, or, *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet* (4to 1602), iii, 1, where Tucca rallying Mistress Miniver cries: 'Now, now, mother Bunch, how dost thou? what, dost frowne, Queen Gwyniver, dost wrinkle?' The reference is, of course, to Arthur's queen.
- p. 390 *Ha! what do I see?* cf. The incident in *The Plain Dealer*, iv, 11, of which there are obvious reminiscences here. Olivia, making love to Fidelia, who is dressed as a boy, is surprised by Vernish. Olivia runs out, and he discovering the supposed lad to be a woman proceeds to turn the tables on his spouse.
- p. 394 *this Tour*. cf. 'your false Towers', *The False Count*, i, 11 (Vol. III, p. 116), and note on that passage (p. 480).
- p. 394 *Fontange*. A 'fontange' was a bow of ribbons, so called from the celebrated Madame de Fontanges. Her hair coming down during a hunting-party at Vincennes, she tied it up hastily with one of her garters. Louis XIV, whose mistress she was, so admired the result that he begged her to continue to wear her hair in the same way. This set the fashion, which soon spread into England and long remained popular. cf. Shadwell's *Bury Fair* (1689), ii, 11: 'Milliner. What d'ye lack, Ladies? fine Mazarine hoods, fontanges, girdles, sable tippetts?'
- p. 394 *Coventry-Blue*. A kind of blue thread manufactured at Coventry and formerly much used for embroidery, &c. cf. Greene's *James IV* (1592), iv, 111, where Slipper ordering a doublet cries: 'Edge me the sleeves with Coventry blue.' Ben Jonson, *Gipsies Metamorph.* (1621), speaks of 'A skein of Coventry blue'.
- p. 395 *Tawdrums*. Fal-lals. cf. Marston's *Dutch Courtezian* (4to 1605), v, 'no matter for lace and tawdrums'.





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Behn, Aphra (Amis)
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